

the other day by a gentleman of large Indian experience.* He tells us that there are numerous competitors for Government posts, and that those who fail are discontented because they cannot find any other means of subsistence. The same writer is also of opinion that these discontented men, having just superficial knowledge enough to lead others astray, may become active agents of disaffection. "It is daily becoming more difficult for English employés," he continues, "to preserve their ascendancy, while the time has not yet arrived when the Government can rely implicitly on the good-will and unfaltering allegiance of its native subjects." The fact is, my dear John, that your agents are rapidly floating into a sea of trouble, through which it will require the wariest steering, and real statesmanlike forethought, to guide the vessel of the State. If they will only recognise their coming difficulties in time, they need have little fear for the future; but if they think they can educate the peoples of India, and still keep them in their present state of thralldom, a revolution will surely arise, which will task all the resources of England, and render India such a costly possession that we shall be glad to make it over to any Power that will undertake to repay the hundreds of millions that Englishmen have

advanced on the security of Indian revenues. If, however, timely reforms be initiated—if you will resolutely resolve to manage the country without worrying the people and imposing taxes they are alike unwilling and unable to bear—if you will admit the educated classes to a fair share of honourable positions in the public service, and if, finally, you will initiate a set of consultative councils so constituted as to develop gradually into a genuine representation of the people, I see no reason why what has so often been called “the brightest jewel in the British crown” should not become so in reality, and remain so for many a century to come.

THE NEW HINDOO THEISM.

ON the morning of the 5th of June, 1870, I betook myself to South Place Chapel, Finsbury, being attracted thither by an advertisement which put forth that Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, the Hindoo Reformer, would there preach and pray. The place was small; a range of pews there was on either side of the aisle leading to the pulpit, and another set under the gallery, which ran round the sides of the building. An orthodox organ there also was, and moreover the orthodox want of ventilation which curses most of our buildings in London. A considerable congregation—many of whom, by the way, kept their hats on, and most of whom were talking in barely subdued tones—had already assembled. I was fortunate enough, however, to find a place, and only a few pews distant from the pulpit. My seat was next the door, and on my right was a woman who might be called young, if a probable age of nine-

and-twenty falls within that description. On her right, again, was a middle-aged, approaching to elderly, woman, probably the mother of the young woman aforesaid. I judged them both to be of the small shopkeeper class, and my subsequent conversation confirmed this opinion. To go to a Dissenting chapel, and take advantage of the time before the arrival of the minister to fall into conversation with one's neighbour for the time being may seem curious, but to the real vagabond it is extremely natural. Strangers for him can hardly be said to exist; then he has long ago acquired the knack of falling readily into conversation with people wherever he goes, knows well how to make an opening without thrusting, and readily takes advantage of the smallest crevice which may lead to the object he has in view. In this instance an opportunity soon occurred. The young woman dropped her parasol. I picked it up, and in handing it to her, asked when the service was going to commence. This easily led to a sort of general talk, in which the elder woman joined occasionally. They told me that they were Unitarians; and on my asking the younger woman what the South Place Chapel folks were, she said, "Oh! they go far beyond us;" on which the elder woman said she thought they went a good deal too far. Then we talked about James Martineau ;

then about Miss Harriet ; finally we got to talking about the Devil. With reference to him my young friend made a remark which to me at least was new. "Poor Devil," she said, quite naturally and simply, "I dare say he often gets accused of many things he never had a hand in." But what surprised me still more was the remark she made regarding the present appearance of the Hindoo Reformer, who just then made his appearance, and climbed the corkscrew stairs which terminated at the pulpit door. "How handsome he is!" said my friend with bated breath, and regarding him with undisguised admiration. Here our talk terminated, and the service commenced.

First of all we had a prayer, then a hymn, if I recollect right, and then the sermon. About the praying and singing throughout there was nothing remarkable, except that at one period of the service we were requested to kneel with Chunder Sen and employ some minutes in solemn and silent contemplation of God. The sermon however was, in its way, somewhat remarkable ; not that it contained anything new in principle, but the quotations made from the scriptural books of so many religions could not fail to interest the hearers. The object of the preacher was to show how all the best religions were at one in essentials, and how religion is the natural birthright of man—

something that he is as much bound to develop as he is bound to develop all the concomitants of advanced and advancing life. Having this object in view, he read out, in the first instance, texts from the Hindoo, Mahommedan, Parsee, Jewish, and Christian Scriptures, and then proceeded to say that the more he examined these religions the more similarity of teaching he found in them. Quoting that beautiful and tolerant text from the Hindoo Scriptures which declares that "As the bee gathereth honey from all flowers, so do the wise gather good from all things and all religions," he went on to point out that truth is not a monopoly, but something that is evenly distributed. Any man, he said, can have it, and it is not peculiar to any sect. The germs of all spiritual truths are inherent in the human mind, and from all nations there is a unanimous response. Just as a pound is a pound, wherever you get it from, so from whence you get your moral truths does not signify. In religious books, he said, you will find the chaff of the mind of man mixed up with the great truths which are common property. From what I have already given, the reader may easily imagine the rest of the sermon, but it may be worth while quoting here a few of those texts which I took down at the time. Of those from the Hindoo Scriptures, the following seemed to me

most interesting: "When an enemy comes to your house, show him hospitality, for the tree does not deny its shade even to the man who fells it. Conquer anger with forbearance, conquer malevolence with benevolence and patience, conquer their unrighteousness with righteousness. The householder should perform everything to the glory of God. Not to intelligence nor to too much speaking, but to a true worshipper does God reveal himself." Of the Mahommedan texts the one which declares that "He who resigneth himself to God, and does what is right, shall be saved," seems certainly brief and practical. From the Parsee texts I only noted the following prayer: "In prayer we rejoice—on prayer we fall. All that I have done and not done, pardon, I repent. Pardon all that men have committed because of me, and that I have committed because of them." One important omission he made, and I could not help thinking it a singular circumstance that no mention was made of the religion of Bhuddha.

But it is time now to ask what it was that Chunder Sen wished his audience to do. Well, shortly he appealed to them to reject all sectarianism whatever, confine themselves to the worship of the one God, and reject anything and everything that clashed with their natural-born intuitions. He subsequently complained that people were

under the idea that the God he preached was a mere abstraction; but, urged Chunder Sen, "the God of the Hindoos is not an abstraction, but the Regulator of the events of the universe." And between us and that Regulator there was to be no human or deified personage whatever. But in all this there was one thing untouched upon, one question unasked, and it is this: Does there exist a people in the world who can contemplate without uneasiness the idea of going into the presence of God unsupported by some friendly hand, or who are contented to live without the idea of there being some intermediate personage or Deity between them and the first great Cause? Has Chunder Sen ever asked himself this? He evidently sees very clearly that a certain number of highly-educated strong-minded men can thus, as it were, venture to stand alone in the presence of God; but he looks no further, or he must have seen with equal clearness that the time has not yet come, that civilisation and knowledge have not yet been sufficiently extended, and that, therefore, doctrines like his, wanting that life which the age demands, can never, at least for many generations to come, progress beyond a very limited section of the population. Is not the proof of the pudding in the eating of it; and is not this homely proverb as true of religions as of anything else?

If Chunder Sen will only look at the two great religions of the world—Christianity and Bhuddhism—he must recognise the practical importance of some intermediate deified personage which shall supply that want Socrates and Alcibiades felt more than two thousand years ago, when they talked of the need of some inspired messenger from above who should show men how to pray, and how to make themselves acceptable to God. The masses of mankind feel that want now as much as it was felt then, and having once found a means of gratifying it, slow indeed will they be in yielding it up.

