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CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOL. XXIII.

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"No man, who hath tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those, who not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world: and, were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long, as in that notion, they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away."—MILTON.

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Page 68, line 6 from top, for "resorted" *read* "restored."

THE

CALCUTTA REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Elliot's Historians of Muhammedan India.*
2. *Brigg's History of the Muhammedan Power in India*
3. *Dow's History of Hindustan.*
4. *Elphinstone's History of India.*

IN contrasting the rule of the British in India, with that of their predecessors in the Government, it is too often the practice of a certain class of writers, to depreciate the present administration by fulsome eulogiums on the past. We therefore think that, though the subject be a rather hackneyed one, we will be doing some service to the cause of truth, by sifting into the history of the Muhammedan rule in this country, and depicting it in its own proper colors. We shall not attempt to trace commotions to their source, nor to uncover and expose the secret springs of action; but shall simply confine ourselves to a cursory and general examination of facts, and to observations based on that enquiry, on the principal features of that unchanging tyranny, which, commencing from the rough times of Mahmood of Ghizni, remained unabated even in the courtly days of Akbar and Aurungzebe. These observations will necessarily embrace a period of above 700 years, and though the general reader may wonder that we should attempt to generalize reflections on the events of such an extensive period, the historic student, who knows that the Government was as intolerent, absolute and cruel to the end as in the beginning, will, we are persuaded, find no occasion to quarrel with our remarks, or question the fitness of their application.

At the end of the tenth century after Christ, Alptagin, an officer in the service of the Samani Kings of Bokhara, succeeded in rendering Ghizni an independent principality, and on his death left it to Subaktagin his general. Mahmood, the son of Subaktagin, succeeded his father in the government of this little empire, and by his valor, vastly extended its confines and increased his power. After making many encroachments on the side of Persia, he directed his best energies to the conquest of India, and he fully succeeded to the extent of his design. Twelve different invasions were effected at different times, tem-

ples and idols in large numbers were desecrated and demolished, valuable booty consisting of gold, silver and jewellery, was carried off in triumph, and India became a province of the Ghiznian Empire. The entire subjugation of the country, however, was not effected till towards the end of the twelfth century, when Mahomed Ghori finally demolished the Hindu power, and committed the government of the kingdom to his favourite slave, Kuttubudeen Ibek, who at once established himself at Delhi. From that time, to the capture of Delhi, by the British, in 1803, the Government, though exercised by different dynasties, and with different degrees of vigor, was uninterruptedly Muhamedan, and preserved in its principal peculiarities an unvaried sameness through every stage of civilization. A cursory glance at the reign of the several princes will show this more clearly; but our limits will not permit us to take any lengthened view of each individual administration.

The principal feature of Mahmood's Government was the plundering of cities, and the levying of contributions; and till the time of Kuttubudeen Ibek, this was all the attention India received from her conquerors. The reigns of the Ghiznian and Ghorian houses, therefore, might well be passed over without further notice. From the reign of Kuttubudeen may be dated the commencement of a regular administration, and yet for a long period, history presents us nothing but an almost uninterrupted series of warfare, and an unbroken tissue of plunder, carnage and misrule. Kuttub was valiant; but after gaining the sovereignty, he resigned himself to idleness and intemperance. Aram, his son, was unequal to the task of government. Altumsh, his successor, was vigorous, but all his energy was employed in putting down the other competitors for the throne. Ruknudeen was weak and dissolute, and unfit to exercise the regal powers, which were accordingly arrogated by his mother, a cruel and passionate woman, who disgusted every body, and thus paved the way for the deposition of her son. The talents and virtues of Sultana Rizia were great, but her sex encouraged the presumption of ambitious men. Difficulties increased around her. She was conquered, and put to death. Byram, her successor, was a man of pleasure, and as imprudent as he was weak. His reign was of short duration, and was remarkable only for the invasion of India by the army of Jengis, who penetrated into the country as far as Lahore, but did not push further on becoming over-laden with plunder. His successor Musaood was equally infirm and vicious. The Omrahs conspired against him, and he

was thrown into prison, while with the unanimous consent of all parties, his uncle Nasirudeen Mahmood was elevated to the throne. Nasirudeen was a man of vigor and prudence, but all his activity was kept engaged in wars. Rebellious Governors were reduced to obedience, Ghizni was conquered back from the Moguls, who had eased it off the hands of his predecessors, the Gickers and other mountain-tribes were chastised for misconduct and insolence. But the internal administration of the country does not appear to have profited largely from his wisdom. We read that an ambassador from Hullacu, the grandson of Jengis, was received at court amidst the grandest display of affluence and power. But the wealth and ostentation of the court were never, either then or in after times, correct indications of the comfort and felicity of the people. The reign of Gheasudeen Bulbun was also one of great vigor, and he made strong efforts to correct the morals of his court. Convulsions in Central Asia had driven many princes and learned men to seek refuge at Delhi, and the manner in which he treated these fugitives, has been very much commended by historians. But towards his own subjects he was cruel and harsh, and wanton in the punishments he inflicted. His successor Keikobad was licentious and effeminate in the extreme, and during the whole period of his administration, there was nothing but anarchy and confusion, every ambitious man scrambling to arrogate as much power as he could with impunity. He very early fell a sacrifice to this spirit of insubordination, which he was so unfit to control. The Emperor Jellaludeen, who was hauled up to succeed him, was an excellent sovereign, but his capacity for government was not equal to the goodness of his heart, and, though personally kind, generous and lenient, he did not succeed in bettering the condition of his subjects. The police was neglected, factions and rebellions grew strong from the little check they received, and he died by the hands of his own nephew, whom his partiality had elevated above his children. Of Alla it need only be said that he reigned in the same manner as he won the throne, that is, in a very violent manner. If his government was more vigorous than that of his predecessor, it was at the same time much more inhuman, oppressive and harsh.

From the time of Allaudeen Khilji to the advent of Timour, there was a perpetual and unvaried contention for the throne, which was repeatedly over and over lost and won by intrigues, perfidies and violence. We have murders and the putting out of eyes enough to make the mind sick of horror. Omer

was imprisoned, and his eyes put out, after his elder brothers had been served in like manner. Mubarick and his sons were murdered in one night, and a great many men, in rank inferior only to kings, were likewise sacrificed. When Gheasudeen Toglek mounted the throne, these tragedies ceased indeed for a time. But his reign was short. His son Mahomed ruled for twenty-seven years, and was so barbarous and wantonly inhuman, that his tyranny was perhaps the one most pre-eminently disastrous to the people. Feroz Toglek was a weak sovereign, very well disposed towards his subjects, for he did all he could to promote their welfare; and mosques, schools, caravanserais, wells, aqueducts, bridges, &c., without number, were made during his reign. But he had not the energy to prevent the mis-government of his subordinates. The reigns of Gheasudeen II. and Abubaker were unfortunate; that of Nasirudeen was altogether void of repose, the Emperor being kept chiefly employed in subduing and anticipating insurrections; and in the time of the infant Mahmood, there were two Emperors in Delhi, (Mahmood and his rival Nuserit Shah,) who, for three years, struggled to supplant each other, and, of course, threw the affairs of Government into the greatest confusion, the edicts in force one day being cancelled on the next, as one party triumphed over another.

In 1397 Timour crossed the Indus, and carried fire and sword through the provinces he passed. Delhi was taken and pillaged, and the desperate courage of the inhabitants "cooled in their own blood." He then caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor, and after having, by his cruelties, won the unenviable surname of Hillak Khan, or the Destroyer, he went back to Samarcand, leaving India, if possible, in a worse condition than he found it in.

From the time of Chizer to the conquest of Baber, the Empire was so ill-governed, that many provinces started into independence, and the stewards of the state assumed the name and dignity of Kings. Chizer, though himself a man of considerable ability, could not altogether conciliate the jealousies of his brother Omrahs. His successor, Mubarick, was also endowed with talents, which, however, did not prevent his being defied and assassinated by the disaffected nobles; and Mahomed and Allaudeen were ill-acquainted with the art of conducting the affairs of Government. Allaudeen resigned his sceptre. Knowing that he was not fit for his place, he preferred to live and die in peace and obscurity, rather than run the risk of being assassinated, or blinded on the throne; and Beloli Lodi, the Viceroy of Sirhind, stepped into the vacant

post. But the Sultans of Delhi at this time possessed little beyond the city itself; and though Beloli was a man of abilities, all his efforts could not reduce into tranquillity the unsettled provinces of the Empire, nor completely restore the sovereignty to its former consequence. Secunder, too, though a man of parts like his father, found himself unequal to the task of improving the distracted condition of the state. Rebellions on the frontiers, and cabals and intrigues in the capital, kept him perpetually engaged for nearly the whole term of his reign. Ibrahim Lodi, his son, was an ill-behaved and unthinking prince, and very outrageous in his conduct; and insurrections rose to their haughtiest pitch during his administration. The rebellious nobles invited Baber into India. A battle was fought in which Ibrahim was slain, and the Sovereignty passed into the house of Timour.

Baber has been much praised for his moderation and forbearance, and, contrasted with his predecessors, he was certainly humane. But that he effected any thing beyond conquering the country, and securing it to his successor, is not evident. Humayun's reign is only remarkable for insurrections and anarchy. Of Shere, the Usurper, it is said, that, though his administration was short, it was very beneficent and kind; and it is possible that he did endeavour to make some amends for the violence by which he had risen. But it was for a short period only that he enjoyed his ill-gotten power. The reign of his successor Selim was turbulent. Many of his Omrahs rose up in rebellion against him, and he had also to fight with his elder brother, whose prior right to the throne he had dishonored. His son Feroz was a minor when he came to the throne, and became an Emperor only to lose his life. Mahomed, the Murderer, then arrogated the royal powers, but soon perceived that it was not so easy to keep a throne as, under certain circumstances, to get it. He found the royal robe too hot for him, and stripping himself of it, endeavored to seek safety in flight. Secunder succeeded, but only to be defeated by Humayun, who, in 1554, re-assumed his throne. Akbar succeeded Humayun. His reign has been called the most brilliant period in Indian history, and perhaps it was so; but sedition, rapine and murder comprise no small portion of the ingredients of this so-called brilliant period. His whole time was spent in fighting against one chief or another, and though his military enterprises were generally successful, the troubles of the country were not, for all that, the less distressing. The system of Government was as despotic under him as ever; and that he had subordinates of capacity and character to serve under

him, was owing principally to the penetration and sagacity of his guardian, Byram, who employed none other about his person. Examine nicely into his conduct, and you will find no merit in him besides his valor. He was cruel and intemperate, and in *Tod's Annals of Rajasthan* we read, that his passions sometimes got the better of every consideration of honor and glory. If it be true that he died of a poison which he had designed for a servant, whom he was afraid of murdering openly, that is a fact sufficient to dishonor his memory.

The reign of Jehangire was one of great anarchy. He could not put down his own Omrahs, who defied him with impunity, and disgraced him; and his sons also did all they could to disturb his repose. Shah Jehan succeeded Jehangire. The first part of his reign was tranquil, and blessings flowed out largely to the people. But he had rebelled against his father, and the example of such a crime is never forgotten. His children trod in his footsteps. At first they took up arms against each other to dispute the succession, but when the most wicked one of the set proved to be the most fortunate, he at once resolved to dethrone his father, and carried out his resolution. The character of Aurungzebe is best explained by his deeds. Hypocrisy and dissimulation were its principal traits, and he was cruel almost to an unnatural extent. It is said he poisoned his father. If there are doubts on this point, there are none that he murdered his brothers. But his reign was nevertheless prosperous, though not altogether undisturbed. The example he had set was not lost on his sons; and Mahomed Mauzim, better known as Bahadur Shah, convinced him, that, though he had not the talents to secure success, he had learnt how to rebel—was fit to disturb the current of a father's felicity, though not clever enough to twist the tissue of his reign. Besides this, his quarrels with Persia, the Mahrattas, the Patans, the Rajpoots, kept him constantly engaged, and engrossed all his care and attention.

Aurungzebe was succeeded by Bahadur Shah. He was a humane king, but a weak one; and the Empire was frequently distracted during his reign. Jehander, his successor, was still more imbecile. Feroksere was equally infirm; and so was Mahomed Shah. During the reign of these princes, cruelties and crimes of the most revolting character were almost daily committed within and about the precincts of the palace, and the public administration was a scene of confusion, rage and weakness. The Emperors still arrogated an absolute power, but the Empire was disunited and defunct; and even nominal

allegiance to the Imperial name was hardly rendered by the several independent principalities and powers. All this confusion and horror was further enhanced by the invasions of Nadir Shah and Ahmed Abdalee, and the excesses they committed were revolting beyond description. The Empire of the Moguls may be considered to have closed with the reign of Alumgire II. Shah Alem, indeed, was, after him, helped to the throne by the Mahrattas; but he shortly after fell into the power of one Golam Kadir, who put out his eyes, and thenceforward he remained but as a state-prisoner, not a king. In 1803 Delhi was captured by the British power.

To return from a review of facts to the observation we hazarded, from the commencement to the end of the Muhamedan supremacy in India there is nothing pre-eminently to distinguish one period from another. Of course, amongst more than sixty princes, there were some who looked more to the comfort and benefit of their subjects than others; but the efforts of even the best were only such as secured but a partial respite to the people from the more revolting enormities and crimes,—no more; and between the best and worst administrations the interval was but a span. Were we to judge of the princes only by their bombastic titles and surnames, India would appear to have been most fortunate in her sovereigns; but these titles were only self-assumed, and are not the award of posterity. Had posterity the privilege of nick-naming the Emperors, "the bad," "the cruel," "the bloody," and "the weak," would greatly out-number "the defenders of religion," and "the lights of the world." But of this more anon, as we proceed with our observations on the form and character of the Government.

In all Eastern countries absolute despotism has always been the principal feature of the Government. The sovereign, under such a system, is every thing. He is defined by the learned ones of the East to be, not the delegate of his people, not the chief officer of the realm, but that power than which there is none higher, and to which there is no equal in a state. He is the life and soul of the whole engine—the *primum mobile*—the first impulse of motion, and the soul of fountain of power. His history is the history of the Empire, for he is the Empire itself. In India this seems to have been the most important peculiarity of the Government from the earliest times. The climate of the country is so enervating, so peculiarly adapted to make man the slave of ease and indolence, that vigour of mind and body appear never to have thriven sufficiently under its influence to

germinate a spirit of independence in the people. Generations after generations submitted quietly to the assumption of an absolute authority on the part of their rulers, totally regardless of their rights and privileges, in fact, unconscious of every evil, save such as immediately affected their lives. If this does not account for the origin of despotism in the land, it at least contributes to explain the mystery of its perpetuation in it; and, exclusive of this, there were also other adventitious circumstances to strengthen the influence of the despotism, and prolong its duration. The activity and determination of a despot in doing good is felt far and wide, through all the ramifications of society, by the poorest peasant. His strict and apparent impartiality, where he is not interested, his unhesitating justice, his uncompromising vigour in punishing offences, are seen and appreciated by all classes of the people; while the abuses of his power, and the effects of his passions are generally confined within the range of those few individuals only, who have access to his person. The people at large behold in him a God, only a few feel him to be a fiend; and the minds of weak men once thus reconciled to an evil, remain attached to it even after the hallucinations under which they labored, when approving it, have passed away. The companions of Ulysses, when transformed into swine, were not anxious to resume the human form. Men once enslaved are not anxious to get free; habituated to their chains they cease to detest them.

When the Muhammedan conquerors took possession of India, they found in it all the germs of an absolute despotism in full force. Despotism was also the rule of their own native lands. They understood no other form of Government, and as a matter of course, perpetuated the system they found in operation, after adapting it to their own fashion. But the despotism of a native prince, and that enforced by a foreign power, can never be altogether similar. The one is authority exercised by suffrage; the other pre-supposes the suffrage to be at an end. The nobility under a native despot again is composed of natives, that under a foreign ruler composed of foreigners; and this makes a wide difference. It is not however our purpose to dwell at all upon these points.

The manner in which the Muhammedan Sovereigns exercised their absolute authority is what we promised to enquire into, and this will perhaps be best understood by sifting their personal characters. Everything under despotism depends on the individual character of the ruler—the Government being but an echo or reflexion of the man. What the king delights in,

is the fashion—what he approves of, his minions approve also. Thus when in the reign of Keikobad it became generally known that the king was a man of pleasure, luxury and vice grew so fashionable, that naked courtezans, in the most indecent postures, and displaying the most wanton movements, were to be seen in public places, and even the Magistrates and other magnates of the land, were to be met drunk in the streets. Evil examples, thus sanctioned by apparent respectability, lost no time in diffusing themselves all over the country, converting it into one large theatre of ill fame. When the court was a tavern and the palace a brothel, indecency and unseemliness received patent to stalk all over the land in all their naked horrors, and no crime was too horrible to be left undone, nothing in heaven or earth too holy to be profaned. And there were so many licentious and effeminate princes, that many whole chapters of history are mere revolting records of grossness, levity and indecency. Such a state of the Government of course could not always escape being taken advantage of. That weather is foul indeed which blows nobody any good, and there never has been such want of ambitious and aspiring men, that imbecility should pass being taken advantage of altogether. There are always some persons about a court bent on profitting themselves, and these being witnesses of the working of every secret wheel, obtain all the knowledge necessary to secure success when opportunity offers. Hence, treachery, sedition and disloyalty almost always contributed largely in the formation of the character of these miserable eras. A weak prince could hardly preserve his authority within the few districts immediately around the capital. If he was absolute, he was absolute only within the precincts of his own family, commanding wives to be murdered, or brethren to be blinded, or slaves to be made eunuchs, while every subordinate agent started into independence around him. But those who reigned with vigor, reigned undisputed over the whole peninsula, and often extended their power even beyond its proper confines. Rulers of this latter stamp, however, were so few in number, that we almost lose them in the reckoning; nor was the vigor of their rule of that character which infuses itself into the administration, and evinces a tendency to survive the minds that gave it birth. Not one of the princes appears to have had that comprehensive character, which in planning for the present, provides also for the future; and we find that even Akbar's successor, in stepping to his throne, is compelled to pass through anarchy, rebellion and bloodshed, even though he was (a very unusual case in the

East) the only surviving son of his father. The popular indifference to improvement, no doubt, materially contributed to reduce the state of things so low, it being impossible for an emperor so to secure the prosperity, strength and duration of a kingdom by laws of order and equity, that their influence should survive him, unless there is a corresponding spirit in the people to profit by them. But if the people were bad, the emperors were certainly much worse. Early associated with women, eunuchs and parasites, and completely hemmed in by enervating pleasures, the princes of the empire seldom appear in any but an odious light. Unworthy to be kings, they figure only as tyrants; unworthy to be men, they are handed down to posterity as brutes. Some exceptions there have been to this general rule. It was impossible that, among so many monsters, there should not occasionally be some ordinary men. But even these exceptions are not altogether faultless; and we have often the misfortune of beholding the greatest emperors closing their splendid careers in luxury and indolence, or being diverted from the noblest undertakings by wine, women and pleasures. Even Shah Jehan would neglect business when beautiful and rare acquisitions were made in the harem, and Jehangire would suffer himself to be alienated from the administration of Government, by the delicious wines of Shiraz, and the wit and vivacity of Noor Jehan. Nay, Tod tells us that Akbar himself, the great, the immortal Akbar, neglected his royal duties on the Noroza, to rob the fair maidens of Rajwarra of their dearest treasures.

Nor was lust the only lure that diverted these princes from their duty. We are almost ashamed to see them oft busy in the most insignificant puerilities, alike uncongenial to their position and character. Musaood I. wanted a crown set with precious stones, and was reckless of state affairs, at a time when his empire was in the greatest confusion, till he had made one; Jehangire bored his ears to wear pearls, a feminine vanity quite unsuited to his age and discretion; and Shah Jehan had his name and titles engraved on the Koh-i-Noor, that he might outlive the wreck of his dynasty, forgetting that a king had other means whereby to render his name more enduring than the Koh-i-Noor itself. In some of the princes all the heights and depths of the human character appear blended together, all the contrasts of glory and meanness unite and commingle, and this, at the same time that it makes them such interesting subjects for study to the historian, renders it so difficult to depict them aright. When we represent

Akbar, for instance, as the unequalled statesman, the unconquered soldier, and the all-accomplished scholar, we forget the man who way-laid Rajpoot princesses in the dark vaults of the zenana, and enticed them to hold mock markets within the precincts of the palace, that he might have an opportunity of bargaining for their virtue. And again, when we pourtray Timour as the fire-brand of the world and the scourge of God, as the inhuman conqueror who exulted over the misfortunes of a fallen rival, by putting him in an iron cage, and compelling his wife to wait on him at table half naked, we overlook the protector and encourager of learning, and the erector of hospitals, giving health to the sick and solace to the poor, as he avows himself in his Institutes.

That such sovereigns were never very popular with their subjects, cannot be a matter of surprise. The idea the people entertained of their kings, was not quite so noble as despots might desire, and this was owing entirely to the fault of the princes themselves. Their inglorious idleness, their spiritless apathy, their unmindfulness of the present and improvidence of the future, were often too glaringly palpable not to be observed. Many there were who, at the hour of the greatest danger, when the enemy was at the gates of the capital, instead of facing the peril, preferred to remain engrossed with the pleasures of the harem, and committed the responsibility of meeting the emergency to their subordinates. This lost them not only the affections of the people, but also of the soldiery; and their reluctance to profit by lessons of adversity, and to take precautionary measures for the future, led them to be despised. A lax adherence to their words was also a common fault with most of the princes, who made promises which they never meant to fulfil, a policy which, however common, is never justifiable. They had also their little jealousies and trivial antipathies, whereby their actions often became the subject of common conversation, little to the advantage of the Imperial character. The meanness of Jehangire towards Shere Afkan, contributed to lower him more in the estimation of his subjects than all his good deeds could counter-balance, and his collision with Mohabut subjected him to a too invidious contrast, that could not but be prejudicial to his dignity. Shah Jehan was vindictive, and vindictiveness is a very unkingly attribute. He remembered the injuries and insults he had received when a prince, and never forgave them when on the throne. Why should princes, who forget benefits so quickly, remember injuries so long? Add to these, the cruelty of the emperors, and the

general ill opinion of them will be fully justified. Most of them were monsters of inhumanity. Even Bulbun, who was in other respects a great and a good king, ordered a general massacre of all ages and sexes in Budaon and Kuttaheir; and Shah Jehan, like a second Nero, desolated the fertile plains of the Deccan, and from the citadel of Dowlatabad beheld with horrid joy, the tempest he had raised. But it is perhaps unjust and unreasonable to be too harsh on such freaks perpetrated by men who might have been still worse than they were. If we will but make proper allowances for the form of Government which allowed them the liberty of becoming such monsters, we shall find many things to be delighted with, and even to admire in Indian history. Sovereigns have not been wanting who regulated the Empire and decorated it, and who, alive to the necessities of the people, erected schools and universities, asylums for the poor, and other works of public charity. Many expressed high emulation in patronizing letters and learned men, and rewarded the latter with perhaps as much liberality as any princes in the world. The courts of some were the politest and most magnificent of their age, and a good many of the greatest historians and poets of Asia lived and wrote in the capital of the Indian Empire. We read that even Sultan Mahmood of Ghizni, covetous as he was, promised a golden dirhem for every stanza of Firdousi's celebrated historical poem, the *Shah Nameh*, and although the sight of the money showed him the folly of the promise, and made him meanly recant it, he paid an ample remuneration to the poet's daughter after his death. The persons of authors were generally held very sacred, and even the greatest tyrant was afraid of offering them violence. Those who defied the sword were afraid of the pen. Some of the princes themselves were men of learning. Mahmood of Ghizni was a scholar of no mean pretensions, Gheasudeen Bulbun—so justly celebrated for improving the character of his court, and, what is still more difficult, for subduing his own habitual licentiousness on being raised to the throne—was an accomplished scholar, and so emulous of literary fame, that, on the works of a great poet being read to him, he burst into tears for his inability to rival them; and Sultan Baber, like another Cæsar, wrote his own commentaries.

Further, avarice was never an Imperial vice, and even the subordinate chiefs, who made it a point to imitate their sovereigns in everything, freely spent on the empire the wealth they acquired in it. India was not governed by the Muhamedans (that is reckoning from the days of Kutubudeen Ibek,) as a detached province. It was an empire in itself, and per-

fectly independent of other states; and its rulers had no interest to misgovern it, or govern it for the advantage of other kingdoms. If they tyrannized and amassed money by extortion, the funds thus extorted were not taken out of the empire, except when some powerful invader came in and plundered the treasury. They had no "home" to send it to; India was their home. All the state expenses were not indeed legitimate, for who shall attempt to vindicate the devotion of nearly eighty-eight lacs of Rupees on a marriage, that being the amount squandered by Shah Jehan out of the public treasury, on the occasion of Suja's espousal. Such extravagance, far from being creditable, can only remain a lasting memorial of shame, suggesting the infinite number of ways in which the money might have been more rationally employed. But making every allowance for all such particular freaks, (and these no doubt were many,) and even for the systematic extravagance of keeping up useless armies, the careful observer will not fail to remark, that, generally, a good use of money was the rule, and the waste of it an exception. Many princes have acquired to themselves a name by erecting public works. Large roads were made to run through all parts of the empire, where nothing but wretched alleys had been known before; and choultries, or houses for the reception of travellers, a convenience of which the Hindus appear to have had no idea at all, were erected at convenient distances for the accommodation of passengers. Of some of the Muhammedan buildings it has been said that they are hardly excelled by the noblest structures in Europe. Even Timour, speaking of himself and his dominions, in his Institutes, says, that he "ordained that in every town and in every city there should 'be founded a mosque, and a school, and a monastery, and an 'alms-house for the poor and the indigent, and an hospital for 'the sick and the infirm." The emperors of India were, for the most part, as liberal as Timour, and made perhaps as much provision for their subjects, as he did for his. All that we can urge against them is, that such provisions do not appear, in any case, to have been complete.

Most of the princes also were alive to the calls of justice. We often read of them as presiding over the courts of justice, and personally passing judgment; and, being placed alike above fear and favor, their decisions were almost invariably just, at all events they discharged their duty with sufficient respect to their conscience. Though many of the princes were naturally very ill-tempered and cruel, as judges we find them in most instances very impartial and just; and this inclines us to believe,

that no human being can be so utterly depraved and abandoned, as not to be guided by the dictates of conscience where his passions are not interested. And where self-interest did not run counter to the course of justice, nor passion obstruct its current, the law was administered as correctly as could have been done by professional jurists themselves. In this age of refinement we may object on principle to a king presiding in a court of justice in person, as the king might often be a partizan in cases that fall under its cognizance, and oftener still might mistake passion for justice: and when we read of Jehangire ordering the son of a royal Governor to be trampled upon by an elephant, for having accidentally killed a child in the same manner, and then wantonly used his power and influence to annoy his accusers and shield himself from justice, we know not whether to admire the impartiality of the decision, or to protest against the ferocity of the vengeance. But it would be unfair to judge of remote events by the notions of the nineteenth century. The circumstances of time, place and opinion, are always entitled to consideration, and we should give the devil his due, and Jehangire credit for his impartiality. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, was the justice of those days in the East, and there are instances on record in which kings took vengeance with their own hands, rather than that the offenders should escape unpunished. When one of Akbar's viziers was assassinated in the palace, the Emperor pursued the murderer himself in person, knocked him down with his fist, and, without any judicial enquiry or investigation, ordered him to be dashed down from the parapet wall; and, in the *Persian Primer*, we have a story also of Sultan Mahmood taking summary vengeance on an adulterer, when a peasant complained to him that an officer of his army had driven him out of his house, and was lying in bed with his wife.

Of the sovereigns who can be named with anything like admiration, by far the greater number belonged to the house of Timour. We do not mean to deny that there were occasionally good princes in the other dynasties also. Jelaludeen Khilji was an excellent king, though not an able one; and the whole reign of Gheasudeen Toglek was as commendable as his accession was blameless. Nor are we unconscious of the fact that the adulation of the historians of later kings are entitled to credit only after great allowances, no body having written their history, but either their own personal flatterers, or the flatterers of their descendants. The fulsome and extravagant praises of the Akbernama, for instance, very naturally suggest the idea, that the emperor so violently lauded, had not the good for

tune of having a faithful journalist to chronicle his deeds. But, after taking everything into consideration, we find very little reason to contradict the general opinion, that the family of Timour gives us the best and most favorable idea of an oriental despot. The man after whom the family was named, was himself only a tolerable specimen of a Scythian savage. But so were not his descendants. Baber, who founded the dynasty in India, though his name signifies the Tiger, appears to have been humane, and his character went down to most of his successors. And the uncommon abilities of those successors, allied with this hereditary leniency of disposition, gave an air of civilization and a polish even to the very tyranny of their administration.

But we are wandering. The constitutional prerogatives of the King were many: but they are said in a few words. He was the sole proprietor of the whole empire. The authority enjoyed by others was held from him, and he could at any time re-assume his own. He was the general heir of his subjects, and all their property being derived from him, was liable to reversion. But children were seldom deprived of their heritage, in fact never, unless their parents had amassed riches by means detrimental to the interests of the empire; and, even in such cases, a portion of their effects always went to their personal representatives. The King had also the power of nominating his successor—an extraordinary prerogative, even though he could not exclude all his heirs. This was perhaps the worst privilege of all, that is, in its tendency; and fully accounts for all those shameful struggles between brothers, nay, even for those between fathers and their children, which admit of no other explication. The best politicians have with one accord preferred a hereditary monarchy to an elective one, because no election can ever be made apart from the prejudices of passion or interest, and nothing is gained by such election worth the struggles and contentions which it almost invariably leads to. And if this be true of a popular choice, how much truer still it is when the election is made by a father! The prejudices of parents are stronger than those of other men, and ten chances to one, the predilections of a father are greater for an unworthy son, than for one who is worthier. Why did sons rise in rebellion against their fathers? Not because they were naturally wanting in respect, duty or affection, but simply because the succession rested on an uncertain basis. If the inheritance had been settled by the rights of primogeniture, none would have had occasion to resort to the doubtful contest of the sword. But all the princes being considered equally entitled to the

throne, and the merits of the candidates being in most cases pretty nearly on a par, every one was anxious to secure the possession to himself. The father's vote was considered no title at all; the crown was too high a prize to be relinquished in deference to it: and each competitor necessarily rested his hopes on the strength of his sword. In the eagerness to secure the end, the material point was oft forgotten, and the throne that was not vacant was contended for with fury. The death of a father was a gloomy crisis which all anticipated with awe, and his illness was thus a sufficient pretext for revolt, for on such a precarious tenure as his existence, they could not trust their security. Shah Jehan's children broke out with each other when their father had only fallen sick, and, it being difficult to stop the minds of men when once fairly set in motion, the war of Aurungzebe soon became one between father and son. Who can think without horror of such a war?—who can read without indignation of its barbarous sequel, of a son dethroning his parent, and by his ingratitude curtailing the period of that existence from which he derived his own, to hasten by a few ungracious years his own elevation and aggrandizement. "I have the sons I wish," said Shah Jehan, "and yet I wish I had no sons."

If such wars, during the life-time of parents, were frequent, they may be pronounced to have been incessantly occurring after their death. To guard against this, the wiser among the sovereigns made the princes of the blood labor in the service of the empire, and at a distance from the throne. They were often employed in very subordinate capacities, and, like other ordinary men, who held similar stations, were punished and treated with ignominy for misbehaviour. This policy appears to have been an approved one all over Asia, no ties of relationship having been found sufficient as pledges against perfidy and ambition. It is true that such employment was calculated to qualify the more aspiring children to conduct their rebellion with greater ability, tact and cruelty, but in most of them it served the purpose of stifling their eager wishes for the throne, and even where it did not do so, it left them too ill provided to carry on a rebellion with effect. The armies they commanded were only nominally under their command, and they were thus more in the royal power and less able to do mischief. Tamasp of Persia went a step even further. He treated his brothers as slaves, and proved to Humayun the superiority of his policy. The latter had treated his brothers as brothers, and had partly owed his misfortunes to the excess of his affection for them. But for

Camran's base envy, which could not behold even a brother's elevation without pain, Shere would perhaps have never ventured to rebel, or would have been crushed in the attempt.

But if some of the emperors endeavored thus to cultivate peace by policy, there were not wanting those who, by a different course, succeeded only to foment among brethren the spirit of rivalry. Brothers generally picked up the first feelings of jealousy against each other in the zenana, from women expert in every intrigue. But these could barely communicate the rudiments of disaffection. To carry that animosity into the transactions of life required teaching on a more extensive scale, and of a far more systematic order; and the Emperors, in their ignorance, often put them in the way—no doubt, expecting other results. Thus Jehangire thought it a clever policy to degrade one son and raise another. He expected that this would keep them all in order, by humbling the ambitious and elevating the weak. But it did no such thing. It only made one party discontented, another arrogant,—deepened their early prejudices against one another, and led—the consequences are written in unmistakable characters in the pages of history—to contention, anarchy and bloodshed. Prepossessions thus nurtured would in the end often acquire a demoniac fury, and heighten more the horrors of the competition than even the value of the prize contended for could warrant. He who fought for the throne fought also for his life. There was no security but in success. The closest ties of nature could not secure a discomfited rival from meeting with the extremest severity of vengeance at the hands of a successful competitor; and the victor who mounted the throne stepped over the blood of his brethren and relatives, who were unhesitatingly sacrificed for his security. Shah Jehan dispatched all the descendants of Baber, barring himself and his sons; and those who were of a more merciful disposition were less cruel only to this extent, that, instead of strangling or assassinating their relatives, they contented themselves with depriving them of their sight, or mutilating their limbs.

Though the Government was purely despotic, the nobility as a natural and unalienable mediatory body, always exercised a great degree of consequence and power. As in Persia, China and Turkey, constitutionally there was no class in India between the King and the people. But the officers of the State, who exercised the Imperial authority on behalf of the King, and executed his will, could, from the circumstance of their position, be regarded in no other light than as the

nobles of the land. These were picked out from all ranks of men; and in the selection the emperors appear always to have recognised the claims of genius and ability above every other that could be set up. Merit was the only passport to elevation; and even the princes of the house of Timour, though proud of their own noble origin, and partial to high blood, never stooped to honor any but men of parts. None were entertained in the public service, but such as deserved to be so employed, and no rank was recognised except that of office. The highest offices of the State were left open to public competition, and the most signal posts of command were accessible from the meanest grades of society. The history of no country in the world abounds with more numerous examples of extraordinary elevations of fortune, than the history of this, while under the Muhammedans. The emperors saw early, or were made to see it, that, as the Government was constituted, a supply of sturdy men was at all times necessary to keep it up in vigor, and early, too, they found out that this emergent necessity could not be sufficiently provided for by making either rank or office hereditary. Born to voluptuousness and luxury, in a few generations great men in the East rapidly decline to weakness and inanity, while men in poorer circumstances of life, who naturally covet that greatness in which they are not born, gain in capacity and vigor by their constant struggles with fortune, and are ambitious to excel. Those who could best contribute to the service of the State, were therefore, very properly, preferred to those who could merely count their descent from men who had served before. No matter that they were poor; so long as they were clever, the emperors were prepared to overlook their poverty. Even attachment to one master appears not to have been considered a disqualification for service with another. There were princes who affected to be above the prejudice of despising merit although enrolled under the banners of an enemy. Their own partizans, no doubt, had always a prior right to selection, but the shining lights of adverse parties were not denied entertainment in the public service, if they could only manage to escape the gallows. Hence, in perusing the pages of Indian History, we seldom meet with instances of official incapacity. When the Sultan lies perdu in his harem, we have always an efficient substitute for him in the minister who conducts the administration. If a Jehangire chooses to prefer the wine cup to the cares and responsibilities of Government, there is a Chaja Aiass to step in between him and the public, and by his abilities to screen the follies of his master from contempt and derision.

Nor, in the distribution of favors, was impartiality sullied by any exclusiveness to sect or creed. Wherever merit was to be found, in the needy adventurer from Tartary, who owned no religion and had no friends; in the Arab, a wanderer by profession; in the Persian, an outcast from his country; in the Hindu, who beheld with aversion the followers of Islam, and called them by the disgraceful epithet of *Javanas* or barbarians; wherever merit was to be found, it was equally fostered, and preferred to opulence and to power. Perhaps this was done as much from policy as from liberality. Contrary forces destroy each other, and the elevation of distinct classes of men to eminence was calculated to prevent a general amalgamation of interests against the imperial power. But this, far from being a reproach, is an additional commendation of the Government. That its policy kept pace with its liberality, that its liberality was based on its policy, and moved on it as on a pivot, is perhaps the best word that could be said in praise of a rule constitutionally despotic. At one time we see Persian nobles so powerful, that even Aurungzebe, who, during his defection with Persia, suspected them of conspiracy against him, evinced such dread of their influence, as compelled him to give up the idea of punishing them, lest in the contest he should lose the empire. On another occasion, we see Rajah Maun Sing, a Hindu, of power sufficient to defy the wrath of his sovereign, in protecting the rebellious Chusero from the vengeance of Jehangire—nay compelling that Monarch, then in the summit of his greatness, not only to pardon the refractory son, but even the audacious vassal. It may be that this excess of liberality engrafted the seeds of future disaffection. The power that was formidable to a king could not but be oppressive to the people; and, warring against both king and people, it could not but have greatly contributed to hasten the decline of the empire. But those who would condemn the policy on that ground, would do well to remember that, without it, the empire had never been secure. The only charge that can be urged against it, perhaps is, that the same care was not taken in examining into the characters of the men entertained in the public service, as was evinced in testing their talents and abilities. Honesty and virtue appear altogether to have been excluded from the list of the qualifications of a public officer. They might be essential to his personal interests, they were undeniably the ornaments of his private life, but they seem to have been reckoned as having no connection at all with his official conduct. So far as public business was concerned, to handle a matchlock and point a gun were

accomplishments held in greater esteem than the most impartial justice and the strictest integrity.

We have said that, in the selection of officers, no prejudice was allowed to interfere—no prejudice either of sect or creed. If Gheasudeon Bulbun systematically excluded all Hindus from employment in offices of emolument and trust, the instance is a rare one, perhaps altogether an isolated exception; and we see many Hindus acting prominent parts in every department of the service, under almost all the other sovereigns. Even so early as the days of the bigot Mahmood, among the Lieutenants or Governors left in the conquered provinces, there were those who were natives of the soil; and, as the administration of the country gradually settled down to a regular Government, they were admitted freely into confidence, and largely entrusted with power. The collection of the revenue, and, in fact, the whole detail of the administration of the finances, soon began almost entirely to be committed to their hands, as the princes perceived that their better acquaintance with the languages and manners of the community at large naturally made them the best fiscal officers. For the administration of justice they were not competent, the law publicly administered being the Muhammedan law, and not the Hindu, and from this, therefore, they seem to have been excluded; and in the army the most prominent situations were held by the Muhammedans for obvious reasons; but from the rest they were not shut out. To name all the Hindus who held prominent posts under the Muhammedan rulers were a laborious task, but a few eminent instances may well be mentioned. Hemu was Prime Minister to Mohamed Adilli, the Usurper; Torur Mul, Maun Sing, and Birbal, were powerful officers of the state during the reign of Akbar; Raja Rughoonauth was Aurungzebe's actual vizier, though Meer Jumla enjoyed the nominal honor; and, during the reign of the unfortunate Feroksheré, though Abdool enjoyed the honors of the ministerial post, the administration was conducted by Ruttun Chand. Of five Omrahs, who shared the glory of a sally party with Akbar, in Guzerat, against Hosseen, a rebel, four were Hindus; and the most powerful adherents, and the ablest generals of Shah Jehan during his rebellion, were Bickrumjeet and Raja Bheem. If any sectarian distinction was ever observed, it was at the whim of some individual emperor; and, in some cases, such distinctions were calculated more to elevate the character of the body, than to subserve any private motive. Thus Mahmood II. always bestowed the property and possessions of old disaffected Omrahs on young men, because

they are generally more serviceable and obedient. But not even in their whims did the Muhammedan sovereigns of India ever think of creating a privileged order, or a monopolizing class. Every man stood on his own merits—by them to rise or fall.

At the head of the nobility of course stood the Premier (Vizier); and it most frequently happened that he was the actual King. Shut up in the zenana amongst his wives and concubines, engrossed in licentiousness and folly, the emperor, in most cases, saw the affairs of Government only with the eyes of his minister. When this man chanced to be both able and honest, even Imperial listlessness and folly could not do much injury to the interests of the empire. But this very seldom fell out. Generally the second man in the kingdom was a greater villain than the first; and when this was the case the national calamity knew no bounds. If the mismanagement of the kings was disgraceful, the conduct of their ministers contributed largely to make it so. These latter had their own nefarious purposes to serve; and to secure some private advantage, however trivial, despicable or mean, they never hesitated to involve the emperors in those iniquities which alone could crown their wishes with success. Many just, generous and benevolent princes thus fell victims to the ambition and intrigues of their subordinates They are now notorious in history only for their tyranny and crimes, and yet, but for the agency of their advisers, they might have been remembered to their credit and renown, and named with a blessing instead of a curse. But if these ministers deserve to be so severely mentioned, we would not be right in exempting the kings, who elevated them to their high stations, altogether from blame. When swarms of noisome and mischievous insects hem round and buzz about a king, that is a good proof that that king is a drone. The openness of Oriental sovereigns to receive and appreciate evil counsel, more readily and with greater relish than good, is proverbial; and their general fondness for the company of obnoxious people has added force, if it has not given birth, to the adage, that a good man cannot breathe in the atmosphere of a court. Where low, obsequious hypocrites are honored and respected, better people are averse to go; and where suggestions meanly couched and flatteringly delivered are held in esteem, straight-forward men are unwilling to hazard their blunt opinions, which will not admit of being gilded after the court fashion. There are some generous souls even in the most abandoned times, if kings will only make use of them. The kings to prize such men are generally more wanting than the men themselves. "Dilk," said Mahmood I.,

when encamping his army on a cold winter night, on a snowy desert, he made himself comfortable with fire and blankets, "Dilk, go tell stern winter that we defy him." The chief bowed and went out, then returning, thus addressed the Sultan, "Your Majesty's message hath been faithfully delivered. But the surly fellow sends for answer, that, though he may not injure your sacred person, he will so rudely treat your followers, that Mahmood himself must saddle his own horse on the morrow." Very few of the princes could have put up with a reproof so severe. With most of them such boldness in a servant would have cost him his head. Why should it then be wondered at, that so few of them had men like Dilk to serve them?

After the Minister, the higher lords of the empire also enjoyed a certain degree of Imperial confidence; particularly such as from consideration of age, wisdom and circumspection, were worthy of being consulted on the affairs of Government. They were often called to form a sort of Privy Council, though only as advisers, and possessing no control over the royal power. The emperor was all in all. His will was the law, and when he had expressed his opinion, nothing remained but to accede to it, or be silent. They were, however, generally permitted to express their sentiments freely; and there are instances in history, in which we see them indulging in speech, which even in courts of more liberal Governments would hardly have been tolerated. But of course such instances are rare, unmurmuring submission to the royal will being the rule most generally observed by such advisers, and the expression of an independent opinion only an exception.

It is not, however, to be concluded, that the nobility were a set of powerless courtiers. On the contrary, they had often very considerable influence, so much in fact that a very few princes only could sway them with a high hand. If we find some of the emperors behaving towards them with great haughtiness, we find many more treating them with marked favor and respect from fear. Turbulent and proud by nature, they despised allegiance to such as were destitute of firmness, and though Jehangire could compel them to wear pearls in their ears as he did, it was not every prince that could dictate to them such odious and effeminate terms. Chizer, though himself a man of superior abilities, on assuming the sovereignty, tacitly acknowledged the difficulty of governing them. He had no right to their allegiance, and perceived that it would be a very difficult task to force it; and being a man of sense, rather than run into danger, he wisely assumed the less presuming dignity of a delegate of Timour, well knowing that he could only be suffered

to exercise the regal authority under some such cloak. Very few could afford to despise or affront them, as the determined and violent opposition of Khan Jehan Lodi, in the reign of Shah Jehan, clearly testifies; and the triumphs of Mohabet over his sovereign, when, yielding to the malice of a woman,* Jehangire himself had well nigh forfeited the throne of his fathers, as well as his noble forbearance in desisting to press his advantage to an extremity, prove that an Omrah was at times a more powerful man than the emperor himself. The meanness of the sovereigns and the nobleness of the subjects, appear, in both the above instances, in a light calculated to lower the dignity of the throne, and it is much to be regretted that the princes, both of them men of sterling talents, could not avoid a crisis which brought them into such undignified contact with their subjects. Jealousy entertained by a sovereign against his underlings, is at best but a mean and paltry feeling, and as opposed to every maxim of sound policy as it is inconsistent with true greatness; for a servant really able, and conscious of his worth and services, is ever a dangerous person to quarrel with; and as none of the nobles ever had, or could have any genuine affection for their princes, such suspicion only drove them the sooner to rebellion. It is true that feelings of distrust could not at all times be discarded with impunity in a country so exposed to convulsions as India has been, and where the greatest abilities have so often only produced the greatest crimes. But, for all that, to requite faithful and meritorious services with nothing but suspicion, could never have been the best and most becoming policy for a king. The other one, so often had recourse to by some of the princes, of setting one subject against another, was, perhaps, better—at all events, it was less liable to direct obloquy.

Some of the princes again were very insolent, as if they would secure good and faithful service by over-bearing pride alone. They knew not that the despot who sports with the feelings of powerful men, exposes himself to imminent danger. Prudence alone were sufficient to show them the path of wholesome caution, which binds even princes to act with forbearance towards others, if they would consult their own safety—prudence alone might have told them that there is a certain Rubicon which even despots must not presume to pass. But the kings who behaved so ill, had not even an ordinary share of human prudence to direct them—an Emperor who understood sound reason was a prodigy;—and they were doomed to learn the sim-

* Noor Jehan.

plest lessons of Government at the severest of all schools, the school of experience. The power which a despot exercises may be likened to a two-edged sword, very formidable in the hand of a skilful adept, but dangerous to the wielder who does not know to manage it. Ibrahim II. constrained his Omrahs to stand in the presence with crossed arms, as if they were his bond slaves,—an insolence which he had soon cause to rue, for those very Omrahs invited Baber over to India, and Ibrahim lost both life and throne. The nobility were at the bottom of every revolution, internal as well as external. They raised and upset princes like puppets in a show. No rebellion was undertaken without their aid; no pretender was so bold as to defy their hostility. Constitutionally there was no check to the royal power, no institution or restrictive enactment to say to the king, this will and this caprice you shall not be permitted to gratify, no statute to hinder him from indulging his worst vices to the prejudice of the common weal. But the power of the Omrahs was at all times a sufficient check to any extensive abuse of prerogative, at least so far as their interests were concerned. They prostrated themselves indeed before their master; but apparent servility is only a sign of respect in the East. They were not his slaves. They were men of parts and education,—more intelligent than the mass of the people, and not like them apathetic and spiritless. They had both the power and the will to be turbulent, and at all times only wanted a pretext to fly out. Even where this was not the case, the assassin's arm could reach a despot in the very height of his elevation, and there teach him, or rather his successors, that he had gone too far in his oppression. While the emperor's hands were stretched out to butcher families and pillage nations, some poor injured slave who had brooded over his irreparable wrongs, remembering a violated wife or slaughtered children till he was maddened to desperation, would cross the whole peninsula, scale mountains, and ford rivers to feed his vengeance, win his way even into the imperial harem, and there lodge a dagger in the emperor's heart, as the only adequate return for the wrongs he had sustained. If it was not uncommon to see the officers of the emperor breaking into the house of a peaceful subject, and demanding in the name of their master, the delivery of his effects, wives and daughters, it was also not uncommon to see that subject again placing his foot on the emperor's throat, and driving his poniard home into his heart; and the dread of such a catastrophe was often more instrumental in regulating the conduct of the princes than the warnings of conscience, or the dictates of religion.

Instead however of making their grandeur and glory consist in that which the grandeur and glory of the empire reflected on them, the nobility in India generally appear to have considered themselves more as individuals than citizens, and struggled each to shine with his own light. To this purpose alone they employed all their official advantages; the government of provinces, the command of armies, their influence over the people, all were made subservient to one object. The zeal and integrity, nay the courage and magnanimity evinced in the state service, were also simultaneously and primarily employed to secure their own private ends. Every bird was bent on feathering his own nest, every man in every station consulted his own interests. If there were those who served from nobler motives, such were few in number, and cannot be regarded as fair specimens of their class. Often such faithful service also was constrained, and the effect of fear; for under despots fear is a motive to induce to the most contrary actions. If the fear of the nobles often undermined their allegiance, if it alienated each subordinate Governor into independence, if it hurried men afraid of present indignities and future ill-treatment, to combine into conspiracies, if it compelled them to transfer to every successful usurper their affection and service, it was fear likewise which commanded their obedience when the ruling power was exercised with vigor, constrained them to act as mere subservient tools of an arbitrary authority, as hirelings who had nothing to look to but the gain of their master, and forced them to sustain the imperial dignity with fidelity and good faith, throughout the extensive limits of the empire. But, as needs must be under a Government like that of Muhammedan India, the salutary effects of fear on the administration were not so general as its pernicious consequences. The Government commonly was lax, not strict, and when despotism is both imbecile and insolent, fidelity exists but in name. When the constitution is regulated by no fixed and specific laws, none can tolerate an imbecile sovereign, and the strict performance of duty becomes impossible, in the same ratio as the temptations against it are strong and manifold. Togril's first aspirations to the throne were suggested by the pusillanimity of the Emperor Reshid, who when conferring on him the Government of Seistan, shook with apprehensions of danger, thus not only exposing his own want of fortitude, but encouraging the ambition and temerity of a powerful vassal. And as weakness is often to be discovered in the most trivial actions, the most trivial circumstances, we see, have frequently upset thrones, or won them. "Stop!" said Meer Jumla to Aurungzebe, when he was about to descend

from his elephant on the field of battle, the animal having been wounded and fallen on his knees, "stop, or you descend from a throne." The slightest show of pusillanimity were sufficient to mar the luckiest fortune.

Of the condition of the people throughout the Muhammedan era, history says very little. They had no share in legislation, and made no figure in the Government. Convulsions were of frequent occurrence; but in these the kings lost while the nobles gained, or the nobles lost and the king gained—the people were indifferent. They were not slaves; but they had no share in the Government, they were not a recognised order in the administration, they passed for nothing. They had no place of public meeting, no vehicle for interchanging their opinions. In the reign of Allaudeen the interchange of opinions was so rigidly restricted, that a man could not even entertain his personal friends without a written sanction from authority, a precaution worthy of a suspicious tyrant, who had risen by treachery, murder and usurpation; but quite unnecessary,—at least so far as the populace were concerned, as they never had any interest in the mysteries and policies of the Government, never enquired whether it tottered or stood firm, never lent themselves, so long as they could help it, to any plan or party. When the commotions were severe they deserted their homes, and, when the storm had passed by, they returned to them again,—unhesitatingly transferring their allegiance from one tyrant to another, since the rights of murder and usurpation were not to be denied, except at the risk of being hanged, assassinated or tortured, risks which they had no interest whatsoever to peril. Even in the days of the fiercest civil wars, those for instance, which the sons of Shah Jehan waged with each other, they never betrayed any party affection. They cared nothing what the brothers were about. They only looked to what affected themselves, never troubling their brains about the concerns of their kings or princes. Like little emmets they worked at their nests, heedless of the savage vultures overhead, which in their fury tore one another to pieces. Nay, even when called upon to resist foreign aggressions, hire was to them the only consideration for which they would press forward. We never see them taking a hearty interest in the wars of their country. This is true, not of the Hindus only, from whom such apathy towards a foreign misrule might well have been expected, but also of the Muhammedan section of the community, who had certainly greater interest to side with parties, to rebel and oppose rebellion, and to resist foreign aggressions. Perhaps it is partly

attributable to the effects of the climate. The inhabitants of warm countries have been likened to old men, who are averse to all active and vigorous employment; and there is no doubt some truth in the notion that the heat of the climate causes a feeling of faintness and despondency which greatly incapacitates both mind and body. The Hindus have, from time immemorial, been effeminate, and all their conquerors, the Scythians, Tartars, and Moguls, have degenerated by turns, after long residence in the country, and become quite as dastardly and weak as the original natives of the climate. But we should certainly not be right in attributing to this alone, that want of public spirit in the people which is so remarkable in the pages of Indian history. The defects of the administration were very great, and these will better account for all the popular apathy to the public weal that has ever been displayed.

The taxes do not appear to have been very heavy, and the methods for collecting them were not very complex. We read also, that some of the emperors were exceedingly lenient in realizing them, and often ordered their fiscal officers to assist the needy husbandman in times of distress with loans of money, to be repaid at distant convenient periods, and sometimes remitted the rent altogether in cases of inundations and blights. All this was, no doubt, well done But there was no settled plan of taxation—no consistency and uniformity in the rules of Government. If some of the emperors were kind and generous, there were others who were not so. During the administration of the former, peace and order flourished without interruption, trade and agriculture throve well, for effects will correspond to causes. But when rapacious tyrants, who knew not that the happiness of a subject is the surest foundation of a sovereign's greatness, sat at the head of affairs, either as kings or as advisers of kings too imbecile to act for themselves, there was at once a change in the condition of the people. The beneficent provisions for the needy husbandman were no longer honored in the observance. On the contrary impoverishing tributes and subsidies were exacted on pretexts shallow and unsound, and the people plunged into misery. The legitimate sources of revenue were not so much as defined till the reign of Shere, the Usurper, and even after they were laid down, the powers of the king remaining as uncircumscribed as ever, a variety of grievous imposts could yet always be exacted at his will. The riches of the East have become proverbial. But let us not misunderstand the meaning of the expression. The hoards in the Imperial treasury were immense, and the Court was splendid, not only in the times of

Akbar, Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe, but even in the remoter days of Nasirudeen, Mahmood and Gheasudeen Bulbun. But all this wealth consisted only of amounts drawn off from circulation. The money that should have circulated among the people was only collected together into a heap. A few persons enjoyed this immense fortune of the country, a few individuals profited by the general misfortune. There were none but great lôrds and poor wretches all over the land, as Bernier has observed; no scope was given to the accumulation of wealth by the industrious laborer, no protection extended to his rights and privileges. The protection of the people, the security of their property, even their happiness in the domestic circle, every thing in fact, depended on the caprice of the men in power. On such an uncertain tenure commerce and agriculture can never thrive. When there are no established laws to protect their interests, men are naturally averse to risk their capital on the guarantee of an individual character. The despotism of a Jelaludeen Khilji or an Akbar might inspire the public mind with confidence from its paternal character. Even in the case of an Aurungzebe, his prudence and policy might secure the popular trust. But as the wisdom and beneficence of such administrations could not survive the rulers themselves, as all depended on the personal character of the occupant of the throne, even such paternal governments as these could not induce the people to adopt any permanent measures in laying out their fortunes. "The present sovereign is humane," the farmer would say to himself, "he impartially administers justice, he has done much to promote our welfare. But how can I lay out my capital on the fields, when I know not what his successor may be? Our good king is old. He must die. His successor may be a man in every respect different from him. He may be insane, imbecile, or a tyrant; and then farewell to the paternal hearth, farewell to the smiling fields. Might he not drive me and my children out, to feed his idle whims? Might not my fields be plundered, my resources destroyed?" The commonest lessons of wisdom would tell him to husband his little own with circumspection and care, and to repose no confidence where confidence would be altogether misplaced; and the impossibility of there being any considerable progress in trade under circumstances like these, and where feelings of distrust were naturally so paramount, is too manifest to require being further dwelt upon. Concealing treasure is a trait in the Indian character which even the just and honest administration of the present government has not yet succeeded to efface; and how much

it was in fashion under the Muhammedans, will be best understood from the fact, that even to the present day constant discoveries of treasure-troves are made in all parts of India. When the wealth of private individuals was thus hoarded and secured, neither commerce nor agriculture could possibly have much thriven ; and the only work in which the poor were incessantly employed, appears to have been the service of the rich, which was constant. The houses, the furniture, the dress, the personal accommodations of the nobility, were all on a scale of splendour and magnificence. They had pride and sensuality to gratify, vice and folly requiring to be ministered unto ; and however moralists may condemn their indulgence, it was from this source principally that the humbler classes earned their subsistence. The diligent mechanic and the skilful artist, though perhaps sometimes compelled to labour without being paid, generally received handsome remuneration for their services. They were subject to no impoverishing exactions ; and, while the agriculturists were often destitute even of the necessaries of life, these useful caterers to the favorites of fortune had it always in their power to command even its comforts and pleasures, but for that unfortunate habit which survives with them to the present day, of never setting themselves to work till they are hard pressed for money.

Even when the sovereigns were just, generous and kind, the tyranny of the subordinate agents of the Government oft amply made up for the favor that emanated from the throne. The authority of the nobles over the people was extensive. It was either for natural life, which was seldom, or dependent on the tenure of their office as Viceroys or Governors. In the one case they were required to transmit a certain fixed amount yearly to court, and in the other the whole surplus revenue, after deducting such fixed compensation for collection as had been settled on them by the imperial authority. Thus constituted, they exercised an almost unlimited power over the people committed to their charge, as there was no check to keep them under proper bounds. There were neither well defined laws and regulations which they were required to observe, nor were couriers sent out every day from Delhi with instructions for their guidance. In a word, there was no counterpoise to their power, and no restraint to the use they made of it. Of course, under such a state of things, their usurpations were boundless. They retained large bodies of troops under them, instead of a specified guard, and fleeced their provinces as much as they pleased. So long as they were regular in remitting their collections, and

in appearing at court when required to do so; so long as their retainers were placed at the royal disposal on notice; so long as they could send up rich presents for imperial acceptance, and bribe the lords in favor with the king, no extortion and no severity ran any chance of being enquired into. Obsequious respect was a cloak which could screen the greatest, the most flagrant oppression; and, though the imperial *durbar* was ever open to all complaints from even the humblest of men, and sovereigns with their own hands received petitions for redress from the poor, yet men in power never found any difficulty, except in rare isolated instances, in evading the punishment due to their crimes. The fact is, the princes appear only to have been anxious to mete out justice against wanton freaks of cruelty and crime. When wives or daughters were violated, when houses were burnt and men hunted down like beasts, then only were appeals to imperial justice attended to; (perhaps, because these were considered exclusively imperial privileges, which no subject, however great, had a right to share!) and great energy and vigor was often displayed by some of the emperors in bringing the culprits to punishment. But rapacity and extortion were not considered charges sufficiently strong against an imperial Governor, except when such Governor had enemies at court. Nor was going to Delhi to lodge a complaint always an easy or convenient step; at all events, it does not appear to have been often resorted to, perhaps because when a sovereign declared a charge groundless, he also punished it with rigor.

Both Mill and Orme say that the Hindus continued to be governed by their own laws and institutions under the Muhammedans. But this is an error. The law publicly administered was the Muhammedan law, though indulgences might have been occasionally sanctioned to the Hindus so far, that, when both parties in a case were Hindus, they were tried by their own statutes. The only difficulty in the way of admitting even this is, that it appears that all the judges were Muhammedans. We nowhere read of a Hindu presiding over a court of justice: and that there was ever a Muhammedan competent to administer the laws according to Menu or Yajnawalca, seems very doubtful. But of course the Muhammedan judges had their law officers, as our English judges have; and when both parties in a case were Hindus, the Hindu law officer, or one taken up for the nonce as such, if there was no functionary of this description on the establishmont, adjudicated between them, the judge acting only as their mouth piece.

As for the police, it does not appear ever to have been in any very efficient condition. It was neither active, nor vigilant, nor pure. Soldiers of fortune serving under the Governor of a province, or employed under princes who disturbed the state, perpetually oppressed the husbandmen, and grew fat on the blood of the people. In the larger cities the life and property of the inhabitants were somewhat secure, perhaps more from their own concourse, than any other cause; but robbery and murder were every day perpetrated throughout the country: and though summary justice was now and then inflicted on the perpetrators, and hundreds were hung up in the streets to intimidate the rest, such outrages never received sufficient check to lead to their prevention. In fact, the very rise of the Mahratta people was owing principally to this inefficiency of measures to arrest crimes. As a nation, the Mahrattas were very insignificant at the outset, but they were very daring as robbers, and assailed travellers and convoys, and lived by plunder. The imbecile efforts of the Government to reduce them only served to heighten their strength. They saw the necessity of combining their energies; and gangs, confederating with each other, defied all the precautions of a feeble police. By degrees they began to approach cities, and growing bolder from success, they pillaged them. A daring leader now sprung up amongst them, and he at once changed a company of robbers surfeited with success, into a powerful army, strong enough to harass the imperial authority.

The constant marching and counter-marching of armies, whose lawless habits and loose principles no discipline had tamed, also contributed largely to enhance the miseries of the people. The emperors, including many who were very effeminate, were fond of war; and they kept up large, useless armies merely to humour their whims. Opportunities to do this presented themselves frequently to men who sought them. Rumours of the accumulated wealth of a neighbour, stories of agricultural prosperity in some adjoining province, the most lying legends of the peace and happiness of an independent principality, would set these forces in motion. The glory of taking a tower or ruining it, was too irresistible a temptation to be spurned; and, without any ceremony or pretence, princes involved themselves in war, not considering that even victories which bring honor to the *arms* of a sovereign, may oft inflict dishonor on his *wits*. In civilized countries war is the last argument to settle a difference. An appeal to the sword is reserved till every other reasoning has failed. In Muhammedan India, on the contrary, it has always been the first to be

resorted to. "The sword is his," says the Koran, "who can use it, and dominion is for him who conquers." Nay, wars were often undertaken for pastime, with no higher view than to divert the royal mind from some preying grief. Alas! how many became widows and orphans to afford one bosom pleasure! Akbar undertook the conquest of the Deccan to steep in forgetfulness his affliction for the death of Murad. There were those who had not even such a pretext to excuse their folly. The war of Shah Jehan with Cuttub, sovereign of Tellingana, was closed on the surrender of a daughter to satiate the imperial lust! And yet large sums were expended on enterprises like these, which brought no adequate advantage to the state, and blood was often shed so profusely that our modern battles appear like skirmishes when contrasted with them. From time to time additions were made to the empire, but mostly of barren, uncultivated territories. If the emperors had consulted the good of their subjects, or their own, they should have avoided adding such burthens to a kingdom already too extensive. They could not be kept. What was got with much expense, loss of life, and labor by one, was easily wrested during the weak reign of another. Yet wars like these incessantly occupied them, and have been applauded and praised by their historians. Perhaps victory, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. Men are mad for renown. They will not stop to enquire if any advantages have been derived from the triumphs achieved. So long as war leads to victory, they will not even consider whether that victory leaves them poorer than they were. Provided the emperors were successful, it was immaterial why the war had originated and what was secured by it. Many, as we have said already, were undertaken for pastime; many more to satisfy the whim of some fond mistress. Evil courtiers, to divert the royal mind from suspicion, suggested conquests which, though they did not enrich the state, were sufficient to avert their personal danger; and women too, afraid of losing their dominion over hearts too satiated with lust, never hesitated to embroil them in struggles and contentions so well calculated to give zest to sated appetites, and (as a storm enhances the value of a calm,) to restore their influence. There is a devil too in the political as well as in the moral world, a constant tempter to mischief. And all these causes conspiring together, made the retention of those large armies we have alluded to, necessary, which fed on the vitals of the empire, and marching hither and thither, unsettled in their frequent transits, the very organization of society,

and robbed the poor even of those little savings which rapacious governors in their fell swoop might have overlooked or spared.

To crown all, the tyranny of the princes knew no bounds. The disgusting freaks of oppression, persecution and massacre, which most of them indulged in, were from their nature calculated to undermine even the dearest interests of their subjects. It is true that these enormities were neither uniformly nor unceasingly practised; but the wounds inflicted by such outrages are never quickly healed. One man will oft do more mischief than a dozen men are able to undo; and new inflictions, dealt before old sores could be completely healed, rendered it impossible for the people ever to be happy. Tyrant after tyrant was removed by violence, but their places were filled again by tyrants. One good prince would at times start up among them, and make strong efforts to heal the effects of the violence of his predecessors; and it is an agreeable respite, both to the historian and his readers, to watch his benevolent exertions. But what could his efforts avail, how long could their influence abide; when the man who followed him was as bad as any who had gone before. Some of the emperors had indeed the plea of necessity to palliate their crimes, and appear to have ceased to be monsters when that necessity was over. But how few were there of this stamp! Most of them were tyrants from an innate savageness of nature, if not from sheer folly. Thus, for instance, Mahomed Toglek was wholly devoid of mercy or consideration towards his subjects, when there was no reason whatever to be severe. Allured by the reputed riches of the Deccan, he would fain remove the seat of empire to Deogiri; and there was no barbarity he left untried to compel the inhabitants of Delhi to leave those homes round which their fondest predilections were wound, for a city without houses and accommodations, and which held out to them no employment wherewith to earn their livelihood. Of this man, or monster, it is also recorded, that on one occasion, he led out his army to hunt, but approaching certain villages, he plainly told his followers that he had come out to hunt, not beasts, but men, and fell upon the wretched, unresisting inhabitants without any provocation or offence. On another occasion, he massacred the inhabitants of Kanouj with as little ceremony. To account for such severe corrections, the historic student is often tempted to imagine that they were perhaps rebellious subjects whom he punished with such horrid severity. But no; they were peaceful men, whose only crime consisted in having been born in the districts against which his brutality was aimed. Where in the accounts

of robbers and savages shall we find more disgusting freaks of ferocity than these? And yet this man established hospitals and alms-houses for the poor, and was munificent to the learned! He was a warrior of some pretensions, but his partiality for arms did not make him less oppressive to the soldiery than to the populace. His oppression was felt by all classes. Once he assembled a large army for the conquest of China. It was a wild and insane scheme. But he recklessly persevered in it. He forced his unwilling soldiers through unwholesome terrais, and over almost inaccessible mountains, and penetrated through the Himalayas undeterred by the heavy losses he suffered; nor did he suspend operations till he saw on the other side of the mountains, a larger and more vigorous army than his own assembled to repel his aggressions. The horrors of the retreat that followed, have not been described in graphic language by historians, but our readers will appreciate them from the fact, that, of a large army, only a few men returned alive, and Mahomed, though both active and brave, was obliged to buy off a Mogul army that had invaded the Punjaub, being unable to face it with his own.* There were many cases of lawless rapine and wholesale butchery, which were not undertaken from necessity, for which there could be no necessity whatever, and which no necessity could justify. Barbarities, which men of ordinary good nature would be ashamed to exercise even on the brute creation, were practised by many upon their own species, not to avenge slighted honor, nor in vindication of the rights of war, but perchance to satisfy some ferocious curiosity or some childish whim. We read of even such improbable cruelties as ripping open of women's bellies to observe the condition of half-formed infants. Oppression so barbarous as this, is worse than absolute slavery, even if it be true that of the multitude of crimes imputed to these tyrants, there were many which they did not commit. The people could not protect themselves from these cruelties. Crushed in body and mind, enslaved, despised and proscribed, they lived destitute of morality and destitute of intelligence—spiritless, apathetic and cold.

As a protest against the charge of such misrule as we have described, it may be urged that the cultivation of the *belles lettres* under some of the princes was, in itself, a proof of a better administration. But this is only a plausible argument. It would have been an incontrovertible one if, in the midst

* Mahomed Toglek appears to have been the first Muhammedan King in India, who used this unfortunate policy, which, in after times, was too frequently resorted to by other princes, and ultimately led to the dissolution of the Empire.

of ignorance, barbarism and tyranny, men of eminent talents had not flourished in other countries. But their having done so is a fact which will not admit of being disputed. Though the character of most men depends on the age they live in, and the Government they live under, there always have been, in every age, a small number who were ahead of their times. In India, men of this class were, for the most part, patronized by the emperors, not because those emperors were anxious for the general spread of knowledge, but simply because they dreaded the pen. But intelligence was no more generally diffused than wealth was, and popular ignorance and imperial despotism, acting and reacting upon each other, perpetuated their respective reigns. Truth requires us also to mention, that, for the most part, miserable scribblers, commonly flatterers and dependents of the kings, were the men who were so patronized. There were some men of real genius amongst them no doubt,—a few great poets and a few good historians,—but even these did not dedicate themselves altogether to the cause of truth—a criterion by which alone all authorship should be judged. Much also was written that is excessively offensive to virtue, and if there were some ideas that were sublime, there was a heap of barbarism and absurdities, shocking to all tastes but the most depraved.

If one section of the community can be said to have been more unfortunate than another, in a society where all were unfortunate to an extreme degree, we must not forget that the Hindus, who comprised the bulk of the nation, labored under many especial freaks of tyranny, which told only against them. The religion they professed was in all respects dissimilar to that of their conquerors, and toleration in religion was a thing unknown under the Muhammedans. The origin of the Muhammedan power in India was fanaticism, and it was likewise the basis upon which most of the rulers acted. The princes were all more or less devoted to Islamism, and the persecution of Hindu idols was the general rule. The conduct of Sultan Mahmood of Ghizni, with respect to the idol of Somnath, is well known. He would not suffer it to exist for all the bribe the Brahmins could offer him, and expressed his utter contempt for a race of men who, from generation to generation, had lived by deceit and crime. When prince Anund Pal of Lahore begged him to spare Thanneswar, he answered, saying, "I have resolved to root out idolatry from India, and exalt the faith of Islam; and why should Thanneswar, a refuge of idols, be spared?" For his bigotry and intolerance he received from Kaliph Kidersillah the title of Protector of the

Faith, and, if bigotry and intolerance be the best qualifications for such a surname, none had a greater right to it than he, for such fanatical enthusiasm as his, has, we believe, never been surpassed. Mohamed Ghori was equally cruel and zealous in the cause of religion. He made nine expeditions into India, and destroyed the idols of more than 1,000 temples, obliging, at the same time, large districts to acknowledge the prophet's faith; and none of the princes who came after him ever hesitated to emulate his ardour. In the reign of Secunder Lodi, a Brahmin having said, in answer to some arguments, that the Hindu and Muhammedan religions were equally good, as God was the object of adoration to both alike, was offered the usual alternative by the king—death or conversion to Muhammedanism: and numerous instances of the like nature are on record, the general principle acted upon by all the princes and the greater chiefs, being either to convert or to oppress. As if ambition and rapine did not beget troubles enough for the poor heathens, religion was pressed in to assist them in breeding more, to complete the system of misrule and persecution.

This intolerance, as a system, could not of course be carried out into all the minutiæ of existence, except within the immediate precincts of the court. Idols far and near were destroyed from time to time, but only at the whim of princes, and not from an established line of conduct; nor could every idolater be punished for his superstitious observances, nor every image that he worshipped at home in secret, be desecrated or demolished. We do read indeed, that, in places where the Mussalmans dwelt in large numbers, even the sound of a conch or bell was not permitted to disturb the stillness of the air; but we read also that the government of those places which the Hindus held sacred, as for instance the city of Benares, was always left in the hands of native chiefs, and never, either in spite or wantonness, committed unto the Muhammedans. Perhaps this was done only out of respect to the Rajpoot race, whose prejudices and feelings appear ever to have been regarded with some consideration, and to reconcile whose good will concessions of importance were frequently made. They were zealous props of the Mogul empire, and as faithful as they were staunch; and it was not until Aurungzebe began those religious persecutions which were carried out with rigor even against them, that they were alienated from the cause of the Government. All the partiality of the predecessors of Aurungzebe, however, for this warlike race, never went so far as to secure to them concessions of any extraordinary character. If Benares was left under the government of Hindu Rajas, it was not necessarily made subject exclu-

sively to Hindu interests. There were indeed no less than a thousand Hindu temples in it, but ere the Muhammedan empire came to its end, there were erected in it upwards of 300 mosques for the followers of the Faithful to pray in, a circumstance which ostensibly appears to be a proof of impartiality, but, viewed in connection with the fact already mentioned, that in Muhammedan villages even the sound of a Hindu bell was not tolerated, appears to us to be rather a confirmation than a denial of intolerance.

Religious intolerance, however, was not always the sequence of religious prejudice; for if it had been so, the Timour family should not have been intolerant at all. All the descendants of Baber, perhaps Aurungzebe excepted, were *deists*, and took little pains even to counterfeit Muhammedanism. Humayun affected to be a *Shiah* at the Persian court, to please Tamasp, though he had ever affected to be a *Sunni* at his own. Jehangire had figures of Christ and the Virgin at the head of his rosary, and two of his nephews embraced Christianity with his full approbation. Even Aurungzebe himself was but a hypocrite. He affected, indeed, to be a devout Mussulman. But this was only a cloak to cover his wickedness; and the mask was too ill set not to be seen through .But their not being staunch Muhammedans, secured the Hindus no advantage, for their prejudices against them were as strong as they could have been under any other circumstances. Baber in his Memoirs speaks of the Hindus as "dogs," "damnable heathens," "wretches fit only to people the lowest regions of hell;" and none of his descendents ever condescended to think more charitably of them. As for Aurungzebe, it was his persecution only which sowed those seeds of disaffection, which in time yielded such a bitter harvest to his successors, by increasing the Mahratta interest throughout the land. If he was not a Muhammedan, he always affected to be one, that he might persecute the poor Hindus with better grace.

We must here conclude. We trust we have depicted the Muhammedan Government aright. Could we afford space for the comparison, we would here contrast it with the British Government in India. But our limits will not admit of our doing so at present. A brief sketch of the British administration, we expect, however, to present before our readers on some future occasion.

ART. II.—*Robinson's History of Assam.*

THERE is not perhaps any country in the world of the same extent, where there are so many different races of men collected together, as are to be found scattered about within the Valley of Assam, and on the adjacent Hills situated in its immediate neighbourhood. Who were the real aborigines of the province, is still a profound mystery; and as the histories in possession of the natives themselves do not contain any record of the times previous to the first century of the Christian era, at which period Assam appears to have been a populous country, it is not very probable that this question will ever receive a satisfactory solution. The earliest invaders of whom any account is extant, would seem to have come from the west, and to have established in the lower parts of the valley a Hindu form of Government over the people, whom they regarded as melech (mletcha) or unclean.

After this, the country was subject to inroads from the northern tribes inhabiting the Himalayas, and again by the Mahomedan rulers from Gour in Bengal. In the eastern portion of the valley, the chief invaders came from the borders of China and Burmah, and as the rule of each of these conquering tribes generally lasted but a short period, a continued succession of foreigners were constantly over-running the province, each in their turn leaving some of their members settled about in various places, who, on a fresh change of rulers, soon became merged in the general body of the inhabitants. In this manner numerous tribes from the four points of the compass have become engrafted on the original stock, which may have consisted of Kooches in some parts, and of Kacharis, Rabhas, Salongs, and Mekirs in others. At least so much can be said in favour of these being Aborigines, that nothing is known which would lead to the supposition that they had immigrated from other places; whereas there is no doubt, but that the Ahoms, Chutteahs, Singphoos and Khamptees, all came from the countries beyond the eastern limits of the valley, and that the Brahmins, Kaists, and other Hindoo castes, must all have entered the province from the side of Bengal.

To trace the history of all the conquests and revolutions, which, at an early period, disturbed the peace of the country, would occupy more space than we can afford. Suffice it therefore to say that, previous to the invasion of the country by the Burmese, the valley of Assam was inhabited by Ahoms, Chutteahs, Singphoos, Khamptees, Muttocks, Kooches, Kacharis, Mekirs,

Salongs, Rabhas, Assamese from Brahmins down to Dooms or fishermen, with a large number of Mahomedans; and the neighbouring hills, by Booteahs, Akas, Senfflas, Meerees, Abors, Mishmees, Nagas, Khasseahs and Garos, nearly every one of which tribes has a separate and distinct language of its own, which being unwritten, varies very considerably amongst the villages of each tribe; and in some instances the dialects have become so widely separated, that each community has its own language, which is totally incomprehensible to any but the inhabitants of the particular place itself.

Amongst the people of the valley, the predominant castes of Hindus are Brahmins, Kaists, Koletahs, Kaiwuts, Koochees and Dooms, the latter of whom, however, are hardly acknowledged to be within the pale of Hinduism, although they are the followers of a Gosain. The Mussulman population is small, compared with the number of Hindus, and not having at any time attained much hold on the Government of the province, they have always been looked down upon by the Hindus, whose customs and habits they have adopted, to an extent which would certainly astonish a strict disciple of the prophet. The largest number of the faithful are to be met with in Lower and Central Assam, and but few in the upper parts of the valley, which being farthest from the point where they entered, the province was less subject to the proselytizing propensities of these people, and obtained a smaller number of colonists as settlers in the country.

Although so many years have elapsed since most of the tribes invaded the province, it is still easy to perceive the great difference of physiognomy which characterizes the different races. Very little fusion appears to have taken place, the customs prevailing amongst them having perpetuated the distinctive casts of countenance, whereas, had the practice of intermarriage been adopted, it would, long ago, have produced a similarity of appearance, and obliterated the peculiarities which separate one class from another. At the present day the Indo-Chinese tribes are as easily distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants as though they had but lately descended from the steppes of Tartary; there is no mistaking the Mongolian eye, flat nose, and high check bones of these people, who are also fairer and of a more yellowish color than the other sections of the people; whereas the other tribes do not possess any very remarkable points in their appearance, which would afford to the observer any clue to their origin. They are mostly a very ill-favoured race, having flat unmeaning faces, small eyes, low foreheads, and large mouths, and are considerably darker than those whose

ancestors came in from the east. By far the best-looking are the Brahmins and Kaists, especially those who are the descendants of the families who were introduced into the country from Kanouj in Hindustan, and who to the present day retain a good deal of resemblance to their Hindustani progenitors. As a general rule, small noses and large projecting mouths are the commonest kind of faces, and in many instances there is a very close likeness to the monkey tribe, especially in the lower order of people, amongst whom it is very rare indeed to see a moderately good-looking person. The Mutrucks of Upper Assam are a particularly ugly people, and very little can be said in favour of the Dhenkerries of Kamroop. The best-looking are to be met with in the Nowgong and Jorhauth districts, where the people are decidedly fair for Asiatics, and their features of a better cast than in the other districts. It is however generally observed that the women are much better looking than the men, and also superior in their make, the cause of which it is not easy to determine. This observation will apply more particularly to the women of the better classes, as those of the lower, being obliged to work in the fields, are in general sadly deficient in feminine beauty;—a very common failing all over the world, as it seems to be a law of nature that hard work and good looks were not intended to go together, so that it is not to be wondered at that the wives and daughters of the poor are considerably more useful than ornamental.

Having premised thus much regarding the people and their physical appearance, we now proceed to notice some of their institutions.

The form of Government under the Assam Kings, from all accounts, appears to have been thoroughly despotic, and consequently the social condition of the great mass of the people was wretched in the extreme. It seems to have been a settled maxim that the people were made only to serve the governing classes, and existed merely for their benefit. So much indeed was this the case, that the kings, in bestowing grants of lands on their favourites, always at the same time allotted a suitable number of people to cultivate them, who were made over as so many cattle. These were called pykes, and they, together with their descendants, from generation to generation, became the property of the grantee, and were forced to serve him in various capacities, without being allowed any choice of their own in the matter. In those days a man's consequence and wealth was always estimated by the number of slaves and serfs he was possessed of, and very little importance appears to have been

attached to the quantity of land a person might own. All the great offices of state were held hereditarily, and the whole power of Government became vested in an aristocracy, who appear to have ruled the country with the sole view to their own advantage. In matters of legislation nothing was considered, but the class interests of one section of the people; and as this class was composed of but a small minority, the welfare of the nation was sacrificed to the grasping rapacity of the higher ranks, and the interests of the few were maintained at the expense of the many.

The power actually exercised by the king depended a good deal on his personal character, and it not unfrequently happened that contentions arose between the King and his Councillors regarding the exercise of authority. The great Council of the nation consisted of three Gohains, who acted as advisers to the King, and with whom he was expected to consult on the affairs of state. These offices were held hereditarily by the members of three families, from whom it was expected that the Gohains should be chosen; but although the title to hold them was so far hereditary, yet, nevertheless, the prerogative was reserved to the King of making any changes amongst them that he might think proper.

The Officer next in rank to the Gohains was the Bur-Booruah, or chief Secretary of State, who was likewise assisted by a Council composed of six Phokuns; these and a number of inferior Phokuns, who had no seat at the Council of the Bur-Booruah, carried on all the executive duties of the Government, and each presided over a separate department in the royal service; they seem to have been mostly engaged in ministering to the wants of the King and his court.

All the subordinate offices were filled by persons named Booruahs. These consisted of the Treasurer, the Superintendent of palanquins and bearers, Director of public executions, Chief of the footmen, Chief Engineer, Mint Master and head Jeweller, the Private Secretary, Grand Physician to the royal family, Purveyor General, Master of the elephants and horse, an officer in charge of the private chapel, and the Superintendent of the arsenal. The whole of these were aided in their duties by assistants, and to every one was allotted a certain number of men to perform the work they directed, who, for their maintenance, were allowed a certain quantity of land, no cash payments of any kind being made in the shape of wages.

The central Court was held at Jorhauth, in Upper Assam, besides which there were two others in which detached viceroys presided. The principal of these was established at Gouahatti

the capital of Kamroop, where an officer called the Bur-Phokun, governed in the name of the King. This Bur-Phokun's Court was composed of officers of various grades, whose duties very nearly resembled those of the same rank in the King's court. The other Viceroy was appointed to manage the districts on the extreme north-east frontier, and was stationed at Sudiya.

The military posts scattered throughout the province were commanded by Gohains, who exercised their authority quite independently of the Civil Governors. Nearly all the chief officers, since the conquest of the country by the Ahoms, were selected from the highest families of that race, and it very seldom happened that a good appointment was allowed to go out of the family who had once been used to enjoy it. The troops, however, which were commanded by them, were of the very worst description, few had arms which were fit to be used, and as for uniform, nothing of the kind was attempted, as each man dressed himself after his own particular fashion; discipline also was lax in the extreme, and as for drill, that was neglected altogether; but there was one manœuvre which they executed with great rapidity, which was that of running away, and this they performed to perfection!

As all the army was paid in land, it was not necessary to extract much revenue in coin, especially as there was very little occasion to resort to cash payments in any of the transactions connected with the Government of the country. We accordingly find that very little revenue was collected in coin, and that the only district in which any money was paid to the state by the farmers of the soil, was Kamroop, in Lower Assam, where the total assessment amounted to about 22,000 Naraini Rupees, equal to something near about 7,000 Rupees of the Company's present coinage. It must not however be supposed from this that the ryots enjoyed the advantage of a light assessment; for this sum, small as it is, had to be paid by but a very small number; and although this amount was all that had to be paid to the State, the people were constantly drained of all the little they possessed, by the exaction of cesses, which were levied on all possible pretexts, and often without any pretext whatever. If a man of rank was going to be married, a general contribution was immediately demanded; if the shraud of the father or mother of a noble was to be performed, the people were called upon to supply the means; besides which, the numerous rites and ceremonies of the Hindu religion were a constant and perpetually recurring cause for obtaining from the ryots the necessary contribution of the requisite articles. The ryots who paid in cash were, however, nominally free from rendering

personal service, but all those who worked at any trade, were obliged to furnish their quota in goods, for which purpose the whole of the industrious classes were formed into khels or sections, over each of which was placed a kheldar. By these arrangements, the courts, the principal officers and their establishments, the central and district officers, who were very numerous, were all supplied with the articles of daily use. No man above the age of sixteen was exempt from these demands; the silk weavers, gold washers, oil makers, fishermen, braziers, potters, &c., all had to furnish their proper share to the person to whom the supply from them was allotted, whilst others had to serve as coolies, and were employed in various public works, or in constructing the houses, &c., of those who were entitled to call for their services. For the performance of all these duties, the pykes received a quantity of land equal to about eight Bengal bigahs of rice land, or its equivalent in land of an inferior quality, and enough high land on which to build their home-steads, whilst all the land cultivated in excess of the authorized allowance was separately assessed.

On the formation of a khel, it no doubt was customary to include only those amongst its members who lived close together in one or a few neighbouring villages; and as long as they were thus organized, there was little difficulty in managing them; but in course of time, instead of a khel forming a compact community, the pykes composing it became scattered throughout the whole country, and were so mixed up with the mass of the people, that the Kheldar had to hunt about from place to place, and travel long distances in the performance of his duties. It may readily be imagined how easily such a system as this admitted of the greatest oppression being carried on with impunity; for as the whole of the people were subject to the control of Government Officers, constant opportunities were afforded, under a defective idea of responsibility, for the exercise of tyranny over the poorer members of the community; so that, in fact, the great body of the people were little else than the mere serfs and helots of the governing classes.

In addition to the many privileges enjoyed by the upper classes, a large number of slaves were possessed by them, whose labor was available for the cultivation of their estates. In the district of Kamroop alone the number of these unfortunate beings has been reckoned at not less than 20,000, from which it may be presumed that the total number in the whole province did not fall short of 5 per cent. of the entire population.

Under a system such as that thus briefly sketched, where

unrestrained selfishness prevailed in the higher ranks, and the lower orders were utterly degraded and brutalized, it was of course necessary that the severest punishments should be inflicted in order to maintain it. To the slaves no protection was considered proper; the master might therefore do with them just what he liked, and against his acts there was no appeal. The crimes which were punished most severely were those of a political nature, and in the treatment of those whom the tyranny of the Kings frequently drove to rebellion, may be traced the vindictive manner in which the Government was conducted. In cases of this kind it was not considered sufficient merely to execute vengeance on the rebel himself, but in crimes of this class the punishment was made to extend to the whole family, so that fathers and mothers, wives and children, brothers and sisters, became equally involved in one indiscriminate slaughter. Hanging was amongst the most merciful of their sentences, and was looked upon as the most honorable kind of capital punishment. Many of their modes of punishment will not even bear description; but besides fines, they also had recourse to whipping, branding, the pillory, amputation of limbs, mutilation of the nose, ears, tongue and lips, scooping out the eyes, tearing off the hair, grinding the offender between wooden cylinders, sawing him asunder, application of red hot irons to different parts of the body, empalement, and tortures of various kinds.

The terror which such punishments, if fairly exercised on all criminals, were calculated to inspire would, undoubtedly, have afforded great protection to life and property. But such was not the case; for, whilst offenders against the state were never pardoned, a sum of money would often procure a remission of the sentence when the crime was only one against the life or property of a subject. The principle on which their punishment was based, was that of retaliation. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, was literally put into practice. An injury was expiated by an injury returned, and this was invariably inflicted on the part of the offender with which he committed the offence. Whatever may have been the faults of their system, they certainly did not err on the score of leniency; and although it is probable that the severity with which the penal code was applied very much depended on the temper of the person who exercised the power of awarding the sentence, it yet would seem certain that the laws themselves were harsh in the extreme, and that few nations have been more distinguished for their sanguinary punishments than the ancient Assamese.

In very early times it is probable that Buddhism was the

form of worship most prevalent in Assam, and that Hinduism was not introduced until a comparatively late date. Previous to the reign of the Kooch Raja of Kamroop, Biswas Singh, in the sixteenth century, there do not appear to have been any Brahmins regularly settled in the province, although a colony from Maithila had been introduced into the district of Rungpoor sometime before. However, when once established, they spread themselves rapidly over the whole country, and soon afterwards the Hindu religion became the predominant faith. From this period may be traced the decay of Assam under its native rulers. The Brahmins, under the garb of religion, soon reduced the upper classes of society to a state of mental degradation, which is too commonly the result of priestly supremacy; and it was not long before superstition and priest-craft reigned triumphant through the land. Effeminate habits were adopted in lieu of the rough characteristics of a barbarous people, and the sleek and wily Hindu took the place, in the councils of the nation, of the bold and straight-forward barbarian. Instead of war and resistance to aggression, the people became enervated by the performance of tedious formalities, and depraved by being made the spectators of immoral and lascivious exhibitions, so that they no longer could look their enemies in the face. It is however not to be wondered at, that a religion which, by the institution of caste, gives a degree of exclusiveness to every individual, and thereby panders to the pride of the neophyte, should be so readily adopted by an uncivilized race. The pageantry and showy ceremonial of their numerous rites would also be very attractive to the unsophisticated and wild races who then inhabited the valley, which will account for the rapid rise of this degrading religion; and as the people were more uncivilized than those of other parts of India, it is easy to comprehend why the Brahmins, from their greater learning, so soon acquired and exercised a more grinding tyranny here than has been attempted by the same class in any other portion of Hindustan. As might be expected, the Brahmins did not fail to make use, for their own advantage, of the influence they had acquired; and as the kings and nobles had been converted to Hinduism, it was an easy task to inculcate the idea, that the most meritorious act which could be performed, was to bestow on the Brahmins grants of land and men for their especial benefit. In order to propitiate the priests, it therefore became customary for every king to make grants for this purpose; and in course of time it happened that a vast number of Brahmins in the country had obtained from one or other of the kings a grant of both land and men, either large

or small, the extent being regulated according to the cupidity of the one or the liberality of the other. Each of the kings seems to have vied with his predecessor in showing his munificence to the Brahmins; but by far the most lavish in his bounty was the Raja Seer Singh, who reigned in the beginning of the 18th century, and had the grants that were made in his time been continued at the same rate, it is more than probable that the whole of the lands and people of the province would have passed into the possession of these greedy priests.

But besides these grants to priests, the kings also endowed all the temples which they built with both lands and pykes. These grants, which are partly rent-free, were entirely separate from those conferred on the Brahmins, and were given for the support of the officers atached to the temple, and from which the *bhog* or offerings to be daily presented to the idols were to be supplied. As the temples became very numerous, a large extent of land was taken up in the grants which were made to them; and as the kings claimed the right of property both over the land and people, the bestowal of these grants was not attended with any expense at the time, although they necessarily diminished the future resources of the state. The number of endowed temples in Assam does not fall short of 160, and in some localities, such as around Gowahati, a temple is to be seen on the summit of almost every hill, the sites appearing to have been chosen with the particular object of rendering their appearance as picturesque as possible: but some are now in ruins and totally deserted, and in very few are the services performed at all in accordance with the commands of the founder, or in conformity with the terms of the grant.

The whole of the temples, during the time of the Assam kings, were directly under the management of Government officers, and over each was placed a superintendent, called a Sewachalluah, who was appointed to the office by the Government, and on vacancies occurring, the Government alone had the power of appointing a successor. It was not at all necessary that the superintendent should be a Brahmin, although it very frequently happened that they obtained the situation. He, however, might belong to one of the lower castes, for as he had nothing to do with the performance of the ceremonies, which were conducted by the Leulois and officiating priests, but had merely to keep these and the attendants to their duty and report to the king; it was not a matter of any consequence whether the Sewachalluah himself was a Brahmin or a Sudra.

As these temples were Government Institutions, the services were carried on in the name of the king, and the property col-

lected in them, either from the offerings of those who visited them, or the proceeds of the lands which belonged to the idol, was placed in charge of the Leulois, as trustees for the Government, by whom the Leulois were held responsible for its safe custody. Out of these funds the necessary repairs of the temples were effected, and the expenses of all the rites and ceremonies provided for, and in cases of urgent necessity, the Government might borrow from the store in hand. The funds, which, in some of the temples, had accumulated to very large sums, were kept in the bhundar or treasury attached to the temple, over which was placed an officer called a Bhundari, who kept a strict account of the receipts and disbursements, which he had to submit for the inspection of the Leuloi.

The office of Leuloi in the three principal temples of Kamykeya, Hajoo and Umanund, was filled up by the king, who appointed a proper person from the families of the Bor Deeoree, from amongst whom it was necessary that the selection should be made. In the inferior temples, these appointments were made by the Borphokuns or Viceroys. The Leuloi may be considered to be the chief of the staff attached to the temple, as he takes a leading part in all the various ceremonies which are performed: but besides the Leulois, there are also numerous other functionaries, such as Bor-Deeorees, who conduct the worship of the idols, and others called Pathuks, Bhogowattees, Athpooreahs and Deeoreahs, in addition to which there are a large number of gaens and taens, or singers and musicians, and a whole troop of nach women, who are kept up to dance before the idol.