On a former occasion I had had an opportunity of hearing Chunder Sen, when he first arrived in England, and a large welcome meeting was held at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 12th of April; and, as what I heard and saw there on that day may be of interest, I purpose giving some account of his reception, and of what was said by the various speakers who spoke on the occasion. When I entered the Rooms a large audience had already assembled, and the platform, too, was equally well filled. But the latter might have been even fuller, had all those attended who sent letters of excuse. First of all spoke the Dean of Westminster, who moved “That this meeting, composed of members of nearly all Protestant

Churches, offers a hearty welcome to Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, the distinguished religious reformer of India, and assures him and his fellow-labourers of its sympathy with them in their great and praiseworthy work of abolishing idolatry, breaking down caste, and diffusing a higher moral and intellectual life amongst the people of that vast empire." The Dean then spoke at some length, and dwelt upon the common ground we all stood upon in religious matters. Subsequently he pointed out the immense advantages that had been gained in establishing a common point of contact, as from this point an advance might be most easily made in the direction of Christianity. He afterwards dwelt upon the action of the Apostles in this respect, and told his audience how St. Paul at Lystra addressed himself to the natural conscience of the Lycaonian tribes, and at Athens to the altar of the unknown God, and to the verses of the heathen poets. He also showed how the great Roman Pontiff, who sent missionaries to convert our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, entreated them to proceed by gradual steps; and how another Pontiff, still more eminent, when he sent his missionaries to found the Church of Northern Germany, implored them, in the words of their Master, not to pour new wine too hastily into old bottles. Wise words these, and words

that show us how speedily we ought to reverse that Indian mission policy which is vainly seeking to reproduce those paltry sectarian differences which are made so much of in England. Amongst so much that was good it may seem fastidious to notice a remark which, from its incorrectness, could not fail to strike any one acquainted with the history of Eastern religions. He observed that "it was always said to be one of the most striking proofs of the heavenly origin of our religion, that, having sprung from the East, it was able to conquer and assimilate the West." This may be so, but the remark, if at all warrantable, is as applicable to the religion of Bhuddha which, like Christianity, was born in one country and accepted in another, the only difference being that it was born in the West and accepted in countries lying to the north and east.*

* It is surprising to observe the ignorance that exists amongst our clergy regarding the religions of Asia, and I may mention that I once heard a fashionable West-End preacher tell his audience that till Christ came on the earth there was neither knowledge nor hope of a future state. Such a state he said was but seldom alluded to in the Old Testament, and the ancients had neither knowledge nor belief on the subject. It is certain, however, that the Hindoos looked forward to the happy reunion of families in a future state, and this too long before the advent of Christ. There are some excellent remarks on the subject of this ignorance of our missionaries in India in the letters of a converted Brahmin, which appeared in *Mission Life* about two years ago; and the writer shows how ridiculous we often make ourselves by preaching, as something new, those religious developments which are the natural heritage of man.

After the Dean spoke Lord Lawrence, who gave some account of Chunder Sen's descent, and informed the audience that he was of the physicians' caste. Then we had an effective speech from the Rev. James Martineau, who thought that the noble lesson read to them by this Indian reformer was destined to react upon themselves. "Many a time," continued the speaker, "had the divine interpretation of the world—many a time had successive religions come to the West from the East, and he believed it was destined to be so again. The European mind," he said, "had a certain hardness in it, in virtue of which intellectual force was gained at the expense of spiritual depth; and the larger the scientific universe became, the more did it shut us up in a materialistic prison, and disqualify us from passing from the bases of things to their Divine Cause. With the Indian genius, he ventured to think, it would be otherwise. It could absorb science without sacrificing many an element which we had lost. With subtler thought and gentler affections it could go behind the phenomena that stop our way, and bring back the flood of divine light upon the world." Well, at any rate, it is as well to think so! But while we are balancing the probabilities of the case a missionary of twenty years' Calcutta standing takes up the tale. In the speech he

made there was little calling for special remark, except that the speaker had, it appears, often joined the Brahmo Somaj worship—an act of toleration which no doubt astonished some of the audience. After the missionary came a Jewish clergyman, who created some merriment by observing that, now that he looked at the resolution again, it seemed that no place had been left for a Jew in it, seeing that only the members of Protestant Churches had been mentioned. His speech was short and to the point. He adverted to the encouraging fact of so many various sects being brought together for a common purpose, and said that he was almost inclined to throw himself back upon what his Jewish fathers ages ago set forth as an evidence of the coming of the Messiah—"when men should be more attracted to those things on which they might agree in common, than repulsed by those on which they honestly differ." Having thus got through the preliminary speakers, we come at last to the Lion.

Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen is a man of middle height, square build, and, for a native of India, if we except the very lowest castes, extremely dark. He appears to be about thirty years old, and his countenance is pleasing and intelligent. His command of English is wonderful, and his pronunciation excellent, though he pronounced his

R's more markedly than we do. His voice is powerful, and his delivery fluent. Altogether he may be said to have the capabilities of a popular preacher. On this occasion he spoke at great length—too great length I thought—and he hardly seemed to know where to stop. To give an account here of all that he said would of course be impossible, but I may be allowed to glance at a few of the most notable points in his speech.

Chunder Sen commenced by telling his audience the object of his journey to England. It was not, he said, to make money, nor to gratify mere idle curiosity ; but to fulfil a sacred mission—to tell the English people what their race had been doing in India, and to convey to them the heart-felt thanks of one hundred and eighty millions of his countrymen for the great work they had commenced and carried out there. This statement seemed pretty well for a beginning, but what was really extraordinary was the fact that the audience seemed thoroughly to believe it ; and what was more extraordinary still, was that Chunder Sen evidently believed it himself. Having thus established this very satisfactory base (which, as we shall afterwards see, was without any foundation whatever), the speech flowed on fluently enough ; and when it was announced that the Lord in his mercy had sent out the British nation to rescue India, loud were

the cheers that followed. Some further statements of Chunder Sen's belief in the doctrine of God in history, and an allusion to the special agency employed by God to elevate and exalt the natives, were also much cheered; and when it was stated that the people of India and England were both politically and intellectually united, the satisfaction of the audience burst forth anew. The statements, too, that followed seemed equally agreeable; and pleasant it was to hear that "on all sides the inexhaustible physical resources of the country are being developed," and that "although India is rich, and has made many rich, there is a great future before her of vast material prosperity and aggrandisement." India had also been active as regards social reformation, and caste, her great curse, had already commenced to vanish before English ideas and English education. But the greatest achievement of all, he observed, was the religious and moral reformation of his country, and here he commenced talking about the Bible. That wonderful book, he said, has been received and studied, and in many cases appreciated, by the educated classes of India. Whatever their religious denominations may be, whatever their peculiar prejudices, he could confidently say that, if any of his countrymen felt a hungering and thirsting after spiritual comfort,

they must now and then open the pages of the Bible. The spirit of that book, and the spirit of Christ, would, he took upon himself to say, be one day received in India. But he could not say the same of any of the various doctrines, ceremonies, and rituals existing amongst those who called themselves Christians. "Leave us to ourselves," said Chunder Sen, "and let us study the Bible." Then he went on to praise the missionaries, and to tell his hearers how they had been instrumental in infusing a large amount of spiritual influence throughout the length and breadth of the land. After this, Chunder Sen told shortly and simply the history of his own sect, and how it gradually rose to that pure Theism which he hopes will one day cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

The Brahmo Somaj, or the Hindoo Monotheistic Church, was founded by the well-known Ram Mohun Roy, whose sole object was to revive the primitive Hindoo religion. This work he commenced, and, in spite of persecution and threats of excommunication, laid firm the foundations of the new Church. Shortly afterwards he came to England, where he died. In consequence of his untimely death, the reformation suffered a temporary collapse; but it subsequently received fresh impetus, and since then the progress of the sect has

continued, and been attended with a fair amount of success. The original object of the sect was simply to restore Hindooism to its primitive state of purity; to do away with idolatry and superstition, and caste if possible; and to declare the pure monotheistic worship prescribed in the Vedas as opposed to the idolatrous teaching of the Puranas, or the later Hindoo religious books. But the successors of Ram Mohun Roy unfortunately maintained the infallibility of the Vedas. Now, these ancient scriptures contain, and clearly inculcate, the doctrines which Chunder Sen has adopted; but, though they contain the purest religious truths, it was made perfectly clear, after a long and patient examination, that they could not be held to be infallible, because they contained also some of the worst forms of nature-worship, and some absurd doctrines and ritual. When these facts came to light, a split at once took place, and a considerable number of the sect, throwing the Vedas finally aside, took up the bolder position of pure Theists. Of these reformers of reformers, as we may call them, Chunder Sen is one, and he may be said to be the leading representative of the most advanced section of the religious reforming party in India. But this is far from being the whole, and these Theists declare themselves as social reformers too, and, to use the words of

Chunder Sen, it is the aim of the sect "to assume an aggressive attitude towards all manner of evil rampant in the land." But of all these evils we find that those social distinctions which make up what is known by the term caste are most loudly inveighed against in his opening address to the people of England. "Let us give India," said Chunder Sen, "universal brotherhood, which shall not recognise the distinctions of caste at all." And the Hindoo reformer came here prepared to find in this free and happy country no such thing as caste. But the longer he remained the more his eyes were opened to the fact that, amongst the very English whom he had heard in India denouncing this institution as an abomination, caste in all its social tyranny reigned supreme. At St. James's Hall we hear him denouncing idolatry, superstition, and caste all in one breath, as things that were necessarily bound up together, and upon all of which his sect was bound to wage war. When, however, we turn to his farewell speech, we find that he has been undeceived, and in enumerating the evils he had noticed during his English visit, he said: "I was also pained to notice an institution I did not expect to find in this country—I mean caste. Your rich people are really Brahmins, and your poor people Sudras. I thought caste peculiar to India. Certainly, in a religious sense it is; but as a social

institution it perpetrates prodigious havoc in this country."

At first sight it may seem somewhat remarkable that the principal religious reformations of India should all have been prominently marked by attacks on caste. The Bhuddhist exclaimed and preached against it, proclaiming loudly the fraternity of man. When the Seik religion was started, caste was summarily abolished, or, at least, assumed to be abolished; and in this last reformation too we find the same cry. But all these cries are either dreams or party-cries. The fact is that, in starting a new religion, no rapid progress can be made without something to fight with or fight for. Nor is it at all necessary that the object should be real or readily attainable; let it only be soothing, and it will suffice. The idea of pulling down those in high places, and reducing them to the social level of the masses, is sure to prove a welcome signal, and appease for the moment the vanity of the multitude. Hence, whether consciously or unconsciously on the part of the originators of Indian religious reforms, no cry has been used with greater effect than that which proclaims the reign of socialism. In strict accordance, then, with the spirit of religious reformation most likely to be popular, does Chunder Sen condemn caste to a speedy and final extinction. And

here it is impossible to avoid indulging in some vain regrets that a man so prominent as this should have joined in the indiscriminate censure of an institution which, with all its occasional absurdities and inconveniences, has so much good about it. It was only the other day that I was speaking to a native of India on this subject. He expressed himself as a strong opponent to caste laws. I then pointed to our records of crime, and to the statements of our physicians, and showed him how many murders, how much crime, disease, poverty, and misery was caused by drinking; and called his attention to the fact that caste, which prohibited most of the respectable classes in India from using alcohol at all, had been of immeasurable advantage in preventing a host of evils that we suffered from here. That caste has thus been of great service he freely admitted. Then why, I asked, cannot you reform and improve your institutions instead of pulling them to pieces and throwing away the good and bad parts of them together? "Well, the fact is," he said, "we are in a whirlpool. We are like children, and you have poured in upon us a mass of knowledge that is perfectly bewildering." The result of all this is that the educated, or rather, I should say, the instructed Indians, have been carried clean off their feet. Everything Indian must be bad, and everything their new masters do

and say must be right. And the result of all this is that the foremost natives, instead of forming sound opinions as regards the valuable portion of their institutions, are setting to work to imitate our social life, and have commenced to pour new wine into old bottles with a vengeance. The most sensible portions of the native community, however, are already, I believe, beginning to discover that many of their countrymen are going too fast, and we may hope before many years are over to find the natives thinking for themselves instead of being guided like a pack of children. On no question probably do they require to do so more than on the question of caste, which it has become the fashion to laugh at as a relic of barbarous times. Many of its customs, as I have said before, are absurd; but, as a great temperance society, as an encouragement of abstemiousness, and as thence a guardian of public morals, it cannot be too carefully cherished. It is melancholy, I may go a little out of my way to add, to find that learning English and learning to drink, are fast becoming exchangeable terms. In allusion to this, the native gentleman just alluded to said that the Hindoo parent has often to ask himself, "Shall I keep my son at home, and only partially educate him, or shall I send him to schools and colleges where he will probably learn to drink?" "And," said my

native friend, "he often prefers the first alternative."

And now for a few observations on some of those remarkable statements made by the Indian reformer during his speech at St. James's Hall. What truth was there, to commence with, in the statement that a hundred and eighty millions, or even one million, of Chunder Sen's countrymen had any desire that their heartfelt thanks should be conveyed to the people of England for the great work they had been engaged in carrying out in India? Well, shortly and simply, the statement was as contrary to the truth as any statement could be, the fact being that the people of India were never more discontented than they have been of late years. As little truth, perhaps, was there in the assertion that God had employed the English as a special agency to elevate and exalt the natives, and that India and England are intellectually united. But all these were mere trifles compared with the assertion that while India is already rich, there is a great future before it of vast material prosperity and aggrandisement. Of all the mischievous delusions that were ever fostered by the ignorance of man this is probably the greatest, because it is mainly owing to a blind belief in the wealth of India, and the vast material prosperity which she is destined to develop—it is mainly owing to these

delusions that India has been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy; it is owing to them that a system of profuse expenditure has been encouraged, that an increase of taxation has been brought about which has borne heavily on the greatest necessity of life, and that the peoples of India have become thoroughly discontented. But it is now universally acknowledged by those who have paid the smallest attention to the subject, that India, so far from being rich, is the poorest and most-heavily taxed country in the world, and is suffering from such an enormous annual depletion of cash to this country (variously estimated at from twelve to sixteen millions a year), that Chunder Sen's great future of material prosperity is simply an impossibility, if we continue to hold India and govern it as we do at present. Finally, when Chunder Sen said that the greatest achievement of all had been the religious and moral reformation of the country, he was equally wide of the truth. The tendency of our education is simply to make the Hindoos entirely irreligious — *i.e.* they abandon their own form of religion and adopt no other. Then as to the moral reformation he speaks of, it is certain that every branch of morality has become worse under our administration, and of this fact we have such strong testimony from various quarters, that I need not trouble the reader with evidence in sup-

port of such a well-known fact. Chunder Sen himself, in one of his subsequent addresses, draws a picture of the spread of drinking, and the ruin caused by it, which amply shows that the moral reformation of his countrymen has commenced in a manner more likely to add to the fortunes of publicans than the peace of families. It only remains to say, that after six months' stay Chunder Sen returned to his country. To use his own words: "The result of my visit to England is that, as I came here an Indian, I go back a confirmed Indian; I came here a Theist, I go back a confirmed Theist."