The pykes belonging to the temples were of two classes. Those called Bhogdeani pykes, who cultivate the rent-free lands and the Phatuni pykes, who are provided with a certain quantity of the deobutter lands. There are also a great number of pykes who receive no lands at all, and are therefore expected to give their services gratuitously; the former have to supply all the articles of food and other commodities of daily consumption, such as oil, ghee, rice, dhall, vegetables, &c., whilst the latter have to give their personal attendance, and are employed in all the menial offices about the temple. It seems to have been a matter of no consideration as to what castes these pykes belonged, so that Hindus of all kinds, and many hundreds of Mahomedans have been devoted to the service of these temples, although the latter, it may naturally be supposed, have no very great predilection for the duty which has been assigned them. The temples in Assam which are of the greatest celebrity, are those on the Nelachul or Blue Mountain, near Gowahati;

those at Hajoo, in northern Kamroop, and the Umanund temple, situated on a beautiful island in the middle of the Burhamputra, opposite Gowahati. Besides these, there are others of inferior note, such as those at Bishonath, in the Tezpoor District, and a large number scattered throughout Kamroop. It is a curious fact, however, and one which requires further research being made into it, that scarcely one of the temples now in existence is an original building, the majority being rebuilt from the materials which formed the various parts of the primary structures.

In each of the temples there is an idol or a group of idols, the worship of which is the great object of all who visit them. The principal idols in repute are the Kamejpheya, Mahadeb, Gonesha, Kamessur and Seeb, with a host of other so called gods, before whom the services or pujas are performed, and whose inanimate bodies are daily washed with water and anointed with oil. The farce of presenting offerings of food for the acceptance of the idol, is also gone through with becoming gravity; but as these are eventually all devoured by the hungry assembly, not much is lost by the commission of this empty ceremony.

It would be unprofitable and disgusting to our readers to offer a description of all the abominable practices and customs which are daily perpetrated in these *sinks of iniquity*. We therefore shall not attempt it. But it may be remarked, that those exhibitions which are the most gross and improper, are by far the most attractive, and that the nightly orgies, when lewd songs and obscene dances are the kind of entertainment provided for the assembly, are attended by the greatest numbers, and enjoyed the most. The public women who exhibit themselves at these temples, are bred up to be professional dancers from their very infancy, and having been accustomed from their earliest childhood to witness these scenes of depravity and vice, it is not to be wondered at that a constant supply of these unfortunate creatures is easily procurable, who, from having lost all sense of shame and female modesty, are but too willing to take their part in these degrading and demoralizing rites, which are a disgrace to all connected with them, and a foul blot on the face of Hindu Society.

Under a Hindu government the management of these Institutions was strictly watched, and every care was taken to ensure their affairs being administered in a proper way. The ceremonies and rites of the Hindu religion had to be duly performed, and the processions and ordinances conducted with due regard to the display and pomp befitting the festivals and great days of

the calendar. The state having granted ample means for the purpose, the revenues had to be applied to the objects they were intended to accomplish, and the people of the country who worshipped at these shrines, had the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever was devoted to the use of the temples, was expended in maintaining the religion they professed. With a change of Government a totally new state of affairs took place; for no sooner had the Assam Kings ceased to reign, by the province falling into the hands of the Burmese, than the hoards of wealth, which had been treasured up in the temples, were plundered in all directions, and every grant of land in the shape of a rent-free tenure was at once annihilated. In the course of seven years, during which the Burmese retained possession of the province, very little was left of the wealth belonging to the temples, only one of which is reported to have escaped their violent spoliation.

The grants of land and men having been given to these shrines, in order that the whole body of the Hindu people who belong to them, might be enabled to perform their devotions at these public places of worship, considerable dissatisfaction has been felt by the natives of the country, that the management of these institutions is no longer attended to by the present rulers of the land. It is argued, with some degree of reason, that if a portion of the revenues of the state are alienated from the general purposes of the Government for the benefit of the Hindu subjects of the realm, it behoves the Government to make some provision, that the funds arising from these grants shall be applied to the purposes for which they were given. Under the British Government, at the present day, this is impossible. It would amount in fact to the adoption of the Hindu faith as the state religion, the idea of which is absurd. But, say some, if you will not keep up the temples, why continue the grants, and thereby expose the present Government to the charge of endowing Hinduism, which is, you say, against their principles? The whole are Government temples, and therefore there is no legal impediment to their doing with them just as they please; and sooner than see the revenues appropriated to their own personal benefit by a few greedy Brahmins—it would be far better to annul the grants altogether, and apply the funds to some other purpose.

There can be no doubt that, for want of Government supervision, great abuses of trust have arisen. The whole of the temples are rapidly falling into decay, and many have already become mere ruins, whilst at some there is not one person in attendance to keep the idol company, and not a service per-

formed to remind the object of worship, that it is a God. What then becomes of the revenues of the temples? Have they ceased also? By no means, these are now being enjoyed by some sly Brahmins, and others who grow fat out of the funds of these religious endowments, and live at ease, there being nobody likely to dispute with them their right of aggrandizing themselves at the expense of the public. It must however be allowed that such breaches of trust and misappropriation of funds are not right, and, moreover, should not be allowed to continue: but as the present Government is not Hindu, and these are not private but public institutions, the only logical solution of the difficulty appears to be that the grants in question should be discontinued altogether.

The religious establishments in Assam are of two denominations, those in which the female divinities are worshipped, which are attended only by that class of Hindus called Saktis, and in which sacrifices are offered up to the idols,—and those belonging to the sect of the Vishnovis, to whom all sacrifices are an abomination. The latter are by far more numerous than the former, and in some cases the worship of idols is reprobated by them entirely. Having made mention of the temples, we must now proceed to notice the Shutras, of which there are a very great number scattered about throughout the province. In these idol-worship is not the prevailing custom, although there are some Shutras in which images have been set up—neither are the whole of them belonging to one sect, but divided amongst the Mahapurushis, the Hurridebs, the Damudurreas, and the followers of Chytunya. The chief Shutras are the aronihatie, the Kooruahbahi, the Dukhinpat, and the Gorhomoor, in the two former of which there are idols of Vishnu under different forms, to whom grants of deobutter lands were given by the Assam Kings. All the above are situated in the Majulie or island in the Burhamputra river between the districts of Jorhauth and Luckimpoor. The Buspelah Shutra, in Western Kamroop, is also a place of great renown: besides which there are smaller ones innumerable, making the whole of them together amount to the large number of about eight hundred and fifty, all of which are endowed with both lands and bhukkuts, varying in extent according to circumstances. Nearly all of these religious establishments are composed of a parent Shutra and a number of branches subordinate to it, but they do not appear to have been located at all with reference to the wants of the people, as in some instances great distances intervene between one Shutra and another, whilst in other places they are jumbled together in the closest

proximity. The Gosains or Mahajans, as they are frequently called, unlike the Sewachalleahs and Lelois of the temples, were not dependent for their appointment on the Government, but succeeded each other, either hereditarily, or by nomination to the office from the lower grades, by being invested with the sacred mala or necklace by the incumbent during his lifetime. In some cases the communities elect their own spiritual head, and very little control appears ever to have been exercised over these establishments by the state, so that the management has continued on exactly the same footing as it was under the native government, and no confusion has resulted in their internal affairs in consequence of the change of rule.

In point of character the followers of Vishnu, who belong to the Shutras, contrast very favorably with those who form the body of worshippers attached to the temples. The former are quiet and meek, partaking very much of the solemn aspect peculiar to the monastic orders of Europe, whilst the latter exhibit signs of great depravity and dissoluteness of manner, mixed with a certain ferocity of temper, the result, no doubt, of the debasing scenes they so constantly witness. The sect of the Mahapurushias are distinguished from the rest by the existence of an order of monks, who live in cloisters attached to the Shutras, and whose habits and customs so nearly resemble those of the west, that it appears probable they may have borrowed their ideas from the Church of Rome.

In the instruction of their disciples regarding the tenets of their faith, many of the Mahajans are very assiduous, and all of them give their followers a certain mantra or form of prayer. The disciples do not all live in the neighbourhood of the Shutra, but very frequently are dispersed over the whole country. The Bhukkuts, on the contrary, who are little better than serfs, are obliged to cultivate the lands, which usually surround the Shutra, and a certain number of them are expected to be present four times a day, that is morning, noon, afternoon, and in the evening, when prayers and chants are regularly performed. They also clean and purify the chapel, and are also required to attend on the gosain when he travels about the country. The mahajan or mohunt is assisted by an officer to keep the accounts, and also by a person who takes care of the property belonging to the Shutra. All travellers who applied were entitled to receive food and have a place alloted to them for a night's rest, and in many other respects these Shutras appear to have very much resembled the monasteries of Europe. In some the gosain and a certain class called Kewolea Bhukkuts, like the abbots and monks, are obliged to take a vow of celibacy. The prin-

cipal duty which these had to perform was to make proselytes, as the more disciples there were belonging to a Shutra, the greater was its wealth and importance. This duty is still very well attended to; but although the revenues are enjoyed, and the Bhukkuts made to perform their offices, a traveller must consider himself very lucky indeed if he is even allowed to put his foot within the precincts of the Shutra.

The buildings of the Shutras, in which all the services are celebrated, resemble a large country barn; some of them are not less than 300 feet long, and proportionally broad and high; at one end there is an altar, much after the fashion of those in Roman Catholic Chapels, in front of which the officials assemble to conduct the services. No women are admitted within these buildings, but collect during service time in the exterior aisles, from which they are permitted to witness all that is going forward, by looking through some apertures cut in the walls, and from whence they also join in the choruses which are being sung. These institutions are exclusive in their character, as only those are permitted to attend the services who belong to the sect of that particular Shutra. In many the Mohunts are Sudras, but the Brahmins have in some instances succeeded in ousting them from their offices; and although the tenets inculcated are the same in all the Shutras, and the Bhagowal is the chief object of their adoration, there is one named the Dehingeah, which is an exception to the general rule, where the Gosain sets up for a God himself, and teaches his disciples to worship him alone. In consequence of the grants of lands, made by the Assam Kings, having been given for several purposes, the names by which they are designated vary from each other. Thus the grants to temples are called Debutter, that is for the service of the gods, while those to the Shutras are named Dhurmutter, or for the maintenance of religion, to which must be added vast tracts of country bestowed on Brahmins, and therefore called Brahmutter, that is for the support of Brahmins. These grants made to individuals are by far the most numerous, as well as the most extensive, and when added to those given for the support of religious institutions, amount in the aggregate to something about 8,00,000 bigahs of land. A Brahmin had in fact only to ask for what he wanted, in order to obtain his wishes, as to refuse the request of one of the spiritual tyrants, would have subjected the King to a curse, the effects of which he more dreaded than the commission of an injustice, or the wasting of the resources of the state. In this manner immense numbers of Brahmins became the possessors of lands, which were given to

them without reference to any objections the actual occupiers, who had brought the land originally under cultivation, might have had to the arrangement. As a matter of course, they always selected the best lands, which were given away with the greatest liberality; although the only claim of the Brahmins to being supported by the rest of the people lay in the fact that they thought themselves, and were considered, too good to work for their own livelihood. When conferring these grants, it was customary to have the contents of them engraved on sheets of copper called Phullees, which formed the title deeds to the grant. It must not however be supposed that every Brahmin who claims a right to hold one of these grants has a phullee. The greater number have not, neither do their lands in many instances appear to have been entered in the register of these grants, kept up by the officers of the native Government. It is usual, however, for every Brahmin in possession of any land to claim what he has as Brahmutter, and although he can neither produce a phullee, nor refer to the register to substantiate his claim, he, nevertheless, would consider himself a very ill-used person, if the claim he set up was disallowed. Besides the grants given to Brahmins by the Assam Kings, a large number of considerable extent were conferred on men of rank of other castes: if an officer in favour went to the King and said he had set up an idol, he immediately got a grant of debutter lands and pykes to enable him to conduct the worship of it in a befitting style. There were also many grants, called Nankar, bestowed on influential persons, to provide for their maintenance, in a condition suitable to their rank; and under one pretext or another, if supported by a proper present, the person applying for a grant of either lands or men, must have been very unlucky indeed, who did not succeed in obtaining what he wanted.

Having said thus much regarding the liberality of the Assam rulers, we must not omit to make mention of others who have distinguished themselves in the support of religion and the privileged classes. Like those in England, the lands of Assam were considered fair prizes with which to enrich the favourites of fortune. In fact, the old story of William the Conqueror and his nobles was acted over again, and with equal regard to justice; and not to be behind hand in generosity, the King of Delhi, Shah Jehan, having once invaded the valley and retained temporary possession of a small part of the lower portion of the kingdom, took upon himself to give grants of lands, and endowed a Mussulman shrine called Pao Mecca, near the Hindu temple at Hajoo, which is now in the enjoyment

of these privileged lands. But as though givers had not been plentiful enough, and the Kings alone were not sufficient to have ruined the resources of the kingdom, strange as it may appear, we find that inferior officials, such as Phokuns, Boowahs and others, also exercised the powers of giving grants, whether with or without the authority of the Kings, it is difficult to determine. The propensity to be liberal, probably on account of its costing the donor nothing, really seems to have been indulged in indiscriminately. But the most extraordinary custom relating to this subject is, that the ryots themselves gave grants of lakheraj; but on what plea, it is impossible to imagine. The fact, however, is undeniable; and not to be outdone in generosity, the Booteahs, who held forcible possession of a tract of country at the foot of their hills, appear to have considered they had as much right to display their beneficence in support of idolatry as had been accorded to the same by the Kings of Assam.

With reference to the subject of these grants, it may be observed that, in a country like India, where the land tax forms the chief revenue of the state, and where it is found very difficult to introduce any other taxes in lieu of it, the addition of a province to the Empire in which so large a quantity of lands are claimed as lakheraj, must necessarily be more of a burden to the general Government than an acquisition to be desired. Such indeed has been the case with Assam, which has never, it is believed, been able to pay its own expenses, so that it requires the clearest proof of liability, in order to show why the British Government is bound to recognise them. On this subject Mr. Robinson says;—"adverting to the circumstances 'under which the British Government conquered the province 'from the Burmese, who had held it for seven or eight years previously, and had annihilated everything in the shape of rent-free tenures, there could have been no just reasons offered why all the lands should not have been alike fully assessed. Every right or privilege given under the former Rajas of Assam, was extinguished by the Burmese invasion, and the British Government, it may be supposed, is in no way pledged to revive them. The people have attained peaceable possession of their lands, which they had, in many instances, entirely lost, and they could, consequently, have had no reason to complain, were they required to pay a full cess for them; nor, on the other hand, could they have reasonably expected that the species of policy observed by the British Government, with regard to Bengal and other ceded districts, should have been followed in Assam, inasmuch as there is a

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'wide difference between the acquisitions of an infant power, 'gained by treaties and negotiations, and the conquests of a 'great Empire made at the point of the bayonet."

On the general question of the right of the holder to the revival of these grants, the above would seem to be conclusive in favour of their resumption, for it must be remembered that, when the British Government obtained possession of the country, the power which gave and preserved these exclusive privileges to a particular class, had long ceased to exist. The province was ceded to the British Government at the treaty of Yandaboo, by the Burmese, not by the Assamese; and in that treaty no mention was made of the Assam kings or their acts, neither was any provision inserted which made it incumbent on the British Government to recognise the existence of any of their gifts. The province was acquired by conquest from the Burmese, and passed into the hands of its present rulers, without any stipulations on their part making it incumbent on them to continue the policy of their predecessors; under which view of the case it surely will be admitted that the acts of the Kings of Assam are not binding on the present Government.

In a country so filled with religious institutions, and infested with Brahmins, it is natural to suppose that the Hindu religion would have reached a state of developement more perfect than is to be met with elsewhere, and that the merits of its system of teaching would have made themselves apparent in the habits and customs of the people. And in a Hindu point of view, the people, no doubt, are religious, for the Brahmins are held in the greatest respect, and possess an immense influence over the minds of the other castes; the study of the Shastras, however, seems never to have been carried to much perfection, and as a body, the whole of the priests may be set down as ignorant and illiterate. It unfortunately happens, however, that ignorance and bigotry go together, and that instead of their religious institutions being of any real advantage to the people, they ever have been, and always will be, the hotbeds of superstition and idolatry, a bar to all progress in civilization, and the means of perpetuating a state of mental slavery degrading to the people, and a hinderance to every effort made for their improvement.

As there are some points in the civil polity of former times which have not yet been alluded to, but which require to be explained before proceeding to remark on the social condition of the people at the present day, it will here be necessary to supply the deficiency.

In former times only two classes appear to have existed, the governing and the governed, or more properly, the oppressors

and the oppressed; and the practice of carrying on the most ordinary concerns of every-day life by the agency of Government officials, was almost universal. The whole nation seem to have been organized more like a Department of State, than as a community living under the control of a Government. No such thing as a public, for whom alone a Government should exist, was then to be met with, and the proper order of things was reversed; the Government was everything, the people nothing. In consequence of this state of affairs, the greatest subserviency and want of independence prevailed amongst the poorer orders, which the upper classes turned to their own advantage, by reducing them to the level of serfs and slaves. Every person above the common people considered he had a right to live on the produce of labour exacted without remuneration from the working classes; no salaries were ever paid to any official, but in lieu of it, all from the highest to the lowest, which included an innumerable host, received a certain quantity of rent-free lands, and a number of sixoos or personal slaves, on the services of whom they managed to subsist.

As distinguishing marks in the social character of the Assamese, the most prominent were pride and envy, in which they indulged to excess. To labour at all was thought disgraceful, and even the ordinary acquirements of reading and writing were despised, as being beneath the dignity of respectable people. The duty of recording what it was necessary to reduce to writing, was left to a class called Pakutrees or writers, who were looked upon as very small people, and seals instead of signatures were used by the grandees, as being more suited to their exalted position. The ordinary professions, by which the middle and upper classes maintain themselves in other countries, do not appear to have been followed at all under the Assam rule. There were no lawyers, merchants or bankers, and even the race of shop-keepers, so numerous elsewhere, had no existence whatever; those who were possessed of the means were too proud to trade, so that commerce was entirely neglected by the natives of the country. This want of common employments is no doubt one of the reasons which led the people to have such a hankering after Government appointments, which were sought after with the greatest avidity, and the contentions and rivalry engendered by a corrupt distribution of patronage have, no doubt, had a great effect in developing those feelings of spite and detraction, which are unfortunately so very apparent in the dispositions of the upper class of Assamese. Amongst such a people prosperity always raised up a host of enemies, and no one could bear to see his neighbour raised above himself, without doing his best to

compass his downfall. The intrigues they carried on against each other were incessant, and as these always brought something in the shape of presents to the officials about the Courts, it may readily be imagined that very little discouragement was given to the backbiting propensities of those who sought to benefit themselves by sacrificing the fair name of the person they wished to supplant.

Such a state of society was necessarily highly unfavourable for the developement of much virtue among the people, either high or low. It induced idleness and profligacy in the ranks of the aristocracy, and improvidence and cringing servility amongst the lower orders. We accordingly look in vain for those traits of nobleness and courage which, in most other countries, have been called forth in perilous times; and during the whole history of the Burmese invasion, there is not on record a single instance of one heroic act to redeem the nation from the charge of cowardice. A great number of the nobles fled the country for fear of losing their lives, abandoning their lands and property, in order to save their precious selves. The very idea of patriotism was wanting, and self-preservation was substituted for combined resistance. No one thought of his country, and while fear urged many to sacrifice all for their own personal safety, none were found willing to run any risks to rid themselves from the hand of the oppressor. The history of Assam, during the invasion of the Burmese, is disgraceful to the people of the country; but the result is what might have been anticipated, and the calamities which befel them were a just punishment for vicious habits, generated by a system of Government which was destitute of all justice to the poor, and which debased the upper classes by fostering in them the inclination to wallow in a listless state of pampered imbecility.

In personal honor the Assamese are very deficient; indeed, so much so, that breaches of contract are of continual occurrence, and disregard of their word is considered a matter of small moment. The matrimonial tie especially seems always to have sat very loosely on them; and, instead of resenting the unfaithfulness of a wife, by taking revenge on the seducer, the injured husband takes the matter coolly, and professes himself quite satisfied if he obtains his wife back again, even although in the meantime she may have added a few children to her family. In some parts of the country, especially in the district of Nowgong, the state of society, in this particular, very much resembles that of a Mormon community; and from the fact of a woman's running off from her husband with another man, being an event of such every day occurrence, the feelings of shame and

dishonour, which would lead to such awful catastrophes in other places, do not even seem to ruffle the temper of an Assamese husband. Revenge would seem to be an impulse almost unknown ; in consequence of which, instead of a man's risking his neck by trying to murder the seducer, he takes the matter easily and quietly, walks into court with a petition in his hand, praying that his wife be made over to him again, or having agreed to a compromise, may be seen calmly taking a smoke with the successful Lothario, and joining in a meal with his runaway wife, in the house of the man who has supplanted him in her affections. Such practices as these are a matter of astonishment even to a Bengali, but much of this want of morality is to be regretted. It is perhaps the natural result of allowing such conduct to be indulged in with impunity. If husbands were more jealous, there would be less adultery. Whilst polygamy is allowed, it is however difficult to suggest a complete remedy. The Assamese, moreover, do not treat their wives well, and the women most commonly do not possess the sweetest tempers. On the contrary, they are notorious for being terrible shrews, and in a battle of words any one woman is a match for half a dozen men.

We fear that, as a general rule, it must be admitted that the Assamese have all the bad characteristics of the Bengali, with but few redeeming qualities in their favour. Except amongst the rudest and most barbarous tribes, no man ever speaks the truth if it is possible to gain anything by telling a lie ; they are also avaricious, and, at the same time, very niggardly in their disposition, wanting in generosity and benevolence, and though fond of show and ostentation, they prefer indulging this propensity at other people's expense, and are seldom or never known to do a charitable act for the mere sake of doing good. If a man becomes possessed of wealth, he buries it in the ground, and in many instances people of substance will be found living in huts only fit for coolies, and merely allowing themselves the commonest necessaries of life. Whatever money is spent, is squandered in some foolish ceremony, or ridiculous puja : but by far the heaviest drains on their purses are caused by the performance of the shrads or funeral obsequies of ancestors, when the Brahmins collect like so many vultures over a dead carcase, and exact a contribution under threat of a curse.

Still, however, although morality is of the lowest standard, it would not be correct to say that the people are entirely destitute of all good qualities : such as they possess are, however, principally of a negative kind, such as docility, patience, and

submissiveness, which proceed rather from the want of courage, energy and self-reliance, than from any active principle, which, by restraining the passions, might induce the developement of that particular temperament. But if active virtue is not to be met with, this is in some measure counterbalanced by the absence of crimes of a violent nature. It is true that, among the people of the plains, deceit, fraud, and falsehood are lamentably prevalent; but then again there is a comparative freedom from murders and other deeds of violence, whereas, amongst all the hill tribes, the latter crimes are numerous, and the former as yet nearly unknown. The laws regarding all matters of a civil nature, are the same in Assam as those in force in Bengal. All disputes regarding inheritance, division of property, adoption and marriages, &c., are determined by the dyabhog among the Hindus, and the Koran between Mahomedans, so that there is nothing particular to direct attention to in connexion with this subject.

It seems to be a matter scarcely admitting of any doubt, that a change of Government in any country must necessarily be attended with hardships to some classes of the people, and Assam has certainly proved no exception to the general rule. Amongst those who have suffered the most, are all those who had been accustomed to be maintained by the forced labour of others, whilst those who were the victims of the upper and middle classes, have been the greatest gainers. The levelling tendency of equal justice to all has necessarily deprived many of the position they formerly held; but although the slaves in many instances have become free by hundreds, the owners have made but little resistance to being deprived of their services, and have submitted to their fate with a tolerably good grace. But equality in the eye of the law is an incomprehensible state of society to an Asiatic, and particularly so to an Assamese, whose traditions make him acquainted with little else than the two classes of masters and slaves. The man born of gentle blood has no relish for being elbowed out of his place by the intrusion of an interloper from the ranks below, and it takes a long time before the idea is allowed to take the shape of a reality, that circumstances have changed, whilst the observer is looking on. Under the former regime a man depended for his respectability on the favour of the Government; now his prosperity must depend on his own exertions, and who can doubt which of these principles is the most conducive to the welfare of the people? Still, a great deal has to be done to persuade them that they have no right to look to the Government for providing them with the means of subsistence, and

that they must depend on themselves for their own support. It is granted that the loss of slaves is, no doubt, a heavy blow to those who have been bred up on their labour, but, according to the unchangeable rules of eternal justice, the right to look upon one's fellow creatures as property, never ought to have been permitted to exist. The claim could only have been based on force and fraud, and perpetuated by injustice and oppression,—a principle of action which, happily, is not acknowledged by English law, and therefore, under the present Government, could not be allowed to continue.

At the present time the ideas of the people may be said to be in a state of transition. Many still look back with regret on the days which have passed away, mingled, perhaps, with a feeling of thankfulness for the security they now enjoy, in comparison with the violence and cruelties that were perpetrated under the rule of the Burmese. The upper classes, however, cannot quite comprehend why, with the good order and protection secured to them by the British Government, they should not still be allowed to enjoy their ancient privileges and immunities. They forget that to do so would necessitate the infliction of injustice on the lower orders; but as self is predominant with most, and that is by far the easiest principle to understand, as touching more nearly their own interests, any argument, based on equal justice to all, is a doctrine above their comprehension, but one which it is the duty of an enlightened Administration to insist on being fully recognised.

A period of about thirty years has now elapsed since Assam became a British Province of India. The people are therefore beginning to be reconciled to the new order of things, and will soon cease to long after "the good old days," under the conviction that they never will return again. The men who treated those who nourished them as brute beasts, are fast becoming extinct, and it is to be hoped that the rising generation will perceive the necessity of exerting themselves for their own advantage, and will trust in their own efforts for maintaining themselves in the position which each should occupy. There is little doubt, but that they will always find their present rulers both willing and able to assist those who show a disposition to aid themselves, whilst, on the other hand, they may be equally certain that all will be treated with even-handed justice, and no one class of the community allowed to prey on the industry of another. If every person gets fair play, that is all that the state can be reasonably expected to provide for. "Every one for himself, and the Government for us all," is a motto which all should adopt, and if it can be shown that none are favoured

and none depressed, that must be considered as good a Government as can be desired, and one than which nobody has a right to expect a better.

The principal want at the present day is a greater variety of occupation for the people. If all are cultivators, it is difficult to find consumers, and, consequently, the produce of the soil bears so low a value, that little remuneration can be derived from this source of employment. Food may be plentiful, but still the people must remain poor, unless a fair price can be obtained for their surplus produce. The remedy for this evil is to be found in the extension of commerce, to which encouragement should be offered by the opening out of lines of communication, and the establishment of fairs and markets at suitable places.

At present, the whole of the trade of the country is in the hands of the Kyah merchants of Upper India, who have spread themselves all over Assam, and set up their golahs in every place where trade can be carried on. It must be allowed that these people are excellent men of business, but are very much inclined to deal too closely, and drive hard bargains with the people. For energy and perseverance they are not to be surpassed, and they undergo with cheerfulness great labour and hardships in pushing their business forward. In former times these merchants had a monopoly of the commerce with Assam, and no goods were allowed to pass out of the province without paying a heavy duty; but immediately after the British Government took possession of the country, all restrictions on commerce were abolished, and since that time competition has gradually been increasing, and is said to have lowered the profits of trade very considerably. Still there are plenty of ways of making money, and the trade of the country has, no doubt, very much increased of late; but notwithstanding that the Assamese see a set of strangers in the land getting rich before their eyes, none ever follow their example, and they appear to have no inclination to enter into competition with these foreigners; for whilst the traders from Upper India, Dacca, Sylhet, and other parts of Bengal are to be met with in large numbers in every bazar and market in the country, it will scarcely ever happen that an Assamese will be found engaged at any of these places in carrying on any trade. If it were possible to induce the Assamese to embark in trade, the profits on speculations would remain in the country, and the expenditure of these profits would conduce to the support and comfort of great numbers of the inhabitants, instead of which, the capital which is accumulated is all sent out of the province, thereby draining it of its wealth, and entailing on

the people a state of positive pauperism. But if commerce is neglected, so also are manufactures. The silk goods which were made are not now produced to the same extent as formerly, and, except a few thousand pieces of the coarse eri cloths, there is not a single article of export which could be classed in a list of manufactures made by the natives themselves. It unfortunately happens that no one can work at a trade he is not born to; a weaver of silk must be so by caste, although should he prefer it, there is no objection to his turning cultivator instead, which a great number have adopted, thereby adding to the difficulties of those already engaged in farming operations,. The people do not even manufacture a sufficient quantity of articles to supply themselves with wearing apparel, so that a large import of Manchester fabrics takes place, all of which have to be paid for out of the profits of agriculture alone. The deficiency of manufactures is, no doubt, a great drawback to the country, but this even is surpassed by the total want of artificers of all descriptions, so much so, that there is not in the whole country a carpenter, bricklayer, or stone-mason deserving of the name. When any works are in progress, it is therefore absolutely necessary to employ workmen obtained from other parts of the country, without whose assistance it would be totally impossible to construct the most ordinary work. If an Assamese is told that the stones with which their temples are built, were no doubt cut by people of the country, they will not believe you; they consider that this could only have been accomplished by the gods, and nothing will convince them to the contrary. Even tailors and domestic servants are scarcely procurable amongst the natives of the province, and what there are can only be described as the very worst of their kind. All therefore employ foreigners in self-defence: but this, too, tends to impoverish the country, as the savings of wages, instead of being expended in the province, are sent home to their families, by the persons who have relatives in other parts of India.

From the above it will be perceived that agriculture is the only occupation which the Assamese have to depend on as the means of making a livelihood, and were it not that the country is blessed with a most fertile soil, and a climate admirably adapted for the growth of a great variety of produce, it would be impossible for them to contribute even the small amount of revenue they do. What they do possess is derived from the export of raw material, in the production of which the whole population is employed; but in this also the people are far behind the natives of other parts, and have sadly fallen off since the days when Assam supplied the costly silks which were

worn by the nobles of Rome. At present they know nothing of farming, beyond that of the most unskilful of their class. Nothing is cultivated that will not grow almost spontaneously, and as to manuring, and the best methods of preparing the soil, they are totally ignorant. But what is a more disheartening feature still, than even ignorance and want of skill, is that, generally speaking, they have not the desire to learn, and do not appreciate any efforts made to instruct them.

In the foregoing pages we have endeavoured to place before the reader an account of the social condition of the Assamese—both past and present. We have, to the best of our ability, delineated their character and the nature of their institutions, and exposed the causes which led to their degradation as a nation, and the evils they at present suffer from. We have spoken freely; but we trust also, we have spoken the truth. We have borne in mind the advice,

Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in mal c·.

To give a false impression would be doing more harm than good; but we fear it cannot be denied that there is more to censure than praise, and that social evils prevail to such an extent that a Government even is almost powerless to provide a remedy, and that with the best directed efforts, it must be a work of time before much success can be hoped for in correcting the habits and ideas of a whole people.

This leads us to touch upon the subject of education, and in doing so, it is necessary to show that, in order to meet the wants of the times, the scheme, to be successful, should be framed with reference to the peculiar circumstances of the people to be educated. It has been seen that when the British Government first obtained possession of Assam, there were scarcely any people in the province who could either read or write, whilst those who could do so were only acquainted with Assamese, and their writing was so rude and unsystematic, that it frequently happened that no one could read what was written, except the scribe who wrote it, and in some cases this could not be done even by the writer himself. To remedy this state of affairs, a beginning was made in 1835, by the establishment of a school at Gowahatti, which, soon after its being opened, was attended by upwards of a hundred pupils. In 1838, and subsequently, a number of vernacular schools were sanctioned for the interior of the districts. At first the greatest difficulty was found in procuring teachers who could read and write, but this was gradually overcome, and in course of time the most able of the scholars became the best teachers. In 1845-46 the num-

ber of scholars amounted to 2,257 on the books, from amongst whom there was a daily attendance of 1,577 ; this number appears to have increased in 1846-47 to 3,908, with a daily attendance of 2,810 ; but in the following year, although eight schools were added to those already in existence, the attendance fell off to 2,424 scholars who regularly attended, whilst there were only 3,778 entered on the books.

The great irregularity in the attendance of the pupils was a source of much discouragement to those employed in teaching in the schools, and, in order to show the real state of affairs, it was considered better to give what were the actual numbers, who resorted to the schools for instruction, than to furnish returns, with the names of fictitious scholars. All those were therefore struck off who did not attend pretty regularly, which will account for the number on the rolls of 1848-49, being less than there were in 1847-48 by 278; the report only showing the names of 3,500 scholars, of whom, however, 2,816 were constantly present, which was a decided improvement over the attendance of the previous years.

From this time a gradual increase has taken place, both in the number of pupils enrolled on the books, and in the daily attendance of scholars, the returns for 1849-50 giving of the former 3,609, and of the latter 2,828, whilst those of 1850-51 show 3,934 and 3,288 respectively.

But besides the seventy-four Government schools, there are also a number maintained by the Missionaries, who are labouring in the province for the good of the people, and whose exertions in the cause of education are deserving of every encouragement which could be given them. But the attendance at their schools probably does not exceed a thousand scholars ; and although there are a few indigenous patshallas amongst the natives themselves, it is probable that at any one time the total number of youths receiving any kind of education whatsoever, does not, in the whole province, amount to more than 5,000 scholars, which, out of a population of not less than 1,000,000 souls, will only give one-half per cent. of the entire people who avail themselves of the opportunities of receiving instruction.

As education is left optional to the people, it has not been taken advantage of to the extent which might have been anticipated ; but this could not have been avoided, as anything like compulsion could not have been permitted. The people, from their utter state of ignorance of the value of knowledge, have not, it must be admitted, shown any great wish to have their children educated ; and even those who do go to school, it

is very difficult to retain sufficiently long to receive anything beyond the more rudiments of knowledge. To be able to read and write, seems to be the height of their ambition, and as soon as a boy can make out a petition, his parents think it is quite time he should be turning his capabilities to some account. Amongst the actual cultivators of the soil, they find it more profitable to employ their children in tending the cattle or following the plough, and will often reply that they see no use in having their children taught to read and write, if they are still to be obliged to pay the same amount of revenue as those who keep their boys at home.

It will then be seen that, in the cause of education, there is a mass of inertia to be encountered, which it is very difficult indeed to set in motion; and unless some practical advantage can be shown to exist, it is not very likely that the feelings of the people will be easily enlisted in its favour. The country is not in a sufficiently advanced state for learning to be prized, for the mere sake of learning itself. Whatever is therefore done in furtherance of this end, should have for its object the opening out of employments, by which the people may be enabled to maintain themselves. Now that Bengal has a Lieut.-Governor of its own, the present would seem to be a fitting opportunity for pressing the subject on the attention of the authorities, and urging the establishment of Schools of Industry, as well as of learning, on a scale worthy the name of a great Government. Where a nation is in its infancy, the practical sciences should take precedence of mere literature and poetry, which, however elevating in their tendency, are not exactly what are required in a country on the verge of barbarism. What are wanted are men of a practical turn of mind, who can engage in the every-day concerns of life with a moderate chance of success; and if such could be raised up, there would, indeed, be some chance for the country emerging from its present state of depression, and the foundation would then be laid for the regeneration of the people, the commencement of an era of progress.

ART. III.—1. *Essai sur L'Histoire des Arabes. Par. A. P. Caussin de Perceval. Paris*, 1847. *Vol. I.*

2. *Life of Mohammad. By A. Sprenger, M. D. Allahabad*, 1851.

3. *Sîrat Wâckidi. Arab. M.S.*

4. *Sîrat Tabari. Arab. M.S.*

5. *Sîrat Hishâmi. Arab. M.S.*

IN a previous article, we have traced the boyhood of Mahomet down to the journey into Syria, which, in his twelfth year, (582, A. D.,) he made under the guardianship of his uncle, Abu Tâlib. The next incident in his life possessed a wider and more stirring interest.

Between the years 580 and 590, A. D., the vale of Mecca and the surrounding country were rendered unquiet and insecure by one of those bloody feuds, so frequently excited by the fiery pride, and prolonged by the revengeful temper, of the nation.

In Dhul Cáada, the sacred month preceding the days of pilgrimage, an annual fair was held at Ocâtz, where within an easy three days' journey of Mecca, the shady palm and grateful fountain solaced the merchant and the traveller, after their toilsome journey.*

Goods were bartered, vain glorious contests (those characteristic exhibitions of Bedouin chivalry) were held, and verses recited by the bards of the various tribes. The successful poems produced at these national gatherings, were treated with distinguished honor; they were adorned with golden letters, and so styled *Mudhahabât*, and were sometimes suspended in the Kaaba, and thence called *Moallacât;* and the SABAA MOALLACAT (or seven suspended pieces,) still survive from a period anterior even to Mahomet, a wonderful specimen of artless Arab eloquence. The beauty of the language, and the wild richness of the imagery, are acknowledged by all, but the subject of the poet was limited, and the beaten track seldom deviated from. The charms of his mistress, the solitude of her deserted haunts, the noble qualities of his camel, his own generosity and prowess, the superiority of his tribe over all others;—these were the themes which, with little variation of treatment, and without the exercise of imagina-

* Ocâtz lay between Tâif and Nakhla. There were two other fairs, but of less note, held near Mecca, one at Majna, in the vicinity of Marr al Tzahrân, the other at Dzul Majâj, behind Arafat. (*M. Caussin de Perceval, Vol. I, p.* 296.)

tion in the contrivance of any general plot or design, occupied the Arab muse;—and some of which only added fuel to the besetting vices of the people, vain-glory, envy, pride, and revenge.

At the fair of Ocâtz, a rivalrous spirit, about the period of our story, had been engendered between the Coreish and the Bani Hawâzin, a numerous tribe of kindred descent,* which dwelt (and still dwells) in the country between Mecca and Tâif. An arrogant poet, vaunting the glories of his tribe, was struck by an indignant Hawâzinite; and a maid of Hawâzin descent was rudely treated by some Coreishite youths; an importunate creditor was insolently repulsed;† on each occasion the sword was unsheathed, and blood began to flow, until the leaders interfered to calm the excited people. Such was the origin of the FIJAR, or Sacrilegious War, so called because it occurred within the sacred term, and was eventually carried into the sacred territory.

These incidents suggested the expediency of requiring all who frequented the fair to surrender, for the time, their arms, and deposit them with Abdallah ibn Jodâân, a Coreishite chief, descended from Taym, an uncle of Cussei. By this precaution, peace was preserved for several years, when a wanton murder supplied a more serious cause of offence.

Nomân V., Prince of Hîra, despatched to the fair of Ocâtz a caravan richly laden with perfumes and musk. It proceeded under the escort of Orwâ, an Hawâzinite. Birrâdh, an ally of the Coreish, was annoyed at being supplanted in the convoy of the merchandise, and watching his opportunity, fell upon Orwâ, encamped by a fountain near Fadac,‡ and having slain him, fled with the booty to conceal himself in Kheibar. On his way thither he met a poet of the Coreish,

* They sprang through Cays Aylân, from Modhar and Maad, who were the ancestors of the Coreish.

† The circumstances form a curious illustration of Arab manners. The Hawâzin creditor seated himself in a conspicuous place with a monkey by his side, and said, "*who will give me another such ape, and I will give him in exchange my claim on such a one,*"—naming his creditor with the full pedigree of his Kinânaite descent. This he kept continually vociferating, to the intense annoyance of the Kinâna tribe, one of whom drew his sword and cut off the monkey's head. In an instant the Hawâzin and Kinâna tribes were embroiled in bitter strife. The Bani Kinâna, it will be remembered, form the collective descendants of one of the ancestors of the Coreish, removed a few steps *above* the point at which the Coreishite branch shoots off. Both the poet here mentioned, and the murderer Birrâdh, who, we shall see below, kindled the war, belonged to the Bani Kinâna. The war therefore embraced a wider range than merely the Coreishite family.

‡ The spot was called Awârah, in the valley of Tayman, north of Medina.

called Bishr, whom he charged to proceed with expedition to the fair then being held at Ocâtz, and communicate the intelligence to Harb (who was the confederate or *halîf* of Birrâdh,) and the other Coreishite chiefs. The message was conveyed, and Abdallah ibn Jodâân, thus privately informed of the murder, immediately resorted to all their arms,* and feigning urgent business at Mecca, set off thither at once with all his tribe. As the sun went down, the news began to spread at Ocâtz, and reached the ears of Abu Berâ, the chief of the Hawâzin, who forthwith perceiving the cause of the precipitate departure of the Coreish, rallied his people around him, and proceeded in hot pursuit. But the Coreish had already entered the sacred limits, and the Hawâzin contented themselves with challenging their enemy to a rencounter at the same period of the following year. The challenge was accepted, and both parties prepared for the struggle. Several battles were fought with various success, and hostilities, more or less formal, were prolonged for four years, when Otba, the son of Rabia (the nephew of Harb,) proposed a truce. The dead were numbered up, and as twenty had been killed on the side of the Hawâzin more than of the Coreish, the latter consented to pay the price of their blood, and for this purpose delivered hostages, one of whom was Abu Sofiân, the son of Harb.

In some of these engagements, the whole of the Coreish and their allies were engaged. Each tribe was commanded by a chief of its own; and Abdallah guided the general movements. The descendants of Abd Shams and Nowfal were headed by Harb, the son of Omeya, and took a distinguished part in the warfare.

The children of Hâshim were present also, under the command of Zobeir, the eldest surviving son of Abd al Muttalib; but they occupied no prominent position. In one of the battles, Mahomet attended upon his uncles; but though now near twenty years of age, he had not acquired the love of arms. According to some authorities, his efforts were confined to gathering up the arrows discharged by the enemy, and handing them to his uncles. Others assign to him a somewhat more active share in the warfare: but it is allowed by all that he never spoke of it with much enthusiasm. "I remember," said the prophet, "being present with my uncles in the sacri-

* Harb is said to have urged Abdallah to give up only the Coreishite, and to withhold the Hawâzin arms, so that they might fall upon the latter unprepared. Abdallah rejected the proposal as perfidious. But it looks very like an Abbasside tradition to vilify the Omeyads. Harb was the son of Omeya.

'legious war, and I discharged arrows at the enemy; nor do 'I regret having done so."* Physical courage, indeed, and martial daring, were virtues which did not distinguish the prophet at any period of his career.

The struggles for pre-eminence, and the contests of eloquence at the annual fair, possessed for the youthful Mahomet a more engrossing interest than the combat of arms. At such spectacles, while his national enthusiasm had ample scope, he, no doubt, burned with strong desire after personal distinction, and trained his fertile genius into learning from the highest efforts there displayed by the great masters of those arts, the mystery of poetry and the power of rhetoric. But another and still nobler lesson might be taught in the concourse at Ocâtz. The Christianity, as well as the chivalry of Arabia, had there its representatives; and, if we may believe tradition, Mahomet, while a boy, heard Coss, the bishop of Najrân, preach a purer creed than that of Mecca, in accents of deep reason and fervid faith, which carried conviction to his soul. The venerable Coss was but one amongst many at that fair, who, enlightened haply by a less Catholic spirit, or darkened by more of prejudice and superstition, yet professed to believe in the same revelation from above, and preached, it may be; the same good tidings. There, too, were Jews, serious and earnest men, surpassing the Christians in number, and appealing to their own book also. Mahomet was more familiar with them, for,

* *Vide Wâckidi, pp.* 23½ *and* 24, where will also be found an account of the origin and progress of the war, with the names of the leaders of the several tribes. The statement in Hishâmi is briefer. (*p.* 38.) Caussin de Perceval enters with great detail into the war, devoting to it no less than twenty-two pages, (*Vol I, p.* 296, *et seq.*) He makes the engagement in which Mahomet was present to be the first, that, viz., in which the Coreish retreated on receiving tidings of Orwâ's murder: but there does not appear to have been any *fighting* on this occasion; and Wâckidi distinctly ascribes Mahomet's presence to an engagement in the *following* year. Wâckidi speaks only of one battle, in which the Coreish at first gave way, but were subsequently victorious. The engagement is spoken of (*p.* 24,) as occurring in the month of Shawwâl, that, viz., *preceding* the sacred months: but this is said, probably, in order to shelter the youthful Mahomet from the sacrilegious charge of fighting within the sacred term. C. de Perceval, drawing upon the poetical remains in the Kitâb al Aghâni, details a succession of battles: he also makes Mahomet to have been but fourteen years of age on the occasion, and adds, that, had he been older, he would have occupied a more important part than that of picking up his uncle's arrows. But the testimony of Wâckidi, Hishâmi, and Tabari (*p.* 77.) is distinctly and unanimously in favor of the age of *twenty* years: and Wâckidi, as we have seen in the text, states that he actually took part in the archery.

Among the chieftains in command of tribes, it is interesting to trace Khuweilid, the father of Khadîja; Ahattâb, the father of Omar: Othmân ibn al Huweirith; Al As ibn Wâil; Omeya ibn Khalaf; Zeid ibn Amr, and other well known names.

as a child, he had seen and heard of them and their synagogue at Medina, and he had learned to respect them as men that feared God. Yet they cast bitter glances at the Christians, and even when Coss addressed them, in language which approved itself to the heart of Mahomet as truth, they scorned his words, and railed at the meek and lowly Saviour of whom he spoke. Notwithstanding this enmity, Mahomet was surprised to hear the Christian preacher admit the authority of the Jewish book as equal to that of his own; and both parties mentioned with veneration the name of Abraham, the admitted builder of the Meccan Temple, and author of its rites and faith. What, if there be truth in all these systems;—divine TRUTH, dimly glimmering through human prejudice, malevolence, and superstition? What a glorious mission, to act the part of a Coss on a wider and yet more Catholic stage, and by taking away the miserable partitions which hid and severed each nation and sect from its neighbour, to make way for the natural illumination of truth and love, emanating from the Great Father of all! Visions and speculations such as these, were, no doubt, raised by association with the Jews and Christians frequenting this great fair; and late in life the Prophet referred with pleasure to the memory of Coss, as having preached there the *Hanefite* or Catholic Faith.*

A confederacy formed at Mecca, for the suppression of violence and injustice, aroused more enthusiasm in the mind of Mahomet than the martial exploit of the sacrilegious war. It was called the "Oath of *Fudhûl*," and occurred immediately after the restoration of peace.† The offices of state, and with them the powers of Government, had, as we have seen in a former paper, become divided among the various Coreishite

* *See page 67 of a previous Article in this Review, on the "Ante-Mahometan History of Arabia;" also M. C. de Perceval, Vol. I., p. 159; and Sprenger, p. 35.*
The only authentic tradition we have met with on the subject, does not prove that Mahomet ever heard Coss. It occurs at page 61½ of Wâckidi, in the account of the deputation to the Prophet at Medina from the Bani Bakr ibn Wâil. One of them addressed Mahomet, "Didst thou know Coss, the son of Sâida?" The prophet replied; '*He was not one of you; he was a man of the tribe of Iyâd, who professed the true faith in the days of ignorance and he visited Ocâtz during the concourse of the people there, and addressed them in words which have been preserved from him*" فقال له رجل منهم هل تعرف قسا ابن ساعدة فقال رسول الله ليس هو منكم هذا رجل من اياد تحنف في الجاهلية فوافي عكاظ و الناس مجتمعون فتكلمهم بكلامه الذي حفظ عنه

† Wâckidi states that it occurred the month after the conclusion of the war, while Mahomet was yet twenty years of age. (*p* 24.)

families. There was no one who now exercised an authority such as had been enjoyed by Cossai and Hâshim, or even by Abd al Muttalib. When any of the numerous tribes neglected to punish in its members acts of oppression and wrong, no chief at Mecca was strong enough to stand up the champion of the injured. Thus right was not enforced, and wrong remained unpunished. Some glaring instances of this nature* suggested to the principal Coreish families the expediency of binding themselves by an oath, to secure justice to the helpless. The honor of originating the movement is ascribed to Zobeir, the oldest surviving son of Abd al Muttalib. The descendants of Hâshim, and the families sprung from Zohra and Taym, assembled in the house of Abdallah, son of Jodâân, who prepared for them a feast, and they swore "by the avenging Deity, 'that they would take the part of the oppressed, and see his 'claim fulfilled, so long as a drop of water remained in the 'ocean, or would satisfy it from their own resources."† The league was useful, both as a preventive against unjust aggression, and on some occasions as a means of enforcing restitution. "I would not," Mahomet used in after years to say, "exchange 'for the choicest camel in all Arabia, the remembrance of 'being present at the oath which we took in the house of Ab-'dallah, when the Bani Hâshim, Zohra, and Taym, swore that 'they would stand by the oppressed."‡

The youth of Mahomet passed away without any other incidents of special interest. At one period he was employed, like other lads, in tending the sheep and goats of the Meccans, upon the neighbouring hills and valleys. He used, when at Medina,

* M. C. de Perceval gives two instances. The first in which a stranger, even though under the protection of the Chief Abdallah ibn Jodâân, had his camels slaughtered and devoured before his eyes. The second relates to a man who had, no patron or protector at Mecca; and being denied the price of goods he had sold, repaired to an eminence on the side of the hill Abu Cobeis, near where the Coreish used to assemble for the cool evening breeze, and loudly called for justice. (*Vol. I., p.* 330)

† The expression in the last clause is not very clear, but is probably as we have rendered it The words are:—وفي المتاءسي فى المعاش

‡ *Wâckidi, p.* 24. It is remarkable that only these three tribes are included in the league. To the Bani Zohra belonged Mahomet's mother; and his friend Abu Bakr to the Bani Taym. That the league was only a partial one is evident from its name; *fudhûl*, meaning, "what is unnecessary or supererogatory," by which appellation it seems to have been called by the rest of the Coreish, who did not join it. For other, but less likely, derivations, see *M. C. de Perceval, Vol. I. p.* 333, and *Weil, p.* 33. The former gives an alleged instance in which the league was appealed to by Hosein, the son of Ali, against Moâvia or his nephew

to refer to this employment as one that comported with his prophetic office. On one occasion some people passed by with the fruit of the wild shrub *Arak;* and the prophet said, "pick me out from thence the blackest of the berries, for they ' are sweet;—even such was I wont to gather when I fed the ' flocks at Ajyâd." The hire which he received for this duty, would help to support him while he lived with his needy uncle, and the occupation itself was one which must have proved congenial with his thoughtful and meditative character.* While he watched the flocks, his attention would be rivetted by the evidences of natural religion spread around: in the dead of the night the bright stars and constellations that glided silently along the deep blue sky, were charged to him with a special message; the loneliness of the desert would arm with a deeper conviction that speech which day everywhere utters unto day, while the still small voice which, to the attentive listener, is never unheard, would rise into grander and more impressive tones, when the clouds darkened, and the rain and tempest swept with forked lightning and far rolling thunder, along the vast solitudes of the Meccan mountains. Thus, we doubt not, grew up, or was strengthend, that deep and earnest faith in the Deity, as an ever-present, all-directing Agent, which, in after days, the prophet was wont to enforce by eloquent and heart-stirring

* *See Wâckidi, p.* 23, *Tabari, p.* 63: *Sprenger, p.* 81: *Weil, p.* 33: *Mishcât ul Masâbîh,* (*English Translation*) *Vol. II. p.* 51. *and* 520. In the last named work, (*p.* 51) the hire received by Mahomet is specified. In one tradition given by Wâckidi, Mahomet speaks thus وانا رعيتها لاهل مكة بالقراريط Some make the word Al Carârît here, to be the name of a place, but it is more probable that Mahomet by it meant that he fed the flocks for *Kirats,* or small coins. (*Weil.*)

Sprenger says that as this was a very humiliating occupation for a man, his engaging in it proves Mahomet's "unfitness for the common duties of life:" (*p.* 81). The duty, doubtless, was never regarded in Arabia as a very manly one, and as Burkhardt shows, is now committed by the Bedouins to their unmarried girls; yet in Mahomet's time, at least, it was evidently no insult or unprecedented humiliation for the boys of respectable citizens to be thus employed. We read of another Coreishite lad being engaged with Mahomet in tending the flocks. (*Tabari, p.* 63.) Omar used to be sent out by his father to feed his sheep and goats, and to bring in forage for his camels. (*Wâckidi, p.* 231.) So Abu Bakr, even after his elevation to the Caliphate, is said to have been in the habit not only of milking the goats of the people of the quarter of Medîna, where he lived (al Sunh), but of taking them occasionally *out to pasture.* This may be an exaggeration, intended to magnify the simplicity of his life (as a lesson and example to future Caliphs); still the very existence of the tradition proves that the task was regarded in as little dishonorable a light at Medîna as at Mecca. Probably, it was less disliked by the people of the towns than by those of the desert.

The place Ajyâd is probably the rising ground to the south of Mecca, now called Jabal Jyâd, and the quarter *Haret Jyâd,* built on its declivity; (*Burkhardt, p.* 115; *Ali Bey, Vol. II., p.* 119) Mahomet used to compare himself to Moses and David, in having been a shepherd.

appeals to the sublime operations of nature, and the beneficent adaptations of Providence.

All our authorities agree in ascribing to Mahomet's youth a correctness of deportment and purity of manners, rare among the people of Mecca. His modesty, they say, was miraculously preserved :—"I was engaged one night," so runs the tradition of a speech of the prophet, "feeding the flocks in 'company with a lad of the Coreish. And I said to him, if 'you will look after my flock, I will go into Mecca, and divert 'myself there, as youths are wont by night to divert them-'selves."* But no sooner had he reached the precincts of the city, then a marriage feast engaged his attention, and at last he fell asleep. On another night, as he was entering the town with the same intentions, he was arrested by heavenly strains of music, and sitting down, slept till the morning, and thus again escaped temptation. "And after this," added Mahomet, "I no more sought after vice; even until I attained "unto the prophetic office." Making every allowance for the fond reverence which paved an easy way for the currency of such stories, it is quite in keeping with the character of Mahomet that he should have shrunk from the coarse and licentious practices of his youthful friends. Endowed with a refined mind and a delicate taste, reserved and meditative, he lived much within himself, and the ponderings of his heart supplied occupation for the leisure hours which were spent by men of a lower stamp in rude sports, or in riotous living. The fair character and honorable bearing of the unobtrusive youth, won, if not the approbation, at least, the respect, of his fellow citizens, and he received the title, by common consent, of Al Amin, "the Faithful."†

Thus respected and honored, Mahomet lived a quiet and retired life, in the bosom of the family of Abu Tâlib, who was prevented by his limited means from occupying a prominent position in the society of Mecca. At last Abu Tâlib, finding his family increase faster than the ability to provide for them, bethought him of setting his nephew, now of a mature age, to eke out a livelihood for himself. Mahomet was never covetous of wealth, or energetic in the pursuit of riches for their own sake. If left to himself, he would probably have preferred the quiet and repose of his present life, to the bustle and cares of a mercantile trip; and it is likely that he would never

* كما شمر الباب The story is told by Tabari, *p.* 63.

† *Hushâmi*, p. 38.

spontaneously have contemplated such an expedition. But when proposed by his uncle, his generous soul at once felt the necessity of doing all that was possible to ease the necessities of his uncle, and he cheerfully responded to the call. The story is thus told:—

Abu Tâlib addressed his nephew, now five-and-twenty years of age, in these words:—"I am, as thou knowest, a man of 'small substance; and, truly, the times deal hardly with me. 'Now here is a caravan of thine own tribe about to start for 'Syria, and Khadîja, daughter of Khuweilid, needeth men 'of our tribe to send forth with her merchandise. If thou 'wert to offer thyself, she would readily accept thy services." Mahomet replied:—"Be it so, as thou hast said." Then Abu Tâlib went to Khadija, and enquired whether she wished to hire his nephew; but he added; "We hear that thou hast 'engaged such an one for two camels, and we should not be 'satisfied that my nephew's hire were less than four." The matron answered, "Hadst thou askedst this thing for one of a 'distant and unfriendly tribe, I would have granted it; how 'much rather now that thou askest it for a near relative and 'friend." So the matter was agreed upon, and Mahomet prepared for the journey; and when the caravan was about to set out, his uncle commended him to the men of the company. Meisara, a servant of Khadîja, likewise travelled with Mahomet, in charge of her property.

The caravan took the usual route to Syria, the same which Mahomet had traversed thirteen years before with his uncle; and in due time they reached Bostra, a city on the road to Damascus, and about sixty miles to the east of the Jordan. The transactions of that busy mart, where the practised merchants of Syria sought to drive hard bargains with simple Arabs were ill suited to the tastes and the habits of Mahomet; yet his natural sagacity and ready shrewdness carried him prosperously through the undertaking. He returned from the barter, with the balance of exchange unusually favorable.*

The philosophical mind of Mahomet, arrived at the mature

* The usual profit was to double the value of the stock; so that in the case of Mahomet, who is said by some to have made *twice* the *usual* gain, the principal would be quadrupled. But Hishâmi says only that "he doubled the stock, or nearly so." A tradition runs thus, that a contention arose between Mahomet and one who wished to take his wares, but who, doubting his word, desired him to swear by Lât and Ozza, the two Meccan goddesses, which Mahomet refused to do. But this again is mentioned as one of the signs by which the Monk knew that he was "the coming prophet," and seems of a piece with the other marvellous tales on the occasion. The same story of his refusing to swear by Lât and Ozza, is related of his *first* Journey to Syria as a child.

but still inquisitive period of early manhood, received deep and abiding impressions from all that he saw and heard upon the journey and during his stay at Bostra. Though we reject, as a puerile fabrication, the details of the interview which he held with Nestorius, (a monk who is said to have embraced him as "the coming prophet,")* yet we may be certain that Mahomet lost no opportunity of enquiring into the practices and tenets of the Christianity of Syria, or of conversing with the monks and clergy who fell in his way.†

He probably experienced kindness, perhaps hospitality, from them; for in his book he ever speaks of them with respect, and sometimes with praise;‡ but for their doctrines he had no sympathy. The picture of the faith of Jesus drawn in the Coran, must have been, in some considerable degree, painted from the conceptions now formed. Had he witnessed a purer exhibition of its rites and doctrines, and possessed some experience of its reforming and regenerating influence, we cannot doubt, but that, in the sincerity of his early search after the truth, he would readily have embraced and faithfully adhered to the faith of Jesus. Lamentable, indeed, it is, that the ecclesiastics and monks of Syria exhibited to the earnest enquirer but a little portion of the fair form of Christianity, and that little, how altered and distorted! Instead of the simple majesty of the Gospel, with its great sacrifice, the requisition of repentance, and of faith, and the solemn rites of Baptism and the Lord's Supper,—the sacred dogma of the Trinity was protruded upon our traveller with the misguided and offensive zeal of Eutychian and Jacobite partizanship, and the worship of Mary was so strenuously inculcated, and exhibited in so gross a form, as to leave the impression upon the mind of Mahomet that she was, in reality, the third person, and the consort of the Deity! It was by such teaching that Mahomet knew our Saviour as "Jesus, son of Mary" (the only

† The ancient biographies have less of the marvellous in this journey than in the former; yet there is a sufficiency. Nestor, the monk, saw Mahomet sitting under a tree, below which none ever sat but a prophet; he immediately recognized him as such, and was confirmed by the further prophetical symptom of redness in the eyes. Meisara saw two angels, who regularly shaded him during the heat of the day, and so forth.

‡ Arabic was spoken by the subjects of the Ghassânide dynasty, and there would be little difficulty found by our traveller in effecting an interchange of ideas with those about him. Poets, merchants, and travellers from Medina, used often at this period, to be the guests of the Ghassân Court.

§ Thus *Sura, v.* 91:—*Thou shalt surely find those to be the most inclinable to entertain friendship for the believers who profess Christianity. This cometh to pass because there are priests and monks among them, and because they are not elated with pride.*

term by which he is spoken of in the Coran,) and not as Jesus, the Son of God. We may well weep that this misnamed Catholicism of the Empire, so misled the master mind of the age, and through it, in due course, the half of Asia.

But to return; when Mahomet had disposed of the merchandise of his mistress, and had, according to her command, purchased for her such things as she had need of, he retraced his steps, in company with the caravan, to his native valley.* The mildness of his manners, and his kind attention, had won the heart of Meisara, and as they drew near to Mecca, the grateful servant persuaded Mahomet to go forward from Marr al Tzahrân, and be himself the bearer to his mistress of the tidings of his success. Khadîja, surrounded by her maids, was sitting upon an upper story, on the watch for the first glimpse of the caravan, when a camel was seen rapidly to advance from the expected quarter towards her house, and as it approached, she perceived that Mahomet was the rider. He entered, and recounted the prosperous issue of the adventure, and the various goods which by her commission he had purchased for her. She was delighted at her good fortune; but there was a charm in the dark and pensive eye, in the noble features, and in the graceful form of her assiduous agent, as he stood before her, which pleased her even more than her success. The comely widow was forty years of age, she had been twice married, and had borne two sons and a daughter, yet she cast a fond eye upon that thoughtful youth of five-and-twenty; nor, after he had departed, could she dismiss him from her thoughts.†

Khadîja was a Coreishite lady, distinguished by birth, as well as by fortune. Her father, Khuweilid, was the grandson of Asad, (whence the family is styled the Bani Asad;) and Asad

* Though the *direct* route from Mecca to Bostra would run a great way to the east of the Mediterranean, yet it seems to us not improbable that either in this, or the former journey, Mahomet may have seen the Mediterranean Sea. His references in the Coran to ships gliding majestically on the waters *like mountains*, appear to point to a larger class of vessels than he was likely to see on the Red Sea. The vivid pictures of sea-storms are among some of the finest sketches in the Coran, and evidently drawn from nature: the waves and tempests may have been witnessed from the Arab shore, but the "mountain" ships, more likely refer to the Mediterranean.

† The above account of the journey to Syria is chiefly from Wâckidi. Tabari has a tradition, that Mahomet traded on account of Khadîja, in company with another man, to a place called Habasha, a market in the Tchâma, erroneously named by *Weil*, Hayasha (*p.* 34.) This, however, is not well supported. Had there been really any such journey, we should have heard a great deal more about it, considering the mature period of Mahomet's life, at which it is said to have occurred.

was the grandson of Cussei. Khuweilid, in the sacrilegious war, commanded a considerable section of the Coreish, and so did his nephew Othmân, son of Huweirith. Her substance, whether inherited, or acquired through her former marriages, was very considerable; and through hired agents, she had increased it largely by mercantile speculation. To the blessings of affluence, she added the more important endowments of discretion, virtue, and an affectionate heart; and, though now mellowed by a more than middle age, she retained a fair and attractive countenance. The chief men of the Coreish were not insensible to these charms, and many sought her in marriage; but she rejected all their offers, and seemed bent to live on in dignified and independent widowhood. But the tender emotions excited by the visit of Mahomet, soon overpowered such resolutions: her servant Meisara continued to sound, in her not unwilling ears, the praises of his fellow-traveller; and at last her love became so strong and confirmed, that she resolved, in a discreet manner, to make known her passion to its object. A sister, (according to other accounts, a servant,) was the agent deputed to sound his views. "What is it, O Mahomet," said this female, with a cautious adroitness, "what is it which hindereth thee from marriage?" "I have nothing," replied he, "in my hands wherewithal I might marry." "But if haply that difficulty were out of the way, and thou 'wert invited to espouse a beautiful, wealthy, and noble lady, 'who would place thee in a position of affluence, wouldest thou 'not desire to have her?" "And who," answered Mahomet, startled at the novel thought, "may that be?" "Khadîja." "But how can I attain unto her?" "Let that be my care," replied the female The mind of Mahomet was at once made up, and he answered, "I am ready." The female departed and told Khadîja.

No sooner was she apprized of his willingness to marry her, than Khadîja despatched a messenger to Mahomet, or his uncle, appointing a time when they should meet. Meanwhile as she dreaded the refusal of her father, she provided for him a feast; and when he had well drunk and was merry, she slaughtered a cow, and casting over her father perfume of saffron or ambergris, dressed him in marriage raiment. While thus under the effects of wine, the old man united his daughter to Mahomet, in the presence of his uncle Hamza. But when he recovered his senses, he began to look around him with wonder, and to enquire what all these symptoms of a nuptial feast, the slaughtered cow, the perfumes, and the marriage garment, could mean. So soon as he was made aware of what had happened,—for they told him "the nuptial dress was put upon thee

by Mahomet, thy son-in-law," he fell into a violent passion, and declared that he had never consented to give away to that insignificant youth, a daughter who was courted by the great men of the Coreish. The party of Mahomet replied indignantly that the alliance had not originated in any wish of theirs, but was the act of no other than his own daughter. Weapons were drawn on both sides, and blood might have been shed, when the old man became pacified, and a reconciliation ensued.*

Notwithstanding this stormy and inauspicious commencement, the connubial state proved, both to Mahomet and Khadîja, one of unusual tranquillity and happiness. Upon the former it conferred a faithful and affectionate companion, and in spite of her age, a not unfruitful wife. Khadîja fully appreciated the noble mind and commanding talents, which a reserved and contemplative habit veiled from others, but could not conceal from her. She conducted as before the duties of her establishment, and left him to enjoy his leisure hours undisturbed and free from care. Her house was thenceforward his home,† and her bosom

* It is not without much hesitation that we have followed Sprenger and Weil in adopting this version of the marriage. It has a strongly improbable air; but its very improbability gives ground for believing that it has not been fabricated. It is also highly disparaging to the position of Mahomet, at a period of his life when it is the object of his followers to show that he was respected and honored. Its credibility is therefore sustained by the *Canon III. c* which we have laid down in the paper on the "Original sources for the biography of Mahomet." There was no object in vilifying Khuweilid or the Bani Asad; and even if it is possible to suppose the story to have been fabricated by Mahomet's enemies before the conquest of Mecca, it would (if resting on no better foundation.) have fallen out of currency afterwards. We can perceive therefore no option but to receive it as a fact, which later traditionists have endeavoured to discredit, under the impression that it was a foul spot on their prophet's character that Khadîja, the pattern of wives, should have effected her marriage with Mahomet by making her father drunk (*See Canon II L.*) Wâckidi gives the story twice in a differing form and from *different* traditions (the variety of source thus giving it a wider and less doubtful foundation;) but he adds that the whole story is a mistake, as Khuweilid, the father of Khadîja, had died previously and even before the sacrilegious war. (*p* 25.) Yet we have seen above that his name is given as one of the *commanders* in that war. Tabari quotes the tradition from Wâckidi, word for word, together with his refutation (*p.* 67.) Both add that not her *father*, but her *uncle*, Amr ibn Asad betrothed her. Yet other traditions, containing no allusion to his drunkenness, speak of her *father* as having given her away (*Tabari, p* 65;) and Hishâmi's account, which is fused from a variety of traditions by Ibn Ishâc, while containing no reference to the drunken fray, states Khuweilid as the person who betrothed her. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that the tradition of Khuweilid's previous death has been invented to throw discredit on the story of his drunkenness. Wine shops were common in Mecca before Islâm; but drunkenness, though occasionally mentioned, does not seem to have been a general or common failing. Hishâmi adds to his statement that Mahomet gave his wife a marriage present of twenty young she-camels.

† The house is specified by Tabari as one currently known in his time by Khadîja's name. It was purchased by Moâvia, and though made use of as a mosque, was preserved unaltered. A little closet at its door used to be shown in those days, little more than a yard square, in which Mahomet used to crouch down under a large stone, to protect himself against the missiles of Abu Lahab, and Adi the Thackifite.

the safe receptacle of those doubts and longings after spiritual light, which now began to agitate his mind.

Within the next ten or fifteen years, Khadîja bore to Mahomet two sons and four daughters. The first-born was named Câsim, and after him (according to Arab custom,) Mahomet received the appellation of AB UL CASIM, or "the father of Câsim." This son died at the age of two years. Meanwhile, his eldest daughter, Zeinab, was born; and after her, at intervals of one or two years, three other daughters, Rockeya, Fâtima, and Omm Kolthûm. Last of all was born his second son, who is variously named as Abd Menâf, Abdallah, Tayib, and Tâhir; but he, too, died in infancy. Salma, the maid of Safia, Mahomet's aunt, officiated as mid-wife on these occasions; and Khadîja is said to have sacrificed at the birth of each boy two kids, and one at the birth of every girl. All her children she nursed herself.*

* Wâckidi states that there was an interval of *only one year* between each child. (*p.* 25.) This, if taken with precision, would make the second son to be born when Mahomet was about thirty-one years of age, that is about nine or ten years before his assumption of the prophetic office. But the expression used by Wâckidi is somewhat vague, and tradition says that the second son, or last child, was born *after* the commencement of Islam, that is after Mahomet had declared himself inspired, or forty years of age. (*Wâckidi p.* 179.) Sprenger does not believe this, but holds that the youngest child must have been born at a much earlier period; *first* on account of the age (fifty-three or fifty-five years,) at which Khadîja must have arrived when Mahomet assumed the prophetic office, and, *secondly*, because he considers the name of *Abd Menâf* (the servant of the idol Menâf,) to have an idolatrous significance, which Mahomet would not have admitted at the time referred to. He therefore holds that the Moslems being ashamed of the name, subsequently called the deceased child Abdallah, Tayib, or Tahir, and to take away the very suspicion of its ever having been called by an idolatrous name, assert that it was born *after* the commencement of Islam. (*Sprenger, p.* 83.) We agree with Sprenger as to the original name of the boy, and the cause of the substitution of others for it more palatable to Mahometan ideas. But we are not certain as to the date of its birth. If an interval of about a year and a half elapsed between the birth of each child (the more likely as Khadîja herself nursed her children,) the last would be born when Mahomet was thirty-four or thirty-five, and Khadîja forty-nine or fifty years of age

All authorities agree that Câsim was the eldest of the family, and Zeinab the next, but the succession of the other children is variously reported. That in the text is the one commonly received, and is given by Wâckidi (*p.* 25.) But Wâckidi in another place (*p* 179,) makes Abdallah follow Zeinab, and then Rockeya, Fâtima and Omm Kolthûm. Tabari gives another, and Hishâmi a third order of sequence. The latter specifies two sons besides Câsim, viz., Tayib and Tâhir, both of whom, it is added, died before Islam (*p.* 40) Tabari also speaks of them as *two.* (*p.* 65.) But this, as Sprenger has shown (*p* 83,) is evidently a mistake. The first tradition in Wâckidi is capable of both constructions; لا في الاسلام عبد المكه فسمي الطيب و الطاهر *i. e.*, "afterwards was born, in Islam, Abdallah, called Tayib, *and Tâhir.*" The tradition in this shape, evidently gave rise to the error of supposing that Tahir, one of the surnames of Abdallah, was a separate son. At page 179 Wâckidi states the true case in unmistakeable language;

Many years after, Mahomet used to look back to this period of his life with fond remembrance; and he dwelt so much upon the mutual love of Khadîja and himself, that the envious Ayesha declared herself to be more jealous of this rival, whom she had never seen, than of all his other wives who contested with her the present affection of the prophet.*

No description of Mahomet at this period has been attempted by the traditionists. But from the copious accounts of his person in later life, we may venture an outline of his appearance in the prime of manhood. He was slightly above the middle size; his figure, though spare, was handsome and commanding; the chest broad and open; the bones and framework of his body large; and the joints well knit together.† His neck was long and finely moulded.‡ The head was unusually large, and gave space for a broad and noble forehead; the hair, thick, jet black, and slightly curling, fell down over his ears. The eyebrows were arched and joined.‖ The countenance thin, but ruddy; and the large, intensely black, and piercing eyes, received lustre from their long dark eye-lashes. His nose was high and slightly aquiline, but fine, and at the end attenuated; the teeth were far apart; a long black bushy beard, reaching to his breast, added manliness and presence. The expression was pensive and contemplative; the face beamed with intelligence, though something of the sensuous could be discerned in it. The skin of his body was clear and soft; the only hair that met the eye, was a fine thin line which ran down from the neck toward the navel. His broad back leaned slightly forward as he walked; and his step was hasty, yet sharp and decided, like that of one rapidly descending a declivity.§

و عبد الله و هو الطيب و هو الطاهر سمي بذلك لانه و لا في الاسلام

i. e., "and Abdallah, *the same is Tayib, the same is Tâhir*, so called because he was born after the rise of Islam:"—the two words signifying "sweet" and "pure."

M. C de Perceval and Dr. Weil have both been misled here; the former (*Vol I*, *p* 329,) making two sons, Tayib and Tâhir; the latter no less than six, mistaking *Tayib, Tâhir, Abd Menâf. Abdallah, Mutayib*, and *Mutahhir*,—(all appellations of the younger son,) as the names of as many different children! (*p* 39.)

* *Mishcât, Vol. II., p.* 790.

† The hollows of his hands and feet were more than usually filled and level: which is a feature the Orientals set much by.

‡ "His neck rose like that of an antelope." (*Wâckidi, p.* 81½)

‖ But some say they were apart and not knit together. (*Wâckidi, p.* 81½.)

§ *Wâckidi, p.* 79, *&c.* This at Medina degenerated into a stoop. Some say he walked like a man *ascending* a hill; others as if he was wrenching his foot from a stone.

There was something unsettled in his blood-shot eye, which refused to rest upon its object. When he turned towards you, it was never partially, but with the whole body. Taciturn and reserved,* he was yet in company distinguished by a graceful urbanity, and when it pleased him to unbend, his speech was not only pregnant, but humorous and sometimes pungent. At such seasons he entered with zest into the diversion of the moment, and would now and then laugh immoderately;† but he rather listened to the conversation than joined in it.

He was subject to impulse and passion, but on occasions of necessity, he could, by a strong effort of the will, hold himself under a thorough control. When much excited, the vein between his eyebrows would mantle, and violently swell across his ample forehead. Yet he was cautious, and in action fearful of personal danger.

Mahomet was to his friends generous and considerate, and by his well-timed favor and attention, he knew how to rivet the heart to his service. He regarded his enemies with a vindictive and unrelenting hatred, while they continued their opposition; yet a foe who tendered timely submission, he was rarely known to pursue. His commanding mien inspired the stranger with an undefined awe; but, on closer intimacy, apprehension and fear gave place to confidence and love.‡

Behind the quiet and unobtrusive exterior of Mahomet, there lay hid a high resolve, a singleness and unity of purpose, a strength and fixedness of will, a sublime determination which was destined to achieve a marvellous work. Khadîja was the first to perceive this, and with a childlike confidence she surrendered to him her will and her faith. One after another gave in their allegiance to the master spirit, till in the end he bowed towards himself the heart of all Arabia, as the heart of one man; but we anticipate.

*

The first incident which interrupted the even tenor of the married life of Mahomet was connected with the rebuilding of the Kaaba, about the year 605, A. D. One of those violent floods

* "Mahomet was sorrowful in temperament; continually meditating; he had no rest; he never spoke except from necessity; he used to be long silent; he opened and ended his speech from the corners of his mouth; he expressed himself in pregnant sentences, using neither too few, nor too many words." (*Wâckidi, p.* 81½.)

† When laughing immoderately, he showed his teeth and gums, and was sometimes so convulsed, that he had to hold his sides. (*Wâckidi.*)

‡ The personal description and traits of character are chiefly gathered from *Wâckidi, p.* 79, *et seq.*; *and Hishami, p.* 129. Tirmidzi also gives a full account of Mahomet's person.

which sometimes sweep down the valley of Minâ, having shattered the holy house, it was filled with ominous rents, and they feared lest it should fall.* The treasures it contained were also insecure, from the absence of any roof, and a party of thieves having clambered over had robbed some of the precious relics. These were recovered, but it was resolved that a similar danger should, for the future, be avoided by raising the walls, and covering them over. While the Coreish deliberated how this should be done, a Grecian ship was driven by stress of weather upon the shore of the Red Sea, near to Shûeiba (the ancient harbour of Mecca:) and the news of the misfortune reaching the Coreish, Walîd, the son of Moghîra (of the Bani Makhzûm) accompanied by a body of the Coreish, proceeded to the wreck, and having purchased the timber of the broken ship, engaged her captain, a Greek, by name Bacûm, skilled in architecture, to assist in the reconstruction of the Kaaba. The several tribes of the Coreish were divided into four bodies, and to each was assigned the charge of one side.† With such a mysterious reverence was the Kaaba regarded, that great apprehensions were entertained as to the commencement of the work: at last Walîd seized a pick-axe, and invoking the Deity in a deprecatory prayer, detached and threw down a portion of the wall. All then retired and waited till the following morning, when finding that no mischief had befallen the adventurous chief, they joined in the demolition. They continued to dig till they reached a hard foundation of green stones set close together like teeth, which resisted the stroke of the pick-axe;‡

* Such torrents have frequently committed similar ravages. Thus, in 1627, A. D., the flood destroyed three sides of the sacred building (*Burkhardt p* 136.) Omar is said to have built a mole across the valley above Mecca, to protect the Kaaba from these floods. The remains of the dyke, Burkhardt says, were visible till the fourteenth century. (*Idem, p.* 126)

† This independent portioning shows how divided and isolated the several branches of the Coreish were at this time. *One* side was assigned to the Bani Abd Menâf (including descendants of Hâshim, Abd Shams, Naufal and Abd al Muttalib) and the Bani Zohara; a *second* to the Bani Asad and Abd al Dâr; a *third* to the Bani Taym and Makhzûm; and the *fourth* to the Bani Sahm, Jumh Adi, and Amr ibn Lowcy. There was, in fact, no acknowledged head, as the coming incident proves.

‡ This green bed is called the "foundation of Abraham" and the tradition adds, that when one struck his pick-axe into the stones, the whole of Mecca shook. (*Hishâmi, p.* 42; *T bari p.* 76.)

It is also stated that an inscription was discovered in one of the corner foundations, written in Syriac, which no one could decypher, until a Jew made it out as follows:—*I am God, the Lord of Becca* (an ancient name of Mecca;) *I created it on the day on which I created the heavens and the earth, and formed the sun and the moon; and I have surrounded it with seven angels of the true faith; it shall not pass away until the two hills thereof pass away. Blessed be the inhabitants thereof in water and in milk.* (*Hishâmi, p.* 42.) He adds, "There is a tradition that about

and from thence they began to build upwards. Stones were selected or hewn from the neighbouring hills, and carried by the citizens upon their heads to the sacred enclosure.

Mahomet, with the other Coreish, assisted in the work ;* and it proceeded harmoniously until the structure rose three or four feet above the surface. At that stage it became necessary to build the Black Stone into the eastern corner, with its surface so exposed as to be readily kissed by the pilgrims upon foot. This mysterious stone, we learn from modern travellers, is semi-circular, and measures about six inches in height, and eight in breadth; it is of a reddish-black colour, and bears marks in its undulating surface, notwithstanding the polish imparted by a myriad kisses, of a volcanic origin.†

forty years before the mission of Mahomet, a stone was found in the Kaaba, inscribed with these words :—*He that soweth good, shall reap that which is to be envied; and he that soweth evil, shall reap repentance. Ye do evil, and* (*expect to*) *obtain good: Ah! that would be to gather grapes of thorns.*" (*Ibid.*)

The first of these traditions is very remarkable. It quite accords with our theory, developed in a previous Article, that the Ishmaelites, acquainted with Syriac, should have been concerned at some remote period in the building of the Kaaba, and then left an inscription of the tenor referred to At all events, the very existence of the tradition, whether true or not, shows the popular opinion on the subject, and the popular opinion was founded on *probable* legend.

* A miraculous tale is here added. The people loosened their under garments and cast them over their heads as a protection in carrying the stones. Mahomet did so too, when a voice from heaven was heard warning him not to expose his person : immediately he covered himself, and after that the nakedness of the prophet was never again seen by any human being (*Wâckidi, p.* 27.) One may conclude of what authority such stories are, when it is added that Hishâmi tells the same tale, in almost identical words, of Mahomet as a *child* playing with other boys. (*p* 38.)

† Ali Bey has given a plate with a front view and section of the stone. It possesses so peculiar an interest, that both his description and that of Burkhardt are here inserted :—

"The Black Stone, Hhajera el Assouâd, or Heavenly Stone, is raised forty-two inches above the surface" (*i. e.*, the level of the ground,) and is bordered all round with a large plate of silver, about a foot broad. The part of the stone that is not covered by the silver at the angle, is almost a semi-circle, six inches in height, by eight inches six lines in diameter at its base.

"We believe that this miraculous stone was a transparent hyacinth, brought from heaven to Abraham by the angel Gabriel, as a pledge of his divinity ; and being touched by an impure woman, became black and opaque

"This stone is a fragment of volcanic basalt, which is sprinkled throughout its circumference with small pointed coloured crystals, and varied with red felspath, upon a dark black ground like coal, except one of its protuberances, which is a little reddish. The continual kisses and touchings of the faithful have worn the surface uneven, so that it now has a muscular appearance. It has nearly fifteen muscles, and one deep hollow.

"Upon comparing the borders of the stone that are covered and secured by the silver, with the uncovered part, I found the latter had lost nearly twelve lines

The virtue of the whole building depended upon this little stone, and each family of the Coreish began to advance pretensions to the exclusive honor of placing it in its future receptacle. The contention became hot, and it was feared that fighting and bloodshed would ensue. The building was for four or five days suspended, when the Coreish again assembled at the Kaaba amicably to decide the difficulty. Then Abu Omeya,* being the oldest citizen, arose and said; "O Coreish, 'hearken unto me: my advice is that the man who shall first 'chance to enter in at this gate of the Bani Sheyba, be chosen 'to decide amongst you, or himself to place the stone."† The

of its thickness; from whence we may infer, that if the stone was smooth and even in the time of the prophet, (?) it has lost a line during each succeeding age," (*i. e.*, century.) (*Ali Bey, Vol. II., p* 76.)

"At the north east corner of the Kaaba, near the door, is the famous 'Black Stone;" it forms a part of the sharp angle of the building, at four or five feet above the ground. It is an irregular oval, about seven inches in diameter, with an undulated surface, composed of about a dozen smaller stones of different sizes and shapes, well joined together with a small quantity of cement, and perfectly smoothed: it looks as if the whole had been broken into many pieces by a violent blow, and then united again. It is very difficult to determine accurately the quality of this stone, which has been worn to its present surface by the millions of touches and kisses it has received. It appears to me like a lava, containing several small extraneous particles, of a whitish and a yellowish substance. Its color is now a deep reddish brown, approaching to black; it is surrounded on all sides by a border, composed of a substance which I took to be a close cement of pitch and gravel, of a similar, but not quite the same brownish color. This border serves to support its detached pieces; it is two or three inches in breadth, and rises a little above the surface of the stone. Both the border and the stone itself are encircled by a silver band, broader below than above, and on the two sides, with a considerable swelling below, as if a part of the stone were hidden under it. The lower part of the border is studded with silver nails.

"In the south east corner of the Kaaba, or as the Arabs call it Roken el Yamâny there is another stone, about five feet from the ground; it is one foot and a half in length, and two inches in breadth, placed upright, and of the common Mecca stone. This the people walking round the Kaaba touch only with the right hand; they do not kiss it." (*Burkhardt, pp.* 157, 138)

The last mentioned stone, or the *Rukn Yamani*, so called from its south east position towards Yemen, is frequently mentioned in the annals of Mahomet, but was never regarded with the same reverence as the Black Stone.

The Black Stone was carried off by the sacrilegious Carmats, and retained by them at Hajar, in the east of Arabia, from A. H 317 to 339, and then restored. (*Weil's Caliphs, Vol II. p* 612: *Burkhardt, p.* 167.) It was struck with a club by an emissary of the Egyptian fanatic Hakim, A H 413; after which the chips and dust were carefully restored, and the fractures cemented. (*Burkhardt, ibid*)

On the worship of stones, in addition to the authorities quoted in a former article, see *Gibbon, chap. L., note c.*

* *Hishami, p.* 43; *Tabari p.* 76. He was of the Bani Makhzûm: and brother of Walîd, who was the father of the famous Khâlid.

† Wâckidi says "to place the stone;" Hishâmi and Tabari "to decide the dispute between them." The gate is called "that of the Bani Sheyba" in Wâckidi.

proposal was confirmed by acclamation, and they awaited the issue. Mahomet, who happened to be absent on the occasion, was almost immediately observed approaching, and he was the first to enter the gate. They exclaimed, "Here comes the Faithful arbiter *(al Amin;)* we are content to abide by whatever he may decide!" Calm and possessed, Mahomet received the commission, and with his usual sagacity at once resolved upon an expedient which should give offence to none. Taking off his mantle, and spreading it upon the ground, he placed the stone thereon, and said, "now let one from each of your four divi-' sions come forward, and raise a corner of the mantle." And they did so, simultaneously lifting the stone, which Mahomet, then, with his own hand, guided to its proper place.* The judgment raised the character of Mahomet for wisdom and discretion; while the singular and apparently providential call sank deep into his own heart. Religious awe not unfrequently with him degenerated into superstition; and there was here a mysterious singling out of himself to be a judge among his fellows in a sacred act, which might well have wrought upon a less imaginative and enthusiastic spirit than that of Mahomet.

When the stone had been thus deposited in its proper place, the Coreish built on without interruption; and when the wall had risen to a considerable height, they roofed it in, with fifteen rafters resting upon six pillars. The Kaaba thus rebuilt was surrounded by a small enclosure, probably of not more than fifty yards in diameter. To the west stood the Hall of Coun-

(*p.* 27.) Probably, because it was built by Abd al Muttalib. Burkhardt (*p.* 152.) quotes Azraki and Colobi to the effect that the Bâb al Salam is the modern name of the Bâb bani Sheyba. There are, however, two places called by that name, one a grand entrance in the piazza; the other an isolated archway, about seventy feet on the north east side of the Kaaba, and a little beyond the Ma âm Ibrahim. The latter is most likely the gate intended, as the piazza is entirely modern; and it is not improbable that the ancient limits of the sacred yard extended, with some sort of wall or enclosure, about seventy feet round the Kaaba, so that this would be one of the original gates or entrances.

* Wâckidi adds a foolish legend, that a man from Najd offered Mahomet a stone to fix the corner stone withal; but that Abbâs interfered, and himself presented Mahomet with a stone for that purpose. The man of Najd was incensed, and Mahomet explained to him that only a Coreishite could have any concern whatever in the building of the house. The Najdite then became furious, and abused the Coreishites for choosing so young and insignificant a fellow as Mahomet for the office, and then it turns out that this stranger from Najd was none other than *Iblis*, the devil himself!

We again find this legend of the devil, in the shape of an old man from Najd, appearing at the council of the Coreish, assembled many years afterward, to condemn Mahomet to death.

cil, with its door towards the Kaaba.* On the opposite side was the gate-way of the Bani Sheiba. At a respectful distance around were built the houses of the Coreish. The great idol Hobal was placed in the centre of the holy house; and outside were arranged various other images.† The door for entering the Kaaba was then, as it is now, several feet above the ground, which was attributed by Mahomet to the pride of the Coreish, and a desire to retain in their own hands the power of admission. The building, though now substantial and secure, occupied somewhat less space than its dilapidated and roofless predecessor. The excluded area, called the *Hejer* or Hatîm, lay to the north west, and is still without the sacred walls.‡

* *Sprenger, p.* 24, *n.* 4. Burkhardt also shows that it stood near the present station of the Hanefites, which lies on the west side. This, and the gate of the Bani Sheiba, were probably the limits of the holy yard, and hence we may assume the enclosure in the days of Mahomet to have been of the dimensions given in the text.

† We have no authentic information as to the number of these idols. The popular tradition, (*Burkhardt p.* 161.) that there were 360, or one for every day in the year, is unfounded. Lât and Ozza were no doubt pre-eminent. When Mahomet came as a conqueror to Mecca, all the idols were destroyed or as legend has it, each fell prostrate as he pointed at it. That the image or picture of Jesus and Mary had a place among the other idols, we believe to be apocryphal.

‡ The sill of the door is now six or seven feet above the level of the ground, (*Burkhardt, p.* 137; *Ali Bey, Vol.* II., *p* 75;) and a moveable wooden staircase is used for ascending. The pavement surrounding the Kaaba is eight inches lower than the rest of the square; (*Burkhardt. p* 142;) and Ali Bey affirms that the square itself is several feet lower than the surrounding streets, as you have to descend by steps into it. Hence he concludes that the floor of the Kaaba (*i. e.*, the sill of its door,) is the *original* level, the earth having been subsequently hollowed out. But this is not consistent with the fact that the door of the Kaaba was, even in Mahomet's time, when there could have been little need for excavation, about as high, probably, as it now is. The following tradition is related from Ayesha, in Wâckidi. "The prophet said, verily the people have drawn back the foundations of the Kaaba from their original limit; and if it were not that the inhabitants are fresh from idolatry, I would have restored to the building that which was excluded from the area thereof. But in case the people may again after my time have to renew the structure, come and I will show thee what was left out. So he showed a space in the *Hijr* of about seven yards." Then he proceeded:— "And I would have made in it two doors level with the ground, one towards the east, the other towards the west. Dost thou know why this people *raised* the door? It was out of haughtiness, that no one might enter thereat, but whom they chose; and any man they desired not to enter, they suffered him to come up to the door, and then thrust him back, so that he fell." It is added on other authority, that the Coreish used to open the Kaaba on Mondays and Thursdays, and take off their shoes out of reverence for the holy place, when they entered; and that those who were thrust back from the door were sometimes killed by the fall. (*Wâckidi, p.* 274.) When the Kaaba was reconstructed by Ibn Zobeir, A. H. 64, two doors are said to have been opened even with the ground. (*Burkhardt, pp.* 137, 165.) But if so, the ancient form and proportions must subsequently have been reverted to. Ali Bey thought that he perceived marks of a second door opposite, and similar to the present one.

The circumstances in which the decision of Mahomet originated, are strikingly illustrative of the entire absence of any paramount authority in Mecca, and of the number of persons among whom the power of Government was at this time divided. Each main branch of the Coreishite stock was independent of every other; and the offices of state and religion created by Cossai, were unheeded, sub-division among hostile families having neutralized their potency. It was a period in which the commanding abilities of a Cossai might have again dispensed with the prestige of place and birth, and asserted dominion by strength of will and inflexibility of purpose. But no such one appeared, and the divided aristocracy of Mecca advanced with a weak and distracted step.

A curious story is related of an attempt about this period to gain the rule at Mecca. The aspirant was Othmân, son of Huweirith, a first cousin of Khadija's father. He was dissatisfied, as the legend goes, with the idolatrous system of Mecca, and travelled to the Court of the Grecian Emperor, where he was honorably entertained, and admitted to Christian baptism. He returned to Mecca, and on the strength of an imperial grant, real or pretended, laid claim to the government of the city. But his claim was rejected, and he fled to Syria, where he found a refuge with the Ghassânide princes. Othmân revenged his expulsion by using his influence at the Court of Ghassân, for the imprisonment of the Coreishite merchants, who chanced to be on the spot. But emissaries

The present *Hijr* or *Macâm Ismail*, lies to the north west of the Kaaba, about the distance pointed out by Mahomet as the limit of the old building. It is now marked by a semi-circular parapet five feet high, facing the Kaaba: the intervening space being termed Al Hatim (*Burkhardt, p.* 139) When Ibn Zobeir rebuilt the Kaaba on an enlarged scale, this is believed to have been enclosed in it, but it was again excluded by Hajâj ibn Yusuf. (*Burkhardt, p.* 159.) The space is however, still regarded as equally holy with the Kaaba itself.