Some remarks on the political significance of the rise of this sect, and we have done. That the rise of such a sect should have any political significance has never, that I am aware of, occurred to any of the numerous writers on India. Nor have we far to go for a reason for this. It lies simply in the fact that Indian affairs are entirely neglected in this country, so entirely neglected that you cannot get any section of the public to pay the smallest attention to them. The consequence of this is, that while in this country there are thousands of able minds employed in the questions of the hour, in forecasting events, and in keeping a good look-out ahead, there are no such minds at work on Indian affairs. And hence it arises that the officials in

charge of India, taken up as they are with the exigencies of the hour, blunder into difficulties, till some day arises when the Government is astonished to find itself either fast in a quagmire or sitting close upon the edge of a volcano. Our last great difficulty was the volcano which exploded in 1857, our present one is a quagmire of financial difficulties, with a worse volcano in the distance. And this last great volcano is already in sight. To use the words of Lord Napier of Magdala, there probably never was a time when we could rely less upon the affections of the people. Of the truth of this I am afraid there can be no doubt, and if we could be satisfied that the feelings of the people are not more actively hostile than his words would lead one to suppose, we might consider ourselves fortunate. But, to say the least, it is pretty certain that the people are tired of our worrying Government, and I cannot but look upon it as a singularly unfortunate circumstance that, at such a conjuncture, the spirit which has resulted in the Brahmo Somaj should be rapidly extending. That spirit is an inquisitorial and sceptical spirit. Its first step has been to march to the attack of Hindoo religious institutions, its second will be to march on to a consideration of the justice of our Government in India.

And here, for the benefit of those who have had

neither time nor inclination to think on such subjects, it may be as well to make some remarks on the fact of the spirit of religious enquiry being naturally followed by an enquiry into the policy of the State; or, in other words, on the fact of a religious rebellion being generally followed, where the need and opportunity exists, by a social rebellion. Nor have we very far to go for illustrations of this natural sequence. We have one in our own English history, a second in the history of our nearest neighbours. The briefest allusions to both will suffice for my purpose here. As for the first, the reader will remember that the early Reformers insisted much on the right of private judgment; that the right of private judgment upset the Church; and that in England the same spirit which produced the Puritans induced the Puritans to war against and overturn the Government. And Clarendon, it may be added, notices in one closely packed sentence, the connection between "a proud and venomous dislike against the discipline of the Church of England, and so by degrees (as the progress is very natural) an equal irreverence to the government of the State too." In France, too, the spirit which produced religious scepticism proved equally troublesome to the State. These mere allusions are perhaps sufficient to indicate the necessary connection that exists be-

tween reform in religion and reform in the government of a country.

Having thus seen, from the facts already given, that an attack on the religious institutions of a country means a great deal more than might at first sight be supposed, we shall have little hesitation in admitting that the rise of the Brahmo Somaj is an indication which we should speedily recognise the importance of, with the view of bringing our Government into harmony with those aspirations and feelings which already exist amongst a limited class of the people, and which are spreading at such a rate as must inevitably prove speedily fatal to our present system of Indian administration. To a superficial observer our most formidable enemies in India appear to be the Wahabis and Mahommedans, but in reality these people are as chaff compared to that spirit of which the new Theism is the living fruit. The Mahommedans, though no doubt capable of much mischief, are numerically insignificant; and the *casus belli* of the section of them most likely to be troublesome is founded, not so much on a feeling of just indignation at being kept in a state of thralldom, as on a desire for blood and plunder, and a fanatical wish to assert a religious supremacy. With the Hindoos the case is widely different. They are in an overwhelming majority; and when

the spirit which produced the Brahmo Somaj turns its attention to the affairs of the State—when its members, amply educated and entirely unprovided for, spread amongst the people and communicate to them the intelligence of the freedom enjoyed in England—when they point to the fact that the Indian has no share or voice in the administration, nor the smallest control of the public purse, and that the honourable offices of Government are devoured by foreigners, to the exclusion of the natives of the country—when they point out that India is annually undergoing an enormous depletion of solid money, which is taken from the soil to be spent in England—when they point to the fact that the people are taxed more heavily than any people in the world—when, finally, they show that this is only necessary because the country is obliged to support an enormous foreign army and an expensive alien Government—when all these things are made known, as one day they assuredly will be, there will arise a deep-seated feeling of universal hatred, which will surely make itself felt. Out of the struggle we should, no doubt, come successful; but we should not the less be losers, for we should rise up from the game nearly, if not quite bankrupt. Nor, on the other hand, should we be much better off if we had yielded to pressure in the first instance. Were we even weak enough

to yield to threats, or what had the appearance of threats, demand would follow demand, till the power and profit alike slipped from our grasp, and the country became not worth having.

And is there no way out of all this? Undoubtedly there is a way—a course by which the people could be got to like us, or, at least to appreciate the value of our services, and which, when the day of separation came, would enable us to leave the country without loss of money or honour, and on good terms with its numerous peoples. But the plans by which this may be brought about cannot be satisfactorily discussed at the end of a paper like this, and must therefore be reserved for some more fitting occasion.

I regret to find that, as regards a portion of the remarks on the Brahmo Somaj, my meaning has been misunderstood by at least one person who is interested in the progress of that sect. It seems to have been thought that because I said that it was an unfortunate thing for our Government that in the present state of affairs the spirit that has produced the Brahmo Somaj should be rapidly extending, I meant, therefore, to call in question the purity of the motives of the sect. Now nothing could have been farther from my intention. In fact were it not for the pure motives and zeal of the sect it could never rise to any importance. To

use the words of Mr. James Freeman Clarke,* "the reward of patient, long-enduring faith is influence; with this influence ambition serves itself for its own purpose. Such is, more or less, the history of every religion, and, indeed, of every party. Sects are founded, not by politicians, but by men of faith, by men to whom ideas are realities, by men who are willing to die for them. Such faith always triumphs at last; it makes a multitude of converts; it becomes a great power, the deep and strong convictions thus created are used by worldly men for their own purposes." But the main object of my remarks was to point to the signs of the rising of the intellectual tide. If our Government goes along with this tide, and provides an administration suited to the wishes and aspirations of the people, well and good; if not, it must eventually be so much the worse for the Government.

* *Ten Great Religions.* By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD MAYO.

THERE is no sure foundation set on blood. On blood was our Indian Empire founded—on the blood of the conquerors and the blood of the conquered—in blood must it be continued for many a year to come. We have shown the conquered that in the battle-field we do not care for our lives. There remains a greater, and we may well say, the greatest, test of courage. We must show that the English can also stand firm against the dread of assassination. We stand face to face with what, as far as we are concerned, is merely a new phase of Oriental life, and we must try and get used to it as best we can.