Both Othmân and Ibn Zobeir enlarged the square by purchasing and removing the adjoining houses of the Coreish, and they enclosed it by a wall Various similar changes and improvements were made by successive Caliphs, till in the third century of the Hegira, the quadrangle with its imposing Colonnade, assumed its present dimensions. (*Burkhardt, p.* 162, *et seq*)

The Kaaba, as it now stands, is an irregular cube, the sides of which vary from thirty to forty feet in length; the quadrangle corresponding loosely with the direction of its walls Some say that the name of *Kaaba* was given after its reconstruction by Ibn Zobeir; but it is so constantly referred to by that name in the most ancient traditions, that we cannot believe it to be a modern appellation. It is more probably *the* ancient idolatrous name, while Beit-ullah, or *the house of God*, is the most modern title, and harmonizes with Jewish, or Abrahamic expressions.

from Mecca countermined his authority with the prince by presents, and at last procured his death.*

Notwithstanding the absence of a strong government, Mecca continued to flourish under the generally harmonious combination of the several independent phylarchies. Commerce was prosecuted towards Syria and Irâc, with greater vigor than ever; and about the year 606, A. D., we read of a mercantile expedition under Abu Sofiân; which, for the first time, penetrated to the capital of Persia, and reached even the presence of the Chosroes.†

We proceed to notice some incidents in the domestic life of Mahomet:—

The sister of Khadîja was married to Rabî, a descendant of Abd Shams,‡ and had born him a son called Abul As. The son had by this time grown up, and was respected in Mecca for his uprightness and success in merchandise. Khadîja loved her nephew, and looked upon him as her own son; and she prevailed upon Mahomet to celebrate his marriage with their eldest daughter, Zeinab, who had but just reached the age of puberty. The union was one, as is proved by the subsequent history, of real affection, though in the troubled rise of Islam, it was chequered by a temporary severance, and by several romantic passages.§ Somewhat later, the two younger daughters, Ruckeya and Omm kolthûm, were given in marriage to Otba and Oteiba, both sons of Abu Lahab, the uncle of Mahomet.‖ Fâtima, the youngest, was yet a child.

Shortly after the rebuilding of the Kaaba, Mahomet comforted himself for the loss of his son Casim,¶ by adopting Ali, the little son of his guardian and friend, Abu Tâlib. The circumstance is thus described:

It chanced that a season of severe scarcity fell upon the Coreish; and Abu Tâlib, still poor, was put to great shifts for

* He died by poison. The story is not strongly attested, considering the lateness of the incidents related. (*See Sprenger, p.* 34; *M. C. de Perceval, p.* 335; *Hishâmi, p.* 56)

† *M. C. de Perceval, Vol. I, p.* 242.

‡ He was not however of the Omeyad line, but descended through Abd al Ozza. (*M. C. de Perceval, Vol. III., p.* 76.

§ *Hishâmi, p.* 234.

‖ *Hishâmi as above; Sprenger, p.* 83; *Weil, p.* 39.

¶ Possibly for that of his second son, Abd Menâf or Abdallah also; for we have seen above that the dates of his birth and death are uncertain, and may have happened earlier than we are disposed to place them.

the support of his numerous family. This was not unperceived by Mahomet, who, prompted by his usual kindness and consideration, repaired to his rich uncle Abbás, and said;—"Oh 'Abbâs! thy brother Abu Tâlib has a large family, and thou 'seest what straits all men are brought to. Let us go to him, 'and lighten him somewhat of the burden of his family. I 'will take one son. Do thou take another. And we shall 'support them." So Abbâs consenting, they proposed the thing to Abu Tâlib; and he replied,—"Leave me Ackîl and Tâlib;* and do ye with the others as it pleaseth you." Thus Mahomet took Ali, and Abbâs took Jâfar. And Ali, who was at this time probably not above five or six years of age, remained ever after with Mahomet, and they treated each other with the attachment of parent and child.†

The heart of Mahomet was inclined to ardent and lasting friendships. About the same period he received into his close intimacy another person unconnected by family ties, but of less unequal age. This was Zeid, the son of Hâritha; and as he is frequently alluded to in the after history, and must, by his constant society, have influenced to some extent the course of Mahomet, it is important to trace his previous life. The father of Zeid was of the Bani Odzra, a branch of the Bani Kalb, occupying the region to the south of Syria. His mother belonged to the Bani Mân, a division of the Great Tai family. While journeying on a visit to her home, whither she was carrying the youthful Zeid, her company was waylaid by a band of Arab marauders, and her son made captive, and sold into slavery. Zeid afterwards fell into the hands of Hakîm, the grandson of Khuweilid, who presented him to his aunt Khadîja, shortly after her marriage with Mahomet. He was then above twenty years of age; he is described as small of stature, in complexion dark, his nose short and depressed; but an active and useful attendant.‡ Mahomet soon conceived a strong affection for him; and Khadîja gratified her husband by presenting him with her slave as a gift.

A party of the Bani Kalb, on a pilgrimage to Mecca, recog-

* Some traditions say only Ackîl. The subsequent history of Tâlib is not clear or satisfactory. It is said that he was obliged against his will to fight on the side of the idolatrous Meccans at Badr, and that he was never heard of after.

† Ali was born about the beginning of the seventh century. M. C. de Perceval fixes the year as 602, A. D., which would make him fifty-nine or sixty when he died, in 661; but tradition says he died aged 63. That, however, is the pattern age, which having been Mahomet's, tradition is inclined to give, where possible, to its heroes. Supposing that to have been his real age, and making allowance for the lunar year, his birth would date in 600 or 601, A. D.

‡ *Wâckidi, p.* 186½; *Sprenger, p.* 160.

nized the youth, and communicated the tidings of his welfare to his disconsolate father,* who immediately set out to fetch him home. Arrived at Mecca, Hâritha offered a large sum for the ransom of his son; but Mahomet summoning Zeid, left it in his option to go or to stay. He chose to stay:—"I will not leave thee," he said, "thou art in the place to me of both father and mother." Charmed by his faithfulness, Mahomet took him straightway to the Black Stone of the Kaaba, and said;—"Bear testimony all ye that are present! Zeid is my son: I shall be his heir, and he shall be mine." His father, contented with the declaration, returned rejoicing home; and the freed-man was thenceforward called "Zeid ibn Mohammad," or *Zeid, the son of Mahomet.* At Mahomet's desire, he married his old attendant, Omm Ayman. Though nearly double his age, she bore him a son called Usâma, the leader in the expedition to Syria, at the time of Mahomet's death.†

Christianity prevailed in the tribes from which, both on the father's and the mother's side, Zeid sprang;‡ and though ravished from his home at probably too early an age for any extensive or thorough knowledge of its doctrines, yet he would, no doubt, carry with him some impression of the teaching, and some fragments of the facts and legends, of Christianity. These would form subjects of conversation between the youth and his adoptive father and friend, whose mind was now feeling in all directions after religious truth. Among the

* See the affecting verses his father is said to have recited when wandering in search of him. (*Wâckidi, p.* 186; *Weil, p.* 325).

† There is difficulty and discrepancy about the age of Zeid. Some say he was a mere child when received by Mahomet; but this is incompatible with his having shortly after married Omm Ayman. Sprenger, we think on insufficient grounds, attributes this to a fear on the part of the traditionists, that Mahomet might have been suspected of gaining Christian knowledge from Zeid, and therefore represented him as too young for that purpose (*p.* 161.) Others say he was ten years younger than Mahomet. (*Wackidi, p.* 186¾.) Another tradition represents him as fifty-five, when killed at the battle of Mûta, A. H. 8, or 629 A. D. This would make him six years younger than Mahomet, or somewhat above twenty, when he came into his possession. The difference of age between him and Mahomet's nurse was great, as tradition says that the prophet promised him *paradise* for marrying her! (*Wâckidi, p.* 187.)

The likelihood is that he was of a tender age when carried off by the Arabs, for his mother would not probably have taken one above the years of a child with her on a visit to her family: - a period intervened in which the slave changed owners, and in which his father, after long wandering after him, gave up the search: so that he may well have fallen into Khadîja's hands about twenty years old.

Some accounts say that Hakîm brought him with a company of slaves from Syria, and that having offered the choice amongst them to his aunt, she selected Zeid. Others, that he bought him at the fair of Ocâtz, expressly for his aunt. But the discrepancy is immaterial.

‡ In a former article (*Ante-Mahometan History of Arabia,*) we have shown that both among the Bani Kelb and Bani Tai, Christianity had made progress.

relatives, too, of Khadîja, there were persons who possessed a knowledge of Christianity, and perhaps something of its practice. We have already instanced her cousin Othmân, who, after an unsuccessful attempt to gain the rule at Mecca, retired a Christian to the Court at Constantinople. Waraca, another cousin, is said also to have been a convert to Christianity, to have been well acquainted with the religious tenets and sacred Scriptures, both of Jews and Christians, and even to have copied or translated some portions of the Gospels in Hebrew or Arabic,* We shall see hereafter that this person had an acknowledged share in satisfying the mind of Mahomet that his mission was divine.

It was a fond fancy of the traditionists (the origin of which we have traced elsewhere,†) that shortly before the appearance of Mahomet, some enquirers were not only seeking after the true faith,—or as they style it, *the religion of Abraham*,—but, warned by the prophecies of the Jews and Christians, were on the tiptoe of expectation for a coming prophet. Of such enquirers among the Coreish, it is the fashion of Mahometan biographers to specify *four*. Two of these, *Othmân* and *Waraca*, we have already mentioned. The third was *Obeidallah* (by his mother, a grand son of Abd al Muttalib,) who em-

* Hishâmi says of him: فاستحكم في النصرانيه و اتبع الكتب من اهلها حتى علم علما من اهل الكتاب (*p.* 56) So Tabari, who, however, adds the Mahometan conceit, that he was on the look out for a prophet about to rise among the race of Ishmael:—وقد كان تنصر و اتبع الكتب حتى ادرك فكان في ما طلب من ذلك انه كاين لهذه الامة نبي من بني اسماعيل (*p.* 11.) "He had embraced Christianity, and studied their books until he had reached (a knowledge of the faith;) and he was one of those who deduced from thence that there was a prophet about to arise for this nation from the children of Ishmael." So also as to his knowledge of the Old Testament. (*ibid, p.* 91.) وقرا الكتب و سمع من اهل التوريت والانجيل There is no good authority for believing him to have previously adopted the Jewish religion. Other traditions make him to have copied from the Gospels in Hebrew, or (according to various readings) in Arabic:—فيكتب من الانجيل بالعبراني ما شاء ان يكتب Sprenger satisfactorily shows that the expression here used signifies simply *transcription*, not translation, (*p.* 40, *note i*)

The traditional tendency would be to magnify Waraca's knowledge of the Scriptures, in order to give more weight to his testimony in favor of Mahomet, and to bear out the fiction that he was *expecting* a prophet. Waraca seems to have died before Mahomet *publicly* assumed the prophetic office, and hence we should not trust too much to the accounts of him. (*Cnf. Canon. B.*; *See* M. C. *de Perceval, Vol. I., p.* 322.)

† *See Canons II. g. and h. pp.* 52, 53, of article on the *Original Sources of Mahomet's Biography.*

braced Islam, but afterwards, in Abyssinia, went over to Christianity.* The fourth was *Zeid*, the grand-son of Nofail, and cousin of Omar.† Of him tradition says that he condemned the idolatrous sacrifices of the Kaaba, reprobated the burying alive of infant daughters, and "followed the religion of Abraham." But not content with such assertions, the traditionists add, that Zeid possessed distinct knowledge of the coming prophet, and left his salutation to be delivered when he should arise; nay, he described his very appearance, stated that he would be of the family of Abd al Muttalib, and even foretold that he would emigrate to Medina! He died while the Kaaba was rebuilding, and was buried at the foot of Mount Hira.‡

Though we reject, as puerile and unfounded legends, these

* He emigrated to Abyssinia with those who fled from the persecution at Mecca. After embracing Christianity, he met a party of the Mussalmans, and said to them, "now we see, but ye are feeling after sight, and see not." (*Hishami, p.* 56.) He died in Abyssinia, and Mahomet sent for his widow, Omm Habîba, daughter of Abu Sofiân and married her at Medina.

† Owing to a debasing Arab custom, which allowed the son to marry, (if it did not give him the right to *inherit*,) his father's widows, Zeid was at the same time the cousin and the uncle of Omar. Nofail's widow, Jaida, who had already born to him Khattâb (Omar's father,) was married by his son Amr, and bore to him Zeid, who was thus the uterine brother of Khattâb, and likewise his nephew.

‡ Wâckidi, Tabari and Hishâmi have all copious accounts of Zeid. Hishâmi is the least marvellous, though even he says that after travelling through Mesopotamia and Syria, enquiring of the Rabbis and clergy for "the Faith of Abraham," he came to a monk in Balcâ, who told him the usual story that a Prophet would shortly arise in Arabia, so he hastened back, but was killed on the way. He also states that Zeid was persecuted by his uncle Khattâb, who stationed him at Hira, and would not allow him to enter Mecca, lest any should follow his heresy. (*pp.* 56—59.) Wâckidi has several traditions attributing many purely Mahometan speeches and practices to him: (*pp.* 255, 255½) see some of these quoted by Sprenger. (*pp.* 41—43.) He has also the absurd story of his leaving his salutation for the coming Prophet, which, when delivered by Amr to Mahomet, was returned by the latter, who said he had seen Zeid in Paradise, joyfully drawing along his skirts;" (*i. e.*, walking with joyous step.) He used the Kaaba as his Kebla. His place of burial is given by the same authority.

Tabari's traditions so improve upon these narrations, that we cannot resist translating the following, to show their utter worthlessness. "Amir ibn Rabia said, I heard Zeid speak as follows:—*Verily, I look for a prophet from among the sons of Ismael, and from among the children of Abd alMuttalib; and I think that I shall not reach to his day, but, verily, I believe on him, and I attest his truth, and I bear witness that he is a true prophet. But if thou survivest to see him, then repeat to him a salutation from me. Now shall I describe to thee his appearance, that he may not remain hid from thee?* I said, "Do so!" Then follows Zeid's description of Mahomet's person, rejection by the Meccans, emigration to Yathreb and final victory. "*Take heed,*" proceeded the prophetic sage "*that thou art not deceived in him, for I have visited every city in search of the Faith of Abraham, and every one of the Jews and Christians and Magians say that this religion is about to follow, and they seek for the same signs as I have given unto thee, and they say there will no more be any prophet after him.*" 'So," continued Amir, "when I was converted, I told the prophet the saying of Zeid, and I recited his salutation: and the prophet returned his salutation, and prayed for mercy upon him; and said, *I have seen him in Paradise, &c.*" (*p* 83.) We see how the tradition has grown in its fabricated elements between the times of Wâckidi and Tabari.

anticipations of the prophet, and though the patent tendency to invent them makes it difficult to sever the real from the fictitious in the matter of the four enquirers, yet we cannot hesitate to admit that, not only in their case, but probably in that of many others also, a spirit of enquiry into true religion, the rejection of idolatry, and a perception of the superiority of Judaism and Christianity, did exist. With such enquirers, Mahomet deeply sympathized, and held, no doubt, frequent converse on the dark and gross idolatry of Mecca, and the need of a more spiritual faith.

Mahomet was now approaching his fortieth year. He had gradually become more and more pensive: contemplation and reflection now engaged his whole mind. The debasement of his people, his own uncertainty as to the true religion, the dim and imperfect shadows of Judaism and Christianity exciting doubts, without satisfying them, pressed heavily upon his soul, and he frequently retired to seek relief from meditation in the solitary glens and rocks near Mecca. His favorite spot was a cave among the declivities at the foot of Mount Hira, a lofty conical hill to the north of Mecca.* He would retire thither for days at a time, and his faithful wife is said sometimes to have accompanied him.† The continued solitude, instead of

* Since called Jebel Nûr, or Mountain of Light, because Mahomet is said to have received his first revelation there. Ali Bey gives a drawing of it. (*Vol. II., p.* 64.; *Burkhardt, p.* 175.) A cleft among the rocks about six feet square, is still shown in the vicinity as the cave in which Mahomet meditated. Others make it four yards long and one to three broad. (*Sprenger, p.* 94, *n. iv.*)

† The traditionists say that Mahomet used to spend the month of Ramadhân yearly in the cave at Hira. Thus Hishâmi:—"Mahomet used to visit Hira for a month every year Now that was a religious practice which the Coreish used to perform in the days of their heathenism. And so it was that Mahomet was wont to spend this month at Hirâ, and he used to feed all the poor that resorted to him: and when the period of his visitation at Hira was fulfilled, he would return and encompass the Kaaba seven times: and that was in the month of Ramzân." (*pp.* 60, 61; (*so Tabari, pp.* 86—90.) Others add that Abd al Muttalib commenced the practice:—"That it was the worship of God, which that patriarch used to begin with the new moon of Ramadhân, and continue during the whole of that month" (*Sprenger, p.* 94, *n. v.*) Tabari goes still further:—"It was the habit of those Coreishites who aspired to being thought very pious, to spend the month of Rajab at Mount Hira, in seclusion and silence. This habit was more particularly observed by the Hâshimites. Every family had its separate place on the Mount for this purpose, and some had buildings in which they resided during their seclusion." (As quoted by Dr. Sprenger from the Persian version of Tabari; but we do not find the passage in the original Arabic copy.)

We doubt the whole of these traditions, and do not believe that the inhabitants of Mecca had any such practice as is attributed to them. It is the tendency of the traditionists to foreshadow the customs and precepts of Islam, as if some of them had existed prior to Mahomet as a part of "the religion of Abraham" (*vide Canon* II. *h*) It is very evident that the idea of a fast was *first* borrowed from the Jews, and that *after* Mahomet had emigrated to Medina. It was originally kept like that of the Jews, on the 10th of Moharram, and afterwards when Maho-

stilling his anxiety, magnified into sterner and more impressive shapes the solemn realities which perplexed and agitated his soul. Close by was the grave of the aged Zeid, who having spent a life-time in the same enquiries, had now passed into the state of certainty: and might he himself not reach the same assurance without crossing the gate of death?

All around was bleak and rugged. To the east and south, the vision from the cave of Hira is bounded by lofty mountain ranges, but to the north and west, there is an extensive prospect thus described by the traveller:—"The country before us had a 'dreary aspect, not a single green spot being visible; barren, 'black, and grey hills, and white sandy valleys, were the only 'objects in sight."* There was harmony between these wild scenes of external nature, and the troubled chaotic elements at that time forming his view of the spiritual world. By degrees his impulsive and susceptible mind was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; and he would give vent to his agitation in wild and rhapsodical language, the counterpart of his mind struggling after the truth. The following fragments, which found their way into the Coran, may perhaps belong to this period:

SURA CHI.

By the declining day, I swear!
Verily, man is in the way of ruin;
Excepting such as possess faith,
And do those things which be right,
And stir up one another to truth and steadfastness.

And again:—

I swear by the rushing (horses) that pant!
By those that strike fire (with their hoofs) flashing!
By those that scour (the enemy's land,)
And darken it with dust,
And penetrate thereby the host!

met receded from them, he established a fast of his own in the month of Ramadhân. (*See Tabari, p.* 243: *Cnf. also p.* 37 *of the Wushat Mohammed aus dem Judenthume auf genonomen" of Abraham Geiger.*)

The truth seems to be that Mahomet retired frequently (not periodically,) to Mount Hirâ, for several days at a time, and stayed so long as his provisions lasted. Then he returned home, and either remained there for a while, or furnishing himself with a fresh supply, retired again to the cave. (*Tabari, p.* 86.)

His wife, anxious and surprised at this strange demeanour, may have sometimes accompanied him to watch his movements, and see that no ill befel him.

* *Burkhardt's Travels, p.* 176; *Cnf Sura XXXV., v.* 28. "Dost thou not see that * * * in the mountains, there are strata white and red, of various hues, and others are of a deep black; and of men and beasts and cattle there are whose colours are various in like manner, &c."

Verily, man is to his Lord ungrateful;
And he is himself a witness thereof;
And, verily, he is keen in the love of (this world's) good.
Ah! wotteth he not, when that which is in the graves shall be scattered abroad,
And that which is in (men's) hearts shall be brought forth;
Verily, their Lord shall in that day be informed as to them.

And perhaps:—

SURA XCIX.

When the earth shall tremble with her quaking;
And the earth shall cast forth her burthens;
And man shall say, *What aileth her?*
In that day shall she unfold her tidings,
Because the Lord shall have inspired her.
In that day shall mankind advance in ranks, that they may behold their works.
And whoever shall have wrought good of the weight of a grain, shall behold it.
And whoever shall have wrought evil of the weight of a grain, shall behold it.

Nor was he wanting in prayer for guidance, to the great Being who, he felt, alone could give it. The following petitions, though probably adapted subsequently for public worship, contain perhaps the germ of his daily prayer at this early period.

SURA I.

Praise be to God, the Lord of Creation;
The All-merciful, the All-compassionate!
Ruler of the day of reckoning!
Thee we worship, and Thee we invoke for help.
Lead us in the straight path;—
The path of those upon whom thou hast been gracious,
Not of those that are the objects of wrath, or that are in error.†

How such aspirations developed themselves into the belief that the subject of them was inspired from heaven, is a dark and painful theme, to which in some future paper we may possibly recur.

* Of the four Suras above quoted, which we believe to be the earliest extant composition of Mahomet, the *ciii* and *c*, are generally placed by the Mahometan traditionists early, *i. e.*, about the 10th or 12th in order. But the *xcix* is reckoned about 90th, and is generally represented as a Sura revealed at Medina, though some are critical enough to dispute this. The reader will hence perceive how entirely dependent we are on *internal* evidence as fixing the chronological order of the Coran.

The 1st Sura is said to have been more than once revealed, which, if it has any definite meaning, may signify, that although one of the earliest pieces, it was afterwards recast to suit the requirements of public worship.

ART. IV.—1. *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. By Professor Creasy, 2 vols.*

2. *Remarks on the Native Troops of the Indian Army. By Major John Jacob, C. B.*

WE live in an age of re-action. Young Lords, who not long ago, put forth such lines as,

> "Let laws and learning, wealth and commerce die,
> But give us still our old nobility!"

Are now lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes, and playing Cricket with the pupils of Ragged Schools.

In Church matters we know, many of us too painfully, how a slothful carelessness as to outward forms and ceremonies has brought us to a perfect foppery of crosses, candlesticks, painted fonts, &c. In the Army the same ultimately-purifying tempest is also raging, and our libraries are inundated with Manuals, duly bound in red, on almost every technical subject connected with the profession of arms. As was to be expected, many of these hot-pressed publications are likely to be as temporary in consideration as the feeling which has given rise to them. Many of them are simply childish; merely technical Manuals, to be learnt by heart as a cram; utterly unsuggestive, and carrying the art of war no farther than the drill-ground.

Here, in accordance with the wise law of the mutual balance of opposite forces, while we have Members of Parliament enunciating Peace-Congress absurdities, we have a grave Professor in a Classical University, taking for his thesis, "The Fifteen *Battles* of the World." The subject is a grand one; it would have been too much, perhaps, to expect that the treatment of it should be equally grand.

It is a good book, though we do not think the Professor has made the most of his subject. Without wishing for the lengthened and inflated, though often beautiful, imagery of Alison, we should have liked a greater warmth in description, and a greater depth of inference and reflection after each battle described; both as a battle, and as an event in the history of the world. But we do not purpose entering into a criticism on mere language and style. As regards the selection of the battles to be pronounced the decisive ones of the world, we think, if we must start by limiting the number to fifteen, the Professor has selected *the* fifteen: the arbitrariness of the number he adverts to very sensibly in his Preface. It is hardly

tenable, perhaps, but not worth arguing about. We confess, however, while agreeing in the selection, we think the battles are not all selected quite consistently, with the Professor's own principle of choosing for his list, that battle which commenced to turn the tide of affairs at the time, or we should have Vimiera instead of Waterloo, which would be manifestly absurd. But let us come to the battles.

1. First on the list comes Marathon, 490 B. C. The Greeks, 11,000 strong, under Miltiades, Callimachus, Aristides, and Themistocles, completely beat the infinitely superior invading force of the Persians, under Dates and Artaphernes ; killing 6,400 of them, with a loss to themselves of only 192. The great disproportion in loss may be partly accounted for by the superior armour, both offensive and defensive, of the Greeks. It seems that the Greek soldiers were in such good wind and training, that they were able to advance to the attack at a run, and so quick, that they broke into the Persian line before the Cavalry could get at them. There was no Greek Cavalry in the field. After the battle, Miltiades proved himself a true and able General, by at once marching back to cover Athens, which he succeeded in doing by a forced night-march ; completely baffling the Persians, who had sailed round on the chance of the Greek army going to sleep after its victory, and leaving Athens unguarded at their mercy. An interesting historical incident of this battle, is the voluntary march, and turn-out to aid the Athenians, of the whole armed muster of the Plataeans, only 1,000 strong, in gratitude for help given them formerly in a quarrel with the Thebans. Perhaps, about the only instance of real national gratitude on record !

2. Next comes the siege of Syracuse, 413 B. C. The Athenians, first under Nicias, and afterwards under Demosthenes (not of course the Orator) were completely beaten off by the Syracusans, aided by the Spartans, under the direction of the traitor Alcibiades. There was a good deal of fighting by sea as well as on land. The high ground of Epipolæ, which commanded Syracuse, was the key stone of the business, and this Nicias had quite overlooked. Demosthenes turned his attention to this point at once, but it was too late then, and there was nothing left but to retreat.

3. The battle of Arbela, 331 B. C. Alexander the Great, at the head of 40,000 men, of whom about 5,000 men were Cavalry, attacked Darius not far from the ancient Nineveh, and totally defeated him, though nearly three times his superior in numbers. Alexander seems to have first reconnoitred closely and well : (would that Lord Gough had done

so at Chillianwallah, or General Whish at the first siege of Mooltan :) and decided, most properly, against a night attack. He advanced his columns obliquely, not perpendicular, to the enemy's line. The battle was decided chiefly by the Cavalry under Aretes, Ariston, and Menidas. Alexander himself, seizing the opportunity of a gap in the enemy's line, dashed at it with the Cavalry near him, and had all the Persian's flank at his mercy. This is what that veteran and thorough-bred Light-Cavalry-man De Brack calls the *à-propos*. This is the grand secret of wielding Cavalry. No wild useless galloping about, but a quiet and far-seeing sharp look-out for the proper opportunity, and then—and not till then—spurs home, and no stopping. The Macedonian Infantry, the famous Phalanx, was found sixteen deep, with two feet between each rank ; their spear was twenty-four feet long. A most cumbersome formation and equipment, one would think, but gallant things were done with it. The Cavalry were armed with lance and sword.

4. Battle of Metaurus, 207 B. C. The two Roman armies under Claudius Nero and Marcus Livius, defeated the Carthaginians under Hasdrubal. Nero was opposed to and watching the division of the Carthaginian army under Hannibal, but having seized some important despatches from his camp, he, Nero, determined to make a junction if possible with Marcus Livius, and overwhelm Hasdrubal first. He made forced marches, letting his men rest by turns, without halting, in waggons that the country people gave him as he went along ; and having arranged with Livius, reached his camp at dark, and the additional force was quietly admitted without any more tents being pitched, or sign made. The battle was fought next day, and completely succeeded. Hasdrubal was himself killed in the action, and Nero, on regaining his old post before Hannibal, flung the brother's head into Hannibal's camp, the first tidings he received of the blow inflicted on the Carthaginian arms. The battle was a hard-fought one, but chiefly decided by Nero, who having been unable to make much way against the enemy, posted on some high ground in front of his right, coolly counter-marched the whole of the right wing which he commanded, round by the rear of the centre and left, and then bringing up his left shoulders, on the extreme left of the line, fell on the enemy's flank, and overturned him from right to left. The whole business was a fine piece of strategy on the part of the Roman General, and well deserved the success it gained.

5. The famous battle between Arminius the German, and

the Roman General and Governor Varus, A. D. 9. Arminius, one of those men raised up for their country at a crisis, got the whole country round the head-quarters of Varus, in Westphalia, to rise in arms, and managed to get Varus to put himself at the head of the Roman army of occupation, to quell the insurrection, which was represented as trifling, but requiring a demonstration of force against it. The German set the country people to bully the Romans well on the march, and kept his army close pressing on, but without risking an engagement, until he had got them into a difficult and dangerous bit of country for an army to pass. Here the road was broken up, and well barricaded in front, and now Arminius, exactly timing his attack, dashed in upon the Roman legions, and almost annihilated them. An interesting episode in the history of this German hero; he was opposed to his brother Flavius, who served with the Roman army; the two brothers had a long conversation with each other from opposite banks of the river Weser, and it ended in a mutually earnest and fruitless effort to win the other over to his own side. It was somewhat a novel lesson to the Roman arms this, and a very severe one, and caused great indignation when reported at Rome. It was a shadow cast before of coming events.

6. A long interval now, and a sad one for Rome, the Mistress of the World, brings us under Mr. Creasy's guidance to the battle of Chalons, A. D. 451. Attila, at the head of his Huns, beaten by the allied forces of the Visigoths and Romans, under Ætius and Theodoric. The Cavalry did the business principally, but Attila saved himself by a steady, well-ordered retreat on his camp, which he had roughly fortified, and he was not molested next day This victory saved Rome for a while.

7. A. D. 732, just a hundred years after the death of Mahomed, brings us to the battle of Tours; the Saracens, in the summer of their power—the Arabs under Abdurahman, having over-run Spain, crossed the Pyrenees and commenced to ravage the south of France; they were met and completely defeated by the French under Charles Martel, after a long and fierce fight. The Arab force was principally Cavalry, but very badly disciplined, and not being able to be kept together, particularly from plundering in the town of Tours, they got most thoroughly thrashed, and their course further northward was stopped.

8. On English ground at last. The battle of Hastings, 1066 A. D. The Normans chiefly indebted to their capital Cavalry for the victory. The Saxons had nothing to be

ashamed of; they seem to have fought right well. Harold was badly wounded at last, and unable to command, or surely he would not have let his Saxons leave their vantage ground, seduced by the stale and most ticklish manœuvre of a sham retreat, which perfectly succeeded in this instance. If the Saxons had been able to slip some Cavalry at the Normans, as soon as they turned their backs to execute the feint, and the Infantry had staid on their position, there might have been a different tale to tell.

9. We pass over to France. The English have at last got check-mated;—the battle of Orleans, 1429 A. D. Joan of Arc, a true heroine, who has not had historical justice by any means done to her, having raised the spirits of the French army to fighting order again, managed to get through the besiegers into Orleans, beat the English under Talbot, Salisbury and Suffolk, in a pitched battle, and compelled them to raise the siege. There must have been gross negligence in the English lines to allow Joan to pass into Orleans with a re-inforcement, for which the subsequent trouncing served them right. Joan did not pretend to any tactics; leaving all the actual Generalship, with a woman's tact and sense, to Dunois. She said, "I used to tell them to go on boldly, and then I went before them boldly myself." Not a bad *foundation* for tactics, this.

10. Launch we now upon the sea. A. D. 1588, a glorious band of the old English species of heroes, Lord Howard of Effingham, Hawkes, Frobisher, Drake, Fenton, Southwell, and others, all good men and true, set sail from Plymouth to meet the gigantic Armada of Spain. They steered straight for the Spanish line, as it bore in sight in form of a long crescent, sailed through it, and then turned about, followed them up, and despite their superior size, took or destroyed all that did not run away.

11. Next on the "decisive" list comes the battle of Blenheim, A. D. 1704. The allies, under Marlborough and Eugene, completely beat the French under Tallard and Marsin. Cavalry decided the day. The famous Irish Brigade in the French service were carrying all before them, when Marlborough caught them in flank with his Cavalry, broke them, got his Cavalry together again, and finished by a general charge. (Here is the *à-propos* again). It was a complete victory.

Twenty-four battalions and twelve squadrons were surrounded, and had to surrender, in the village of Blenheim. Tallard here was evidently no match for Marlborough; he was beaten off-hand before his reserves could move. The Ameers at Meance seem to have made something of a similar mistake in

occupying a walled Shikargah which had only one opening, Sir Charles Napier posted a company of grenadiers at this opening, with orders to hold it till death; they did so, gloriously, and some 6,000 men of the Ameers' force were thus paralysed by this one company.

12. Next comes Pultowa, A. D. 1709. What a difference to the Russia of 1854, that is now bullying Europe! The Russians having invariably been beaten by the Swedes, at last learned to beat in turn. Peter the Great seems to have managed his countrymen admirably. The Swedes under Charles XII. attacked the Russians in their entrenchments, which they forced; but Peter got a body of Cavalry and Infantry in good order outside his lines, and caught the Swedes in flank and rear, and completely over-turned them. Beyond his indomitable chivalry of character,—a grand feature certainly to commence with in a Commander,—Charles XII. seems to have had little of the General in him. He was always too far ahead of his resources.

13. The New World now. Battle of Saratoga, A. D. 1777. General Burgoyne, at the head of the British army, after being well beaten, surrendered to the American Generals Gates and Arnold, who seem to have done their part with their raw troops right well. A great deal of bad management on our side all through this unfortunate war, and the affair under notice was a disgraceful one. The other English General, Sir Henry Clinton, was marching straight on Saratoga; on the day of the fight, the advance detachment of Clinton's division was only forty miles distant, and on the day Burgoyne capitulated, he got news from Sir Henry Clinton's head quarters, only fifty miles off, and all in high order and spirits; but this was just too late; the British army had surrendered.

The two Generals, Clinton and Burgoyne, should have opened a communication with each other at all risks; their mutual ignorance of each other's movements was most disgraceful to them as Commanders, and on the part of Burgoyne, there was a great want of endurance and devotion added in surrendering, when there was the least possible hope of re-inforcement, and which he must have known was *somewhere* near at any rate. We are rather surprised at having come to Saratoga without any notice of Plassey in the Professor's "decisive" list. What Saratoga was *against* our dominion in America, Plassey was equally the crisis *for* our dominion in India.

14. The battle of Valmy, 1792 A. D. The French, after several defeats, beat, under the very able generalship of Dumouriez, who succeeded La Fayette, the Prussian allied forces

under the Duke of Brunswick. The Duke seems to have managed very badly. After he had taken Verdun, he was, with his fine army, actually between the two French corps, Dumouriez, and Kellerman's; whom he ought to have turned upon fiercely and singly, and either beat them one after the other, or, at any rate, destroyed one of them; but he let his opportunity pass; Dumouriez out-manœuvred him, effected a junction with Kellerman, and the whole aspect of the war was changed.

15. As we have come to the mystic limit of fifteen, we need hardly say that it is Waterloo which crowns our list. In a notice like this, any thing more than naming the battle would be almost an impertinence. Siborne's we would refer the reader to as the best account; next best Sir Walter Scott's, in his *Life of Napoleon;* and all soldiers who have the opportunity, should consider it a duty to pay a visit to that famous field, and go over the ground carefully. We duly made our pilgrimage thither, and having of course read well up the accounts of the battle, the ground seemed quite familiar to us, and it was no great effort of imagination to people it with the respective Commanders, divisions, brigades, and regiments, whose names are so imperishably connected with that awful glory. After seeing the ground, it struck us that the French Cavalry should have done more. They faced the fire gallantly enough, but seem to have made the fatal mistake of pulling up, instead of going on. We read of their horsemen coolly sacrificing themselves, *trying to back* their horses into the squares, and so on; but on such ground they should have done more than trot up to the squares and back again, although the said squares were British.

However melancholy for human nature the reflection, the fact is beyond question, that the chief events in the histories of nations have turned upon the issues of battles. Under Providence, soldiers have had the principal parts in the execution of the fates of nations and of people. Surely then the system of our armies is a subject for earnest and constant consideration. As we are in India, and would fain be practical in our generation, we will confine ourselves to the army serving in India; or, rather to the chief portion of it, the Company's army. As we said before, it is an age of re-action we are in. No doubt, things will come right in due time in the army, as in other parts of the body politic, but just at present the effects are injurious. The school-master just now is so intensely abroad, that instead of grafting mental accomplishment on the profession of arms in the bringing up of the young gene-

ration of soldiers,—the red coat, the sword, "the circumstance of glorious war," seem entirely put on the shelf. It is openly put forth as a principle of Government, that the highest reward for an Officer is to remove him from the exercise of his profession; that no military zeal, achievements, or long service, is to be weighed in the selection of Officers for the Staff, in default of their having "passed" in the Hindustani language; and the appointment of a Bazar Master, or a subordinate situation in the Commissariat, is conceived an infinitely fitter object of ambition to our young Officers than the command of a company. And, truly, when on looking at the Army List, we find that, exclusive of the Commanding Officer, the average number of Officers present with their regiments is about one Captain and four Subalterns to each, and consider that of these the Captain and one Subaltern will probably be married, leaving their comrades to form the mess; that of these some will be often sick or on leave; and that all the while, Courts-martial, Courts of Inquiry, and all the various routine duties have to be carried out on precisely the same scale as though the regiments were complete; to say nothing of "examinations" and parades over *"rough ground,"* (save the mark!) lately introduced into the Western Presidency; *considering* all this, as the Emperor of the French says, it is not surprising that youthful military ardour should subside into voting military duty a bore. It seems really coming to this; and when Officers are to be looked upon by the Government they serve as the "refuse," what are they to think of themselves? What are their men to think of them? What are their men likely to think of themselves? English blood is the life-blood of the Indian army; to keep that blood healthy and not stagnant, there must be the friction and comfort of association, not the sloth and despair engendered by isolation; and as a simple matter of common sense, putting military principles on one side, the duty of the army cannot be performed as it should be, unless, in the first place, this duty is looked on as a sphere of honour, not of degradation, a punishment for not having "passed in Hindustani"; and, secondly, without a proper proportion of Officers to be sharers and workers together in that duty.* We are here at issue with an authority, to differ with whom we are very reluctant, and

an item in the grand sum required to win battles. We believe no man living can practically have a higher sense of what duty is than Major Jacob; we suspect him only to be somewhat wanting in *διαθησις*.

for whom we have the very highest respect, Major John Jacob; but on this point, we must conquer our habitual respect, and boldly disagree. It did not need that distinguished and able Officer to tell us that quality is better than quantity, or that three or four first-rate men are worth an infinite number of ordinary and inferior ones. But even to this quantity standard there is a limit.

One good horse may pull as much as two bad ones, but he cannot pull a load which it takes six bad ones to move. Major Jacob, indeed, would bodily do away with a great part of the load; Courts-martial, Committees, and so forth, he would do away with; to a great extent his ideas are no doubt *right*; but they go the length of an entire change of system in the British service; and there is no more chance of the whole army being organized on the model of the regiments of Scinde Horse, than there is of getting a Commandant for every regiment of the stamp of John Jacob. But conceive the whole system of the British army changed; Articles of war, Rules and Regulations, all issuing from, and centering in, the Commander of each regiment; these Commanders are to be selected from the entire body of Officers, who are to be borne on the strength of the European portion of the army. What will the European portion say to it? Select for the native branch, and leave the "refuse" for the command of our European soldiery! Surely, this is not an unfair resolution of Major Jacob's problem. A most noble example has Major Jacob set before the army, both in himself, his Officers and his men; but when he says from his eyrie at Khangur, where he has been working away for some ten years past, absolute commander of his fine body of 1,600 horsemen, and monarch of all he surveyed; that because his system has been tried and not found wanting; therefore it is manifest, that the same system is the true one for our Indian army; we can only say that the *sequitur* strikes us the other way, that the splendid success of his system for a portion of the army under exceptional circumstances, is no sufficient reason why it would answer for the army at large, under the usual concomitant circumstances.

But let us start afresh. The fate of England's Empire in India may, in the course of events, hang, as it has before hung, on the issue of a battle; that is, under Providence, on the conduct of our armies.

Can our armies in India afford to make light of such a consideration? No—they cannot—they dare not. No man in his senses dares. Clearly for our armies to be efficient; we

should have none but able hands and hearts in our ranks; none but able heads and hearts to command. And is it not notorious that there are numbers in the upper ranks of our Native soldiery, particularly in the Bengal Presidency, totally *unable*, decrepid in body and mind? And on the present system of regimental duty, being the punishment of "unpassed" officers, how can you expect them to be able Commanders? For the first serious evil, an alteration of the present system of pay, pensions,* and discharges, is absolutely and urgently required: for the second we would simply suggest, not a Staff Corps, nor a Staff Appointment Corps, but a Commissariat Corps; and for the general Staff, to freely admit Queen's as well as Company's Officers. All the subordinate Commissariat situations, instead of being objects of ambition to our young Officers, would make suitable and expedient berths for deserving men of the non-Commissioned and Warrant Ranks. We do not think that the throwing open Staff situations to the Royal Service would act unfairly on the Company's. We consider that the majority of Officers of the Royal Service, *who stay out in India*, have no more interest to get them appointments than the majority of the Company's Officers; while the perpetual answer to present and worthy applicants for Staff employ, "too many Officers already absent from your regiment," would be no longer available. We have gone to the utmost of our limits in the present article, and must perforce stop. Earnest men however will not stop; and it is to earnest men we would fain fancy ourselves speaking. Only let us all be in earnest, think of what our duty is, and strive and pray to do it, and we need not fear. Let earnest men, who have the will and knowledge, act and speak; let earnest men, who have the power, hear and act! But gagging orders, dated Simla, certificates and childish parades over "*rough ground!*" from our Commanders; and old age and imbecility in the ranks; disgust and impatience among our young Officers; and disgust and despair among our old ones; this is not the way to win the decisive battles of the world.

* The new scheme of pensions to the Native army, issued by Government in 1837, was positively suicidal; and must be altered if the army is to consist of efficient soldiers, not worn-out veterans.

ART. V.—*Government Gazette.—Appointment of Mr. T. C. Loch to be Inspector of Jails in the Lower Provinces.*

THE great Macaulay (and may his shadow never be less!) commenced, as our readers will probably remember, one of his famous contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, in this wise. "Those who have attended to the practice of our literary 'tribunal, are well aware that, by certain legal fictions similar 'to those of Westminster Hall, we are frequently enabled to 'take cognizance of cases lying beyond the sphere of our ori-'ginal jurisdiction." We freely confess ourselves to be now somewhat behind the age; for we intend to follow Mr. Macaulay's example; and to make Mr. Loch, (with no disrespect to him, however,) for the most part a mere *Richard Roe*, who will be but seldom mentioned in any other stage of the proceedings. This gentleman's rather appropriately-sounding name therefore is placed at the head of our article, principally for the purpose of bringing the subject of 'Prison Discipline in Bengal' into Court.

This same Mr. Macaulay, from whom we have borrowed, was some eighteen years ago appointed a member of a Prison Discipline Committee, that sate in Calcutta, and printed a long and elaborate report, which is now lying before us. That report appears to have gone the way of most reports of the kind; being speedily engulphed in the vast vortex of print, which, in these latter times, agitates and distracts the world: It is to be found, however, worn, venerable, and worm-eaten, among the records of many Offices, and Cutcheries; but its repose is now-a-days seldom disturbed; and only one Member of the Committee which indited it, Mr. John Peter Grant to wit, remains in this country, to give the stamp of the present generation to the woe-begone volume that bears his name. To this report, we intend occasionally to refer throughout our article, for a reason, which few practical minds will wonder at —because, although the world has had the benefit of its wisdom, and ought through it to have been sucking the learned brains of its authors, for sixteen years and more, yet (lamentable fact!) many of its best suggestions need our humble services to-day: So much more glibly does the pen run over the paper, than men along the road to reform!

As we are no more believers in the perfectibility of the human race than the verbose Alison himself, we will not here trouble our readers with learned demonstration of how Jails and Jail-birds are inevitable appurtenances of society. Since first our famed Review spread her light wings (alas! not of

"sulphur and of blue," but) of ignominious mud-color, we have had the bad fortune to come across nonsense of all kinds and degrees. For the credit of mankind however, be it spoken, that we have never yet heard any one propose the experiment of abolishing Jails, either by Act of Parliament, Circular Order, or otherwise. We believe that the most Utopian colony, though led by Mr. Kingsley or Thomas Carlyle in person, whilst portioning the virgin soil among regenerated tinkers and tailors, would not venture to forget to reserve a site for a prison; and no society, however civilized, has ever yet reached that point of excellence, at which it did not loudly proclaim the necessity of up-rearing a dwelling-house for crime. On the contrary, it has been maintained that crime seems to increase with advancing civilization: but we must here remark that this apparent fact may be partly accounted for by the improved means for the detection of crime, which civilization affords. The greater care, too, with which statistical facts have been ascertained and recorded, as well as the *legislandi cacoethes* of later years, which are those generally appealed to in support of the proposition, must not be forgotten.

Seeing then the inevitability of their existence, we might have reasonably supposed that the subject of *Prisons* would have found a ready and eager attention in all ages, and in all countries. Yet such has not been the case; but from time immemorial, till within a century of our day, prisoners have been treated, even in England herself, much as if they were rats or cockroaches, not apparently with any view to reformation* or example, but merely to keep them out of the way of the untainted portion of the community, it mattered not how. The horrors, which, in consequence, became habitual in prisons, were of a kind which, in this tender-hearted age, it is difficult to conceive. Prisoners were constantly, and with impunity, destroyed piecemeal by neglect and ill-treatment, before they were brought to trial. If they were poor, their fate was indeed deplorable; and even if they were rich enough to purchase human forbearance, they often, nevertheless, became food for the pestilence, which was the almost invariable adjunct of a jail. The awful jail-fever, which at the celebrated Black Assizes at Oxford, and the no less celebrated Old Bailey Sessions, in 1750, struck down the whole Court with disease and death, sprang into existence, as its name suggests, and spread from its miserable birth-place to the army,

* Such in practice was universally the case. In profession, it was occasionally otherwise. *Howard* found the following inscription in one of the prisons of Rome:—

"Parum est coercere improbos Pœnâ
"Nisi probos efficias disciplinâ."

the navy, and the country at large. Official doctors fled before it, and left its stricken victims to struggle single-handed for life, amid filth, damp and tainted atmosphere. Those were the days when the term "jailor" was accompanied with inevitable associations of the most sickening cruelty, and the most inhuman neglect; when, although instruments of torture had ceased to be, in England, the legal furniture of a prison, the thing itself was daily and everywhere practised; when imagination might find ample and awful food in the narratives of the sufferings of innocent and even unconvicted men; when debtors were avowedly starved, morality avowedly set at defiance, every thing avowedly neglected; when dungeons, dreadful to behold, were sunk down far below the level of the ground, from which, if their tenants ever emerged, they generally emerged idiots or deformed.* On the Continent of Europe, those were the evil days when iron masks, and secret executions, and wallings up, and poisonings, and stranglings, and blindings of prisoners, were in vogue. Most of these abominations have now been swept away, by the advancing tide of civilization, we hope for ever; but Mr. Gladstone's comparatively recent revelations must remind us that the system is not even yet wholly dead.

In prisons, where such enormities were proscribed, yet abuses the most flagrant grew and increased, to the ruin and vexation of the wretched prisoners. Some prisons were private property, which the jailors would rent on condition of being allowed to extract the rent and their own profits from their luckless captives: The disgraceful consequence was, that many prisoners, declared not guilty by a Jury of their countrymen, or against whom the Grand Jury found no true bill, or prosecutors did not appear, after having been confined for months, were dragged back to jail, and locked up again, till sundry fees owing to the jailor had been duly paid—such fees being of all kinds, strange and numerous.† In many instances, these speculating jailors were allowed to *keep taps*, which, of course, produced, in such a soil, rich and luxuriant crops of drunkenness and debauchery. Howard speaks of prisons, as being at the time of his first visitation, the scenes of filth and contagion, of idleness and intemperance, of extortion and cruelty, of debauchery and immorality, of profaneness and blasphemy; where all sorts of prisoners, debtors and

* Even when the Statute the 14th Geo. iii. c. 59 was passed "for the preservation of the health of prisoners in gaols," after requiring that gaols should be kept clean and well ventilated, that infirmaries, and baths therein should be provided, &c., it merely enacted that prisoners should be prevented being kept under ground *when it could be done conveniently*.

† Not until 1774, by the 14th Geo. iii. c. 20, were acquitted prisoners relieved from these abominable extortions.

felons, men and women, the young and the old offender, were huddled together in hideous confusion.

The province of Bengal did not fall into English hands, until the horrible system detailed above, had nearly run its full course in England; but in Bengal, its existence can be clearly traced: our unread readers are, perhaps, not aware that the English themselves had employed the famous Black Hole as a prison, and as Mill justly remarks, "had their own practice to thank for suggesting it to the officers of the Subadar, as a fit place for confinement." In the year 1782, the common jail in Calcutta was described by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, as a "miserable and pestilential place." That Committee examined two witnesses on the subject. One said, "the jail is an old ruin 'of a house; there were very few windows to admit air, and 'those very small. He asked the jailor how many souls were 'then confined in the prison? Who answered, upwards of one 'hundred and seventy, blacks and whites included. That there 'was no jail allowance, that many persons had died for want 'of the necessaries of life! The nauseous smells arising 'from such a crowded place were beyond expression. Besides 'the prisoners, the number of women and attendants to carry 'in provisions, and dress victuals, was so great, that it was 'astonishing that any person could long survive such a situa-'tion. It was the most horrible place he ever saw, take it al-'together." The other witness said, "it is divided into small 'apartments, and those very bad; the stench dreadful, and 'more offensive than he ever experienced in this country, 'that there is no thorough draft of air, the windows are 'neither large nor numerous, the rooms low, that it would be 'impossible for any European to exist any length of time in 'the prison, that debtors and criminals were not separated, 'nor Hindus, Mahomedans and Europeans."*

At last in England came the reaction; and the zeal and perseverance which characterized the early reformers, made the triumph of justice over prejudice and selfishness more rapid than might have been expected. The famous John Howard led the van. His travels through his mother country, and through Europe, his labors unceasing, his book without parallel, made a great and a lasting impression on the British mind. The eloquent language of Burke was not unappreciated, when he spake concerning him: "He has visited all Europe, 'not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of 'temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains

* First Report Appendix No. XI. Mill's History of British India, book IV. chap. 3.

'of ancient grandeur, not to form a scale of the curiosities of 'modern art, not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts, but 'to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the in-'fection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and 'pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression 'and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the 'neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the 'distresses of all men in all countries." The weaker sex soon pressed forward for a share in the glory of humanity. In spite of cruel and bitter mockery, in spite of 'Turkey-carpet' sarcasms from fat-witted and close-fisted aldermen, in spite of more direct discouragement, the subject of prisons was brought prominently before the public. The public reflected, and was horrified. *Frymania*,* as it was called, daily gained ground. The interior of prisons underwent a total change. Now, order, cleanliness and health reigned within their walls: now, prisoners grew fat and lusty on prison fare: now, they were "employed in tailoring, white-washing, flagging, slating, painting, carpentering:"† now "notorious poachers, as well as bad men, in consequence of extreme contrition and good conduct, were, at the intercession of the clergymen of their parishes, released before the expiration of their terms of punishment:"‡ and now, as was remarked at the time, poor men might see clergymen and ladies busy with larcenous pupils, whilst lads who had respected the eighth commandment, were consigned, in some dark alley, to the frowns and blows of a ragged pedagogue.

Mrs. Fry, the female Howard, (as she was styled) and his successor as leader of the crusade, soon became a public character, and was apostrophized as such by the popular poet of the day:—

> Oh! *Mrs. Fry!* Why go to Newgate? Why
> Preach to poor rogues? and wherefore not begin
> With Carlton, or with other houses? Try
> Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin.
> To mend a people's an absurdity,
> A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
> Unless you make their betters better—Fy!
> I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.§

* In an interesting collection of tales called "Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain," a Magistrate, during a discussion respecting the election of a chaplain, is represented as saying, "Mrs Fry again! now mark me. The principles of that woman will eventually undermine the framework of Society" We do not think this unnatural: and the "*no Innovation*" cry was in those days far more powerful than now.

† Third Report of the Society for the improvement of Prison Discipline, p. 22.

‡ Ibid, p. 29.

§ *Don Juan*, Canto xi. 85. We are very far from questioning Mrs. Fry's religion, though in some points we do question her discretion.

When the tide had fairly set in, there was no stopping it. The opposition, that in the first instance withstood humanity, had quickened the pursuit of it into a species of religious excitement, which could not easily be checked, though the opposition itself was gone. Ladies and gentlemen, good and worthy as ever breathed, went racing on, at killing pace, striving apparently with might and main, who should pet prisoners most. The cruel wrongs done to common-sense in the struggle, and the desperate dislocation of cause and effect in the statistical arguments, which they published in defence of their views, need not be dwelt on here: But the results were equally distressing and ludicrous; incarceration became not only healthy but elegant, and it was scarcely exaggeration to say that "a jail 'had become precisely the place to which any pauper might 'wish to retire, to gratify his taste for magnificence, as well as 'comfort." The instruction offered in some cases, was so excellent, and so much appreciated by the lower classes, that it actually came to pass that parents accused their own children of crime, to procure it gratis; and the governors of a Juvenile penitentiary, called the "Philanthropic Charity,"* were even obliged to make it a rule never to receive a child upon the accusation of the parents alone. In those days, a novice, who had not been initiated by "family-men"† in jail mysteries, might indeed have trembled, whilst he heard the Judge, in solemn and severe accents, passing sentence upon him; but he must soon have learnt to laugh at his former fears, and if required again to face the judgment-seat, he most probably made up his mind that "that 'ere old gemman in red and rabbit skins"‡ was rather a pleasant old gemman than otherwise.

If our readers will look over the published Records of the Government of Bengal, they will perceive, that towards the end of the last century, this second stage, in the history of Prison Discipline, the progress of which in England we have traced, commenced here. As we shall speak of this more particularly below, we need only at present say, that then exaggerated philanthropy got her foot inside our jails, and we have never yet been able to get her fairly out again. Assailed in vain by official, and unofficial pens, she still stood her ground, backed by the powerful advocacy of the *Medical Board*. There she was, and there till lately she seemed likely

* This excellent institution is still in existence at Red Hill, near Reigate.

† This was the name given to a set of prisoners, who were constantly returning to jail, and might be said to spend the greater part of their lives there, up to the time when they were hanged.

‡ Thus did an irreverent prisoner once allude in open Court to the learned judge who was trying him.

to remain, mingled, however, with some of the elements of the earlier practice, which contrasted strangely with the humane system upon which they were grafted. The bills of fare, and the bills of mortality, were both about equally well filled. Stinking drains, and a profusion of food; light and easy work, and pestiferous wards; dirt and plenty; idleness and disease—these seemed to be considered the fitting attributes of a Bengal jail.

In England, however, where the re-action was more violent and more complete, the over-indulgent system has now received a check. Prisons there are no longer the pleasant places they once were. The present state of things is, indeed, as different from the old severe system, as light from darkness; but it has, nevertheless, been able to excite the reality or the feint of a second re-action. We refer such of our readers as are curious on this point, to an article in the *Westminster Review*, for April last. We must henceforth devote ourselves to Bengal.

A natural enquiry suggested by the two last paragraphs is, why has the improvement of Prison Discipline in Bengal been so lamentably slow? We answer this enquiry by suggesting that a want of system has been the cause; and we now proceed to demonstrate how. The Sudder Nizamut Adawlut had the first handling of the subject. In 1811, they promulgated a set of rules, and in 1828, Mr. A. Dick talks officially of "perusing 'the jail rules, and remarking the numerous tracts (?) of humane 'care and watchfulness, which characterized the instructions 'and orders of the Nizamut Adawlut."* Mr. Dick's perusal, however, only led him to a partially right conclusion. Of a species of humanity, he found, doubtless, plenty; but we question the existence of care or watchfulness. The Sudder, in truth, had no time to give either. If such a homely expression can be used with propriety respecting so august a body, we would say that they had other and more urgent fish to fry than prison-rules. We can fancy (with no presumption we hope) a learned Judge, deep in a '*Feisala*,' just glancing over them, and satisfying himself that they were *humane*, in conformity with the Shibboleth of the day, and then returning with easy conscience to the more pressing claims of replication and rejoinder. Humanity was then the fashion and the common cant; so the rules or "tracts" were humane after a kind; but they were little else.

Sudder Court, Zillah Judges and Magistrates thus lightly tossed the subject of Prison Discipline about, complimenting themselves and one another, until in 1836, a notable plan was adopted, and Government, awaking from its slumbers, deter-

* Circular Order of the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut, dated January 16, 1829.

mined to appoint a Prison Discipline Committee. England was just then Committee-mad. Sydney Smith declared that "the whole world was in commission, and that the human race, 'saved from the flood, was delivered over to Committees of bar-'risters of six years' standing." "The *onus probandi*," he continued, "now lies upon any man, who says, he is *not* a Commis-'sioner; the only doubt on seeing a new man among the 'Whigs is not whether he is a Commissioner or not, but whether 'it is tithes, poor laws, boundaries of boroughs, church leases, 'charities, or any of the thousand human concerns, which are 'now worked by Commissioners to the infinite comfort and 'satisfaction of mankind, who seem in these days to have found 'out the real secret of life, the one thing wanting to sublunary 'happiness, the great principle of Commission, and six years' 'barristration." So the Indian Prison Discipline Committee was ushered in, of course, with acclamation, especially as it had five of the rampant profession among its Members. Mr. H. Shakespear, a Member of the Council of India, was appointed its President; and the names of its Members were the following:—Sir E. Ryan, Mr. Macaulay, Sir J. P. Grant, Sir B. H. Malkin, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Macleod, Mr. (now Sir G.) Anderson, Mr. Millett, Mr. C. Barwell, Mr. (afterwards Sir W.) Macnaughten, Mr. Macfarlane, Mr. (now Sir C. E.) Trevelyan, and Mr. John Peter Grant, (its "intelligent Secretary,*") whose enviable career of power, patronage and profit, has lately been crowned with a seat in the Supreme Council. These are all high and distinguished names; and their owners did, what they could do, well. Their report was able, interesting, and judicious; but unfortunately they were invested with only the powers of advice, without any of the functions of action. When the Committee therefore had presented its Report, it had nothing more to do, but broke up, and straightway vanished into thin air. Its several Members betook themselves to other employments, some of them went home, some had died before its completion, others died soon after. His Honor in Council recorded a Minute in the true orthodox style. The Florentine Ambassador, who wrote to Oliver Cromwell, "Some say the 'Protector is dead; others say that he is not; for my part I 'believe neither one nor t'other," could not have surpassed it in delightful uncertainty. It required more information and much consideration, it remarked that a suggestion here was very judicious, but apprehended that a proposal there was rather unsound, it partially concurred with this, and partially

* This expression is not our own, although we cordially agree with its purport. We quote from the Minute of the President in Council on the Committee's Report.

disagreed with that, and so on—and thus, after a little stir about the messing system, which narrowly escaped defeat,* the whole subject seemed to be postponed *sine die*; and the Report took its place among the records—where we found it.

We hope that we shall not be understood to depreciate individual efforts in general, when we give it as our mournful opinion, that the individual efforts of Magistrates, did, and in fact could do, very little to improve the system of Prison Discipline. Local and temporary reforms were indeed sometimes achieved, and circulars, clothed in the enthusiastic language of the reformers themselves, were distributed, with the stamp of Governmental applause, among officials, to incite to similar exertions. Forthwith ambitious Magistrates, with or without sufficient knowledge of Grammar, seized their pens, and indited, with laudable industry, marvellous experiences, and strange proposals. Many of these must have overflowed the Secretary's waste basket, but the best among them were duly embalmed in lithograph or print, and are still to be found in Circular Orders and elsewhere. Thus Mr. Woodcock invented, and explained in a somewhat complicated manner, a system for ticketing and numbering prisoners and their clothes, and to his authorship is due a long letter on the subject of grinding corn. Thus Mr. Loch, as a Magistrate, spared neither pen nor paper on the very important subject of diet. Thus Mr. Leycester set paper-making a-going (to meet Mr. Loch's consumption, we suppose), primarily at Hoogly, and ultimately through Bengal: Thus Mr. Hodgson told the Government that, " by means of threats and promises, he had worked up the ' convicts to the greatest pitch of industry they were capable of ' yielding, and as the days were then getting shorter, he felt it ' would require much firmness and surveillance, to keep the men ' to their present quota of work; however, that the Government ' might rely on his not relaxing in his endeavours to make the ' manufactory as profitable as possible," (and we doubt not he was as good as his word): And thus, last, though not least, Mr. Samuels, late Superintendent of Alipore jail, as a finale to

* Its defeat, if so it had chanced, would have been principally owing to the medical faculty. The arguments against it were of this fashion;—" One prisoner dislikes or has vowed not to eat meat, another fish, some both " " It will sometimes happen that the meat has been prepared long before the party returns from work, when it must be eaten cold." " The habits of the natives indispose them to eat in messes or with strangers." " Dissensions are apt to occur from the partial distribution by the cooks of portions of the mess; all the fish, for instance, or the best parts, being given to a few, and little or none to another of the party." One alarmist doctor went so far " as to think it possible, that a heap of food if kept too long, might be seriously affected," and reported that on a certain day he was at the jail, when the prisoners were eating their food, and that it did look rather stale. See Circular Order, dated January 13th, 1843.

many other amiable actions, has quite recently immortalized his name by a contrivance for turning blankets into coats, to the intense comfort, we have no doubt, during the cold weather, of those very prisoners, who, a short time since, knocked him on the head, with every intention of bringing to a premature close, what, we sincerely hope, will be a long life of official usefulness.*

The mass of Magistrates, however, troubled not their souls about their jails, but peacefully put their trust in Providence and jail darogahs. The varied and onerous work, which a Bengal Magistrate has to perform in his Cutcherry, leaves, in truth, but a scanty margin of his time to be devoted to less immediate duties; for it is a popular delusion that Magistrates have nothing to do but to draw their salaries and bully their "omlah." They, accordingly, walked through their jails, very fast occasionally, saw that they were tolerably clean, heard from the darogahs, that by the good fortunes of their highnesses, every thing was as it should be, and then found that they must hurry off to try a sessions-case, in which some thirty or forty witnesses took very good care to keep them occupied for the rest of the day. If then they were active-minded enough to institute reforms at all for their jails, they were for the most part hastily conceived, and hastily put in practice; but the more common course, urged by fear of the indirect opposition which native officials always offer to anything new, was "providently to neglect them." Thus, it has happened, that in the matter of prisons, as in many other matters, Magistrates have been pelted with no inconsiderable amount of dirt, without having the power to pelt in return, and often without possessing the wit, to bob cleverly out of its way.†

At length, Government, perceiving the hopeless mess the judicial powers were making among themselves, determined to take the matter into its own hands; and (with all deference to the powers that be) failed likewise. The following Circular

* Our readers will probably remember the outbreak in Aliporo Jail, in 1832, to which we refer. That jail is rather famous for such occurrences. Mr. Richardson, a former Superintendent, was murdered by the prisoners, and the Prison Discipline Committee relates that some years before the convicts deliberately cut off the nose of one of the native officers against whom they had taken offence. The most ludicrous story we have heard of Jail outbreaks was of one which took place in a district jail, where the Magistrate, to escape from the infuriated prisoners, had to plunge head foremost into a hole in the wall, through which he was fortunately dragged forward, in time to prevent his pursuers dragging him back by the legs.

† If report does not wrong them, Magistrates have not always been quite undeserving of this ill-treatment. For instance, we have heard affiliated to one functionary the attempt to shave the heads and faces of all his prisoners, without respect of crimes or persons. The extraordinary conduct of another, who flogged a batch of prisoners, that had committed murder in a jail riot, and thereby robbed the gallows of its victims, unquestionably deserved reprehension.

Order, respecting the flagellation of prisoners, will show, however, that *latterly* it was not above its work, nor neglected even minute particulars :—

(Circular.)

FROM OFFICIATING UNDER-SECRETARY TO GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL.

TO THE MAGISTRATE OF ———— ,

Dated Fort William, 18th May, 1852.

SIR,—I am directed by the Most Noble the Governor of Bengal to inform you, that in accordance with the opinion of the Medical Board, his Lordship has been pleased to order,

That, as a general rule, stripes should be inflicted upon the *breech*, and not upon the *back*, proper measures being adopted to guard against the blows falling upon any other than the part intended to receive them.*

I have, &c.,

W. GORDON YOUNG,

Officiating Under-Secretary.

But, alas! a Government that has to govern such a province as Bengal, and among the uncounted items of whose work is, to dispose of eight hundred and twenty-eight petitions from aggrieved individuals per annum,† could not possibly give to the subject a tithe of the constant attention it required. Mr. Grant, it is true, whilst at the helm, otherwise, in the Secretariat Office, did not nap over it. He naturally enough seemed to regard with affection the hobby of his young and rising days ; and that was, perhaps, the reason, why he did not adopt the only expedient, which now seems to promise success. However that may be, it was reserved for Mr. Beadon's administration to carry out the great reform, which we believe was achieved, when the office of Inspector of Jails for the Lower Provinces was established. Yet the expedient ought not to have been difficult of invention, with the example of England to guide us, and further, that of the North West Provinces, so close at hand.‡

We hail the appointment of an Inspector. We believe that the active superintendence of any central authority can do much, by combining and harmonizing the isolated efforts of

* This was not the first time of issuing (see Circular Order, dated 21st December, 1796); which fact reflects all the more credit on Government.

† See *Friend of India*, 13th April, 1854

‡ We ought here to remark, that this article leaves the question of prison-discipline in the North-West Provinces to be discussed on a future occasion.

individuals, and that the superintendence of one responsible man can do much more. The Inspector will be able to devote to the immediate supervision of the department far more time and attention than Magistrates, Sudder Court or Government could spare, and will be able to act, as well as to talk and to write, which the Committee could not. The interference of Government too often resembled the practice of Louis XIV., who, lest his royal dignity should be compromised by failure, never repaired to a siege, till he well knew, on the report of the most skilful officers, that the place must fall. It was always calling for further information, or suggesting, and hinting, instead of ordering. The dignity of the Inspector need not be so jealously maintained. The interference of Sudder Court and Magistrates was remarkable in nothing so much as its irregularity. Mr. Loch will be without excuse, if his system does not go like clock-work. The Committee's interference was, as we have said, all talk. The Inspector would be very soon given to understand, that something more substantial than a commodity so easily procured now-a-days, was expected from him in return for Rs. 2,500 per mensem.

When the Office of Prison Inspector was established in England, the *Edinburgh Review* objected, because, *of course*, he would have a good salary, because, equally, *of course*, he would be taken from among treasury retainers, and, lastly, because he would never look at a prison. Mr. Loch has now been for a few months at work. He has already visited and inspected many of the district jails; he has called for jail statistics, and has issued some few instructions. But he seems wisely preparing to grapple with the subject, as a great whole, instead of substituting, by hasty and ill-considered orders, for the present unsatisfactory state of things, only a more complicated system of confusion. We must now ask Mr. Loch's pardon for trespassing on his peculiar province; for we intend to discuss in the following pages, as far as our narrow limits will permit, some of the more important topics which the question of prisons in this country involves. If we seem to our readers to have deferred our remarks too long, we must plead in defence the intention, for which we have given credit above to Mr. Loch.

There are, in the Lower Provinces of Bengal, fifty-six jails, containing upwards of 23,000 prisoners. When our readers realize this fact, we flatter ourselves, that they will consider a subject, which concerns the disposal of so vast a number of their fellow creatures, neither unimportant, nor uninteresting. Irrespective, however, of the consideration of mere numbers, we

ought to bear in mind, that in this country, the prison constitutes nearly the only point of permanent contact, which can at present exist between Government and a large proportion of its subjects. In England, Government provides the means for the religious worship of its subjects, and either educates, or helps to educate, a large proportion of them. When Government itself does not interfere, enlightened and charitable individuals are found ready to labor manfully in the same vineyard. In India, on the contrary, there is no established Church of any kind for the natives, and education, at its present early growth, is almost imperceptible among the masses, and, indeed, affects the lower classes hardly at all: *Some* enlightened and charitable individuals are to be found, it is true, as well on the banks of the Ganges, as on the banks of the Thames (and all glory be to them, wherever found!) : but what are they among so many? Looking at the subject in this light, we think it is impossible to avoid seeing what a weighty responsibility lies on the Indian Government in respect of prisons; and it may be plausibly urged, that, because it cannot at present influence the lowest class of its people elsewhere, either in the church, or in the school-room, it should make the most of this solitary opportunity, to improve, instruct, reform and elevate them.

Nor do we, though qualifying this deduction, deny that, according to the rules of logic, it is inevitable from the above premises; but a practical life in the world soon teaches, that logical results from one principle must be modified by conclusions no less logical from another. Thus, although we allow and assert that Government is bound to reform and instruct its prisoners, we make the proviso that this reformation and instruction must be only of a peculiar kind and to a certain extent, so as not to defeat other no less positive and bounden duties. An unanswerable objection, for instance, to a policy, which makes a prison nothing more than a strictly kept school, is, that it neglects the many to minister to the few, that it very often furnishes a premium for crime, and, that, while it seeks to reform individuals, it fails to afford society any examples of sufficient force, to deter from breaches of the laws. We firmly believe, however, that the two great principles of prison discipline, first, that it should deter society from crime, and, secondly, and subordinately, that it should reform prisoners, are not so antipathetic as at first sight they may appear. We believe that a system may be so happily devised, as to reform criminals, and even instruct them to a certain extent, without ceasing to deter society. We hope

Mr. Loch is now in hot pursuit of this happy combination; for we wish to join him in the chase. In the following remarks, our readers must not suppose, because we sometimes talk a little lightly, that we are not serious at heart: solemnity of phrase is not always a sign of seriousness of meaning.

We will first then glance briefly at the sanitary condition of Bengal jails; and here, we conceive, no doubt will exist as to the unanimity of the interests of society and of the prisoners themselves. All punishment should be certain, defined and proportionate. It cannot therefore, by any possibility, be for the good of society, that the severity of the punishment which a prisoner receives, should depend more upon the chance strength of his constitution in resisting provocatives to disease, than on the defined heinousness of his crime. There is in this, a confusion of degrees of guilt, which is not at all edifying. Yet we learn with regret, that the average mortality in the jails of Bengal, during the past year, was 8.01 per cent. and, as the *Friend of India** remarked, this average included "some jails in which the percentage of death was higher than the percentage on an Indian battle field, with Lord Gough as Commander-in-Chief." For instance, in the Bhagulpore jail, the percentage was 14.11; and this not only during last year, but for three previous years also.

To discover the causes of these distressing results, needs no very great amount of penetration. It would be a waste of time to point out particularly here, the defects in Indian jails, which tend to produce them. These defects have been, for years, the burden of reports and newspapers, have pointed paragraphs, and adorned articles innumerable. Who does not know that the solid imposing buildings, pent in with high walls, are generally too confined, and impervious to fresh air, to suit the sultry days, and pestilent nights of the Bengal climate? Who is ignorant that the drains are subject to chronic stoppages, and periodic outbreaks of the most alarming gases? Who has not heard officials deploring sites badly chosen in the midst of swamps and paddy, white-washings dangerously deferred, improvements and repairs long unsanctioned? Who, that has got inside a jail, and penetrated to the wards, has not stumbled over mysterious lumps of dirty clothing, and come away with some idea of the difficulty of keeping natives clean? Who has not heard of the hospital gangrene, and the frightful devastations of

* February 23, 1854.

cholera, small-pox, and malaria in the prisons? It is not our province here, nor have we the space, to enquire what particular sanitary reforms are requisite: but we may remark, that even doctors are now agreed on this point, that dirt and impure atmosphere* are the chief conductors, if not the promoters of disease; and we must insist upon the fact, that it is a disgrace to the Government, that, year after year, prisoners die like rotten sheep in its jails, and that, in this age of humanity, no efficient means have been adopted, nor even, we submit, sufficient stress laid on the absolute necessity of inventing means, to diminish this scandal and reproach.

On the subject of one species of jail, we wish, however, to remark not quite so generally, because we believe that it has been unfairly neglected. We refer to the jails of what are called sub-divisions, where Joint-Magistrates or Deputy-Magistrates, as the case may be, dispense the benefits of Company's Law, often in the fastnesses of the jungle, among wild beasts, and almost wilder men. In these jails are confined prisoners under trial, as well as those sentenced to imprisonment, without labor, for periods not exceeding one month. The aspect which such present, is very different from that of their larger prototypes. The massy and imposing structure of the latter, here generally gives place to a mean and miserable mud hovel. Through its dark inner regions currents of fresh air never pass, for its single door and window are both on one side. Within, in "badmash" times, is to be found a mingled mass of men and women, convicted and unconvicted prisoners, herded together in reckless dirt and disorder. The place, in its present state, is quite unfit for a stable, yet no one seems to think it unfit for a few dozen human beings.† In lock-ups of this kind, one of two contingencies generally occurs. Either the police (for the thanna police mount guard) make all safe, with as little trouble to themselves as possible, by keeping doors and windows tightly closed; or with a touch of humanity, but no less laziness, let the prisoners pass in and out much as they list, and not unfre-

* In 1826, the Civil Surgeon of Moorshedabad, to obviate the fatal results of cholera, proposed to the Magistrate the removal of the prisoners for a time from the jail. This expedient was so successful, "that not a single case of the cholera afterwards occurred, from the day of their removal until their return, a period of two months and ten days, and since their return, only one case has occurred, and the patient has since recovered." So said the doctor, and we wish his plan had been more frequently and generally adopted.

† Since writing the above, we have learnt with the greatest satisfaction, that the state of sub-division jails has attracted the earnest attention of Government. They much need it!

quently lose sight altogether of a few of them, to the infinite indignation of *sahib* and *nazir*.*

In many of these sub-divisions, the Deputy-Magistrates are natives. They are, we have no doubt, very able and worthy men ; but a native is never as alive as an Englishman to the stringent necessity of cleanliness and fresh air. The urgency of a thorough draft of air through, and a thorough cleansing of, an apartment, occupied day and night by a herd of miscellaneous and dirty prisoners, cannot be fully realized by a man, to whom a draft gives a cold in the head, and who uses soap only in imitation of his masters. We almost believe that natives have not the same vivid and wakeful perception of ill odours, which an Englishman possesses† : at least, we have never yet seen native magnificence unallied with some unpleasant excrescences of the kind. Splendor far surpassing ginger-bread, and a stinking drain, are generally near neighbours, and the gorgeous owner of both passes to and fro, without apparently perceiving the incongruousness of their vicinity. We dwell then, with especial emphasis, on the necessity of reforming sub-division jails, and, beyond all others, those superintended by natives.

Our remarks on the sanitary condition of jails are equally applicable to any other species of carelessness which endangers the lives or health of prisoners. On the 29th of May, 1851, no less than thirty-six prisoners were burnt to death at Govindpore, owing to the most culpable neglect of their guards. The prisoners were passing from one prison to another, and had been chained together in a hut for the night, when the hut caught fire. The guard who possessed the key, or what was necessary for releasing them, had gone off to a neighbouring village, and before the poor wretches could be extricated from the burning building, thirty-six, as we have said, were actually burnt to death, and many more dreadfully injured. We need not say with what horror we refer to this awful slaughter.

From the simple sanitary question of drainage and ventilation, and the equally plain and simple question of the propriety of burning convicts alive, we pass on to the more complicated subject—*diet*. At this point it may appear that the interests of Society and of the prisoners split hopelessly asunder. According to some, by restricted diet, we destroy the health, spirits, and tempers of those we are bound to reform ;

* To make our readers understand why the nazir should be so very angry, we must explain that he caters for the prisoners, at so much a head.

† We intend no disrespect to natives by this remark. We consider the peculiarity alluded to as only a curious characteristic worth noticing.

whereas, on the other hand, if by our diet rules, we do not make our prisons dreadful places, we have very few other legitimate means for doing so. Cobbett used to say, that the nearest way to an Englishman's head was through his stomach; and Sydney Smith, that a ploughman had nothing more nearly approaching sentiment than ideas of broiled bacon, and mashed potatoes. This is not quite so true of a native; for he has a feeling stronger than love of food, and that is, hatred of work; but still to him also, we have no doubt, scanty food is exceedingly unpleasant. Doctors in general have so often been troublesome and obstructive on diet questions, that we are doubly obliged to one of them for an opinion which materially helps to solve this difficulty; "Man in civilized life,"* says Dr. Abernethy, "having food always at command, and finding '*gratification* from its taste, and a temporary *hilarity* and '*energy* result from the *excitement* of his stomach, which he 'can at pleasure produce, eats and drinks an *enormous deal* 'more than is necessary for his *wants and welfare.*" This is a most convenient opinion; for, in accordance with it, we find that we may, even in the matter of *quantity* of food, deprive prisoners of *gratification*, *hilarity*, and *excitement*, which they would otherwise enjoy, without really affecting their *wants* and *welfare*. On another occasion, Dr. Abernethy said, that half the sickness in the world arose from *stuffing*, so that, if we are to believe him, we arrive at the comfortable conclusion, that by prohibiting *stuffing* in jails, we not only serve the interests of society, but mend the health, as well as the manners of the prisoners themselves.

For our part, in spite of the doctors, we think the truth is, that the wants of man's stomach are nearly as elastic as India rubber, and contract or expand to meet the supply without any real injury to health. The doctors would try to persuade us that, from a morsel of food more than usual, plethora or dyspepsia must be the alarming result; and from a morsel less, that favorite phrase of the profession (which means anything) 'general debility;' whereas, we believe, that the inner regions, if not ill used, are neither unamiable nor unaccommodating. In Queen Elizabeth's time, the maids of honor, we are told, used to demolish three rounds of beef for breakfast, and throve, no doubt, on this solid fare: but still, we do not believe, if by royal enactment the allowance had been cut down to one round, with tea and toast, that the constitutions of the noble ladies

* The native population of Bengal are certainly not very civilized, but in the matter of plenty of food, they are nearly always in the position which Dr. Abernethy contemplated.

would suddenly have collapsed, or that they would have fainted away, instead of duly elevating Her Majesty's tail. Just so with prisoners. The amount they contrive to eat outside a jail, without injury to their health, is no standard whereby to determine the amount to which they may be limited inside, without injury. Between the 'maximum' and the 'minimum' there is a wide difference; and it is, we believe, one of the most important duties of a prison legislator to discover that 'minimum,' and to keep the stomachs of the prisoners perpetually down to the grind-stone of it.

A visit to any jail, at feeding time, will show sufficiently clearly that this 'minimum' is still an unknown quantity; and until quite lately, matters were much worse. Jails really seemed to have been built expressly, that heinous Hindus, or misdemeanant Mussulmans might eat, drink, and be merry, at the public expense. Mr. F. J. Morris, Magistrate of Balasore, reported his prisoners as, "well and sleek," in consequence, even, according to the Civil Assistant Surgeon, of "good feeding." At Patna, at the same time, the convicts were found purloining a portion of their food, and selling it in the bazar, to purchase tobacco and other luxuries of life. Mr. Sconce, the Magistrate of Chittagong, observed, that "the system is perhaps more than satisfactory to many of the prisoners." Mr. Drummond, Magistrate of Behar, said that imprisonment, "instead of being a punishment, is a comfortable provision for the idle and dissolute." Mr. Harrison, Magistrate of Midnapore, pronounced the quantity of food allowed to be "greater than any of the convicts could possibly eat." The Civil Assistant Surgeon at Pubna considered the allowance of food to be of too "plethoric a nature, especially during the hot months." And, whilst Mr. W. Tayler, the accomplished Magistrate of Nuddea, related (as was his wont) a pleasant anecdote of a prisoner whose term of confinement was nearly expired, coming to the Moulvie one day, with a petition, to have the quarters in the ward and the place in the mess he then occupied reserved for him, as they were too comfortable to leave long—the more practical Mr. D. Cunliffe, Magistrate of Monghyr, saved in a few months Rs. 1,714-7-1½ from the excess of his prisoners' rations.*

In short, Bengal seems, in this respect, to have behaved much like the mother of 'Don't care,' in the fable, who, if we remember rightly, ultimately gets her ear bitten off by her son,

* Tobacco and opium, even when the doctors did not declare their use necessary, were not prohibited, until July 28th, 1852. They had once before been prohibited as far back as April 23rd, 1795; but the doctors would not stand it, and frightened Government into allowing them again on October 7th of the same year.

in return for her misplaced indulgence. On the whole, we think Bengal far the more foolish of the two; for it is not related of the silly parent, that a bit of the other ear had ever fallen a prey to filial teeth, whereas her prisoners have been gnawing at Bengal for ages, and she cannot possibly plead ignorance of the result of her asinine conduct. That result is only too manifest, in the numbers that now fill her prisons, and still more, in the numbers of released convicts, who, devoid of the fear which prisons ought to excite, infest the country. It is impossible to tell the number of re-commitments in Bengal jails; but there is not a Magistrate who can avoid being cognizant of the fact, that nearly every thief convicted now-a-days, has been in prison before; the presumption is always so strong at trials, that such is the case, that the question is constantly asked. The prisoners themselves often make no mystery of it: "I was put in prison for four months, three years ago, for abstracting a pair of paijamahs and a brass pot. I enjoyed six months more, two years since, for making free with two hoes and a little oil. Last year, I was going to be flogged, but by the merciful interposition of his Highness, the doctor, I was imprisoned again instead." Such is a usual conclusion to the defences of thieving prisoners. Truly, a Prison Discipline, which is the nursing-mother of worthies like these, requires no little reform!

We cannot give our readers an exact statement of the quantity of food allowed now in the jails to each prisoner; for it varies in different zillahs. Mr. Loch's Tables, however, allow 17¾ chittacks, the liberality of which allowance may be tested by the fact that Mr. Caird's emigration coolies used a short time since to receive fifteen and a quarter chittacks only, and were thankful. Prisoners are still unquestionably most perniciously pampered. When Lord Dalhousie was on a late visit of inspection to one of the Bengal districts, he visited the jail; and we have been positively informed, that the petition which the prisoners were prepared verbally to make, and were actually beginning to make, when checked by the Secretary, was, to be allowed "bilattee álu." The want of that coveted vegetable constituted, in fact, their grand grievance.

We quote the remarks of the Prison Discipline Committee:—"We are of opinion," wrote that worthy body of individuals, "that all convicted prisoners sentenced to hard labor, ought 'to be completely deprived of every indulgence, not absolute-'ly necessary to their health. Doubts have been express-'ed of the propriety of withholding all indulgences, with the

view of making a jail terrible, because such a principle, if followed as far as it would legitimately lead, would require us to break the sleep of a prisoner, to flog him daily, to overwork him, to deny him proper food, and by such means to give him as much pain as could be given without destroying his health. But, in regard to food and work, we are fully prepared to maintain the propriety of giving to a prisoner as little of the one, and as much of the other, as that limitation will allow; and as to the other punishments, which are, in fact, the positive inflictions of torture, we object to them, but for reasons applicable to the positive infliction of torture, and not applicable to the privation of indulgences. They are objectionable in our opinion, supposing that they could be inflicted without loss of health or other permanent injury, only because they are in practice liable to great abuse, and because they excite feelings of resentment opposed to amendment, and injurious to the moral character in other respects. The negative pain caused by a regulated diet, is open to neither of the above objections."*

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know how such matters are managed at present in England. We quote, therefore briefly, by way of example, from the Rules and Regulations for the government of a new institution, the House of Correction at Wandsworth, in the county of Surrey, as certified by the Home Secretary, the 13th Oct, 1851. Among these rules, we find the following, not very enviable, prescribed rates of diet :—

CLASS I.

Convicted prisoners confined for any term not exceeding seven days :—

	Males.	*Females.*
Breakfast...	1 pint of oatmeal gruel.†	1 pint of oatmeal gruel.
Dinner.....	1lb. of bread.	1lb. of bread.
Supper.....	1 pint of oatmeal gruel.	1 pint of oatmeal gruel.

CLASS II.

Convicted prisoners for any term exceeding seven days, and not exceeding twenty-one days :—

	Males.	*Females.*
Breakfast	1 pint of oatmeal gruel and 6oz. of bread.	1 pint of oatmeal gruel. and 6oz. of bread.
Dinner.....	12oz. of bread.	6oz. of bread.
Supper...	1 pint of oatmeal gruel and 6oz. of bread.	1 pint of oatmeal gruel, and 6oz. of bread.

* Page 35—37.

† "The gruel to contain two ounces of oatmeal per pint. The gruel on alternate days to be sweetened with ½oz. of molasses or sugar, and seasoned with salt."—*p.* 93.

"Prisoners of this class employed at hard labor, to have in addition, one pint of soup per week.*"

And so on—amount and variety increasing with longer periods. Now, these rates, taken as a whole,† must fall much more heavily on men with the appetites and habits, and doing the work, of Englishmen, than the fish, dhall and vegetable diet, which comforts the stomachs of the Bengal prisoners.‡ It will be observed, too, that, if the term of imprisonment does not exceed twenty-one days, little or no variety of food is allowed. This fact is worth notice: Variety is, undoubtedly, a source of pleasure to the palate and the appetite. It is ridiculous to suppose that Indian doctors are wiser than their English brethren; and yet what is considered an unnecessary luxury for an English jail, is enforced as a necessary in an Indian jail,§ where the staple rice is coaxed down the throat, one day with one relish, and the next day with another, with the most appetizing and 'piquant' variety. Who would not in this case agree with Horace:—

"*Variæ res*
Ut noceant homini?"

We must not quit this subject, without a brief allusion to the present system of *messing*. It was introduced, not without opposition, as we have said, by a Resolution of Government, dated April 9th, 1839. The drift of the system is, that about twenty prisoners shall mess together, and that one among them shall act as cook.‖ In consideration of his arduous culinary duties, the cook is exempted from any other, except the nominal one of weeding and cleaning the jail. These last he never does, so that one out of every twenty prisoners, passes his period of imprisonment, in cooking (just the employment a native would choose, if asked) instead of upon the tread-wheel

* "The soup to contain, per pint, three ounces of cooked meat, without bone, three ounces of potatoes." (Bengali prisoners need not be envious!) "One ounce of barley, rice, or oatmeal, and one ounce of onions or leeks, with pepper and salt."

† We have only space to quote a part, which appears to give an immeasurable advantage to the Bengali prisoner. We recommend the book to our curious readers.

‡ We have heard a story of a Magistrate complaining at breakfast that fish was not to be got; and then going to his jail, and finding the prisoners regaling on some very fine ones. A more scandalizing anecdote, if true, is that in a certain Bengal zillah, during a time of scarcity, the leavings of the prisoners used to be distributed among the more honest, but starving out-siders.

§ Of course, if the doctors can show, that human stomachs incarcerated in Bengal, require variety more absolutely than those incarcerated at Wandsworth, in the County of Surrey, we are ready to withdraw this remark.

‖ Up to the end of 1836, the system of paying all prisoners a daily money allowance, and permitting them to purchase and cook their own food, prevailed universally in the jails of the Bengal Presidency. From that time, until 1839, the messing system was partial; afterwards general.

or the road. This is not as it should be: The emancipated cook, we can hardly imagine carrying away with him any very dreadful remembrance of his jail sojourn. In after life, whilst ploughing, with two lean kine, his paternal paddy field, or staggering along with a maund or two upon his back, we can rather fancy him recurring with fond and tender regret to those happy days, when, sleek and lazy, he sate inhaling with distended nostrils the odour of the steaming pot, and awaiting only the arrival of his less lucky messmates, to plunge hand and mouth into the savoury mess. Now we submit that tender regrets of this kind are not exactly what we wish our jails to provoke.

We again refer Mr. Loch to the Report of the Prison Discipline Committee. In it, he will find—"We recommend that 'no convicted prisoner be hereafter allowed to cook his own 'victuals, but that a Brahmin and Mussalman cook be provided 'for each jail."—"We feel objections to the common prac-'tice of employing one or two convicts in such work as this, 'because it is, or ought to be, much lighter than the hard labor 'of the others, and in so far, it is a contravention of the princi-'ples of punishment."* On this subject, Mr. Woodcock likewise remarks—"No employment (entire idleness he may prefer) 'except the eating his food, is so pleasant to a native, as its 'preparation"—and again—"Under the plan now in force, of 'dividing the rations into two meals, it is believed that one 'hired cook could, without difficulty, prepare the food of sixty 'prisoners, and that the services of such cooks could be pro-'cured at the rate of Rs. 4 per mensem."

The subject of *classification*, to which we must now proceed, has of late years been invariably allowed to be one of great importance; yet, chiefly owing to the difficulties which climate raises, it has been utterly neglected in Bengal. Men and women are separated, it is true, and civil and unconvicted prisoners are confined apart from convicted criminals; but the convicted criminals are all-anyhow, living together, eating together, working together. We venture to say that, not in a single jail, are even the few rules in force about separation enforced; still less is there an attempt in any of them to class prisoners as they really ought to be classed.

Some curious ideas on the subject of *classification* have been lately broached, and we give our readers the benefit of them. "When an individual," says the writer of the article in the *Westminster Review*, to which we alluded above, "is convicted 'of crime, at whatever age, he should be sentenced to a refor

matory prison, and the first enquiry should be into the state of his *organism*. Persons competently skilled, should examine him, and draw up a record of his age and stature, and of the proportions which his abdominal, respiratory, and circulatory organs, and his brain bear to each other; of the size of his brain, measured round the base, from the top of the nose to the spinous process of the occipital bone, and thence to the top of the nose again, from the top of the nose directly over the forehead and coronal region, to the above named process; and from ear to ear, on the line of the eyebrows, and again separately from ear to ear, on the line of the spinous process. These measurements, stated in inches and tenths, would indicate pretty well whether the brain was small, large, or of medium size, and shew whether we were dealing with a feeble, average or powerful-minded person—an indispensable element of knowledge in judging of his treatment. Every convict is an individual, and individuals differ from each other in physical and mental qualities, through the whole range from the Aztec idiots to Socrates or Napoleon Buonaparte. It would be as rational to treat all patients, whatever their ages, sexes, constitutions and diseases might be, in one and the same way, with a view to their cure, as to treat all convicts alike with a view ' to their reformation."

Hereafter then, if we are to act in accordance with these directions, let no one be appointed in medical charge of a jail, who is not an adept in phrenological science. We wish the doctors all joy, whilst fumbling over the occipital bones, and coronal regions of *Dhomes, Bouries* and *Haris*. We do not, however, recommend the system, so uninitiated doctors need not feel uneasy. Our sentiment on the contrary, towards it is one of unmixed alarm; for if carried out to its legitimate limits, it would virtually throw down poor humanity on its marrow-bones before the "Pills" and "Sawbones" of the earth. If criminal heads should be manipulated by medical fingers, and stand or fall in deference to doctorial dicta on bumps and developements, why should not other human concerns be decided by professional interference? When a member of Council, or a Sudder Judge, or an Inspector of Jails, or a Bank Secretary was to be chosen, the Medical Board, according to this theory, ought to have been in the first place convened. Mr. Mills, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Loch and Mr. Plumb ought to have been marched in one by one to the august presence, and civilly requested to deliver up their heads forthwith to the tender mercies of the fingering doctors; then should have commenced measurements from occipital bones to tops of noses, and from coronal regions to spinous processes, the elevations of bumps should have been taken, and the depth of cavities care-

fully sounded; after these interesting statistics had been duly collected and collated, if it had become apparent that Mr. Mill's organism was eminently legislative, Mr. Colvin's eminently judicial, Mr. Loch's eminently jail-ish, and so on, these gentlemen should have been installed in their present appointments, but not otherwise.

We should be sorry to burden the dear doctors with so much importance; and therefore, as well as for other reasons, we prefer the plan of classification offered by the Prison Discipline Committee, to that offered by the *Westminster Review*, classification by crime rather than classification by head.* The number of classes recommended by the report is as follows:—

1*st*. Accused persons suspected of being thugs.

2*nd*. Males accused of the more heinous crimes against person or property; such as murder, rape, robbery and house-breaking, or of attempts to commit such crimes.

3*rd*. Males accused of simple theft, receiving stolen goods, perjury, forgery, fraud, and similar offences, or of conspiracy to commit offences of this nature.

4*th*. Males accused of affray, assault and offences which are commonly described as ordinary misdemeanours.

5*th* to 8*th*. Males convicted of the above mentioned offences respectively.

9*th* and 10*th*. Accused and convicted females.

Besides having a sufficient number of wards to confine separately each of the classes above specified, we think that every Gaol ought to have a sufficient number of small apartments, in which persons accused and convicted of murder, and certain other atrocious offences, can be confined alone."†

We should be delighted to see this plan fully carried out; but we must not forget the natural obstacles which stand in the way of its success. Classification in England is very easy of accomplishment: In Bengal, for the present, it seems almost an impossibility. The most sensible remark made by the President in Council in his Minute. was, "the close yard which 'is adapted for classification, and is not unwholesome in Eng-'land, would be a sink of malaria in India." *Mr. Hutchinson*,

* This system of classification by the size of the head reminds us forcibly of the conduct of a late eccentric Member of the Civil Service, who is said to have arranged the records of his Office according to their size and fatness, rather than according to their subject matter, to the unspeakable horror, as may be supposed, of his successor.