Let us look this matter straight in the face. When the terrible news was flashed to England people would not, or could not, do this. Men you met in the street and in the clubs, when they talked of the dreadful deed, looked grave—and men best acquainted with India looked very grave

indeed; but all alike put the matter aside, and seemed indisposed to say much about it. And this feeling was straightway reflected in the public journals. None of them ventured to speak out as to the main point—in fact, the main point has not as yet been once alluded to. One important journal kept silent for days after the arrival of the news, and when it at last spoke, it was rather to remark on the fact that the question has been universally shunned, than to offer any precise opinion on the political importance of the deed. Men, as we have said, talked of anything but the main point, while many betook themselves to that branch of the drivelling style which is popularly known as putting the best face on matters. Here the first sheep to jump the hurdle was Colonel Sykes, who, being a true representative of that old Indian type which resolutely shuts the eyes to danger, assured the House of Commons—as people assure women and children when a ship is sinking or a house on fire—that there was really no occasion for alarm, and that the deed had no political significance whatever. After Colonel Sykes came the leading journal, which strained every point to show that the assassin had nothing to do with our enemies. He was not employed by the Wahabis, nor was he the tool of a deliberate conspiracy; it was extremely doubtful

as to whether the deed was even an individual outburst of religious fanaticism. Adopting the picturesque rendering supplied by Major-General Taylor, the public were presented with the picture of Shere Ali "pining for the blue hills of Teerah, and brooding over his punishment for what he would persist in justifying as no crime." He was the Highland clansman of the olden time, who, for killing a rival in the course of a blood-feud, was doomed to rot for the remainder of his days in a Lowland gaol. He was a man weary of life, to whom no idea could be more natural than striking down the chief of his enemies when he had him in his power. After Colonel Sykes and the *Times* had spoken, the matter was of course considered to be at an end. Of all the London journals there was only one,* we believe, that had the wisdom and the courage to point out that, taking every point into consideration, it was not only most unlikely to be a deed committed on the spur of the moment, but that all the probabilities of the case were in favour of the murderer being the tool of the Wahabis.

But all this time it never seems to have occurred to the writers in the various journals to turn round and look at the matter from a native point of view. If they had done so for one moment, they must

have seen that it did not matter where the man came from, or what his motives were, and that it was, practically speaking, of very slight importance whether the murder was owing to a wild impulse of the moment, or was the result of a deliberate conspiracy. Nothing that we can discover about it can alter the political consequences of the deed. Explain it how we may, the fact will still remain that a Governor-General of India not only can be, but has been assassinated, and that too by a man who, to all intents and purposes, is a native of India. Whether he was or was not a tool of the Wahabis, it is certain that they will assert him to have been so. They will point to him as one of their most eminent martyrs, who by striking one blow for the cause of the Faithful, had cut short a life of misery, and entered at one bound on a glorious inheritance, while the arrival of his victim at an obscure island will be pointed to as a miraculous interposition of Providence. "Again," it will be said, "has Allah arisen and stricken down the chief of our enemies;" and in many a Wahabi ditty, we may safely say, is the tale being already sung from house to house, and from village to village, from one end of India to the other. And all India will believe it. Even in the case of those who are best affected towards us, it is certain that they will

believe exactly what they like best to believe. We might discover beyond all doubt, that Lord Mayo's murderer had nothing to do with our enemies, and proclaim the fact from one end of India to the other, without being able to produce the smallest effect. Such a proclamation, indeed—supposing we were able to make it—would lead the natives to a conclusion the very opposite of that which we were desiring to establish. Looking then, this matter straight in the face, we are constrained to admit that this terrible deed, however it came to pass, must for all practical purposes be regarded as one the *consequences* of which cannot be lessened by anything we can possibly discover as to how it came about.

It was observed at the outset that there is no sure foundation set on blood. That difficulty one would have thought was quite enough to contend with; but we have in fact taken immense pains to rear on this bloody foundation an Empire which has destroyed the liberties of the people, reduced them to a political slavery complete in all its parts, and imposed on them taxes which are hateful because they are both new and burdensome, and because out of their* collection there have arisen intolerable oppressions.* When it

* In a former paper (John's Indian Affairs, No. III., February number, *Fraser's Magazine*) it was observed that we had got back to the

is added that it is perfectly well known that the necessity for any such taxes has mainly arisen from a waste of public money, and often from a reckless extravagance,* the reader will then have

days of Warren Hastings, when the cry was, "Govern leniently, but get more money," or in other words, Be at once the father and oppressor of the people; but I now find that I have much understated the case, and that I should have said that we were rapidly getting back to the worst days of the Maharattas, the very report of whose approach spread consternation amongst the villagers. Pages of this Magazine could be filled with evidences of the bitter hatred caused of late years by action of the Government, but the following extract will sufficiently illustrate my meaning. The deputy-collector of Moorshedabad writes as follows: "The pitching of my tent at any place has sent consternation into neighbouring villages. 'There is an officer of Government come down among us,' the villagers reason; 'what can he come for but taxing us? They have hitherto exempted the poor, but they will now tax all alike.' This is very different," as the deputy-collector truly remarks, "from the spirit in which Government officers used to be received in former times." (Vide letter of *Times'* Calcutta Correspondent, published March 4, 1872.) This letter also proves that our officers have been made to appear as deliberate liars in the eyes of the natives.

* Numerous instances of extravagance have been given in former papers, but we hardly expect to be believed when we state that at the very time when wild dogs and jackals were tearing to pieces the moribund frames of British subjects who were perishing of famine by the road-sides, the Duke of Argyll not only allowed the Duke of Edinburgh to visit the East, but took out of the beggared Indian exchequer a considerable sum of money to defray the expenses of that tour, the fruits of which are now being exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. This may seem a trifling matter, but the tour had to be paid for out of taxes summarily levied in the middle of the year, and the result was that these were regarded as an arbitrary exaction for the benefit of his Royal Highness, and as far as the cost of the tour went this was undoubtedly true. While, however, we note

a complete idea both of the rotten state of the edifice and the insecurity of its foundation.

Keeping these facts plainly in mind, let us now ask what amount of political significance may be attached to this murder. We are afraid it must be conceded that, taking it to consideration all the circumstances of our position in India, the deed must, in any case, be deemed of some importance; partly because it involves a considerable loss of our prestige, mainly because it must have enormously increased the hopes and prestige of an already too powerful sect. But while we plainly admit that the results likely to arise out of this entirely depend upon our own future course of action, we must also state our opinion that if we continue as at present to levy taxes which are obnoxious to the people, and continue to govern them in a way which is, in short, eminently unpopular—the example of the murder of Lord Mayo

such a blameable extravagance as this, it must be remembered that our extravagances generally have been honourable and praiseworthy in intention. In fact, such an amount of harm as we have done in India never could have been done by selfish men under similar circumstances. If these last do harm when invested with irresponsible power, good men invariably do ten times more. Narrow-minded, selfish men would have worked the country cheaply, let the people alone, and turned on plenty of water to add to the revenues. They would thus have had few famines, a full exchequer, and a contented people. What a series of famines and financial difficulties, and what boundless discontent, have our good men succeeded in producing!

will certainly continue to work upon the minds of every class of the community. It is ridiculous to suppose for one moment that we can conceal from the peoples of India that we *can* be influenced by a steady course of assassination and conspiracy. The India of to-day is not the India of twenty years ago, it is not even the India of five years ago. Railways and education have awakened the intelligence of the people, newspapers have enormously increased, communication with this country is now cheap and easy, and many natives come and go between India and England. We must therefore assume not only that most things are known, but that nothing can remain hid, and we must fearlessly and openly anticipate that tide of native thought and action which must come with awakened intelligence. We can no longer, as I have said, conceal from the people that we can be influenced by assassination and conspiracy; and as little can we conceal from them that we have already yielded to both in the case of people close to our own doors. All the educated Indians, all the influential classes of the community—we might almost say all those who have ears to hear and eyes to see—are perfectly well aware that the Irish Land Bill and Church Bill followed only after a long course of landlord shooting and Fenianism, and they will not be slow to conclude from the juxtaposition of

these circumstances that the surest way to be heard is a bloody one. In the event then of our continuing our present system of governing India, we may safely say that the assassination of Lord Mayo must be looked upon as a deed of the gravest political importance. If, on the other hand, we resolve to let the people alone for the future, keep far within our income, remit obnoxious and oppressive taxes, admit the upper classes to a fair share of employment in the public services, and show the people of India that we are starting them on the high road to eventually governing themselves—we may then dismiss from our minds the idea that any serious consequences are likely to arise out of this sad catastrophe.

There is yet another question that may be asked. Had the discontents which are known to exist all over India anything to do with the assassination of Lord Chief Justice Norman and Lord Mayo? To this it can only be answered, that it is impossible to say whether these discontents had or had not any direct bearing on the question. It may, however, be safely affirmed that the knowledge of the existence of these discontents, coupled with the knowledge of the fact that our financial difficulties are at their height, no doubt showed the disaffected that no better time could be selected for making some kind of attempt against us. They may not

have expected much active help, but they may at least have relied upon the sympathy of large numbers of the population. What but some such reliance on popular sympathy could have induced the Kookas to rise against us, and at a time, it must be remembered, when we had a splendid force within easy reach? But these are not the only signs of the times. We learn, from the most recent intelligence, that the Santhals have been holding meetings, and taking measures which seem calculated to excite strong suspicions as to their ultimate intentions. Even in the peaceful South a feeling of insubordination* has already shown itself, in a small way, it is true, but in the East we must beware of the cloud no bigger than a man's hand; and it seems worthy of notice that two officers were fallen upon lately by a mob at Trichinopoly, in the most unprovoked manner, and that the edge of a serious fracas was almost grazed. It is also worthy of notice, that in the cantonment of Bangalore English soldiers have been twice

* For the benefit of the English reader it may be well to note that this spirit of insubordination has been enormously increased owing to the discontented state of the English in India. The Government has in consequence been abused at every table; the knowledge of this has rapidly spread throughout the country, and the people naturally observe that it is high time for them to be discontented, if the English themselves are loud in their exclamations against the injustice of the Government.

attacked and ill treated by natives; and the *Madras Times* of February 10 gives us an instance of native insolence which might have led to something serious. On this occasion it appears that a Musalman came to one of our Engineers and asked for contract work, which the Engineer refused to give; the Musalman at once became insolent, and tried to persuade the contractors in active employ to strike work. He was ordered off, but would not go; and on the Engineer moving towards him attempted to draw his sword, but before he could effect his purpose he was knocked down, his sword, a pair of pistols, and a knife were taken from him, and he was forthwith handed over to the police. Threats of assassination have also made their appearance in the South of late years, and we were astonished to hear from a judge of our acquaintance that, in consequence of threatening letters, he had taken to having a loaded revolver at hand when he went to bed. For similar reasons a relative of this gentleman, in Northern India, never goes down to his court without a brace of revolvers concealed about his person, and it seems advisable that any one who has public duties to fulfil, should carry arms. It is impossible, of course, to say how common or how serious these threats of assassination may be, but another instance of the sending of threatening letters has only lately been brought to

the notice of the writer. To play with such a serious subject may seem rather ill-timed, but we cannot resist giving the following anecdote: A judge in Southern India, somewhat of a character in his way, once told the present writer that he sentenced a native to a long term of penal servitude, fifteen years I think; the moment the sentence was passed the prisoner said, "The first thing I'll do when I get out will be to murder you." "Well, all I can say is," said the judge, "that if I am such a fool as to be found in this country fifteen years hence, you are perfectly welcome to do so."

It is our intention presently to give a short account of Lord Mayo's life, and of the principal points connected with his government and untimely death; but before doing so, it may be as well, for the benefit of the general reader, to explain something that has been previously alluded to. It has been observed that our Empire has destroyed the liberties of the people, and reduced them to a political slavery complete in all its parts. To some it might have seemed more correct to say that we only supplanted the governing classes, and that the body of the people are no more enslaved to us than they were to their old masters. We therefore proceed to explain as briefly as possible how our rule has reduced all classes to an entire state of pupillage.

In former times there existed in India reigning powers that lived on the resources of the people; but though these powers levied taxes and waged war on each other at pleasure, the internal management of affairs was left to the village communities, and the people had the power of modifying their customs in accordance with what seemed to them to be expedient. Now this power we have entirely taken away from them; and not only have we done this, but we thrust our meddling noses into all the details of life, and refine here and reform there, *and always, it must be remembered, with increased and increasing taxation.* It still, however, remains to explain how we have deprived them of the power of modifying their customs; and this has been done simply by seizing on the existing customs as we found them, writing them down, and turning them into laws which the people have no power to alter in any way. And, to make matters as bad as they can be, where we have found gaps we have filled them up with a kind of law-stucco of express rules taken very much at haphazard from English law-books. The old right of communities of Hindoos have thus been entirely absorbed by our Government, which has now deprived the people of every particle of civic power. We need hardly add that the general action of our Government, even where to us it

seems most just, is to them simply hateful; and, in a collection of street songs lately made, life is declared to be intolerable now that the English have given women and boys the rights of men. We thus see, as was very clearly pointed out in Maine's *Village Communities* only the other day, that if the people have gained some benefits from us they have also lost others; and we need hardly add that the results of this entire deprivation of free action are altogether deadly and destructive to the very existence of the most valuable powers of man. On a future occasion this subject will be treated of at length, and our only reason for alluding to it here is because we conceive that we owe it to our readers to explain what we meant by saying that our Government had destroyed the liberties of the people.

And now it remains to give our readers a brief outline of Lord Mayo's life, of the principal features of his too short Indian reign, and of the circumstances connected with his untimely end.

Richard Southwell Bourke, Earl of Mayo (popularly known in India as "The Galloping Viceroy"), was the eldest of the seven sons of Robert, fifth Lord Mayo, and was born in the city of Dublin on the 21st of February, 1822, so that he was, at the time of his murder, within a few days of com-

pleting his fiftieth year. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree as Bachelor and Master of Arts in the regular course, and was created a Doctor of Laws in 1852. He entered Parliament in 1847, in the Conservative interest. Under Lord Derby's first administration, from March to December, 1852, he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. He also served in this capacity under Lord Derby's second administration in 1858, and for the third time in 1866. In his administration of Irish affairs he had shown considerable capacity for public business. He was a popular and influential member of the Lower House, but was unfortunate in having the reputation of being an indifferent and somewhat confused speaker. He was therefore little qualified to make a show. If, however, he was wanting in that ready utterance which may or may not accompany talent, but which is often mistaken for it, he was possessed of many qualities of infinitely greater value. He was filled with a strong determination to carry out with all his might the duties he had undertaken, he had a firm reliable nature, a sound judgment, a penetrating eye for character, a soul above prejudice or favour in selecting agents to serve the Government, a kindly heart, an open hand, a friendly manner to all about him. Add to these great activity of mind, and very great

vigour of body, and you have Lord Mayo. The circumstances of his appointment are too well known to require repetition here, and it is sufficient to say that after a visit to the minor Presidencies he assumed charge of the Supreme Government of India on the 12th of January, 1869.