† The "intelligent" Grants, father and son, were not contented even with this classification, so dreadfully elaborate for India, but recommended in their Minutes further elaboration They acted on the belief, we suppose that—

"Who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher far than he who means a tree."

They might have perceived their mistake, if only gifted with the power of looking forward some sixteen years,—(*p. 24, para 42, and Minutes on the same*)

too, Secretary to the Medical Board, who was so indignant with the Committee for not noticing the first edition of his book, says with evident glee, "such a jail, as that proposed by the Prison 'Discipline Committee,* would be uninhabitable; partitions, 'however, by means of high iron railings, might be more admis-'sible, if deemed necessary."† Something of this latter kind is attempted in the Alipore jail; but we cannot reasonably expect to see it at all general for many years to come, until the structures of the jails are almost rebuilt, and their internal arrangements radically remodelled. By more gradual means, however, reforms may be effected. By abolishing the messing system, which we hope will soon be done, one difficulty, that of caste, will be removed out of the path: another difficulty, that of trade, will be also removed by juster ideas of what labor in a jail should be. With the highest opinion, therefore, of the wisdom of the Prison Discipline Committee, and the utmost admiration for their plan of classification, we venture to substitute in its place, for present and immediate use, a somewhat simpler project. We would do away with the present rules of distinction according to the Court by which the prisoner has been tried, as nonsensical, and as a first step, divide every jail into four compartments, marked off by the iron railings which Mr. Hutchinson recommends, across which, in the day time, screens of coarse cloth might be drawn to intercept any serious communication between the tenants of the different compartments. We would allot these four compartments to the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th classes of prisoners proposed by the Committee, leaving the classes 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th undivided for the present in a small subordinate jail by themselves. We propose this classification, not as a perfect plan, but as a feasible one. We consider it the less of two evils, that unconvicted prisoners should be confined together, than those convicted; in the first place, because, until a prisoner has been tried, a doubt must nearly always arise as to the class to which he rightly belongs, and thus classification-

* "It will be necessary by building high partition walls, to divide the great area of the jail into a number of compartments, we do not think that more than fifty men, can with any propriety, be allowed to inhabit one yard, and we are inclined to think that the number of each party should be fewer."

† *Hutchinson on Indian Jails, p* 28 Mr. Hutchinson was all very well in his own department; but when he went beyond it, and discoursed on "punishment," and seriously quoted from Don Juan, as an authority for a theory of his own, the following remark on harem punishments:—

"No scandals made the daily press a curse,
Morals were better, and the fish no worse,"

we closed the book.

.....phers, even after the realization of their projects, would be constantly in danger of being sent into fits, by some awkward, though unavoidable mistake; and, secondly, because no prisoner ought to be for more than a short period under trial. A jail darogah (better paid if possible) should, as now, preside over the whole building, but for each department a subordinate officer should be separately responsible. The prisoners should live entirely asunder There should be no communication between the different compartments of any kind, *within* the jail. Twice a day food should be distributed among the convicts by hired cooks. Whilst at work, in the manner we shall describe further on, strict silence should be enforced. Each compartment should contain two or three solitary cells, in which the prisoners in turn should pass *the night.** By such, and a few more similar observances, a wide step might be made in the right direction; and for the present we can expect no more. Let then those who have the power to act, leave off talking for a while, and act!

It will be observed that we have not noticed the women in the above plan. We think that a central establishment for them, where they would be entrusted to the care of an English matron, is necessary. Nothing could be more demoralizing than the present practice. We have heard, therefore, with the greatest pleasure, that some such arrangement is contemplated by those in authority.

We have now reached the debateable ground of *employment*, the grand *vexata questio* of all penal economists: "How are 'prisoners to be employed in jail?" or perhaps, "are they to 'be employed at all?" are points which are constantly being mooted, constantly discussed, and constantly left undecided. The favorite manner, in which the question is treated, is by propounding some pet theory, being ready to move heaven and earth to establish it, compassing land and sea to illustrate it, and then holding it up to a supposed admiring world as the great panacea for all prison short-comings. So one class of people try to make us believe that by teaching trades in jails, all the great ends of imprisonment are most comfortably attained; another, that by instructing in reading and writing, criminals will soon be made to cease out of the land; a third gives as its nostrum, that jails should be erected in the centre of farms of a thousand acres each, in which the prisoners must work for daily sustenance; a fourth, that society is to be re-

* A native would like nothing so much, as to be shut up by himself, and allowed to sleep *all day*.

generated by nothing but the hand-mill or the tread-wheel. We are unwilling to fall into the category of these theorists, and therefore refrain from any positive pragmatical opinion; but we certainly incline towards the last mentioned plan,* thinking that hard dull labor is, as a general rule, more becoming in a jail than easy pleasant occupations, which convey with them neither a feeling of weariness nor a feeling of shame. We believe that nothing is so distasteful to a Bengal native as really hard continuous labor. He never works, as Englishmen often do, from mere hatred of idleness. He does not appreciate the dignity of labor. The belief of the negroes, that monkeys had the power of speech, but concealed it, lest they should be put to work, would, if shared in by Bengalis, make them envy the monkeys. Hard labor is then, in our opinion, the most powerful engine in the hands of penal legislators in India, for making jails as terrible as they ought to be made. We would discard the weaving, spinning, paper-making, &c., which now vex the souls of Magistrates, yield a small return to Government, and swell the pouch of the jail darogah, and substitute in its place something less profitable, but more efficacious. We have said above that such labor should be carried on in strictly enforced silence. It should likewise be apportioned with the greatest care among the prisoners, increasing or diminishing according to the class, to which the laboring convicts belonged.

It may be objected,† however, that this kind of labor would not instruct the criminals at all, but eventually cast them forth again upon the world, without the means, perhaps, of procuring an honest livelihood. To reply to this objection is not difficult. We are thankful to say, that such a thing as real want of food, need never be felt in Bengal, except in famine times. If a man will work only a little, he may dismiss all fear of starvation; he need not of necessity betake himself to dishonesty. Food is too plentiful. It meets him at every turning;

* The Prison Discipline Committee says:—"The tread-wheel appears to some of us better adopted than any other machine for the purpose of convict labor, because it prevents all risk of partiality on the part of overseers, and, as has been observed, will show no more favor to the foot of a rich Rajpoot than to the foot of a poor Chumar. Neither the capstan, nor any other machine, with which we are acquainted, possesses this advantage in an equal degree. The tread-wheel, wherever it has been used in India, has produced the best effects, and demonstrated that there is nothing in the Indian constitution or climate which makes its use in this country objectionable. It is extremely dreaded, and it produces no permanent ill consequence, moral or physical" (*p.* 110). Mr. Woodcock says, "I have found the use of standing mills, that is, "hand-mills," raised to the proper level, an admirable method of punishing crimes committed in the jail." (why not crimes committed outside also?)—C. O. dated March 26th, 1845.

† See *Friend of India*, August 10, 1854.

it encourages his idleness. Besides, omitting some few special cases, who ever heard of released convicts practising outside the walls of the jail, the trade they have learnt within? The force of caste and tradition is too strong upon them, and they soon relapse to the occupation of their "jats."

Far be it from us to suggest, that much has not been effected of late years in this department of Prison Discipline. Weaving and paper-making are much better than the employment which preceded them. As late as 1838, the Prison Discipline Committee reported, that, "in the provinces subject to the 'Bengal Government, there was, properly speaking, no system 'of in-door labor for male convicts, excepting for those sentenc-'ed to imprisonment for life." Yet attempts had been made much earlier. The earliest of which we can discover signs, was one made by Mr. Middleton, Joint-Magistrate of Futtehpore, who, in 1815,* established, what he called, a "house of industry," but he was very 'umble' in his report on the subject, and hinted pretty plainly that he had been made a laughing-stock by his brother officials for his pains. Individual Magistrates have, since then, as we have shown, established many an amateur work-shop; and in the district jails, gossiping darogahs will relate how, "Jenab '*So and so*' sahib bahadur" introduced the tinkering of brass pots, or the weaving of towels, or the carving of beads†, as the case may be. These amateur work-shops are now nearly general; and they are better than no work at all, and better than work on the roads. But still, in our opinion, they do not often demand labor, hard, uninteresting, and menial enough. Yet there is a point, of perhaps greater importance than the kind of labor required, and that is that such labor be *no less in quantity* than that of honest workmen. Mr. Woodcock once told a story (at which we should be tempted to cry, if we could help laughing), *àpropos* of this. "When I joined my appointment," he writes, "I found that the convicts employed in grinding corn only ground,

Men, 7½ seers,
Women, 7½ seers, } of 107 stone weight.

"The quantity appeared to me ridiculously small, and I found 'on trial that *two old women* from the bazar, employed, as they 'usually are, at one mill, and within the convict hours of labor, 'easily grind sixteen seers." We rather suspect that an old

* C. O. dated September 8, 1820.

† During our researches on this head, we came across the interesting fact, that our worthy inspector once had a peculiar "penchant" for this carving of wooden beads—

"Nunc tamen amoto quæruntur seria ludo."

woman-experiment would be useful as well as ludicrous in a few jails now."

"*Mulier*," says Varro, "*quasi mollior*."—But this definition will not suit by all accounts the female population of a Bengal jail. The indefatigable Mr. Woodcock, for instance, owned with a sigh that the female convicts had been a sad cause of trouble and anxiety to him. "When I joined the district," he says, "they underwent little labor, and had much freedom. 'They wore jewels and what clothes they pleased, and were 'neither shut up in their wards day or night. And" (*mirabile dictu*) "one had a parrot, another a shameh!!" In the same strain Mr. Hodgson laments. "I know the women can do more 'than they now do, but they are difficult folk to deal with, and 'not near so tractable as the men." We have no space here to do more than to quote a passage from the final Report of the Committee of Justices appointed for the erection of the Wandsworth jail, to which we have before alluded. "We recommended," says the Committee, "that one hundred additional labor ma-'chines be purchased, some of them to be used *for the hard labor* '*of female prisoners*."*

We object to literary education in a jail, because we believe that, if introduced, it would fatally affect the jail's deterring influence. But, even if it did not produce this unhappy result, it would be unfairly giving a temporal advantage to criminals, which we cannot yet afford to give to many honest men. But education of another kind we would hopefully cherish—that moral education, which severe and merited punishment ought to give—that blessed effect of trouble, which, as Richter said, "often comes for our instruction, as we darken the cages of 'birds we would teach to sing."

Yet further—*religious instruction* should not be wanting. The Mission of Englishmen surely does not exclude that, the highest part of all education, the greatest boon they have to confer, the only true civilizer of the world. Prisoners in jail are no longer free agents; and therefore is Government specially accountable that they are not without opportunities for gaining what is more precious than life, more noble than earthly science, a faith in that religion which, as Christians, we believe to be the light of this world, and the only safe guide to another and a better. Instruction of this sort would not add attraction to our jails in the eyes of the natives; and yet it can hardly be urged that religion would be thus brought into disrepute,

* These machines are hand-mills. Page 44.

when we remember that its divine founder declared that He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Persuasion, and that not of temporal things, but of spiritual, must of course be the only weapon of the Christian's warfare, whilst striving to extend his Master's kingdom; and all else should be carefully excluded from the jail. But this, we think, would in time yield golden harvests, if wielded by men whose hearts were in their work. If Government servants are unwilling or unable to undertake the task; yet a little encouragement would win the Missionary's labor; and we would fling wide open the gates of comprehensive charity, especially whilst striving to Christianize a people.

With an earnest hope that this great truth will soon become a principle of action, we must now draw our few desultory remarks on Prison Discipline to a close. They have many short-comings; but one object at least we hope is apparent through them all. We have striven not to delineate a comparatively perfect system, but rather to urge what it seems may be effected easily and at once; for we believe that slow, tottering, and needing every support, must be each several step along the Grand Trunk Road to improvement.*

* When we commenced this article, we intended to refer to all the official documents from which we quoted, or to which we alluded. But, as we advanced, we found our notes getting so numerous, that we changed our purpose, considering that numbers and dates would be of little use to those of our readers, who do not possess the authorities, and that those who do, would probably be so familiar with them, as to need no references. When the documents, however, have not been of comparatively recent date, we have not omitted to guide the reader.

ART. VI.—*Directions to Revenue Officers. By James Thomason, Lieut.-Governor. November* 1, 1849.

WHAT is the meaning of the word "Collector?" What are the duties of the Indian Official who bears that name? If we are to trust the eloquent historian of England, the Collector is a little Satrap, on whose personal qualities the happiness or misery of a district depends. Miserable, indeed, would be the situation of our subjects, if their social position depended on so slight a security! Another class of writers treat our district officers merely as Collectors of taxes, a race of Publicans, and, by the courtesy of the public, Sinners also: the little Azazel of Macaulay dwindles into the hated form of the man with the pencil and book, who periodically impounds the cattle, or cuts off the water, of the defaulting house-holder. People wonder then at the sudden transfer of men of this stamp from the money table of Matthew to the *bema* of Pontius Pilate, and rave at the East India Company, who pay so well their Collectors, and yet stint their Judges.

There is more than is supposed in a name, and, if the stumbling block of the word "Collector" were removed, and in its place were written the "*Executive District Authority, and Revenue Judge of first instance;*" if some attention were paid to form a just appreciation of the duties of this office, no parallel to which exists in European countries, much misunderstanding would be removed; and it is with a view of contributing a mite to the already existing means of information, that these pages are written. It must be borne in mind, that the duties of the office are very distinct and separate in the four Presidencies of India, and that these remarks apply to those great Provinces which lie betwixt the Caramnassa and the Indus, which are known as the North Western Provinces, and the Punjab;—and, if we can trust report, and official documents, are not the worst managed portion of our Indian dominions.

In these provinces the Office of Magistrate is joined with that of Collector; and public opinion seems now to be fixed, that the union is not only desirable, but necessary. In the volume named at the head of this article, we have to thank that wise Statesman to whom we are so much indebted, that all scattered laws and rules of practice have been collected, and condensed in a most luminous treatise, embodying every thing that can be required by a Collector; and the new system of examination of all aspirants for office secures to Government and the people the certainty of having efficient officers. To the general

reader the contents may seem dry, but they are of the highest importance, and we look in vain, amidst masses of scattered correspondence, for any such "resumè" of the Financial System of the other Presidencies.

Though the office of Magistrate is held by the same person, the machinery and routine are quite distinct, and for his official acts, the Magistrate has to answer to the higher Judicial Courts: any notice of them is foreign to our subject, but the benefit of the union of the two offices can only be fully appreciated by those who are acquainted with the state of affairs in the rural provinces, where the powers of the Magistrate strengthen the hands of the Collector, and the intimate local knowledge of the Collector gives double vigour and effect to the orders of the Magistrate. No indecent clashing of authority can occur, where the reins are held in one hand, and any possible abuse is prevented by the fact, that the District Officer has to explain his proceedings in the two departments to two entirely independent authorities: the police are never allowed to interfere in the collection of the revenue, but the revenue establishments are available, in extreme cases of riot and disturbance, to assist the police: the boundary of the two jurisdictions is well understood, and no practical difficulty ever has arisen, or is likely to arise.

The Collector is vested by law with certain powers in five distinct capacities.

I. Collector of Government Revenue.
II. Registrar of landed property in the district.
III. Revenue Judge between landlord and tenant.
IV. Ministerial Officer of Courts of Justice.
V. Treasurer and Accountant of the district.

The slightest consideration of these few words will convince a candid inquirer, how poor an idea has been formed of the office, by those who have painted an Indian Collector as a man with a bag, a hard heart, and a ruthless countenance. The district, over which these powers have to be exercised, contains several thousand villages, several hundred thousand inhabitants, and several hundred square miles, and the amount of revenue to be annually collected, varies in different districts from ten lakhs to twenty lakhs, *i. e.* from £100,000 sterling per annum to £200,000. How small, when compared with these princely agencies, is the management of an English estate, for which the agent, or lawyer, is so highly paid! How insignificant the few parishes, which, scattered here and there, form a ducal estate, and pay a rent of thousands after months of arrears, when compared with the vast expanse of in-field and vil-

lage, of out-field and waste, which has paid, and will continue to pay, its tens of thousands, with only the slightest coercion, and scarcely a particle of balance. There must be some merit in a system, which, apparently, answers so well the requirements, both of the rulers and the people; some praise is due to a machinery which enables the sons and nephews of East India Directors, who, by the courtesy of the press, are allowed to be highly educated, and by insinuation, are represented as the greatest fools of their contemporaries, thus easily to furnish the sinews of war, and the means of moral and material improvement of the country.

Under the Collector-Magistrate is a most ample establishment. He himself is always of the Covenanted Service, and under him are generally two Covenanted Officers, exerting powers in both departments, and one or more Uncovenanted Officers. The extent of the powers of those officers varies according to their capacity, or standing. At the central station are the English and Native offices, amply furnished with clerks, writers, and record-keepers, and the whole district is sub-divided into compact portions, containing from one to two hundred villages each, and placed under the revenue management of a responsible native officer, who again has under him subordinate establishments to keep his accounts, and conduct the details of the office. Responsible and subordinate to this Officer, in every village, is the native accountant, and the hereditary, or elective, head of the township. So complete, and so well adapted to the customs of the country, is the system of centralization, that measures of the greatest detail can be effected without an effort: from the Lieut.-Governor, down to the village Putwary, is an unbroken chain, rendering communication from the seat of Government, to the extremest corner of the provinces, merely a work of time: the most accurate statistics can be furnished without expense and without trouble, as evidenced by the late Census of the North West Provinces, which was conducted entirely by the Revenue Officers, without the necessity of entertaining any extra hands; and, from the mode in which the details of the Census were conducted, there is reason to place confidence in its trust-worthiness. It is true, that in a free country, such a degree of centralization is not desirable, and the evil effects of such a system are shewn in France, where liberties are periodically lost by the over-weening power of the Executive Government; but no such objection can be made in India, where the Government is allowed to be absolute, and the grand object is not to govern the people constitutionally, but to govern them well.

It is a melancholy fact, which it may be as well to admit, that a really efficient, and responsible form of absolute government, is the best system for the rule of an Asiatic country.

Let us follow the Collector in his first capacity, whence he derives his name,—the collection of the Government Revenue: which consists of three items only, *viz* :—

1. Land revenue.
2. Excise on spirituous liquors and drugs.
3. Sale of Stamps.

The latter two items are inconsiderable in amount, and perhaps objectionable in character, and require no further notice, as they occupy but a small portion of the thoughts of the revenue authorities. Not so the first item, the great land tax, which in India, and in all Asiatic countries, is the mainstay and support of the Government.

It is of little use questioning, or impugning, the policy of this tax. Immemorial custom, and the ancient constitution of India, has sanctioned its maintenance: its place could be supplied by no other possible cess, and its withdrawal would lead to the break up of the Government, which might be foolish enough to abandon it; nor is it in the abstract an unjust tax, when urged in moderation. It is the excess, not the principle of the demand, that is to be denounced. Land is in all countries, and has been in all ages, the most prized possession of man: in the early history of a nation, it is the only possession, and at all stages, it is the most valued. The reasons are obvious: it is a tangible and possessible good: when newly acquired, it has charms which no other new acquirement can give: when inherited from a long line of ancestors, it suggests feelings, second only in intensity, to the love of blood relations. There is an attachment to the soil, which has mantained an ancient lineage, and a reverence for the magnificent trees, which were planted by his fore-fathers, and are a link to connect him and his children in a remote generation. Parting with land, whether voluntarily, or compulsorily, cannot be done without some pangs: the feeling is natural, and any legislation tampering with possession and title deeds, is charged, and not unjustly, with spoliation.

As a necessary consequence, land naturally is the earliest object of regular taxation, and unquestionably the most legitimate one. To be mantained in possession against the assaults of violence, and to reap where you have sowed, is a benefit so palpable, that some compensation is the fair claim of a Government strong enough to insure the enjoyment of such a blessing: the question is, how far should such a demand of

the State be allowed to extend: and this is the great bone of contention between the rulers and the ruled in an Asiatic country.

Land must be cultivated to be of value, and as in large estates, it would be obviously inconvenient, except under very peculiar circumstances, for the proprietor to till the whole of his acres, first from sheer physical inability, and, secondly, from motives of interest, it comes to pass, that a third class of interests are introduced, those of the cultivators. The peculiarities of these vary with the clime, the religion, the customs, and the relative physical strength of the parties: but they exist, and though crushed, suspended, or isolated, must be taken into consideration. The Government have a direct interest in the cultivation of the soil, and must guarantee the rights of the cultivator under certain conditions.

Taxes, rent, and wages thus spring into existence on every estate, and, when a stranger is introduced to manage by farm those interests, which the proprietor cannot, or does not choose, to superintend, a share of the harvest has to be set aside for "profit," which is, in fact, but a deduction from rent; and under some circumstances these four district interests exist simultaneously. The limit of taxes varies according to the constitution of the country. In an absolute Monarchy they are bounded only by the power of the tax-payer to give, or the policy of the Government to exact. The mode of collection also varies: in a rude Government, a portion of the actual crop finds its way to the barns of the provincial rules: as civilization extends, this is commuted for annual, periodical, or perpetual settlements of money payments. This is the great question on which Indian statesmen have been blundering during the last half century.

It is a pleasant fiction with some to suppose the land-owner much better off in the independent native states, than under the rule of the Company: but those only can fairly judge who have watched the working of both. In the North West Provinces at least the system is based upon property: the best interests of Government are connected with the dearest interests of the land-owner and the land-tiller: a moderate rate of taxation is fixed for a long period, embracing at least one generation: rents are allowed to adjust themselves under certain conditions, and the expectation has been realized, that betwixt the rent drawn, and the revenue paid, there exists a broad margin, as the heritable, transferable and desirable property, in which the Government guarantee the land-owner. On the other hand, the ruler of the petty native state starts on the assumption,

that he is himself the lord of the soil: by constantly interfering in village arrangements, he sets aside the class, who are justly entitled to the name of land-owner, and makes his collection direct from the cultivator, allowing some miserable per-centage; or, perhaps, the estate is made over to a farmer, to rack-rent at his pleasure: under such a state of things, property is protected by no law, is undefined, and, consequently, valueless.

In the different Presidencies, the parties engaged in the inquiry have arrived at different results, to which each fondly clings, as his notion of what is right. In Bengal, a number of vast landholders were created by the Government of the time, and all existing subordinate rights sacrificed. The revenue is there collected in the gross from great and powerful Zemindars, and rightly or wrongly great oppression is said to exist, which the Government officials are powerless to prevent, leading occasionally to great outrages. In Madras the opposite extreme has been followed, and, setting aside every intervening interest, possible or probable, the Collector deals with the individual cultivator; and, if we can trust the latest reports, a very peculiar state of things has been produced, and, though the existence of evil is admitted, the cure appears not so easy. Undue interference appears the bane of the system. In the Bombay Presidency also the Ryotwari system exists, but in a greatly mitigated form: the principles of freedom of cultivation, and moderate assessment, have been nobly maintained, and, if ever the system could thrive, it will be there: but we look in vain for the existence of property, valuable and transferable: we grieve to see whole classes of the community treated as taxpayers, not as yeomen, and land-owners and large Provinces viewed in the narrow light of great revenue-preserves.

We are naturally partial to the system, under which we have been trained, and the founders of which we venerate; but there is one merit, which, amidst all the errors of the system in the North-West Provinces, we lay claim to, that it alone is founded on the maintenance of the status of property, as it existed on our occupation of the country, and is specially adapted to maintain it. Can this be said of the mushroom Zemindars of Bengal, where new rights of property, like new titles, have been created by authority? Can it be said of the Madras system, where property in land, such as existed previous to our rule, has perished and is extinct, and is scarcely hinted at? Can it be said of the Bombay system, where, though the existence is admitted, the rights are cruelly foreshortened, and are not made the basis of the Revenue superstructure? It may be urged, that the peculiar village tenures,

which are the characteristic feature of the North West Province settlement, belong only to the upper Gangetic valley, and are not found elsewhere: but such is not the case; we find their remains, more or less perfect, in the Concan and Baroche under the Bombay Presidency, and in Orissa, on the Coast of the Bay of Bengal. A careful analysis has given certain known laws, by which village communities are governed, and go into any village between the Caramnassa and the Jhelum, and inquiry will show, that the position of the land-owners toward the Government and to each other, would resolve itself into some of the several forms. The annexation of the Punjab afforded an excellent opportunity of testing the correctness of the deductions of the revenue authorities: the district officers, trained in the North West Provinces, found no new features. Every village at once recorded its constitution, not the work of a moment, but the immemorial custom of the country: we were struck by the correctly conceived, and correctly expressed opinion, delivered by a Sikh land-owner, during the first few months of our occupancy, when the assessment was being fixed. "We 'are owners," said he, "of the soil—to the Government 'belongs the revenue, and so long as we pay the revenue, we 'cannot be disturbed." Would the Collector from Bengal have found room, in such a district, for his great landlord, to crush the village rights? Would the Madras or Bombay Collector have satisfied the sturdy spokesmen of the village communities, that their rights could be justly set aside, and the collection be made direct from the cultivator? The Government could do so, and Native Governments had done so, but it was contrary to the feelings of the country, which hailed with delight, and at once adopted, the principle of village settlement, and self-managing communities.

But, if the assessment be excessive, and uncertain, the system, in itself good, would have failed, and will ever fail. The second clause of the Charter must be, that the assessment should be light, leaving a wide margin for profit, and should be fixed definitely, and guaranteed by the Legislature for a long period of years. This has been done: the mode, in which the assessment is fixed, has been given in detail in one of our previous numbers. By an act of the Supreme Government it cannot be increased, and, such as it is thus definitely fixed, it is the duty of the Collector to collect it by fixed instalments, and failing which, he is authorized by law to apply certain processes, and in the judicious application of them, so as to cause as little suffering as possible, and maintain the integrity of the system, is displayed the capacity of the Collector.

We could have wished, that the necessities of the state had permitted the assessment to be conducted upon more liberal principles. Ostensibly two-thirds of the net produce is demanded by Government, leaving but one-third to the proprietor, from which also the expenses of management are to be defrayed. It is true, that the assessment is allowed to be a question more of judgment than of actual calculation from given data; and the relief granted has been great, and is highly prized; but it is to be regretted, that the share of the net produce allotted to Government should exceed that of the owner. What would the grumbling landed interests of England say, were the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose to sweep two-thirds of their net rent into the public treasury? Perhaps some would say, that it is done already, but by a circuitous route, as in addition to the moderate land-tax, is the ruthless income tax, the excise, the tithes of the established church, the poor rates, the county rates, and the local charities, from which none but the niggard can hold back; when these are deducted, it may, perhaps, come out, that but one-third of the real rent is adhering to the palms of the landlord.

The Collector in the North West Provinces has then to collect the Government Revenue, fixed for a long period, for which certain persons, defined and registered, are responsible. The days of "crack Collectors," showing their efficiency by augmenting the resources of the State at the expense of the people, are gone. They could not add a Rupee to the Government demand, if they wished, and they would get no thanks, if they did: nor have they, on the other hand, any discretion to remit the demand, or even without sanction to suspend it. In this matter their powers fall far short of those entrusted to the Collectors in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, whose discretion is annually exerted, or *suffered by courtesy* to be exerted, in making up the Jumabundies or rent-rolls of every village, and remitting what cannot be collected; the number of the items, and vagueness of the reasons preventing the higher authorities from being able to express any intelligent opinion on the subject. The Collector of the North West Province has in his books so many recorded revenue-paying villages, represented by their proprietors, *or their head men*, who have entered into engagements with the Government, and from them the revenue must be collected within prescribed periods, or such full and detailed accounts furnished to the superior authorities, as will enable them to decide, whether extreme measures should be had resort to, or under circumstances of drought or other

calamity, the demand be suspended as an act of grace, or remitted as an act of discretion.

Various and efficient are the processes with which the Collector is armed: different diseases require different remedies: the constitution of the patient must be ascertained, and his pulse felt: the treatment must be gentle, but firm. That default should sometimes occur, that some parties will not pay, till they are made, is no new feature in the economy of human affairs; but a revenue defaulter is not an ordinary debtor, whose ruin, so long as the amount is paid, is a matter of indifference to the pitiless creditor: the demand of Government is an ever-recurring demand, and the best interests of the State are concerned, that the land-owners should not only be solvent, but flourishing; not living from hand to mouth, but amassing capital, extending cultivation, and exulting in the field for improvement afforded by a long lease. Here again the same thoughtful care for existing rights, which secured to the village proprietors the privileges of their tenures, has carefully guarded the village constitution from injury in the realization of the assessment. Processes have been devised, specially adapted for each requirement, and it is the duty of the Collector, as well as his manifest interest, to see them properly applied.

But before enunciating these processes, the great feature of the prevailing land tenures, to which they have been adapted, must be noticed. All existing tenures, however disguised or modified, can be reduced to three great leading characteristics, a correct appreciation of which is indispensable:—

I. Those estates, where the property is held collectively without any territorial division: the estate may be in the hands of one man, or many, but when thus situated, it is styled "Zemindaree."

II. Those estates, where the property is partially, or entirely divided, and held separately by the coparceners, this division being the result of a *known* law, inheritance, or otherwise: such are styled "Puttidaree."

III. Those estates, held by coparcenary communities, where actual possession has overborne law, and the possession of the fractional share, not the recorded right to a portion of the unit, is the test of a man's property: such are called "Bhyacharuh" communities.

At the time of the settlement, every peculiarity of tenure, with the name of every proprietor, was duly noted, and the amount of responsibility of each individual placed beyond a doubt; and at the close of each agricultural year, since the last settlement,

the subsequent changes by death, private transfer, or decree of Civil Court, have been duly recorded: thus, the old discretion of Collectors has been narrowed, and not only is the amount fixed, which it is incumbent upon them to demand, but the parties are also indicated, from whom alone it can be demanded; and, lastly, the legal processes are determined and fixed, should coercion be necessary. In a constitutional country, a greater security could not be afforded, than is here spontaneously granted by an absolute Government to its subjects.

These processes are seven in number, and in applying them, the Collector is vested with a summary jurisdiction, independent of the Civil Court; but he is liable to be prosecuted in those courts for any abuse of the summary powers conceded to him:—

1. Writ of demand.
2. Personal imprisonment.
3. Distraint of personal property.
4. Annulment of lease, and sequestration of profits.
5. Transfer of defaulting share to a solvent share-holder of the same community.
6. Annulment of lease, and farm of the estate to a stranger.
7. Sale of the defaulting estate at public auction.

Of these, the first is only a gentle reminder, that the instalment is due, and entails a very slight charge for the service of the notice: it may be repeated at the interval of six days, and the second is of the nature of a summons, and the third is of the nature of a warrant, and the defaulter is brought up before the Native Collector, to explain his delay. In hundreds of villages no process at all is issued, and in ordinary cases, this process is sufficient to check the procrastination and unbusiness-like habits of the rural community.

The second process—"personal imprisonment"—is but rarely had recourse to, and is discouraged by the superior authorities: if the defaulter is poor and ruined, it is an act of folly to incarcerate him; if wealthy, other processes are available:—but cases of fraud can only be met in this way, and the insolvent laws do not extend to this kind of liability.

The third process—"distraint of personalities"—is also sparingly applied. It has the disadvantage of exposing the revenue authorities to much trouble in defending actions brought against them by fictitious owners of the distrained property: and as the usual defaulters are small landed proprietors, who would pay if they could, to sell their petty chattels is profitless to

Government, and harrassing to them. Still there are special cases, where it must be employed.

The fourth process is the touchstone of the system, which is based on the assumption, that the Government have guaranteed to the actual owners of the soil a valuable property, and *a real rent* remaining to them for their own enjoyment, after the payment of the Government demand. If a turbulent community do not adhere to the conditions of the lease granted to them for thirty years, and default, and at the same time by their violent proceedings deter others from taking their estate in farm (for the sale of such estates, though legal, is impolitic), then the Government official steps in, and introduces a Ryotwari system, such as is the practice in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, but only applied as a punitory measure in these provinces. All rights of management are declared in abeyance, all profits are sequestrated, and the owners of the soil placed on the same footing as the non-proprietory cultivators. The merits of the settlement are then brought to a rigid test. If practically and really one-third of the net produce, or more, has been abandoned by Government, and a just assessment has been made, it is manifest, that in ordinary cases a considerable surplus should be collected under Ryotwari management, thus enabling the Collector to realize his balances, and, if expedient, severely punish the recusant community, as by law they can be excluded for fifteen years. If, on the other hand, the assessment cannot be collected under direct management, and there are no special reasons explaining the circumstance, it is clear, that the assessment is excessive, and must be reduced. This is one of the great checks, by which continued over-assessment in the North West Provinces is absolutely prohibited. Practically so much trouble is entailed upon the revenue establishments by this measure, that it is rarely ever had recourse to, but as a dire necessity.

The fifth process—"transfer of share to a solvent share-holder"—is peculiar to those village communities, aptly called village republics, which are the distinguishing feature of the North West Provinces, and the Punjab, and we may add, their glory, for they are the best proof, that an absolute Government has not destroyed the existing rights of property. There they are, not so intact as could be wished, but still the mainstay and strength of the country, equally incomprehensible to those who have only been in the habit of collecting revenue from upstart Rajas and bloated Babus, and those who have been exacting rent from the miserable owners of single bullocks. At the settle-

ment, the rights of every share-holder are faithfully recorded, and the annual changes noted, the assessment is fixed on the whole, and distributed among the community, which is treated, and justly so, as a joint-stock community. Owing to the perplexity of the tenure, and the blending of the fields of the different share-holders, there is no middle course, but Ryotwar management, or joint responsibility; and this is by law established, and from this principle is deduced the process under consideration, that on the occasion of the default of one share-holder, the whole community can be called on to pay, and in return the share of the defaulter is transferred, for a period or for ever, to the parties who have paid the balance. This partakes of the nature of a forcible mortgage in one case, and amounts to sale in the other: this latter alternative is had sparing recourse to, and practically fifteen years is the limit of exclusion, during which time the excluded owner sinks to the position of a cultivator.

The sixth process—"farm to a stranger"—like the fourth, is based on the principle, that there is a margin of profit between the net produce and the revenue demanded, which it is worth the while of the owner to retain, or of a stranger to possess himself of, by taking a farm on condition of paying the balances of the defaulting landlord: so long as estates have a marketable value, and capital is available for agricultural speculations, so long this process will be sufficient to insure a ready payment of the Government demand.

The seventh and last process is that of "sale by auction" of the estate, on which the balance arose, and, subsequently, of other estates belonging to the defaulter. It is unnecessary to say, that such a forcible alienation of property, to satisfy a demand of Government, can only be justified by the most extreme case of necessity—but this is the key-stone of the Revenue Arch, and but that the sword of Damocles is known to be suspended over their heads, and can be made to fall, the Indian land-owners would be unable to shake off the habit of procrastination, which is their bane. For large Puttidaree communities, this process is so impolitic, that it is never applied, for the demand of revenue is a constantly recurring demand, and the future welfare of the estate must be considered, as much as the realization of the dues of the Government.

Such are the legal processes, by the exertion of which, or rather the existence of which, annual millions are collected from many thousand villages, *without a struggle and with scarcely a balance*. There may be an exception in particular districts, where a state of disorganization may [redacted]

by different causes; but the annually published revenue reports acquaint the public with the result, and the means by which it has been brought about. If success is a test of the soundness of principles, at least that is not wanting; but the increasing prosperity of the country is the best criterion, and may safely be referred to.

When so long a lease has been concluded, as for thirty years, on equitable principles, it is but fair and reasonable, that the losses of one year should be counterbalanced by the profits of another, that the people should be taught, not only to be industrious, but to be provident: and, as a general rule, this principle is acted upon: but there are exceptional cases, and a deaf ear is never turned to a case fairly made out. And in this the efficiency and judgment of the Collector is tried, for on the one hand to abandon the rights of the State, without sufficient reason, would be weakness and dereliction of duty; on the other, to show no mercy under peculiar circumstances of misfortune, to drive a community from their fields, or compel the capitalist to abandon his investment, is short-sighted indeed. The climate of the North West Provinces is most uncertain: drought, when it does come, is deadly; the heavens are turned into brass, and the seed cannot be thrown into the ground, which is like iron: then again untimely hail beats down the ripening crop, or countless flights of locusts consume the green herb; murrains sieze the cattle; the small pox, or cholera decimates the population; the noble rivers swell beyond their banks, and carry away acres of arable land, discharging them many a league distant in the Bay of Bengal. Who can war against the seasons and the elements? In such contingencies the Government is never wanting in generosity, but demands facts and figures, to warrant suspension or remission. It is a mournful task for a Collector taking his annual tour in a bad year: complaints greet him at every village, and deep murmurings of a deeply suffering population: thoughtless, imprudent, careless of the morrow, except when starvation looks them in the face, like children, they must be controlled by the hand of power; like infants, they must be forgiven, when they err: they gather round his horse, vilipending their noble acres, which, unassisted by art, unrefreshed by fallows, unrenovated by manure, scratched by the plough, and thanklessly reaped by children, have for the last two thousand years maintained an annual crop, from a period, when the rich fields of England were still covered by primeval forest. There is no medium in their state. "We die, we die, we *are* dead: there is no rain—our crops are ruined—our children have been sold" [illegible]

the Collector is still pondering upon means of relief, and mourning over their condition, these self-immolated corpses are next week dancing the live-long night at some wedding, or brought in wounded and bruised in some hard stand-up fight, about these very dirty acres, of which they talked so lightly. The discontented agriculturist has his eyes always on the clouds, and his ears open to the prices current;—if it rains, he grumbles at the injury inflicted on his cotton: if the weather is fair, he invokes all his gods to enable him to sow his spring crop: if prices range low he tears his hair, and vows that he cannot pay his rent; if they range high, he is equally ruined, for he has not wherewith to purchase seed for the next harvest, or to feed his children: thus is it ever.

If the Collector's duties were limited strictly to what is implied by the name, his task would now be done; but in practice the real duties have not yet been noticed. In most districts the collections scarcely cost a thought; so complete the machinery, so prosperous the provinces, so well adjusted the assessment, that the golden shower falls uninterrupted, and the ordinary individual, who has without an effort of his own transmitted a royal ransom half-yearly to the public Treasury, is scarcely aware of the financial feat, which he and his subordinates have performed, and in many cases, is most innocent of all knowledge of the means by which it has been realized. And for four months only of the year, May, June, November and December, is there a semblance of these duties: then, indeed, there is a chinking of Rupees in the Treasury ante-chamber, and a weighing of bags in the actual sanctuary; some one is heard talking of a remittance of many thousands being brought in on the backs of mules: a difference of an anna in the accounts, perhaps, necessitates a reference, and reminds the Collector, that he really has to make collections, or perhaps some shameless landlord has dared to be in balance for twenty-four hours, and a process is talked of, perhaps issued: —beyond this, the crack Collector can do nothing, for the Government and the people have anticipated his bloodthirsty purposes—the former by limiting absolutely and positively its demand—the latter by flinging their instalments into the overflowing Treasury days before they fall due.

But the other duties of the Collector last all the year round, and year by year they are multiplying, and the fashion of the day is to invest him with new and miscellaneous duties. Some portion of the attributes of the Judge are pared away, and conferred on the officers *supposed* to know the people [illegible]

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the Collector. Everything that is to be done by the Executive, must be done by him, in one of his capacities, and we find him within his jurisdiction Publican, Auctioneer, Sheriff, Road-maker, Timber-dealer, Enlisting Sergeant, Sutler, Slayer of wild beasts, Book-seller, Cattle-breeder, Post Master, Vaccinator, Discounter of Bills, and Registrar General, in which last capacity he has also to tie the marriage knot for those who object to the thirty-nine articles. Latterly, he has been made school-master of his District also, and upon every subject, the most extraordinary reports are daily called for, leading to the loading of the Post-office wallets, and the rubbish baskets of Government, with the most abominable trash that can be imagined. Every new measure of Government places an extra straw on the Collector's back.

"Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi."

Whatever happen to be the prevailing hobby, the Collector suffers. One day specimens are called for for the Exhibitions of London and Paris: the next day the cry is for iron and timber for the Railroad, or poles for the Telegraph.

These are his miscellaneous duties, but his regular duties require some further notice. The second on the list is that of "Registrar of landed property." This, in itself, is a task of no slight importance, and in the North West Provinces registration is carried out to an excess of detail scarcely equalled in any other part of the world. Enter the record room of the Collector, and you will find a map of every one of the thousand villages, showing distinctly the size and position of every field, with a number, which facilitates reference to the accompanying deed, by which the name of the owner, of the cultivator, of the area, of the crop, is at once ascertained. And, moreover, to correct the errors and changes, which may creep in by lapse of time, annual papers are prepared in each village, showing with reference to the record prepared at the time of settlement, what changes have taken place. Whether these returns are always trustworthy, whether a bad superintendence, and a perfunctory mode of discharging business, has not allowed the truthfulness of those papers in many districts to become much questioned, still the machinery is always at hand, by which a few months' labour would restore the correctness, which time may have impaired. Without claiming infallibility to such registers, still to have arrived thus far, is no slight feat, but one worthy of imitation in more civilized countries, and indispensable with reference to the intricate village constitutions of the North West Provinces. And now that property has acquired a real value, the superintend-

ence of the constant alteration is a labour of no slight importance. In every sub-division of the district there are native officers, specially intrusted with these duties, and under them is the invaluable Village Accountant in every village. Countless and various as are the interests of the community, are the changes to be made in the register, so as to maintain it as a correct reflection of the exact state of possession, and nothing more. Some estates are being divided according to legal procedure; others again are being united; death is busy in the community; sons succeed to fathers, and the bell of mortality rings its various changes, and leaves its trace on the register: sales, mortgages, gifts, voluntary or forcible, attest that the limitation of the demand of the state has maintained the value of property. Nor is the Civil Court idle,—and, would that it were as discriminating as active, but since war, tumult, and affray have been checked by a strong Government, it must needs be, that the evil passions of mankind find a vent in the Courts of law, and no wonder that that vent is foul.

Allusion has been made to the Village Accountant: he is one of the indigenous office-bearers of India, known by different names in different parts of the country; he is useful and trustworthy, in proportion as he is supported and controlled, and kept in his proper position: when this is not done, his appointment had better be vacant, for in some villages a sharp pushing man makes himself a tyrant; in others, he sinks down to be a miserable slave, often of one party or faction. Great attention is now paid to this important office: it is the last, and smallest joint of the ever-lengthening telescope, through which the searching gaze of the Governor can pry into the affairs of the humblest individual connected with the landed interests. A security is given to the integrity of the registers, by the circumstance of there being three copies, one kept by the Collector, one by the native officer in charge of the sub-division, and a third well thumbed copy is with the Village Accountant, liable to be referred to, challenged, and impugned, by any member of the village community, in the bosom of which the Accountant resides.

There may be too much centralization in all this, the people may be reduced to a state of languid helplessness by the overpowering influence of "bureaucracy:" it may be urged, that a system so intricate will never be maintained, and that it is not desirable that it should be so. Among a free people certainly not: such interference would be resented by the sturdy squires of an English county: they would not surrender, without a struggle, the secrets of their estates, and the powerful Zemindar

of Bengal would, no doubt, resist the wholesome control imposed upon him in favour of the classes below him:—but this intricate system of registration, faithfully maintained, is part of the North West Province system, which cannot be abandoned, and the record of rights is justly considered the greatest of the feats of the settlement. Rights, when ill-defined, are a constant source of heart-burning, and if they are not to be overborne, or swept away, as in other Presidencies, they must be analysed, and recorded.

The third capacity of the Collector is that of Judge between landlord and tenant. This jurisdiction has grown up by degrees, and has forced itself on the Legislature. The same ever-recurring pressure of the land-tax, that renders it of vital interest to the Government, that the state of property should be accurately recorded, and has vested the Collector with summary jurisdiction to realize balances of land revenue, that same outward pressure, has rendered it necessary that the court should have summary processes to assist the landlord to collect his rent, and to assist the cultivator to resist the oppression of the landlord. Remove the pressure, suppose a state of things, where taxes are paid with a smile and a bow, and the acceptance of rent pressed by the tenant upon the landlord, imagine relations existing between landlord and tenant, and landlord and government, exactly contrary to the actual state of things; and the summary jurisdiction, that grew up in the Judge's Court, and at length twenty years ago was transferred bodily to the Collector, might be abandoned. It may seem an anomaly, but it is not: such cases are more rapidly and satisfactorily disposed of by the Collector, than were possible in the Civil Courts:—and the institution of suits is by law made to depend upon compliance with the rules discussed above for maintaining correct annual registers. In this capacity the Collector becomes a Judge, with full and plenary jurisdiction; but his decisions are liable to review in the Civil Courts, the necessity of which is scarcely apparent, as the least important cases may now be tried twice over. The Summary Courts of the Collector furnish models, to which the Regular Courts might, with advantage, adapt themselves. There a man meets his antagonist face to face, and is confronted with the Village Accountant: the issue is a narrow one, and is soon decided: the rent was due, or it was not, and on that must turn the merits of the case, whether it be for rent on the part of the landlord, or for replevin, exaction, or ouster on the part of the tenant.

In his next capacity the multiform Collector, from being an

independent Judge, sinks down to that of the ministerial officer of the courts of justice, in matters relating to land. And most wisely has this been so arranged, as who so capable of giving effectual and immediate execution to the orders of the Court, as the officer, who is also the Registrar of the district? When the trumpet of the Judge speaks clearly, he must be obeyed; but, wherever the order is inconsistent with the constitution of the estate, or the rights of others, the Collector is bound to remonstrate, and his remonstrance will usually be attended to. All sales of land in execution of the orders of Court, must take place in the Collector's office, whose hammer, now no longer required for the realization of the rights of Government, is busy once a month in effecting forcible transfers, and giving new titles. There is no doubt great injury inflicted upon landed interests, when the easy transfer of property on good and unquestionable title is shackled; but there is an evil of an entirely opposite nature, which appears to be gaining ground., *viz*, too great a facility of effecting transfers for clearly fraudulent purposes.

The last of the recorded functions of the Collector is that of Accountant and Treasurer of the District. Under his keys are the bags of silver coin, which he has collected, and which it is his duty also to disburse. He overlooks the testing and weighing of the coin, for counting is out of the question.—month after month the Military and Civil Establishments have to be paid; the pensioners of the Company come with unfailing regularity for their pensions; every item of disbursement, of whatever kind, must pass through his hand, and be entered on his account, and his signature is acknowledged for thousands in any of the hundred treasuries in the Bengal Presidency, from Peshawur down to Moulmein, and drafts drawn upon him from all quarters of India have to be honoured. All this entails some degree of responsibility, and the due discharge can only be effected by some trouble; and even with the greatest care, and the greatest consideration shewn by the supervising authorities, it must needs be that the hapless disbursing officer is sometimes mulcted, and, until he has rendered full accounts, and gained a discharge in full, he cannot leave the country without providing a security. A great deal of the work is, no doubt, done by a Deputy, and in a well arranged office it is wonderful how the work is gone through; yet the head officer is constantly reminded that he is responsible for all, and not to one master, but to legion. Sometimes the Accountant calls for explanation of some account, the mere look of which gives head-ache. Sometimes, the Commissioner aggravates by censures, or harasses by calling for reports. The daily post

covers his table with a heterogeneous mass, exemplifying the multifarious nature of the duties confided to him: a memorandum about opium from Ghazeepore, a reminder about stamps from Calcutta, letters of advice which he cannot refuse from every part of the Peninsula: some references are in English, some in the Vernacular. As he goes to his office, the chances are that his hands will be filled with petitions, perhaps his bridle pulled by some audacious suitor, or his legs firmly clasped by same pertinacious litigant.

> "No peace for the wicked—no rest for the general referee."
> "Homo sum, humanum nihil a me alienum puto."

All has to be done at once: letters to be answered—orders to be passed upon reports—to be endorsed upon petitions: the rivers are eating away their banks, and the arreas have to be re-measured; the tanks are drying up—the streams require bridging: a man has lost his wife—a cavalry officer his troop-horse—an old woman her cow: all write to him, all bother him, sometimes caressing, sometimes abusing, by every kind of appellation, in many languages and styles.

And for all this he receives the salary of two thousand two hundred and fifty Rupees per mensem, or £2,700 per annum, and is voted generally to be a monstrously high-paid officer! Let us consider only his pure Collectoral duties, the mere gathering of rents, the faithful rendition of accounts, independent of the judicial, magisterial, and miscellaneous functions; how would a land-agent be paid in England, who managed and collected the rents of a ducal estate, paying £160,000 per annum? Fortunately we can apply the test of comparison, and we know gentlemen, who do not consider themselves overpaid on a salary of £1,000 per annum for managing estates with a rental of £40,000; and this in their own country, and among their friends, not in a bad climate, and in exile.

It is not to be supposed, that the labour falls equally on all the Collectorates of Northern India: the emoluments, and the system, are the same in all, but circumstances vary, and duties which are nominal in one district, are weighty and troublesome in others. Some happy tracts are highly favoured by nature, and were blessed with discriminating managers, at the time when the settlement was being fixed. In others art may have done, or be doing much, and canals may be placing their prosperity upon a surer basis: some are renowned for their cereals, others for their sugar, and a third class for their cotton. In some the ancient communities have been preserved intact, and a stout independent yeomanry themselves cultivate and possess the soil; in others, during the early years of British rule, a mingled class

of land-speculators have sprung up, who, by fraud or force, have dispossessed the ancient proprietors, who curse the intruders, whom they are now powerless to oust: there may still be some districts, which, owing to the inclemency of the seasons, former misrule, and over-assessment, are depressed, but such are the exception: one feature prevails in all: the assessment is fixed beyond the caprice of new comers, and all the complicated matters, connected with that settlement, have been finished, and consigned to the tomb, into which those honoured individuals, who designed, carried forward, and completed the great work, have all now prematurely descended.

The Indian year has but three seasons, the hot weather, the rains, and the cold season; for the two former the Collector is necessarily confined to the principal station of his district. In the months of April, May and June, the heavens are brass, and the earth is scorched by burning; tanks dry up, men exposed to the mid-day sun drop down dead, the leaves of trees become parched; with eyes inflamed, hair resembling tow, and throats like-open sepulchres, life becomes endurable only behind screens of damp grass, and beneath waving fans. The great desert has its own way, and stifles mankind with its heated air; but the great ocean before long has its revenge. Every thing in this country, from mountain ranges and rivers, down to perjury, is on a grand and inordinate scale. It may be that these strange contrasts are necessary for the fructifying of the seed, and the production of the good gifts of the earth, or that it is an original part of the divine dispensation, that the elements of fire and water should contribute annually their quota of miseries for the tribulation of mankind; but so it is; towards the end of June the clouds are brought up by the monsoon, and the windows of heaven are opened, and down comes, in a few days, as much rain as damp foggy England does not receive in the course of the twelve months. The labours of the Indian official continue all the same; and let those who doubt, follow him daily into that confined space, where odours, not those of Araby the blest, and heat beyond description, render the post of tide-waiter at Greenwich preferable to that of Collector in India. However, with the departure of the rains, prospects brighten; the white tents are brought forth, and, quitting the confined limits of the principal station, the Collector starts with his migratory camp, into the interior, to see, and be seen, of the people, in their fields, and amidst their homesteads. Gladly and unreservedly the people, the poorest and the lowest, crowd round his encampment, which is shifted day by day, by the banks of many a stream, under many a stately grove. There is no fear of the people of India suffering in silence; the least injury,

real or supposed, is at once told; but a kind word is often sufficient. Much can be done by those, who win to themselves a personal influence over the people; and in his rides, or seated in the villages, the Collector can discover secrets, shrouded in darkness in his cutchery. Much talk is there with the head men about grain, and the prospect of the season, vulgar topics for those who care only for white gloves, and petty scandal; long discussions on the culture of the sugar-cane, or the picking of cotton; but an interest shown on such subjects, cannot fail to attract the well-disposed, and many is the little favour that can be granted. A simple people hang upon the words of their ruler, laugh with their laughing master, and remember with pride his gracious salutation.

Follow him in his morning ride—his cutchery on horseback—watch the delight with which he contemplates the abundant harvest, or signs of material improvement, or the regret with which he rides through ruined homesteads, or stunted crops, bowing to the inclemency of the seasons, but meditating remedies, where man, ignorant man, has been the cause of the ruin. Sit with him during the live-long day; mark the multitudinous references—the over-taxed patience—the indignation at some outrage—the satisfaction at some enterprise accomplished: he is now instructing his trained subordinates in the narrow rules of office, now reasoning on the broad grounds of expediency and propriety and mutual advantage, with half-clothed, and half-savage rustics, who will take delightingly from his hand, and mouth, what they would resent from any other. By the scattering of a little dust from that hand the village tumult subsides: by a few timely words from that mouth, how many heart-burnings are charmed away. It is the privilege of those in power, that even punishments, justly and intelligently administered, are not resented, that a few kind words will send away smiling the peasant smarting under some injury, and lamentations are forgotten amidst the suggestion of better and brighter things. Simple and short are the annals of the poor; let them only be listened to.

And after all, these are the Europeans, who come into collision with, and give to the people something more than an abstract idea of their rulers: on their discretion, and knowledge of the language, feelings, and prejudices of the rural population, much must ever depend—of the Governor they know nothing; he is a myth, more obscure than one of their cloud-enveloped deities. On his tour he is dimly seen in the morning on the public road, and his path is sometimes like that of a hurricane. The visits of the Commissioner are as angels' visits, few and far between; he is here, and again he is gone.

The Indian army is a bright sword, but it is carefully sheathed in the scabbard, until war bid it be drawn; the peaceful inhabitants are, indeed, aware of the existence of the large military cantonments, and may with awe and wonder have watched the evolutions of our phalanges on the parade ground. Many the wild tale, or the good joke, they have among themselves, with regard to the habits and manners of their conquerors; but in no way are they thrown into connection or collision with them; the Collector and his assistants furnish them with their notions of the Englishman: they are the only members of the stranger caste, who hold personal conference with the subject people, who can ascertain their wants, make allowance for their prejudices, and, learning to like them, may receive the reward of being liked: and how soon we begin to love our green fields, to know our villagers by name, especially, when the time draws near, where *they are to be left for ever*, when, as the best and only return of long labours, unbidden crowds flock out to touch the feet of their ruler, and lament his departure!

In these migratory Courts we find none of the pomp and circumstance of European justice: no Judge in ermine chills the unfortunate litigants with portentous frown: no crowd of lictors obstruct the entrance: the matter at issue is soon disposed of, freed from the load of official technicality. Beneath the wide-spreading trees, the memorial of the times of the Emperors, the carpet is spread: no places are reserved for the privileged great, where all are equal: the village communities are there, the grey bearded veteran, who had fought for his ancestral acres, acknowledges, and appreciates, the better order: round him are his sons and his grandsons, his kinsmen and belongings. Spirits, which would have exhausted themselves in bloodshed and outrage under a native rule, or debased themselves to chicanery in European Courts, stand abashed in the presence of the genius of order, unpretending, yet absolute, as no King was before. A murmuring in the crowd, or a sudden move among those interested, shows how closely the proceedings are watched, and understood. Truth, unknown in the closed and stifling cutchery, is spoken without an effort, since immediate conviction from the lips of the whole community would follow every falsehood.

Such was the judging of God's own people, when they settled in Canaan; such were the simple courts, which we read of in the earlier ages of mankind: thus Abraham among his shepherds, Samuel among the dwellers on the banks of Jordan, managed the affairs of simple communities; to some such source must be traced all the judicial systems of the West, ere the increase of population, and the growth of Cities, complicat-

Let any one ride through the deserted and ruined provinces of another ancient Asiatic Empire; such a spectacle, as Turkey now presents! Let him rein up his steed at the unbridged stream, lodge the night in the half-ruined village, hear complaints all around him, be an unwilling witness of oppression in the city, of oppression on the plains. He will find unbridled, unprincipled rulers, a reckless, weak and careless Government. No voice lifted up to admonish, no hand raised to save, no public opinion thundering through the press. Will not he, if a thoughtful and benevolent man, wish, that he had power to remedy some, if not all, of these evils, to pour oil and wine into the gaping wounds, to make straight the roads, to bridge the stream, to shorten the hand of the oppressor, and erect the bema of justice, and to scatter plenty over a hapless land? Transfer such a man at once to an Indian Collectorate. Bid him nourish those generous sentiments, and he will have a wide and noble field for usefulness, for, if philanthropy be the object, what trade so no ble as ruling men? There are those, who came hither merely to wear out an unglorious and unprofitable existence, to shake the rupee tree-who look upon our subject millions, as so many black bodies without souls, for the treatment of whom by their rulers no heavy account will be demanded hereafter. These words are not for them: no system is without its defects: no men are born Judges or Statesmen; but with a benevolent disposition, a trained experience, a kind heart, and a fearless independence, much may be done. And there is no fear of reproof, or neglect, from an Indian Governor of the present day, for suggesting reforms. Let no wild theories, but practical schemes of amendment be brought forward, and they will be welcomed. Progress is all around; let the servant of Government float on the foremost wave, fearlessly attacking every existing abuse, warmly entering into, and carrying out every new measure of amendment, placing the true interests of the ruler with those of the ruled, and feeling, that he serves his country best, when he restores a ruined district to prosperity, or diminishes one of the hundred miseries, to which man is heir.

There may be times and circumstances, when such prospects appear desperate. Wonderful in an Indian climate, is the "vis inertiæ," and many a plan of improvement is baffled by half-witted antagonists, or crushed by official delay, or put off till better times; but, when a system and principles are worked upon, such impediments are but mounds of dirty earth, which retard, but do not stop, the progress of the irresistible stream.

And after many years thus spent among the people, on terms of much greater intimacy than that of the English landlord with his tenantry, after years of devotion to the cause, cannot the ser-

vants of Government smile, when the clever scribe, newly imported by the last steamer, pours out his diatribes, setting at nought carefully and dearly bought experience, talking about matters which he really does not understand, spanning the abyss of his own ignorance with the broad arch of assumption, and denouncing abuses, the causes of which he cannot fathom. It would be amusing, were the subject not so serious a one; for sometimes these men are dogmatizing as legislators, and anon standing forth as champions of constitutional freedom among a people conquered by the sword: but the real motive is to bring grist to the mill. What care they for the sable millions? If trade is slack in Bengal, they take the first ship to the Southern Colonies, and, forgetful of the oppressed Hindu, are loud about the rights of the New Zealander, or rampant on the constitution of Victoria. It is clear, that the duties above described require men to be trained to do them, and, when trained, it matters not, whether the man was originally a soldier or a Civilian; but the sword is not turned into a ploughshare in a day, the gallant Captain, with his newly cropped laurels, often appears to disadvantage in the cutchery; and when such vast interests are involved, such enormous sums of money at stake, can it be wondered, that a Government insist upon some guarantee, and bind down their employers by a contract? What is wanted is honest men, and trained men, and then the best to the fore. India has no occasion for the checks of political wisdom, the elaborate Civil Court, or the popular representation, but a strong, well informed, and independent executive power, prompt to visit, at once and severely, the least oppression on the part of a subordinate, ready to support the really good motive, and to controul and correct the wavering and timid. We want also an intelligent, and able press, to be the argus eyes of the Government, to expose temperately, and denounce consistently, but stand fearlessly on the good ground. Such a position has always been occupied by the *Friend of India*, and long may it continue to occupy it.

Shall it be said, that those, whose earlier and maturer years are occupied in duties such as these, are passing a useless and unprofitable existence? Such labours are rewarded, not by official common-place, but by the unsolicited approbation of the parties chiefly interested. Nor are the subjects so widely different from those which interest and occupy the thoughts of the European world. It is only the mode of application, that really differs, for simple are the real and essential elements of Government, identical are the duties of every conscientious ruler to the people placed under him. The same general questions, which in England agitate the community, on account of the

entanglement of vested rights, are here calmly and dispassionately considered by a Government of absolute, yet responsible, power. The education of the people is admitted to be a foremost duty, and will, as finances permit, be extended to the whole community. Public attention is directed here, as in England, to the improvement of the judicial system, the simplification of its form, the straightening of the channels, by which justice is to find its way to the people. In such investigations the Indian Officials have not been backward, and the least cumbersome, least expensive system is being sought after: the depth of European learning is to be combined with the simplicity of Asiatic practice. In questions of taxation, the Indian Collector, who has any due appreciation of his position, is led to reflect, and form a judgment of the comparative expediency, or inexpediency, of fiscal measures. Free trade may have its votaries or antagonists, and the question may be argued upon grounds of general and universal expediency, without the embitterment of party. Next follows the question of expenditure; and the Collector is daily called upon to consider, what should be the charges, which can properly be defrayed from the public chest, of which he is the guardian. No false sympathy is extended to the sinecurist or the courtier: no family influences or prejudices are allowed to operate: no drones can fatten on the honey collected by the community; the principles of the school of economists have been reduced to stern reality.

The volume, which we have placed at the head of this paper, is one, but *only one*, of the legacies left by its gifted author to these Provinces, for which he lived and died; and in detailing the duties of a Collector of Revenue, surely some notice of him, who has taught by his practice and words these duties, is not out of place.

When, in 1843, the post of Lieutenant-Governor fell unexpectedly vacant, and the most fastidious of Governor-Generals, who possessed the divining rod of ability, and whose appointments were marked by a wondrous prescience, looked round for a person fit to hold the reins at that crisis, the Foreign Secretary stood alone—the most distinguished of his contemporaries. He may not have had the political skill and vigour, which had characterised Hastings and Elphinstone, nor would he have brought order out of chaos, and converted a rebellious kingdom into thriving provinces, so soon as this has been done by the Punjab Board. Not so great in public estimation as Metcalfe, but in something greater; not so popular as Clerk, but more deserving to be loved; he has left us better things, than the frothy declamations of Napier, the songs of triumph of

Ellenborough, or the carnage-bought victories of Gough. All around him was war, but he calmly worked out his schemes of improvement, and showed that peace has her victories no less renowned than those of war.

Some achieve greatness: he was both good and great, an example to the servants of Government, that great ability can be united to purity and religion, that success in this world need not steel the heart to the concerns of the next. To enumerate his actions would be to notice every improvement for the last ten years in these provinces, for he could combine wisdom and sound views with the most intimate detail. Amidst the glitter of tinsel of the modern great, it was grateful to find something solid to rest on. He was greater because untitled, and, because undecorated, he appears the more distinguished; for he had not been degraded by knighthood, nor has he left a bootless title to his descendants; but, when the question of the Government of a great dependency was agitated in the senate, his actions alone obtained universal praise: his administration alone stood the test of inquiry.

In the midst of the applause he died. Ere the last echo of praise had reached us, while a new proconsular wreath was weaving for his honoured head, while another lustrum of usefulness and advantage was opening out to him, to be followed, with God's blessing, by years of happiness in his native land, he passed away. It was not to be. He was all but lost to us already: a few months more, and we should see him no more, when he was snatched away by one of those unaccountable dispensations, to which we can only bow in silence, and believe, that the mission entrusted to him had been accomplished: and so sudden was his death, that the functions of Government for a time stood suspended: the good ship started from her track, as the rudder fell suddenly from the hand of the experienced steersman.

Let no masses of stone, or useless Mausoleum be raised to commemorate so good, and simple-minded a man: let the testimonial be, like his own character, practical, unostentatious, and beneficent to the people, whom he loved so well. It may do for lordlings, who from time to time obstruct the progress of improvement, to be recorded in kindred blocks of unprofitable masonry, by the presumptuous column, or the unmeaning obelisk: let this man live among us, as lives a worthy rival in a sister Presidency: let us learn to connect the moral improvement of the people with the names of Elphinstone and Thomason.

ART. VII.—*The Ramayana, an Indian Epic. Edited by Gaspar Gorresio. Paris*, 1854.

SIGNOR GASPER GORRESIO has done a service of no ordinary nature to all admirers of Sanskrit literature, and his labours deserve honourable mention in Indian periodicals. There is very little taste now-a-days for the Sanskrit language, yet it would be a shame, indeed, to pass over the noble volumes, published by a native of Sardinia, at the national press of France, without some notice. This is no dull volume of exploded and abortive philosophy—no vast commentary, which it makes the head ache only to open and glance at the contents, but a noble Epic Poem, fresh and original, second only to the great Epic of the Greek nation—and the Editor has done his duty well. He has published five volumes of text, which in beauty and elegance of execution cannot be surpassed, and three volumes of translation into the Italian language. The critical Notes are brief, but some of the Prefaces contain much interesting information, especially that of the seventh volume, in which is a succinct, but complete sketch of the history of the poem.

It is singular, that we should have waited so long for a complete edition of the text, and translation into an European language, of this great master-piece: still more strange, that we should be indebted, at last, to a native of Sardinia, a country in no way, either in times past or present, connected with India. In the years 1806 and 1810, the venerable Carey and Marshman published the text and English translation of two books and a half, out of the seven which complete the story; and not only are these volumes very scarce, but they are very inferior as productions of literary art, though no blame attaches to the excellent men, who, in the very dawn of oriental studies, published in part what none of their successors have found ability or spirit to complete. The great William Schlegel, twenty years afterwards, gave to the world the text of two books, with a Latin translation of the first, both unexceptionable in merit, and excellent, as far as they go: but his labours were interrupted, and never resumed: and another twenty years passed away, ere Signor Gorresio presented to the public, at the expense of Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia, the whole text, the printing of which cannot be surpassed in any country, and the whole translation, in Italian, which may be equalled, but not surpassed, in any other of the languages of Europe. In his translation, he has carefully preserved a Dantesque idiom and form of expression, free from all local patois; his rendering is most

faithful, and his language elegant and spirited, and so closely does classical Italian approach to the Latin language, that, though not written in the learned language of Europe, it will not be lost to the general public; and no oriental library will have any pretention to completeness, without a copy of this magnificent publication.

The *Ramayana* is essentially the great historic poem of India, the earliest in date, the most complete in design, and the most popular. In it are described the great acts and achievements of Rama, King of Ajodya, the modern Oude, of the solar race of Rajputs, from whom the numerous families, who style themselves "Raghuvansi," still trace their lineage. The other great heroic poem of India is the *Mahabharata*, which describes the deeds of the lunar race of Rajputs, who ruled at Indraprastha, now Delhi, on the Jumna. This poem is confessedly of a much later date, and, though inordinate in length, it is deficient in completeness and unity of action, and clearly a large number of episodes have been added to it, by which the original plan of the poem is injured. Both these poems have a religious scope also, and are as such the objects of the greatest veneration: the *Ramayana* narrates the acts of Vishnu, the great creator, in his seventh incarnation, that of Rama; the latter is the chronicle of the acts of Krishna, the eighth incarnation of the same deity. The geography of India is divided between them: in the *Ramayana* the poet conducts us from Ajodya, the base of operations, beyond the Sutlej, into the Punjab, and thence returning, we are invited across the Vyndha range, into the Deccan, across the Nerbudda and Godaveri, to the most southern point of India, and across the arm of the sea, into the island of Ceylon. In the *Mahabharata*, Hastinapura is the basis of operations, but the scene of the battles is betwixt the Sutlej and the Jumna, near Thanesur. In some of the Episodes, such as that of Nala, we are conducted into the country of Vidharba, or Berar, where Damayanti resided: and the whole western portion of India is crossed to Dwarka, on the banks of the Indian Ocean, in the neighbourhood of Cutch, at which place Krishna finally fixed his kingdom. The glimpses of geographical knowledge, possessed by the poet, are highly interesting to trace out; and the insight gained into the habits and manners of the people, at the time that the poem was written, is invaluable.

By what combination of syllables was the poet known during the few days that he trod the earth, and left this deathless monument of his power over the feelings of mankind? Is it but a myth, or a shadow, or are we permitted, after this lapse

of ages, and the neglect of successive generations, to pronounce the name? On this subject there is no doubt:—the poet's name was Valmiki; he was contemporaneous with the heroes whom he describes, and he resided on the banks of the Jumna, near its confluence with the Ganges at Allahabad. Of this fact his accuracy of geographical description of the countries betwixt Oude on one side, and the feet of the Vyndha range on the other, leaves no doubt. Faithful tradition has marked the spot, and in the district of Banda, in British Bundlecund, about twenty miles from the right bank of the river Jumna, stands the Hill of Valmiki, near the village of Bogrehee: on the height is a fort, said to have been his residence: it has been our fortunate lot to visit more than one of the seven cities which claim the honour of the birth of the blind Mæonian: we have looked on Troy, and gazed up at the heights of Ida, and we have done so with feelings of reverence; and some such feelings have been engendered, when we stood on the solitary hill of Valmiki, and looked out on the wide view, which the poet must have contemplated, when he was dictating these sounding lines: which view comprehends a portion of the country mentioned in the poem.

We regret to say, that our poet began his life as a notorious highway robber, but, repenting of his misdeeds, he betook himself to austerities on the hill, and eventually, when the spirit moved him, to versifying; this is his only work that has come down to us, and an additional interest is attached to it, from the fact, that the poet received, in his hermitage, Sita, the faithful wife of the hero, when banished by her over-sensitive and jealous lord: there were born her two sons, Kusa and Lava, who were taught, as children, to repeat and chant the lines descriptive of the great actions of their unknown father, by which they were eventually made known, received and acknowledged, and from them are traced the proudest Rajput castes. We have thus the poet blended with the hero of the piece, and the best proof that Valmiki was well acquainted with the history of Rama

Some envious critics place the date of these events long subsequent to the Christian era; the Hindus, on the contrary, erect a chronological edifice of their own, of which thousands of years form an unit, and place the date of these transactions in the second age or yug, consequently, many hundred thousand years before the Christian era. The best informed take a middle course, and by a careful comparison of the probable with the improbable, and a collation of facts, give to the *Ramayana* a date, which would render its author a contem-

porary of Solomon, and such, in spite of Critics, we are prepared to allow it. Whether the poem was, for many ages, handed down by oral tradition, by a race of bards, (in the same manner as we find instances in the *Odyssey*, in the case of Phenius and Demodocus,) as Valmiki first communicated it to the sons of Rama, whose united names, according to Schlegel, have passed into a term for rhapsodists, or whether these stately lines were pricked on the leaves of the palm, or written on that species of paper, which, on the authority of Nearchus, we know existed in India as far back as the time of Alexander;—such questions as these we abandon to the curious. It is sufficient for us, that the Epic has descended to our times perfect, inasmuch as no portion of it has been lost. The only difficulty is to get rid of the redundancies which have been added to it. The poem consists of seven cantos, and the number of slokes, or double verses amounts to twenty-four thousand, which is faithfully recorded. But the last canto is generally rejected as spurious, and it is clearly beyond the scope of the Epic, for it describes events which happened after the return of Rama to his country, his exile being completed, and his labours done. This canto may well be compared with the poems called νοστοι, which were tacked on to the great Epic of the Greeks. Another difficulty has puzzled Editors and Critics, that of this huge poem there are two distinct recensions, in both of which the same story is told with precisely the same details, nearly the same number of couplets and chapters, often corresponding word for word, and line for line, but as often differing, the same sentiment being clothed in different expressions; and so rich is the Sanskrit language, that it could produce a third version, to tell the same story without repeating a single word, if required. These two recensions are known as the Bengali, and that of the Commentators, according to Schlegel, and the Gaodanian, and North country versions according to Gorresio; and by a singular perversity of critical acumen, both the distinguished German scholars, Schlegel and Lassen, have adopted the latter, while our Italian Editor has, in these volumes, presented us with the former, each party speaking highly in favor of his own choice. If the disciples of Schlegel, as promised by him in his Preface, finish the work commenced by their late master, we shall have the singular literary phenomenon of two editions of the text, differing so very much as to be clearly distinct works, while the translations will closely resemble each other.

As may be supposed, Indian commentators have found both the editions an ample field for their voluminous discussions; but their remarks apply chiefly to the meaning of the expres-

sions, and, until European Editors approached the subject, no criticism had been applied to the text. How much more fortunate have been the Homeric poems! Soon after their composition, they were collected under the orders of Pisistratus; how highly they were valued, long before our era, is shewn by Alexander of Macedon always carrying a copy of the Iliad with him in his campaigns: and from the days of the Alexandrian schools until now, the text has been submitted to the most rigid criticism, and placed beyond doubt. Not so the great Epic of the Hindus. Both Editors allow, that they have used much discretion in omitting what appeared to be repetitions, and, though each adhering to the recension that appeared to him the most genuine, they have not hesitated to adopt passages and corrections from the other.

However, let us leave the Critics and their rival editions, let us leave the poet and his rhapsodists, and pass to the poems and the hero. In Homer's poems we see too clearly, that the heroes are new men, and not sprung of ancient stock, as the parentage of many of the actors is imputed to the gods, a very convincing proof, that their mortal parents were either unknown, or so obscure, as not to deserve being chronicled; but the hero of the Indian poem is the descendant of a long line of ancestors, whose actions are chronicled; and he himself is the last of the line, who has any very great renown. The *Ramayana*, as may be supposed, is not the only work devoted to the great heroic ballad; in later days, other poets drew their inspiration from the pages of Valmiki, foremost among whom are Kalidasa, one of the ornaments of the court of Vikramaditya, who composed the poem of the *Raghuvansa*, justly allowed to be the most polished specimen of the later Sanskrit style. The subject is one so naturally suited for scenic representation, that Bhavabhuti, the great dramatist of the Augustan age of Sanskrit literature, adopted the subject, and has left us a drama full of beauty, thus occupying the same position to Valmiki that Euripides does to Homer. Nor are these the only instances, for, as may be supposed, the story of Rama is one of the stock pieces of the literature of the country, and Schlegel truly remarks, that the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* are to India, what the Iliad and Thebaid proved to Greece.

That Valmiki was, or fancied himself to be, one of the earliest of Indian poets, is shown by his taking to himself the credit of having invented the peculiar stately metre in which the poem is written, which metre is the one most generally used by all subsequent authors. According to his own account, Valmiki was passing along the banks of the Tonse, a stream

in Bundlecund, when he spied a pair of herons sporting together, unconscious of the neighbourhood of a hunter, who wantonly shot one of them: the survivor, when it saw its mate thus cruelly killed, filled the air with its lamentations, and pierced the heart of the sage, who uttered two lines of grief spontaneously in this metre, which he subsequently adopted for the poem, and called it *Sloka*, from a resemblance to the Sanskrit word for grief. This is the asserted origin of a metre, which has been multiplied far beyond the numbers of the Iambic, the Hexameter or other modern verse, for this poem alone contains more couplets than both the Iliad and Odyssey together have lines, and this poem is but an atom amidst the voluminous mass of Sanskrit literature.

The *Ramayana* has three distinct parts:—1. The description of the kingdom of Rama's father, the youthful days of the hero, his happy marriage, and his consecration as Crown Prince. 2. The unhappy circumstances that led to the exile of the hero, and the account of the exile. 3. The war with the giants, which closed the exile, and preceded his return to the throne of his ancestors. In the first portion the poet describes the state of Indian Society, as he knew it, and scenes and places with which he was himself more or less perfectly acquainted: in the second he conducts his hero to the immemorial forest, which once covered the whole country: of that the poet could know but a small space, but he attempts to describe a state of things, which to his notions, was probable; his geography becomes more vague, as he crosses the Vyndha range, but he is still in the kingdom of reality, and deals with mortals. In the third part the poet gives loose reins to his imagination; amidst hundreds and thousands of persons brought on the stage, three only are mortals, the hero, his brother and his wife. All the rest are monkeys and giants: the most astounding performances are narrated, a machinery introduced, transcending that of the fabled Titans. No tale of Jack the Giant-killer is more monstrous, no fairy legend to amuse children more absurd, than the achievements that are calmly narrated in these solemn and ever-flowing lines. Here we have tales of Anthropophagi, and monsters far exceeding in power and activity any creatures of western fancy; we read of arms, and weapons, compared to which the arms of the Olympic gods are but as tiny reeds; slaughter takes place of thousands, leaps are taken of hundreds of leagues, and a resident of Europe, on perusal, would wonder, what kind of people could ever have believed such follies, how a poet of such great ability and powers, as proved by the two first parts of his poem, could risk his reputation by the impossibilities of the last.

But the strangest tale has now to be told. Not only did the poet himself believe the legends which he reduced to verse, not only did the audiences, before whom he chaunted them, give them full credit in the days of Solomon, but three thousand years have passed away in vain as regards them—in vain has the march of intellect introduced, all over the world, new schools of philosophy, new religions, new arts and new customs—the gods of Olympus are now only known to schoolboys—old Homer is admired, quoted, and loved as a glorious myth, Delphi has long ago lost its tripod, and kept silence; but these fables, or call them what you will, these gross absurdities, are still believed as Gospel, by many millions, old and young, rich and poor. With them it is an article of faith! Although for half a century the island of Ceylon has been ruled by the same people as the Peninsula of India, though the communication is rapid and certain, yet still it is firmly believed by millions of the people of India, that that island is peopled by rakshas or giants, and paved with gold.

For tradition has been woven with religion: the magic power of verse has preserved the one, and strengthened and perpetuated the other; for a deeper mind and meaning is contained in the history of Rama, to understand which, we must follow up the vagaries to their earliest source. Man, poor weak man, from the earliest date, has felt the conviction of the existence of a higher power, and has vainly groped about for God, but, without the light of inspiration, has sought in vain. The Hindus early arrived at the idea of the All-powerful Divinity, whom they divided into three; but of them, the first, Brahma, like old Saturn, soon became obsolete, and of the two remaining, one-half the Hindu world place their faith in Vishnu, and the other in Siva, each party ascribing to their diety the full powers of the ruler of the universe. Having arrived, painfully and uncertainly, at the idea of a God All-powerful and All-wise, the necessity of his interfering in mortal affairs has appeared of daily increasing urgency, and the necessity of periodical incarnations of the Deity to redeem the world, and restore it from some impending danger, has been written on the faith of a people, who, at an early date, discovered that faith without works was vain. Thence has it happened, that the followers of Vishnu maintain, that on nine separate occasions that deity has descended to the earth, and performed the stated duty, and then returned: that he is to return once more, and restore all things, is still their fervent belief. The earlier incarnations are vague and uncertain, and the offspring of an age, which had not yet attained to the dignity of hero-worship. The incarnations

are as follows; the fish, the tortoise, the boar, the man-lion, the dwarf, and Purus Ram: then followed the celebrated incarnations of Rama and Krishna, who have superseded entirely the worship of the original deity; and last of actual incarnations, is the mysterious appearance of Buddha, himself the founder of a heresy, which persecution has converted into a separate religion. Still to come is "Kalika," but the time is uncertain.

In addition to the great deities, are a vast number of deified mortals, personified elements, and attributes, and other fanciful creations of poor human intellect, when once it takes to idol-worship, so prolific of absurdities. All these gentry occupy the heavens, but appear at all times to have been exposed to frightful dangers, or inconvenience, from evil spirits, or over-powerful mortal ascetics. the boundaries of the earth and the heavens appear to have been particularly undefined, for we hear of mortal Sovereigns assisting the gods in their fight with demons, and we find these poor gods reduced to most pitiful straits before powerful mortals, compelling them to implore the assistance of the Great Ruler of the Universe, though sometimes this awful Power appears to have been obliged to descend to low tricks to effect his purposes. Thus it happens, that the two worlds at one conjuncture, viz., the Continent of India, Jambu Dwipa, and the corresponding portion of the heavens, or celestial regions, were oppressed to such an extent by certain giants, whose head quarters were at Ceylon, that they were driven to seek relief from Vishnu, and beg an incarnation of his power to rid the world of the evil. There is something grand and soul-stirring in this bold flight of unassisted human genius: here is the confession of the dependence of poor weak man on a sole Creator, who is begged to send a portion of himself, to the help of his creatures. In the poem before us, this is narrated briefly, but in the later work of Kalidasa, the *Raghuvansa*, we have the following noble description of the Deity, a translation of which we borrow from another publication, as giving an idea of the notions formed by a Hindu of the Godhead.

> He sat, that awful Deity—in state;
> His throne encircling heavenly armies wait:
> Around His head celestial rays were shed,
> Beneath His feet His conquered foes were spread:
> To Him the trembling gods their homage brought,
> "Incomprehensible in word or thought:—
> O thou, whom three-fold might and splendour veil,
> Maker, Preserver, and Destroyer—hail!
> Thy gaze surveys this world from clime to clime,
> Thyself immeasurable in space or time:

To no corrupt desires, no passions prone:
Unconquered Conqueror—Infinite—unknown:
Though in one form Thou veil'st Thy might divine,
Still at Thy pleasure every form is Thine:
Pure crystals thus prismatic hues assume,
As varying lights, and varying tints, illume:
Men think Thee absent—Thou art ever near:
Pitying those sorrows, which Thou ne'er canst fear:
Unsordid penance Thou alone canst pay:
Unchanged—unchanging—old without decay:—
Thou knowest all things:—who Thy praise can state?
Createdst all things, Thyself uncreate:
The world obeys Thy uncontrolled behest,
In whatsoever form Thou stand'st confest:—
Though human wisdom many roads foresee,
That lead to happiness, all verge in Thee:
So Gunga's waves from many a wandering tide
Unite, and to one mighty ocean glide.
Thou of Thy might before man's wondering eyes,
The earth, the universe, in witness rise,
Still by no human skill, no mortal mind,
Can Thy infinity be e'er defined.
And, if to bid thy awful grandeur hail,
Our feeble voices in mid tribute fail,
'Tis not the number of Thy praises cease,
But that our power, alas! knows no increase."

Surely, there is something god-like in these sentiments, something elevating in this description of the Deity, far different from the idol-worship of modern days, and the degrading adoration of the Lingum. The story goes on to say, that the Supreme Deity listened to the request, and allowed himself to be born as Rama, the son of Dasaratha, the King of Ajodya, with the view of extirpating the race of giants, and restoring free worship; for this appears to have been the crying evil that, owing to the incursion of these monsters, devout men were unable to complete their sacrifices.

What is the truth hidden under this myth, we can only guess at. Whether it is merely the Hindu embodiment of the idea of the struggle betwixt good and evil, the Ormuzd and Ahriman of the fire-worshippers, or whether the first conquest of the wild tribes of Southern India, by the more civilized tribes of the North, is darkly hinted at. That the dwellers of a country little known, should be described as ogres and giants, is no new feature of history. Others again imagine that they trace in this legend the great struggle betwixt the Brahminical and Buddhistic religions. That the latter once flourished over a great part of India, and by a reunited effort of the Brahmans, was entirely extirpated, but still flourishes in Ceylon, as well as other parts of Eastern Asia, is a fact no longer disputed.

These giants are described as particularly the enemies of the ascetics, but from the account given of them, we find that their mode of life differed but little from that of the Hindus: it may be, however, that the poverty of the poet's experience admitted of no other possible mode of domestic life, than what he saw around him.

Some events must have happened, the memory of which has impressed itself indelibly on the fancies of the Hindu nation, over the whole Peninsula, and, as the legends are entwined with the earliest history of the people, and are connected with rivers and mountains, giving them a sanctity, and making them objects of pilgrimage, there is no possibility of this story ever dying, until some geological alteration of the natural features of the landscape come to pass. The conversion of thousands to the Mahomedan religion has done nothing: if the whole nation became Christians, they would not forget Rama, but would sing of him as a Hero, whom they now worship as a God, or—which God forbid—under a plastic form of Christianity, which admits of the worship of the old local deities under the disguise of saints, as has happened in Italy and the Levant, it might come about that altars would be raised to him in Christian churches. It may indeed be said of Rama,

> "Dum stabunt montes, campis dum flumina current,
> Usque tuum nomen toto celebrabitur orbe."

As years passed by, and Sanskrit ceased to be a Vernacular, and available to all classes, a Vernacular version of the history of Rama was prepared and published by Tulsi Dass,* a Byragee, of the school of Ramanund, who are devoted to the worship of this incarnation of Vishnu. Strange fables, even so late as the time of Shah Jehan, have connected themselves with Tulsi Dass, who, when imprisoned by the Emperor at Delhi, was released by myriads of monkeys, who demolished his prison. Professor Wilson truly remarks, that these Vernacular compositions exercise more influence on the great body of the Hindu population, than the whole series of Sanskrit compositions; the book is found every where: families with the most moderate means go to the expense of having a copy made, though it is a large and bulky affair. Many copies are illustrated by pictures, and are an unfailing source of delight to crowds of listeners in the evening; but the language is idiomatic and difficult. The art of limning is not far advanced in India, and the representations in the copy now before us, of subjects so serious, are so grotesque, that they cannot

* A similar version exists in the Bengali language, [illegible]

fail to excite the laughter of a European ; but they are gazed upon by the simple people with feelings of awe, and, indeed, their execution is quite as good as the prints of saints and hermits, that rouse the devotion of the Romanist peasants.

But it is not from books, nor from the garrulity of story-tellers, that the lower classes acquaint themselves with the history of Rama. Year after year the whole scene is enacted before their eyes—in large cities, such as Benares, the spectacle is a magnificent one, and the cost very considerable, but in all the larger villages over the country, the Dusserah festival is celebrated with a zeal and earnestness scarce to be described. Enormous figures of the Rakshas are raised, with the most hideous countenances, and of most startling proportions, scaring the passer-by at other times of the year, who, if ignorant of the customs of the country, would wonder with what object such gigantic idols were kept in permanent repair. At the time of the festival, hither resort all the neighbourhood, both young and old, to celebrate, with due honour, the *leila* of their hero ; day by day, according to certain fixed stages, the pageant is enacted, and on the last day the giant Ravana is massacred in effigy in every village, and blown up with gunpowder on every British parade ground in India, amidst the shouts of the delighted crowd. It is from these annual representations that the story continues so fresh and so popular to all.

And it is satisfactory to find that the story itself, to the narration of which we now approach, is singularly pure and heart-stirring ; the triumph of virtue is certain and complete : vice and impurity receive on all sides an utter discomfiture : many are the traits of character drawn with the power of an artist : the noblest sentiments of unselfishness, devotion, gentleness, and mercy pourtrayed : but above all, we love to dwell on the pure and noble character of the faultless hero. From an Indian pen we might have expected a sensual monster, a selfish autocrat, a merciless tyrant, a narrow-minded bigot, such as now disgrace the puppet courts of Hindostan : but from his earliest year, Rama was a gracious youth : as he grew, his virtues expanded, rendering him the delight of his parents, of his relations, of his future subjects. Elaborate and oft-repeated are the praises which are bestowed on him by the poet ; they are drawn from a faultless model. Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed in so shining a vesture. When we remember his age, we wonder at his firmness and wisdom : when we consider that he was brought up the heir to an Asiatic throne, we are astonished at his self-control and pure-mindedness. That such a person existed may be doubted, and therefore these praises may be declared as extravagant ; but that such a poem

exists, is a fact, and that a poet, with all the world before him to select, should choose such a character, and that it should be the object of the veneration and deification of millions, is a trophy, of which India may be proud: for Rama was gentle, forgiving and merciful, incapable of envy or malice—even when harshly addressed, he replied softly, he ever delighted in the society of those who were advanced in learning, virtue and age: he was wise and generous: valorous, but making no boast of his own valour, open-hearted, prudent, full of compassion, with his angry passions and senses in complete subjection: not the least covetous of the kingdom, though he knew that it was his rightful heritage, for he considered the acquisition of wisdom as more desirable than that of earthly power: he was a respecter of the truth, a keeper of his promises, one who could appreciate the merits of others, and who was firm in his purpose, prefering truth to life and happiness. To render the picture complete in Hindu notion, though but of small merit in the eyes of a faithless generation like the present, he was a regular [redacted] of the *Vedas*, and a respecter of cows and Brahmans: a [redacted]erable climax to such a description. But there stands the picture; such are the traits considered worthy of an incarnate deity, and the greatest of warriors and princes, who not only conquered Hindostan and the race of giants, but effected a greater victory over himself.

However, to our story: on the south bank of the river Surju, now known as the Gogra, stood the celebrated city of Ajodya, where now Oude stands: it was the capital of the kingdom of Maha Kosala, which includes the whole line of country betwixt the Himalaya and the river Ganges, from Pilibheet in the west, to the river Gunduck in the east,—the modern kingdom of Oude, and the district of Goruckpore. The Gogra is still known by its ancient name in the hills of Kumaon; and, according to the legend duly chronicled in this poem, it takes its origin from the sacred lake of Mansorawara, in the Snowy Mountains, which, after many fruitless endeavours, has at length been visited by modern travellers; and, in truth, the Gogra, though in no way connected with the lake, does arise in its neighbourhood. On the throne of Ajodya was seated the representative of the ancient solar line of Rajputs, who had for many generations ruled the land: his name was Dasaratha: he had three wives—one apparently of his own race and country, and thence called Kousalya: one from the distant Punjab, called Keikeyi, from her place of birth, and the third, who is always called by her personal name, Sumitra, was from the country of Magadha, the modern Behar: in addition to these

ladies of family and distinction, he appears to have had an extensive seraglio, but had not been blessed with a son; and to obtain this boon, he was commencing a religious exercise of great difficulty, by which he hoped to conciliate the gods, the givers of favours. The sacrifice was that of a horse, known as the "Aswamedh," and was liable to frightful interruptions, and it appeared that a completion of the King's wishes depended on the assistance of a celebrated ascetic, of the name of Rishyaringa.

It so happened, that in the neighbouring kingdom of the Angi, now known as the district of Bhagulpore, in Bengal, there had been a great dearth, and the king Lomapad had been assured, that the only chance of getting rain was to entice this same ascetic from his retirement, and get him to marry the king's daughter, or rather the adopted child of Lomapad, and real daughter of Dasarath. This ascetic was the son of Kasyap, a sainted mortal of frightful power, and he had begotten this son apparently without a mother, and had brought him up alone in the wilderness, where he had never been, nor even heard of the existence, or fascinations of that interesting portion of the human race, called woman. The plan was to send a party of young females, disguised as ascetics, and coax the great saint from his retreat, by those wiles which are all powerful. The episode, describing all this, is most fantastic. The surprise, and unsettlement of the mind, the entire interruption of devotions, and the heart's unrest, that befell the unhappy saint, when he received his new visitants, is most graphically described, and we might laugh at the conceit of such being possible, had not a modern traveller in the Levant, Mr. Curzon, assured us of the existence of a similar case in one of the convents of Mount Athos, in the nineteenth century. He there found a monk, in middle life, who had never set eyes on a woman, nor had any notion of them beyond what could be formed from a black and hideous altar picture of the Virgin Mary. The cruel traveller, by an accurate description of the many charms of the fair sisterhood, entirely destroyed the poor solitary monk's peace of mind for the future. In the Hindu story they went further, for they enticed the ascetic away from his woods, got him on board a vessel on the broad Ganges, married him to the King's daughter, and brought him on to Ajodya, to conduct the sacrifice, which terminated favourably, for in a very short period afterwards, Kousalya gave birth to Rama, called so as being the delight of the human species. Keikeyi produced Bharata, and Sumitra had two sons, Luchmun and Satrugna. They were all incarnations of the deity, specially

sent to earth for the destruction of the godless giants; they were endowed with every virtue; but conspicuous among all was Rama, in whom was centered a double portion of the Divine essence, who was destined to be the hero of the tale, and round whom all other characters are grouped as satellites.

We hear nothing further, until Rama reached his sixteenth year, when a saint of extraordinary power and esteem arrived at the court of Ajodya. His name was Viswamitra: he had been originally a Rajput King, of the country on the banks of the river Sone, the country now included in the district of Patna, in Bengal, then known as Magadha. The sage had one sister, who, from their ancestor Cusa, was called Cousiki, and was turned into a stream, flowing from the Himalaya, known now as the river Cosi, which flows into the Ganges through the district of Purnea. On one occasion Viswamitra was hospitably entertained by an ascetic of great repute, named Vasishta, who was possessed of a wonderful cow, which enabled him to entertain a vast army. The King and the saint quarrelled about this cow, the warrior was obliged to yield, as the Brahman produced armies of Sakas, Yavanas, and Barbaras, and discomfited him: under this legend lies some hidden meaning. Viswamitra took this matter to heart, and by the most unheard of asceticism, and long penance, determined to be exalted to the rank of a Brahman. The unfortunate gods, in those days, had a hard game to hold their own, and they did everything they could to interrupt the integrity of these devotions, by sending fair damsels to call back his thoughts to the world, or by rousing him to fits of anger: it was of no use, the tough ascetic was too much for them: he obtained the complete controul of all his passions, and when the gods refused to accede to his wishes, he began creating a new universe, new heavens, and new gods, and had already brought some stars into existence, when the heavenly host gave in and made him a Brahman: the object of this legend, to exalt the priestly caste, is clear.

Such was the wonderful individual, who one day arrived at Ajodya, and demanded the loan of the service of Rama, to protect him and other ascetics, in the performance of a sacrifice, which was constantly interrupted by the attacks of the giants. Not that the sage himself was not all-sufficient to control these wretches; a word, a look of his could reduce them to ashes, but the slightest explosion of anger would utterly nullify the advantage of the sacrifice. It was necessary, therefore,

that one of the warrior caste should guard the Brahmans. The old King dared not refuse, but it was a great struggle to send his young son on a service of such danger; the saint, accordingly, accompanied by Rama and Luchmun, started on their journey, following the course of the Gogra, through the Azimgur and Ghazepore district, to the point of junction of that river with the Ganges, on the confines of the district of Chupra, in Bengal. They passed the night on the bank of the stream, and Viswamitra, who proved a most garrulous and instructive companion, explained to Rama the cause of the noise which they heard, where the two great streams meet together. They lodged in a sacred grove, where, at a period still more remote, the Great Lord of the Universe was performing a penance, when the thoughtless deity, Cupid, winged an arrow at him, and was reduced to ashes by a frown, whence he was ever after called the "bodiless:" and the spot, even to this day, is holy in popular tradition.

Gorresio, in his translation, falls into an error, by supposing that they crossed the Gogra: this was not the case, they crossed the Ganges, and landed near the fortress of Buxar, in the district of Shahabad, or Arrah. This was then known as the country of Malagha, and a legend is given to explain the name. Here Rama encountered and slew a hideous giantess, who ravaged the country; but it was only after long arguments that he could be induced to injure and slay a female. No sooner was she killed, than the heavens opened, and a loud applause was given by the gods, who rained flowers upon the hero, and caused strains of celestial music to be heard, and gave poor erring mortals a momentary glance of the celestial dancing girls. This is the conventional mode of description, and nothing is more remarkable, than the constant communication with the gods, which appears to exist. They are represented as living only on the sacrifices offered to them by mortals: what Aristophanes in his "*Birds*" threw out only as a wicked joke, with the Hindus is an article of faith: subject to mortal passions and frailties, without the hecatombs offered by pious men, the unhappy denizens of heaven would starve; and hence the lively interest which they felt in the destruction of the wicked race, which interrupted the just completion of the sacrifice: there is something of this feeling to be traced in the Latin poets, where we find a goat or a hog promised in return for favours solicited.

After the slaughter of the giantess, the sage invests Rama with the gift of the heavenly and mysterious arms. No words

can fully describe them: they are not like the arms in the Iliad, accoutrements or weapons such as mortals wear, but of divine excellence: but these weapons are spiritual, to be exercised by meditation: a most fanciful creation of the poet. Proceeding onwards, they arrive at the spot where the sacrifice was to be performed, "the grove of perfection," in the district of Shahabad. It was here, that Vishnu, in a previous incarnation, as the dwarf, had dwelt, when he came down to earth to save the world from the tyrant Bali: it was now occupied by numberless ascetics, who were awaiting the arrival of the hero, to complete their sacrifice. No sooner were the holy rites commenced, the sacred flames were burning, than an unholy troop of giants rushed upon the enclosure; but they were soon routed and destroyed by Rama, and their chief Maricho, who was destined to take another part in this history, was hurled by an arrow into the ocean. When we consider the nearest point of the sea coast to the district of Shahabad, we can form an idea of the power of the hero's weapons.

The sacrifice was completed, when the news reached them that the king of Mithila was about to have a grand assemblage of holy men, on the occasion of the choice of a husband for his daughter Gita, who was to be the prize of the lucky man who could string an enormous bow, which had long been an heir-loom of the family. Viswamitra proposed to go thither, as, indeed, it was on his road home, since he resided in the hilly country on the banks of the river Kosi, in the territory of Nepaul. The royal youths assenting, they crossed the river Sone, from the district of Shahabad into that of Patna, which, as mentioned above, had once been the kingdom of Viswamitra. Never at a loss for something to say, he tells them the origin of the name of the celebrated city of Kanya Kubja or Kanouj, and the next day, when they advance to the banks of the Ganges, and encamp there, a magnificent but lengthy episode is introduced as to the origin of this sacred river. There may, perhaps, be some deep geological truth in the myth of the sea having once washed the base of the Himalaya, whence, by deposits, and elevation of the land, it has been pushed back many a hundred leagues into the Bay of Bengal. There must have been a time, when this noble river first began to flow, when the range of the Himalaya was upheaved, and became the resting place of ice and snow, which, in turn, supplied the waters of the noblest stream in the world: there must have been a time, when betwixt the Himalaya and the Vyndha ranges flowed an arm of the sea, and the

fertile Gangetic valley, the rich plain of the North Western Provinces, lay deep beneath the bed of the ocean. Geology tells us clearly that this may have happened not only once, but repeatedly, and points to marine fossils scattered over the lofty ranges. Bearing this in mind, the Hindu tradition loses much of its strangeness, and the tale is nobly told, and has been forcibly translated by an English poet, Dr. Milman, in the same metre as the original. We are tempted to give an extract :—

High, on the top of Himavan, the mighty Mahaswara stood,
And "Descend" he gave the word to the heaven-meandering water,
Full of wrath the mandate heard Himavan's majestic daughter.
To a giant's stature soaring, and intolerable speed,
From Heaven's height down rushed she, pouring upon Siva's sacred head :
Down on Sankara's holy head, down the holy fell, and there,
Amid the entangling meshes spread of his loose and flowing hair,
Vast and boundless as the woods upon Himalaya's brow,
Nor ever may the struggling floods rush headlong to the earth below.

Thus far the Ganges had descended, but had been caught in Siva's hair, a paraphrase for the woody defiles of the Himalaya :—at length the barrier was burst .—

Up the Raja at the sign upon his glittering chariot leaps,
Instant Ganga the divine follows his majestic steps,
From high heaven burst she forth upon Siva's lofty crown,
Headlong then and prone to earth, thundering rushed the cataract down.
The world in solemn jubilee beheld these heavenly waves draw near,
From sin and dark pollution free, bathed in the blameless waters clear :
Swift King Bhagiratha drave upon his lofty glittering car,
And swift with her obeisant wave bright Ganga followed him afar.

Such was the descent of the Ganges at the earnest request of King Bhagiratha, an ancestor of Rama, whence she is called Bhagirathi : from the circumstance of her descent to earth, she was called "Ganga;" and, assuming as many thousands of years as we choose, since first she burst the barrier of the Sewalik range, and ploughed her deep and annually deeper furrow to the sea, building up new islands and peninsulas in the Bay of Bengal, with the soil of Northern India, carried away by her majestic flood, through her hundred mouths, she has still followed the same track, and enjoyed a character for sanctity. Tradition has it, that her time will expire in fifty years, that her waters will no longer have their heavenly attributes. But a heavier blow has been inflicted, for in these last days, she has been fettered and confined, compelled to desert her ancient channel, compelled to forego her licentious meanderings, and to administer to the wants of man : and we have yet to see,

whether any power will arise that will release her from the meshes and *locks* of Col. Cautley.

Such and such were the tales, the old national legends, with which the garrulous sage entertained the royal youths, during the long nights. At the close of each, the poet describes them as charmed and surprised: for ourselves, we confess that, after a perusal of this poem, we have ceased to be surprised at any thing: the tales are so marvellous, so comprehensive, the narrative is so self-satisfied and circumstantial, that, if we did not know assuredly that the whole were the wildest dreams, and the grossest fabrication, we should be inclined to say that they ought to be true: Viswamitra was one who knew every body and every thing, who could talk by the hour *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and who had a grand way of stunning his audience: and we sometimes have thought, that some of his race, heirs of his mendaciousness and his assurance, are still to be met in India!

Next morning they crossed the Ganges in a boat, leaving the kingdom of Magadha and district of Patna, and entering into the district of Tirhut. The name of this province is derived from the Sanskrit word "Tirabhukti," as the three rivers, the Gunduk, the Ganges, and the Kosi, are the boundaries: but a still more ancient name is that of Videha, the capital of which was Mithila, whither our pilgrims were now proceeding: they arrived the first night at Visala, the locality of which is unknown, and were hospitably entertained by King Pramati:—the ancient history of this district is given by Viswamitra, in full detail On the next day they proceeded to the hermitage of Ahalya, concerning whom a most indelicate story, in which Indra appears most unfavourably, is told, and Rama releases her by his presence from a curse which had lasted some indescribable period. Thence they arrived at Mithila, and were cordially received by king Janaka: this city is known by the name of Janakpore, and is in the kingdom of Nepal, just beyond the limit of the Tirhoot district.

At the request of his guests, the King orders the wonderful bow to be brought forward, and eight hundred men stagger forward with it, so vast is its size; and it seems ridiculous, that the slender lad of sixteen summers should attempt the feat. The Eastern poets always fall into the error of over-doing their miracles, and thus diminish the effect: how much more chaste and striking is the conception of Homer with regard to the bow of Ulysses:—it was a great bow, and one, which no other could string, but not so monstrously out of proportion:—with

how much greater sympathy we read the issue of the trial of strength.—Odyss. xxi., v. 409.

Ως ἀρά τερ σπουδῆς τάνυσε μέγα τόξον Οδυσσευς.
Δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρα χειρὶ λαβὼν πειρήσατο νευρῆς,
' Η δ' ὕπὸ καλὸν ἄεισε χελιδόνι εἰκέλη αὐδήν,
Μνηστῆρσιν δ' ἄρ ἄχος γένετο μέγα, πᾶσ δἄρα χρὼς
Ετράπετο· Ζεὺς δε μεγάλ 'ἔκτυπε, σήματα φαίνων.

We seem to hear the singing of the string under its unusual tension, we see the dismay of the spectators, we almost hear the thunder. Such is the more refined painting of the Western poet. Valmiki describes the scene forcibly, but extravagantly: Rama, with scarcely an effort, and with a single arm, raises the ponderous bow, and in stringing it, snaps it asunder. Awful was the crash, the whole assembly, with the exception of the King, the sage, and the royal youths, lost their perpendicular, and all were astounded. The hand of Sita was the reward of such a display of superhuman strength. Hot messengers are sent by the direct road to bid old Dasaratha to his son's wedding, who hurries over the intervening space, three hundred miles at the least, in four days and nights, which is fast travelling, considering the immense escort of elephants and chariots which he took with him, and the bad roads of Goruckpore and Chupra, which he had to traverse. He comes, accompanied by his other two sons, and the liberal host not only produces a sister of Sita, as a bride for Luchmun, but arranges to marry two nieces, the daughters of his brother Kusadwaja, the King of Sankasya, to Bharata and Satrugna. The wedding is described most particularly:—the pedigrees of both families are tediously recounted by the family bards. The family of Dasaratha have certainly the advantage, for their names and their achievements still, by the aid of the sacred bard, ring through India, while the ancestors of Janaka, less fortunate, though, perhaps, not less worthy, must be entered in the category of those brave ones, who lived before Agamemnon. The wedding presents are enumerated, and are most costly: the Brahmans come in for a lion's share of the spoil. Each Sovereign had with him a father confessor, whose mouth had to be filled with good things; but, as the offerings consisted of thousands of cows, the munificence must have been inconvenient. The four young ladies, like flames of fire, are stationed at the altar, the hands of each are placed in those of their respective bridegrooms: blessings are invoked on them. "All of you" says the old father, "who are now united to consorts worthy of you, with unbroken fidelity perform

' the duties of matrimony, and may it be propitious." They then passed in solemn procession round the altar, and thence were conducted to their chariots, amidst rejoicing crowds, not only of mortals, but of the whole heavenly host, who had come down to enjoy the spectacle, and who, by raining flowers and other conventional signs, expressed their satisfaction, which is shared by ourselves at finding, at so early a date, religion, morality, and respect for the fair sex, so conspicuous.

King Dasaratha and his sons and daughters-in-law, return to Ajodya. Viswamitra takes his leave to the Nepaul hills, where we hear no more of him: for all we know to the contrary, considering he had lived several thousand years before we made his acquaintance, he may be there still! As the royal cortege were proceeding homewards through the districts of Tirhut, Chupra and Goruckpore, and had crossed the Gunduck river, a new trial of strength was forced upon Rama, illustrating still more strangely the fanciful theogony of the Hindus. Rama was the seventh Avatar of Vishnu, who had appeared in his sixth incarnation as Purus Ram, the son of Jamadagni, a Brahman, who had nearly entirely destroyed the warrior caste. His work was done, and we must suppose that the Divine essence had left him, or we can scarcely understand his challenging the youthful Rama, another incarnation of the same deity, to single combat. In the neighbourhood of Suleempore, in the Goruckpore district, is the traditional residence of Purus Ram, and the tribe of Bisens claim descent from him. This neighbourhood was traversed by the bridal procession on their way from Mithila to Ajodya, and here the ex-incarnation challenged his namesake, the incarnation for the time being, to draw his bow also, or fight him in single combat. The youthful heir seizes the bow, and points an arrow at the heart of his antagonist; but remembering that he is a Brahman, he spared his life, but destroyed the fruit of his asceticism, and closed the gate of the highest heaven upon him, as a punishment of his former cruelty to the warrior race, and his present pride. The arrow was hurled, the crest-fallen Purus Ram returns to his hermitage, and we hear no more of him: the gods, who as usual had come down, went off to heaven, chanting the praises of Rama, for they also were time-servers; and the old king strained his hero son to his breast, and kissed his forehead, and proceeded on to his city, whither they arrived in safety, to the intense delight of the citizens, who had adorned the royal way with flags and flowers. The reception of the four daughters-in-law, by their mothers in-law, with good wishes and embraces, is feelingly told —they are conducted, the first thing of all, to the altar of the

family gods, and the presence of the family priest. Every praise is heaped upon them, but Sita, the bride of Rama, is always conspicuous, the fairest of women, the sweetest of consorts, making her husband so happy, that he seemed an immortal, for he had *only her;* throughout his long life he never thought or cared for any other but her, and the more stress is to be laid on this, as all the misfortunes, which fell on the head of his father, arose from the plurality of his wives.

Thus closes the first book. Rama once more at home, Bharata had been despatched to the Punjab, to visit his maternal grandfather, and the old King, feeling the infirmities of age growing upon him, determined to consecrate his son Rama as the partner of his throne, corresponding to the appointment of Cæsar in the dynasty of the Roman Emperors. The delight of all, at this news, was unbounded: all, but the modest Prince, were beside themselves with joy: on his favoured head the honors fell thick, but were borne with a meekness, an unworldliness, that surpass description. The day was fixed for the coronation, and the poet gives us a beautiful picture of the city of Ajodya on the eve of the ceremony—such a picture as may be still realized in our large Indian cities, when, with the falling leaf comes round the anniversary of the great national festival. All was joy and exultation, Rama and his wife were in prayers and in solemn fast, according to the precepts of their religion, when a dire calamity fell on the head of the King and the people, and the faultless hero.

It was the curse of that hated polygamy, that licensed concubinage, that chartered libertinism, which, to our shame, we still tolerate in our Empire, that brought on the catastrophe. When shall we cease to talk of the ladies of the Zenana, the *wives* of the Raja, in allusion to the poor victims of sensual lust, who are still immured in palaces, when shall be learn to call things by their right names, and at least not countenance the abuse? It was the curse, which has toppled dynasties, and ruined families, from the day that Abraham banished Ishmael to clear the prospects of Isaac, from the day that the feasting of Adonijah at En-rogel, beneath Mount Moriah, was interrupted by the cries of "God save King Solomon" from the valley of Gihon, under the heights of Mount Zion. As mentioned above, the old King had three consorts: by the eldest was born Rama:—by the second, a young and beautiful woman, was born Bharata. A hump-backed female slave of the latter Queen was walking on the roof of the Palace, and beheld in the evening the stir in the streets, and the embellishment of the highways, and on inquiry, was informed of the cause of the preparations—the coronation of

the son of the rival of her mistress. Fired with rage, she rushed down with the news, as a fiend incarnate. It would appear almost that she was the same Alecto, that excited the mind of Turnus against the Trojans, disguised in the shapeless form of a hideous hag. At first her arguments were vain:—the virtues of Rama had disarmed the step-mother—she was delighted at the elevation of her son, for to her Rama was as Bharata, and she rewarded her slave with jewels for the news—she knew no sense of jealousy, or fear, or ambition, till goaded and poisoned by the words of her wretched attendant, the feelings of a mother, or rather of a lioness, were roused in her. She was told, that the elevation of Rama implied the death of Bharata, the exclusion of her children from the throne, her own disgrace, the elevation of her rival to power. The art of the poet is here shown: to have painted Keikeyi as an ambitious and wicked woman, would have been a vulgar error, but to describe a good and virtuous woman, lashed wild with rage, and hurried away into crime, by the feeling of self-preservation, shows a deeper knowledge of human nature. A scheme was at once devised for compelling the King to alter his plans, and it appears that, on a former occasion he had promised Keikeyi to grant her two boons: these were now to be demanded, the coronation of Bharata instead of Rama, and the banishment of the latter for fourteen years. Blind with anger, she tore off her jewels and her costly apparel, and threw herself prostrate on the bare ground, in the "Chamber of Anger"—an apartment, which if we can believe Mr. Ward, is still maintained in Hindu families for naughty wives, when they are in a pet with their lord and master, to take refuge in.

The good old King had made all his arrangements, and full of joy, full of hope, full of pleasing visions of seeing his dear son elevated, returned at nightfall to his chamber, as the poet absurdly describes it, like a lion into his rocky den; he was anxious to tell his favourite Queen, and make her a sharer of his joy, when he found her in this dreadful state: he raised her up and coaxed her, but she with tears refused to rise, until he ratified the grant of his two former boons, which he in an evil hour, invoking all that he held sacred, did. No sooner had he done so, than she made known the purport of her wishes, and crushed the old man to the earth. The scene that follows, is most harrowing, and the description is highly dramatic, and the contrast drawn betwixt so much joy and such sorrow acting upon the father, the mother, the devoted brother Luchmun, the faithful wife, is most wonderful. Unmoved alone stands the hero. His father tried, by silence and evidence of constraint,

to induce his son to rebel, his friends counselled open war, he had but to speak, and all were on his side: but the deep sense of duty, the awful feeling of obedience to his parent, and absolving him from his rash vow, alone occupied the breast of Rama: never, for a moment, in the first surprise, in the later grief, did he hesitate: he stood like Coriolanus, or greater Regulus: he knew the calamity which had overwhelmed him, but calmly and with unchanged countenance, he bowed to his step-mother's order, he removed the crowd of relations obstructing his departure, and the people, who would not have him go, and long as the heart has passion, long as this life has woes, we can sympathise with that noble devotion, and that hard conquest of himself. In all his future gigantic triumphs, in all his feats of superhuman valour, he never shone so truly great, so far above the crowd, as when, with the power of revenge and resistance, he submitted to his deep sense of duty.

Calmly he had resigned his birthright, his power, the ease of royal life, to spend fourteen years in the wild forest; but to abandon those whom he loved, and by whom he was adored, was a severer trial. The poet gives us the parting in the fullest detail. First came his mother. Poor Kousalya had been the previous day praying in her private chapel, and meditating on the supreme spirit, when she was interrupted by a party of eager friends, who had rushed in with the good news of his approaching consecration: the grateful Queen had distributed presents of cows and gold, blessing her son with tears of joy, for not in vain had she paid adoration to the gods, when she was thus rewarded: then came the bitter contrast. Rama gently reasoned with her, dissuaded her from her proposal to accompany him, begged her to stay, and take care of his old father: he made her promise never to say anything unkind, or to reproach him, for it was Fate that had worked out this evil: at length he had soothed her passionate grief, the grief of a mother, who was losing her only son, and he turned to his brother Luchmun. Here he found a new line of argument; the fiery youth was urgent for resistance, indignant beyond control, ready to dare the world in arms, in defence of his idolized brother: on his troubled spirit fell the gentle words of Rama: he made excuses for Keikeyi, praised Bharata, as being worthy of his fortune; he softened and melted that hot spirit even to tears: he forgot his anger, but not his love, he forgave all, but he would not be left behind: the same sentence, that had banished Rama, banished Luchmun: he would be his follower, his slave in the wild forest, he would accompany him, and to this, after much remonstrance, Rama consented.

But there is a love, which exceeds that of a mother, there is a devotion stronger than that which warms the breasts of devoted brothers, and the next trial rung the breast of the hero: the arrow entered into his soul, when he thought of parting from Sita, the bride of his youth, the sole object of his affection. We follow him to his home, and we hear him announce, for the first time, with trembling accents, the news. He reminds her of her duty to comfort her mother-in-law, to be kind to her brother-in-law, and now her sovereign, Bharata, and to await his return. But Sita's character now, for the first time, developes itself. In the days of Solomon, at least, whatever it may be now, the Hindu people could appreciate female excellence. The poet has exhausted the subject of personal beauty: he has described the faultless outline, the long lashes, the dark eyes, the swelling bosom, the sweet smile; but here we see her little figure standing trembling before her lord, her eyes on the ground, and her husband has found a kingdom greater than the one which he has lost. Her speech is a noble instance of female devotion; after stating that to every woman the husband is all in all in any case, she speaks out for herself: without him she cares not for life, without him she would not care for heaven. She expresses her determination to accompany him, to cherish him, and be protected by him; she talks of her delight in seeing the Sylvan uplands, and the strange forests, where howl the wild beasts; she talks of her pride of being protected by him, of bathing with him in the flood, of dwelling with him under the green tree, where Indra himself would not touch her. "Entreat me not, I will go with you, 'your home shall be my home, and your lot shall be my lot: 'all my thoughts are on thee; thou art my light and my soul, 'and my life."

He stood entranced; though the incarnation of a God, he had learnt what the heaven of Indra would not have taught him: the true, the strong love of woman: he tried to dissuade her: he told her, that his body only would leave her, that his heart was with her always: he painted the horrors and danger of the jungle, the sharp necessities of forest life to one nurtured so delicately, the intense heat of the sun, the severity of the cold nights, and the aspersions and evil words of men: but in vain: woman's love triumphs. He stood gazing at her: he had not the heart to leave her, nor, when he thought of the rough way before him, the heart to take her with him: no poet, no writer, has told the story so truly and lovingly: the world-wide passages of the Iliad do not surpass this part of the Indian epic in pathos, nor will the range of European literature show a deep-

er and more refined devotion. She tells him, that the rough grass, the wild reeds will feel to her like silk: she upbraids him for thinking of leaving her: the bed of leaves will be like a couch of down: the dust will be like sandal wood, the wild fruits will taste like ambrosia; finally, she threatens, in the event of being deserted, that she will put an end to her existence, and then only is permission granted.

There is nothing new under the sun, and certainly nothing new in female devotion, and the Hindu harp, swept by the mighty bard, has but been the first to touch a strain which has echoed through all ages, and has found sympathy in the bosom of people of every nation, and ever will. The voice of the heart has spoken clearly in all times, and in many languages; the sting of separation, and the noble abandonment of home, of wealth, of comfort, for the privilege of sharing sorrow and affliction, has found many chroniclers since the days of Ruth. But still it is singular to find in one of the most beautiful of our old ballads the exact counterpart of the story of Rama and Sita. We quote the following stanzas from the *Nut-brown Maid*:—

Yet take good heed, for ever I dread,
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat: for dry or wet
We must lodge on the plain:
And us above, none other roof
But a brake bush or twain,
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And ye would gladly, then,
That I had to the green wood gone,
Alone, a banished man.

Thus spake the knight—and the lady's reply, among other stanzas, ending all, as do his also, with the same couplet, has the following:—

Since I have here been partynere
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also the parte of your wo
Endure, as reason is:
Yet I am sure of this pleasure,
And shortly—it is this:
That where ye be, me seemes perdè
I could not fare amiss;
Without more speech I you beseech,
That we were soon agone,
For in my mynde of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Rama's consent was at length given. They took off their royal dresses and jewels, and distributed all that they had to the poor: they clothed themselves in the garments made of bark of trees, which is the conventional dress of hermits, and tied their hair so as to project like a horn over their foreheads, the well known "juta," the token that the world has been abandoned, the characteristic of the Hindu fuqueer. The two brothers grasped their bows, and slung upon their backs the basket to hold alms and wild fruits, and thus accoutred, followed by Sita, they set out on foot to the palace, to take leave of the King. The grief of the citizens here burst out beyond all controul. Loud were the lamentations, when they saw the noble youths on foot; when they saw Sita, on whom the eye of man had never fallen, whom the Sun, out of respect, scarcely ventured to gaze on, unveiled, treading the royal way, the whole city was pierced with the most poignant anguish. In this passage, and throughout the poem, we find that seclusion was always the fate of women in India, and not a custom introduced by the Mahomedans. At length, the devoted three reached the palace; the last farewell of the obedient son and fate-stricken father bars all description. "Oh! my son, my son," was all the old man could say, and the only request made by the son to his parent, was, that he would be kind to, and not neglect, his poor old mother. He hastily took leave of all—not a harsh word escaped from his lips, as he bade farewell to his cruel step-mother, he could not bear the sight of the agony of his father, and the groans of the people: with his brother and wife he mounted the chariot: his poor old father rushed out, and bade the charioteer return, while Rama whispered to him to drive quickly; but the news, that the great, the good, the just man was going, had spread abroad, and, as he drove through the gates of Ajodya, he found that the whole town was accompanying him; they would no longer inhabit a city deserted by virtue, which was personified in him.

Thus ended the events of the day,—for it had all taken place betwixt sunrise and sunset,—events which happened three thousand years ago, but which have not been forgotten: the noble sacrifice has been repaid by the applause of centuries and of millions We must consider what it was. It is true, that Hindus looked forward in their old age, when they had exhausted every pleasure, and had had their fill of good things, to withdraw to the forest, to die: but our hero, in the glory of his youth, in the plenitude of his power, was cast down from the highest pitch of grandeur, to roam in the jungle, while his heritage was given to another. Thirty centuries have passed, since he began this

memorable journey. Every step of it is known, and is annually traversed by thousands—hero worship is not extinct. What can Faith do! How strong are the ties of religion, when entwined with the legends of a country. How many a cart creeps creaking and weary along the road from Ajodya to Chuteerkote! We have met them, and talked with the pilgrims—some few of whom stand like heroes among their countrymen, as having followed the path of Rama from the Gogra to Ceylon. It is this that gives the *Ramayana* a strange interest: the story still lives. Who cares for the rape of Helen now? Some few students, smit with classic lore, may wander to Troy, and try to trace the Scamander, or stand with Ulysses at Corfu and Ithaka. But their legend is a dead one—no one now puts faith in it, and its vitality is gone.

On the first night they encamped on the bank of the river Tonse, the stream on which Azimgurh is situated. Hopeless of inducing the citizens to return, Rama roused his charioteer in the middle of the night, quietly, while they were sleeping, crossed the Tonse, and pressed onwards to the Goomtee, and thence to the banks of the Ganges, at Sungroor, in Pergunnah Nawaubgunge, in the district of Allahabad, then called Sringavera. Here was the limit of his father's kingdom; beyond extended the pathless jungles: here he ordered the charioteer to return, with his chariot, and sent a submissive and dutiful message to his father, urging him to send at once for the absent Bharata, and seat him on the throne: he sent a message to Bharata also, begging of him, as a favour, to protect and be kind to his mother. So faultless was he to the last, that the faithful servant burst into grief, exclaiming, that hereafter it would not be believed, that so good a man should fall into such misfortune; while the fiery Luchmun burst forth into passionate rage, and sent messages of defiance and reproach, and poor Sita, scared by the newness of the scene, stunned by the weariness of the misfortune, all that she could send to Ajodya was—her tears.

There dwelt at Sringavera, Guha, King of the Nishadi, a wild race, who lived on the banks of the river, and were to a certain degree dependants of the king of Mahakosala. By him Rama was received affectionately, and he watched over the exiles as they slumbered on the ground, at the foot of the spreading tree. In the morning Guha furnished a boat, and ferried them across the stream. Arrived at the midst of the sacred river, Sita invoked the aid and the blessing of the divine Nymph, who presided over the Ganges, and prayed, that she might live to return to her home, after completing the term of

her exile. Having reached the right bank, they entered the dense forest, and proceeded onwards, and spent the night under a peepul tree, on the banks within the limits of the district of Allahabad—on the morrow they resumed their journey.

In that sacred spot, where the sister-stream, which springs from the snowy peaks of Gungotri and Jumnotri, after a long parallel course, at length mix their waters, stands in these days one of the most noble cities of India. It is an article of faith with the Hindu people, that there is a third stream also, the Saraswati, which, flowing under ground, here also joins the Ganges, but as it is not visible to the naked eye, it is one of those miracles, which is as hard to believe, as to disprove, and modern geography tells us that the Saraswati flows on the right bank of the Jumna, and after passing through Thanesur, loses itself in the sands of Hurreana. This spot is known in Hindu circles as Prayag, or the place of the junction: annual crowds visit the sacred spot, and till within a few years the Government of the Company partook of a large share of the unhallowed offerings of the bathers. Flanked by the two streams, at the exact point, stands the royal fortress of Allahabad, which is only by an extensive system of embankment prevented from being insulated in the midst of the waters, and tradition has it that the fortress was originally erected on the left bank of the Ganges, and transferred to the right by a royal caprice, which thought nothing of altering the course of the river. Here the steam ship is constantly puffing up, laden with goods from Europe,—before long the Steam Iron Horse will be tramping over the flood, which is annually whitened with the sails of boats carrying down the wealth of India to ungrateful England. The country that surrounds the city, stands thick with sugar-cane and corn, and is one of the most populous and wealthy districts of the North Western Provinces; but three thousand years ago, when the exiled princess trod these memorable paths of duty, it was a vast interminable jungle, howling with wild beasts, dense in foliage. On the edge of the forest, at the most sacred point of junction dwelt the venerable sage Bharadwaja, apart from the world and its cares; and to his hospitality our pilgrims had now recourse. The old man met them and blessed them: by divine intuition he knew their story, he made them share his lowly mat, and gladly pressed them to partake of his hermit's fare. He at first wished them to dwell with him, but the prudent Rama declined, for he remembered that they were too near to Ajodya, and there was a fear, lest his relatives and friends should throng to him. Upon this, the mountain of Chuteerkote, about two days' march, and beyond the Jumna, was proposed and agreed

upon, as fitting to be their residence, and early on the following morning they followed the left bank of the Jumna, until they came opposite to an ancient fig-tree, and there, on a raft, which they constructed from fear of the crocodiles, they crossed the river Jumna, into the district of Bandah, in the province of Bundlecund. The spot is still shown in the Pergunnah of Mow: there, by orders of the sage, Sita worshipped the ancient tree, which had the power of granting requests, and, forgetful of all the injuries inflicted on herself and her husband, invoked a blessing upon her old father-in-law, and upon her rival Bharata. Proceeding onwards, they entered the pathless forest: temples and shrines now mark their steps. They passed under the hill of Valmiki, who was destined, years after, to be the great historian of their actions. They saluted, and were hospitably entertained by the old man; thence they arrived at the sacred stream of the Mandakini, the heavenly Ganges, at the foot of the detached Hill of Chuteerkote, which is adjacent to the town of Tirohan, in the district of Bandah. Here they erected a rude hermitage, and calmy resigned themselves to their new line of life. Their bows furnished them with inexhaustible supplies of game, the unpicked fruit hung from the trees: a pure stream flowed at their feet: they were united and happy. Exile had lost half its terrors.

We have often looked on that green hill: it is the holiest spot of that sect of the Hindu faith, who devote themselves to this incarnation of Vishnu. The whole neighbourhood is Rama's country: every head-land has some legend: every cavern is connected with his name, some of the wild fruits are still called *sitaphul*, being the reputed food of the exiles. Thousands and thousands annually visit the spot, and round the hill is a paved foot-path, on which the devotee, with naked feet, treads full of pious awe. The heights are clustered with monkeys and apes, who, as the remainder of the story will show us, are inseparably connected with Rama. Some poor wretched fanatics traverse the whole distance from Ajodya to Chuteerkote, creeping like snakes on their bellies, or alternately rising up and lying down, so that the whole journey is one continued prostration.

The ancient forests of India have shrunk into themselves, have retreated before the advancing footsteps of man. The axe and the plough, the destroyer and the restorer, have been busy since the days of Rama. Stiff regiments of maize and golden crops of wheat, acres of cotton, and of herb and seed for the use of man, have now taken the place of pathless and profitless jungle: where the hermitage once stood, is the temple that

marks the foot-print of the royal exile: round it are the homesteads of men, the garners of husbandmen: cattle come home lowing from the pasture ground: the busy merchant traverses the highway: civilization has triumphed.

Still, in many parts of India, though not here, the forest primeval stands in all its glory: the heavy fruited tree droops, where there is none to pick; the blossoms perfume a thankless air: the descriptions of Heber coincide with those of the elder Saint Valmiki: the ancient peepuls have defied the hand of man: the giant creeper flings itself from tree to tree, the asoka tints the forest with scarlet, and the tamarind and the bamboo close the landscape with their luxuriant verdure. The solitary wanderer may see the tiger crawl down to the stream; the deer with their speaking eyes are scarcely scared, as they have never known intrusion: the hare darts like a shadow from the path, the solemn stillness is broken only by the plaintive cry of the kokila, and looking down from above, you can spy the herons standing in pairs by the water: you can realise the vivid descriptions of the poet, and fancy the state of the country, as it appeared when traversed by the hero of the story.

But even there Rama and his companions were not the only inhabitants of these wilds. According to the ancient laws of the Hindu faith, the life of man is divided into four stages, the third of which is that of "a wanderer in the forest," and such abandonment of life and its cares and duties, and so-called devotion and abstraction, have always been favourite resources for the broken-down, the unfortunate, and, perhaps, the criminal: it is a form of pseudo-religion, that has developed itself in all countries. In the Christian religion it is confined in these days to Monachism, but in the earlier centuries, Eremitism, in its wildest form, found followers in the Thebaid of Egypt, in Palestine, and generally in the East. Unlike the Mahomedan, who so many times a day looks his Creator coldly and proudly in the face, and bandies words with him, with a self-satisfied conviction of his own excellence, the Hindu early learnt and admitted the necessity of faith and of works. Hence sacrifice to avert evil and conciliate blessings—hence the feeling, that the surest way to obtain happiness in heaven hereafter was to make the present life as disagreeable as possible: they deserted the haunts of their fellow-creatures, where their virtues could be tested, and their crimes corrected, and wrapping their talents in napkins, retired to eke out their unprofitable existence in the odour of supposed sanctity. They could not see that a true constraint of the passions might be maintained in a city as well as in a jungle,

and they too often found that even in the wilderness their passions got the better of them; they were tempted to suicide, or fell into self-delusions, conjuring up in their imaginations images of the evil spirit, with whom they had imaginary conflicts. The generality, however, led a peaceful and quiet, though an entirely useless existence, sinking from animal to almost vegetable life. Occasionally they fell a prey to wild beasts, or to wilder savages in the shape of men, or they were interrupted in their sacrifices and rites, by incursions of evil genii and giants, who delighted in molesting them. Such were the denizens of the forest, into which Rama now retired, as he was ordained by a special Providence to be the protector of the anchorets, and the circumstances of his being disinherited and exiled, was but the machinery by which his high vocation was to be worked out.

We must now leave the hero in his retreat, and return to the poor father at Ajodya: that very evening he breathed his last, it was too much for his over-strained affections. When the charioteer returned with the empty chariot from the Ganges, his spirit sank within him, and in his last moments he narrated an event, which had happened to him in his youth, how, that by accident, when following the chase, he had shot at and killed a Brahman who had come down to the stream to fetch water for his aged and sightless parents: how the agonized father had cursed him, and warned him that he also would, before he died, know the misery of losing a son: how, in the plenitude of his power, he had forgotten the curse, but now it came back to him, and he submitted to his destiny. His only wish was to see the face of his son returning from his exile, but that was denied to him: his last thoughts were turned towards Rama, and his name was the last word that he uttered before he passed away.

The cries of the women soon published the event in the city: the elders and the priests assembled and sat round the body, resolving what they should do, for Rama was banished, and Bharata was absent; not only was the throne empty, but the funeral rites could not be properly performed in the absence of the sons of the deceased. After much reflection, they determined to embalm the old man, and sent hasty messengers for Bharata, who were charged to bring the Prince back with all speed, but not to break to him the news. "Send for Bharata," was the cry; he was absent in the house of his maternal grandfather, in the city of Girivraja, in the kingdom of Kekeyi; but to fix this locality is one of the greatest difficulties. Both the route of the messengers, and of Bharata himself, is given

with a great parade of names, but they cannot be recognized in their modern disguises, and by a singular perversity, there are fatal discrepancies between the two great versions of the poem, and though we are certain of the direction, we cannot fix on the locality. Modern authors differ most strangely, and it is no great wonder, as until the few last years the countries beyond the Sutlej were imperfectly known. The messengers started for Hastinapur, where they crossed the Ganges, and entered the district of Meerut, the ancient country of Panchala: they passed on next into the Kurnaul district, and crossed, though it is not mentioned, the Jumna, and thence into the Thanesur district, where they crossed the Sirsooti, somewhere in the Kunikhetra: pushing on northward, they crossed the river Sutlej, into the Jelundhur Doab, and thence the river Beas, into the Baree Doab, where, amidst a confusion of very irreconcilable names, we lose sight of the actual road, till we arrive at Girivraja, almost immediately after: the messengers are said to have accomplished this trip from Oude to somewhere beyond the Beas, in seven days, and their horses are described as being tired, and considering they came the whole way, they well might be so.

His return homewards is also given in full detail, but different names of places mentioned—however, he crossed the Sutlej, and this is mentioned as one of the first things done, and in Schlegel's edition, the name of the town, at which he crossed the river, is given, and is no other than Ailadhanee, or Loodianah. But the mention of this town throws a doubt on the whole passage, as there is too much reason to believe, that Loodianah was named from Ibrahim Lodhi, centuries after the time of Rama: indeed, the mention of Kurukhetra, on the messenger's route, proves that these lines were not written by a contemporary poet, as there was a long interval betwixt Rama and Krishna, and it was in the time of the latter, that that memorable field attained its celebrity. However, to return to the disputed locality of the country of the Kekeyi, we think, that it may be placed in the lower range of the hills in the Baree Doab, near Nurpore: the general impression is that it is in the hills, from the name, and the present of dogs, made to Bharata by his grand-father. We know the country betwixt the Jumna and the Beas well, and would gladly have picked up any floating tradition, had there been any, and from the mouths of pandits we have extracted nothing, but the most intense absurdities. Lassen, in his *Pentepotamica Indica* enlarges upon the matter, and in his *Alterthumskunde*, lately published, in which he has collected and embodied all his an-

tiquarian lore, he connects the Kekeyi with the Kathœi, who are mentioned by Arrian in his account of Alexander, and also are clearly identical with the Kuhtree caste, who abound in the Punjab. Major Edwardes, in his description of the countries beyond the Indus, mentions that in the south-west corner of the valley of Bunnu, are the towns of Kukki and Bharat, near a remarkable cluster of high mounds, the only points of eminence in the plains betwixt the Indus and the Solymani range, and the Hindus maintain, that the town was founded by Bharata, the brother of Rama; and, no doubt, they are right, but this would not therefore be his mother's country, which we are now looking for. It is mentioned in the *Raghovansa*, that late in life, Bharata founded a city on the Indus, and left his sons there. The country of Kekeyi was beyond the Beas, but not beyond the Chandrabhaga, or Chinab, as that river is mentioned by Valmiki in concert with the Ganges, Jumna, Beas, Sutledge and Gogra, as one of the pure streams of India, on the occasion of the sacrifice of Dasaratha, but is not mentioned in this journey, and therefore clearly was not passed: it is therefore within a narrow limit, that we are reduced to mere speculation.

To return to our story. Bharata had spent his time pleasantly and profitably, with his grand-father; he had gone through a regular course of study, both in the Vedas, and in archery, or science of arms, as then known: he had sent several messengers to ask after the health of his father and brother Rama, and on the night preceding the arrival of the party sent to recall him, he was troubled by melancholy dreams: he had fancied that he saw the moon fall into the sea, the sun eclipsed; he had also seen the likeness of his father in such a position, and under such circumstances, as filled him with the most mournful prognostics. He was narrating this to his friends, when, behold! the men stood at the gate, asking for him: they were introduced, and, according to their instructions, they told him no more than, that his presence was required: to his earnest inquiries after the health of all, they made a brief reply, and urged his immediate departure, which, with the permission of his grand-father, he at once set about.

Speed, Bharata, speed! with your horses and chariots, and your royal retinue: we can fancy you traversing those wide plains in after days celebrated for so many battles, studded with such royal cities, the pride and the glory of India: those plains, which, though never reached by Alexander, have been so often traversed by legions more conquering than his—ever going forth to victory, never returning from defeat: plains,

to which belong the rural reign, and the plenty that springs from unrestricted commerce, watered by noble, yet obedient rivers, to be ploughed, before many seasons, by the iron chariot, and spanned by the lightning line! Speed, Bharata, speed, but you will see the kind fond old man no more. You were the unwitting cause of his end, you and your's brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave: him you cannot recall, his ear is deaf to your voice; but justice can be done, and the trumpet of Fame is prepared to record your true nobility; or to publish your shame.

The young Prince was seven days on his journey, and passing the Goomti, he first caught sight of the city of his race; it struck him, that some change had taken place; all seemed so silent, as he entered the gates: he questioned his charioteers in vain, and in the palace he sought in vain for his father; it was his mother, who broke to him the news of his death: and heavy it fell on his ears: the dutiful son mourned the death of his father, but, when he heard of the banishment of Rama, the grief of the noble youth was changed into indignation, and when he gathered that it had been effected by his mother for his sake, he was overpowered with horror, and burst forth into the most violent imprecations against her, as the cause of all his misfortunes, as one, who had condemned him to perpetual dishonour. This passage is very fine indeed, and the dramatic effect admirable: his mother had expected praises and congratulations. She had never calculated, that Virtue was so deeply planted in her son. Perhaps he was too hard upon her, and should have remembered, that it was for him, and him alone, that she had done the evil deed, and, though all the world were against her, she was still his mother. While Bharata was prostrate on the ground, overpowered with his feelings, Saturghna, his brother, had seized Manthara, the hump-backed servant, and was preparing to kill her, but Bharata reminded him, that it was forbidden to hurt a woman, that he had spared his mother solely on the grounds that Rama would disapprove of the act, and that therefore no violence must be allowed. The two brothers thus went to Kousalya, the mother of Rama, they threw themselves at her feet, and assured her of their devotion to Rama. Bharata invoked heavy curses on himself, and on everybody who could wish him harm, and it was determined, that the whole party should start at once to the forest, and bring back the rightful lord of Ajodya.

But the funeral rites of the old King were still to be performed: the family priest, by way of cheering Bharata, remind-

ed him, that death was the natural consequence of life, and the beginning of a new birth: he used much the same ingenious arguments that Krishna used centuries afterwards to Urjuna, on the field of battle, and much the same as those with which, in all ages, Job's comforters—good worthy creatures—harass and stir up the soul of the mourner, in the first bitter moments of his anguish. The body was placed on the funeral pile: no rite was omitted, but we hear nothing of the immolation of widows: that atrocity had not yet come into vogue. The mourners purified themselves with the usual lustrations—presents were given to Brahmans, who came in for something on all occasions, and, when the ten days, prescribed by custom, had passed, they set out with the whole family and an army towards the Ganges. Sappers were sent forward to prepare the road and cut the jungle: the number of the cavaleade is described with a liberality justified more by the copiousness of the Sanskrit language, than the possibility of its being true; and to make the punishment more severe, Keikeyi herself was to be of the party, and to undergo the penance of bringing back the noble youth, whom she had so grievously injured.

The march began in all the pomp and state of war, and the sight of the dust, as it approached the Ganges, aroused the indignation and ire of Guha, the King of the Nishadi, who imagined that they were proceeding with purposes hostile to Rama. When, however, he met Bharata, and heard the truth, he burst forth into praises, and was the first to tell him, that his name would live for ever for the good deed that he was doing. During the night Bharata was unable to sleep from grief, and Guha pointed out to him the spot under the trees, where Rama and Sita had rested; he narrated all that Rama had said, and when Bharata and the Queens saw the spot, they burst into tears, and were quite overcome by their feelings. On the morrow they crossed the Ganges, and following Rama's steps, arrived at the hermitage of Bharadwaja, at Allahabad, having halted the army at some distance in the deep jungle, to prevent injury to the precincts of the sage.

By the power of his asceticism, which had revealed to him everything, Bharadwaja knew that the King was dead, and the object of the advent of Bharata, yet he asked him why he had brought so large a force into these wilds, and warned him against any meditated injury to Rama. With tears in his eyes, Bharata assured the sage, that he was innocent of such an act, or such a thought, and he made known the object of his journey, which drew down upon him the greatest praises. He was entreated to stay one night at the hermitage, and partake of

the hospitality of the munee. In vain the Prince excused himself, for, by the power of his devotions, and long mortifications, Bharadwaja compelled the gods to supply at once a magnificent repast in the dense forest, for the whole army. Obedient to his behests, a stately palace sprung into existence, furnished with every luxury, both to the sight and the palate:—

> In ample space, under the broadest shade,
> A table richly spread, in regal mode,
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
> And savor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
> Gris-amber steamed: all fish from sea or shore,
> Freshlet, or purling brook, of shell, or fin.

The poet revels in the description, which gives such ample room to the imagination: he exhausts the produce of the earth, he represents the beauteous form of the attendants. We think of the garden of Armida.

> Era qui ciò, ch'ogni stagion dispensa:
> Ciò, che dena la terra, o manda il mare,
> Ciò, che l'arte condisce, e cento belle
> Servivano al convito accorte ancelle.

All the garlands, all the dancing girls of Indra's paradise, were in requisition. Say what the Hindus will, wine and flesh were in abundance. To each of the soldiers and attendants, five beautiful damsels attached themselves, they assisted them to bathe in the stream, they supplied them with good things to such an extent, that these gentry, unused to such kindness, shouted, like the lotus-eaters of Tennyson, "We will return no more: farewell Ajodya:" they thought no more of their horses, or duties, for they imagined themselves in heaven. This lasted the whole night, but in the morning they found that it was a dream: the baseless fabric had melted away, and all they had to do was to start on their journey forwards. Bharata went to take leave of the sage, and introduced his three mothers, but when he spoke harshly of Keikeyi, and pointed her out, as the cause of all their woe, the old man reproved him, and bade him be reconciled to, and forgive his mother, for what she had done, was ordained of old to be so done, and was for the glory and exaltation of Rama.

They crossed the Jumna, and entering the district of Banda, approached the mountain of Chuteerkote, and the noise of their followers soon roused and alarmed the exiles in their retreat. The fiery Luchmun burst forth, under the idea, that the purposes of Bharata were hostile; but Rama calmed him, and in

a few moments, leaving his army and his followers, on foot, in the attitude of suppliants, Bharata and Satrugna stood before them.

It was a moment of deep dramatic interest: on one side Rama, Luchmun and Sita, in their humble cabin, clad in the dress of hermits: on the other, their two younger brothers, in all the splendour of Princes: their eyes met: if for one moment a suspicion had occupied the pure heart of Rama, if for one moment the eye of Luchmun had flashed with rage, it was for no longer, for, overpowered with grief and shame at the sight of the degradation of his brother and master, Bharata fell at his feet; but he was raised, and clasped with an embrace of warm affection, such as has been the meeting of good brothers, since the world began, and while living hearts beat, will continue to be so.

The first inquiry made by Rama, when they regained the power of speaking, was about his father. "Is my father, is the old man well? Is he still alive?" And heavy on his ears fell the news, that he was dead, and had died from the loss of him; but when Bharata begged him to return to Ajodya, and rule over them, and save him and his mother from the reproach, he assured him, that it was impossible, that the promise of his father must be fulfilled, that the term of his exile must not be departed from. Then followed a noble contest between the two brothers, a rivalry in generosity. Every argument was brought forward to induce Rama to return, but in vain: it was a trying scene, for his own mother, the repentant Keikeyi, the family priest, his brothers, the ancient servants of his house, all joined in the entreaty. Much they discoursed on the right of primogeniture, of the iniquity of the promise granted to Keikeyi, there was a great deal of sophistry, and a great deal of affection, but it was of no avail. The just man felt, that his father must be absolved from the vow which he had made: the decree of fate must be worked out, and he could not, and would not return. After having threatened to desert his home, and come and share the exile of Rama, Bharata was at last induced to take charge of the kingdom as a sacred deposit, during the term of exile, whither he returned, bearing on his head a pair of shoes, made of kusa grass, which had been worn by Rama, as a token of his entire subjection; and that he might not be tempted to change his mind, he refused to enter the city of Ajodya, but took up his abode in the neighbouring village of Nandgown, awaiting the return of the lawful sovereign.

Here ends the story of the poem, as regards probabilities

and possibilities: in describing the passions of men, the poet has shewn the genius of a master, we find "thoughts which breathe, and words that burn"; we are melted to compassion, and warmed with admiration; with the scenery and the people, the poet is at home: he describes things such as he saw them; but now he takes us across the Vyndya range of mountains, which was clearly the limit of his personal knowledge, he draws liberally on his imagination and the credulity of his hearers. We leave the Empires of reality, and enter fairy land, and but that there are certain landmarks, which can be recognized, but that the legend is universally received in every part of India, amidst races, differing in language and country, we might have put down all that we are now going hastily to touch upon, to fiction. We regret it, such follies take away from the vivid truth of the picture. Could but the author have known, that to possess such virtues, as those with which he has invested his hero, is better than to have all the arms that were ever fabricated in Olympus, and to subdue that passion, as these brothers did, was better than wearing the crown of Ajodya.

The Vyndha range is the boundary of the North West Provinces, and of the great Gangetic valley, which was known as Madyades, by its central position betwixt the two ranges of mountains, and was the scene of all the heroic stories of the Brahminical and warrior races. Beyond all was doubt: and this prevails even to the present day, and the natives point uncertainly to the Dekkan or southern country, separated by these inhospitable mountains, inhabited by strange tribes of Coles and Gonds, and Bheels, entirely distinct from the Hindus. When Rama saw that his hiding place was discovered, he determined to move to the south, to the great forest of Dandaka, which embraced the whole centre of India, from the Ganges to the Godaveri. The first day took the exiles to the hermitage of Ansuya, a female ascetic of wonderful power, who received them with kindness, and presented Sita with some beautifying ointment: her cell is still shown on the bank of the Pysuni river, in the independent Bundlecund states, on the edge of the district of Bandah. Proceeding southward, they must have ascended the lower range of hills, and came into collision with a powerful giant of the name of Visadh, who was forthwith killed by Luchmun, and buried, at the request of the deceased, to ensure him happiness hereafter. Throughout the poem the doctrine of a future state is exemplified: we have various instances of beatified appearances of parties deceased, and the doctrine of rewards and punishments for good and evil deeds is throughout inculcated. No more striking instances can be

found of this than in their next adventure. They were proceeding onwards to the hermitage of a celebrated ascetic, Sarabhanga, when they beheld a celestial light hovering over the grove, and no less a person than Indra himself, who, with all the attributes of the deity, with the umbrella over his head, and the waving fans, had descended to be present at the last moments of the old ascetic, who was preparing to mount the funeral pile, and anticipate the arrival of death. Indra no sooner saw Rama and his companions approaching, than he retired back to heaven, and they found the old man taking leave of his disciples, and preparing, like the Gymnosophist who accompanied Alexander to Babylon, to depart; but Fate had written, that he was to receive Rama ere his felicity could be achieved, which he had long sought by the most severe austerities. He hailed Rama as one long expected, gave him a gem, and talked of the never-fading bliss, which was now opening upon him, and then calmly mounted the pyre. But no sooner was his earthly tabernacle consumed, than he re-appeared out of the flames in a new and divine shape, having put on eternal youth and immortality; and thus he passed away into the regions of space, and was conducted to the kingdom of Brahma, who bade him welcome.

The spot where this marvel took place, is still known as the hermitage of Surbhung, on the confines of the Bandah district, and independent Bundlecund. Crowds of holy eremites, the residents of the Dandaka forest, now crowded round Rama, and solicited his protection; they described the havoc committed in their body by the inroads of the giants, as far as the lake of Pampa, on the banks of the Toongabudra, in the south of India. The scene is now shifting: hitherto we have traversed the Presidencies of Bengal, the N. W. Provinces, and paid a hasty visit to the Punjab; but now we are led across the Godaveri river, into the Bombay Presidency, and across the Kristna, into the districts of Madras. So truly natural is the great epic of India. Having promised security to the holy men, Rama crossed the Tonse just above the famous falls of Rewah, where a trace of him is faithfully preserved, and journeyed onwards to the hermitage of Suticsna, which is now known as Ramtek, in the neighbourhood of the city of Nagpore. This spot is also known as the Hill of Rama—"Ramagiri," and it is doubly interesting to the admirer of Sanskrit literature, as being the place of exile of the unfortunate Yaksha, who employed the Cloud as the messenger of his tuneful woe to the ears of his lady love, in mount Kailasa, to the north of the district of Kumaon, in the Himalaya Mountains,

—so sweetly sung by Kalidasa, and translated with such poetic spirit by Professor Wilson :—

> Where Ramagiri 's cool dark woods extends,
> And those pure streams, where Sita bathed, descend.

Here, and in this neighbourhood, wandering backwards and forwards, from one hermitage to another, through all the forest of Dandaka, living on the fruits of the trees, in friendly intercourse with the holy men, who had retired thither from the world, ten quiet and happy years glided away of the exile of Rama. One only place is mentioned by name, of which we have been able to make no identification, and this was a lake named " Panchapsar," and they heard this origin of the name, which being interpreted, means " the five Nymphs." An ascetic of more than usual hardihood and sanctity, had fixed himself here in ages bygone, and by living upon air, had achieved the most astounding feats, so much, that the gods, trembling for their power, despatched five heavenly dancers, tricked out with jewels, to seduce the sage from his devotions. They succeeded, and he erected for their residence a secret chamber beneath the lake ; and as Rama passed by in the still of the evening, reflecting thoughtfully on the melancholy result of the holy man's attempt to win heaven with too high a hand, he heard the tinkling of the ornaments, and the singing of the damsels beneath the waters, which filled him with astonishment, a sentiment which, after the extraordinary sights he had seen, he might have spared. The easy quiet life of the exiles is lightly described, but we find that their morning and evening devotions were never omitted : we find that even in this humble state, Sita never ate with her husband and brother-in-law, but dutifully waited upon them, and then made the most of the remnants, a custom which among Hindus exists, time-honored, and unalterable to this day.

At length they determined to move towards the west, and visit the hermitage of the great Agastya, an ascetic of great repute in connection with the Vyndha mountains. By him they were graciously received, and Rama was presented with a bow, and they were advised to select a spot named Panchavati, in the country of Janasthana, on the river Godaveri, as their retreat for the remaining time of their exile : there they built a cabin, and dwelt in enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, in the description of which, during the spring tide, the poet revels. This spot is now known as Nassik, a district in the western Presidency, and on the high road betwixt Agra and Bombay. A long period had elapsed since they left their homes, time

had dried their tears: they had forgiven their enemies, and forgotten their sorrows, but not their country and their friends; and one day, as the brothers were bathing in the Godaveri, a thought of home, and all its joys, came over them: they talked wonderingly, what their good brother Bharata was now doing: perhaps he was, like themselves, at this hour, bathing, and in the Surju: this led them to reflect on the purity of his character, who had refused to accept a kingdom forced upon him, and in a city had accomplished a greater feat of asceticism, than others had done in the forest. A gentle remark from Luchmun then followed, of wonder, how Keikeyi, the mother of so good a son, and the wife of so good a husband, could have acted so differently; but Rama checked the rising indignation, and rebuked him for saying only so much against their mother: so truly chastened was his character, so incapable of thinking ill of others.

This part of the country was inhabited by a number of Rakshus, detached by Ravana, king of Lanka, to guard his frontiers, under the orders of his brothers Khara and Dushana. Their sister was named Surpanakha, and she one day spied Rama, and was smitten with his beauty; and, forgetful of the privilege of her sex to be wooed and won, with unmaidenly boldness solicited the hero to be her husband. He tried by words to repel her, pointing to Sita as his wife; this merely awoke the feeling of jealousy, and led her to abuse Sita: and as she would not leave them, in a moment of thoughtlessness, the brothers cut off her nose, and otherwise disfigured her—and from this circumstance, the modern name of Panchavati is Nassik. Fired with rage, and smarting with pain, the disappointed Rakshusa fled to her brothers, and told them that there were arrived two youths, more beautiful than Gandharbas; whether they were gods or men, she was uncertain, but they had thus mutilated her, and she demanded vengeance. Khara first sent a small party, but they were utterly destroyed, and the same fate awaited himself and his brother, and all his host, amounting to twenty thousand, who were slain by the wondrous arrows with which the hero had been furnished. The gods, as usual, came down to see—all nature was convulsed, the struggle was desperate; the numbers make it absurd, and Rama dwindles down to an ordinary Jack the Giant-killer. At the end he remained alone, and Surpanakha fled away to announce the sad news, and call still louder for vengeance on her elder brother Ravana. The plot now begins to thicken, the object of this banishment of Rama is beginning to be worked out.

While she hurried down the Peninsula of India, from the banks of the Godaveri to Ceylon, the royal exiles lived as usual, but they made the acquaintance of Jatayu, the King of the Vultures, who appears to have been an old friend of their father's, and who took a warm interest in their welfare. No sooner had Surpanakha reached Ceylon, than she announced the news of the destruction of his armies, and to rouse his lust, as well as his wrath, she painted the beauty of Sita, as surpassing that of gods or mortals, and worthy only of being his bride. Her arts succeeded, and the rape of Sita was determined upon, who, like another Helen, was the cause of the destruction of the city of Lanka. Supposing that the date affixed to the poem is correct, and that the poet was contemporary with his hero, the rape of Helen and Sita took place within a short interval of each other, and the two great Epics flowed from the same source, at the same period.

Previous to starting on his enterprise, Ravana consulted Maricha, a relative and dependant, who had a high reputation; this was the same individual who had been hurled by an arrow of Rama from the banks of the Sone to somewhere in the Southern Ocean, and still aching from the blows then received, he warned his chief against entering into a contest with such a rival, and tried earnestly to dissuade him, but in vain. Blinded by lust and rage, Ravana would take no excuse, and they hit on the scheme that Maricha was to assume the form of a deer, with whose beauty Sita was to be so charmed, that nothing would content her, but that Rama should catch it for her: by these means the fair one was to be separated from her protector, when Ravana would step in and bear her off. Their plan was followed: the golden deer attracted the notice of Sita, and Rama started to catch or kill it, but the chace was long and tedious: at length, struck by one of the unerring arrows, in the moment of death the Rakshu uttered piercing cries, feigning the voice of Rama, which induced Luchmun to start at once to the help of his brother, and Sita was left alone. Ravana, simulating the form of an old man, entered the hermitage, and asked for hospitality, and then siezing the moment, he summoned his chariot, and like Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, or more highly favoured Europa,—

> Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, et
> Dedita Nymphis opifex coronæ,

he bore her off in the air, notwithstanding her cries and her prayers, and her threats of vengeance.

This part of the poem is most beautiful. Sita bids farewell to the flowers—to the streams—to the mountains—she charges the genii of the place to tell Rama that Ravana is carrying her off, that she goes unwillingly. She invokes heaven and earth in the most touching and piteous language. She was heard, though not succoured. All the gods had hurried to the spot, but they stood in awe of the ravisher, and they knew, that this was part of the deep-laid plan for the destruction of their enemy. All nature stood aghast, the celestial denizens shed scalding tears, the great evil being wrought. A darkness overspread the heavens and the earth: it was the short-lived triumph of evil over good. Even the Great Creator roused himself from his sleep on his lotus throne, where, regardless of human affairs, he was drowned in Epicurean slumber, and exclaimed solemnly, "Fate is now working:" it must needs be that the offence should come, that the salvation of man should be wrought, but the universe trembled at the outrage, though they admitted the necessity of the sacrifice.

Old Jatayu, King of the Vultures, was sleeping on a rock, when the cries of Sita reached him, and looking upwards, he saw her borne through the air in a chariot. Without loss of time, he soared after her, and pounced down on Ravana; and so violent was his blow, that he shivered the chariot, and hurled the driver, still bearing his prey, to the ground: there the fight was renewed, but the old vulture at length received a deadly blow, and was left to die; while Ravana again seizing Sita, mounted in the air, and carried her by the straight road to Lanka, and thus lodged her in his palace. Her woman's wit did not desert her, for as she crossed the river Tongabudra, she spied some monkeys on the trees, and dropped her anklets and armlets to them, as some trace to her lord, who, she knew well, would seek her to the end of the earth.

Who shall paint the agony and despair of Rama and Luchmun, when they returned, and found their beloved gone? In the moment of death the deer had assumed the natural form of a Rakshu, and Rama apprehended evil, and blamed Luchmun for having left Sita alone. They scarcely dared to call, for fear of not hearing an answer, and being confirmed in the certainty of their loss: and when they did at length call that fated name, the echoes of the mountain of Janasthana, and the river Godaveri returned it mournfully back. At length good fortune led them to the spot, where poor old Jatayu was breathing his last: from him they learnt the name of the ravisher, but all he could tell them was, that Lanka was his residence, that it lay to the south, and that in that direction Sita had been carried

away. They consoled the dying hours of the Vulture King, blessed him for the good work which he had done, or tried to do; and as soon as he expired, they reverently performed the funeral obsequies of the old and faithful friend of their father, who had died in their cause.

They proceeded towards the south, but had not gone far, when they were themselves siezed in the enormous arms of a headless fiend, one of those monstrous anthropophagi, whose heads are beneath their shoulders, who haunted the forest: they quickly cut off the arms of this creature, who, in catching them, had caught a tartar, and were proceeding to kill him, when he told them, that he was named Kabandha, that he was originally a denizen of heaven, but in a moment of rage he had cursed his master Indra, and had been condemned, many ages, to this horrid form, until re'eased by the advent of Rama: he recognized his liberator, and in return for their kindness, he told them to proceed onwards to the hermitage of Savari, and to form a league with the King of the Monkeys, by whom their purpose would be assisted. Having said this, Kabandha assumed a celestial form, and departed.

They went on their way wondering, and at length reached the lake of Pampa, near the banks of the Tongabudra river, a confluent of the river Kistna, near the modern city of Anagoondy, at the extreme southern point of the territory of the Nizam, not far from Bellary, in the Madras Presidency. Here a new prodigy awaited them, and it is beautifully described. On the banks of the lake they found the hermitage: though its owners had long since departed, the flowers had not faded, the altars were ready; everything was intact: the sacred vessels were uncorrupted by rust, all was ready for his arrival, and one aged woman had been detained in life to greet and entertain him. She had long wished to put off her mortal coil, and join the rest of the ascetic body who had preceded her; but she was left solely to meet Rama: she showed him the beautiful hermitage, she administered to his wants, she painted the happiness stored up for her, and her anxiety to depart, and then, having asked permission, she threw off her earthly mansion, and ascended to heaven.

Throughout the poem we find, that Rama was the one expected and awaited for from the beginning of things: he was the "*fatal man*," on whose coming the interests of thousands depended: he was expected everywhere: the penalties of some were to expire on his advent, and the happiness of others was to date from his coming. Old Eremites had lived just long enough to see his day, and then mounted the pyre rejoicing:

every act that he performed had been predicted, for he was the completion of prophecy. He bore his fate meekly: it was to be always suffering, and yet always honored: his kingdom, his country, his wife, and eventually his children, he resigned all. He bowed to that fate, which he could not resist, but never abandoned his virtue.

Leaving the hermitage, he proceeded onwards to the mountain of Rishyamukha hard by, and there he made acquaintance with Sugriva, the King of the Monkeys, and the celebrated Hanuman, one of his followers. Here he found traces of his wife in the ornaments which had fallen from her. On inquiring into the politics of the monkey nation, he found that there was a dire feud between the two brothers, Bali and Sugriva, for the kingdom, and the latter was in exile. It was settled that Rama should assist him to the throne, and destroy his rival, and that then the whole of the power of the nation should be directed against Lanka. Rama gave some proofs of his divine strength, and an alliance was formed, which ended in the death of Bali, and the establishment of Sugriva, King of the Monkeys, at Kiskindya, on the banks of the Tongabudra, somewhere in that strip of British territory that separates the kingdom of Mysore and the territories of the Nizam, or thereabouts: for we confess, that we are getting beyond our depth, and are more familiar with the Beas, or the Jumna, than with the Tongabudra.

The people of India still firmly believe, that the creatures described as monkeys in the poem, are those black-faced apes, with white hair and whiskers, and extensive tails, that are so common in all parts of the country. We have often sported with them, and sociable and amiable creatures they are, and as they have never suffered injury from man, on the hill of Chuteerkote, or in other places of sanctity, they crowd round the pilgrim, eating from the hand, and prodigal of familiarities. If inquiries are made, how a race of diminutive, though active animals, were able to accomplish the feats of agility and strength described by the poet, we are reminded, that they were at that time incarnations of all the minor deities, who took these forms to assist Rama in the struggle against the common enemy. Hanuman himself was son of the wind. All reasoning is useless to convince minds incapable of weighing probabilities, and ready to give credence to any absurdity; but, as the fact of an expedition having taken place, conducted by a Rajput prince of the North of India, against some hostile power of the south, seems clear not only by the mention of places, which can still be recognized, but by the constant voice of tradition, we must look for the prototypes of these

monkey allies, in the wild aboriginal tribes who inhabited the mountains in the centre of India, whose appearance, religion, and language, differed from that of the more polished invaders of India, who possessed themselves of the Gangetic valley: it was some such tribe as this that assisted Rama, in return for services rendered them in an intestine quarrel.

For the few months of the rains nothing could be done, and Rama dwelt sorrowing in the society of the monkeys, at Kiskindya: at the close of the season, Sugriva sent out parties to explore every part of the known world, east, west, north and south. The extent of the geographical knowledge of the poet beyond the continent of India is whimsically displayed. The three first parties traversed the whole of the world in their respective directions, and visited every mountain and river known to the poet. We doubt if three thousand years have added much to the knowledge of the Hindu nation on this subject, who have still the same notion of the round world, as was entertained by Valmiki, and old Homer, when he sang of the shield of Achilles.

But the fourth party had not yet returned: they were headed by Angad, and among their number was the celebrated Hanuman; they knew that the ravisher had gone off towards the south, but they failed in finding any trace, and were ashamed and afraid to return with their mission unfulfilled. They sat down in despair to take counsel, and it so happened, that they were overheard by Sampati, a near relation of Jatayu, the King of the Vultures, who happened to catch the name of his relative in their conversation, introduced himself, and was informed of the melancholy end of the Sovereign of the Vultures, at the hand of the very party for whom they were making vain search. Sampati most fortunately had seen Ravana pass over his head on the fatal day, and he was able, moreover, to furnish correct information as to the position of Lanka. Taking fresh heart at this unlooked for information, the monkeys started again, but their course was suddenly arrested by the waves of the sounding ocean.

They had passed through the territory of Mysore into the Southern provinces of the Madras Presidency, had crossed the Cavary, and passed by Madura, and found themselves at the town of Ramnad. All this country would have been described by our poet, but unluckily he was utterly ignorant of it. At Ramnad the monkeys beheld before them the broad arm of the sea, which separates India from Ceylon: they gazed with astonishment on the ebbing tide, listened with awe to the mysterious words which the wild waves kept continually saying: beyond

they could see, or fancy that they saw, the peaks of Lanka. How were they to cross? That was the rub. When called to try their skill at leaping, all held back from the fearful enterprise. One boasted that he could leap fifty miles—another eighty—a third ninety—one old man made the sage remark, that in his youth he would have accomplished the feat, but old age had stiffened his joints. At length all agreed, that Hanuman must do it, if any, and Hanuman accordingly, having taken a long breath, flung himself in the air. In the way he was met by two monsters, of whom he quickly got rid, and he rested for a while on a rock in the middle of the strait, and again, like winged Mercury, took to his airy way, and lighted upon the crest of the mountain which overhung the city. Below him was spread Lanka, beautiful Lanka; the streets paved with burnished gold, surrounded by gardens and palaces. Disguising his form, he descended, and searched high and low for the fair one whom he had never seen, and he was guided in his search only by descriptions of her beauty. But nowhere was she to be found—in the palaces of the nobles—in the palace of Ravana—for he seems to have had access everywhere, he sought in vain, and sat down exhausted and dispirited in a grove to think what was to be done. At length he spied a beautiful grove of asoka trees, and climbing up the tallest tree, he looked round, and in an instant he beheld a female form more beautiful than his eyes had ever seen—but with dishevelled hair, and downcast eyes, refusing to be comforted by her attendants, who sat round her. It must be she. He approached stealthily, and was in time to witness a visit paid to his captive by Ravana, who tried to persuade her to forget Rama, and listen to his addresses. When we recollect that Ravana had ten heads, we wonder with which of his mouths, or whether with all, he made love. The pictures of him are inexpressibly ridiculous, as he had but one neck, and his heads are fastened one behind the other, each profile just visible beyond that of the one above it. Sita rejected him altogether; she laughed at his menaces, and reviled him most cruelly, for, on the very night of her arrival at Lanka, Indra had appeared to her in a dream to comfort her, and promised speedy release. No sooner was he gone, than Hanuman introduced himself, showed the ring with which Rama had furnished him, and told her what was in progress, how that her husband was inconsolable for her loss, and preparing to win her back at any price. Finally, he offered to conduct her in safety on his back across the ocean to her lord, but this proposal the modest Sita at once declined, and was

content to await her day of delivery at the hands of Rama only, to whom she sent her wedding ring, as a proof of the truth of Hanuman's tale and of her constancy. Armed with this, Hanuman prepared to return, but previous to starting, he tore up the whole of the Asoka grove, slew a number of Ravana's followers. At length he was seized, and as a punishment, his tail was set on fire, for being a messenger, his life was sacred; however, the active monkey not only managed to escape, but also to set on fire the town of Lanka: then launching himself in the air, he rejoined his friends on the continent of India, at Ramnad.

It would be tedious to follow the chain of absurdities which impede and delay the story. Having regained the track of his beloved, no time was lost by Rama; he moved down on Ramnad, with hosts in numbers numberless, but his path was checked by the ocean also. Not to be daunted by this, Rama directs an arrow at the god of the waters, who, afraid of some new portents, promised to support a bridge, by which the army could cross to Lanka. The active monkeys at once started in every direction to bring materials, and tear up rocks, and dash them into the flood. Some of the blocks, in the hurry of the transit from the Northern Himalaya to the ocean, were dropped, and still remain as monuments of the feat: to this we owe the rock of Goverdhone, near Muttra: to this the whole of the Kymur range in Central India: so the Hindus will have it. Everywhere in India are scattered erratic blocks, the monuments of the great Diluvium, and attributed by the geologists to the action of ice, but by a people zealous of their traditions, to the bridge-builders of Rama.

Rama is said to have exclaimed proudly, that so long as the sea remained, and the mountains did not move from their foundation, so long would the bridge bear his name; and his prophecy promises to come true. There it stands—a natural barrier of rocks, extending from shore to shore, known in the European maps as "Adam's Bridge"—known in India as "Ram Setu": in the midst of the arm of the sea is the island Ramesurum, or the pillar of Rama, of as great repute and renown as the pillars of the Western Hercules. There to this day stands a temple of massive Cyclopean workmanship, said to have been built by the hero, the idol of which is washed daily with water from the Ganges. From the highest point is a commanding view of the ocean, and the interminable black line of rocks stretching across the gulf of Manaar. Thither, from all parts of India, wander the pilgrims, who are smitten with the wondrous love of travel to sacred shrines. From

Chuteerkote, near the Jumna, it is roughly calculated to be no less than one hundred stages. We have conversed with some who have accomplished the great feat, but many never return: —they either die by the way, or their courage and strength evaporates in some roadside hermitage. Whatever may be its origin, there is the reefy barrier, compelling every vessel, from or to the mouths of the Ganges, to circumnavigate the island of Ceylon.

They crossed this wondrous bridge—they laid siege to Lanka. All descriptions of battles, human and divine, fall short, in variety and marvel, of the warlike scenes now enacted. Treachery was busy in the camp of the enemy, and at an early date, Vibhisana, brother of Ravana, deserted the cause of his country. Messages were sent to demand the restoration of Sita, and many counsellors urged upon Ravana to give in, but his pride and rage knew no bounds. The fight was long protracted—the slaughter on both sides was prodigious. The heroes on both sides are brought out in strong relief—none could contend against them—like Hector and Achilles, they were only mated for each other. One by one the chiefs of the Rakshus are killed, among them Kumbakurma, the gigantic brother of Ravana, who not only killed his antagonists, but devoured them. His is a favourite figure in the village representation of the siege of Lanka, and he is represented asleep, as in mercy to the human race; he was in the habit of slumbering many years, and then awakening, and gorging his insatiable appetite, and falling to sleep again.

Everything with orientals is extravagant: it is not enough to paint Rama as wounded; he is described as being actually killed with his brother: but in this extreme agony, he receives heavenly succour—angels minister to him: angels whisper in his ears, "Remember, Rama, who you are—you are Narayun, the lord of the world: be not cast down—your mortality contains divinity." There is something awful in this conception. Rama recovered his strength, but he was again cast down, and left for dead, when one of his friends remembered that there is a peculiar medicinal herb growing on Mount Kailas, which contains a sovereign cure: but who will fetch it? Hanuman, the son of the Wind, makes one spring through the air, from Ceylon to Kumaon, in the Northern Himalaya; he brings back a rock, on which the herb is growing, and the hero recovers. At length Lanka is fired, and Ravana himself issues forth to single combat, and at once kills Luchmun: his friends again think of the medicinal herb, and Hanuman starts to fetch it with one leap through the air: his course lay over the

village of Nundgown, in Oude, where Bharata was mourning the absence of his brothers. Terrified by the sight, Bharata raised his bow, and was on the point of letting fly an arrow, when Hanuman called to him to stay, and descending from the air to firm land, he told the astonished prince all that was going on—the rape of Sita—the besieging of Lanka. He then resumed his journey, and with great difficulty found the herb, but had to carry a large rock with him on his return: it had the desired effect, and Luchmun recovered. But it appeared, that this rock was part of a most sacred locality—moreover, several hermits were residing in caves in its side, and, as soon as they recovered their breath, they called out lustily and loudly to be taken back, and so Hanuman, from fear of offending these holy men, took another leap along the Continent of India, restored the rock to its place, and returned. This is a conception truly Titanesque, but the idea of recalling Bharata to recollection is poetical.

In the meantime Rama had encountered Ravana. Indra had sent his own chariot: and all the gods had assembled as spectators: the poet rises to his subject—neither Homer, Tasso, nor Milton surpasses him.

> "Treman le spazioze atre caverne,
> El'aer cieco a quel rumor rimbomba."

The evil spirits had assembled to back Ravana, and in the excitement of the moment, they attacked the gods, and a celestial battle ensued—it was the struggle of good and evil: at length Rama triumphs, and decapitates his rival, Lanka is taken, and a general crash succeeds. Sita is recovered, and brought to Rama.

Here comes the painful part of the story. The hero refuses to receive her. He has avenged her rape, and vindicated his honor, but Sita's long residence in the power of Ravana had made her an object of suspicion, and it was impossible for a Rajput to receive her back as his wife: he wished her no evil, she could go where she liked. But Sita would not bear this—a poor return for all she had suffered, and she at once directed a funeral pyre to be prepared, and calling upon the gods to witness to her purity, she proudly mounted it, in the presence of her husband. But the flame refused to touch her. She was acquitted by the ordeal of fire, and Brahma at the same time, with all the heavenly host, descended, and with them the figure of the old King Dasarath, radiant with glory: by their orders Rama received back his blameless and spotless wife.

They are now to return to Ajodya; the land road would be decidedly tedious; they knew not that watery way, by which

hundreds are conveyed monthly from Ceylon to the banks of the Ganges. The celestial chariot Pushpaka was placed at their disposal, which appears to have held an unlimited number, and sailed through the air. This famous *tableau vivant* of India has been handled by many poets. Valmiki treats it simply, but effectively; Rama is represented as describing to Sita the different spots that lie beneath their feet—the famous bridge, which he points to as an everlasting memorial of his victory, the Malayan mountains, where he met the monkeys, the hermitage of Savari, and the waters of Pampa, the sweet country of Janasthana, on the banks of the Godaveri, the forest of Dandaka, and the retreat of Agastya: thence across the Vyndha range, and the twin snow born-rivers, Ganges and Jumna, appear, and their once dear city of Ajodya, on the limpid Surju.

Kalidasa, the great poet, who lived a thousand years after Valmiki, devotes a noble chapter to the subject, on which he dilates in stately and sonorous lines, painting the different scenes that fell under his eye, in the fantastic colouring in which he delighted, interspersed, however, with tender remembrances, worthy of Metastasio: the whole description is India—and India only could furnish the materials—the long rows of cranes wending their way to some unknown home—the stately asoka tree—the lightning storm—the dense, dense forests, and the noble rivers. This same poet published another poem, descriptive of the country betwixt Nagpore and Mount Kailas, the Meghaduta already alluded to. Bhavabhuti, in his play of the Mahavisa Charitra, avails himself of this opportunity of displaying his limited geographical knowledge, and unlimited power of description, and fanciful diction. The authors of other plays are still more fanciful, for our travellers are taken everywhere, and anywhere, to the highest heavens, to Kailas, and the moon, destroying all the interest, by making the whole a mere fancy picture.

When they reached Prayag, the chariot halted, and Hanuman was sent forward to announce the return of Rama, his exile being concluded. It was a proud moment for Bharata: he could meet his brother with a joyful countenance, restore to him his kingdom, rejoicing to see him return, rejoicing to make over to him the accumulated treasure of his stewardship. It was indeed a proud and glad moment, when the chariot descended from the Heavens, over the city of Ajodya.

The four brothers were now united, and they entered together their father's city. This is one of the most striking parts of the representation in the annual festival of the Dusserah: it is

called the " Bharat Milap;" the royal youths are borne along in triumph, and the citizens flock after in the pride of their equipage, their elephants and their horses. Even in the hour of triumph, Rama had a kind word for the mother of Bharata, and he praised her for being the cause of his father keeping his promise.

The Monkeys and the friendly Rakhas, who had accompanied him, assisted at the coronation of Rama, and returned to their kingdoms, laden with presents, and smitten with the sight of such true brotherly love, and such greatness of soul. On the walls of his palace Rama had the whole series of his achievements painted, that in the moment of his power, he might remember the trials which he had undergone. With Sita, his pride and his joy, he could think of the last fourteen years, and rejoice at the part which he had taken. But a deeper and a heavier trial awaited him still. The man of fate was to have no happiness, he was born to sorrow, to suffer, and suffer in silence. An evil rumour had reached him, no matter how, that the citizens thought it strange, that he should receive back his wife after a prolonged residence in the power and at the mercy of another man. It was in vain that Rama firmly believed in the purity of his wife, which had been attested in the most miraculous way; yet so jealous was he of a spotless reputation, so weak was he on this one point, that he determined to repudiate his wife, now about to give him an heir to his throne, and to send her away to the hermitage of Valmiki. He announced the fact to his brothers, who could neither combat nor approve his determination: as he had abandoned his kingdom, so, from a sense of right, he abandoned his wife; and fearful was the struggle, for she was his only one, and her place was never supplied, except by a gold statue of her, which he had always by him. Luchmun conducted the unconscious Sita to the hermitage of Valmiki, whither she had previously begged to go for change of scene, and there the news was broken to her. She uttered no complaint, though stricken to the heart by the aspersion. She begged, that her child, when born, might not be deserted, and prayed that she might speedily be released of life, and allowed to join her husband in another world, where there would be no more cruel separations. She found with Valmiki, the friend of her father and father-in-law, a ready welcome; in the solitude she calmed her spirit's strife, and prayed that she might live to bear Rama's child, and then die. Yet she lived many years—in the wilderness were born to her twins, Kusa

and Lava—in the wilderness they grew up to manhood, and she lived to see them acknowledged.

It was a beautiful idea, that of rearing these abandoned and deserted children of the great hero, as asceties in the hermitage of the poet, yet bearing upon their persons the signs of their noble origin, ravishing beauty equal to the gods—voices fresh from heaven, notes borrowed from the choir of the angels; and of teaching them the great poem, which they, after the manner of the rhapsodists of Greece, sang among the hermitages and the dwellings of the forest, charming all audiences, and unconsciously perpetuating the fame of their own parents. In return for their song, they received at the hands of sages, and beatified men, such things as were considered valuable in that rude society. Some gave vessels of baked clay—some choice fruits culled from the trees of the forest, some vestures of bark: all gave their smiles, their applause, and their tears, as the noble epic wandered from grave to gay, leading the passions in gentle controul, now melting to pity, now rousing to enthusiasm. Such was the earliest guerdon of the poet—such was the reward in the halls of Alcinous. The tripod, the parsley wreath, the conscious power of swaying the feelings of hundreds, the magnetic influence over the souls of their countrymen—the flash of the dark eye, the mantling blush—the crowning smile, were the ample rewards of the Grecian Aoidos. In more luxurious Rome, the wreath of bays, and the honor of being pointed out by the passers by, was still the sufficient prize of the poet. It remained for these degenerate days to crown poetasters with ribbons and pensions.

One day the steps of the noble youths were led to the royal city of Ajodya. There, on his solitary throne, sat the widowed and childless hero, he that had conquered himself and his enemies: round him were ranged his brothers,—the faithful Luchmun, and the still more faithful Bharata, and the Brahmans and the citizens: and when in this noble crowd sounded the harmonious and majestic lines, from the voices of these boys, the great hero himself was overpowered by the memory of his own achievements, thus nobly recorded—thus divinely rehearsed: strange feelings sprung up in his bosom towards these wondrous twins, in whom he could recognize his own lineaments, blended with those of the long lost Vaidehi. On the rest of the assembly so softly fell the notes, that, when the boys ceased, all, old and young, thought them still speaking, and continued listening, as if entranced. They began to feel,

indeed, what fame was, and blessed the poet, that could give immortality to the deeds of the hero.

They met again once more. At the request of Rama, Valmiki brought Sita and her sons to his presence, that in a solemn assembly she might state her own innocence before the people, and be exculpated. She came, and called upon the earth to attest her purity by opening and receiving her in her bosom; and, as she spake, her wishes were complied with, and she disappeared from their sight, and from her husband for ever. Short was the domestic happiness of the hero. Both he and Sita were born for a purpose—for the advantage of mankind—not for the stale duties of house-keeping. In his banishment she had accompanied him like a shadow—her rape had caused the destruction of the Rakshus, and the liberation of the human race from the power of the evil one: but she was no longer for him, fond loving hearts were separated for ever—it was their destiny, and they submitted. Nor did he tarry long after her, for in a few years he was taken up into heaven, and the spot near Ajodya is still shown where his feet left the earth; and hard by, the place, where Luchmun was miraculously removed from sight, leaving their children, and their children's children, to occupy their inheritance, and treasure their remembrance.

Such is the story: and we should be sorry to be of so cold a temperament, as not to warm on its perusal, however imperfect be the narrative: to us it is scarcely surpassed in the Annals of History: and the poem is one of the great epics of the world. We have read, and we love them all. It has been our lot to follow with reverence on the track of the poets, feeling oppressed with the genius of the place, when we looked upon Troy, or measured with wondering eye the tomb of Achilles. We have followed Æneas and Ulysses in their travels by land and by sea, and stood with Tasso on the walls of liberated Jerusalem. But we have still enthusiasm left for the fifth great epic, which holds its place with a story as grand, and marks of a genius as comprehensive. The poet himself lays down what are the characteristics of an epic: it must be just, it must teach both the useful and the charming: the profound art of ruling people, the essence of the sacred books: it must have in it what will rouse all the affections, love, valour, awe, proud disdain, trepidation, smile and pity. It must excite wonder, and yet not disturb the placid quiet of the mind. This is the task which Valmiki laid before himself, and which he has completed.

He may, indeed, be charged with vain repetitions, and redundancy of style: hundreds of lines might be pruned, but still we love his stately flow, his simple confiding description, his large allowance for the credulity of mankind, and we wish we could lend our belief. But in these days everything is reduced to facts and figures: we require our distances to be measured by the wheel, and we will not credit the list of the slain, unless attested by the despatch, or supported by our notions of probability. How different was Valmiki: he is not weaving a curious fiction: he spake as he saw: he wrote as he believed: it is the voice of a contemporary of Solomon and Homer: the earth is a round flat plain, the firmament is made of brass, pierced with loopholes for the stars, somewhere behind which, or on the peaks of highest mountains, dwell the gods, only a little better than mortals, but subject to the like passions and exposed to the like perils. Such lore he drew from his fathers, and the old men, on whose knees he had sat as a child; but he had seen with his own eyes those deep Indian forests untrodden by foot of man, unpierced by solar ray, and he believed that they were inhabited by monsters. Over and over again he exhausts the names of the wild beasts which roamed therein; of the strange trees, which bloomed there unvalued; of the wondrous fruits; the sweet smelling grasses and flowers. He had heard the humming of the insects, and the ceaseless chirping of the birds: whoever the author is, he must have been a dweller of the forest, from his wonderful appreciation of the beauties of nature: he wrote for crowds familiar with such scenes, and while he tires us with his conventional descriptions, we are struck with his vividness, and his life-like reality: with truth the old hermits, who first heard it, exclaimed, that things that happened long ago, were brought as it were before their eyes.

And three thousand years have passed away since then, and we wonder that it is still the legend of the nation, and the poem of the country. Year after year the whole story is acted in all the cities of India: not in the narrow walls of a theatre, not by the gestures of hired actors, but by the people themselves, under the light of heaven, in their streets, and in their villages; and vain is the idea, that such customs will be abandoned. Even when the whole nation is converted to Christianity, it may be doubted, whether they will forget their National Poem, or discontinue their National Festival.

ART. VIII.—*Alphabetical List of the Medical Officers of the Indian Army; with the dates of their respective Appointments, Promotion, Retirement, Resignation, or Death, whether in India or in Europe; from the year* 1764, *to the year* 1838. *Compiled by Messrs. Dodwell and Miles.*

"SEND for the Apothecary!" was the last utterance of the mightiest voice that ever urged on the storm of England's battle. Mirabeau's latest hopes clung desperately to Cabanis, his Physician and friend—and to him only. "Now that Paré is with us, we shall not perish of our wounds," was the shout which re-animated Guise's dispirited soldiers in their memorable defence of Metz. "Your attention to me"—wrote Johnson, towards the close of his life, to Broklesby—"has never failed. If the virtue of medicines could be enforced by the benevolence of the prescriber, how soon should I be well!" To this way of thinking, in that pass, we shall nearly all, doubtless, come at last; still there are some, we dare say, who would be ready enough to cry out with old Sarah Jennings, "I hate a doctor—I won't be blistered—I won't die—and I won't have a doctor!" For the dulcifaction of these acid spirits, and in justice to a respectable body of men, who have always stood among the most prominent maintainers of science and literature in this country, we propose to devote a brief article to the "Physiology" of the Indian Surgeon—past and present.

We shall say nothing of the Vydya or ancient Physician of the Hindus, except to declare that, if he knew and practised all that his Shastras inculcated, he must have been a person of no mean learning, and a gentleman in every sense of the term; nor shall we pause to enquire how large a portion of knowledge the Mussulman Hukims imported from Arabia, that first alembic of scientific medicine.

It is to be feared that the mists of nearly three hundred years, devoted to hard fighting and close bargaining, with small leisure for the cultivation of science, or the encouragement of her votaries, conceal in hopeless obscurity the progress of the long ranks of Chirurgions who left their bones under the walls of the Portuguese, Dutch, French and Danish factories of Goa, Surat, Hughly, Serampore, Chandernagore, Pondicherry and Barnagore. Here and there, it is true, some chance record, by a passing traveller, affords us a glimpse of their doings: and, it is but just to declare that, whenever we thus behold them, we find them manfully at their work, in high repute

for skill and fidelity among the native rulers of the country, and apparently regarded by them as a kind of priesthood, whose craft was practised without danger of those two greatest bug-bears of native courts—empoisonment and intrigue.

We are told that, late in the sixteenth century, Akbar applied to the English, at Surat, for gunners, and found his goldsmiths and his Physicians among the Portuguese of Goa. Nearly a hundred years later, in 1665, we find Monsieur Tavernier paying a visit to a young Dutch Chirurgion, "belonging to the King" (of Golconda), whom the Sieur Cheteur, Envoy from Batavia, had left at Golconda upon the King's earnest entreaty. The following affords us a curious insight into the position of an European physician in one of the native courts:—"The King was always very much troubled with 'the head-ache: for which reason the Physicians had ordered 'that he should let blood in four places under the tongue; 'but there was no person that would undertake to do it: for 'the natives of the country understand nothing of chirurgery. 'Now, before that, Peter de Lan, for that was the Dutch Chi-'rurgion's name, was entertained in the King's service, he was 'asked whether he could let blood? to which he answered, that 'there was nothing so easy in chirurgery. Some few days 'after, the King sent for him, and gave him to understand that 'he was resolved to let blood next day in four parts under 'the tongue, as the Physicians had ordered, but he shou'd take 'care of not drawing away above eight ounces. De Lan return-'ing the next day to court, was led into a chamber by three 'eunuchs, and four old women, who carried him to a bath, and 'after they had undrest him, and washed him, especially his hands, 'they anointed him with aromatic drugs, and instead of his own 'European cloths, they brought him a robe according to the 'fashion of the country. After that they brought him before the 'King, where he found four little porringers of gold, which the 'Physicians, who were present, had weighed; in short, he let the 'King blood under the tongue in four parts, and performed his 'business so well, that when the blood came to be weighed, it 'weighed but bare eight ounces. The King was so satisfied with 'the operation, that he gave the Chirurgion three hundred 'pagods, which comes to almost seven hundred crowns.

"The young Queen, and the Queen-mother, understanding 'what he had done, resolved to be let blood too. But I believe 'it was rather out of curiosity to see the Chirurgion, than out 'of any necessity that they had to be let blood. For he was a 'handsome young man; and perhaps they had never seen a

stranger near at hand, for a ta distance, it is no improbable thing, in regard the women are shut up in such places as they may see, but not be seen. Upon this De Lan was carried into a chamber, when the same old woman that had waited on him before he let the King blood, stript up his arm, and washed it, but more especially his hands; which, when they were dry, they rubbed again with sweet-oils as before. That being done, a curtain was drawn, and the Queen stretching out her arm through a hole, was let blood; as was the Queen-mother afterwards, in the same manner; the Queen gave him fifty pagods, and the Queen-mother thirty, with some pieces of cloth of gold."

De Lan appears to have stood well with the King's first "Physician," (a native) who was also of the King's council, and who had testified a great affection for him.