To the general reader, whose acquaintance with the duties thrown upon Indian Viceroys is mainly gathered from the pictures of grand Durbars that appear from time to time in the *Illustrated London News*, it may appear that few posts could be more agreeable than that of a Governor-General of India. But whatever that position might have once been, it is certain that no office in the world could have been more critical and anxious than that which the new Viceroy had undertaken. He had indeed no insurrection to quell, nor any apprehension of one being at all likely immediately to occur; but he found himself confronted with difficulties which in all countries have either directly led to or accelerated the arrival of the most formidable revolutions that the world has ever seen. When we have said that these difficulties were financial ones, that they had become chronic, that the country was already dangerously overtaxed, and that there was a yawning deficit to fill up, we have said quite sufficient to show

that the situation was one of the gravest peril. And this deficit had to be dealt with either by borrowing more money or levying more taxes. In an evil hour he chose the latter alternative. The tax of all others most obnoxious and most oppressive was suddenly increased in the middle of the year. The salt taxes of Madras and Bombay were also suddenly increased (and this augmentation, by the way, made the *fifth* within the five years previous), and incomes from land and Indian-held securities which had been previously exempted from assessment under the license tax and certificate tax were also brought within reach of the tax-gatherer. But if Lord Mayo, in his haste to fill up the deficit, could see nothing but the deficit, there is ample reason for saying that he speedily saw his error, and that the responsibility for the continuance of obnoxious and perilous taxation rests at this moment with the Duke of Argyll, and has done so ever since October, 1870. And here we shall make no apology for going into this matter at some length, because the remarks we are now about to make not only clear Lord Mayo from the charge of obstinately maintaining dangerous and unjust taxes, but will for once, we believe, throw the blame on the right shoulders.

In the absence of any evidence to the contrary we have assumed that Lord Mayo was responsible

for the increase of obnoxious taxation that took place in the first year of his arrival in India. Let us now see what he had to say. On the 3rd of October, 1870, in his minutes on military expenditure, he wrote :—

"A feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction exists among every class, both European and native, on account of the constant increase of taxation which has for years been going on. My belief is that the continuance of that feeling is a political danger, the magnitude of which can hardly be over-estimated, and any sentiment of dissatisfaction which may exist among disbanded soldiers of the native army is as nothing in comparison with the state of general discontent to which I have referred. . . . We can never depend for one moment on the continuance of general tranquillity; but I believe the present state of public feeling as regards taxation is more likely to lead to disturbance and discontent, and to be a source of greater danger than the partial reduction which we propose in the native army can ever occasion. Of the two evils I choose the lesser."

Now, we need hardly say that we have particular pleasure in quoting this statesmanlike minute, for it shows that what has been pointed to as the only vulnerable point in Lord Mayo's administration was in reality only a temporary one, and it shows further that he had firmly grasped the leading point of the situation, namely, that no danger in India can equal or even at all approach the danger of increasing an oppressive taxation. And here we feel sorely tempted to animadvert on the fact of the proposed reduction of the native army being vetoed, or at least not acted on,

and, to show that the Duke of Argyll either has power over the destinies of India and has deplorably failed to use that power, or that in the event of his having no power his office should be abolished and his salary saved for the benefit of the poverty-stricken people of that distant empire. Between these propositions there can be no half-way house, and on some future occasion we purpose devoting some space to a consideration of the subject. It is sufficient here to have cleared Lord Mayo from a large portion of the blame that has hitherto been so unjustly cast on his memory.

And now we fear that we have left but little space to chronicle the particulars of the late Viceroy's reign. We have already noticed the principal feature in it, and a very few sentences will suffice to give the reader an outline of his general policy. And here we shall find nothing but matter for approval. His foreign policy was generally admitted to be sound and judicious. "He supported Shere Ali on the throne of Cabul, entertained him as an equal, and showed that while he had much to gain from our good-will, he had nothing whatever to fear from us either in the way of aggression or invasion. Friendly relations were also maintained with the Nepaulese Court, and splendid Durbars upheld in the eyes

of the native chiefs the living signs of our paramount sovereignty in India. When we turn from foreign policy to the internal affairs of the Empire we find Lord Mayo active in matters of trade, commerce, mining, and railways, and showing an anxious desire to push forward those agricultural improvements which in all countries are of such vital importance. Amongst other matters of internal policy we may notice with satisfaction that the extravagant claims of the landholders of Bengal to be exempted from local and general taxation for educational and other purposes were firmly rejected. Almost his last official utterance may be read with pleasure, and confirms more than anything we could mention the character of the man. In this, his last official act we believe before sailing for the Andamans, he announced that the Government were determined that none of its subjects should suffer any civil losses from changing their religion, and declared that the disciples of the Brahmo Somaj school should have a law which should give them rights as full as any sect in India. And now we must hasten on to say something on Lord Mayo's fatal trip to the Andaman Islands, a brief account of which will probably not be unacceptable to our readers.

The Andaman Islands are situated in the Bay

of Bengal, in latitude $11^{\circ} 41'$ N., and $92^{\circ} 42'$ E. longitude, and for general purposes an idea of their position may be best gathered by stating that they lie about as far south in the bay as Madras, and at a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Burmah. They consist of three narrow islands running nearly due north and south. In length they cover a total extent of about one hundred and fifty miles, while they are seldom more than from twelve to fifteen miles in breadth. Port Blair is on the east coast of the southernmost isle, and is situated at the head of a fine inlet of the sea, forming a magnificent harbour nine miles in length. In this inlet or harbour there are three small islands, and these, together with nine places on the mainland, are used as convict stations, amongst which are distributed 17,500 convicts in all, including about 650 females. The islands, though presenting no very remarkable features of scenery, are beautifully wooded right down to the water's edge, and are diversified with broken ground and small hills, with some of larger dimensions at intervals. The highest of these is Mount Harriet, which is about 1,050 feet high, and it was on the top of this hill that Lord Mayo rested a while before setting out for the ship he was never destined to reach alive. On the whole islands there are only from 3,000

to 4,000 acres cultivated—mostly with vegetables—though it may be mentioned that there is a plantation of coffee on Mount Harriet. The remainder of the islands consist of impenetrable jungle, swarming with birds, but boasting of nothing in the shape of animal life beyond rats, wild pigs, and cats. About the convict settlements there is nothing remarkable. There are the houses of the officers and men, the barracks of the convicts, the bazaars where vegetables and fruits are sold, and the shops kept by ticket-of-leave men, who deal in flannels, oilman's stores, glass, crockery, and such-like useful articles. It only remains to add that the climate is good, and the locality admirably suited for the detention of convicts, who, if they do make their escape by sea, are generally lost in attempting to reach the Burmah coast, while those who take to the jungle are speedily starved and easily recaptured.

As for the memorable event that happened at Port Blair on the evening of the 8th February, is it not familiar to all those who bear the English name? The Viceroy had visited the settlement, and as evening closed in ascended Mount Harriet, and sat there for about a quarter of an hour. He then set out for the pier with the view of going on board the man-of-war. As he reached the pier darkness set in—everything in short seemed to

favour the assassin, who sprang through the guard and stabbed the Viceroy twice in the back. He only uttered a few words after the fatal blow, and expired when on his way to the vessel. It is with a feeling of relief that we turn away from the details of this shocking calamity to enquire into the history and probable motives of the murderer.