About ten years previous to this, in 1655, FRANCIS BERNIER was, as he himself tells us, obliged by "fortune and the small stock of money left him (after divers encounters with robbers, and the expenses of a voyage of six and forty days from Surat to Agra and Delhi, the capital towns of that Empire)—to take a salary from the Grand Mogul in the quality of a Physician." Bernier was assuredly one of the most highly educated men that ever visited India. He studied and graduated in medicine at Montpellier, and was the pupil and intimate associate of the Philosopher Gassendi; an abridgment of whose works he published. Arriving in the country with a mind as free from superstitious fancies, and as little prone to unquestioning credulity as any mind in those times could well be, he viewed India and her tyrants by the clear light of educated common sense; and has left—in his *Histoire de la Derniere Revolution des Etats du Grand Mogul*,—the best, although the most cautiously delineated picture ever drawn of Mussulman pageantry, intrigue and misrule. Bernier's servants were probably scarcely so veracious as their master, when they made friends for him among "those robbers, the Koullis," into whose clutches he had unluckily fallen, by swearing that he was the greatest Physician of the world. He was an admirable oriental scholar, a dignified courtier of gallant bearing, who could use his sword at the right time, and a true philosopher; but,—although he appears to have considered it as a matter of duty, to give his readers a scrap of medical lore occasionally, and to explain to his patron Danechmendkan, "those late discoveries of Harvey and Pecquet in anatomy," he evidently had not his own profession much at heart, but loved rather to cogitate and discourse on the philosophy of Gassendi and Descartes, which he translated to the

said Agah into Persian—his chief employment during five or six of his years of exile. This patron and pupil of Bernier's, "the most knowing man of Asia," appears to have been an unusually favourable specimen of the Mogul warrior, equally devoted to arts and arms. His physician writes of him:—"He can no more be without philosophizing in the afternoon upon the books of Gassendi and Descartes, upon the globe and the sphere, or upon anatomy, than he can be without bestowing the whole morning upon the weighty affairs of the kingdom, in the quality of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of great master of the cavalry." Although the protege of an Emperor and a Foreign Secretary, Bernier did not find the pagoda tree very abundantly fruitful in the court of Delhi. He could shake down from it only one hundred and fifty crowns, which he had by the month; and, on one occasion, in speaking of the ill fare procurable in Delhi, and his consequent necessity of bribing the King's caterers to sell him dinners which cost them nothing, "made his Agah smile when he told him that he had, he knew 'not how many years, lived by artifice and stealing, and that for 'all the hundred and fifty crowns pay they monthly allowed 'him, he was ready to be starved." And thence it was, he repeated,—"that at Delhi there is no mean; there you must either be 'a great lord, or live miserably, for I have experienced it myself 'in a manner dying of hunger this good while, though I have 'had considerable pay." And so, at the end of twelve years, the yearnings for his beautiful home, and for undisturbed philosophic communion with the shades of Gassendi and Descartes—to say little of the reflection that, "in France, for half a rupee, he could every day eat as good a bit of meat as the King"—determined his steps towards Paris, where he resided in high esteem nearly a quarter of a century; and where he, doubtless, retained to the last a firm conviction that Aurung Zebe, his affable patron, was, despite his venial leaning towards fratricide, usurpation, and empoisonment, by no means a barbarian, "but a great and rare genius, a great statesman, and a great King."

The Kings of Delhi appear to have been rarely, if ever, without an European Physician. Bernier speaks of a Frenchman named Bernard who was at that court about the latter years of King Jehanjire, and who must needs have been a good physician, and withal excellent in chirurgery. He was welcome to Jehanjire, and became very familiar with him, to that degree, that they drank and debauched together. Nor did this Jehanjire even think on anything but a good cup and merriment, leaving the management of the state to his wife, the renowned Nour Mehale, "which," he used to say, "had wit

'enough to govern the Empire, without his giving himself any 'trouble about it." Besides, that this countryman of Bernier's had of the King ten crowns daily pay (cut down to five in sober Bernier's time), he gained yet more by treating those great ladies of the seraglio, and the great Omrahs, these all made use of him, and presented him who could best, because he was both successful in his cures, and extraordinarily favored by the King; but he was a man that could keep nothing; what he received with one hand, he at the same time gave away with the other; so that he was known and loved by all. Those who would be interested in learning how this indiscreet practitioner got deservedly laughed at by the courtiers of the oriental King Cole, may find the whole story in Bernier's narrative.

John Fryer, himself an accomplished Cambridge Physician and Fellow of the Royal Society, who visited Goa about the year 1672, says, that "the fore part of their vespers to the *Natal* he spent at the King's hospital; where their care for the sick is commendable, an handsome apothecary's shop furnishing them with medicines: the Physicians here" be adds, "are great Bleeders, that they exceed often Galen's advice, *ad deliquium* in fevers; hardly leaving enough to feed the currents for circulation; of which cruelty some complain invidiously after recovery." The early predecessors of these Salgados must have had abundant experience, as we find that, nearly a hundred years previous to this, over five hundred soldiers died annually in the Goa hospital from syphilis and the effects of profligacy.

Some years after Fryer's visit, Captain Hamilton found the Goa hospital a large stately building, well endowed and well kept. This voyager tells us that, in Surat, the French had then a little church which maintained a few Capuchins, who practised surgery gratis to the poor natives, of what persuasion whatever. In old times, the only famous hospital at Surat was that for cows, apes and vermin.

Hamilton also makes known a beautiful trait in the religious practice of the *native* priests of Pegu. "If any" (stranger) "be sick or maimed, the priests, who are the Peguers' chief 'Physicians, keep them in their convent till they are cured, and 'then furnish them with letters, for *they never enquire which way 'a stranger worships God, but if he is human, he is the object of 'their charity.*"

The Dutch have always been judiciously liberal in their employment of medical men in their eastern colonies. In 1776-77, the establishment of their Company at Bantam, although consisting, in all, of only 282 Europeans, had five Surgeons

and Assistants, not a larger number, however, than was doubtless needed, as Stavorinus tells us that the air there is generally very unhealthy, and the mortality pretty considerable. In the year 1768, out of the complete number of the Company's servants, including pennists, mariners, and military—being 317—the deaths amounted to 60 or about one in five. The whole establishment of the Dutch on the west coast of Sumatra, consisted of only 175 Europeans and ninety-seven natives, they also had five Surgeons and Assistants, two belonging to the artillery. Captain Stavorinus found the hospital at Amboyna one of the best and fittest for the purpose, belonging to their country, which he had seen in India; the building was a very good one. The sick were well treated in it, and by the excellent attention of Mr. Hengeneld, they were kept extremely neat and clean.

Much as we had previously heard, in a general way, of the unhealthiness of Batavia, we felt the utmost astonishment in going over the statistics given by Stavorinus. It appears that Batavia was never a healthy city, its muddy shore, the marshy tracts to its west-ward, and the imperfect circulation of water in the filthy canals with which it is intersected, had always tended to render it a place where intermittent and remittent fevers were the chief rulers. An unusual degree of mortality first made its appearance in the year 1733, when canals were begun to be dug around the city, by which the water was diverted from taking its course through the city. Stavorinus gives tables of the deaths in the Batavia hospitals, from the year 1714 up to 1776, from which it appears that, up to 1732, the numbers of those who died annually, rose gradually, from about 450 to 800 or 900. In 1733, however, they were 1,116; and, from that time, they increased in number nearly every year, until, in 1776, they amounted to 2,877. In the year 1769 alone, there died, both in the hospitals and out of them, altogether 6,446, of whom 2,434 were Company's servants, and 164 burghers. In the preceding year, the entire population of the city numbered 91,089. There were then two hospitals in the city. The second was erected in 1714, and, in order to defray the expenses, a regulation was introduced, in both hospitals, that the wages of all sick who were admitted into them, should be witheld from them, while they were under cure, and applied to the benefit of the institutions, whence it was said that many more patients died from the chagrin this regulation caused them. The extent of the above mortality is shewn by the statement that, in June, 1768, there were in Batavia 5,490 Europeans (1,338 *of whom were in hospital*);—

no less than *two thousand four hundred and thirty-four* of these unfortunates died in the ensuing twelve months. At the same time, the number of the Dutch Company's servants, in all the out-stations, amounted to 14,470 Europeans—of whom 1,637 died in the year following. Well might a resident in those times use what Stavorinus calls the "strong expression,"—that the air of Batavia was pestilential and the water poisonous; well also might a new comer, viewing the country, "every where so verdant, gay and fertile, interspersed with 'such magnificent houses, gardens, canals, and draw-bridges, 'and so formed in every way to please the eye, could health 'be preserved in it"—exclaim—"What an excellent habitation it would be for immortals!" The number of the Company's medical officers of Batavia, in 1778, was, according to Huysens, ninety-nine Surgeons and Assistants. How many of these lived (or attempted to live) in the city of Batavia, we do not learn with certainty, but it would appear, from the context, that the duty of these consisted in attendance upon 4,221 Europeans and 703 natives in the Company's service, stationed in the town—whereas, as we have already seen, the Company had nearly 14,500 Europeans in the out-stations, who must have had other medical attendants. From the account of a traveller cited by Stavorinus's translator, it would appear that some at least of the ninety-nine Dutch practitioners, at about this time, were not professors of the very highest caste, as he speaks of their "not having had the advantage of a medical education."

All the practitioners of surgery in Batavia, were subordinate to a chief, who had the control over all the Surgeons and Surgeons' Mates, as well on board the ships, as in the hospital; and who had the rank of senior merchant. In 1776-77, the whole establishment of the Dutch in Bengal was reduced to 200 Europeans, of whom seven were Surgeons and Assistants. We cannot discover what provision the French made in old times for the health of those employed in their Indian Colonies. Not many years ago, however, their medical staff in the East consisted only of three persons, one at Pondicherry, one at Chandernagore, and one at Karrical. The appointment of three additional Surgeons appeared to be contemplated.

Our notes of English medical men in India, during the sixteenth century, are few and scattered. When Fryer visited Surat, only one Chirurgion was attached to the English factory. The consideration in which this science was held is questionable, as it is mentioned elsewhere that a Brahmin came every day, and felt every man's pulse in the factory, and was often made use of for a

powder for agues which "worked as infallibly as the Peruvian Bark:" it was a preparation of native cinnabar. When disease occurred with such terrific and uncontrollable severity, it was not surprising that native practitioners, who would promise every thing, should be often preferred even by Europeans to their own practitioners, with their reserved prognoses and their palliative measures. We are therefore told that, at Batavia, they had both male and female native Physicians, who had been known to effect any surprising cures by means of their knowledge of the medicinal and vulnerary herbs produced in their country, and who had sometimes greater practice among the European residents than those Physicians who had been regularly bred and had come over from Europe. Even in Hamilton's narrative, we find a man, himself bred a Surgeon,—attacked with a bilious disorder, as he believed, from the operation of poison,—consulting a Dutch Doctor of Physic in Malacca, who forthwith told him that he was poisoned, and advised him to send at once for a Malayan Doctor, by whose cantrips his cure was, of course, effected with marvellous dispatch,—or the story would never have been told. Nevertheless, all society owes a large debt of gratitude to the Dutch Doctors, since we learn from Sprengel that tea was brought into use by the Dutch Merchants and Physicians aiding each other.

When Dr. Fryer visited Bombay, he found the English President living with all the state of a Viceroy, having a Council, a Body Guard of Cavalry, Chaplains, Linguist, Mint-master, Physician, Chirurgeons and Domestics. Silver staves to wait on him whenever he moved out of his chamber, trumpets to usher in his courses, soft music at his table, large milk-white oxen for his coach, standards borne before him, and a sumbrero of state always carried over him;—still,—"for all this gallantry," adds Fryer, "I reckon, 'they walk but in charnel houses." "In five hundred, 'one hundred survive not; of that one hundred, one quarter 'get not estates; of those that do, it has not been recorded 'above one in ten years has seen his country."

At the risk of being thought to borrow too much from the ancients, we must quote another haram consultation scene, in Dr. Fryer's own words:—"A good day coming, the Governor sent for me to visit his lady in the haram, which was opposite to a chamber he sat in, accompanied only by one pretty wanton boy, his only son by this woman; upon which account, he had the greater kindness for him; an old gentlewoman, with a tiffany veil, made many trips, being, I suppose, the Governant of the women's quarters; at last, I was called and admitted with my

linguist. At our being ready to enter, she clapped with her hands to give notice; when we were led through a long dark entry, with dormitories on both sides, the doors of which creeked in our passage, (but I was cautious of being too circumspect) till we came to an airey choultry; where was placed a bed hung with silk curtains; to which being brought, I was commanded to place myself close by it, from whence I might conveniently discourse and feel her pulse, putting my hand under the curtains. It was agreed among them to impose upon me; wherefore, at first, they gave me a slave's hand, whom I declared to be sound and free from any disease, nothing contradicting the true tenor and rythme of pulsation, when they began to be more ingenuous, telling me it was done to try me. Then was given me another hand, which demonstrated a weak languid constitution; and collecting the signs and symptoms, I feared not to give sentence; which met with their approbation, and so I was sent back the way I came. The Caun had been acquainted with what had passed, and seemed pleased; whereupon I must visit the haram again, the next day to bleed another (had Doctor John been able to find it in his conscience to bleed the one with the 'weak and languid constitution?') of his wives, he being tolerated four, though he keeps more than three hundred concubines. And now the curtain was extended across the choultry, and an arm held forth at an hole; but this was a slight fence for such animals, who leaning two hard as they peeped, pulled it down and discovered the whole bevy, fluttering like so many birds, when a net is cast over them: yet none of them sought to escape, but feigning a shame-facedness, continued looking through the wide lattice of their fingers. The lady I had by the arm was a plump russet dame, summoning the remainder of her blood to enliven her cheeks (for among the darkest blacks, the passions of fear, anger, or joy, are discernible enough in the face), and she bearing a command, caused it to be hung up again; pouring upon her extravasated blood a golden shower of pagods, which I made my man fish for."

We must now abandon details of personal adventure, and select two leading chapters from the history of India, shewing how absolutely and entirely the "United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies," were indebted to the generosity of two of their Surgeons for the first footing which they obtained in Bengal, and for the most valid of the advantages which they subsequently gained by consent of the Mogul Sovereigns.

In the year 1614, Sir Thomas Roe,—a wise and dignified

personage, who had studied law at the time when Coke and Bacon dealt in it; and who, probably disliking the trade as they carried it on, had devoted a few years to those piratical expeditions in the direction of Virginia and the Spanish Main, which were then humorously termed voyages of discovery,—was chosen as ambassador to the Great Mogul. After having, doubtless, been nobly feasted by the Company at Merchant Tailor's Hall (for the Company had not, at that time a house of their own,—Craven House, or even the "great room of the Nag's Head" by Bishop's-gate Church, which they afterwards rented), or at old Fishmongers' Hall, where he fared as abundantly as the whiffs from the crop of Jesuits' and traitors' heads on Southwark Gate would let him, on grand boiled meat, sturgion's jowle, rabbit suckers, grand sallet, almond leach, march paine, and orringadoe pie,*—was despatched for Surat with complimentary letters to the Mogul, a set of articles for securing our trade in India, which it was to be his duty to persuade the Mogul to subscribe to, and a state coach, a case of strong waters, "a couple of fine knives and six glasses," "two embroidered sweet bags," "two glass cabinets," some mastiff dogs, "a case for combs and razors," a chest of pictures, among which was one of Venus leading a satyr by the nose, a "saddle and other trifles," by presenting which, in due season, it was trusted that he would succeed in working upon the cupidity or gratitude of that outside barbarian. Sir Thomas Roe, however, found to his disappointment that, before he had fully completed his first interview with the Emperor Jehanjire, His Majesty "made himself drunk out of the case of bottles" (aforesaid) "and so the visit ended." Still, in many after interviews, the Emperor (whose unbounded magnificence in the way of strings of pearls, great balass rubies, services of solid gold, silver thrones, elephants, and horses of Arabia, quite discountenanced the poor Ambassador, and threw his scanty and ill-furnished retinue altogether into the shade) proved himself to Sir Thomas as a very clear-headed man of business, (that is, always previous to supper time) and laid down for his information, with a degree of candour not unusual among Orientals in those times, certain plain facts and broad principles, which he was left at liberty to repeat when writing home to his friends. A few of these were,—that, in Delhi, presents of embroidered gloves are to be considered as rather complimentary than useful; that, with reference to the above-mentioned painting of a fair lady conducting a

* At least these are a few of some hundred dishes with which the Company entertained their guests at Merchant Tailors, eight years later, on the 20th of January, 1622.

brown skinned gentleman by the nose, the allegory appeared to offer an ill-chosen allusion to the predominance of female influence in Eastern Courts; that carving-knives, sweet bags, comb cases, and leashes of mastiff dogs, although things of a rather agreeable and acceptable kind than otherwise, did not altogether come up to the standard of gifts which should be sent by the King of England to the Great Mogul; that he owned Sir Thomas Roe as our Ambassador, his behaviour speaking him a man of quality: and yet he could not understand why he was kept there with so little grandeur; that he was satisfied that this was not his, nor his Prince's fault: that he would make him sensible he valued him more than those that sent him; and that, finally, he would send him home with honour, and give him a present for his master, without regarding those which he had received;—but "that there was no *articling* at all, it was 'enough to have an order from the Prince, who was lord of 'Surat, to trade there; *but for Bengala or Synda, it should* 'never be granted." And so, after three years of unsuccessful negociation, the wise and respectable, but unpliant and ill-supported Ambassador returned crest-fallen home.

In the earlier pages of Sir Thomas Roe's narrative, allusion is made to one of his suite, Mr. Boughton who, evidently, must have been the Surgeon to the embassy (he was certainly not the Chaplain) as, upon their touching at Tamara, on the coast of Arabia, on their passage out, it appears that he alone was allowed to visit the house of the Mussalman King, when he was treated with "cahu," a black liquor, drank as hot as could be endured, and which is supposed to have been coffee. No further allusion is made to Boughton in Sir Thomas' narrative; but the name not being a common one, and it being difficult to believe that two Surgeons of high repute of that name were attached to the Company's service, nearly at the same period, it may be not unfair to guess that this was the Gabriel Boughton who, some say in the year 1636, others in 1644, when Surgeon of the Company's ship *Hopewell*, was chosen by the Council of Surat as the person best qualified to attend the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan, who had been frightfully burnt by the accidental ignition of her clothes, and for whose relief, all native skill having failed, her royal father had, by the recommendation of Vizier Assad Khan, (probably "Asaph Chan," the Minister who is so frequently alluded to by Sir Thomas Roe, and who must have been well acquainted with the Surgeon to the embassy), sent an express, requesting the aid of an English Surgeon. Repairing to the Emperor's camp in the Deccan, he cured the Princess,

and was desired by the grateful Emperor to name his reward. Standing, probably, alone in the world, but with a heart overflowing with generous and patriotic feeling, this noble gentleman requested that his masters, the Company, might be granted the long sought for and often denied privilege of establishing factories in Bengal, and of trading there free from all taxation. This boon, which Jehanjire had distinctly, nay almost rudely refused to King James the First and to the Company, through their Ambassador, Shah Jehan at once conceded to the humble Surgeon of one of the Company's vessels. Repairing to Bengal, with a view to secure and carry out the privileges thus granted, Boughton visited Rajmahal (this was nearly about the time at which Gour was deserted) where he was honorably entertained by Sultan Sujah, Subadar of Bengal, the Emperor's third son, and where he gained additional credit and good will, by curing one of the ladies of the Prince's haram, of a disease in the side—and, consequently, obtained the fullest aid in establishing the Company's trade in Bengal. Upon Boughton's information, persons were sent out by the Company to occupy the new ports. The Prince desired Mr. Boughton to send for these gentlemen, and, on their arrival, received permission to establish factories at Hughly and Balasore, in addition to that at Pipley, which had already been thrown open by the Emperor's firman. We wish, we could add, that Boughton received the full reward of his generosity, in living to see his masters' power firmly grounded in Bengal, as the foundation of the mightiest colony that the world has ever known, and in dying under his father's roof-tree, with tall sons and fair daughters around his bed. This, however, was not to be, he died in India, not long after the opening of the ports. Do the ruins of Rajmahal still enshrine that honorable dust, or have the waves of the invading river swept it down to that ocean, which was the only fitting sepulchre for so large and pure a heart?

Boughton was probably of good lineage. A baronetcy was conferred, by Charles the First, upon one of his name, in 1641, within a few months of the time of Boughton's death. We should be glad to learn whether this was a mere coincidence, or a compliment paid to his family in recognition of his merits. The unfortunate Sir Theodosius Boughton, for whose murder by laurel water, Captain Donellan, (who had served in the Company's army in 1758) was executed in 1781, was the seventh baronet. In 1842, the family was represented by Sir Edward Rouse Boughton, F. R. S., President of the Horticultural Society.

It was by no means necessary to Boughton's reputation that the generosity of his act should have any thing original in its character. The example had been set, a few years previously, by DeCruz, an Augustinian, who was taken to Agra after the destruction of Hughly in 1632; and who, upon receiving a promise from Shah Jehan, to grant whatever request he might prefer, craved permission to return with his fellow captives to Bengal, and received a grant of 777 acres of land, which still appertain to the Church of Bandel, near Hughly.

By a singular coincidence of events, it fell within the power of another of the Company's Surgeons, eighty years after the passage of the above events, to confirm the Company's power in Bengal, by a perfectly similar act of patriotic generosity.

In 1715, the Company began evidently to give way under the exactions and oppressions of Moorshed Kuli Khan, the Nawab of Bengal. It was therefore determined to send an embassy to the Emperor Furrukshere, at Delhi, with a view to obtaining recognition of their old firmans and immunities. Against the fulfilment of this project, all the craft and energy of Moorshed were directed, with every prospect of success, when, happily, the intervention of MR. WILLIAM HAMILTON, who had accompanied the embassy as their Surgeon, rescued the Company from their difficulties.

The marriage of the Emperor Furrukshere, with the daughter of Raja Ajit Sing, one of the Rajput princes, had been for some months delayed in consequence of the Monarch's illness, under a disease which his own Physicians were unable to cure. The princess had arrived at Delhi, and matters were assuming a very serious aspect when, by the advice of the Khan Dowrah, who had become the patron of the embassy, Mr. Hamilton was consulted, and was so fortunate as to restore the Emperor to health by a skilful operation. Delighted at his recovery, the Emperor heaped gifts and promises upon the Surgeon, who is known to have accepted, among other presents,* *models of all his surgical instruments in pure gold,* and to have entreated the Emperor to grant the requests of the Ambassadors. Consent was freely and immediately conceded to the objects of this generous mediation and—although after considerable delay attendant upon the marriage festivities, and prolonged by the active machinations of the Nawab's agents,—a firman was granted, confirming all the original privileges of the Company, permitting their President to grant

* A vest, a culgi set with precious stones, two diamond rings, an elephant, horse, gold buttons for coat, waistcoat and breeches set in jewels, and 500 Rupees. These were presented to Mr. Hamilton in the presence of the whole Court.

passports exempting goods from search throughout Bengal, allowing them the use of the mint at Murshedabad, and permitting them to purchase thirty-eight additional towns (villages) near Calcutta, at a rent of 8,121½ Rupees. The Company did not receive this firman until 1717,—in the unhealthy autumn of which year good William Hamilton was carried to his grave, in the old cemetery by the fort green.

His tomb-stone is still preserved, and we have had a representation of it carefully engraved, considering it to be one of the most importan historical memorials of the rise of the East India Company exising in Calcutta. It would appear, from Stewart's History of Bengal, that Hamilton's tomb was only discovered on clearing a space for the foundation of Saint John's Cathedral, in 1787 ; it is evident, however, that this slab was originally fixed in front of a lofty pile of brick-work. Many tombs remained around the New Cathedral until fifteen years after that building was consecrated when,—(early in 1802) the masses of brick-work having fallen into a state of such irreparable decay as to endanger the safety of those who approached them,—it was deemed necessary to pull most of them down. Charnock's mausoleum and Watson's and Speke's tombs appear to have been spared—like respect would, doubtless, have been paid to the resting-place of Calcutta's greatest benefactor, but it must have stood upon the space required for the building. The house of prayer could not have been placed better than on the dust of the patriot who, under Divine Providence, secured peace to the land. The stone is fixed upright in a niche within the Charnock monument. Three tablets to Charnock and his daughters are the only other stones beneath the dome. A wide step surrounding the circular building is paved with inscriptions to the memory of other early residents in the settlement. The slab from Hamilton's tomb is six feet high, and three in width. Like Charnock's and his daughters,' and most of the other older slabs, it is a solid block of granite, the colour of which is so deep a green as to appear perfectly black, except upon close inspection. We were surprised to find that the inscriptions and ornaments upon the whole of these stones are cut in relief. The surfaces of the stones have first been highly polished and, the outlines of the letters &c., having been marked out, the intervening spaces have been cut away to the depth of the eighth of an inch. The cut surface remains slightly rough, and the polished letters stand out from it as conspicuous and as sharply defined as if cast in bronze. We are confident that any stone-mason would declare the execution to be perfect. The slabs are not very clean, but the edge

Under this Stone lyes Interred
the Body of
WILLIAM HAMILTON Surgeon,
who departed this life the 4th Decembr 1717.
his Memory ought to be dear to this Nation, for the Credit he gain'd y^e English
in Curing FERRUKSEER, The present
KING of INDOSTAN of a Malignant Distemper by which he
made his own Name famous at the
Court of that Great Monarch;
and without doubt will perpetuate his Memory, as well in Great Britn
as all other Nations in Europe.

ولیم ہملٹن حکیم نوکر کمپنی انگریز کہ ہمراہ ایلچی انگریز حضور پر نور
رفتہ بود واہم خود را بسبب علاج شاہنشاہ
عالم پناہ محمد فرخ سیر غازی بلند کردہ بہزار تصدیعہ از درگاہ جہان
پناہ رخصت وطن حاصل نمودہ بقضای الہی چہارم دسمبر
یک ہزار و ہفصد و ہفدہ در کلکتہ فوت شد
دریجا مدفون ا

of every letter remains without a flaw, indeed, the stone is as nearly as possible indistructible. These beautiful slabs are said to have been brought from St. Thomas's. Stewart gives the following translation, by Mr. Gladwin, of the Persian inscription :—"William Hamilton, Physician in the service of the English Company, who had accompanied the English Ambassador to the enlightened presence, and having made his own name famous in four quarters of the earth, by the cure of the Emperor, the Asylum of the world, Mohammed Furrukshere the Victorious; and, with a thousand difficulties, having obtained permission from the Court, which is the refuge of the universe, to return to his country; by the Divine decree, on the fourth of December, 1717, died in Calcutta, and is buried here." The discrepancy in the date is easily accounted for.

We cannot quite discover what rates of pay Boughton and Hamilton received from the Company. Charles Lockyer, however, tells us, that, in 1711, the Company retained one Surgeon at Madras on a pay of £36 per annum. If Walpole judged rightly, that every man has his price, we wonder at what rate those two poor gentlemen would have forfeited their integrity.

Few particulars, worthy of note, can be gathered with regard to other medical officers who served the Company, early in last century. In India, a good Surgeon's reputation scarcely has the durability attributed by Hamlet's professional acquaintance to a tanner's hide. We believe that the only medical man who suffered in the Black Hole was Holwell himself, who had been an Apothecary. The presence of a medical man seems to have been long viewed as a valid means towards success in difficult negociations with native powers. Upon the advance of the implacable Nuwab Suraj-oo-Dowlah, upon Kossimbazar, Mr. Watts, the chief of the factory, being threatened with an attack, unless he should immediately present himself; at first hesitated but, upon receiving a letter with assurances of safety, proceeded to the camp, accompanied by the Surgeon, Mr. Forth. Mr. Fullarton, a Surgeon, was the only person who was suffered to escape the massacre at Patna, in October 1763; he having endeared himself to most of the grandees of the Court by attending them professionally. He even had Mir Cassim himself for an acquaintance and friend.

The maritime service of the Company appears not to have been very attractive to medical men in those times. We find that Mr. Archibald Kier, Surgeon of the *Delaware*, in which ship Major Kilpatrick's detachment was embarked from Madras, on information of the surrender of Kossimbazar, in 1756, not only afforded very acceptable services, as a medical

man, but acted as Secretary to the Council of those who assembled at Fultah. When the *Delaware* was ordered home, he accepted a Lieutenant's Commission, was shortly afterwards appointed quarter-master of the forces, and finally obtained his Company.

That must have been the time in which the economical Governor of Bombay declared that the figures in the Surgeon's monthly pay-bill for forty-two Rupees had certainly been transposed, and wrote twenty-four in the order for payment. It would be a great error, however, to conclude that, because ill remunerated, the Company's Surgeons in those days were inferior or illiterate men.

Mr. Ives, who was Surgeon of H. M.'s ship *Kent* at the capture of Fort Orleans, has supplied us* with a very important history of the great events which immediately followed the fall of Calcutta and the catastrophe of the Black Hole, in 1756. Mr. Ives's character as a Surgeon and an author is, perhaps, best illustrated by the following affecting episode in his account of the attack on Chandernagore, in March 1757. The gallant Captain Speke, commanding the *Kent*, and his son, a Midshipman, had been severely wounded by the same shot. "The behaviour of 'Captain Speke and his son, a youth of sixteen [eighteen] 'years of age, was so truly great and exemplary on this glorious 'but melancholy occasion, that I must beg leave to describe it 'with some of its most interesting circumstances. When Ad-'miral Watson had the unhappiness to see both the father and 'son fall in the same instant, he immediately went up to them, 'and by the most tender and pathetic expressions tried to alle-'viate their distress. The Captain, who had observed his son's 'leg to be hanging only by the skin, said to the Admiral, 'indeed, 'Sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both the father and 'the son!' Mr. Watson's heart was too full to make the least 'reply; he only ordered them both to be immediately carried 'to the Surgeon. The Captain was first brought down to be in 'the after-hold, where a platform had been made; and then 'told me how dangerously his poor Billy was wounded. Pre-'sently after, the brave youth himself appeared, but had ano-'ther narrow escape, the quarter-master, who was bringing him 'down in his arms after his father, being killed by a cannon ball: 'his eyes overflowing with tears, not for his own, but for his 'father's fate. I laboured to assure him, that his father's wound 'was not dangerous, and this assertion was confirmed by the 'Captain himself. He seemed not to believe either of us,

* Voyage and Historical Narrative.

'until he asked me *upon my honour*, and I had repeated to 'him my first assurance in the most positive manner. He then 'immediately became calm; but on my attempting to enquire 'into the condition of his wound, he solicitously asked 'me if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of 'my touching him before his father's wound had been taken 'care of. I assured him that the Captain had been already 'properly attended to. '*Then*' (replied the generous youth, 'pointing to a fellow sufferer,) '*pray, Sir, look to and dress 'this poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me!*'"

"I told him that he already had been taken care of, and 'begged of him, with some importunity, that I now might have 'liberty to examine his wound; he submitted to it, and calmly 'observed, '*Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint!*' 'I replied, 'my dear, I must!' Upon which he clasped both his 'hands together, and lifting his eyes in the most devout and 'fervent manner towards heaven, he offered up the following 'short, but earnest petition:—'Good God, do thou enable me to 'behave, in my present circumstances, worthy my father's son!' 'When he had ended this ejaculatory prayer, he told me that 'he was all submission. I then performed the operation above 'the joint of the knee; but during the whole time, the intrepid 'youth never spake a word, or uttered a groan that could be heard 'at a yard's distance. The reader may easily imagine what, 'in this dreadful interval, the brave but unhappy Captain suffer-'ed, who lay just by his unfortunate and darling son. But 'whatever were his feelings, we discovered no other expression 'of them, then what the silent trickling tears declared, though 'the bare recollection of the scene, even at this distant time, 'is too painful for me. Both father and son, the day after the 'action, were sent with the rest of the wounded back to Calcutta."

The father was lodged in the house of William Mackett, Esq., his brother-in-law; and the son was with me at the hospital. For the first eight or nine days, I gave the father great comfort, by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy; and, in the same manner, I gratified the son in regard to the father. But, alas! from that time, all the good symptoms which had hitherto attended this unparalleled youth, began to disappear. The Captain easily guessed, by my silence and countenance, the true state his boy was in; nor did he ever ask me more than two questions concerning him; so tender was the subject to us both, and so unwilling was his generous mind to add to my distress. The first was, on the 10th day, in these words: "How long, my friend, do you think my Billy will remain in this state of uncertainty?" I replied that, "If he lived to the 15th day

from the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery." On the 13th, however, he died; and, on the 16th, the brave man looking me stedfastly in the face, said, "Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy?" I could make him no reply; and he immediately attributed my silence to the real cause. He cried bitterly, squeezed me by the hand, and begged me to leave him for one half hour, when he wished to see me again: and assured me, that I should find him with a different countenance, from that he troubled me with at present. These were his obliging expressions. I punctually complied with his desire; and when I returned to him, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene.* The dear youth had been delirious the evening preceding the day on which he died; and at two o'clock in the morning, in the utmost distress of mind, he sent me an incorrect note written by himself, with a pencil, of which the following is an exact copy. "If 'Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in, when he 'is told he is dying, and is yet in doubt whether his father is 'not in as good a state of health. If Mr. Ives is not too busy 'to honour this chitt, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness 'could draw from me. The boy waits an answer." Immediately upon the receipt of this note, I visited him, and he had still sense enough left to know who I was. He then began with me. "And is he dead?" "Who, my dear?" "My father, sir." "No my love; nor is he in any danger, I assure you; he is almost well." "Thank God! Then why did they tell me so? I am now satisfied, and ready to die." At that time he had a locked jaw, and was in great distress, but I understood every word he so inarticulately uttered; he begged my pardon for having (as he obligingly and tenderly expressed himself,) disturbed me at so early an hour, and before the day was ended, surrendered up a valuable life.

Poor little Speke's tomb, with its inscription, may still be seen in the Old Cathedral yard. Ives tells us that his father afterwards captured a vessel of force superior to his own in the action off Belleisle. He died soon afterwards at Lisbon, in the 45th year of his age.†

* His wound, which was dangerous, and from which he never perfectly recovered, was in the leg. Consequently, it would, doubtless, have been impossible to remove him to his son.

† Mr. Ives must have been as able in his profession as he was gentle and compassionate. His detail of the fatal illness of his friend Admiral Watson,—a quotidian fever becoming remittent, with symptoms of cerebral congestion,—is minute, and his treatment was evidently orthodox, according to the practice of those days. Ives and his Assistant, Mr Bevis, must have found their hands full after the action at Chandernagore. Thirty-seven men were killed on board the *Kent* and twenty-four wounded. The *Tiger* lost nearly as many men as the *Kent*, and forty-one of

Dr. Anderson, of the infantry, was one of those who fell in the Patna massacre in October, 1763. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote, on the day of his murder, to his friend Dr. Davidson:—"Since my last, his Excellency 'has been completely defeated, and in consequence, obliged to 'retreat to Zaffier Khan's gardens yesterday, and proposes 'coming into the city, this day, (5th October, 1763). Sumroo, 'with the sepoys, arrived here last night, and I suppose to 'effect his wicked designs; for last night Mr. Kelly and forty-'three gentlemen with him were massacred, and as about an 'equal number of soldiers, and us yet remain, I expect, my 'fate this night. Dear D., this is no surprise to me, for I 'expected it all along. I must therefore, as a dying man, re-'quest of you to collect and remit my estate home as soon as 'possible, and write a comforting letter to my father and 'mother, let them know I die bravely, as a Christian ought, 'for I fear not him who can kill the body, and no more, 'but I rejoice in hope of a future existence through the merits 'of my Saviour." We are told that the inhuman Sumroo marched up to the house where these ill-fated people were confined and, without the least hesitation or remorse, ordered them to be shot. Utterly desperate, but without losing courage, they advanced towards their murderers and, with empty bottles, and stones, and brick-bats, fought them to the last man. The very sepahis urged Sumroo to place arms in the hands of these brave men, whom they would then destroy—but they were not executioners to butcher men in cold blood. Sumroo goaded them on, however, and every man was slaughtered.

In 1766, the pay of a Surgeon on the Bengal establishment was fixed at Sonaut Rupees 124, in garrison, and 372 in the field; the corresponding allowances of an Assistant Surgeon were Rupees 62 and 248. In November of this year, with a view to reduce the charges of the Medical Department, the Surgeons received a contract for the supply of medicines, at the rate of eighteen shillings for each European, including every thing, except clothing, bedding, cots and lodging.

Captain Hamilton found "a pretty good hospital at Cal-

her wounded were sent to hospital. In July of the year 1757, which proved fatal to their Admiral, upwards of 600 of the men were sent to the hospital. Their chief diseases were putrid fevers, fluxes, &c. In August 1754, one of the ships of this fleet, the *Cumberland*, when in St. Augustine's Bay, Madagascar, had 200 sick, and buried 67. In October 1757 died Major Kilpatrick—of the 250 soldiers who accompanied him from Madras, in August of the preceding year, only five survived him, and even those were then, by repeated sickness, emaciated to the greatest degree.

'cutta, where many went in to undergo the penance of physic, 'but few came out to give account of its operation."

It has already been shewn, in an Article on "*Calcutta in the Olden Time*," published in our thirty-sixth Number, that towards the end of last century (1780) "physic, as well as law, 'was a gold-mine to its professors. The medical gentlemen in 'Calcutta made their visits in palanquins, and received a Gold-'mohur from every patient, for every common attendance—'extras were enormous."

Entertaining considerable doubts as to whether this now exhausted gold mine ever existed, except in the imagination of an ingenious traveller, we have still abundant proof that Calcutta then contained several medical men of the highest eminence, whose labours were, however, for the most part, caviare to the general. In 1784, Sir William Jones founded the Asiatic Society. The names of several distinguished Surgeons were enrolled among those of its first Members. As a dry detail of the scientific labours of each of those gentlemen might be somewhat tedious, we shall quote a few poetical descriptions of their characters, from a pamplet of the time. We, who live in prosaic times, and upon whom classical allusions are generally wasted, may be excused in suspecting that portions of the poem verge upon the pathetic. Still we can assure all questioners that this is known to have been a "very ingenious" poem in its day, and had an extensive run. The third edition now lies before us* :—

> Flora and her attendant handmaids mourn
> Still o'er lamented *Kœnig's* early urn.

We are told, in the notes, that "Dr. Kœnig was a disciple 'of the great Linnæus. He died shortly after the institution of 'the Society, in consequence of the hill fever, caught when he 'was in pursuit of Botanical Researches on the Coast of Coro-'mandel."

> *Fleming!* acknowledged scholar, tell us why
> Are your remarks hid from the public eye?
> What in your life of science gain'd, impart
> With such compliance as you favour art:
> Come, let your modesty be now subdu'd,
> And mental measures ope for general good.

"Dr. John Fleming was first vice-President of the Society" (Thus encouraged, Dr. Fleming published a valuable cata

* Poems in three parts—Literary Characteristics of the most distinguished members of the Asiatic Society, 1799.

logue of Indian medicinal plants and drugs in the eleventh volume of the *Asiatic Researches.*)

" Come forward ye, whom rosy Flora loves,
Whose labours all that blooming Queen approves:
See *Roxburgh* first the high assembly grace,
To him just judgment gives a prior place.
Roxburgh! for you the long hair'd Gopia spread
Ind's odorous Nard to deck your honour'd head.
Go, favour'd man, the blue-eyed goddess greet,
Go, lay Jonesia sprigs before her feet!
At her command bright Butea buds unfold,
Whose vivid pigment vies with burnish'd gold,
Go, studiously explore the flowery fields,
And taste the bliss the pleasing study yields!"

(Roxburgh died February 18, 1815.)

In zealous *Anderson* we see conjoin'd
To skill profound, a persevering mind.
Son of the Swede! The powers of verse present,
So you all luscious fruit of fragrant scent,
Or aught in Nature pleasing to your sight,
Say will Alphonso mangoes give delight?
On you the gaudy garden nymphs have smil'd,
And Flora ranks you as a darling child.

"Dr. James Anderson, of Madras." (He became a Member of the Medical Board in 1800, and died August 5, 1809, at Madras.)

Next comes a votary of equal powers,
Adorn'd with D'hawry and Morinda flowers!
Flora emits on him her musky breath,
And bids Malavian shepherds twine his wreath!
But not the garden only claims his care,
Each muse for *Hunter* myrtle wreaths prepare,
He pleases when he treads their laurel bower,
Or when we join him in the instructive tour.
Behold h'm Learning's every path pursue
He shew'd the force of the Mechanic's screw;
Explain'd by him, we see its power increas'd,
It makes elastic bodies more compress'd.
Labour's rough sons may now with manual ease,
A mighty mass of ponderous matter raise,
Which in a dark unletter'd age would fail
The common impetus of human toil.
Th' ingenious man in this refin'd pursuit,
The nice micrometer made more minute.
The Index turn'd to cause its fall or rise,
Will make the smallest measurement precise.
His hours are now to heighten commerce given,
And now to trace th' expanse of starry Heaven.

(William Hunter, a Bengal Surgeon, Secretary to the Asiatic Society, died December, 1812, at Java) "See his tender and

'very affecting poem of the Spanish husband." Narrative of a journey from Agra to Oujein, in the 6th vol. of the *A. R.* His Essay "On a new mode of applying the Screw," was presented to the Royal Society of London, by Lieut.-General Melville, in the year 1780, and published in the LXXI. vol. of the *Philosophical Transactions.* See his account of Pegu, chapter the 8th. Three papers of Astronomical Observations, in the *A. R.*, and one on the Astronomical labours of Jaya-singha :—

"He who endeavours well deserves applause,
More, if he labours in the public cause;
Balfour! Observer nice, then come, receive
The just encomiums which the muses give.
Early you learn'd and op'd the precious store
Of knowledge chronicled in Persian lore.
Whenever Fever in his baneful chase,
Shall dull the bloom on beauty's lovely face,
Be yours the bliss, O scientific sage!
To check the progress of his savage rage—
To sooth the fair—alleviate her pain—
And bring her smiles and dimples back again.
Pleasure refin'd, the feeling man must know,
Who eases mortals on the bed of woe."

"Dr. Francis Balfour was one of the first in this country, 'who endeavoured to facilitate the study of the Persian language, 'by the publication of the *Insha-y-Herkern*, with an English 'translation. He is also the author of a paper in the *A. R.*, on 'the introduction of Arabic into Persian, and has laboured in 'the improvement of his own profession by several treatises, 'wherein he illustrates the influence of the moon in fevers." (Dr. Balfour retired in September, 1807.)

Hear *Scott* in modest words the power impart,
Of Nitric Acid in the healing art.
Ye giddy youths, who spend nocturnal hours
In sensual pleasure's fascinating bowers,
Whose limbs enfeebled, scarcely can sustain
Your bodies, half consum'd with rooted pain,
Hear Scott a milder remedy proclaim,
Than the strong metal which impairs the frame!
Rejoice ye youths who tread in folly's round;
Ye men of riot, hear the silver sound!
The Nitric Acid will your strength restore,
And kill *that* subtile poison's direful power.

"Dr. Helenus Scott's paper on the use of the Nitric Acid, 'with an account of the success attendant on it, is to be found 'in the 2nd vol. of Dr. Beddoes's Collection of Medical Cases, 'and Observations on Factitious Air, published at Bristol, in the 'year 1796." (Dr. Scott became a Member of the Medical

' Board of Bombay, in 1802, and retired in March, 1810, in ' England.)

> " In yonder Empire, where the Burmas reign,
> Lies an extensive populous domain,
> On which inquiry's dawn has seldom shone,
> Their learning, language, and their ways scarce known:
> Return *Buchanan !* to their regions go,
> Explore whatever Burma sages know !
> Remark what minerals their country yields,
> And, lovely study, read their flowery fields !
> This page of nature viewed with learning's eye,
> Exhibits treasures—shall they hidden lie ?"

" ' Botany,' says the great Father of the Society, ' is the ' loveliest and most copious diversion in the History of Nature. ' For the study Dr. Francis Buchanan is peculiarly adapted, as ' well for ability as from inclination."

(Dr. Buchanan retired in August, 1816)

> Is there no other spends inquiring hours
> In sacred Casi's consecrated bowers ?
> Yes—*Williams* ! you—your praise is surely great,
> *Williams !* men snatched from death your name repeat,
> You check the progress of envenomed pain,
> And made the poison of the adder vain !

" His remarks on the use of Caustic Alkali, against the bite of snakes, are published in the 2nd vol. of *A. R.*" (John Williams died at Cawnpore, in July, 1808.)

Oppressively flowery as the above stanzas assuredly are, they are interesting, as shewing forth within a moderate compass the merits of a body of medical men, whose characters and scientific labours went far in obtaining for Surgeons in India the respectable position which they at present hold.

Our notes of eminent medical writers in India, previous to the year 1800, are but scanty. In addition to the above, we can only name John Woodall (1612-28.) Burt Adam, James Bryce, James Clark, John Clark, J. P. Wade, J. Shearman, and Alexander Stewart.

It would be work for a biographical dictionary, rather than for a Review, to repeat even the names of those medical officers in the three Presidencies who have gained high literary reputations since the beginning of the present century. A few only can be mentioned here. It may be considered scarcely proper to include the names of John Leyden, the Poet and Orientalist, who, entering the Madras Service as a Surgeon's Assistant, in 1802, when in his twenty-seventh year, (after having *qualified* himself by five or six months' incredible labour) passed a considerable time in Prince of Wales' Island, engaged in amassing information relative to the Indo-Chinese tribes, and was

appointed a Professor in the College of Bengal, but is stated by his English biographers to have soon exchanged this for the more lucrative appointment of a Judge in Calcutta! devoting every leisure however to the study of Oriental manuscripts and antiquities, upon the resolve which he thus expresses in a letter to a friend: "If I die without surpassing 'Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in oriental learning, let 'never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." In 1811, Leyden accompanied the Governor-General to Java, where, searching eagerly for Oriental manuscripts in an ill-ventilated library, in the pestilential month of August, he was attacked with fever, and died in three days, at the age of thirty-six, adding another to the countless hecatombs of lives which have been cast away by Indian adventurers, in vain efforts to compel the failing body to obey the unfair behests of the never-tiring mind. Nor is Mr. Assistant Surgeon Joseph Hume, the Statesman and Oriental scholar, altogether within our province, although he served, and served well, in the Bengal Presidency, from 1799, until February, 1808. Neither can we fairly deal with the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh, Recorder of Bombay and Doctor of Physic, who, at one period of his early career, narrowly escaped the prospect of becoming Physician to the Emperor of Russia, upon Dugald Stewart's recommendation, that "he was a man eminently qualified in the line of his profession."

The following are but a sprinkling of the names of those who have given by their writings a scientific character to the medical profession in India.*

In Medicine and Surgery—Malcolmson, John Milne, Colin Rogers, William Scott, John Adam, R. Cole, A. Thomas, H. Goodeve, James Anderson, Brett, G. H. Bell, Searle, W. Raleigh, Sir James Annesley, Twining, Kenneth Mackinnon, McCosh, Mosgrove, Ambrose Blacklock, John Macpherson, Sir W. Ainslie, Hutchinson, Richard O'Shaughnessy, Allan Webb, Hare, Parkes, Geddes, Wise, Maxwell, Finch, Thomas Moore, Charles Morehead, Conwell, F. Corbyn, Frederic Forbes, Dr. Honigberger, J. Cole, W. Hunter, R. H. Kennedy, N. Jameson and Jas. Kennedy.

In Botany, Natural History and Chemistry—Wallich, Royle, Faulkener, W. O'Shaughnessy, R. Wight, Thomas Thomson, Arnott, W. Gilchrist, Theodore Cantor, Jerdon, McClelland,

* It is told of the late Lord Rollo that, when a Colonel of Yeomanry, he was wont to dismiss his regiment from parade, with the question,—"Now my lads, how will ye go home, rank and file, or higglee pigglee?" The answer invariably was—"Higglee pigglee. My Lord! Higglee pigglee!" We beg that we may be understood to have placed the following names—not rank and file, but "higglee pigglee."

W. Montgomerie, J. Stevenson, Helfer, Herbert, and Hugh Cleghorn.

Public Health.—Ranald Martin, F. Pemble Strong, Dr. Norman Chevers, and Joseph Bedford.

General Literature and Science.—Tytler, John Grant, Corbyn, Hutchinson and Hunter.

Oriental Literature, History and Antiquities.—Horace Hayman Wilson, James Bird, Sherwood, Wise, E. G. Balfour, Nicholson, Lush, Stevenson, Macgregor, and Aloys Sprenger.

Medical Topography, Meteorology and Geology.—A. Campbell, Donald Butter, Fayrer, J. P. Malcolmson, Spry, Baikie, Carter, J. Adams, Birch, Ives, W. H. Bradley, Bruce, Carter, Kinloch, Kirke, R. Cole, C. F. Collier, Dollard, Irvine, J. McCosh, John Murray, J. Clark, Taylor, Sir J. Burnes, Spilsbury, Turnbull Christie, Ward, Grant, Malcolmson, Arnott, Benjamin Babington, Baddely, Hutton, A. Duncan, Gibson, Benjamin, Heyne, P. B. Lord, Forbes, Benza, J. Clark, Marshall, J. Stevenson, Murray (of Bombay) Walker, Voysey.

Considering the many drawbacks which attend the pursuit of Medical Research and Literature in the East, India may boast of very fair success in the number and value of her Medical Journals.

The Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta were commenced in 1825.

The Transactions of the Bombay Medical and Physical Society were first issued in 1838. They have continued to appear up to the present time.

In 1834 the *Indian Journal of Medical and Physical Science* was commenced by Messrs. Grant and Pearson who published two volumes; it subsequently appeared regularly every month under the successive auspices of Dr. Corbyn, Dr. Eveleigh and Dr. C. Finch, until the end of 1845, when its publication ceased.

The *Quarterly Medical and Surgical Journal of the North West Provinces* first appeared in 1848.

Dr. Edlin's India Register of Medical Science was issued monthly during the year 1848

The Indian Annals of Medical Science are published half yearly in Calcutta. The first part was issued in October, 1853.

We will venture to say that the whole of these Periodicals will bear comparison, as regards the value and originality of their matter, with any serials of like pretensions in Europe.

It would be difficult to point to any peculiar and distinctive characteristics in the Indian Surgeon, with the exception of his pallid countenance and his empty pockets. Many of his

friends, whose forte is witty anecdote, regale him frequently with certain ornamented facts, regarding his venerable predecessors, which are, questionless, deemed valuable, as conveying instruction and warning to himself.—Such as the veracious histories—of the *Philosophic* Surgeon, who, on his way to his indigo factory, would enquire of the native doctor—"Any thing to-day"—and, upon receiving the ready answer, "All's well, Lord of the world! only five men dead," would exclaim cheerfully—"good, very good"—and canter gaily about his business;—again, of the *Ambitious* Surgeon who, having gone through every grade, in His Majesty's army, from Assistant Surgeon to retired Inspector General of Hospitals, entered the Company's service with an eye to a seat in the Medical Board:—and, still again, of the *Experimental* Surgeon who, in every case requiring a brisk emetic, compelled the patient to swallow two live blue-bottle flies, of the splendid Indian species, which were no sooner bolted, then they operated vitally and returned to light.* All men have their peculiarities, but the greatest peculiarity of the Indian Surgeon probably is, that he is rarely, if ever, permitted the luxury of exercising his. Forming one of the centres of a series of very small circles, he is kept too conscious of being an object of criticism to venture upon singularity.

We have now before us a valuable pamphlet entitled "*Notes on the condition of the Indian Medical Services*," by J. Macpherson, M. D., which contains the most recent account that we have of the official position of Medical Officers in the three Presidencies:—

The Medical Service of Bombay consists of 35 surgeons and 105 assistant surgeons, making a total of 158, with usually a certain number of supernumeraries, never exceeding 20 in number, and generally falling short of that number. It may be said in a general way, that about 70 officers are employed with the Army, or in the Indian Navy, about 50 are on Staff or Civil employment, and the large number of 32 on leave or furlough, almost all of them on sick certificate.

The zillah or civil stations appear to be about 16 in number, and their pay seems to be much the same as that of similar appointments in Bengal, Rupees 360 a month, sometimes with an additional hundred for the charge of civil or insane hospitals, or the same sum for a duty which is never assigned to them in Bengal—that of assistant magistrates; and which, since commencing this article, we find has been withdrawn from all

* This philosopher merely prescribed *auctoritate antiquorum*, since we are told that the best and most effectual way of taking *Wood Lice*, (once considered of potency in asthmas) "is the swallowing them alive, which is very easily and conveniently done, 'for they naturally roll themselves upon being touched, and thus form a sort of 'smooth pill, which slips down the throat without being tasted. This is the securest 'way of having all their virtues." Every one is aware with what sovereign effect John Abernethy recommended a live spider to the lady who had swallowed a fly.

assistant surgeons: they appear to be scarcely ever post-masters or registrars of deeds. There are also in civil or district employ, 4 superintending vaccinators, each receiving Rupees 350 a month, besides their military pay. Of the civil stations, we believe Poona is the favourite one, and that a little is made by private practice, but there is reason to suppose that in the absence of any great number of Europeans, they must be inferior to the better class of Bengal stations as respects income from private practice; and can have little advantage over ordinary Military appointments, beyond the convenience of their being more fixed.

Other appointments held by them at present are, the surgeoncies in the Persian Gulf, at Baroda, Cutch, Kuttywar, Indore, Sattara, &c., the charge of the ex-ameers, and the private secretaryship to the Governor of Madras, and one appointment in the Nizam's Service. The station of Mahabaleshwur is one of the best appointments, and a popular man may make something by practice, although fees are rarely given by Government servants in Bombay. We see the pay of the surgeon in the Persian Gulf, (whether at Bagdad or Bushire, is not very clear,) set down at Rupees 515-0-4. Three Officers are detached in the Assay Department, and we observe that there are 4 staff surgeons.

The proportion of staff appointments at the Presidency itself, is, as compared with the other Presidencies, large; including the Members of the Medical Board, they amount to about 20, or almost as many as in the much larger Presidency of Bengal. There are three Members of the Board, and its secretary, a superintending surgeon, five professors of the Medical College, a store-keeper, a surgeon to the General Hospital, and an assistant, a garrison surgeon and assistant, a surgeon of the Marine battalion, a civil surgeon and assistant, a police surgeon and assistant, port surgeon, &c., surgeon to the Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy hospital, an oculist: generally one officer holds two or more of these appointments.

The pay of the officers at the Presidency appears to be much the same as that of Calcutta; for instance, the professors in the Government College receive Rupees 450, while they only have Rupees 400 at Calcutta; but perhaps this difference depends merely on house-rent; and may be only apparent. The Members of the Board, however, and their secretary, the superintending surgeons, the store-keeper, and the surgeon to the Governor, are not so well paid as the corresponding officers in Bengal.

Most assistant surgeons in the earlier part of their career are made to serve for two years in the Indian Navy. If their stay be not too long protracted in it, there is very little hardship in this, as they have the opportunity of seeing, in fine vessels, a good deal of the coasts of India, Persia, Arabia, &c; the pay is small, somewhat larger we believe than that for doing duty with a regiment; but as the temptations to extravagance, and even the opportunities of spending money, are few, it may be considered ample.

The number of Bombay Medical officers always absent on sick leave is remarkable, and this is usually ascribed to the effects of the unhealthy climate of Scinde. Something, perhaps, may also be attributed to the greater facility and cheapness of getting home from Bombay than from the other Presidencies.

Staff appointments at the Presidency are as much sought after at Bombay as in Calcutta, and several of the officers at the Presidency enjoy pretty good incomes from practice, as also do one or two private practitioners. A good deal of the practice lies among the Parsees, who are, after the Europeans, the leading class, and certainly the most intelligent

and enterprising of Orientals. They are, however, much in the habit of employing private practitioners. The best medical practice is not nearly so remunerative as in the larger city of Calcutta, nor even equal to Madras.

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On the whole, Bombay has a greater number of staff appointments at the Presidency, in proportion to the number of the members of its Medical Service, than Bengal; it also enjoys a larger proportion of the appointments that fall to the lot of the seniors of the Service than Bengal, though it is inferior in this respect to Madras, which has certainly got the lion's share.

The Madras Medical Service consists of about 72 surgeons and 154 assistant surgeons, making a total of 226. Of these some 80 are on staff employ, 90 in regimental employ, and some 50 absent on sick or other leave.

Of those on staff employ, about 28 are zillah surgeons, 10 employed in Residencies. The pay of zillah surgeons is, we believe, the same as in Bengal and Bombay. We should suppose that civil surgeoncies, generally speaking, cannot be very remunerative. We have heard of Salem as a good civil station. The Neilgherries must yield a considerable income, and of the surgeoncies, Hyderabad is of course the best, rivalling Lucknow; the surgeoncy to the Mysore commission and some other Residency surgeoncies, as that of Cochin, are comfortable appointments. There are 10 officers in the Nizam's Service, all well paid, 5 garrison Surgeons, no fewer than 10 superintending Surgeons, 3 members of the Medical Board, and a secretary, the latter at present being an assistant surgeon.

There are at the Presidency 15 medical officers, including the Medical Board, being 8 surgeons and 7 assistant surgeons. Their duties are those of garrison surgeon, medical store-keeper, four district surgeons, superintendent Eye Infirmary, surgeon General Hospital, one permanent assistant, and one assistant surgeon to it, and six chairs in the Medical College. We observe, as differing from the routine of Bengal, that one of the assistants at the General Hospital retains his appointment on promotion, also that an assistant at the General Hospital is officiating as surgeon to it during the absence on sick certificate of the surgeon. A principle somewhat similar to this was acted on recently in the North-West Provinces of Bengal, when the Lieutenant-Governor, anxious to secure the station of Agra, which is a surgeon's appointment, for an assistant surgeon on his promotion, appointed him while an assistant surgeon to the civil station.

Assistant surgeons in Madras are, on their first arrival, made to do duty at the General Hospital, and keep case books, until they are reported duly qualified for the general duties of the army.

We confess our very imperfect knowledge of Madras, but from all that we have heard, the private practice at the Presidency is not so remunerative as at Calcutta, though more so than at Bombay. The best practice is chiefly in the hands of two men. We have also heard of surgeons in the Madras Presidency making a point of never receiving fees, even from those who are well able to pay, in which respect they differ from 9-10ths of their Bombay and Bengal brethren.

The great superiority of the Madras service over the two others lies in the unusually large proportion of superintending surgeons which it possesses, no fewer than 10, or but one short of the Bengal Army, and if Burmah should be finally assigned to the Madras Army, they will get one

more superintending surgeon, and thus have just as many superintending surgeons as the much larger Presidency of Bengal. We have been told that there is a much more efficient Board at Madras than there has been in Bengal for many years, and, as the men are younger, this is very probable, but that there, as elsewhere, their influence, for good or bad, is, from the want of all independent power, very trifling; they have however published some useful Topographies and Statistical Returns, and have never been guilty of giving to the world any documents so feeble as the late Report of the Bengal Board on Fever and Dysentery, which has been so generally laughed at. We think that the Service continues to support a Medical journal.

We have reason to believe that the Madras Subordinate Medical Department is better organized than that of Bengal, and they have apothecaries instead of Native doctors to their regiments; a certain number of the Medical officers are made to give gratuitous lectures to the Subordinate Department, but gratuitous services cannot be expected to be zealously rendered.

The Bengal Medical Service consists of 129 surgeons and 230 assistant surgeons, making a total of 359. There are supposed to be a certain number of supernumeraries attached, but this is by no means always the case. The Service may be said generally to be divided into 200 employed in purely regimental duty, (including irregular cavalry and local corps,) about 120 on civil or staff employ, and 40 on furlough or leave, the proportion of the latter being much smaller than in Madras, and little more than 1-3rd that of Bombay,—a very remarkable fact! We may here remark that it is a subject of some just complaint in Bengal, where promotion is so slow, that a Surgeon of 30 years' service, when on furlough, draws no higher pay than one just promoted, but this is also the case with the Captain who is unlucky in his promotion.

Some of the chief civil and staff appointments, besides the 11 superintending surgeons and the members of the Board, are the following: viz., upwards of 50 civil stations in Bengal and the North-West; of these only 6 are assigned to full Surgeons, namely, Delhi, Agra, Benares, Patna, Dacca, Berhampore, and are all more or less sought after. Of the appointments in the North-West the most lucrative for assistant surgeons are Bareilly, and the civil surgeoncies of Simla and Mussoorie: the two last only held for a period of two years. In Bengal there are many very excellent civil appointments, supposed to vary in value from 700 to 1,100 a year, as Kishnaghur, Howrah, Jessore, Tirhoot, Bhaugulpore, Chuprah, Hooghly, Ghazeepore, &c. The registry of deeds is in some of the cases the most valuable addition to the appointment, while in Kishnaghur the ferry gives a handsome return, but in all these cases, the value of the appointment depends much on the popularity of the civil surgeon with the station and the neighbouring planters and land-holders. In Bengal and the North-West the civil surgeons very generally hold the post-office, and are also often Registers of Deeds. But under the new changes they are to be deprived of the Post Offices. and the civilians always endeavour to get hold of the Registries for themselves.

Of political appointments, strictly speaking, only two are now held by Members of the Medical Service, namely, the charge of Darjeeling, and the custody of the young Maharaja. The two chief residency surgeoncies are excellent appointments, Lucknow being worth Rupees 1,500 a month to any one of common judgment, and Nagpore about Rupees 1,200. The superintending surgeoncy at Gwalior is a desirable appointment, as

indeed must the charges in the Gwalior Contingent generally be considered. The opium examinerships at Ghazeepore and Patna are excellent appointments; that at Indore is now held by a Bombay Assistant Surgeon. Two mint appointments, one in Bombay and one in Calcutta, are held by Bengal Surgeons, as well as the charge of the Botanical Gardens in Calcutta and Saharunpore; one of the examinerships of the College of Fort William is also held by a Medical man.

Including the Medical Board, there are 25 Members of the Medical Service performing Medical duties at the Presidency, and this is including the Surgeon to the Governor-General and to the Body Guard, who cannot be looked on as fixtures. In the last 10 years the offices of second garrison assistant, deputy apothecary, and marine assistant Surgeon, have been abolished, and one Presidency surgeoncy absorbed in the marine surgeoncy. Some of the appointments at the Presidency are the Medical store-keeper or apothecary, the garrison surgeon and assistant, the surgeon to the General Hospital and his two assistants, the Marine Surgeon, the oculist, 6 or 7 professorships in the Medical College, and 5 Presidency surgeoncies.

Of these the best paid are the apothecary, and the Secretary of the Medical College and Council of Education, (two professors of the Medical College, by holding several appointments, also have about Rupees 1,200,) and the worst paid, is the Garrison Assistant Surgeon. The Presidency surgeons are not much better paid than the last, their whole Government pay being Rupees 490; but there is only one who does not now hold some additional employment; the district Surgeons in Madras have Rupees 800, we are told.

People, at a distance, attach an imaginary value to appointments in Calcutta, and suppose them all to be well paid. Many a man who has looked to coming to the Presidency, has been staggered on finding a Presidency surgeoncy offered to him, and then hearing that it is not worth Rupees 500 a month. The fact is, that the value of Calcutta appointments depends on what can be made of them;—when a man has to look to mere Government pay, he would probably be much better off out of Calcutta. The receipts of the Calcutta practitioners are now considerably smaller than in former days. One of the most highly-respected men that has ever visited India—and the oldest resident practitioner in this city—once told us that his largest receipts were Rupees 87,000 in fees, in one year. What may be counted the best practice in Calcutta is divided among three or four men, two of them being supposed to be far ahead of their compeers. There are several private practitioners, some of them, as the Police Surgeon, holding Government appointments, and several of the others having some public employment, as the charge of dispensaries, most of them enjoying the privilege of prescribing on the Company's dispensary, a privilege now become valueless.

Careful sifting of Messrs. Dodwell and Miles' List of the Medical Officers of the Indian Army, from the year 1764, to the year 1838, has given us some very curious statistics. We find that, out of 2,019 Surgeons who ate the Company's salt during that period, there are reported—to have been killed in action 7, to have been drowned 13, and to have died on this side of the Cape of Good Hope, 743. In all, seven hundred and sixty-three deaths in India, out of a list of two thousand and nineteen, which included of all the medical men serv-

ing in the three Presidencies when that list was taken! Farther, we find that, of the above number, 63 obtained seats in the Medical Board, and that the number of those Superintending Surgeons who had not risen to the Board (including those serving when the list was drawn out), was 88. Under the disagreeable heading of "struck off," we find 39: these were, for the most part, gentlemen who exceeded their terms of leave or furlough. The number of those "cashiered," was 6.

We had intended to dwell somewhat at length upon the "Physiology" of the Surgeon in India; but must hasten to a close. It is to be remarked, however, that his constitution appears to lay him open to a peculiar species of affliction immediately upon his receiving his warning, at the India house, that he must sail within three months, and proceeding to conclude his bargain with the owner of some vessel for a passage round the Cape. We would not willingly brand any class of men with a charge of flagrant dishonesty; but we do not hesitate to declare that, in conducting this transaction, he is, in several cases out of every ten, in imminent danger of being egregiously cheated. Every passenger vessel of a certain class must, according to law, carry a surgeon. The owners of certain ships trading to the East Indies, however, display an almost unconquerable aversion to pay the Surgeon who is to attend their crew, and whose "experience" is advertised to attract their passengers. We could relate many instances of the grossest fraud thus practised by ship-owners, upon inexperienced Medical Officers; we will only quote two, for the accuracy of which we can vouch. An Assistant Surgeon takes his berth in a first class vessel, with a large crew, and crowded with passengers. He suggests that his medical attendance upon these persons should be considered in the arrangement, and is told that—"the Captain doctors his crew." Near the Cape, scurvy or typhus appears among the ship's company, and nearly every man in the vessel passes through his hands. It is then only upon the strongest remonstrance, that he receives a promise of a trifling fee from the Captain, "on his own responsibility." Again,—a married officer has received the charge of troops. He meets the owner of the vessel by appointment, at the Jerusalem. He bargains for his wife's passage, the price of his own has been fixed by Government. With some difficulty, a stated sum is agreed to; he then proposes that the amount of this should be reduced, if he is to afford medical aid to the crew and passengers. The reply is—"We are not accustomed to have these demands made by Company's Officers, the Captain has his

own medicine chest.—But the passengers?—If we have any, out of the service, they must make their own arrangements." The Doctor then points to a card on the wall which announces that the ship carries an "Experienced Surgeon." "Oh" (with some perturbation) "that is the agent's doing." "However," adds the man of capital, with a defiant air, "If you do not choose to attend as other medical men do, I shall add to the price of Mrs. ——— 's passage." The Doctor, feeling himself entrapped, lodges a complaint at the India House. The city gentleman requests another interview, apologising for "hastiness." The Doctor, having his eye upon a larger cabin, determines to meet his extortioner half way. The last words of the man of tens of thousands, the owner of a fleet, the merchant prince, in this dirty transaction are, "*Another five pound note will make all right between us.*" The note is, then and there, handed across the table, and the chaffering is at an end.

In cases of this kind, medical officers would do well, having paid down their passage money, and having obtained a receipt, to desire that the proper arrangement should be made; any decided evasion should be met thus:—"You have evidently calculated upon receiving gratuitously services to which you have no claim, and for which you are bound to pay; as you have refused to engage my services, I distinctly refuse to render them; you will, however, receive an intimation from my attorney of the fact, that you are compelled by law to carry a surgeon, and that extreme measures will be taken against you, if you venture to sail without one." A few such lessons would, doubtless, put an end to this nefarious system.

Arrived in India, and settled down in a regimental charge, or in a civil station, the medical officer, like every other man, has his trials and his difficulties; but, so long as he retains his health and likes his profession, these are, for the most part, irritations rather than griefs. With the Military Assistant Surgeon, the chief vexations arise from frequent marchings and counter-marchings; the innumerable harassments of detachment duty; the inactivity and ennui attendant upon small charges; the toils and exposure of service in the field; the labour and anxiety which pestilential visitations carry in their train.

The position of the Civil Surgeon more closely resembles that of his professional brother, the country general practitioner at home, than any other. Still it presents a few striking distinctive characters. The Mofussil Doctor, who is probably the only European practitioner in a district as large and nearly as populous as Surrey—is, essentially, a doctor

of all work. He has his Jail Hospital, his Military Hospital, and his Government Dispensary to attend to. He is probably Secretary to the Government school, and a Member of the Ferry Fund Committee. If fortunate, he is also Post-master, Registrar of Deeds, and Registrar of Marriages ; beyond this, he has his private practice, this last, probably, brings him from-0-to two-thirds of his income,—and most of his anxieties and vexations. There is a very singular *lex non scripta* governing the relation between a medical man and his patients in India, from which we must be allowed to cite some few specimen passages.

Upon his arrival at a new station, whatever may be the reputation which has preceded him, and which all might learn upon enquiry, for every man's character can be ascertained in India—his opinions and practice are treated, by the generality of his patients, with the greatest and most undisguised distrust. This is bad law, and should be abrogated entirely. When one's coachman drives us along the edge of a declivity, with a somewhat unsteady grasp upon the reins, it is difficult to repress an exclamation of caution. Still, it may be safe to bear in mind the axiom,—that evident want of confidence can only have the effects of insulting a good Surgeon and of unnerving a bad one.

The unwritten law holds that all pecuniary arrangements shall be settled by the patient, the Doctor not being allowed a word in the matter. If he be paid adequately (which it is but just to say, is generally the case)—well ; if he be egregiously defrauded, as happens by no means very rarely,—he must hold his peace, a word of remonstrance would place his reputation in the sharper's power. This should be cried down by the profession themselves.

Although it is generally considered, at home, that death comes in India as a matter of course, it has been decided here, that all deaths are irregular, and that the medical man not only ought not to permit them to occur, but is to be subjected to punishment for their occurrence. We seriously believe that no medical man has ever lost a private patient in India without suffering,—over and above the toil, the anxiety and the disappointment which, in a tenfold degree, attend such casualties here,—a certain amount of injury, either to his feelings or to his character. This may be dispensed in all degrees, from the averted eye, and thanks for unceasing attention uttered with the intonation of a reproof, to a formal declaration of opinion that a valuable life has been sacrificed by the physician's ignorance. It is easy enough to account for all this. It is a peculiar fault among Surgeons in India that they are

often careless of those guards over demeanour and expression, which are necessary to gain them confidence in their patients' minds. Again, in small Indian communities, a death is an event of such rarity and importance, that every member of the society naturally establishes a rigorous enquiry into the matter; and, as naturally, condemns a failure which might, not improbably, occur to-morrow in his own case. Beyond this, it generally happens, at home, that the largest number of deaths occurs in the practice of the most eminent physicians and surgeons. The humble apothecary is, therefore, permitted to lose his patient or two annually, in the course of nature, without being subjected to question or blame.

Although often unable to maintain a character for knowledge in his own line, he is expected to be thoroughly acquainted with all those lines which diverge from it. He must be skilled as a meteorologist, a geologist, a chemist, a botanist, a mineralogist, and an ichthyologist; he should be practised as a dog-doctor and a horse-doctor; cunning in the manufacture of ginger-beer, and in the preparation of cold cream, and hair oil; an examiner of boys in mathematics and history, a classical and oriental scholar, an antiquarian, a sanitary reformer, a horseman, and a buggy-driver, a retailer, (if he can possibly be brought to it,) of the morning's news; and, it may be even—in stations where the march of intellect has rapidly advanced,—a homœopath, a hydropathist, a table-turner, and a believer in the universal merits of cod-liver oil, and sarsaparilla. True, most of these qualifications may, perhaps, be fairly expected in a good officer and a civil neighbour; still it is palpably unfair to seek for them, either in aggregate or in extensive detail, within a head-piece of any but the best quality and largest dimensions.

Notwithstanding all this rigour, professional merit is judged in India by very carelessly fixed standards. There is the "clever man" and the "horse-doctor;" the "Joe Manton" (sure to kill), and the good children's doctor: but, beyond this, there never was a country in which strivings to approach eminence of any kind were so little appreciated and encouraged, by society generally, as they are with us. This may also be readily accounted for. In India, nearly every member of the society whose good opinion the scientific aspirant is solicitous to gain, is a person who not only possesses considerable acquirements and celebrity of his own, but maintains a vivid consciousness of the fact. Here then the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle goes for nothing, and no men of intellect can be fairly expected to think highly of that which they do not understand. As regards medical fame, the principle holds

universally, that, *It can only be legitimately dispensed by the voices of the profession.* In a country, therefore, where it often happens that a medical man is not brought into contact for many years with any one of his professional brethren, it is not surprising that many fair reputations should remain at a stand still. Not very long since, we met with a sufficiently clear illustration of the mode in which scientific labours are viewed in India. Conversing with a friend who is, in most respects, a man of great sense and discernment, we placed in his hand the————, a Treatise by a medical man in this country,—observing that it was an admirable work. Our friend turned over the leaves of the bulky volume; and, returning it with an air of some uncertainty, remarked, that "he should have thought that doctors did enough of that sort of writing at the hospitals."—The work of European celebrity, the labour of half a life-time, was placed upon the footing of a mere school essay. This was the style of encouragement afforded by the non-professional circles in which he moved to another friend of ours who, not being overburthened with practice, devoted all the spare hours of his days, for many years, to the study of pathology, in the school where his education had been received. He gained some little reputation, with the profession; but, to the last, his aunts and cousins could never be brought to understand why "it took John so many years to walk the hospitals!"

An attempt to set forth the state of the Military and Retiring Funds, upon which the Surgeons of our three Presidencies depend as means of providing for their families towards, or after the termination of their own careers, would be greatly out of place at the end of an Article. The question is, unhappily, one which, involving the deepest interests of every officer in the service, will hereafter demand folios for its elucidation. It will be sufficient to say that the Medical Officers of each Presidency have their Retiring Fund. That at Madras is of the oldest standing, that of Bombay is, or at all events was a few years since, in a position of exceeding difficulty, while the Medical Retiring Fund of Bengal, established not many years ago at the instance of Dr. John Henderson, can now only grant, in twenty-two years, the annuities which were to have been ready at the expiration of seventeen. One and all, the various Joint Stock Funds of India appear to have been constructed upon no principles more valid or determinate than those upon which an ingenious child builds up a dirt pie of unusual dimensions; and to be conducted in a manner which, although sufficiently characterised by zeal

and conscientiousness, has ever displayed an absolute unacquaintance, on the part of the managers, with the first principles of joint stock union. Two instances, out of many, will sufficiently illustrate the truth of these assertions. A few years since, it was discovered by one of the managers of the Military Fund that, in all cases where subscribers had died indebted to the Fund in any portion of a month's subscription, the sum thus due was never claimed for the benefit of the Fund. Thus, supposing the deaths of A. and B. to have occurred respectively on the 1st and the 28th of January, deductions were made from their pay only up to the end of December, and thus twenty-nine days subscriptions were lost to the Fund. It was found, that some thousand Rupees, thus due, were still available and, when claimed, were paid into the Fund. Many thousands, with the interest which should have accrued from them were, however, irrevocably lost. Again, whenever any question involving unusual expenditure of monies belonging to either Fund is brought upon the tapis, the custom is to leave its decision to the votes of the subscribers at large! True, every man should be permitted to do what he will with his own; but, to do this wisely, it is, of course, essential that he should know precisely what means he possesses, and we unhesitatingly declare our conviction that neither of those associations can select one of their member from every hundred who could give even an approximative guess at the actual condition of the Funds to which he subscribes, or justify the outlays for which he votes. The various propositions to relax the rules of the Funds in favor of this pitiable case or that, are,—considering that fixed principles of organization are essential to the existence of every Joint Stock Concern,—palpably ridiculous. There is not a little truth mixed with the sarcasm of the axiom that "Joint Stock Companies should have neither mercy, conscience, nor compassion." At all events, any Company of the kind, wishing to exercise either of these virtues, should assuredly provide themselves with a distinct fund whence they may meet its demands. Ill-constructed and ill-understood, it is to be feared that many years must elapse and many severe pulls upon the pockets of the subscribers must be endured, before these Funds can be freed from their original defects and subsequent shortcomings.

Like the Members of all other services, the Medical Officers of the Company have their grievances. Year by year, however, these have diminished in weight and number under calm remonstrance, addressed to a Government who have rarely

turned a deaf ear to the just claims of their servants. The chief of the remaining sources of dissatisfaction are:—The low rates of pay and allowances. The slowness of promotion among those who have reached the grade of Surgeon. The limitation of the powers of the Medical Board, and the hesitation which Government displays in granting pensions by rank to their Medical Officers. The latter subject, being at present in agitation, we shall quote a passage from an application by Dr. Burnes, to the late Court of Proprietors, as setting forth the wishes of the service.

In 1796, when the Indian army was assuming the important character it now possesses, the Medical Department was officially declared by the Court of Directors to be an integral portion of it. Liable to the same dangers, and to more than the same fatigues and exposures, the right of its members to rank, quarters, pay, and pension, relatively with military officers, was freely and fairly conceded. The same just principle was again enunciated in the Court's despatch of the 5th February, 1823, wherein it was unequivocally expressed that no distinction should exist betwixt the military and medical branches, but that the one should enjoy proportionate advantages in common with the other. And so, for forty years, the united departments proceeded *pari passu*, the officers of each retiring on the pension of the grade which they had respectively attained. In 1838, however, the Home Government granted to the military officers pensions by length of service, as well as by rank, giving them an option to choose between the two, but without including their medical brethren in the boon, and when the latter prayed for a similar favour, they, strange to say, granted the pension by service, but withdrew that by rank; thus drawing a marked distinction between the departments, rendered more galling by the fact that the avowed object, as respected the military, was a gracious intention to raise, so far as pension could, the unfortunate in promotion, to a level with the fortunate, while the manifest design, in regard to the medical service, was to bring down the lucky to the standard of the unlucky; or in other words, because one branch of it had been slow and supine in its rise, another, which had mounted the ladder with an active step, was also to be brought down to, and retained at, zero. Could any legislation be more mistaken, or disheartening? But the singular anomaly did not end here. In every other case, where innovations, injurious to individuals, had been introduced, they were only to affect new comers, and not those in the service. Take, for instance, the new rules as to the pensions for chaplains, dated August 31, 1836, those for veterinary surgeons, dated May 2, 1851, by both of which it was clearly defined that present members were not to suffer: and again, those promulgated in the present year for chaplains, prolonging their pension period from fifteen to seventeen years, but guarding religiously the interests of actual incumbents. While strict justice was thus being administered to other departments, the medical service was told that, for ten years, from July 1842, its Members might retire either under the old or new rules; but that in July, 1852, the latter were to become absolute. This narrow concession might satisfy the seniors to the change, but its practical effort was, by a stroke of power, to alter arbitrarily the conditions on which several hundreds of valuable public servants had accepted the employ of Government, men who, without any disparage-

ment to the ecclesiastical and veterinary departments, had done their duty as well as they, and were as much entitled to the consideration of their masters.

Doubtless, most of these draw-backs will undergo mitigation in due process of time. Long ago, even when laboring under many serious disadvantages from which they are now entirely freed, the generality of Surgeons in India never failed to regard and to boast of their service, as by many degrees the best and the most liberal that has ever been open to the members of the profession. The Medical Officer of the East India Company is exempt from many of the greatest ills that beset the career of his professional brethern at home. While he lives, fair competency is assured to him in return for a fair amount of daily toil; and his thoughts of the future are not embittered by a prospect of over-wrought or necessitous old age, or by the reflection that those who are dearest to him will lose all support at his death.

Well-esteemed and attentively listened to by the profession at home, with a countless number of hitherto almost untrodden tracks of scientific enquiry open before them, in the scene of their labours, with the certainty of full encouragement from Government in the pursuit of their investigations, and with a fair probability that any success which they may achieve will be duly appreciated,—for we could not point to a single Medical Officer in the service who can justly complain that, in his case, unusual talent, industry or merit has been long and entirely neglected—we cannot but believe that, with increased activity in working out the hidden treasures of Eastern pathology, and therapeutics, and in the encouragement of closer professional union among themselves, by the establishment of Medical Societies in correspondence with the learned bodies of Europe and America, the profession in India might readily achieve a degree of appreciation and influence, which would render them the most fortunate class of physicians even known, since the good old times of scarlet roquelaures and gold-headed canes.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Major James Abbott, in Huzara.

It is contrary to all rules of Reviews to admit replies to Articles, but as we have departed from the standing practice, by publishing Sir Henry Lawrence's Paper on Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Volume, and as Major Abbott considers that he and Sir Charles have not had fair play in our pages, and as any contribution to the history of an eventful period, by so eloquent a writer as Major Abbott, must prove interesting; we once more break our rule, by publishing a letter from him, graphically depicting his own position in Huzara, during the Punjab insurrection.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Review.

In the Review of Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Works, which forms part of your volume for March last, the Reviewer, writing in his own name, has these words :—

"Sir Charles Napier has recorded that Major Abbott held Huza-
'ra in perfect subjection during the war, and without any troops.
'This is, like most of Sir Charles' assertions, wholly incorrect; the
'fact being, that nearly the whole of Huzara was in the enemy's
'hands"

After this passage, follows praise from lips which I honor. But praise that must be received with caution, as the partial tribute of friendship

It is because the words above quoted are unjust to Sir Charles Napier, and because they give an altogether erroneous impression of my position in Huzara, that I trouble you with these observations. The voice of the Reviewer in question will be a potent authority in the after histories of this period; and any error in his statement he will thank me for setting right.

When Moolraj accomplished the murder of our Officers at Multan, I was the British Superintendent, Sirdar Chuttur Singh was the Sikh Governor of Huzara.

When, by the murder of Col. Canava, Chuttur Singh had left no doubt of his purpose of rebellion, he had at his command six regiments of regular infantry, twelve guns, seventy zumbooras, and about five hundred horse, with thirty forts and castles, each garrisoned, provisioned and furnished for a siege of six months.

I had 200 armed peasants, twenty-four sappers, and about 15,000 Rupees in treasure. No guns, no zumbooras, no cavalry, no bayonets, to support me in my approaching contest.

But the hearts of the people were with me. I ordered them to rise; and, in about a fortnight, of all Huzara, so lately subject to Chuttur Singh, comprising an area, including irregularities of surface

of about 4,948 square miles, and commanded by his thirty forts and castles, there remained to him only five forts and two isolated circles of level plain ; one in Puklí, one at Hurkishengurh, extending just so far as the fire of his guns could reach.

Of the two forces occupying these circumscribed areas, that in Puklí was held in a state of close siege for six weeks, by my Assistant, Lieut. Daniel Robinson, of Engineers ; and would have been destroyed, had it attempted to quit the strong position it had taken up. It was in the greatest extremity, when Chuttur Singh brought his whole force to its relief, and the treachery of some of my apparent partisans, and the cowardice of others, opened the path before him.

Of the five forts left to Chuttur Singh, Mansera and Nowa Shihr were evacuated as his force retreated from Huzara, six weeks after the commencement of his rebellion. Simulkund was closely blockaded by me for two months, when the garrison evacuated it, covered by Chuttur Singh's whole force, who, however, were not suffered to effect this purpose without considerable loss, in a skirmish lasting the whole day.

At the end of two months, the Sikh authority in Huzara was confined to the defences of Fort Hurkishengurh, and to the glacis around it.

Such continued the state of things for several months, and until a few days previous to the battle of Goojrat ; when the more powerful chieftains of Lower Huzara losing heart, deserted to Dost Mahommed Khan, (whose army, 12,000 strong, were camped in sight) and invited his son with two regiments of infantry, four guns, and about 3,500 horse into Huzara.

As I had only 120 horse, no efficient guns, no drilled infantry, no bayonets, I could not meet this force in the open plain. As the chiefs of Lower Huzara were in the enemy's camp, and as the enemy, by sweeping around the advanced and isolated post I had hitherto occupied, threatened to cut off my communication with Cashmere, from whence my treasure was derived ; I had no choice but to fall back upon the centre of my district. And thus the Duranis, for about eight days, were masters of the open plain about Hurkishengurh, an area of about ninety square miles ; not, however, venturing beyond it. The news of the victory at Gujrat dispersed them in the most childish panic, and the fort Hurkishengurh surrendered to me.

This strong little fort, standing in the open plain, I could not at any time have invested, without devastating the plain around it, and thus bringing upon the people of Huzara certain misery, for the sake of a very uncertain result.

For the Durani army, strong in cavalry, could at any time sweep the plain around this fort, and I was so crippled in means, as seldom to have even gunpowder for more than two hours' action.

My armed peasants, however, collected revenue almost to the muzzles of the guns of this fort, and when the garrison, 1,000 strong,

presumed to sally; my horse, headed by my gallant friend, Mir Zemaun Khan, fell upon them in beautiful style, and drove them pall mall back into the fort with great slaughter. So hot was the onset, that the fort itself might have been captured; but that the chief, in affectionate reverence for my commands, halted at the town, to prevent the plunder of the shop-keepers.

From this brief, but correct sketch, of actual circumstances, the reader will be able to judge whether Sir Charles Napier has greatly exaggerated in saying that I held Huzara in complete subjection throughout the war. If a garrison, prisoners to their own glacis, be an exception sufficient to nullify his general assertion: it surely does not justify his Reviewer in saying, that nearly the whole of Huzara was subject to the enemy. Had such been the case, the Sikhs had never met us on the nearly level plains of Chilianwala and Goojrat: but would have opposed us on the very strong ground of the Sind Sagur Doab; where, with such generalship as we could command, the result must have been very uncertain. But they dared not fight, with Huzara hostile to them in their rear: for in case of defeat, that fierce people would have exterminated the relics of their army.

Some true and many false views have been given to the world, relative to those eight troublous months. A powerful party is concerned in taking a particular view of the origin and nature of that struggle, and at the head of this party is a high functionary of the state, who lately held vice-regal authority in India. Reverence for him might have kept me silent, had he not condescended to challenge me in the senate of my country. The honor of breaking a lance with so noble an opponent, is irresistible.

If I have been so long silent, it has not been for want of matter; nor, as I trust, of argument, to bear along with me the judgment of my countrymen. In the confidence of the people I ruled, I had means of intelligence seldom, if ever before possessed by any European in India; but I have in fact been overwhelmed with the duties, civil, military, and political, of a large border district.

If it be reserved for my pen to remove the invidious cloak of silence which has fallen upon *his* actions, who, next to Edwardes, was undoubtedly the hero of that campaign; I mean, of course, Major John Nicholson; I shall have rendered history and my country acceptable service; I shall have set before the rising generation an example of devotion, promptitude and daring, which will incite them to great deeds when opportunity occurs; and shall have enriched the roll of my country's worthies, with one more noble name.

I am, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

J. ABBOTT.

Ishapoor, August 5, 1854.

All this may be very true, and we doubt not that what Major Abbott narrates, of *his own personal knowledge*, is strictly so, and yet the portion of Sir Henry Lawrence's statement that regards him and Sir Charles Napier, may be equally correct. We make thus much reservation, for it is clear from the above letter, that "almost the whole of Huzara was *not* in the enemy's hands;" as in the hurry of writing a paper he had no opportunity of revising, Sir Henry Lawrence asserted; but it is equally certain, on Major Abbott's own shewing, that Huzara was *not* held by him "in perfect subjection during the war," *which is the question at issue.* Major Abbott's letter, therefore, leaves the question, as regards himself, much where he found it. He did his duty nobly, but he did not hold, and could not possibly have held, *all Huzara* during the insurrection.

Major Abbott promises to give to the world a full account of the transactions in which he bore so distinguished a part, and we, with many others, probably including Sir Henry Lawrence, will welcome a volume on Huzara, from Major Abbott's pen.

With the double purpose of shewing what Sir Henry Lawrence did say, and what he omitted to say, we republish his remarks in full:—

"Sir Charles Napier has recorded that Major Abbott held Huzara 'in perfect subjection 'during the war, and without any troops.' 'This is, like most of Sir Charles' assertions, wholly incorrect; the 'fact being, that almost the whole of Huzara was in the enemy's 'hands. Abbott is, however, a most gallant and scientific soldier. 'Had he not been a good man, and had he not won the affections of 'the people, he could not have stood his ground at all. His credit 'is *not* in having performed impossibilities, but, in having, as an 'isolated European, without guns, powder or money, maintained his 'position throughout the war, in the midst of a race of fanatical 'Mahommedans, against Dost Mahommed, as well as the Sikhs."

Perhaps, had the above paragraph given, in full, all that Sir Charles Napier said, at page 414 of his book, of Major Abbott, the latter would have perceived, that Sir Henry Lawrence's intention was not to insinuate any short-comings on his part, but to offer another proof of the inaccuracy of the Commander-in-Chief, who, with full opportunities of hearing the truth, was publishing to the world that all politicals in the Punjab, except one, had failed to acquire the confidence of the people, and therefore required to be bolstered up by battalions.

In his text at page 414, Sir Charles Napier says, "I have seen Major Abbott, who is in civil charge of the Huzara country, and he is decidedly against any additional troops, whether regular or irregular, being sent into his district." And in a note adds, "Major Abbott held this whole district in perfect subjection during the war, and without any troops. He won the confidence of the people, and they stood by him!"

This last line, with its note of exclamation, Sir Henry Lawrence

failed to quote. Taken with the context, it speaks volumes. It tells that Edwardes, who fought and won two battles at the head of bands of "*the people*," had *not* their confidence,—that Nicholson, who for months swept the Sind-Sagur Doab, in the face of two hostile armies,—that Taylor, who cleared Derajat of Affghans, as well as of Sikhs, both of them without other soldiers, than the untrained peasants of the soil, had *not* the confidence of the people. Sir Henry Lawrence might have pointed to those officers, also to Colonel George Lawrence, who, by personal influence, and by his hold on the people, and on the very Sikh soldiers, restrained the latter for six months, after mutiny was among them. He might have quoted the still more notable fact, of the people, that is one tribe, raising the British banner, and, unaccompanied by a single British Officer, or soldier, ejecting the Seikh faction from Dera Ghazi Khan. He could further have shown that such was the state of security in the country, which Sir Charles Napier asserted had risen against its oppressors, that, from first to last of the war, single officers and trains of Commissariat waggons and camels, slightly guarded, and often altogether unattended, traversed in perfect safety the length and breadth of the Sikh country east of the Chenâb. Surely, with such facts to bear out his opinions, Sir Henry Lawrence was moderate in simply denying undue credit to *one* officer, at the expense of *all others* who had been employed under him in the Punjab, during the years 1846 and 1847.

Like many other passages in Sir Charles Napier's book, an essay might be written in disproof of the possibility of a *people** enabling their leaders continuously, during a war of nearly twelve months, to hold their district "in perfect subjection." All history proves the contrary. The Duke of Wellington, the very Napiers themselves, have recorded the fact, that a mob is helpless against disciplined troops. Major Abbott's levies were no exceptions: holding as strong a country as any in the world, they could not prevent two Sikh Regiments, in Puklee, joining Chutter Singh's main body in the plain of Huzara. The less said about the battle the better. Whether it was treachery, or whether it was cowardice, the levies, holding a strong pass, deserted their Officers, and fled before they were hurt, before the Sikhs were within matchlock range. Surely, this fact, with the other now related by Major Abbott, that the Sikhs were able to withdraw their garrison from the top of Gundgurh, (a mountain from time immemorial against them, where they had met many bloody defeats, and where Abbott's staunchest partisans resided,) proves that the people could not hold the country in opposition to the Sikhs.

* Sir Charles could not have understood the force of the terms he was using. The fighting people and the working people, especially in Huzara, are perfectly different. The very protection given to the latter often obtains, *not* the confidence, but the ill will of the former. Major Abbott had the singular good fortune to attach both classes.

It might further be urged, that the same military means, and ability, that enabled Chutter Singh to bring off his detachment and garrison, and to withdraw out-posts, that, defending nothing, might any day be over-powered or starved out, would have enabled him, from Rawul Pindee, the Indus or Peshawar, at one or other of which his head quarters remained during the war, to work his will in the plains of Huzara and Rawul Pindee. Or Dost Mahomed might at any time, with the 12,000 men Major Abbott assigns him, from his even nearer positions, have done what Major Abbott describes his having done for "about eight days," previous to the battle of Gujrat.

Sir Charles Napier talked and wrote a great deal about the affections of the people, and of how he could and would have managed the Punjaub border: until he made the Scinde frontier over to Major Jacob, he had little to boast of in his arrangements in that far more manageable quarter. His assertions of the non-necessity of troops, of 15,000 being sufficient for the whole Punjaub, was very fanciful. To imagine that any where in India, in plains, or hills, the people would pay a Rupee without feeling certain that bayonets were within hail, is somewhat Quixotic. Moderation, mercy, and benevolence, are all most proper, they are excellent auxiliaries, they will do the work admirably when the main body is within reach, but unsupported, would be as useless as are the Bengal Police in a row.

Though Major Abbott *had* a real knowledge of the people, he seems to have fallen somewhat into Sir Charles Napier's error regarding Huzara, or not always to have remembered his own and their peculiar circumstances. He had been the means of conferring immense favors on the district. He had been sent as a messenger of mercy, to rescue a proud and a long persecuted race from tyranny. He carried out his orders admirably, and attached the large majority of the chiefs and people to himself. But in Huzara, as elsewhere, long oppression had begotten treachery, treason and violence. Thus many still remained in the land, who loved not the tranquillity that had been brought about. Some of these, from the first, were with the enemy, others remained to fetter Abbott's hands. With some again the remembrance of kindness had already passed away: they could not appreciate it. They hungered only for the spoliation Abbott prevented. He tells us, too, that he "was so crippled in means 'as seldom to have even gunpowder for more than two hours' 'action; further, that his communications were threatened with 'Cashmere, from whence my treasure was derived." He might have added, that his arms were somewhat worse than those Sir Charles Napier facetiously designated as a bit of a barrel, a bit of a lock, &c. These are surely reasons enough why Major Abbott could not have held Huzara in perfect subjection during the war.

According to our information, the Sikhs held the cultivated plain, and the British partisans held the mountains; neither party probably collecting much revenue. The Sikhs helped themselves to what they could get, and Abbott's friends got some compensation for loss

of crops in the monthly pay they received from him. We are however open to conviction, and will be glad to acknowledge our error, when we see in the promised book, detailed statements, shewing what treasure was received from Cashmere and elsewhere, and what collections were made in Huzara during the year of insurrection. We shall also require the other indications "of perfect subjection" in communications kept up, &c., &c.

We do not altogether understand the allusions Major Abbott makes to a powerful party, headed by a high functionary having *an interest* in taking a particular view of the nature and origin of the late struggle in the Punjab. But again we say we shall be glad to hear all Major Abbott has to say. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

We are still more at a loss to understand how Major Abbott's partial or entire possession of Huzara prevented the Sikhs making the strong country of Rawul Pindee the seat of the war; or how, if defeated in the latter tract, they were to be at the mercy of the Huzarahs, more than they were after the rout at Gujrat. The fact is, the further they had to fly, after the first rally, the more would have been their disorganization. At Jelum they were in better case to fight than at Rawul Pindee. Panic-stricken as they were, we never heard that Abbott's or any other levies detained them, for an hour, even at the formidable Margulla Pass. Had Major Abbott seen the Sikhs retreat from Gujrat, or had he witnessed the dauntless bearing with which their French Brigade at Sobraon, long after the British troops were in possession of the works, and of the banks of the river, effected their retreat, passing literally through our troops, and receiving the fire of whole regiments on their flanks, as they steadily, with ranks closed up, moved down to the deep and rapid ford, already covered with their comrades' corpses, he would not have supposed that, while a single regiment held together, they would have been at the mercy of any hill-men, especially of tribes miles and miles off their line of retreat.

A simpler reason than that assigned by Major Abbott, for Shere Singh and Chutter Singh preferring the Jetchnab to the Scinde-Sagur Doab was, that *there* they could better recruit and find supplies. At Chileeanwala the Sikh army were nearly starved, at Rawul Pindee, or in the Huzara, they would have been entirely so

If they erred in meeting us in the open plain, their tactics would not have been improved, by removing the war from the neighbourhood of a Rajput and Jaut population, to a Mahomedan country; especially as to the last hour the Sikhs had no strong reasons for knowing which side Dost Mahomed might take; common sense, and his own interests, were against the line he did take.

One word more. Major Abbott's letter seems to imply that Major Nicholson also requires defence against Sir Henry Lawrence. The following are the terms in which that officer was mentioned:

"Major John Nicholson, at the head of loose bands of militia,

'was the terror of the Sikhs in the Scinde-Sagur and Rechnab 'Doabs. His hundreds were good against Chutter Singh's thou- 'sands. At Ghuzni, and during both the Sikh campaigns, as 'more recently in the hills above Bunnu, he has shown himself to 'be of the stuff that, not only soldiers, but great Generals are made 'of. If Nicholson live, and prove not one of the very best com- 'manders of his day, I am greatly mistaken."

Major Abbott's full length picture can hardly depict Major Nicholson in more favorable colours, as a soldier, than does the above brief sketch. He may, however, tell of the more glorious laurels his friend has since won. How his name is respected, as well as feared, throughout Bunnu, Dera Ishmael Khan, and their borders. How, like Major Edwardes, he has afforded another proof, that an excellent soldier may be an excellent Civil Administrator.

We have thus shewn that neither Major Abbott nor Major Nicholson has any cause of quarrel with any thing that has appeared in these pages. Nevertheless, we repeat that we shall welcome the promised volume. Huzara is a worthy theme, and has scarcely had its fair share of public notice. Major Abbott may not be an "Oberlin," nor did his terms of service, or his opportunities admit of his opening out the resources, and civilizing the people of Huzara, as sixty years of continued incumbency enabled the unrivalled pastor of the Ban de la Boche to do for that mild valley; but he has the honor, a very proud one, of for six years having been the patriarch in peace, and the leader in war, of as troublesome a people as any in India, of having won and retained their affections, and of having left the district, more attached to British rule than any other in the Punjab, not excepting even Khangra.

He has found a worthy successor in Captain Becher, a man after his own heart; and when the latter shall have intersected the valleys with roads, the dreaded dell of Khagan will no longer be a *terra in cognita*; and we may hope that Jehandad Khan's country, even up to the Black Mountain, may be brought within the pale of civilization.

Christ our Life; in its Origin, Law and End. By Joseph Angus, D. D., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. London, 1853.

THE Essay before us, originated in the public application of a gentleman connected with the public service of the East India Company, for an "Essay on the Life of Christ," adapted to Missionary purposes, and suitable for translation into the Vernacular languages of India

There is a reported saying of the great Macaulay, that Prize Cattle are only fit for candles, and Prize Essays to light them. This saying may not be universally true, but we are prepared to admit its truthfulness in reference to all Prize Essays, written in *England*, towards the conversion of Hindus. It may be laid down as an axiom, that no man, however learned and gifted, can effectually write an Essay of this description, unless he has resided in India, conversed with the natives on religious subjects, and is, to some extent, acquainted with the vernacular languages of India. Different nations, speaking various languages, have different modes of communicating and apprehending religious truths. To prove this, we have only to refer to the symbols of Egypt, and Assyria, and the writings of the prophet Ezekiel. Every Missionary well knows, by painful experience, the extreme difficulty of making religious truth, and that entirely new, intelligible even to the most learned pandits.

It appears to us, that the best,—the very best, Life of Christ, is that written by the Evangelists. If we take for granted, that they wrote under the guidance of inspiration, we must also take for granted, that infinite wisdom has employed both the mode and the style best adapted to realize the end of their composition. There is about the Gospels an orientalism of style, and great truths are delivered and clothed in beautiful and parabolic garb. Hence their beautiful adaptation to the people of India.

The Essay before us, is divided into two sections, respectively termed the Introduction, and the Life of Christ. In the former, we have a brief account of the origin and the progress of idolatry, with its moral results. The latter contains the Life of Christ, according to the most approved method of *harmonists*. Looking at the Essay simply as a literary and theological composition, we think neither better nor worse of it than of hundreds of others, scattered through the religious world; and it may prove a very estimable book in the hands of students and intelligent Christians. Our business is not with the book, from that point of view; but to determine whether or not it is adapted to answer the purpose of translation and circulation among the natives of this country.

We are painfully compelled to acknowledge our conviction that, in this respect, the Essay will prove a failure; and these are our reasons. Books written by Europeans, ignorant of the languages of the East, abound in phraseologies, figures of speech, indistinct allusions, and quotations, which a Hindu cannot understand We have seen figures of speech cast in a European mould, introduced into religious tracts, which no native can understand. Again, theological writers in Europe are so much in the habit of addressing intelligent Christians, that they fall into the habit of addressing Hindus in the same style, taking for granted that they understand what they do not, and cannot.

We shall bring before our readers some phrases taken at random

from the book, and which the translator must either modify or omit altogether, to make the Essay of any practical use.

"Let the reader look at Paul's description of human nature." "Such writers as Wetsteim and Leland." "Having the Bible in our hand." "In the days of Luther, men admitted facts, but denied the inferences." "Such a history as Xenophon has given of the youth of Cyrus" "The Essenes, the representatives of the mystics and ascetics of the middle ages." We cannot help thinking, that the writer sometimes forgets his antagonist, hitting hard some European heterodoxy, instead of Hinduism. The author has introduced a goodly number of Greek and Latin terms into the text, and in the foot notes; are they to be transferred into the translation? The parties for whose benefit the translation is made, are supposed to be ignorant of both Greek and Latin. Then those terms must be omitted, or else written in the native characters, to no purpose whatever.

In this brief notice, we had no intention of attacking any of the author's positions, but if the following extraordinary assertion were left unnoticed, we feel that we would be guilty of dereliction of duty, and exhibit a singular degree of ignorance, as it regards both ancient and modern systems of idolatry.

"The religion of the Bible, it must be remembered, is the only one founded on properly miraculous evidence. The systems of heathenism submit no such credentials."

We have always understood, that if there be genuine revelation given to men, there would be also counterfeits, and if the credibility of the *true* be supported by miracles, so would the false. Let us suppose that Dr. Angus's book is translated, and circulated among learned Hindus, they will perceive at once, that the object of the book is to prove that Christ is a *true* incarnation, and the miracles of Christ are adduced to prove it; they will then proceed to compare Christ with the incarnations of Vishnu, and from the Puranas prove that the Hindu incarnations performed miracles as numerous, and as stupendous, as those of Christ, and some of them are of a benevolent character. Krishna held a mountain on his little finger, like an umbrella, to shelter the cow-pens, from a deluge of rain sent by Indra; killed numerous demons that were a curse to the human race; exempted a flower-seller and his descendants, from all the infirmities of the human family, as long as the sun endures; made a crooked girl straight. Sandipani requested Krishna to give him back his dead son, drowned in the sea of Prabhasa, which Krishna did in his former person. Dr. Angus may assert that Christ performed miracles in order to prove his divinity. So did Krishna; his associates regarded him simply as a lively boy, full of fun and frolic, until he encountered the demon-snake, conquered it, and ordered it to pack up his traps, and to be off to the sea with his whole family. By this celebrated exploit the divinity of Krishna was recognized and acknowledged.

We do not know whether, by the phrase adapted to Missionary

purposes," the Essay is intended as a sort of hand-book for Missionaries, if so, it looks very much like a libel upon an intelligent body of men, because throughout the Essay we have not been able to find the shadow of an attempt to solve, or to remove one of the numerous difficulties that continually press upon the Missionary.

Catalogue of the Arabic, Persian and Hindustani Manuscripts in the Libraries of the King of Oudh. By A. Sprenger, M. D., Calcutta, 1854. *Vol.* 1. *Persian and Hindustani Poetry.*

This work, involving an immense amount of research and German perseverance, was compiled under the orders of the Government of India. Dr. Sprenger is doing for the past of Literature what James Prinsep did for the past of History, and those labors of Dr. Sprenger, independent of their antiquarian and linguistic bearings, have a very important educational one,—they show that if the Indian languages have been used so powerfully as an instrument for light and merely amusing books, they can be also applied to the noble object of conveying European and Christian knowledge. When we consider the amount of mind and energy which have been thrown into the 10,000 oriental volumes Dr. Sprenger has consulted for this work of his, we see the native power that may be applied to good. By the directions of Lord Hardinge in 1847, Dr. Sprenger undertook cataloguing the Lucknow Libraries—and he devoted eighteen months to the work—his own acquirements in Semitic bibliography pointed him out as the fittest man in Asia for the task—it is to be regretted that ill health has caused a temporary suspension of the work. The late Sir H. Elliot gave it every encouragement in his power ; though himself engaged indefatigably in making known the ancient historians of India, yet he felt the great importance of a knowledge of Indian literature as a key to the national mind. Dr Sprenger gives a list of 1,400 writers of Urdu poetry. The title of each Persian work is given in the original, with notices of the contents of the work, and a brief account of the author. One of the most important services the Government can render to the cause of indigenous education, is the publication of such catalogues as these, which give us a clue to what natives are doing, and rouse us to be active in the cause of a sound literature. The ensuing volumes promise to be very interesting. Notices of Persian Prose and Philological Works—Urdu Works—translations from the Sanskrit and Hindi into Persian and Urdu—Biographies and writings of Arabic Philologers, Literati and Poets—Musulman sciences—Biographies and works of Sophies and Moslem Mystics. The Moslem in India have had little attention paid to them by the authorities or private individuals. Europeans are ignorant of their state of mind ; we trust the publication of this work will tend to rouse attention to this class, and

that Dr. Sprenger's catalogue will convince people that the Moslem mind in India has much rich ore, which by a proper smelting process, may yield a valuable material.

Rajniti, a collection of Hindu Apologues in the Brij Bhásha language. Allahabad, 1854.

The *Rajniti* is a vernacular reflex into *Brij Bhasha* from that invaluable work the *Hitopodesh*, which has been translated into as many languages as the Pilgrim's Progress, and which, notwithstanding blemishes of expression, abounds with excellent moral remarks, shrewd aphorisms and admirable apologues, all suited to oriental taste. Professor Hall, the Editor, has improved the text of this edition, appended notes, and a glossary of rare words. We are glad to see that as a Professor in the Sanskrit College of Benares, he is making his Sanskrit acquirements to bear on the improvement of the Hindi, and its kindred dialects, which like the Bengali and Uriya, must ever look to Sanskrit as its great type and fountain of improvement. We should like to see issued from the Benares Sanskrit College a translation of that admirable Sanskrit work *Vrihat Katha*, a collection of tales of Budhist and olden Hindu days.

Chikitsá Sár, Compendium of Medicine in Bengali. By Dr. Bachelor.

An admirable work giving an outline of Physiology and Anatomy —as also a Materia Medica and brief sketch of Surgery. This work ought to have a place in every mission station throughout the length and breadth of Bengal. It explains the common diseases, their symptoms, causes and remedies, and is particularly valuable in supplying lists of native medicines, both cheap and efficacious.

Aushudh Prastut Videa or Pharmacy. By Shib Chunder Karmakar, 1854.

A useful work—but it introduces too many English names, murdered in the spelling; thus our old friend 'specific gravity,' is written *ispisiphik grabhiti;* Avoirdupois weight is *ebhardipais oet.* If the author wishes to have a good sale he must not charge four annas for nineteen pages.

Másik Patrika, Nos. 1. *and* 2. *Monthly Magazine for Females.*

A NOBLE attempt to write useful matter in language adapted to the capacity of the females in Bengal. The first number is on *Shrads* being of no use.—Account of female virtue in *Lucretia.*—Dialogue on teaching. As is the mother so is the son. The publication is edited by natives, and shows that educated babus are awaking to a sense of their duty to spread knowledge among the masses through their vernacular tongue. We heartily welcome this periodical, and wish it every success.

Udbhij Videa, or Simple Lessons on Plants.

A WORK translated from the English, by educated natives, designed to impart elementary instruction on plants, their uses, structure, &c. is a translation, with adaptations, of a little work called the Child's Botany. In this country boys in country districts are very observant of the objects of nature, and particularly of all subjects relating to plants—hitherto they have had no means of gaining knowledge from books on these points. Botany has been called the science of ladies, we think it ought to be too the science of an educated rural population.

Luker Injil, Gospel of Luke in Musulman-Bengali, 1853.

PUBLISHED by the Calcutta Bible Society for the use of Musulmans who cannot read pure Bengali, but who can understand a language half Urdu half Bengali—a most important class.

Muhammeder Jiban Charitra, or Life of Muhammed, founded on Arabic Authorities.

GIVES a preliminary notice of the History and Geography of Arabia, Muhammed's early years, intercourse with Christians, marriage, first converts, wars, &c.—the facts are based on the researches of Sprenger, Caussin de Perceval, Weil and Muir, and give not what Europeans think ought to be, but what has been, as admitted by Arab writers themselves. It is of vital consequence in discussions with the Moslems to state nothing about their founder which is not derived from facts drawn from Arab sources.

Adea's Anglo-Bengali Dictionary. 1854.

A WORK valuable for natives studying English, or for Europeans learning to translate.

Memoir of the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht. Nisbett, London, 1854.

THE name of Weitbrecht will awaken affectionate and sorrowful recollections in the breasts of many that read it. It is so lately that he was amongst us; he was so familiar, and so dear to very many, that we can scarcely feel it a reality that we have now before us a Memoir, compiled and published in England, of one who was living and moving in the midst of us here in Bengal, as it were, but yesterday.

Yet so it is: and the volume is a very substantial and respectable one, compiled evidently with considerable industry and care, and by no means deficient in the most lively interest, as far, at least, as a very rapid and partial perusal enables us as yet to form an opinion.

The work comes doubly recommended by a Preface from the pen of the Rev. Henry Venn, Honorary Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, with which Mr. Weitbrecht had been connected during his whole Indian life, and by a sort of Introduction from our friend the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher (some time Principal of La Martiniere Institution in Calcutta,) who had a principal hand in the editing of the Memoir, which was compiled by Mr. Weitbrecht's widow. But in truth it needs not, as appears to us, so much gentleman-ushering into the audience chamber of public attention. There is a manly strength of character, a straightforward frankness and honesty of purpose, a vigorous good sense, and a warm and solid piety about the subject of it, that appear in his very physiognomy,—of which, by the way, a good engraving adorns the volume,—and are quite sufficient of themselves to secure a reception with the reading public. Indeed, the popular verdict has already been pronounced intelligibly enough in the rapid sale of an impression of 3,000 copies, and the immediate demand for another, which is now in course of preparation, if not already published.

We had contemplated including in our present Number a somewhat more extended notice of this acceptable piece of Christian and Missionary Biography, coupled with a brief sketch of some of the leading features of the Society, with which its subject was so long connected, and which plays so conspicuous a part in the Missionary operations of India. Circumstances, however, beyond our control, have prevented the present fulfilment of our expectation; but we fully purpose to take it up in our next Issue; and in the meantime commend the Memoir itself to the regard of our readers.

SANDERS, CONES AND CO., TYPS., NO. 65, COSSITOLLAH.

THE

CALCUTTA REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* 2 *Vols., London,* 1853.—*(A Romance of the Ganges, &c.)*

WE entertain a feeling of regard for all the minor poets of the present century, a feeling of regard that borders upon love. We do not wish our readers to suppose, from this confession, that we are partial to the innumerable scribblers of verses for magazines and newspapers. But we do entertain a feeling of great regard, bordering indeed upon love, for those poets, who, having the genuine afflatus from above, are yet unable, and will always be unable, from a variety of causes, to make any impression on the public mind. Alford, Strong, Trench, Elton, &c., &c., their very names are music to our ears. It may be that the fire which burns in their hearts, hath neither sufficient heat nor lustre to attract a crowd, but the flame is real, and not a mere reflexion. We do not know them personally, but we can conceive to ourselves the purity and peace in which the days of men, who are able to think and feel like them, must glide away: in the world, but apart from it: their hearts like temples in the suburbs of mighty cities, where noise cannot penetrate, and nothing is heard, but the rustle of leaves, or the gentle murmur of waters, or haply, a human voice in prayer! "Feeding all longings that aspire, like incense, heavenward." What, if noisier men get more praise? What, if the public taste be against them and their pursuits? What, if the world neglect them? There is a music in their souls which compensates for all.

> Not harsh nor grating,—but of ample power
> To soften and subdue.

If any reader wish to know the names of all the minor poets, to whom our observations refer, we must tell him that we cannot even trust our memory to name them all at once. Of course, we remember them, the moment we see their books, but then to have a ready catalogue of them on one's tongue, that is a different matter altogether, and we fairly confess we are not equal to the task! We can give the reader, instead of the names, a pretty sure test, by which

he may find out, whether any man that has published a book of verses comes under our category of minor poets, and is entitled to regard and love. The test is simple. Let the reader ascertain first, whether the man is a Christian, not ostensively, but in heart. If he is, well and good. If he is not, he may be rejected at once. Let him next ascertain whether he prefers the school of Byron, or the school of Wordsworth. If he prefers the former, and has a dislike for the latter, he can be rejected at once; if, on the other hand, he likes Byron, but prefers Wordsworth, well and good, he may be put to a third and final trial. Let the reader glance over his volume, and see whether the man writes for effect. If he does, he fails at the eleventh hour. A man who is blind to the poetry of the Christian religion, prefers Byron to Wordsworth, and writes for effect, can seldom have a *body of thought* in his verses; generally speaking, he must rant, and if there is any good in him, he is much more likely to obtain popularity, than to blossom in the shade. He can rarely indeed be a minor poet, that is, a *genuine* poet, whom the world does not admire. We do not say that our test is infallible, but let the reader try it on a dozen of the volumes on his table, and say if it is not a pretty fair one.

Confessing to such a love of the minor poets, it would be absurd for us to deny that we entertain as great a regard, or greater, for the poetesses, several of whom have the peculiar flame of genius to which we have before made reference, although in none burns it with that volcanic, or calm but overpowering brilliance, which attracts and gratifies the multitude. We do not of course like every blue-stocking that writes verses; no, indeed, for we know some to be insufferable bores, and Mr. Thackeray, in *Pendennis*, has most satisfactorily demonstrated, in the character of Miss Blanche Amory, how a lady may write poetry, and be neither deserving of admiration nor love; —but we like the generality even of those ladies who write on such subjects as *Spring,—Winter,—To a Violet—To a Child sleeping—Morning,—Evening*, &c., &c., in the trumpery annuals. They may not leave great names behind them, or be looked upon with reverence by future generations; but their pursuits are gentle and harmless, and their hearts generally are replete with the finest feelings of our nature. If they are not great poetesses, they, at all events, know how to appreciate great poetry; and that necessarily makes them somewhat superior to the common run of women.

It cannot be denied that there are no poetesses in the English language, fit to take positions beside the highest poets,

beside Shakespeare, or Spenser, or Milton ; but then, there are poetesses fit to take places beside the highest of the second class or order of poets. The women have labored under a disadvantage. In their education the ornamental accomplishments have always occupied a disproportionate share of attention. When we take into consideration the comparatively short period during which the intellectual education of women has been considered as necessary as that of men, and the very large number of excellent poetesses that have appeared in it, we have every reason to suppose, that we have had no great poetesses,—because the women have not had fair play,—and not because they are in any way our inferiors in intellect; and we have every reason to hope, that great female poets will appear in time. Our fathers could show very few poetesses, even ordinary verse-taggers,—we can show many. Our chances of a great poetess, therefore, are more favourable. Who are the female poets of Shakespeare's time? Our readers will hardly be able to name one. Lady Jane Grey, though a great scholar, never wrote poetry. Mary of Scotland wrote poetry, but very little better than our Jane Actons and Eliza Cooks. Mrs. Phillips, the matchless Orinda, wrote far better indeed, but how many can we name to eclipse her—Hemans and Landon, Bowles and Howitt, Norton and Baillie.

Yet late in the day as our women have taken the field, they have exercised no inconsiderable influence upon English poetical literature. A softening, healing, purifying element has been introduced through their instrumentality in a body which had become offensive and corrupt ever since the time of Charles II., and which, without their interference, would probably have advanced (in spite of some glorious examples) from one stage to another, of hopeless putrefaction, till the very name of poetry stank in our nostrils. When we remember that such men as Butler could not wholly resist the "infection," and that three or four only soared above the awful miasma, we feel that we owe our women-poets a debt of gratitude which nothing can ever repay. Nor is that feeling any wise diminished, when we contrast our literature with that of other nations—especially of nations where the female influence is not felt. When we contrast English poetical literature, with the poetical literature of India for instance, are we not startled at the gulf that lies between, and do not we feel, as if in one case, we had reached some hill or lofty eminence, where the wind blew fresh and vigorous, and in another some marsh or fen,—picturesque indeed,—but where the breeze wafted on its pinions scarcely any thing but disease and death? Is it diffi-

cult to conceive how different would have been the tone of Bengali poetry, if we had a female Bharut Chunder? And would not Sanscrit poetry have been much more healthy for a female Valmiki or Vyas? It is not denied, that other causes have materially aided the gradual purification of English poetry, and that the influence of the poetesses in itself has not done every thing:—what is contended for,—is, that it has done much. And when so much is admitted, it is impossible not to lament that there has been no culture of the female mind in the land of our adoption,—and not to bless the memory of the whole band of British poetesses, and especially of those glorious ones, amongst them, who have sprung forth into light and loveliness within our generation.

We do not consider Anna Seward and Mrs. Barbauld among our ancient poetesses, nor do we consider them amongst our modern. They belong to a middle space, and we shall have nothing to do with them at present.

We think the modern poetesses would stand very nearly thus, if classed according to the order of merit. Baillie, Browning, Hemans, Bowles, Norton, Mitford, Howitt, Landon. We do not class Hannah More with the set, because we think she ought more properly to take her station with the older generation of the Sewards and the Barbaulds.

It has not been without a twinge of conscience that we have given Mrs. Hemans the third place in our list. At one time, we thought she occupied the first, and verily, our old partiality comes back upon us, at intervals, especially when, on a holiday, we have a copy of her *Lays of Many Lands*, or her *Songs of the Affections*, before us. If authors were to be judged alone by occasional short pieces, Mrs. Hemans would, undoubtedly, be the greatest of our female poets. Miss Baillie or Mrs. Browning never wrote such poems as *Ivan the Czar*, or *Cassabianca*, or the *Hebrew Mother*. The world will never let these die. They defy the devouring flames of time as haughtily as *Hohenlinden*, or *Laodamia*, or *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*. But authors are not to be judged by short occasional pieces only; their longer efforts must be taken into the balance. It is not enough that a poet can fly. Is he able to sustain his flight? A crow might, by a desperate effort, or in a sudden fit of rapturous enjoyment, reach an eminence higher than an eagle, but before we decide that it is the bird of the stronger wing, we must assuredly enquire whether it can soar near the place it has reached as continuously as its rival. Mrs. Hemans was never successful in her ambitious and sustained flights. *The Forest Sanctuary, The Vespers of Palermo, The Siege of Valencia, Modern Greece,*

are all failures. We do not mean to insinuate that she is the crow, and Miss Baillie or Mrs. Browning is the eagle, but we cannot help feeling that their intellects are more masculine and powerful, and though they must both yield to her in delicacy of feeling, and in correctness and grace of style, they are in other and higher requisites her superiors.

We do not mean to inflict on our readers, a detailed criticism on all our poetesses. It will be enough, in passing, to glance at their leading characteristics.

Joanna Baillie, the greatest of them, has a rare and happy combination of many gifts. She has less grace and delicacy than Mrs. Hemans, less fancy than Miss Landon, less pathos and simplicity than Caroline Bowles, perhaps less nerve and vigor than Mrs. Browning; but she unites in herself *all* these qualities more largely than any of them. Her Plays on the Passions, though constructed on a fundamentally wrong principle, and by no means adapted for the stage, are productions of extraordinary merit, and will continue to be read as long as the English language lasts. It cannot be denied that she imposed a most unnecessary restriction on herself, in devoting every separate play to the exhibition of a single passion; but the manner in which she has performed her task, cannot be praised too highly. She is a devoted admirer of Shakspeare, and has made him her model. It is well that she has done so, for she has thus been able to avoid the faults of Shakspeare's greatest contemporaries—faults, into which a blind admiration for them has betrayed so many of our modern dramatists. Her characters are conceived long before she sets to work, and no inducement is sufficiently strong to induce her to deviate from the original outlines shadowed out in her mind. The generality of modern dramatists will not hesitate to sacrifice the original idea of a character for temporary effect; but she remains constant and faithful to her original ideas, and only looks forward to the consummation.* The consequence is, her plays are not a succession of brilliant and effective, but unconnected scenes, but of scenes of more or less brilliancy and power, harmonizing into works of the most consummate art.

It is certainly a great shame to modern dramatists, that they should permit themselves to be excelled by a woman, in almost all those qualities, where a woman is most likely to fail. In breadth and grandeur of design, in consistency of execu-

* "She forms her plan of a character carefully, and having done so, no temptation induces her to deviate from it for the sake of transitory effect Neither the seductions of imagery, nor the fascinating exhibition of strong passion, can tempt her from her onward road. If these be naturally within her path, it is well—if they be not, she will not stop aside in search of them."—*Edinburgh Review*, 1836.

tion, in nerve, in sublimity, in pathos, she not only stands above all her female compeers, but above most of her male rivals—aye, above Scott and Byron, in the peculiar province of the drama. There are passages and scenes in her plays which make an indelible impression on the mind. Obedient to the spell of the enchantress, we now shudder with horror, and now weep with pity, and now tremble in suspense, and doubt, and anxiety. Who, that has ever read, can ever forget, *De Montfort, or Henriquez*, or *The Dream of Constantine!* The high-souled king haranguing his people, and turning rebellion into obedience and love with his words.

> ———In your homes
> Ye've stretched your easy limbs and fanned your brows,
> Whilst I, in parching toil, have spent the day—

The murderer stumbling on the scaffold, and exclaiming to the priest, while there is a blaze of torches around him :—

> It is dark: I cannot see.

The innocent man scorning the pardon offered him by the guilty.

> Though born of blood less noble than your own, &c.

The apparition of the stranger lady :—

> So queenly, so commanding and so noble,
> I shrunk at first in awe,—but when she smiled,
> Methought I could have compassed sea and land
> To do her bidding.

Ah ! who that has read such passages as these, but will own, there is some truth in Scott's well known high-flown compliment.

> And Avon's swans, while rung the grove
> With Basil's hate and Montfort's love,
> Awakening at the inspired strain,
> Deemed their own Shakspeare lived again!

It is unnecessary to speak of Mrs. Browning in this place, as we shall have to point out her peculiar faults and beauties at some length before we conclude—and about Mrs. Hemans, our opinion has been already given. If she has less vigor than Miss Baillie, she has, undoubtedly, more elegance and tenderness; and though, on the whole, her intellect must be pronounced inferior to her rival's, it is superior in those particular respects in which we should naturally expect the female mind most to excel. While Baillie claims our admiration, perhaps our reverence, Hemans claims our love. If she could have written her long poems as well as her short ones, and if there were more variety in the latter, she would probably have taken the first place in the first rank of British poetesses. But unfortunately for her,—perhaps, unfortunately for woman-kind,—

the wings of her muse, though painted right gloriously, and decorated with jewels of rare value, were not sufficiently strong to bear her through a sustained flight through etherial regions, and whenever she sang, her voice unconsciously fell into those peculiar notes for which it seemed best fitted. Though the most delightful of mannerists, she is still a mannerist. No one can take up a volume of her poetry and read a dozen of her pieces at a time, without being somewhat cloyed and satiated, and recording in his mind, what the convalescent in the *Spectator* recorded of his pudding :—"Mem—too sweet—there should be less sugar." We have even the courage to think, so convinced are we of her particular failing in this respect, that an individual accustomed to read her poems,—only occasionally in annuals and magazines, would form a higher estimate of her powers than another, accustomed to read them in her own collections. Beautiful as is her imagery; pure, elevated, tender, as is the tone of her thoughts; elegant and delicate as is her language,—there is an uniformity in all which almost palls upon the ear and the mind. Who ever mistook her poems for another's, when she published them anonymously? The stamp of her genius upon them was always too plain and too peculiar to be misunderstood, even by the greatest blunderers. The profusion of pictures—the subordination of those pictures to the great end in view—the harmonious unison of the emotions of the soul with the aspect of nature, which Lord Jeffrey thought one of the most distinguishing features in her poetry,—the free, yet harmonious flow of her versification—the artful, yet apparently artless grace,—all these indicated the master hand, and the initials F. H., whenever they were appended, were found by most readers perfectly superfluous.

Bowles has even less vigor than Hemans; but she is as tender and as simple, or perhaps more so. No one expects anything lofty or sublime from her, but who ever opens one of her volumes, without expecting to be, and being, melted, by her touching pictures of every-day life? Numberless eyes have moistened over the lines *To a Dying Infant*, and *The Pauper's Death-bed*. Meek, unpretending, unobtrusive, she is the violet of modern literature, as Hemans is the rose.

Mrs. Norton is a statelier flower. She is the lily of the women. The *Quarterly Review* correctly observed :—"She has 'very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's 'poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp, and deeper com-'munion with man and nature of Wordsworth," and that "she

' has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong ' practical thought, and forceful expression." Each of her poems, we think, is superior to its predecessor. *The Undying One* is better than *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, *The Dream* better than *The Undying One*, and *the Child of the Islands* better than *The Dream*. She has assumed her niche in the temple of Fame by progressive steps. With less genius than Baillie, or Hemans, or Bowles, or even Howitt, she has perhaps more talent than any, and, we think, as a prose writer, excels them all. She is never mystical; and in this respect, she sets a good example to all young poets of the present day, who seem to think that to be unintelligible is to be deep or profound. Her thoughts, indeed, seldom lie, like Wordsworth's, "too deep for tears," but they are ever generous and noble, ever on the side of truth and virtue, and ever, such as they are, clear and open to the comprehension of the humblest reader. Mrs. Browning might take lessons from Mrs. Norton, and make herself more intelligible, in many passages of her works, with advantage. Like her husband Mrs. Browning is an admirer of Shelley's manner, and Shelley's manner is not certainly the best of modern writers. Shelley loves mysticism, and takes a delight in burying his ideas in glorious heaps of glorious words. He seldom clothes them in transparency. But of this, and other faults of Mrs. Browning, more hereafter in their place.

Mary Howitt belongs to the school of Caroline Bowles, and though not so elegant, is as tender, and even more simple. She is, as everybody knows, of the Quaker sect, and her poetry is tinctured by the purity and humility of her faith.

> "Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
> Candid meanings best express,
> Mind of quiet Quakeress."*

Some of her ballads make a deep impression on the mind of childhood. We shall never forget her *Isle of the Fairies*, where the gentle moon shone by day, and the golden mist by night, though we think much less of it now, than of yore.

Who that has read Miss Mitford's "*Our Village*" *and* "*Country Stories*," would expect, that in poetry she should resemble Baillie rather than Bowles or Hemans? And yet she undoubtedly bears a great likeness to Baillie. Her *Rienzi* is of the Baillie school—bold, vigorous, consistent in design, free in execution, now lofty and sublime, now tender and graceful

* Lamb.

The conclusion, where Rienzi replies with bitterness to the mob thirsting for his blood :—

> —For liberty! Go seek
> The mountain tops, where with the crashing pines
> The north wind revels! Go where ocean pours
> O'er horrid rocks, or sports in eddying pools!
> Go where the eagle and the sea-snake dwell,
> Midst mighty elements,—where nature is,
> And man is not,—and ye may see afar,
> Impalpable as a rainbow on the clouds
> The glorious vision! Liberty!

reminds us of Baillie's happiest manner. It is a pity she never attempted tragedy again. We are sure she would have improved progressively, like Mrs. Norton, with each successive attempt.

Landon, we have placed last on our list, because we really think she does not deserve a high position. She has been much overrated. Her youth, her beauty, her apparent helplessness and dependence, enlisted the public sympathy strongly on her behalf, when she first made her appearance as a poetess. The unfortunate attachment she formed, her expatriation, her melancholy death, riveted and fixed that sympathy, and kept alive her fame. Posterity will not look upon her productions with the eyes of her own generation, and under its stern cold glance they will not appear arrayed in their borrowed rainbow tints of attraction. Not that she is wholly without merit. Her lively fancy, her occasional tenderness, her bursts of passion, will always have their admirers;—but, her careless versification, so careless indeed, that one often doubts whether it is prose or verse, her affectation, her continual recurrence to one subject—Love—will always prevent an extension of that circle of admirers. Even with these great defects, if she had a *body of thought* in her poetry, she would have done very well, but she was not a thinker. Byron and Moore were her models, not Wordsworth; and naturally, because the "public" in her day paid more homage to Byron and Moore, than to the poet-prophet, the Milton of the nineteenth century, whose laurels will grow greener and fresher with the lapse of every succeeding decade. Byron and Moore have a body of thought in their poetry. They are thinkers, shallow thinkers indeed, compared to Wordsworth, but thinkers in their way. Their imitators are different men altogether. We do not know of any thinkers amongst them, although we know several, who have partially caught the glow, the passion, the loftiness of the one, and the wit, the brilliance, and the flow of the other. Miss Lan-

don's choice of models was therefore somewhat unfortunate, but it might have been a choice of necessity, a choice from an innate consciousness of inability. Who knows, but Miss Landon may have felt that the range of Wordsworth's flight was much too high for her, and thought it more advisable to follow in the wake of Byron and Moore?

We have placed the name of Mrs. Barrett Browning between those of Baillie and Hemans. We think advisedly. There is more thought in her writings than in those of any poetess, not excepting even the first. She is a thinker, of a very high order. Her conceptions are as bold and lofty as Baillie's, sometimes bolder and loftier still; her execution, not so elegant or delicate as Hemans's, but better far than Landon's. We do not praise her blindly. We know that she has many faults, but if a balance were struck between her merits and defects, we conscientiously think she would be found entitled to the high position in which we have placed her.

As it is always unpleasant to have a duty which we do not like hanging unperformed over us, we shall in the first place point out Mrs. Barrett Browning's faults. They are (as we have said) not few.

Mrs. Barrett Browning is often obscure. Her thoughts, frequently, are not fully developed. We have met with passages in her works, nay whole poems, so misty that we have wondered whether the authoress had any distinct idea in her mind at all, when she wrote them, or, whether she had not been playfully piling word upon word, to test the reader's ingenuity or patience. Robert Browning, her husband, the author of *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*, and the *Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, a poet of no mean powers himself, loves to hide his thoughts similarly. There is a curious anecdote concerning him, which we have read somewhere, and which it is worth while repeating for the edification of such of the rising generation of poets as delight in enveloping their conceptions in a cloud. Douglas Jerrold had a severe attack of fever, and his doctor had interdicted him the pleasures of study for a time. The interdiction, to a man of the studious habits of the author of *Cakes and Ale*, and *Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, was very severe, and as soon as poor Jerrold found himself a little convalescent, he retired to his own chamber, shut the door, and joyfully opened a small parcel of new books forwarded to him by his publishers. His "life guards," wife and children, were away; the servants could not see him through the deal door that he had closed; and Jerrold chuckled over his anticipated and long denied amusement, with as

much zest, as ever school boy chuckled over a stolen tart or apple. The first book he opened, was one of Browning's poems, just out. He ran over the commencing lines with breathless anxiety, then stopped, he could make nothing of them; he turned to another page, read,—and stopped again. It was as unintelligible. What could it be? He tried a third passage, it was as dark. Was it possible? Had he lost his intellect in sickness? Had he become an idiot? The perspiration stood in thick drops upon his brow, as the fearful idea crossed his mind. He flung the book aside, almost in despair. When his wife came, he hastily picked it up, and placed it in her hands, and begged her to read it. She complied with his request, while he watched her with an eager interest. When she had read about ten lines, she smiled, and offered the book back to him. "What is this?" she said—"I cannot make any thing of the gibberish." A load was off poor Jerrold's mind. "Oh God!" he cried,—"then Thou hast not deprived me of the sovereign faculty of reason." Now it is very possible that Mr. and Mrs. Browning understand their own and each other's poems, without any trouble; but it would be absurd from thence to conclude that the public at large experience as little difficulty. On the contrary, if we have any right to form an opinion from our own convictions, we should say, the difficulty with the public is sometimes so great, as to be perfectly insurmountable. It would be out of our province to point out any obscure passages from Mr. Browning at present, but we shall give a few specimens of Mrs. Browning's mysticism. Here is the commencement of a poem, of the whole of which, we cannot make anything.

A RHAPSODY OF LIFE'S PROGRESS

I.

We are borne into life—it is sweet, it is strange!
We lie still on the knee of a mild Mystery,
Which smiles with a change!
But we doubt not of changes, we know not of spaces,
The Heavens seem as near as our own mother's face is,
And we think we could touch all the stars that we see,
And the milk of our mother is white on our mouth:
And, with small childish hands, we are turning around
The apple of Life which another has found;—
It is warm with our touch, not with sun of the south,
And we count, as we turn it, the red side for four—
O Life! O Beyond,
Thou art sweet, thou art strange evermore.

II.

Then all things look strange in the pure golden æther:
We walk through the gardens with hands linked together,

And the lilies look large as the trees ;
And as loud as the birds, sing the bloom-loving bees—
And the birds sing like angels, so mystical fine ;
And the cedars are brushing the archangel's feet ;
And time is eternity,—love is divine,
And the world is complete.
Now, God bless the child,—father, mother, respond !
O Life ! O Beyond,
Thou art strange, thou art sweet.
&c., &c., &c.,

If the reader can make out the meaning of such (the word will out) jargon, he is certainly entitled to the credit of possessing an infinitely clearer head than ourselves ;—It is all "mystical fine" to us.

It is not in small occasional pieces alone, that Mrs Browning dresses her ideas in garbs that completely shroud them. Her more ambitious and more powerful efforts are sometimes disfigured by passages that are perfect riddles. We do not comprehend the following lines in her longest poem, *The Drama of Exile*, though we feel they are beautiful. In truth, we

"Understand a beauty in the words,—but not the words."

SONG OF THE MORNING STAR TO LUCIFER.

(He fades utterly away and vanishes, as it proceeds.)

Mine orbed image sinks
Back from thee, back from thee,
As thou art fallen, methinks,
Back from me, back from me.
O my light-bearer,
Could another fairer
Lack to thee, lack to thee?
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!
I loved thee, with the fiery love of stars,
Who love by burning, and by loving move,
Too near the throned Jehovah, not to love.
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!
Their brows flash fast on me from gliding care
Pale-passioned for my loss.
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!

Mine orbed heats drop cold,
Down from thee, down from thee,
As fell thy grace of old,
Down from me, down from me.
O my light-bearer,
Is another fairer
Won to thee, won to thee?
Ai, ai, Heosphoros,
Great love preceded loss,
Known to thee, known to thee.
Ai, ai!

Thou, breathing thy communicable grace
Of life into my light,
Mine astral faces, from thine angel face,
Hast inly fed,
And flooded me with radiance overmuch
From thy pure height.
Ai, ai!

Thou, with calm, floating pinions both ways spread,
Erect, irradiated,
Didst sting my wheel of glory
On, on before thee,
Along the Godlight, by a quickening touch!
Ha, ha!

Around, around the firmamental ocean,
I swam expanding with delirious fire!
Around, around, around, in blind desire
To be drawn upward to the Infinite—
Ha, ha!

Until, the motion flinging out the motion
To a keen whirl of passion and avidity,—
To a blind whirl of rapture and delight,—
I wound in girant orbits, smooth and white
With that intense rapidity!
Around, around,
I wound and interwound,
While all the cyclic heavens about me spun!
Stars, planets, suns, and moons, dilated broad,
Then flashed together into a single sun,
And wound, and wound in one;
And as they wound I wound,—around, around,
In a great fire, I almost took for God!
Ha, ha, Heosphoros!
&c., &c., &c.,

Here are a few more specimens from the same piece. We are ready to admit that a meaning can be drawn or forced out of some of them, but we submit, whether they are not, on the whole, obscure and perplexing.

Eve. ——————— I hear life.
Infant voices passing in the wind.
O! we live, O! we live—
And this life that we receive,
Is a warm thing and a new,
Which we softly bud into,
From the heart and from the brain,—
Something strange, that overmuch is
Of the sound and of the sight,
Flowing round in trickling touches,
In a sorrow and delight,—
Yet is it all in vain?
Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Youthful voices passing.

O ! we live, O ! we live –
And this life that we achieve,
Is a loud thing and a bold
Which, with pulses manifold,
Strikes the heart out full and fain—
Active doer, noble liver,
Strong to struggle, sure to conquer,—
Though the vessel's prow will quiver
At the lifting of the anchor :
Yet do we strive in vain ?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Poet voices passing.

O ! we live,—O ! we live—
And this life that we conceive,
Is a clear thing and a fair,
Which we set in crystal air,
That its beauty may be plain :
With a breathing and a flooding
Of the heaven life on the whole,
While we hear the forests budding
To the music of the soul—
Yet is it tuned in vain ?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.
&c., &c., &c.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE ANGELS.

First semi-Chorus :—

When your bodies, therefore,
Lie in grave or gaol,
Softly will we care for
Each enfranchised soul !
Softly and unlothly,
Through the door of opal,
We will draw you soothly
Toward the Heavenly people.
Floated on a minor fine
Into the full chant divine,
We will draw you smoothly,—
While the human in the minor
Makes the harmony diviner :
Listen to our loving !

ANGEL CHORUS.

Live, work on, O Earthy !
By the Actual's tension,
Speed the arrow worthy
Of a pure ascension.
&c., &c., &c.

We could multiply our examples easily, but these are enough.

Mrs. Barrett Browning does not polish or elaborate her verses with the care of Hemans. She is sometimes even reprehensibly negligent on this head. We could point out a few instances, in which her want of attention has betrayed her into false grammar and false inflexions, and several in which it has betrayed her into false measures and egregiously ludicrous rhymes. We fear she does not hesitate to coin or misuse a word when at a very hard pinch; and we are certain she does not hesitate to put in a stiff and long "latin-dictionary word," when a little trouble would have supplied her with a Saxon synonym, infinitely more to the point. We are by no means disposed to be harsh towards her,—no human being can be harsh to so much sensibility and genius,—but we cannot resist the temptation of pointing out a few of the instances of her recurring "sins," in the hope, that they may, if they should happen to meet her eye, induce her to correct faults, which she may easily avoid if she have the inclination.

We do not much object to such a word as "Mandom" in the lines:—

> Nay, without this rule
> Of Mandom, ye would perish—beast by beast,
> Devouring.

Or "ungreen" in the lines:—

> I see her vales ungreen,
> Where steps of man have been.

though no author, in our opinion, is entitled to coin a single word in the present state of English Literature. We do not much object to the omission of the definite article in such lines as

> —— some lovely lady brave,
> With cheeks that blushed as red as rose, while mine were cold in grave.

though Syntax, in our opinion, should never be sacrificed at the shrine of Prosody. We do not much object to such expressions as

> We, in heirdom of your soul,
> *Flash* the river, lift the palm tree.

Not because we know that Coleridge used the word *flash* similarly in his Ode on Chatterton:—

> Her native cot she *flashed* upon his view.

for we know also that Coleridge was always very lax in the use of his verbs, and could not, for the life of him, discover any error in his lines,

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow *fade*,
> Death came with friendly care.

even after Lamb had pointed out to him, that there was a mistake in them; but because we regard all these errors or improprieties in the main, as wholly trivial and unimportant, and because the aggregate number of them, in her works, cannot be very large. But we do object to such expressions as

> Then gazing, I beheld the long drawn street
> Live out, from end to end, full in the sun,
> With Austria's thousand sword and bayonet,
> Horse, foot, artillery—cannons rolling on
> Like blind slow storm-clouds—*gestant* with the heat
> Of *undeveloped* lightnings.

We do object to such false melody as

> 'Twas a fair sight, yet sad,
> To see the tears run down the sweet blooms he had.

We do object to such false rhymes as *chances—branches; done a—una; lay her—prayer; call her—taller; are—her; promise—from us; divided—did; burden—disregarding; Prophet—of it; lattice—that is; setting—written; flowings—poems; doing—showing; within—green; mission—vision; o'er me—glory; moontide—suntide; flowers—doors; islands—silence; suffice—flatteries; mission—season, &c, &c.*, not by any means because we consider the offences more serious, for, in truth, they are lighter still than those to which we do not much object, but because we find them habitual.

Lest our readers should suspect us of undue exaggeration, we shall take up the first poem in Mrs. Browning's collection, *The Drama of Exile*, and exhibit in detail all the false rhymes, inappropriate expressions, and prosaic lines in it.

Here are the false rhymes:—*angels—evangels; keeping—stepping, blé—see; raiment—lament; glories—floorwise; pardon—guerdon; norland—moorland; dessert—unmeasured; atoms—fathoms; vigil—eagle, (!) passions—exaltations; nature—creature; dazzle—Basil; glances—ignorances; gaol—soul; opal—people; accompted—trumpet; creatures—natures; vision—prison*, with many others of a doubtful character.

We are not of that sect of critics who abhor false rhymes altogether in all classes of poetry. Like Leigh Hunt, we can see much beauty, grotesque beauty, in them sometimes, especially in humorous pieces. But we really cannot tolerate so many false rhymes in a single poem, and that poem not a humorous, but a serious, nay, a solemn, and, we will add, a sublime one, principally written in blank verse!

Here are some lines from the same poem which we consider

harsh and unmelodious. We might easily cull out more if we had a mind :—

Dost thou dream
Of guarding some monopoly in heaven
Instead of earth ?—
Hark ! the flow of the four rivers—
The Eden scents no longer sensible—
Soul-consummated made glorious.—

Here are some expressions, which are inappropriate and inelegant :—

While our wings, outspreading,
Double calms of whiteness
Dropped superfluous brightness
Down from star to star.

And *grand half vanishings*
Of the foregone things
Within our eyes belated.

I drave on with the world exultingly,
Obliquely down the Godlight's gradual fall—
Individual aspect and complexity.
Of giratory orb and interval,
Lost in the fluent motion of delight,
Toward the high ends of Being beyond sight—

How all the *grand* words were *full laden ships ;*
Each sailing onward, *from enunciation,*
To separate existence.

Lucifer. To stand on, beckoning pity from without,
And deal in *pathos of antithesis*
Of what ye *were* forsooth, and what ye are.

Till the heavens' smooth grooved thunder
Spanning back, shall leave them clear,
And the angels, smiling wonder.

On either side and overhead the gate,—
Show like a glittering and sustained smoke
Drawn to an apex.

This way a goat leaps, with *wild blank* of beard.

Here are some whole passages which we do not like

Then in odes of burning,
Brake we suddenly,
And sang out the morning
Broadly up the sky.—
Or we drew
Our music through

The noontide's hush and heat and shine,
And taught them our intense Divine—
With our vital fiery notes
All disparted hither, thither.
Trembling out into the æther,
Sensible like beamy motes! &c., &c.

I bounded with my panthers! I rejoiced
In my young tumbling lions, rolled together!
My stag—the river at his fetlocks—poised,
Then dipped his antlers, through the golden weather,
In the same ripple which the alligator,
Left in his joyous troubling of the water.—

So, in the universe's
Consummated undoing,
Our angels of white mercies
Shall hover round the ruin!
Their wings shall stream upon the flame,
As if incorporate of the same,
In elemental fusion;
And calm their faces shall burn out,
With a pale and mastering thought,
And a steadfast looking of desire,
From out between the clefts of fire—
While they cry, in the Holy's name
To the final Restitution!
Listen to our loving!
So, when the day of God is
To the thick graves accompted;
Awaking the dead bodies,
The angel of the trumpet
Shall split the charnel earth
To the roots of the grave,
Which never before were slackened, &c. &c.

We trust our readers will not suspect us of any ill feeling towards Mrs. Barrett Browning, for dwelling so long on her imperfections; the fact is, we reverence and admire her too much to be able to put up with any defects in her. If we were at all disposed to treat her harshly, we might make endless game of the inappropriate expressions and false rhymes, and say many, many very rude things. We might, for instance, say, that Mrs. Browning must be either of Irish extraction, because she rhymes creature *(cratur)* with nature; or of Cockney, because she rhymes call her with taller; or of French, because she cannot find a synonym for *blé* in the English language, &c., &c., but we are not at all disposed, we repeat, to treat her harshly; and we allude to the spots in the sun, more in sorrow than in anger, more in the hope of seeing them removed, than of calling down public attention upon them.

Poets with a delicate ear for music, like Tennyson, often terminate every stanza of a poem with the same words, and such terminations, when skillfully managed, have a most delicious effect. Mrs. Browning is a great adept in this art, but she occasionally carries it a little too far, and makes her endeavour to be melodious too apparent. The highest art, it must be remembered, hides the appearance of art. We do not like, for instance, the "Toll slowly" in the middle of every couplet in the *Rhyme of the Duchess May* :—

I.

In the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,—
Toll slowly.
And the oldest ringer said: —"Ours is music for the Dead"
When the rebecks are all done.

II.

Six abeles i'the kirkyard grow, on the northside in a row,—
Toll slowly.
And the shadows of their tops, rock across the little slopes
Of the grassy graves below.

III.

On the south side and the west, a small river runs in haste,—
Toll slowly.
And between the river flowing,—and the fair green trees a-growing,
Do the dead lie at their rest.

We do not also like the "she said" in the opening and concluding lines of every stanza in the verses entitled *The Mask* :—

I have a smiling face, she said,
I have a jest for all I meet;
I have a garland for my head,
And all its flowers are sweet,—
And so you call me gay, she said.

II.

Grief taught to me this smile, she said,
And Wrong did teach this jesting bold;
These flowers were plucked from garden bed
While a death-chime was tolled—
And what now will you say?—She said.

"The river floweth on"—at the end of every eighth line, in *A Romance of the Ganges*, has a quaint but a pleasing musical effect. We do not dislike it.

Mrs. Browning's works are not free from those occasional errors into which the generality of authors fall, when they are obliged to treat of things of which they cannot have personal knowledge. We may instance one or two of these in this

very poem, *A Romance of the Ganges.* Mrs. Browning was never in India, and all her knowledge of India is derived from books. In the first place, she makes the heroine Luti, a Hindu maiden, send a boat,

> A shell of cocoa carven.

with a lamp and flower inside, on the Ganges, and makes her watch it with some other maidens.

> For when the boat hath carried the lamp
> Unquenched till out of sight,
> The maidens are sure that love will endure,
> But love will fail with light.

Now if she had ever been in this country, she would have known that Hindu maidens never launch these lamps of love, and that the custom is only prevalent among the Mohamedans of India. In the next place, she says, in a foot note to the lines :—

> " The rice is gathered from the plains
> To cast upon thine hair."

That " the casting of rice upon the head, and the fixing of ' the band or tali about the neck, are parts of the Hindu ' marriage ceremonial." If she had travelled in our sultry climate, she would assuredly have known that " the casting of rice on the head" is not a part of the marriage ceremonial, but a part of (we believe) every Hindu ceremonial. It is simply an invocation of blessings on the person on whose head the rice is cast. When a child is born, is betrothed, is married, is invested with the sacred thread, &c., all his relations, who are older than he, cast handfuls of rice on him. We do not understand what Mrs. Browning means by fixing the tali or band on the neck. The custom, we are sure, is not prevalent in Bengal. Then again, Mrs. Browning calls the Hindu god of love, *Hama Deva*, instead of *Cama Deva*—a most ludicrous blunder!—and adds, that he is accompanied by the humming bird, instead of by bees. A little further on, she informs us that the Ganges is represented as a white woman with a water lily in her right hand, and in her left a lute, while the fact is that " Gunga Maee" has four hands, and holds a lotus in one, a vessel of water in another, and lifts up the two others to bless her adorers. But we are not disposed to point out more of these little errors, though there are more, because, we really think, that Mrs. Browning trips into them much more rarely than most authors. When we recollect that Barry Cornwall once wrote a Hindu Drama, in which the *Dramatis Personæ* were Muttra,

Rajah, Dacoit, and Zemindar, in a most happy state of unconsciousness, that the first word is the name of a place, that the second means *king*, that the third means *robber*, and that the last means *landholder* (the Dacoit, if we remember rightly, was the virtuous hero!) we can well be disposed to pardon such venial offences as Mrs. Browning's, and regard them as no offences at all.

We have now, we think, got over the unpleasant portion of our task. It only remains to show in what Mrs. Browning excels, and this duty is, to us, a source of sincere delight

We think Mrs. Browning bears a resemblance to Coleridge, rather than any other of our modern poets, both in thought and expression. She has his loftiness and sublimity, though not his wildness. And she has also his mysticism and obscurity. They are both eminently religious. They are both great metaphysicians. They both mingle metaphysics with poetry, and poetry with metaphysics, and though the fusion of such dissimilar agents cannot, of course, be very valuable, it cannot be denied, that in their hands, the compound takes a most remarkable appearance. Above all, they both delight to quit the earth, and sail in the regions of imagination, amidst clouds of every shape and colour, and occasional floods of overpowering sunlight. There cannot be much question, that Coleridge is the greater genius; more wild, more original, more profound; but he cultivated his talents less assiduously than Mrs. Browning has done. He permitted his mind to be overcome by his bodily infirmities. He, to use his own emphatic language—"worked without hope." The consequence is, that he is less vigorous, less coherent, less systematic, we *dare not* say, he is less delicate or less tender, (though Mrs. Barrett Browning, as a woman, might be expected to excel in these respects,) so long as *Genevieve* and *Christabel* ring in our ears; and we *shall not* say he is less polished or less musical, for with all his negligence, we consider him one of the most elegant, and certainly the most melodious, of the modern poets How his verses run into each other, and how aerial seems their combined effect! With all her assiduity and diligence, Mrs. Browning must be regarded as a less skilful versifier than Coleridge, and greater ones than she—far greater ones indeed, must bow to him, yea even Keats, and Shelley, and Byron, and Wordsworth, must yield him precedence in this respect. It was a natural more than an acquired gift. Coleridge was born with "lutes in his rhyme." Not one of his contemporaries has been able to equal the "linked" and mellifluous sweetness of his verse.

The Drama of Exile is the longest poem of Mrs Browning, but we do not consider it her best. Although it displays powers of no ordinary order, it must yield to *Casa Guidi Windows*, and of course to *The Seraphim*. We think *The Drama of Exile* is more disfigured with Mrs. Browning's besetting faults than either of those poems. We could cull instances of false inflexion, and false grammar, and false rhymes, and obscurity, more abundantly from it, much more abundantly indeed, than from *Casa Guidi Windows*, or *The Seraphim*. With all its sins, however, it is a poem of which no one need be ashamed. There are passages in it of Miltonic grandeur and sublimity. No poet, since the days of the blind school-master of the Revolution, has been able to show us the Prince of Darkness in such vivid and soul-harrowing colours, or the first of men and women, in such a pathetic and tender light. We had marked several passages for extract, but our limits will not permit us to indulge in the pleasure to the extent desirable. We must rather content ourselves with referring the reader to the book itself. There he will see *Lucifer* after his fall, unterrified, and hear him describe his defeat :—

> The lightnings holding open my scathed lids,
> And that thought of the Infinite of God,
> Drawn from the finite, speeding my descent;
> When countless angel faces,—still and stern,
> Pressed out upon me from the level heavens,
> Adown the abysmal spaces;—

There he will see Adam and Eve flying on from the sword glare, and never looking back, yet comforting each other in their desolation.

> *Adam*, ——————— Hast thou strength,
> Beloved, to look behind us to the gate?
> *Eve*. Have I not strength to look up to thy face?
> *Adam*. We need be strong: yon spectacle of cloud,
> Which seals the gate up to the final doom,
> Is God's seal manifest. There seem to lie
> A hundred thunders in it, dark and dead;
> The unmolten lightnings vein it motionless;
> And, outward from its depth, the self-moved sword
> Swings slow its awful gnomon of red fire
> From side to side,—in pendulous horror slow—

There he will see Gabriel in his glory, and his seraphic band dazzling the moon, and hear him speak unto the fallen one :—

> I charge thee by the choral song we sang,
> When up against the white shore of our feet,
> The depths of the creation swelled and brake,—
> And the new worlds, the beaded foam and flower

Of all that coil,—roared outward into space
On thunder-edges,—leave the earth to God!

Or, yet, thou discrowned one, by the truth in me,
Which God keeps in me, I would give away
All,—save that truth, and His love over it,—
To lead thee home again into the light,
And hear thy voice chant with the morning stars;
When their rays tremble round them with much song,
Sung in more gladness!

And, lastly, there will he see, the words of the Promise,—streaking as it were the eastern horizon, and breaking upon the banished family, with a brightness infinitely more glorious than the brightness of the morn.

"EXILED BUT NOT LOST."

The character of Eve is conceived with great delicacy, and is wonderfully well sustained. We cannot help transcribing a few lines from various parts of the play, in order to give the reader some idea of it. When Adam draws her attention to the angelic faces that throng the gate of Paradise, she pathetically replies :—

Though we were near enough to see them shine,
The shadow on thy face were awfuller,
To me, at least,—than could appear their light.

When Adam whispers—"Night is near"—Eve says :—

And God's curse nearest. Let us travel back
And stand within the sword glare till we die;
Believing it is better to meet death
Than suffer desolation.

When Adam answers in anger to the upbraiding spirits of trees, and rivers, and hills, Eve expostulates with him, and entreats his permission to reply to them less harshly :—

— Adam! shall I speak—
I who spake once, to such a bitter end—
Shall I speak humbly now, who once was proud?
I, schooled by sin to more humility
Than thou hast, O mine Adam, O my king—
My king, if not the world's?

Here is a part of her reply to the spirits. It seems to us very tender :—

For was I not
At that last sunset seen in Paradise,
When all the westering clouds flashed out in throng
Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God
Held them suspended,—was I not, that hour,
The lady of the world, princess of life,
Mistress of feast and favour? Could I touch

A rose with my white hand, but it became
Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely
Along our swarded garden, but the grass
Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand aside
A moment underneath a cornel tree,
But all the leaves did tremble as alive,
With songs of fifty birds, who were made glad,
Because I stood there? Could I turn to look
With these twain eyes of mine, now weeping fast,
Now good for only weeping,—upon man,
Angel, or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced
Because I looked on him? Alas! alas!
And is not this much woe, to cry 'alas!'
Speaking of joy? And is not this more shame,
To have made the woe myself, from all that joy?
To have stretched mine hand, and plucked it from the tree,
And chosen it for fruit? Nay, is not this
Still most despair, to have halved that bitter fruit,
And ruined, so, the sweetest friend I have,
Turning the GREATEST to mine enemy?
Adam. I will not hear thee speak so.

There is a deeper tenderness still, in the following lines, in another part of the book:—

Eve. * * * Love said to me,—'do not die,'
And I replied,—'oh! Love, I will not die.
I exiled, and I will not orphan Love.'
But now it is no choice of mine to die—
My heart throbs from me.

If we were disposed to point out stray lines of beauty from the poem, we could quote myriads of such as these:—

BEAUTY.

As form, when colourless,
Is nothing to the eye; that pine-tree there,
Without its black and green, being all a blank;
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned
In man or angel.—

EVE ON SATAN'S OVERTHROW.

The starry harmony remote,
Seems measuring the heights from whence he fell.

But as we are of opinion, that such stray lines cannot convey any adequate or just idea of the poem, we shall (against our expressed intention) make room for one long extract, to justify our praise. It is taken indiscriminately from about ten passages which we had selected for insertion.

Eve. O Adam, Adam! by that name of Eve—
Thine Eve, thy life—which suits me little now,
Seeing that I confess myself thy death
And thine undoer, as the snake was mine,—
I do adjure thee, put me straight away,

Together with my name. Sweet, punish me!
O Love, be just! and, ere we pass beyond
The light cast outward by the fiery sword,
Into the dark which earth must be to us,
Bruise my head with thy foot,—as the curse said
My seed shall the first tempter's: strike with curse,
As God struck in the garden! and as He,
Being satisfied with justice and with wrath,
Did roll His thunder gentler at the close,—
Thou, peradventure, mayst at last recoil
To some soft meed of mercy. Strike, my lord!
I, also, after tempting, writhe on ground;
And I would feed on ashes from thine hand,
As suits me, O my tempted!
Adam. My beloved,
Mine Eve and life—I have no other name
For thee or for the sun than what ye are,
My blessed life and light! If we have fallen,
It is that we have sinned,—*we*: God is just;
And, since His curse doth comprehend us both,
It must be that His balance holds the weights
Of first and last sin on a level. What!
Shall I, who had not virtue to stand straight
Among the hills of Eden, here assume
To mend the justice of the perfect God,
By piling up a curse upon His curse,
Against thee—thee—
Eve. For so, perchance, thy God
Might take thee into grace for scorning me;
Thy wrath against the sinner giving proof
Of inward abrogation of the sin!
And so, the blessed angels might come down
And walk with thee as erst,—I think they would,—
Because I was not near to make them sad,
Or soil the rustling of their innocence.
Adam. They know me. I am deepest in the guilt,
If last in the transgression.
Eve. Thou!
Adam. If God,
Who gave the right and joyance of the world
Both unto thee and me,—gave thee to me,
The best gift last; the last sin was the worst,
Which sinned against more complement of gift
And grace of giving. God! I render back
Strong benediction and perpetual praise
From mortal feeble lips (as incense smoke,
Out of a little censer, may fill heaven,)
That thou, in striking my benumbed hands,
And forcing them to drop all other boons
Of beauty, and dominion, and delight,—
Hast left this well-beloved Eve—this life
Within life—this best gift between their palms,
In gracious compensation.—

We turn the page over reluctantly. There is much more

as *good* in it, or better, especially where Adam speaks of the consolation which he derives from his partner, in his affliction.

> *Adam.* Because with *her*, I stand
> Upright, as far as can be in this fall,
> And look away from heaven, which doth accuse me,
> And look away from earth, which doth convict me,
> Into her face; and crown my discrown'd brow
> Out of her love; and put the thought of her
> Around me, for an Eden full of birds.—

If the reader wish for more extracts, we must refer him to the book itself. Turn to the speech, "Ah, ye talk the same," in page 31, or to the *Lament of the Spirits* at page 45, commencing from "I wail,—I wail, now bear my charge to-day," down to

> We were obedient—what is this convulses
> Our blameless life with pangs and fever pulses?

Or to the grand, the glorious, the sublime speech of Adam, commencing with the words, "And also the sole bearer of the seed," at page 73, and concluding with the words "And to this END of Death and the hereafter!" at page 75. Some of the lines in the *Lament of the Spirits*, to which we have referred,—for intance, such as

> Lo! my lions scenting
> The blood of wars roar hoarse and unrelenting,

strike us as very much in the manner of Coleridge, and some of the turns of expression in Adam's speech, the last passage to which we have referred, seem to us perfectly Shaksperian.

If Mrs. Browning's long poems were to be arranged in the order of merit—they would stand thus: *The Seraphim—Casa Guidi Windows—The Drama of Exile,—Prometheus Bound.* Now it will be evident to the reader, that our space will not permit us to criticise each of these poems at length, or to give as copious extracts from them all, as we have done from *The Drama of Exile.* We must content ourselves with one isolated passage from *Casa Guidi Windows*, and one or two of moderate length from *The Seraphim.*

Casa Guidi Windows is the latest production of Mrs. Browning's pen, written shortly after the birth of her eldest child, to whom a tender allusion is made at the conclusion. The passage which we have marked for quotation, has been praised highly, but justly, in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine.*

> I love no peace, which is not fellowship
> And which includes not mercy. I would have
> Rather, the raking of the guns across
> The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave—

Rather, the struggle in the slippery fosse
Of dying men and horses, and the wave
Blood-bubbling————Enough said! By Christ's own cross,
And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a peace which sits
Beside the hearth in self commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good
Of the poor wanderer. What! Your peace admits
Of outside anguish while it sits at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom—
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,—
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls, in brief.
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished world from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit —

There is much vigor in the lines—few women can write with such masculine energy.

The Seraphim, which seems to us the best of Mrs. Browning's efforts, is well sustained throughout, and is, in many places, perfectly sublime. We have met with no obscure passages in it—*not one*, and the rhymes and melody are seldom "out of tune, and harsh." Two Seraphs, Ador the Strong, and Zorah the Bright One, are supposed to linger outside the Gate of Heaven, which is shut, while all the other Angels have directed themselves toward the earth, at the command of the Most High, to witness the crucifixion. While the 'pomp angelical' sinks beneath them, and the roar of its descent dies

'To a still sound, as thunder into rain',

and the lingerers can behold no more than

A fall
And eddy of wings innumerous, crossed
By trailing curls that have not lost
The glitter of the God-smile shed
On each bowëd angel's head!
And gleamed between by hands that fling
Up homage, like retorted rays,
From high instinct of worshipping,
And habitude of praise,—

they turn their discourse on the great events about to transpire. Hear them speak:—

Ador. Zorah, do not wait to see.
His voice—the voice that thrills us so
As we our harp-strings—uttered *Go,*
Behold the Holy in his woe—

And all are gone, save thee and—
Zerah. Thee!
Ador. I stood the nearest to the throne,
What time the voice said *go.*
And whether I was moved alone
By the storm-pathos of the tone,
Which swept through Heaven the alien name of *woe!*
Or that the subtle glory broke
Through my strong and shielding wings,
Bearing to my finite essence,
Incapacious of their presence,
Infinite imaginings—
None knoweth, save the Throned who spoke.
But I, who, at Creation, stood upright,
And heard the God-breath move,
Shaping the words that lightened—"Be there light,"—
Nor trembled but with love;
Now fell down tremblingly,
My face upon the pavement where I towered,
As if that mine immortal were o'erpowered
By God's eternity!
Zerah. Let me wait!—let me wait!—
Ador. Oh, gaze not backward through the gate!
God fills our heaven with God's own solitude
Till all its pavements glow:
His God-head being no more subdued
By itself, to glories low
Which seraphs can sustain,
What if thou, in gazing so,
Should behold but only one
Attribute, the veil undone—
And that the one to which we press
Nearest, for its gentleness—
Ay, His love!
How the deep ecstatic pain
Thy being's strength would capture!
Without a language for the rapture,
Without a music strong to come
And set the adoration free,
For ever, ever, wouldst thou be
Amid the general chorus dumb,
God-stricken to Seraphic agony!—
Or, brother, what if on thine eyes
In vision bare should rise
The life-fount, whence His hand did gather
With solitary force
Our immortalities!—
Straightway how thine own would wither,
Falter like a human breath,—
And shrink into a point like death,
By gazing on its source!
My words have imaged dread.
Meekly hast thou bent thine head,
And dropt thy wings in languishment,
Overclouding foot and face;
As if God's throne were eminent

Before thee, in the place.
Yet not—not so,
O loving spirit and meek, dost thou fulfil
All motions of the One pre-eminent Will,
Which stirreth unto will and act our natures
As human souls do stir the fleshly creatures.
Not for obeisance, but obedience,
Give motion to thy wings! Depart from hence—
The voice said 'Go.'
Zerah. Beloved, I depart.
His will is as a spirit within my spirit;
A portion of the being I inherit—
His will is mine obedience. I resemble
A flame all undefiled, though it tremble—
I go and tremble. Love me, O beloved!
O thou, who stronger art,
And standest ever near the Infinite,
Pale with excelling light!
Love me, beloved! me, more newly made,
More feeble, more afraid—
And let me hear with mine thy pinions moved,
As close and gentle as the loving are;
That love being near, heaven may not seem so far.
Ador. I am near thee, and I love thee;
Were I loveless, from thee gone,
Love is round, beneath, above thee—
God, the Omnipresent One.
Spread the wing, and lift the brow—
Well-beloved, what fearest thou?
Zerah. I fear,—I fear—
Ador. What fear?
Zerah. The fear of earth—
Ador. Of earth, the God-create and beautiful?
From whence the sweet sea-music hath its birth,
And vernal forests lift their leaves in tune
Beneath the gracious, water-leading moon?
Where every night, the stars do put away
Meekly its darkness dull,
And look their spirit-light into the clay?
Where every day, the kingly sun doth bless
More lovingly than kings,
And stir to such harmonious happiness
All leafed and reeded things,
It seems as if the joyous shout which burst
From angel lips to see him first,
Had left a silent echo in his ray?
Zerah. Of earth—the God-create and God-accurst:
Where man is, and the thorn:
Where winds and waves have borne,
Where sun and star can roll,
No tune, no shining to the human soul:
Where Eden's lapsing rivers all are dry,
And in their stead, do flow perpetually,
Do flow and flow hot streams of human tears—
Where Eden's tree of life no more uprears

Its spiral leaves and fruitage, but instead
The yew-tree bows its melancholy head,
And all the under-grasses kills and seres.
Ador. A fear of earth, the weak ?
Where men that faint, do strive for crowns that fade ;
And stoop to clasp metallic heaps conveyed
From the green sward their delving labour scars—
When upright they might stand, and view the stars.
Where, having won the winning which they seek,
They lie beside the sceptre and the gold,
With fleshless hands that cannot wield or hold ;
And the stars shine in their unwinking eyes ?
Zerah. Of earth the terrible :
Where the blind matter brings
An awful potence out of impotence,
And all the spiritual prostrated lies,
Before the things of sense :
Where the strong human will saith " ay" or " no,"
Because the human pulse is quick or slow—
Where stronger Love succumbeth unto Change,
With only his own memories, for revenge ;
And where the fearful mystery—
Ador. Called Death ?
Zerah. Nay ! Death is fearful ; but who saith
'To die,' is comprehensible.
What's fearfuller, thou knowest well,
Though its utterance be not for thee,
Lest it blanch thy lips from glory—
Ay ! the cursed thing that moved
Its shadow of ill, long times ago,
Across our heaven's own shining floor !
And when it vanished, some who were
On thrones of holy empire there,
Did reign—were seen—were—never more—
Come nearer, O beloved !
Ador. I am near thee. Didst thou bear thee
Ever to this earth ?
Zerah. Before !—
When thrilling from his hand along
Its lustrous path with spheric song,
The earth was deathless, sorrowless.
Then, fearless, angel feet might press
The grasses brightening with their feet—
For God's own voice did mix its sound
In a solemn confluence oft
With the rivers' flowing round,
And the life tree's waving soft.
Beautiful new earth, and strange !
Ador. Hast thou seen it since—the change ?
Zerah. Nay ! or wherefore should I fear
To look upon it now ?
I have beheld the ruined things
Only in depicturings
Of angels sent on earth-ward mission ;
Strong one, e'en upon thy brow

When, with task completed, given
Back to us, in that transition
I have beheld thee silent stand,
Abstracted in the seraph band—
Without a smile in heaven.
Ador. Then thou wert not one of those
Whom the loving Father chose,
In visionary pomp to sweep
O'er Judea's grassy places,
O'er the shepherds and the sheep,—
Though thou art so tender?—dimming,
All the stars except one star,
With their brighter, kinder faces;
And using heaven's own tune in hymning,—
While deep response from earth's own mountains ran,—
"Peace upon earth—good will to man."
Zerah. "Glory to God!"—I said Amen afar.
And they who from that earth-ward mission are,
Within mine ears have told,
That the seven everlasting Spirits did hold
With such a sweet and prodigal constraint,
The meaning yet the mystery of the song,
The while they sang it, on their natures strong;
That, gazing down on earth's dark stedfastness,
And speaking the new peace in promises,
The love and pity made their voices faint
Into that low and tender music, keeping
The place in heaven, of what on earth, is weeping.
Ador. Peace upon earth! Come down to it.
Zerah. Ah me
I hear thereof uncomprehendingly.
Peace where the tempest—where the sighing is—
And worship of the idol, 'stead of His?"
Ador. Yea, Peace, where *He* is.
Zerah. *He!*
Say it again.
Ador. Where *He* is.
Zerah. Can it be
That earth retains a tree
Whose leaves, like Eden foliage, can be swayed
By breathing of His voice, nor shrink and fade?
Ador. There is a tree!—it hath no leaf nor root;
Upon it hangs a curse for all its fruit:
Its shadow on His head is laid.
For He, the crowned Son,
Hath left His crown and throne,—
Walks earth in Adam's clay,
Eve's snake to bruise and slay—
Zerah. Walks earth in clay?
Ador. And walking in the clay which He created,
He through it shall touch death.

Our extract is a very long one, but what reader would wish

it shorter? Is it not beautiful? We hardly know what to admire most,—the dramatic power displayed in the lines,

> Did reign—were seen—were never more—
> Come nearer, O beloved!

in which the young and timid angel is represented as shuddering at evil, and unable to name the Prince of Darkness without an unconscious tremor,—or the sublimity of the distant response,

> 'Glory to God'—I said Amen afar!

or the luxuriant imagery in the description of the beauty of the earth,

> Of earth the God-create and beautiful,
> From whence the sweet sea-music hath its birth;

or the deep human interest which breaks out at the conclusion,

> There is a tree!—it hath no leaf or root,
> Upon it hangs a curse for all its fruit.

Mrs. Browning is peculiarly conscientious in acknowledging her obligations to others; she borrows rarely,—but when she borrows, however distantly or little, she gives us the source from whence the light is drawn. In a poem on Sounds she has the following lines:—

> "Half mystical and half pathetic,
> Like a sighing in a dream."

And although the idea is perfectly original,—she has put a foot note to the passage, in which she informs us that she owes the music of it to the following beautiful lines by her valued friend John Kenyon:—

> While floating up—bright forms ideal,
> Mistress or friend around me stream;
> Half sense supplied, and half ideal,
> Like music mingling in a dream.

We may therefore inform her that she has unconsciously put Shakspear's well known simile in Troilus and Cressida,

> And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane
> Be shook to air.

into the mouth of Ador,

> Like a desert lion shaking
> Dews of silence from its mane.

We were very anxious to make some extracts from the second part of the Seraphim, in which the two Angels are represented as hanging in mid-air above Judea,—a little apart from the visible Angelic hosts, but the length of our first extract does not

leave us at liberty to do so. We must however make room for the opening lines :—

Ador. Beloved! dost thou see?—
Zerah. Thee,—thee.
Thy burning eyes already are
Grown wild and mournful as a star,
Whose occupation is for aye
To look upon the place of clay,
Whereon thou lookest now!
The crown is fainting on thy brow
To the likeness of a cloud—
Thy forehead's self, a little bowed.
From its aspect high and holy,—
As it would in meekness meet
Some Seraphic melancholy.
Thy wery wings that lately flung
An outline clear, do flicker here,
And wear to each a shadow hung,
Dropped across thy feet.
In these strange contrasting glooms,
Stagnant with the scent of tombs,
Seraph faces, O my brother,
Show awfully to one another.
Ador. Dost thou see?
Zerah. Even so—I see
Our empyreal company;
Alone the memory of their brightness
Left in them, as in thee;
The circle upon circle,—tier on tier,
Piling earth's hemisphere
With heavenly infiniteness;
Above us and around,—
Straining the blue horizon like a bow;
Their songful lips divorced from all sound;
A darkness gliding down their silvery glances,—
Bowing their steadfast solemn countenances,
As if they heard God speak, and could not glow.
Ador. Look downward! dost thou see?
Zerah. And wouldst thou press *that* vision on my words?
Doth not the changed earth
Speak loud enough of change and jeopardy
Without my witness?

We should not do justice to Mrs. Browning's powers, if we were to omit the Epilogue of the poem :—

THE EPILOGUE.

I.

My song is done!
My voice that long hath faltered shall be still.
The mystic darkness drops from Calvary's hill,
Into the common light of this day's sun.

I see no more Thy cross, O holy Slain!
I hear no more the horror and the coil
Of the great world's turmoil,
Feeling Thy countenance *too still*,—nor yell
Of demons sweeping past it to their prison.
The skies, that turned to darkness with Thy pain,
Make now a summer's day,—
And on my changed ear, that Sabbath bell
Records how CHRIST IS RISEN.

III.

And I—ah! what am I
To counterfeit with faculty earth-darkened
Seraphic brows of light,
And Seraph language never used nor hearkened?
Ah me! what word that Seraphs say, could come
From mouth so used to sighs—so soon to lie
Sighless, because then breathless, in the tomb?

IV.

Bright ministers of God and grace!—of grace
Because of God!—whether ye bow adown,
In your own heaven, before the living face
Of Him who died, and deathless wears the crown—
Or whether at this hour, ye haply are
Anear, around me, hiding in the night
Of this permitted ignorance, your light,
This feebleness to spare,—
Forgive me, that mine earthly heart should dare
Shape images of unincarnate spirits,
And lay upon their burning lips a thought
Damp with the weeping which mine earth inherits;
And while ye find in such hoarse music, wrought
To copy yours, a cadence all the while
Of sin and sorrow—only pitying smile!—
Ye know to pity, well.

V.

I too may haply smile another day,
At the far recollection of this lay,
When God may call me in your midst to dwell,
To hear your most sweet music's miracle,
And see your wondrous faces. May it be,
For His remembered sake, the Slain on rood,
Who rolled His earthly garment red in blood,
(Treading the wine press) that the weak, like me,
Before His heavenly throne should walk in white.

It would be an insult to the reader's judgment to point out the grace,—the beauty,—the solemnity,—the pathos of such a conclusion. Worthy of the subject is the strain!

Several of the minor poems in Mrs. Browning's works, promise to last for ages—beloved by all thoughtful men, if not popular with the multitude. The *Romaunt of the Page* is ex-

cellent and in parts very tender. The conclusion reminds us of Coleridge in his happiest vein :

Ingemisco,—ingemisco!
From the convent on the sea,
Now it sweepeth solemnly!

The Lay of the *Brown Rosary*, is very wild and dreamlike :

While—oh—soft! Her speaking is so interwound
Of the dim and the sweet, 'tis a twilight of sound,
And floats through the chamber,

are verses which may be applied to the fair authoress of the poem herself. The conclusion of the second part, in which the lady starts from slumber, and finds

There is nought. The great willow, her lattice before
Large drawn in the moon lieth calm on the floor,

recalls Tennyson's *Marianna* to our mind,—and her dreary apartment :

But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

A *Romance of the Ganges*, with all its faults, is very good. We like the lines,

The maiden Luti watcheth
Where onwardly they float,
That look in her dilating eyes
Might seem to drive her boat

And also

The little maiden cometh,
She cometh shy and slow,
I ween, she seeth through her lids,
They drop adown so low.

But our chief favorites are, *The Romance of the Swan's Nest,—A Child Asleep—My Doves—The Sea-mew—The House of Clouds—Wisdom unapplied—A Song against Singing—Cowper's Grave—Catarina to Camoëns*,—and some others which we have not now upon the muster roll of our memory.

We do not think Mrs. Browning succeeds in the sonnet as well as in the average of her small pieces in other measures. We fear she finds it a Procrustes' bed, and though not a few of the nearly fifty sonnets she includes in her first volume, are nobly conceived, there are not more than a dozen, if so many, that are as nobly executed. The thought in several of them is not fully or properly developed ; and the versification in even more, is rough and harsh. Two or three are so obscure, that we confess, we cannot understand them. The sonnet on a *Portrait of*

Wordsworth, by the unfortunate Haydon,—may be regarded as an ordinary specimen, neither better nor worse than the ordinary run.

ON A PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. *He*, with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,—
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest
By the high altar, singing praise and prayer
To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free,
Our Haydon's hand hath flung out from the mist!
No portrait this, with Academic air—
This is the poet and his poetry.

We shall conclude our extracts with the verses on *Cowper's Grave,* but we entreat the reader to peruse the others we have named, from the book itself :—

COWPER'S GRAVE.

I.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying :
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

II.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue, was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

III.

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted;

IV.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

V.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,
With meekness, that is gratefulness to God, whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud, to His own love to blind him—
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its number;
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

VII.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Up-looking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving.

VIII.

But while, in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, though phrenzy desolated—
Nor man, nor nature satisfy, whom only God created!

IX.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow, the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

X.

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream, his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death, to save him!

XI.

Thus? Oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew "*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!"

XII.

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted,
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

XIII.

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphan'd cry, His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

XIV.

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation:
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on *Cowper's grave*, should see his rapture, in a vision!

This is poetry,—true poetry,—poetry worthy of Wordsworth's own pen. We dare not offer a word of comment on it.

Mrs. Browning is still a very young woman, and great things may therefore be expected of her. We have never had the pleasure of seeing her personally, but we have been assured that her countenance is most prepossessing, and her demeanour most unassuming and gentle. "In person she is slender 'and *petite*, her voice very soft and low; her complexion pale; 'her eyes and hair dark,—the latter being very long and hang-'ing down her neck." Many persons who know her and the family well, and have known them for years, are totally unconscious of her immense and extraordinary attainments, which she knows how to veil with feminine modesty. She read Greek when very young, spontaneously,—indeed, against her father's command—with the family tutor Hugh Boyd, to whose memory she has devoted two exquisite sonnets; and she made such rapid progress in that language, that at the age of twelve years she finished either a translation or an imitation of the earlier books of *Homer*, and a few years after published her fine translation of *Æschylus*. At the age of fifteen she gave to the world a philosophical poem called an *Essay on Mind*, but as it is not included in her collected works, we have not noticed it, although we think parts of it have great merit. She has suffered much in her domestic life. Among her afflictions, may be mentioned the death of her brother Edward, who was drowned before her eyes while swimming in the Torbay. She always loved seclusion, and after the distressing accident, until her marriage, she led a life of quiet retirement, mixing little with the society of the great Babylon in which she lived. All who know her bear witness to the modesty of her deportment, and the generosity of her character, as all who are conversant with her productions bear witness to the richness, the intensity and the manly strength, as well as the delicacy, the tenderness, and the feminine and pious humility, of her mind.

ART. II.—1. *De Villiers' Almanac for* 1854.
2. *Advertiser and Mail Newspaper.*
3. *Port Elizabeth Telegraph.*

Now that the E. I. Company's *New Furlough Regulations* permit their servants, when sick, to visit England on terms nearly as favourable as the old rules allowed of their proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope and the other eastern colonies, few, probably, will resort there, on sick certificate, as in days past. But there are in India many, who, grateful for benefits received, in health restored and energies recruited, look back, with pleasure and interest, on their days of leave spent at the Cape. Others, about to retire from the service, have thought of South Africa as a country to settle in comfortably, and wherein to rear and start their children fairly. We propose, therefore, to briefly describe the present state of the Cape Colony; and to enumerate some of its advantages as a field for retired Indian Officers, with families, having a pension and a small sum of money as available capital, to immigrate to and settle in.

Few men on retiring from India can afford to settle in England; for how far will a Major's pension and £ 3,000 go there, in providing for a wife and half a dozen children? Now at the Cape, an income and capital of that amount will render a man comfortable and independent, and will enable him to start his sons respectably, and to marry his daughters happily. And when the Cape's central position on the globe, its comparative age as a European settlement, and the peculiar constitution of its general society, are borne in mind, many men will, we think, be inclined to prefer it as a home, to most of the new, more bustling and convict-populated Australian Colonies.

The Honorable Company's Officers enjoy, with those of the Queen's army, the privilege of the remission of a part of the price of land, when settling for good at the Cape.

The British possessions in Southern Africa extend over an area nearly as large as that of France. They lie between the 30th and 35th degrees of South Latitude, and the 17th and 28th of East Longitude. Their only exposed frontier is on the north, where the boundary stretches across the Continent from east to west, and measures some 700 miles. Tribes of Namaquaas and Bosjemans are located along its western end and centre; and "the Fransvat Republic" of Dutch farmers, "the Sovereignty" (recently abandoned by the British Government,

and left an independent community), and tribes of Caffres, own the territory bordering on its eastern end. Everywhere else, it is bounded on all sides by the sea: the sweep of the coast being some 1,200 miles in length.

Within this extensive area, there are large tracts of arid territory, and ranges of bare hills not susceptible of cultivation or improvement; but there are also many extensive districts and fine valleys possessing a rich soil, and productive of everything requisite for man's necessity and comfort, and which might be made to yield and produce three times as much as they now do.

Labour is the great, and nearly the only, want of the Colony; a full and judiciously timed supply of Scotch, English and German labourers would do very much in developing the vast resources of the country, when set to till its lands, work its ores, prune its vines, and fell its forest trees.

At present the whole population does not exceed 300,000 souls, inclusive of the Caffre, Fingoe, Hottentot and other semi-savage subjects: about 75,000 of these are Europeans; and 40,000 of the whole number reside in and near the capital, Cape Town.

The Cape now may very fairly be considered the centre of the civilized world, for it is nearly equally close to all the countries around it. Only twenty-five days steaming from London and from Melbourne; very near India; not far from America; quite close to Rio and Mauritius. So placed geographically, as to be the most convenient half-way house and halting place for the many thousand ships and steamers now traversing the ocean in all directions.

In Cape Town, men from all nations are met with, and accounts from all countries are received.

There are no harbour-dues payable in any of the sea-ports of the Colony, and the number of ships yearly resorting to Table Bay, for repairs, supplies and water, is very large.

The harbours on the coasts, proceeding from west to east, are St. Helena and Saldanah Bays, the latter well supplied with water; Table Bay, the harbour of Cape Town; Houts, and the large False Bay, with its many inlets; St. Sebastian's, or St. Beaufort on the "Swellendam" coast; Mossel and Plettenberg Bays on the Coast of "George" county; "St. Francis" and Algoa on that of Uitenhage; Port Francis on that of Albany; and the mouth of the Buffalo river on the sea coast of British Kaffraria; besides the mouths of some of the larger rivers, most of which, however, are troubled with "baes."

The climate of the Cape has always been considered, and has by the Army Returns been proved, to be highly salubrious,

second only to that of New Zealand: cholera has *never* been known in South Africa; fevers, liver disease and dysentery are hardly ever heard of. It is rarely too hot, never too cold, hardly ever too wet at the Cape. In December and January (summer), the thermometer does sometimes rise to 100° Fahrenheit. In April (mid-autumn), the maximum, outside, is 77°, and the medium 63°.

About twenty-four inches of rain fall in the whole year; but never more than five inches during any one month. In June and July the weather is agreeably cold.

The prevailing wind, in and near Cape Town, is south-east, which often blows violently; its dust is disagreeable, but it in no way hurts any body. The town's people, from its supposed sanitary influence, style it "The Doctor!" During the winter, the north-west gales roll a prodigiously heavy sea into Table Bay, and the wrecks on the coast then have been far too common. Still these catastrophes are often due to carelessness, and to the inefficient way in which many ships are found in anchors, cables, and gear. The wrecks on the Cape coast are, after all, hardly so numerous as those on the shores of England itself.

The Colony enjoys a free constitution and an elected Parliament. It is presided over by a Viceroy or Governor, appointed quinquennially from England, and is managed by two Houses, both elective.

The Upper Chamber consists of fifteen Members; and the Lower of about forty. The Chief Justice of the Colony, rather anomalously, presides in the Upper House; the Lower elects its own speaker. The Members of the Upper House *must* be thirty years of age, and possess £2,000 of property: those of the Lower, need only be qualified as Electors, the franchise being a low one.

Each of the counties or divisions returns two Members to the Lower House, the Capital four, and the other larger towns additional Members. All bills of supply originate with the Lower House. The Viceroy has a veto on all ordinances.

A few of the senior Officers of the Government attend and sit in both Houses, to answer questions and afford information; but they are not entitled to vote, we believe. On the American principle too, no servant of the State, paid or unpaid, *can* sit in either House. The Law Officers assist the Houses in the preparation of their bills and acts.

Good hard roads, with bridges, cause-ways and viaducts, extend in many directions over the country. The great lines over the Bain's and Cradock's Kloofs, and across the Zureberg

range, are stupendous works, on which great labor, science and skill have been bestowed, and which have opened out large fertile districts, affording easy conveyance for their produce. Railways and docks are now also in contemplation, and will, in all probability, be at once commenced upon.

A uniform four-penny rate of letter postage, and one of a penny on all newspapers, prevail: stamps are used: money orders are granted for small sums, through the different Post Offices: the frontier mails, leaving the main office on alternate evenings, are delivered on the third day, at places six and seven hundred miles off.

The Capital and the larger towns have Municipal Corporations, to look to and care for their local conveniences and interests.

There are in the Colony fourteen Joint Stock Banks, many Life and Fire Assurance, and other Joint Stock Associations and Companies, the money capital of which, amounting to a large sum, is owned, nearly exclusively, by Colonial men. There are too, in many of the towns, several mercantile firms, whose trade operations, with all parts of the world, are conducted upon a very large scale, and return considerable profits.

The public revenue amounts to £300,000. The expenditure to about £290,000.

The sea customs dues produce £160,000. The land revenue £18,000. The postal £14,000. The transfer and auction dues £50,000. The stamps £20,000. And fines, licenses and fees of office complete the amount.

The currency is one of English money, and the notes of the Local Banks.

The imports exceed a million and a half sterling. The exports amount to £800,000. The value of the wool from one sea-port alone, being £300,000.

A higher price is procured in Mark-lane for Cape wheat, than for any grain grown anywhere else. Cape wool ranks now with the finest Australian.

The wines, in great varieties, white and red, light and full bodied, are improving in quality, and retrieving their character.

Fruits of all sorts and kinds, both European and tropical, are produced in great abundance, and of the finest quality: they are, when dried, largely exported to other countries.

Bread, meat, and vegetables of the best descriptions are cheaply procurable.

Food and all the necessaries of life are cheap and abundant, and many of the comforts and luxuries are easily obtained.