The history of Shere Ali, Lord Mayo's murderer, is soon told. He is an Afreedee, his home being just beyond our border in the Teerah Mountains, west of the Kyber Passes, and in the territory of Cabul. He appears to have entered our service in 1857, and was sent to Hindostan with Meer Jafir's regiment. Being an Afreedee, it was a matter of course that he had a blood feud with a rival family. This feud he thought fit to prosecute in British territory; in short, he found one of his hereditary enemies in the suburbs of Peshawur, and could not resist the opportunity of endeavouring to restore that equilibrium of blood-letting which, rightly or wrongly, he conceived to have been destroyed at the expense of some of his kith and kin. Over the border this proceeding would have been quite allowable; on our side it was murder, and Shere Ali was accordingly tried, and, there being some presumption that the actual blow was struck by a comrade, was sentenced, not to death, but to trans-

portation for life to the Andaman Islands. According to Major-General Taylor, "he was not a mere brutal ruffian, as his last act would make him appear," and he certainly seems to have been fond of the children of General Taylor, under whom he was serving shortly before committing the deed for which he suffered transportation. But, notwithstanding this assurance, we must admit to having some doubts as to his amiability, after reading that he had previously fired at and wounded a woman across the border. A murder he had committed when quite a lad, seems, however, to have been strictly in accordance with etiquette; and if the other charge alluded to could be satisfactorily explained, we might agree with General Taylor in thinking that Shere Ali was at least no worse than his neighbours. And now we come to the question as to why Shere Ali murdered Lord Mayo. Was it to avenge himself on the personal enemy who had, by his signature, finally condemned him to a life-long imprisonment? Was it that he was weary of existence, and anxious to get to the gallows as fast as possible? Was it a case of pure and unprompted religious fanaticism? As to the first he had lived far too long under our law not to be aware that he owed his conviction to the judge, and not to the arbitrary order of the Viceroy. As to the second he might have killed an Englishman

and gone straight to the gallows and paradise as soon as he liked. When we come to the third question we may say at once that if Shere Ali was animated by a religious hatred to strike down a Christian merely because he was a Christian, we see no reason why he should have waited all these years for the arrival of the very last Christian in the world that might have been expected to visit the Andaman Islands. After a very careful consideration, we have come to the conclusion that, being driven back on probabilities, as we necessarily are, the probabilities are entirely in favour of his being a tool—a willing tool we freely admit—of the Wahabis.

And now we are going to give our readers the outline of a story, full of interest, and containing in short all the favourite materials of romance. It is just one of those stories which are nowadays only to be found in the East—a marvellous tale of Asiatic art and English gullibility—a tale of conspiracy—of the arrest of the leaders of the conspiracy by a British officer at the most critical period of our Indian rule; of this officer carrying his district safely through the storm; of his disgrace after the storm was over, in consequence of the measures he had taken; of the liberation of conspirators and their being taken into the favour and employ of Government; of their ultimate de-

tection, conviction, and sentence; and of the restoration to favour of one of the native officials who aided us and was displaced along with his master. There yet, however, remains a part of the drama to be played out. The services of the officer alluded to have not yet been acknowledged, but this we have reason to think will soon be remedied, and the story be one day brought to a satisfactory conclusion. And this story is particularly worthy of record, because it affords an admirable illustration of our greatest danger in the East—the danger of the heads of Government being, for very obvious reasons, so averse to believe that things are wrong, that any officer who ventures to report unpalatable facts does so at the peril of his advancement in the public service. And this danger meets us at every turn. To this tendency, to shut the eyes to danger, a large proportion of the lives needlessly sacrificed in the Orissa famine may be traced; and even the Supreme Government was here obliged to point out, though in mild and gentle terms, that Sir Cecil Beaden's "incapacity to believe unfavourable reports" had induced the officers on the spot to send in soothing accounts of the nature of the crisis. To this tendency may be attributed the fact that when Government lately called for information on the working of the income tax, and when information was forwarded, which the Go-

vernment did not want to have, Sir William Muir and other officials were publicly accused "of exaggerating the evils alleged to be connected with the levy of the tax." To this fatal tendency it is owing that, no matter what the crisis may be in India, we never hear anything about it till we are in the midst of the breakers and the ship is just about to strike. It is owing to this that the Indian Finance Committee can hardly obtain any evidence worth having. "Do you suppose," said a civilian friend of the writer's only the other day, "that I am going to be such a fool as to appear before the committee and tell all I know about Indian affairs? Why a black mark would be put against my name, and I should never get the better of it." But to our story.

And here we must carry the reader back to the bitter trial of 1857, and ask him to set himself down in the city of Patna, which is situated on the Ganges, in the province of Bengal and some four hundred miles from Calcutta. To those who have heard anything of the Wahabis, the city is now well known as the head-quarters of the most troublesome and dangerous sect in India; but at the time of the mutinies few could be got to believe that the Wahabis were other than a harmless and industrious set of people who belonged to the most useful classes of the com-

munity. Now, the then commissioner of Patna soon came to the conclusion, by evidence derived from a variety of sources, but which, like most evidence procurable in cases of the kind, would not be received in a court of law, that this apparently peaceful sect were not only dangerous conspirators, but that they were holding meetings and acting in a manner calculated to excite strong suspicions as to their intentions. At such a crisis what was to be done? Should he send in a report and wait for orders, or should he act at once on his own responsibility? Fortunate, indeed, it was for the lives of many English men and women that he was not the man to flinch from responsibility, and that he took his measures with cautious and yet bold decision. He knew that the Wahabis would not move without their leaders, and he simply resolved to arrest those leaders as quietly as possible, and hold them as hostages for the good behaviour of the sect. A meeting of the principal inhabitants was forthwith convened at the house of the commissioner, ostensibly with the purpose of concerting measures for the safety of the town; and to the meeting came the men who were wanted—Mahomed Hossein, the spiritual leader of the sect; the notorious Ahmed Oolah, the principal disciple; and Moulvee Waizool Huq. Seats were provided at a long table in the dining-room, and

the meeting opened with the usual form. Two of the Wahabi chiefs looked somewhat uneasy, but Ahmed Oolah entered into the discussion with much volubility and apparent *nonchalance*, made several propositions for the safety of the city, and appeared thoroughly to appreciate the object of the meeting. When the meeting broke up, the chiefs were requested to remain behind, when the commissioner acquainted them with his intentions regarding them. With wonderful readiness Ahmed Oolah placed his hands together, and said that they appreciated his Excellency's kindness and wisdom more than ever they had done before, seeing that their enemies would for the future be unable to make false charges against them. The chiefs were then removed, and placed under a guard of Seiks. The city was then disarmed as completely as possible, and the general result was that, with the exception of a trifling *émeute*, which broke down in consequence of the precautionary measures adopted, Patna remained quiet throughout the rebellion. When all danger was finally over, and just as the commissioner was receiving the congratulations of his friends, he was dismissed from his appointment on the shallow pretext of having committed an error of judgment. The "Wahabi gentlemen," as they were termed by Government, were shortly afterwards released, and

the deputy collector, Mowla Buksh, who had been the commissioner's right-hand man, was ignominiously removed from Patna. We need hardly say that the gentleman (Mr. Samuells) sent down to supplant the commissioner was a man after the heart of his masters—that he soon reported that “there was not the slightest proof that any danger was to be apprehended from this sect, and that there was absolutely none for attributing seditious designs to the Wahabis.” The triumph of the sect was now complete. Their enemies had been cast down and publicly disgraced, while the chief of their enemies was kept without employment for seven months, and then packed off some six hundred miles to the remotest corner of the province. It now only remained for the Government to cover itself with ridicule, and this it at once proceeded to do. Ahmed Oolah was received by Mr Samuells with open arms, his sufferings condoled with, while his deeply injured feelings were soothed with a Government appointment, and for several years he sat with the commissioner and other English gentlemen on the Committee of Public Instruction at Patna. The wily chief was indeed a man whom the Government delighted to honour, and in the year 1863 might have been seen shaking hands with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in the reception-hall of Belvedere, pre-