Money embarked in trade, Joint Stock Associations, cattle,

grain and wool-farming operations, returns 8,10,12 and more per cent., and the fields for its satisfactory investment are daily widening and increasing.

The offices in the public service will henceforward be in a great degree thrown open to Colonial men. Clerks on entering now pass examinations as to their fitness and capacity; and others on being promoted to the higher grades.

The press of the Colony is respectably and ably conducted. It issues, weekly, no less than twenty journals; besides religious, literary and other periodicals.

The ranks of the learned professions are very ably filled; and there are now in South Africa many devout priests, scientific skilful physicians, and astute lawyers.

The clergy of the English Episcopalian, and of the Dutch Calvinistic churches, and a few Roman Catholic priests as well, receive annual stipends from the State.

The South African College has professorships in classics, mathematics, physics and modern languages: and the New Parliament is about still further to enlarge its sphere of usefulness. This college has sent, and is still sending into the world, many highly educated young men.

A general system of public education, designed by Sir John Herschell, obtains. In each county there is a Government school, conducted by a qualified master, and inspected periodically by the Superintendant General of Education: pecuniary aid is besides granted to mission and other schools, on certain conditions, and when urgently required.

Much is done for the cultivation of literature, science and art. The South African Public Library contains on its shelves more than 30,000 volumes, in all branches of learning, and the vast treasures of this famous institution are gratuitously offered to all readers.

At intervals, exhibitions of paintings, and floral and agricultural shows are held in Cape Town, where there is a public botanic garden.

The Colonial Civil Law is based on the Roman-Dutch: marriages take place under it, "in community of property," and the children born of such unions, inherit and share equally their parents' whole substance. The rights of primogeniture are neither recognized nor known in South Africa. The estates of all orphans pass, by law, under the guardianship of the master of the Supreme Court, who officially holds the moneys, and directs the education and nurture, of all minors.

Pauperism is unknown in the streets. Lepers, lunatics, and

worn-out people are kindly cared for and tended in an asylum on Robben Island, in Table Bay.

The convict system and prison discipline are found to answer well. The convicts are made to work in gangs on the public roads, building, digging, blasting and mining. They are strictly but kindly treated, well fed, clothed and housed, but compelled to work in thorough earnest. They are flogged when refractory; but are also stimulated and urged to behave well by small pecuniary rewards and other trivial indulgences. All the great roads already laid down, and those now being made in the different parts of the Colony, have been effected, and are being carried on, mainly with convict *compulsory* labor.

The city of *Cape Town*, on the shores of Table Bay, occupying the valley between Table Mountain and the sea, is regularly built; its streets all run parallel, and at right angles to each other; are wide, airy and cleanly kept; and in some cases, have small streams of water running down their sides. The town contains a population of 30,000, and 10,000 more in its suburbs and environs. It has handsome English Episcopalian and Roman Catholic cathedrals, and thirteen other Christian churches, a Town Hall, an Exchange, a Public Library, an Hospital, a Botanic Garden, within a shady park-like domain, a Hall of Science, a College, Boys' and Girls' Schools, and other useful public Institutions. Its churches, larger shops and streets, are all lighted with gas: and a body of fifty English policemen, in the Scotland-Yard uniform, disciplined and managed by an ex-Bow-street Officer, preserve order and keep the peace. The inhabitants enjoy the luxury of American ice; and have the convenience of cab and coach, and omnibus conveyance.

There are many hotels and lodging houses, and a club; while the shops, many of them large and showy, display a variety and stock of wares, of which many English provincial towns would be proud.

Most of those who can afford to live out of town, do so, and travel daily by the coaches and omnibuses, between their places of business, and Green Point, Rondebosch, Claremont, and Wynberg, all pretty villages, rich in gardens, shady walks, villas, rustic churches, and the other *agrements* of a country residence.

"The gardens" just above the town, and close under the mountain, contain many comfortable houses: and the view from "the Kloof" or pass between the Lion's Head and Table Mountain, near these pretty suburban residences, is very fine,

commanding, as it does, the town, bay, and an extensive seaward prospect. The road over this Kloof runs by Camp's Bay, round to the Green Point suburb. From it is seen the town with its parallel streets, white houses, church-spires and towers, all spread out in map-like style; while beyond is the thronged harbor and sunny bay, spangled with white sails. The graceful crescent sweep of the bay, as seen from this spot, is closed in by the Bhee-berg Hills, and the extreme distance of this really fine picture is filled up by the Hottentot-Holland Mountains, along the face of which a good eye may trace the line of the famous road, Cole's Pass. Simon's Town is twenty-four miles distant: a coach runs thither daily. It is built just above an inlet of False Bay, and is not far from Cape Point. The royal dock and victualling yards, the arsenal and H. M.'s war-ships, are all there. The inhabitants are about 2,500 in number.

The "Society" so called, consisting of the Clergymen, Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants, Public Officials, Naval and Military Officers, is well ordered, and agreeable: topics of all kinds, and the politics of all countries, are freely discussed in its circles; and no "citizen of the world" need ever feel at a loss for conversational matter, while in it; for in no other country perhaps, are the topics of discussion less purely local. Now that the iniquities of Downing-street are far less marked and frequent; and that England at last treats her African daughter with justice, much loyalty and warm home feeling are displayed. The Colonists having now no mendacious Colonial Secretary to complain of, show plainly that they are, and always have been, proud of their connection with the great England: now too exclusive feeling has worn off; the Dutch and English parties have coalesced, and petty differences have been merged in one general set of views and Colonial sentiments.

Even at the recent elections, party feeling appears to have run only high enough to have imparted a gist to the work of the day: and the absence of all wrangling and ill feeling, on those exciting occasions, may well gratify the Colony's real friends, and assure them that the town's people are ripe for self-legislation.

The members of the English church number perhaps 7,000, those of the Dutch Reformed about 13,000: the Wesleyan and other Independents perhaps 4,000 more. Until the recent Puseyite innovation, all the Christians lived happily together; and even now, we believe, the polemic discussion is confined to a few Ultra High-church Zealots and Evangelical Controversialists.

The Scotch Presbyterians have a Church and some missionaries in Cape Town.

The Romish church makes no converts to its faith at the Cape.

The Malays (some of whom are wealthy and industrious) are all Mahommedans.

Public lectures, concerts, balls, picnics, and plays, at intervals, amuse the town's people, who are orderly and quiet.

The Cape county or division has some 12,000 acres of cultivated land: there are within it several steam, wind and water mills; hat, soap and other manufactories; with iron founderies, tanneries, &c. Some 400 fishermen earn a good livelihood on its coast. Granite, slate and stone are abundant, and house building is rapidly progressing in all directions

The Malmsbury district of the country grows much of the wheat and other grain used in the town. Its chief village is some forty miles distant from Cape Town.

The Stellenbosch county is rich in vines, fruit trees and corn fields. It contains some 10,000 inhabitants, 2,500 of whom reside in the chief town, a very pretty, shady and enjoyably quiet place, connected with Cape Town by an excellent, level road, twenty-five miles long, traversed daily by a light coach. Stellenbosch abounds in all kinds of fruits, flowers, wild heaths, and other natural beauties, and is a favourite resort with all who can afford leisure to enjoy its advantages.

The sub-division of "the Paarl" is an important and fast improving district. Its chief town, with its gardens and orchards, hedged in with white roses, scarlet geraniums and the bright yellow cactus, and over-shadowed by the great "pearl rock" towering above it, is a very pretty place.

The Vale of Wellington and its picturesque church, are but ten miles distant from "the Paarl:" there, the vineyards and orange groves, the wild flowers, shrubs and purling brooks, contribute to form a beautiful spot. Of this valley, Mr. C. R. Baynes, a Madras Civilian, who visited it in 1841, says at the forty-fourth page of his *Notes*:—"I have mentioned the general features of the wine-growing country as very rich, fertile and picturesque; some parts are eminently beautiful. It—the Vale of Wellington—is indeed a lovely spot, realizing a poet's dream: deliciously blended in one sheltered nook, are all the beauties, luxuries and ornaments which the imagination delights in attributing to Paradise. The grassy velvet slope, the steeper wood-clad hill, the lofty frowning rock, the bubbling stream of crystal water, the waving corn, the golden orange, the bursting fig, the clustering grape, the flower-

'enamelled ground, the fragrant air, the clear blue sky, all 'combine to enrapture and tranquillize the heart, to beget 'thoughts pure and heavenly as the scene. His soul must 'be much defiled by earth, who can gaze on it without im- 'provement, without longing to cast off the corporeal infirmi- 'ties which clog man's immortal part, and in such a spot to 'rest for ever, with no other employment than to thank the 'Giver and to praise the Creator."

The main road over Bain's Kloof passes through the village of Wellington, which is making rapid progress in size and importance.

There are in the whole "Paarl" district, some 12 or 13,000 acres of land under cultivation.

The "Worcester" county contains 20,000 square miles: its chief town is regularly laid out and well placed between the Hex and Breed rivers: its twelve streets form twenty-four squares of eight acres: each street is eighty feet wide, and is supplied with a stream of clear water: the town is managed by a Municipal Board.

The "Bokveld" district is very cold in winter: it produces fine apples, pears and cherries, and is well adapted for the cultivation of grain of all kinds.

"Tulbagh" the seat of a separate Magistracy, is a fertile, populous, and well watered district; and there is a Dutch Church and a school commission at its chief village. The new roads will greatly facilitate the transport of the produce of the whole county. A light coach runs between Cape Town and Worcester viâ Wellington; there and back within the week, making the distance in about twenty-six hours either way.

The "Clan William" county, (the most westerly district of the Colony,) has an area of 52,000 square miles. Its chief town is 170 miles north of Cape Town, on the Oliphant river. The Cedar Mountains lie thirty miles east of it: its grazing farms are large and numerous; and its copper mines promise richly.

The "Swellendam" county contains 6,000 square miles; its town, on the Cornland river, has 2,000 inhabitants: its mountains are, in winter, covered densely with snow. Grain and wool are here produced in large quantities: at "Caledon" are the hot mineral springs, famed for their curative influence: from Port Beaufort large quantities of aloes, feathers, hides, horns, skins, wool, grain, butter and cattle are exported. The district of "Riversdale" is the seat of a separate Magistracy.

The "George" county has a good and safe harbor, "Mossel Bay" on its sea coast, and a fine river, the "Kuysna," with four-

teen feet of water on its bar at ebb-tide, and navigable for ten miles. The tract along its coast is covered with forests, which yield a considerable revenue. In the range of mountains, which separate "George" from "Beaufort," are the remarkable Cango caverns, rich in stalactyte and stalagmyte concretions; of them Captain Walter Sherwill, of the Bengal Army, who visited them in 1842, says, "as a specimen of natural excava-
'tion, I much doubt if these caves can be equalled by any in
'the world, both for beauty, height, (that usually deficient qua-
'lity in natural excavations) or in extent—their extent being
'still unknown. Compared with artificial excavations, they are
'gigantic; the most wonderful being those of Ellora, Adjunta,
'Kralie and Elephanta, all in India. In them we have whole
'mountains excavated by the hands of men, and finished with a
'minuteness quite astonishing; I have visited them all, but they
'they did not so much gratify me as the sight of the Cango
'caverns."

This county produces cattle, wool, butter, grain, salt and aloes. The Spanish sheep thrive well, and breed largely here.

The "Beaufort" county is the seventh and last of the western districts. Its chief town is 363 miles east of Cape Town, and 144 miles west of Graff-Reinet. This is almost solely a grazing district: there are various cold mineral springs, resorted to by invalids, which are in high repute in cases of rheumatism.

"Albany" county is the first of the eastern districts: though small, it is a very important division of the Colony. "Graham's Town," the chief town of the whole eastern province, contains about 7,000 inhabitants: its streets are wide and airy. It is managed by a Municipal Corporation, has a good Library and a Botanic Garden; some six Christian churches; four resident medical practitioners; and its inhabitants do much for the culture and advancement of their education and comfort. The Albany division is peculiarly fitted for sheep-farming operations, and the pursuits of its inhabitants are chiefly pastoral. It has not, unfortunately, any sea-port, except "the Kowie-mouth," which is but little frequented now by ships, as huge sand accumulations choke it up: the proprietors of the land on the banks, have done much in attempting to clear the sand away, and £10,000 have recently been spent by the Government in the same endeavours, but hitherto with no very great success.

The Fingo population, residing in the sub-division of Fort Beaufort,—only fifteen years ago actual Helots to the Amakosa Caffres—now own property worth £10,000!

Fort Fordyce, (so called, we suppose, after the gallant soldier of that name, who fell in the last war, while defending

his countrymen and their homes, against the wild savage,) has been built to guard against any possible hostile demonstration hereafter by the Caffres.

The "Graff-Reinet" county comprises the first tract of country ever occupied by the old Dutch inhabitants in the Eastern Provinces. Its area is estimated at 8,000 square miles, inclusive of the sub-division of "Richmond!" The chief town of this county is perhaps the most pleasing, pretty and regularly built small town in the country: it stands on the left bank of the river, in a bend of the "Snowberg," and is freely supplied with pure water by a canal from the river: its spacious streets intersect each other at right angles, and have orange and lemon trees, and the Ceylon rose down their sides, which much enhance the shade and beauty of the place. The town's good position, on the high road between Port Elizabeth and the northern border, and its intrinsic capabilities, have rendered it the most important of interior towns: the aggregate value of its landed property is £300,000; and 5,000 is the number of its inhabitants. 1,200,000lbs. of the finest wool are grown in the district: game of all kinds is very plentiful indeed; and it is in this division, that those wonderful swarms and herds of "Springbock" occasionally make their appearance, surging across the country, and treading all vegetation beneath their million feet.

The "Somerset" county has an area of 9,000 square miles, and is divided into six sub-divisions. Its town is at the base of the Bushberg, and is well supplied with water. The orange and vine thrive here very luxuriantly: English farmers predominate, and they cultivate fine flocks and herds, and produce large quantities of very superior wool. The great Fish river runs through the centre of this division: and the sweet grass, on which all descriptions of stock thrive so well, is found all over it. The "Swager's Hock," a regular Alpine region, opens on a very fine tract of country, severely cold in winter, containing large and excellent grain and grazing farms, owned by opulent and intelligent men.

The "Colesberg" county contains 11,000 square miles, but only 7,000 inhabitants. "Hantam" is famous for its fine breed of horses; and the cattle and sheep of this division are in high repute. The "Orange river," flowing through this district, is, when swollen, more than 1,000 square yards across, with great depth and a rapid current. The town is at the base of the "Tooverberg:" a new one styled "Middleburg" on the Brak river, was started in August, 1852, and is likely to flourish. This division suffers much from want of water; and the

farmers are often compelled to adopt a nomadic life: a third village was started in May, 1853, near Duvenar's Fountain, in the north Middenveld sub-division.

The "Cradock" county has an area of 3,000 square miles, and a population of some 7,000 people. There are many good farms in this division, but it is, on the whole, a bare district. Its chief town is on the left bank of the Great Fish river, and on the high road to the northward. There are cold and tepid chalybeate springs near it, in repute for the cure of skin and rheumatic affections.

The "Uitenhage" county contains about 250 farms and 10,000 inhabitants. Its chief town, 220 feet above the sea, is distant twenty miles from Port Elizabeth, and 480 from Cape Town; it is regularly built, contains about 500 houses and 3,000 inhabitants; its gardens are numerous and extensive, it has a Dutch Calvinistic, a Wesleyan and a Roman Catholic church, and a Mahommedan mosque. "Uitenhage" has, by some, been deemed a judicious site for the Colonial Capital; and Governors D'Urban and Young, we believe, recommended it as such. The division is said to contain mineral ores. The other towns of this district are Port Elizabeth, Alexandria in the Oliphant's Hock, Humansdorp, near the Gaamtoos river, and Jeffrey's town on the coast, all rising places.

A famous road now runs over the Zureberg, (a mountain range in this division) which will afford the means of communication between the interior districts and the sea port. The scenery along its line is very fine.

The Cock's-comb, a mountain peak, 5,500 feet high, is seen from a long way off at sea.

In this division, the thermometer occasionally rises as high as 110°, but still the climate is very salubrious at all seasons. There are two extensive forests in this county, each under the care of a Ranger; and two large salt-pans yielding good salt.

Port Elizabeth, the town on the shores of Algoa Bay, is 400 miles to the eastward of the Cape. It is the great sea-port and business mart of the whole Eastern Province. It contains about 500 houses and 5,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing, and augmenting in size, wealth and importance. The exports in 1853, were of the value of £360,000, and they are yearly increasing. Fixed property is, in this town, more valuable than it is any where else in the Colony, and house-rent is consequently very high. There are many large houses of business here, driving a brisk trade in the export of wool and other Colonial produce, and the importation of woollens and other British manufactures. Port Elizabeth is managed by a

Municipality; it has two Churches, a Library, a Chamber of Commerce, a Mechanics' Institute and other public institutions; and it is altogether as bustling, stirring and business-like a town as any in the Colony. The "Natal mail screw steamer" drops passengers at St. Elizabeth; and there are a great many cruisers employed constantly between Algoa and Table Table.

The additional divisions of "Victoria," "Queen's Town," and "Albert," have been added to the Colony since 1848, having been wrested from their former Caffre holders. Their soil is described as rich and good, and their climate as salubrious. Farmers and others are now settling down in them, and they bid fair to answer well.

On the banks of the Komani, twenty miles north of Whittlesea, stands the new semi-military town, recently planned and laid out by the Deputy Surveyor General, with much ingenuity and judgment. It is of hexagon shape, with a central market place, from which the main streets all diverge, and is fully commanded and defended by a gun placed on a small hill near it. At Burgersdorp, in "Albert," masons are now earning as much as eight, and carpenters twelve shillings a day, and the value of landed and other property is rapidly increasing. Altogether these new districts are likely to prove a valuable acquisition to the Colony.

British Kaffraria, though a small division, is a very rich and fertile tract of country. It lies between the Kei and Keistama rivers, and has sixty miles of sea coast, with a good port called "East London" at the mouth of the Buffalo river; eventually, this district will, no doubt, produce grain and other valuable articles; but its present state is somewhat peculiar, inasmuch as the Caffre chiefs, within its limits, are allowed the indulgence of their own habits, and are left and encouraged to manage their people purely in their own way; a policy which, for the present, will doubtless answer very well, but which can hardly be expected to succeed a few years hence.

The sister colony of "Natal," some 300 miles higher up on the eastern coast, is an entirely separate and distinct Government. It is divided into several districts. Its climate is salubrious; and its soil fertile.

We have thus attempted to place before our readers, a few particulars of the leading features of each county or division of the British Colony in Southern Africa. We have not entered into minute details; as our object has been rather to invite and stimulate enquiry into the subject, by those about to retire from India and settle in some one of our many Colonies, than to attempt to furnish any regular information on any particular head.

Each of these divisions at the Cape, is managed by a Commissioner, and each sub-division by a Resident Magistrate; these Officers exercise both revenue and judicial functions, being assisted in the performance of their duties by Clerks, Local Boards, and others. The duties of the Cape Civil Service generally are, we think, but indefinitely laid down; and the services present rather anomalous positions and a confused state, which seem to call for order, re-organization and improved remuneration. Now that education and ability are demanded from all young men entering it, care should, we think, be taken to reward them adequately; for unless they are well paid, the tempting walks in private life open to them in the Colony, will draw them away from the public service.

In each county there are certain "Justices of the Peace;" and a Local Law Officer, usually an educated Attorney, styled "the Clerk of the Peace," who is assisted in his public duties by "Field-Cornets," men who, while Under-Sheriffs, are in a great measure, Magistrates in peace and Soldiers in time of war: their office is, we believe, one peculiarly SOUTH AFRICAN.

Two Judges preside in the Supreme Court in Cape Town; and one in Graham's Town. All three travel circuit; and, attended by the Bar, visit each provincial town, once every six months.

The Lieut.-Governor, Chief Secretary, the Treasurer, Auditors, Registrar and Attorney-Generals, the High Sheriff and other senior officials, are stationed in Cape Town; and the Solicitor General, an Under-Secretary, Deputy-Surveyor General, &c., in Graham's Town.

Each province is the see of an English Bishop. The troop garrisoning the fort in Cape Town, and those on the frontier, are all exclusively Imperial. The Home authorities are said now,—we think very injudiciously,—to contemplate their immediate and sudden reduction; and they have, we believe, intimated to the Colonial Legislature, that the expenses of all future Kaffir wars are to be borne by the Colonial, and not by the Imperial, Treasury; hinting also, it appears, that the Colonists ought to pay one-half of the military expenditure even in times of peace. This is not the place wherein to enter on the discussion of the justice or injustice of such sudden proposals, and unlooked-for demands: suffice it to say that if the Colonists are henceforward to pay the expenses of all military operations on their frontier—they, and they only, should be left to determine the border-policy, frontier arrangements, and Caffre-relations. To them, and not to Downing-street, in such case, must be confided the appointment of the Political Officers on their frontier, charged with and responsible

for the due observance of all treaties and relations with foreign tribes. It would be unfair and unjust, indeed, to the tax-payers in Southern Africa, to exact from them payment of the expenses of wars brought about only by the bungling ignorance of some Royal Colonel, speaking neither the Dutch nor any of the Kaffir languages, knowing nothing of frontier-politics, or of the prejudices of the native tribes, and caring nothing for either the Colonists or their interests.

The defence and safe keeping of the mere Caffre frontier, would not be a very troublesome or expensive process after all. Intelligent Local Officers, as "the Politicals" on the border, men who, speaking the languages and understanding the people, might be fully trusted; aided by a strong regiment of Light Cavalry,* with a couple of "galloper" six-pounder guns well horsed, to each squadron, and authorized on emergency to call out the militia, organized on something like the old Dutch "command" system, would keep the peace and hold the frontier with ease. The expense of a military system of *this* kind, the friends of the Colony might well stand; though they would soon be effectually drained by the charges of a regular English army, with its full staff, extensive Commissariat, and other cumbersome and expensive paraphernalia. Hereafter, possibly, it may be found convenient and politic to garrison both South Africa and Mauritius with East India Company's sepoy regiments—the men of which would work well under the climate of both those countries; and would be far less expensive than Queen's troops of European soldiers are there now.

* This corps might perhaps be organized in somewhat of our Bengal Irregular style, and consist of eighty troops and eight six-pounder guns.
The expenses would not exceed:—

STAFF.

1	Commandant	£3	per mensem
1	Adjutant and Quarter Master	„ 20	
1	Artillery Officer and Ordnance Commissioner	„ 20	
2	Surgeons, 1 to each wing, at £20	„ 40	
4	Apothecaries at £5	„ 20	
1	Staff Serjeant	„ 5	
	Total..	£ 135	

AND TO EACH SQUADRON OF TWO TROOPS.

1	Captain	£ 20	
2	Subalterns at £15	„ 30	
1	Artillery Staff Serjeant at £4	„ 4	
4	Serjeants at £4	„ 16	
4	Corporals at £3 15s	„ 15	
20	Gunners at £3 10s	„ 70	
150	Troopers at £1	„ 45	
2	Guns, 12 horses, gear, forge, &c, £2	„ 21	
	Total...£630 × 4=£2,520		

The Cape people have evidently been well satisfied with what their Ex-Governor Sir George Cathcart has done in, and for the Colony: they appear to have been pleased with his frontier-policy generally; and now to anticipate a continued peace on their Caffre-frontier as the consequence of his judicious measures. General Cathcart, who, unfortunately, is said to dislike representative institutions, is now the Adjutant General of Her Majesty's army, and has gone to join the force in Turkey; he will there, doubtless, achieve in his military capacity, honours and laurels more palpable and sounding, though hardly more real and substantial, than those earned in settling the difficult Cape-border questions. Let us sincerely hope that his successor Sir George Grey may, during his tenure of office and Vice-Royalty at the Cape, earn for himself a reputation and popularity as high and satisfactory as his predecessor's.

Both are markedly different and superior men to the Lord Charles Somerset, who, of his own will and pleasure, annulled laws, made physicians out of horse and cow doctors, and built country-houses for himself at the public expense; and to the Sir Georges and Sir Harrys of days gone bye.

Downing-street has apparently discovered that the free men of South Africa require something more than a mere soldier, with Martinet notions, and a fancy for ruling a whole people as he would a regiment, for their Governor. Even a Pottinger, with a grand China fame, did not go down with them. But this important knowledge has only of late been acquired, or rather admitted by those who, for so many years, have mismanaged and misruled our Colonies.

The good Sir Benjamin D'Urban, whose name is still much revered in the Colony, was summarily removed from his government, for presuming to think for himself, and to advocate the Colonists' views, by the then sapient Colonial Secretary, who, with the notorious Stephens at his elbow, fulminated his grandiloquent despatches, and enunciated his pseudo-philanthropist theories as to Colonial frontier politics, until Sir Benjamin in self-defence had to retort in a strain too plain for official etiquette. Sir B. remained for five years a private gentleman in the

That is £135 per month for the Staff of the corps; and £2,520 for the four squadrons with their guns attached.

A regiment of this strength could be employed very usefully in sections; and would be a good nucleus for the Militia and Commanders to form upon, in time of war. In peace, its troops might be stationed along the border, here and there.

The whole annual expense of such a regiment need not exceed £32,000.

Colony, after giving up his Vice-Regal office: and left it greatly beloved by all parties.

The anti-convict agitation of 1849, although carried too far, and pushed, we think, to an imprudent extent, was still, on the whole, conducted ably and legitimately. Its originators and leaders, even if sometimes carried away by their enthusiasm and perhaps fears, showed, that on this occasion, as in former battles with an encroaching government, they knew well how to contend for their rights as free men; and how successfully to remonstrate against injustice. In the days of Governor Somerset "the liberty of the press" had to be battled for; and right well did Fairbairn and Pringle fight for it! In the time of Napier other liberties had to be secured by independence and resolution! And now at last, that a free constitution and equal rights for all men have been obtained, well may, in our opinion, the Fairbairns, Ebdens, Watermeyers, and Reitzes, be ranked, in their way, not less as Patriots than were the Washingtons, Franklins and Munroes of the great American struggle for freedom and justice! Long may the men of South Africa enjoy and reap the rewards of their well-fought struggles, conducted with so much prudence, and terminated with so much moderation and propriety!

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, for July, 1854, in commenting on the *five* Kaffir wars, and our Cape policy generally, although no very warm admirer, evidently, of the Cape Colonists as a body, admits, we observe, that "the Colony itself is now 'prosperous, the Colonists contented; still grateful for a con-'stitution, for the popular form of which they have already 'shown themselves prepared. The manner in which they are 'conducting the elections to their Parliament, is an example 'to the mother country; and the choice which they have 'already made of Councillors, gives us a ground of hope that 'we shall have no more Kaffir wars, which counterbalances 'many reasons for fear."

He is inclined, we see, to sympathize with the Kaffirs; says that "they have lost more cattle than the Colonists have; and 'that the latter have, in their extensive reprisals, 'lifted' more 'from Kaffraria, than they had ever lost!" This is certainly a doctrine quite new to us, who for some years past have taken an interest in, and striven to keep ourselves informed on all that has transpired at the Cape and on its frontier. Sir H. G. Smith's measures, politically, he condemns; but, with ourselves, he regards "the hero of Aliwal" as a good soldier, though no very sapient statesman!

This writer also thinks highly of the old "Stockenstrom

treaties and projects for pleasing and quieting the Kaffirs;" contends that the "Glenelg" system had a fair start: but quotes Sir George Napier's authority for saying that "the Colonists thwarted all these well intentioned schemes."

He shows us how the late Sir P. Maitland's imprudence, in opposition to Colonel John Hare's advice, brought about the serious disturbances of February, 1846. And altogether, we are, by the facts collated, and the views enunciated in this *Review* of Kaffir wars, confirmed in our previously conceived, and the above expressed ideas, that "the 'Colonists themselves, have been, are, and must hereafter be 'better Custodians and Judges of their Kaffir relations than 'Downing-street Secretary and Horse-Guards General or 'Colonel ever can be!"

On the subject of who should pay for the wars, he says:— "The Colonists say, imperial policy and imperial governors 'brought down upon us the former wars; out of one war springs 'the feeling which may produce another, which makes peace 'impossible, without an army to preserve it; and therefore 'whilst this policy lasts, we look to the Empire to furnish this 'army: and the Colonists are right; if the Governors we send 'out, are to continue to act towards the Kaffirs as they have 'done, our Chancellor of the Exchequer must find them the 'means to do so."

This writer also informs us that Sir George Clerk has now been deputed to "Natal," to settle the perplexing land tenures there of Zoolus and settlers respectively: a task likely to be no less difficult than the "Sovereignty" affair.

In some of the journals we have observed expressions of dissatisfaction at the formal recognition by the local Governor and the Home Authorities of "the Frans Waal," or as it is now, we believe, more ambitiously styled, "the South African Republic," the community of Dutch farmers and others beyond the Vaal river. Hereafter, perhaps, both the "Sovereignty" and the "Natal" Colony may be absorbed into this Republic, which may, fifty years hence, be an organized and hostile state; but we do not know that any serious inconveniences have as yet resulted to the Cape Colony from this recognition; or from the separation of a body of dissatisfied, and in many respects, unreasonable men.

Many men have been sorry for and surprised at, (in these days, when the rage is for annexing every place!) the abandonment of the territory known as "the Sovereignty." That tract of country, though not perhaps a judicious acquisition, still cost us lives and "neck treading" displays to acquire; and it will, in

any case, probably have to be defended hereafter by us; for it is hardly to be expected that its present mere handful of occupants will be able to hold it against any organized opposition.

Sir George Clerk, who has refused the Government of the Cape, it is said, was deputed from home to carry out the abandonment: an unpleasant duty under any circumstances, but still one that might have been performed without the offence apparently given to more than one party.

Sir George, when in India, was famed for his amenity and urbanity, and for the wonderful way in which he managed to do disagreeable things in a pleasant manner. We have therefore been both surprised and grieved to learn that his mode of carrying into execution Her Majesty's instructions with reference to "the Sovereignty," gave offence to the delegates, at first deputed to confer with him, and to the Colonial community generally, who seem, from the newspaper accounts, to be of opinion that this abandonment might have easily been effected far more pleasantly to all parties, than it has been. Still Sir George would have made, we have no doubt, a good Governor.

It has of late been vaguely rumoured, though on what authority we are ignorant, that the Home Government now has some idea of forming the group of the seven western districts of the Cape, into one Colony, under one Lieut.-Governor; the six eastern districts, with the new smaller divisions, into a second Colony, under another Lieut.-Governor; and then appointing a Governor-General over the two and the sister Colony of "Natal." The new Governor-General to be the chief Imperial Officer, the declarer of all war and peace, and the general guardian of all Great Britain's interests in Southern Africa: the three Lieutenants to be Local and Executive Officers.

While thus striving to advocate the cause, and to enumerate the advantages, of the Cape Colony as a likely field for retired Indian Officers to do well in; we have not been unmindful, nor quite ignorant of the advantages also possessed by other British Colonies, New Zealand, Australia and the Canadas to wit. Of the last we know but little; the Australian settlements, afflicted with a convict-originating society, and convulsed as they have been recently by the gold discoveries, are unlikely to prove quiet resting places and respectable homes for old Indians. While the great distance from Europe, the limited space, and the propinquity to the gold diggings, of the salubrious and otherwise promising colonies in New Zealand—now that the hopes of the Panama route ever being opened are almost given

up, render a residence even in those favoured spots in the Southern Pacific, we think, undesirable too for Indian Officers.

In conclusion then, and looking to the present social states of the English Colony in South Africa, its fortunate position geographically, and its steam-communication with other countries; considering its healthy climate, free institutions and educational and social advantages; recollecting the cheapness of the necessaries and of many of the comforts of life; the good rate of interest returned in the Colony, on all invested capital; and the many promising fields for the energies of respectably reared young men that the settlement's enlarging condition presents, we do contend earnestly that a retired Indian Officer, with a pension and two or three thousand pounds in cash, is more likely to pass his own declining days pleasantly, to rear and start his sons fairly, and to marry his daughters happily around him, at the Cape, than in one of the Australian Colonies. And if the remarks that we have here strung together, shall in any degree have the effect of inducing Officers, who are thinking of retiring to one of the Colonies, to enquire on and investigate this subject of the Cape's advantages as a migration field for themselves, we shall be much pleased.

Until very recently mail screw steamers ran regularly every month between Southampton and Calcutta, stopping at the Cape for a week, either way. But the transport service, consequent on the war in Turkey, has tempted the Company to give up their contract and employ their vessels in carrying troops, stores, &c., to the seat of war. It is now confidently expected, that the route via the Cape will ere long be re-occupied by another line of steamers. This re-establishment of the communication with India and England cannot be long delayed. Now the Australian steamers touch at the Cape on their way to and from England. And Her Majesty's Government is, we are informed, taking steps to secure a regular monthly postal communication with the Colony, by screw or other steamers.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we have learnt that the Home Authorities have constituted "British Kaffraria" a Government under a Lieut.-Governor, and a Council, separate from, but subordinate to, the old Colony. They have too, it appears, some idea of appointing two additional Judges and other Senior Officials to the Eastern Province. The July papers contain interesting accounts of the opening of the New Parliament, with much ceremony, by Mr. Darling, the present Cape Governor.

ART. III.—*The Koran.*

OUR sketch of the *Life of Mahomet* had, in the last paper, reached a point, about his fortieth year, when anxious yearning after religious truth had sprung up, and the mind, brooding upon the gross superstition and abject worldliness of the inhabitants of Mecca, and bewildered by its own speculations, amidst the wild flickerings of spiritual light ever and anon flashing around, began to unburthen itself in fragments of impassioned poetry. Such rhapsodies sometimes assume the character of a soliloquy full of melancholy reflection upon the state and prospects of mankind; at other times, fraught with burning words and imagery of terror, they seem intended as a warning and admonition to his neighbours or fellow-citizens; while again, they exhibit his mind intent upon itself, and seeking for comfort and assurance when oppressed by perplexity and distress.

Few of these fragments remain to us. They did not fit in with the subsequent theory, which holds every word of the Koran as a message emanating directly from God: and it is probable that the more remarkable of them, imprinted indelibly on the hearts of those who shared in the early enquiries of Mahomet, have alone found a place in his Revelation. It is thus that we find but eighteen Suras, which we can assign to this period of his life; and in order to trace the developement of spiritual thought and religious dogma in the mind of Mahomet, copious extracts from these must be laid before the reader.*

Of the soliloquies, the subjoined Sura is a specimen :—

CI. That which striketh! What is it which striketh?
And what shall certify thee what THE STRIKING meaneth?
On that Day, Mankind shall be like unto Moths scattered abroad,
And the Mountains shall be like unto wool of divers colours corded.

* The earliest eighteen Suras, we would place in the following order :—1, CIII ; 2, C. ; 3, XCIX. ; 4, XCI *b*, CVI. ; 6, I ; 7, CI. ; 8, XCV. ; 9, CII. ; 10, CIV. ; 11. LXXXII. ; 12, XCII. ; 13, CV. ; 14, LXXXIX ; 15, XC. ; 16, XCIII ; 17. XCIV ; 18, CVIII. The next four, following immediately upon these, are ; 19, XCVI. ; 20, CXII ; 21. LXXIV. ; 22, CXI.

Any such arrangement can, however, be only approximate, because, as explained in the "*Sources for the Biography of Mahomet*" the chronology of the several Suras is to be gathered from internal intimations of style, contents, and reference to passing events. The earlier Suras are generally composed of short pieces, delivered all at once, and are therefore more easily classified than the later Suras, which are made up of fragments composed on various occasions. As they advance in time, the Suras *gradually* become longer; but they have been arranged in the present Koran in an order the reverse of this, the longest being placed first and the *shortest last. Hence it is that the casual reader of the* Koran can *form no correct* conception of the origin and developement of Mahomet s system, by a perusal in its present shape and sequence.

Then, truly, whose soever Balances are heavy,* he shall enter into a life of Happiness;
And he whose Balances are light, to him verily appertaineth the Pit,
And what shall certify thee what THE PIT meaneth?
A Raging Fire!

Of the following verses, some are represented as proceeding from God, but probably as yet only by poetical fiction :—

SURA XCV. I swear by the Fig and Olive,
By Mount Sinai, and by this inviolate Territory!
That We verily created Man of a most excellent Fabrick,
Then We rendered him the lowest of the Low;
Excepting such as believe and do the things that are right,
For unto them shall be given a Reward that fadeth not away.
Then, what shall cause thee after this to deny the Reckoning?
What! is not GOD the most righteous of all Judges?

The voice of expostulation and alarm was raised in accents such as these :—

CIV. Woe unto the Backbiter and Defamer;
He that heapeth up Riches, and numbereth them for the Future!
He thinketh surely that his Wealth shall be with him for ever.
Nay! for verily he shall be cast unto the crushing Fire;
And what shall cause thee to know what the CRUSHING FIRE is?
The Fire of GOD kindled,
Which shall mount above the Hearts,
It shall verily rise above them as a covering,
Stretched upon lofty columns.

The XCII. Sura, after a variety of wild and incoherent oaths, proceeds thus :—

V. 12. Verily it is Our part to give Direction,
And unto us belongeth the Future and the Past.
Wherefore, I warn you of the Fire which breaketh into Flame,
There shall not be cast therein but the most Wretched,
He that rejected the Truth, and turned his back;
But whoso greatly feareth the Lord shall escape therefrom,
He that giveth of his Wealth to purify his Soul withal;
And who offereth not his Favors unto any with the hope of Recompense,
Excepting that he seeketh the Face of his Lord, Most High,
And surely he shall be satisfied.

The following Sura illustrates the rhyming style adopted by Mahomet, even in his earliest compositions. Each verse ends with the syllable *hâ*,† the corresponding word being indicated below by italics :—

XCI. The Thamudites rejected the message of the Lord in *their* impiety;
When the most abandoned among *them* arose;
(Now the Prophet of the Lord had said unto them, "It is the she-camel
[of the Lord; Give ye drink unto *her*;")
But they rejected him, and cut her in pieces;
Wherefore the Lord overthrew them in their iniquities, and rendered unto them
[a recompense equal with *their Sin*;
And HE feareth not the issue *thereof*.

Allusion is sometimes made, though in a very brief and vague form, not only to Arab, but to Jewish legend :—

LXXXIX. *v.* 6. What! hast thou not seen how thy Lord dealt with the children of AD,—
The Iromites possessed of pillars,
The like whereof hath not been builded in any City:—
And with the THAMUDITES which hewed out the Rock in the Valley:—
And with PHARAOH that used the Stakes?
These all behaved insolently in the Earth,
And multiplied Wickedness therein;
Wherefore thy Lord poured upon them the mingled Cup of his Wrath,
Verily, thy Lord is in his Watch-tower; &c.

* *I. E., with good deeds.*

† The feminine pronoun of the third person.

And there was not wanting special appeal at times to national considerations. The 105th Sura, which recounts God's mercies to the Meccans in the overthrow of Abraha, and preservation of their city, belongs probably to this period; as well as the following :—

CVI For the stirring up of the Coreish ;—
The stirring of them up unto the Winter and Summer (mercantile) Expeditions.
And let them worship the Lord of this House,
He who hath provided them with Food against Hunger,
And granted them immunity from Fear.

In elucidation of the honest striving after Truth by Mahomet at this time, we quote another Sura, in which the two paths of Virtue and Vice, and the difficulties of the straight way, are set forth :—

XC. Verily I swear by this Territory,
(And thou art a Resident* of this Territory;)
By the Begetter and that which is begotten!—
Verily we have created Man in Trouble.
Ah! doth he think indeed that no one hath power over him?
He saith, *I have wasted much wealth.*
Ah! doth he think that no one seeth him?
What! Have We not made him two Eyes and two Lips,
And guided him unto the two Roads,
Yet he appileth himself not unto the Ascent;—
And what shall cause thee to know what the Ascent is?—
Freeing the Captive,
Or giving Food in the day of Want
To the orphan that is near of kin,
Or to the Poor that lieth in the Dust.
Further, the Righteous must be of those who believe, and stir up one another unto Stedfastness and Compassion:—
These are the Heirs of Blessedness;
But they who deny Our Signs, shall be the Heirs of Wretchedness;—
Around them shall the Fire close.

It is highly probable that Mahomet was occupied with such thoughts, and gave vent to his feelings in language like that of the above quotations, for several years before he assumed the office of a Divine teacher. The early Suras, and we may suppose many other reflective and didactic pieces, not preserved, because not purporting to proceed as inspired from God,—would be recorded by the aged Waraca, by Ali, who was still a boy, and possibly by Khadîja herself;† or by some member of her family, which, as we have seen, contained persons enquiring after the true religion, and more or less acquainted with Judaism and Christianity. The friends and some of the relatives of Mahomet listened with reverence to his admoni-

* حل Abd al Cadir translates this "free," *i. e.*, from the obligation of holding the Meccan Territory inviolable, and therefore not blamable for invading it in after days with an army!

† "Tabari informs us that when Mohammed first entered on his office, even his wife Khadîja had read the Scriptures, and was acquainted with the history of the prophets." (*Sprenger*, *p.* 100.) But this is from the *Persian* translation of Tabari, and does not appear in the original Arabic. The words are :—

خدیجه بکتابها پیشین خوانده بود و خبرها پیغمبران دانسته

tions, and sought to follow his injunctions, as those of a faithful teacher, guided haply by the Spirit of God. Khadîja his loving wife, Zeid and Ali his adopted sons, and perhaps Abu Bakr his bosom friend, and Waraca, who saw in his first teaching the counterpart of his own ideas, were amongst the earliest of his disciples.

But without this little circle, Superstition and the World held undisputed sway, and expostulation was met by a gross and repellent darkness. The kind and generous Abu Tâlib smiled at the enthusiasm of his nephew; Abu Lahab, another uncle, mocked and insulted him; Abu Jahl and his party sneered. The great body of the Coreish were careless and indifferent; and as Mahomet passed by the knots that clustered about the Kaaba, to discuss the events of the day, they would point disdainfully at him as a half-witted creature.

The more susceptible amongst the citizens listened, perhaps, at first with attention; but when pressed to practical and decisive steps, they would answer;—"It is well for Jews and 'Christians to follow the purer faith thou speakest of; *they*, 'we know, have had prophets with a message of the will of 'God. Let us be content with the light given unto us, and 'remain as we are. *If a Prophet had been sent unto us, we* 'should no doubt have followed his directions, and been equally 'devout and spiritual in our worship, as the Jews and Chris-'tians."* Mahomet felt the force of such a reply, for it was in unison with hidden thoughts, ever present, yet undeveloped in his heart. Would the merciful God be unmindful of the appeal thus virtually made to Him for guidance? It might perhaps be in reality a divine call upon himself to furnish that direction, so woefully needed, and so sincerely desired. And, again, whence that rush of inspiring thoughts of God's Unity and Providence, of a future Recompense, of Heaven and Hell? Whence the ecstatic periods, the flow of burning thoughts, the spontaneous burst of eloquence and heavenly speech, which gave form and substance to the long conceived yearnings of his heart, and stereotyped them as the words of Divine Truth? Could the Prophets of old have had a more convincing test of their inspiration? What if all this formed a heavenly call; a Divine Mission?

He believed, then, that God had called him to preach re-

* See Sura XXXVI 42, where such professions are quoted by Mahomet, as showing that his people had at first declared their willingness to follow a prophet, if he were only sent to them; but that now a Prophet *had been sent*, they disbelieved him and broke their promise. Such notices are frequent in the Koran, and the pretext assigned in the text, was, no doubt, one of the earliest which Mahomet had to answer.

formation to his countrymen; but was he authorized to use the name of the Lord, and to recite his warnings, threats, and promises, as words of Inspiration? It would surely stultify his position, to stand forth as a *Messenger* sent by God to reclaim the Meccans to Himself, and yet to bring no message. The work was evidently of God; why then question that these willing thoughts and living words were *intended* by God as His commands? And, ever and anon, the rising doubt would be quelled by a glance at *the end*. For the glorious object of the conversion of his people, could there be any thing wrong in the only suitable means? Nay, this strange mental struggle itself, seemed to be but the budding of inspiration. Should he attempt to stay the divine emotion, and repress the work within, he might be fighting against the Lord Himself! Why then hesitate to take the name of God into his lips, and go forth boldly as His Legate, trusting that the same Spirit which had guided Jewish and Christian prophets, would put the words into his mouth? The God that overrules all Nature, even to the minutest concerns of the brute creation, without whom not a leaf falls to the ground,—He will not suffer these mental longings to miss the aim for which they are intended. Into His hands then he would commit himself, and secure in the singleness of his object, the glory of God, and the good of his fellows, he would go forth speaking His words.

While absorbed by reflections such as these, sometimes doubting, sometimes believing, Mahomet at seasons suffered grievous mental distraction. To this period we attribute the Suras, in which, after deep depression, he sought to re-assure his soul, by remembering the favors of God:—

XCIII. By the rising Sun-shine!
By the Night when it over-casteth!
Thy Lord hath not removed from thee, neither hath He been displeased.
And verily the Future shall be better unto thee than the Past.
And thy Lord shall shortly dispense unto thee a Gift; and thou shalt be satisfied.
What! Did He not find thee an Orphan, and gave thee a Home?
And found thee astray, and directed thee?
Now, therefore, as touching the Orphan, do not oppress him;
And as touching him that asketh of thee, repulse him not;
And as touching the Favors of thy Lord, rehearse them.

XCIV. What! Have we not opened for thee thy Breast?
And taken off from thee thy Burden,—
That which galled thy Back;
And exalted the Mention of thee?
Then truly with the Difficulty, there shall be ease.
Verily with the Difficulty, there shall be ease.
And when thou art set at liberty, then labor,
And towards thy Lord raise thy Desire.

The following Sura appears to refer to the taunts of those

who reproached him with the death of his sons as a mark of God's displeasure,

> CVIII. Verily, We have given unto thee an Abundance;
> Wherefore offer unto the Lord thy prayer, and sacrifice unto Him.
> Verily whoso hateth thee shall be childless.

Notwithstanding such consolations, the depths of his distress were sometimes insupportable, so that he repeatedly meditated suicide. What, if all this were but the simulation of Divine impulse, the stirrings of the Evil One and his emissaries? What crime so awful as to forge the name and authority of GOD? Rather than expose himself to a risk so awful, he would at once render it impossible, by casting himself headlong from one of these wild cliffs. An invisible influence appeared to hold him back;* was it Divine? Or might it not also be diabolical?

But the old train of reasoning again revived in his heart, stronger than ever: and now when the mind was fully surrendered to it, bright visions of a united people abjuring their loathsome idolatry, would rise before him. "And I, thus 'acknowledged their Prophet, why should I not be also their 'Chief and Leader? Yes, Faith and Piety shall reign 'throughout Arabia, and if need be, the sword shall be bared 'to compel men to enter into the Kingdom of God:—

> 'When the Help of the Lord shall come and Victory,
> 'And thou shalt see Men entering into the Faith of God in multitudes,
> 'Then celebrate His Praise, and ask Pardon of Him, for He is forgiving:
> *Sura CX.*

'Moses led forth his people, and so did other Jewish Chieftains, 'to do battle for the Lord against the Idolaters: and why 'should not I, the Vicegerent of God, do likewise, and 'bring in godly submission the whole of Arabia to His feet? 'It will surely be for the furtherence of *His* Kingdom. And 'Syria, Greece, and Rome; what mummeries have I not 'heard and seen within their cities? They, too, will listen 'to the voice of reason teaching them the Unity of God. 'They have a Revelation, and profess to obey it: I will 'show to them that they have corrupted and obscured the 'Truth. And Egypt, Persia, Abyssinia, Hira,—all around, 'why should I not dash to the ground, the Idols, and every 'thing that exalts itself against the True God;—if only my 'people will be convinced and rally around me to fight the 'battles of the Lord."† Such images as these, at this time,

* *Wackidi, p.* 37½. *Tabari, pp.* 90, 96.

† *See Hishâmi, pp.* 136, 165, *and* 290.
Wâckidi, p. 38½. *Tabari, p.* 122 Mahomet is there represented as at a very early stage, assuring the Coreish, that if they only would be converted to his faith, they would conquer, not only all Arabia, but the surrounding nations.

were, it may be, very faint and dim, but we believe that they had an existence in the mind of Mahomet; and it is probable, that they formed the evil and misguiding element, which first mingling itself with the pure longing after Truth, led to the fatal and fearful error of speaking unauthorizedly in the name of God. AMBITION, once admitted, opened an easy breach for the suggestions of evil and the attacks of worldly temptation; and yet it was so subtilely mingled with the Spiritual, that haply it may have escaped the observation of Mahomet himself.

At this crisis, the fate of Mahomet and of Islam trembled in the balance. It was his hour of trial, and he fell.

On the one hand, he was surrounded by a little knot of believing adherents. Spiritual truth seemed to shine, clear and radiant as a sunbeam, upon his own heart; ecstatic trances impressed a seal, apparently divine, upon his convictions; and (though ambition might lurk,) he was conscious of a sincere desire, and fancied he perceived a Divine Commission, to call forth his people from Darkness into Light. On the other side, the ungodly laughed him to scorn; while his solemn expostulations and warnings were treated, even by the wise and sober, as the effusions of a fond enthusiast. *Before a Divine Commission all difficulty would vanish.* He would wait then for the inspiring influence of the Holy Spirit, to lead him, as it had oft times led the Prophets before him. Gabriel,* perhaps, would visit him, as he visited Zacharias and Mary, to announce the Advent of the last Dispensation.

While seated or wandering amidst the peaks of Hirâ, buried in reveries such as these, the imagination of a heavenly visitant that had long flitted vaguely before him, was suddenly realized, as in a vision, by his excited fancy. Gabriel, the messenger of God, appeared in the sky, and approaching within two bows' length of the Prophet, seemed to bring from his Master this memorable behest:—

> RECITE in the name of the Lord who created;
> Created Man from nought but congealed blood;
> Recite! For thy Lord is beneficent
> It is He who hath taught (to record Revelation,) with the Pen·
> Hath taught Man that which he knoweth not
> Nay, verily, Man is rebellious;
> Because he seeth himself to abound in Wealth.
> Verily, unto thy Lord is the Return of all.

* It is clear that at a later period at least, if not from the first, Mahomet confounded *Gabriel* with the *Holy Ghost* The confusion may have arisen from the statement of some ignorant Christian. Mary conceived Jesus by the power of the Holy Ghost which overshadowed her. But it was Gabriel who visited Mary to announce the conception of the Saviour. The Holy Ghost was, therefore, another name for Gabriel. Examples of even grosser ignorance are not difficult to produce. Mahomet, as we have already seen, believed that the hristians regarded Mary, "the Mother of God," as the third Person in the Trinity!

Hast thou seen him that holdeth back
The Servant (of God) when he prayeth?
What thinkest thou? had he listened to right Direction,
And commanded unto Piety?
Dost thou not see that he hath rejected the Truth, and turned his Back?
What! Doth he not know that God seeth?
Nay, verily, if he forbear not, We shall drag him by the Forelock,
The lying, sinful Forelock!
Then let him call his company of Friends, and We shall call the guardsmen of Hell;
Nay! submit not unto him: but worship, and draw nigh unto the Lord.

Thus was Mahomet, by whatever deceptive process, *(Sura XCVI.)* led to the high blasphemy of forging the name of God, a crime which he has repeatedly stigmatized in the Koran itself, as the greatest that mankind can commit. Thenceforward he spoke literally *in the name of the Lord*; and so scrupulous was he, lest there should be even the appearance of a human colouring, that the admonitions, as well as revelations, of the Koran, are prefaced by the Divine command, "*Speak*" or "Say," which, if not expressed, must always be understood; thus—

SURA CXII. SAY:—He is GOD alone: GOD the Eternal!
He begetteth not, and He is not begotten;
And there is not any like unto Him.

This Commission pervaded the entire future course of Mahomet, and mingled with his every action. He was now the Servant, the Prophet, the Vicegerent of God; and however much the circle of action arising out of this principle might expand, the principle itself was from the commencement absolute and complete. How far the two ideas of a Resolution subjectively formed, and involving a spontaneous course of action, and of a Divine Inspiration objectively imparted and independent of his own will,—were at first simultaneously present, and in what respective degrees, it is difficult to conjecture. But it is certain that the conception of a Divine commission soon took entire and undivided possession of his soul; and, colored though it often was by the motions and inducements of the Day, or mingled with apparently incongruous desires, retained a paramount influence until the hour of his death. The 96th Sura was, in fact, the starting point of Islam. Theologians and Biographers generally hold it to be the first revealed Sura; and Mahomet himself used to refer to it as the commencement of his inspiration.*

* Several years after, he referred to the vision which he believed himself now to have seen, in the following words :—

Verily it is no other than a Revelation that is inspired:
One mighty and strong taught it unto him:—
One endued with wisdom; and he stood
In the highest part of the Horizon,
Then he drew near and approached.
And he reached to the distance of two bows' length, or yet nearer:
And he revealed unto his servant that which he revealed.
The heart did not belie in that which he saw.
What! Will ye then dispute with him concerning that which he saw?
Sura LIII. 4—12]

But the Divine Commission was unheeded at Mecca; scorn and abuse gathered thicker than ever around him. He was taunted as a poet carried away by wild fancy; as a Magician, or a Soothsayer, the style of whose oracles was perceived in his oaths and rhapsodies; or as one possessed by Genii and Demons.

Grieved and dispirited, he fell back upon his Commission. Was it a warrant and a command to *publish* his message even to a stiff-necked and rebellious people, or not rather a simple attestation for himself and his willing adherents, that his doctrine was true? Engrossed with these reflections, the Prophet stretched himself upon his carpet, and wrapping himself in his garments, fell into a trance or vision. The Angel was at hand, and Mahomet was aroused from his despondency, to energy and action, by this animating message:—

LXXIV. Oh thou that art covered!
Arise and preach!
And magnify thy Lord;
And purify thy clothes;
And depart from uncleanness.
And show not thy Favors, in the hope of self-aggrandisement,
And wait patiently for thy Lord.
* * * *
Leave me and him whom I have created alone,
On whom I have bestowed abundant Riches,
And Sons dwelling before him,
And disposed his affairs prosperously;
Yet he desireth that I should add thereto.
Nay! Because he is to Our Signs an Adversary,
I will afflict him with fierce Calamity;
For he imagined and devised Mischief in his heart
May he be damned! how he devised!
Again, may he be damned! how he devised!
Then he looked;
Then he frowned and scowled;
Then he turned his back and looked contemptuously,
And he said, *Verily, this is nothing but Magick that will be learnt;*
Verily, this is no other than the speech of a Mortal.
Now, I will cast him into Hell-fire
And what shall cause thee to know what HELL-FIRE is?
It leaveth not, neither suffereth it to escape,
Candescent on the Skin
Over it are nineteen (Angels)†
* * *
* * *
Nay, by the Moon!
By the Night when it retireth!
By the Morn when it reddeneth!
Verily it is one of the most weighty matters,
A warning to Mankind:
To him that amongst you desireth to advance, or to remain behind
Every Soul lieth in pledge for that which it hath wrought
Excepting the Heirs of God's Right hand
In Gardens, they shall enquire concerning the Wicked,
What hath cast you into Hell?
And they shall reply:—*We were not of those that prayed;*

* Alluding to the doctrine of the Resurrection, the re-vivification of dry bones and dust being laughed at as mere magic.

† At this point is interposed a passage (p. 31) evidently produced many years after, and probably at Medina, in reply to certain objections, raised likely by the Jews, respecting the number of the Infernal Guard.

And we did not feed the Poor;
And we babbled vainly with the vain Babblers;
And we were Rejecters of the Day of reckoning;
Until the Conviction thereof overtook us
And the Intercession of the Intercéders shall not avail them.
Then what aileth them that they turn aside from the Admonition.
As if they were affrighted Asses
Fleeing from a Lion?
And every one of them desireth that expanded Pages be given unto him.
Nay! They dread not the Life to come
Nay! This is a Warning
And whoso chooseth is warned thereby,
And there shall none be warned but as the Lord pleaseth.
He is to be feared, and He is the Forgiver.

We have thought it expedient to introduce this Sura nearly entire, not only for the remarkable commission *to preach publicly*, with which it opens, but as the only means of conveying an adequate idea of the style of Revelation adopted by Mahomet about the third or fourth year of his prophetical life. The person so vehemently condemned, is supposed to have been Walîd, the honoured Chief of Mecca, who, as we have seen, was the first to raise his pick-axe on the re-building of the Kaaba. The heart of Mahomet was vindictive and revengeful. Thus he cursed Abu Lahab, his own uncle, and the father-in-law of two of his daughters, on account of his contemptuous bearing:—

CXI. Damned be the hands of Abu Lahab; and damned let him be!
His Riches shall not profit him, nor that which he hath gained.
He shall be cast into the Fire that flameth,*
And his Wife bearing Fire-wood,
Around whose Neck shall be a rope of Palm-fibre †

But it is not our intention now to enter upon the *consequences* of Mahomet's public preaching, and his struggle with idolatry. Our present object is simply to trace the growth of the idea of Inspiration and a Divine Mission in his mind; and this we have attempted to do from the only reliable source in our hands,—the Revelations of Mahomet himself.

But to complete the view, it is necessary that we should place before the Reader, the stories of the Traditionists. These, however, at this point, are peculiarly untrustworthy. Mahomet himself, from whose lips alone any satisfactory statement of the mental process could have been gained, was reserved, if not entirely silent, on the subject. It is likely that the painful season of perturbation and dubitancy, recurred ungratefully to his memory; and that the grand result, the salient

* A play upon the word *Lahab*, which signifies *flame*, as well as his adversary's name

† The story is, that she had strewed Mahomet's path with a bundle of thorns, whence her punishment. Abu Lahab is said, at an assembly summoned by Mahomet, to hear his message, to have exclaimed, "*Let him be damned! Is this all that he hath called us together for?*" Whereupon God revealed this passage damning Abu Lahab.

point of his career, viz., the commission to Recite and to Preach in the name of God, obscured, if it did not entirely hide, the steps which led to it.

Again, the fixed Dogma with which every Mahometan sets out,—that the Koran contains no Sura, sentence, or word, not emanating by direct communication from God, has confined and misled the conclusions of the Biographers.* It would be blasphemy with them to hold that any fragments of the spontaneous musings of the Prophet's mind, before his Revelations were cast in the unvarying mould of inspiration, have found their way into the Koran; and hence they miss the clue, which in the above speculations we *may* have discovered to some approximate track of Mahomet's mental and Spiritual History.

Lastly, what facts the Biographers may have preserved from the tradition of Khadîja's recollections,† have been greatly distorted by the miraculous associations cast around them. Mahomet himself was not unwilling to countenance such superstitious belief And there is no subject which, in the growth of tradition, would imperceptibly attract so much of the wonderful and mysterious, as the communication of the Divine monitions to the heart of Mahomet, and more especially its first beginnings.‡ Having thus warned the reader against a too implicit faith in the representations of the Biographers, we proceed to give them as nearly as possible in their own words.

The first beginnings of the Prophet's inspiration were *real Visions;* he saw no vision that was not clear as the breaking forth of the morning. This continuing for some time, he became extremely fond of privacy: nothing was so pleasing to him as retirement. So he used to repair to a cave at Mount Harâ, where he was in the habit of passing whole days and nights alone, before he revisited his family: then he would return to Khadîja, and remain for a time at home through affection for her. This went on until the truth burst upon him, which happened in the cave of Harâ.

About this time, while he was at Ajyâd, he saw an Angel in the sky calling to him, *Oh Mahomet! I am Gabriel!* and he was

* See page 2 of the Article on the "*Original Sources for the Biography of Mahomet.*

† *See page* 42 *of the same paper; Canon I. B.* It is to be remembered that this period preceded the time at which Mahomet stood forth prominently to public notice, as a preacher. *Then* his system had been matured, and the idea of Inspiration formed. Before that time he would not be the object of much observation. Khadîja would be almost the only witness of his early mental struggles. Ali was yet but a boy; and it is doubtful how far Zeid and Abu Bakr were yet on sufficiently intimate terms, to be made the confidants of his most secret thoughts.

‡ Vide Article above quoted. (*p.* 48. *Canon* II D.)

terrified, for so often as he raised his head to the heavens, he saw the Angel.* And he returned hastily to Khadîja, and told her what had happened; and he said,—"Oh Khadîja! I have 'never abominated any thing more heartily than these Idols 'and Soothsayers, and now verily, I fear, lest I should turn out 'a Soothsayer myself." "Never, my cousin! say not so. The 'Lord will not treat thee thus;" and she proceeded to recount before him the virtues of his character, on which she founded this assurance. Then she repaired to Waraca,† and repeated to him what Mahomet had told her;—"By the Lord!" replied the aged man, "thy uncle's son speaketh the truth; 'this verily is the beginning of Prophecy; and there will come 'unto him the Great Law,‡ like unto the Law of Moses. 'Wherefore charge him that he entertain none but hopeful 'thoughts in his heart. If he should declare himself a Pro-'phet, while I am yet alive, I will believe in him, and stand by 'him."

Now the first Sura revealed to Mahomet was the XCIV., *Recite in the name of the Lord*, &c., and that descended on him in the cave of Harâ. After this he waited several days§ without seeing Gabriel. And he became greatly downcast, so that he went out at one time to the Mount of Thubeir, and at another to Harâ, seeking to cast himself headlong from thence. While thus intent upon self-destruction, he was suddenly arrested by a voice from heaven; and he looked up, and lo! Gabriel upon a throne between the heavens and the earth, who said, *Oh Mahomet! thou art the Prophet of the Lord in truth, and I am Gabriel!* Then Mahomet turned to go to his own house; and the Lord comforted him, and strengthened his heart. And thereafter revelations began to follow one upon another with frequency.‖

* Other traditions say only that he saw a light, and heard a voice. (*Wâckidi*, *p.* 37.)

† Wâckidi adds; "this was the *first* time she went to Waraca,"—as if there was also a second visit, which, however, is not mentioned,—the tradition being fragmentary. It can hardly mean the first, in the sense that she had not *ever* visited him before.

‡ Al namûs al akbar; *namûs* being the Arabick form for nomos, "the Law."

§ يوم—"days." The period is indefinite.

‖ The above account is from Wâckidi, who is at this point more succinct and less marvellous than Hishâmi. Tabari again surpasses Hishâmi in the miraculous; and the number and variety of his absurd traditions illustrate the rapidity with which, in the third century, fabricated stories obtained currency. The following is an outline from Hishâmi and Tabari, of the current version of the first stirrings of inspiration.

"On the night whereon the Lord was minded to deal graciously with him,

The above account is from Wâckidi, who is here much freer from the marvellous than either Hishâmi or Tabari. But the period succeeding the revelation of the 96th Sura, during which inspiration was suspended, and Mahomet in despondency contemplated thoughts of suicide, is generally represented as of longer duration than in this statement. It is styled the *Fatrah*, or "intermission," and is variously held to have lasted from six months to three years; at the close of which period, the 74th and 93rd Suras, containing assurance of mercy, and the command to preach, were delivered. The accounts, however, are throughout confused, if not contradictory; and we can only gather with certainty, that there was a time (corresponding with our own deductions from the Koran itself,) during

Mahomet relates that Gabriel came to him as he slept with his family in the cave of Harâ; and he held in his hand a piece of silk with writing thereon, and he said, *Read!* Mahomet replied, *I do not* (cannot) *read.* Whereupon the angel griped him so tight, that he thought death had come upon him. Then said Gabriel a second time, *Read!* And Mahomet replied, *What shall I read;* which words he uttered only to escape the previous agony. And Gabriel proceeded :— *Read* (recite.) *in the name of thy Lord, &c* ;—repeating the 96th Sura to the end of *v.* 5 ; and when he had ended, the angel left him, and "the words," said Mahomet, "were as though they had been graven on my heart." Suddenly the thought occurred to him that he was possessed of evil spirits, and he meditated suicide : but as he rushed forth with the intention of casting himself down a precipice, he was arrested by seeing Gabriel, and stood for a long time transfixed by the sight. At last the vision disappeared and Mahomet returned to Khadîja, who, alarmed at his absence, had sent messengers to Mecca in quest of him In consternation he threw himself into her lap, and told her all that had occurred. She reassured him, saying, that he would surely be a prophet, and went off to Waraca, who confirmed her in the same belief.

Another account adds, that she took Mahomet to Waraca, who foretold to him that he would be rejected by his people, and expelled from Mecca (!), but that if he himself survived to that period, he would assist and defend him. (*Tabari*, *p.* 87.)

The story that Khadîja went to the Monk Addâs, who gave her a book from which she might learn whether the visitant was an Angel or a Devil, is evidently a fiction, and does not appear to be in any early authority. (*See Sprenger, p.* 107)

Another story is, that Khadîja, to assure Mahomet, tested the character of the inspiration, by making him sit first on her right knee, then on her left, in both of which positions the apparition continued: then she took him in her lap, and removed her veil, or uncovered her garments, when it disappeared, thus proving that he was a modest and virtuous being. Thereupon Khadîja exclaimed, *Rejoice my cousin, for by the Lord! it is an Angel, and no Devil.*

On another occasion, being terrified, he entreated Khadîja to cover him up, on which was revealed the Sura, beginning, *Oh thou covered!* [LXXIV.] Again, having had no visits from Gabriel for some time, Khadîja said to him ;—*Verily, I fear that God is displeased with thee;* whereupon was revealed Sura XCIII ;—*Thy Lord hath not removed from thee, neither is he displeased, &c* But all such traditions are evidently founded upon the attempt to explain, or illustrate, the passages of the orun Kreferred to.

which the mind of Mahomet hung in suspense, and doubted the authority of a Divine Mission.*

What was the character of Mahomet's ecstatic periods,—whether they were simply reveries of profound meditation, or swoons connected with a morbid excitability of the mental or physical constitution, or in fine were connected with any measure of supernatural influence, it would be difficult to determine. Upon this subject, exaggerated details, and fabrication of the marvellous and mysterious, are to be suspected throughout Mahometan authorities.† The following particulars it may be well to record :—

At the moment of inspiration, anxiety pressed upon the prophet, and his countenance was troubled.‡ He fell to the ground like one intoxicated or overcome by sleep; and even in a very cold day his forehead was bedewed with large pearly drops of perspiration. When questioned on the subject, Mahomet replied ;—" Inspiration descendeth upon me in one of ' two ways; sometimes Gabriel cometh and communicateth ' the Revelation unto me, as one man unto another, and this is ' easy ; at other times, it affecteth me like the ringing of a ' bell, penetrating my very heart, and rending me as it were in ' pieces ; and this it is which grievously afflicteth me."§

Even his she-camel, if Mahomet chanced to become inspired, while he rode upon her, would become affected by a wild excitement, setting down and rising up, now planting her legs rigidly, then throwing them about as if they would be parted from her. To outward appearance Inspiration descended unexpectedly, and without any previous warning to the prophet.‖

* Some state that he " used to hear a voice and see a light." without receiving any revelation for *seven* years ; and that the *prophetic* period at Mecca, during which inspiration descended, lasted only *eight* years. They would thus make the former period to begin at the thirtieth year of the prophet's life.

† See the *á priori* signs of inspiration given in the introduction to the History of Ibu Khaldun,—as quoted by Sprenger, page 111.

‡ *Wâckidi* (p. 37½) اذا نزل عليه الوحي كرب له و تربله وجهه

§ Two traditions from different sources, slightly varying in expression, but similar in purport. (*Wâckidi, p.* 37½.)

‖ Abd al Rahman relates, that on the return from Hodeibia (A H 6,) he saw the people urging on their camels ; and one enquired of the other the cause ; and they said, " *Inspiration hath descended on the Prophet ;*" so we too urged on our camels, and reached Mahomet standing by Kira al Ghamîm ; and when such numbers of the people as he desired had gathered around him ; he began to recite the fortieth Sura. (*Wâckidi, p* 120½.)

We know of no case in which it is represented that Mahomet was beforehand aware that Inspiration was about to come upon him.

In later life, Mahomed referred his grey hairs to the withering effect produced upon him by the "*terrific* Suras."*

It will not have escaped observation that tradition has represented Mahomet as under serious apprehensions, lest the beginnings of Inspiration were in reality the promptings of evil Spirits or of Genii, who had taken possession of him. The views entertained by Mahometans, regarding Genii, are curious, and founded upon tradition traced up to the time of Mahomet himself. Before the mission of their prophet, the Devils and Genii had access to the outskirts of Heaven, and by assiduous eaves-dropping, secured some of the secrets of the upper world, which they communicated to the Soothsayers and Diviners upon earth. But no sooner did Mahomet appear, than they were driven from the skies, and whenever they dared to approach, flaming bolts were hurled at them. These are the falling stars; just at this epoch such stars are said to have been very numerous, and the Arabs were much alarmed thereby.† This belief, childish as it may appear, is clearly developed in the Koran; and throws a mysterious light upon the inner recesses of the prophet's spirit.‡

The early doubts and suspicions of Mahomet suggest to us

* The "terrific" Suras, as specified in the numerous traditions on this subject, are, "Sura Hûd (XI) and its sisters;"—the "*sisters*" are variously given as Suras 11, 21, 56, 69, 77, 78, 81, 101;—all Meccan, and some of them very early Suras.

While Abu Bakr and Omar sat in the Mosque Mahomet suddenly came upon them from the door of one of his wive's houses (which opened into the mosque) stroking and raising his beard, and looking at it. Now his beard had in it many more white hairs than his head. And Abu Bakr said "Ah, thou, for whom I would sacrifice father and mother, white hairs are hastening upon thee!" And the Prophet raised up his beard with his hand, and gazed at it, and Abu Bakr's eyes filled with tears; "Yes," said Mahomet, "Hûd, (*Sura* XI.) 'and its sisters, have hastened my white hairs." "And what are its sisters?" "The *Inevitable* (Sura 56,) and the *Striking* (Sura 101.") (*Wâckidi, p.* 84.)

† *Vide Hishâmi, pp* 45, 46; *and Wâckidi, p.* 31½. It is just possible that at the period referred to, there may have been an unusually grand and numerous display of falling stars, which at certain points of the earth's course are known to be specially abundant.

‡ In Sura LXXII., vv. 8–10, the Genii are thus represented as conversing one with another. 'And verily we used to pry into the Heavens, but we found it to be filled with a strong guard and with flaming darts. And we used to sit in some of the seats thereof to listen; but whoever listeneth *now*, findeth a flaming bolt in ambush. And we know not whether evil be hereby intended against those upon Earth, or whether the Lord be minded to guide them into the right way." When they heard Mahomet reciting the Koran, numbers of them believed. Compare also Suras XV., 17, 18; LXVII., 5; XXXVII., 6; XXVI., 210; and LXXXI., 24 The Koran is stated in some of its own verses to have been revealed for the benefit and salvation both of men and Genii.

the enquiry, whether they had in reality any true foundation, or were the mere fancies of an excited imagination. We feel it incumbent upon us to consider this question from the Christian stand-point, and to ask whether the supernatural influence, which appears to have acted upon the soul of the Arabian Prophet, *may* not have proceeded from the Evil One and his emissaries. We would not dogmatize on so mysterious a subject; but the views which Christian verity compels us to entertain regarding the Angel of Darkness and his followers, would not be satisfied without an allusion to the fearful power exercised by them, as *one at least of the possible theories*, upon which the fall of Mahomet, the once sincere enquirer, into the meshes of deception, may be accounted for.

Assuredly, Mahomet himself lived under the deep and constant conviction of the Personality of Satan and his Angels, and of his own exposure to their influences.* Our ideas of the mysterious possibility referred to, will best be illustrated by a reference to the corresponding stage in the History of our Blessed Saviour's Mission, the source of whose Temptation, (whether held to be described in allegorical, or in literal expressions) few who believe in the Divine authority of the Scriptures, will deny to have been Satan himself.

In his first approach, as narrated by the Evangelists, Satan tempted Jesus to contravene the Law of His human existence, and supply His temporal wants by drawing upon His supernatural powers. The cravings of hunger added strength to the suggestion, which, if followed, would have vitiated the great condition of our Saviour's Humanity. But sternly did He throw aside the suggestion, and throughout his career refrained from ever once bringing His Divine power to *His own* succour, or relief.

An analogous temptation was ever ready to entrap the footsteps of Mahomet. He, indeed, was not possessed of any inherent supernatural ability; but as a teacher who professed himself inspired, he arrogated a spiritual power, which he was continually tempted to misuse in subservience to his personal pleasure and desires; and lamentably, as the subsequent

* The following passages may be consulted on this point: Sura IV, 117.; VI, 67, 113, 121; XVI. 98—100; XIX., 82; XXII. 53, 54; XXIII., 99; XLI., 35; XLIII., 34; and CXIV.; in which latter Sura the word "Whisperer" is admitted to mean the Devil. A reference to these passages will show, that in the system of Mahomet, Satan and his Angels have power to incite the wicked to evil, and even to suggest sinful thoughts and actions to the good, not excluding Mahomet himself. The doctrine of the Personality of the Devil is patent from references to it throughout every part of the Koran—the account of the Fall, the Day of Judgment, Hell, &c.

records of his life too plainly prove, did he fall into the snare.

In the second Act, the Devil sought to deceive our Lord into seeking spiritual and lawful ends, by unlawful means;—to manifest His Messiahship by a display of supernatural energy. The object was legitimate; but the means would have involved, in a simply human nature (and it was in that respect Christ was tried,) a rash and presumptuous tempting of the Divine Providence, to which his humanity demanded a perfect subordination. Jesus was to advance His religion by no such unauthorized expedients; however much on other considerations he was to display before the world the Divine Glory of His nature, or show with what tremendous energy and Godlike manifestation, He could have supported His teaching. "*If He be the Son of God, let Him come down from the cross,*" was a suggestion from the same source; yet He descended not. It was the law of His human life to deny Himself the use of that power, by which He could have summoned Legions to work out His plans, and to blast the machinations of His enemies.

What a melancholy light do these truths cast upon the career of Mahomet! *He*, it is true, owned no divine energy. But he was tempted to assume a forged Instrument by which to work out his ends; and that Instrument was the NAME OF GOD. As his scheme advanced, he betook himself to other means; and sought, by temporal inducements, and by the force of arms, to extend the worship of the One God. The subtilty of the temptation was the same here as with our Saviour; *to compass a pious end by unlawful means.*

Again, Satan tempted Jesus to worship him by the promise of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; no empty promise, for by Satan is the world led captive. A death struggle, Jesus well knew, was at hand, between His own kingdom and the world; a mortal combat, in which, through Death itself, Life was to be won for His people: and to the world's end, the Power of Darkness would form an awful antagonism to the Power of Christianity, impeding her spread, and often recapturing her very conquests. Was it possible to compromise the struggle? Would Satan abate the fierceness of his opposition? If he were even to remain neutral, how inconceivably would the contest be lightened, and what millions *more* might be brought into the kingdom of Heaven! And this might be gained by the mere acknowledgement of Satan, a Power that in reality ruled at will the great mass of mankind.

By so slight a compromise with the Spirit of the World, was it not a duty to secure such vast and noble ends? A little concession would avoid a struggle of inconceivable anguish and loss, and with certainty secure a vast and glorious success, all tending to the praise of God, not otherwise to be hoped for. Thus would the worldling have reasoned, and thus decided. But Jesus knew of no compromise with Sin, even in its most hidden form; and, fully conscious of the fearful nature of the approaching combat, rejected the alluring offer.

So did not Mahomet. He listened to the suggestion, and was tempted to seek a compromise between Religion and the World. The result was a politico-religious system, forming the closest conceivable combination between worldliness and spirituality, between Good and Evil. Barely so much of virtue and of spiritual truth is retained as will appease the religious principle still existing in man, and his inward craving after the service of the Creator; while the reins of passion and indulgence are relaxed to the very utmost extent compatible with the *appearance* of goodness. Mahometanism indeed presents a wonderful adaptation to fallen humanity; for the spurious imitation of godliness satisfies the serious mind; the laxity of its moral code, and the compatibility of its external observances with inner irreligion, present no barrier to the Sensualist.

Whatever compromise was made by Mahomet on the one hand, the stipulation on the other was well fulfilled; for the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, followed in rapid succession in the wake of Islam.

We offer no apology for the introduction of this parallel. The acknowledged facts of our Saviour's temptation, justify the assumption, that a similar combat was *possibly* waged, though with far other results, in the case of Mahomet.

Happy would it have been for the memory of the Arabian Prophet, if his career had terminated with his flight from Mecca. Then, indeed, the imputation of such a compromise might, with some show of justice, have been branded as malicious and uncharitable. But the fruits of his principles, as exhibited *in connection with his prophetic office*, at Medina, are of too unequivocal a character to allow a doubt that *if* he acted under a supernatural guidance, that guidance proceeded from no pure and holy source. Ambition, rapine, assassination, lust, are the undenied features of his later life, openly sanctioned by an assumed permission, or even command, from the Most High! May we conceive that a satanic influence, a diabolical

inspiration, was permitted to enslave the heart of him who had deliberately yielded to the compromise with evil? May not Satan have beguiled the heart in the habitude of an Angel of light, and even when insinuating his vilest suggestions, have professed himself a Messenger from the God of Purity and Holiness? If so, what a perfect assimilation must gradually have been wrought between the prompting of the Evil One from without, and the subjective perceptions of the mind of Mahomet, when he could imagine, and with earnestness and sincerity assert, that the Almighty sanctioned and even encouraged his debased appetites!

It is enough to have suggested the awful possibility. None may venture an unhesitating reply, until there are laid bare to our view, in a more Spiritual state, the workings and the manifold agencies of that unseen life, ever plying its busy course within and around us, but mysteriously hid from mortal ken.

ART. IV.—*Indian Fibres. A Letter to the Right Honourable Sir Charles Wood, Bart., M. P., President of the Board of Control for the Affairs of India. By Samuel Gregson, Esq., M. P.*

AN olden aphorism declared that "there is nothing new under the sun;" a proposition which, though we admit it to be generally, is by no means universally, applicable. It is true that many well sustained and energetically worked ideas have, when published, been demonstrated to have formed the components of an earlier age, and that brilliant innovations upon the customs of a community have been traced to a period long antecedent, when society, in its immature state, little understood their value, and scoffed at those who propounded them. But it is trespassing too much upon credulity, and asking more for the races of by-gone periods than we feel inclined to admit, to suppose that the wonderful constituents of all earth and water have been laid bare by the operations of antiquity; besides which, the impolicy of granting such a proposition would be monstrous, for what can be more beautiful and encouraging than the endeavour to unravel and develope the uses of the multifarious wonders by which we are surrounded, and thus render to posterity a debt which earlier ages have imposed upon us, and thus to prove by deeds that we are not unmindful of the obligations enforced by present knowledge and enjoyment.

The subject of the pamphlet under review, amply confirms the accuracy of these statements; for though it is true that some of the products to which we shall allude, have been known and used at very remote periods, there are others, the discovery of which is but of yesterday; and certainly without wishing to derogate in the least from previous discoveries, we may assert, that the latter are of equal, if not superior importance to the former.

It is an admitted fact that each succeeding age brings forth fresh requirements, and energies to supply them; and then Nature is subject to much rough handling and frequent complaint by enthusiastic and unsuccessful explorers; nevertheless, to perseverance and study she yields a willing and ample return, and with her wonders silences the thoughtless, enraptures the philosopher, and leads him on to still deeper research. But if it were required in some instances to shew how slowly important articles are adopted, it would perhaps be difficult to select a more fitting exemplification than the pamphlet upon Indian fibres which we have now before us. Without wishing to impugn any one, and leaving to others the invidious task of censuring the

executive, or cavilling with our merchants, we cannot at the same time refrain from terming the subjoined list of valuable plants, from their comparative neglect, a painful spectacle. Our reason for using the words "painful" and "neglect," arises from this, that the majority and their merits were both known and published by Dr. Roxburgh, nearly half a century since. It is but right, however, to remark that some few have been adopted; but the greater portion are still unheeded; and thus, without further preface, we introduce them.

Common Name.	*Botanical Name.*	*Uses.*
1. Bhabur	Eriophorum cannabinum	Twine and rope.
2. Moonj and Sara.	Saccharum munja / Sara	Ropes and cheap material for paper.
3. Moorghae or Marool	Sanseviera Zeylanica	Bow string hemp of Circars, abundant along coasts. Fibres made into cordage and used as bast, and woven into cloth.
4. Aloe	Aloe perfoliata	Ropes and oakum.
5. Adam's needle	Yucca gloriosa	Fibre and oakum.
6. Pita fibre in great Aloe	Agave Americana	American plant introduced, and common in India.
7. Pine-apple	Ananassa sativa	Fibre and oakum, besides worked into the most delicate fabrics.
8. Manilla hemp	Musa textilis	Fibre, rope, and handkerchiefs.
9. Plantain fibre	Musa paradisiaca	Rope, canvas, handkerchiefs and paper.
10. Cocoa	Cocos nucifera	Cocoa cord, ropes, matting and rough fabrics.
11. Ejoo	Arangad saccharifere	Fibre, rope and brushes.
12. Palmyra	Bonassus flabbeliformis	
13. Flax	Linum usitatissimum	Oil and fibre.
14. Bast	Tilia Europea	Indian bast from Arracan
15. Jute	Corchorus olitorius / Capsularis	Cloth, gunny bags, rope and for adulterating silk and linen goods.
16. Brown hemp	Butea Frondosa	Rope, canvas, mats and coarse cloth.
	Hibiscus cannabinus	
	Ditto striatus	
17. Cotton	Gossypium Indicum	Canvas and rope.
18. Sunn	Crotolaria Juncea	Rope and coarse cloths.
19. Jubbulpore hemp	Crotolaria tenuifolia	Strong rope and cordage.
20. Danche	Lesbania cannabina	Nets, ropes and coarse cloth.

Common Name.	*Botanical Name.*	*Uses.*
21. Malghur	Bauhinia racemosa .	
22. Ak and mudan ..	Calatropia Gigantea .	Cloths, rope, mats and canvas.
23. Yucum.....	——— Hamiltonii .	
24. Wukka nar	....	
25. Hemp	Cannabis sativa	Fibre and canvas.
26. Rheea	Boehmaria nivea	Rope and delicate fabrics.
27. Wild rheea	—— speciosa	
28. Poonat fibre	—— Frutescens.....	
29. Neilghery nettle	Urtica heterophylla .	
30. Bedolee lath	....	
31. Sida rhomboidea...	....	

For the last six we believe society to be indebted to the scientific exertions of Major Hannay, Commandant of the Assam Local Infantry Battalion, of which it is but just to remark, that while these form a small portion only of this gentleman's contributions in connection with the necessities of the mercantile community, they are most important and valuable, being destined, before many years elapse, to revolutionize the entire flax trade of Europe, and bring a certain stream of money into the Indian market. Who shall estimate the advantages which this encreased commerce will confer upon our native fellow-subjects, emanating as they do from inevitable results; and the discoverer of these fibres will occupy no low place in the list of those who have contributed to the welfare and progress of India.

It might be fairly supposed, with such a list of valuable plants as we have just presented, that a scarcity of any description of fibre would be next to an impossibility; nevertheless, it is too true that such a scarcity does exist at this moment, causing the greatest apprehension among the manufacturers of Europe, but more particularly those of England. Our author in his epistle remarks:—" Among the many important ' questions now pressing upon public attention, there are two ' which I venture to bring particularly under notice. They are ' the means of providing an effective and ample substitute for ' flax and hemp for our manufactures, and of obtaining the ' necessary quantity now notoriously inadequate to supply the ' demand for the production of paper. The war with Russia affects ' in a material degree our command of these important articles, ' flax and hemp, while the rapidly and largely increased con- ' sumption of paper, without any corresponding extension, but ' rather diminution of the supply of the raw material for produc- ' tion, operates prejudicially on what may be now called a neces- ' sary of life." A statement coming from such an authority,

removes all suspicion of inaccuracy, and would painfully excite the imagination, if doubt existed as to meeting the deficiency.

This feeling of apprehension we do not in the least share, with such a list of available resources as we have exhibited. But it will be requisite for those connected with the commerce of India, if they are desirous of promoting her welfare, and their own profit, to be up and doing, otherwise the prize now to her hand will be snatched from her by others, who will reward themselves for some years from the neglected opportunity.

Stress is laid in our extract upon the war with Russia, which is represented as contracting the supply of the required articles. This, if properly responded to, need be but a temporary inconvenience, and instead of creating uneasiness, should gladden and quicken the commerce of non-belligerent powers. For if there be any benefit resulting from war, it is that the destroyed trade of the combating parties opens up fresh channels of supply from other, and possibly from previously contemned, parts of the world.

Such being known, it is the duty of sound commercialists to seize the opportunity, and cultivate that branch of commerce which the war has suspended, possibly never again to be renewed. Many and many are the instances that might be cited in which war, as effectually as persecution, has up-rooted long standing avocations, and terminated in an impoverished Government and ruined population. That such, to a great extent, will be the case with Russia at the present, scarcely admits of a doubt; and if the people of India avail themselves as they ought of the favorable opportunity for sending forward the valuable products with which the country abounds, they will re-establish Oriental commerce upon that footing, which the wealth of her former rulers proved to be far from the dream of imagination.

In consequence of war and other causes, there is an admitted deficiency in the quantities of hemp and flax for the English market, amounting to 119,218 tons, "subject," says the writer, "only 'to such diminution of that quantity as Russia may find means 'to convey to us, by circuitous routes. With a liberal allowance 'for this possible diminution, we may fairly consider ourselves 'deficient to the extent of a quantity ranging between 80,000 and '100,000 tons of fibrous matter." The supposition relative to Russia finding means to export, has been verified, but the amount is unknown. Independent of which, however, there remains a large deficiency to be met, with the certain knowledge that the produce of Russia must undergo still further contraction from the following causes:—

The produce of Russia is largely dependent upon Foreign

capitalists for the means of cropping and cultivating the land. As in the case of the ryots here, advances are obliged to be made to enable the growers to carry on their pursuits. Now these advances since December 1853 and January 1854, have been naturally withheld, so that when the crops were taken off the ground this year, (1854) there were no supplies forthcoming for next. Much blame has been thrown on the Home Government for allowing or conniving at the export of the staples of a country with which war has been declared. But in connection with this, two important facts must not be omitted.—1st, that these articles are merely British and other capital returned in a different shape ; and, 2ndly, however wise it might be to stop Russian trade, it would be acting directly the reverse to terminate the operations of our home factories, by suppressing the supply of the raw material from one quarter, until it could be supplied from another.

Under the contraction of credit just alluded to, none but the wealthy farmers and producers, of whom the number is insignificant, in Russia, will be able to work their land or stocks this year, (1854) for besides the scarcity and dearness of capital, the labour market, from the universal conscription, will be proportionately affected, and thus the country generally paralysed. A state of things like this, money scarce, labour dear, credit restricted, and land deteriorated from want of cultivation, offers but one consequence ;—a complete retrogression of national energy, which will have to combat for some lengthened period to re-establish faith in the estimation of capitalists.

Such, then, being the deplorable condition of the country upon which England chiefly rests for the supply of two of her most important raw materials, it behoves the philanthropist, equally with the merchant, to seek for other sources to meet the deficiency, the former from motives of civilization, the last from those of interest, and keeping the latter in view, the subjoined extract demonstrates that,

"The importation of foreign flax for the last three years, has been:—

	From Russia,	*All other parts.*	*Total imported.*
In 1851	40,934 tons	18,755 tons	59,709 tons
1852	47,424 „	22,703 „	70,129 „
1853	64,399 „	29,770 „	94,169 „
Total 3 years	152,759	71,248	224,007
Average per annum	50,920	23,749	74,669

"Showing that the importation last year from Russia was 16,973 tons more than that of the year previous—13,479 tons

'above the average of the three years—and within 10,270 tons 'of the total average importation from all parts of the world.

"Putting out of view the growth of flax in great Britain, of 'which we have no available information, the importation and 'the Irish production together, of flax, during the last year, 'amounted to 146,496 tons, of which entire quantity nearly one-'half, and of the total importation more than two-thirds, ca ne 'from Russia, its market value, (at peace price averaging £30 'per ton) amounting to nearly £2,000,000.

"Then for hemp. Of the articles passing under this general 'title, including sunn and jute from India, and that known as 'Manilla hemp, the quantities received from Russia do not 'bear the same proportion as in the case of flax, being :—

	From Russia,	*All other parts.*	*Total imported.*
In 1851	33,229 tons	31,442 tons	64,671 tons
„ 1852	27,198 „	26,516 „	53,714 „
„ 1853	41,819 „	21,323 „	63,142 „
Total in 3 years	102,246	79,281	181,527
Average per annum	34,082	26,427	60,509

"Then, again, however, we see that Russia has supplied con-'siderably more than half the entire importation, realizing last 'year upon 42,000 tons, (at peace price averaging £35 per ton) a 'market value of nearly £6,500,000.

"It appears then, that last year we received from Russia of 'these two articles,

Flax	... 64,399 tons—at a cost of	£ 1,931,970
Hemp	... 41 819 „	„ 1,463,665
Total	... 106,218 „	„ 3,395,635

"And the present war price has enhanced that value to upwards of £6,500.000,"

Thus we perceive that in 1853, Russia imported into England, of the two articles just mentioned, more than double the quantity sent there by all the rest of the world put together.

Must there not be something wrong in our commercial system, to admit of such an invidious comparison? Either the Russians have dominions of greater fertility than ours, with men of energy to work them, or the resources of the British Crown have been neglected to be brought forward, or her dependencies must be peopled by enervated inhabitants. We much fear the last remark bears with severe justness upon the workings of the Indian territory. It is, however, painful to

criminate, and we will therefore proceed to the more grateful task of encouraging the adoption of a future politic and profitable occupation.

The relative uses of the products alluded to in the foregoing table, are wonderful and varied, so much so, that it would require too much space to enumerate the whole of their applications; it must therefore suffice us to observe that they comprehend the most delicate fibres and coarsest cordage, that beauty does not disregard their aid, and the sturdy mariner, in his stormy world, reposes with confidence on the soundness of his cable. But more, far more than all, is their importance in another shape,—as paper, the means by which the dead counsel the living, the distant hold converse, the past is rescued from oblivion, and the present chronicled for the future, the bad man's terror, and the good man's friend.

In connection with the importance of this article, there are one or two interesting facts to which we may here very properly allude. Our first is a noble instance of the highest application of industry to the enlightenment and welfare of mankind; it is the fact that the Holy Scriptures are printed in no less than one hundred and fifty different languages. This mental effort and masterly accomplishment was witnessed by thousands at the Exhibition of 1851. Few persons could have supposed that there existed so vast a number of living languages, and still less, that there had been working noiselessly but lovingly, for the permanent welfare of mankind, a numerous body of labourers, who derived their rewards from their consciences, their reputations being neither cut on stone nor cast in bronze, but cherished with the fondest affection in the limited association of domestic circles.

Another and important feature is exemplified in the exertions of the Religious Tract Society. Of the extent of this Society's operations, the following extract from its Report for 1852, will give some idea. The Society was formed "to promote the circulation of religious books and treatises in foreign countries, as well as throughout the British dominions. It constitutes a Christian union of members of the established Church and Protestant dissenters. It has printed important tracts and books in about 100 languages, its annual circulation from the depository in London and from various Foreign Auxiliaries, amounts to about 24,000,000; its receipt for sales, and benevolent objects to more than £60,000, and its total distribution to March, 1851, including the issues of its affiliated Societies, to about 519,000,000 copies of its publications. There are now about 4,743 English publications, besides several others

'in foreign languages, on its catalogue. These works are varied 'in size and contents, and suited to different classes of the com- 'munity. Several books and tracts specially designed to improve 'and commemorate the Great Exhibition, have been issued in English, French, German and Italian. By a carefully arranged 'system in the concerns of the depository, the sale of publications 'is made to cover all the expenses of producing them, and of 'the necessary establishment of the Society. Thus, the whole 'of the subscriptions, donations and contributions, is applied to 'the gratuitous circulation of its publications, without any deduc- 'tion or charge whatever. In aid of home and foreign bene- 'volent objects, the Society receives about £6,560 per annum, 'while its grants during the past year were £8,560, being £2,000 'beyond the receipts. The Committee have supplied 3,028 'libraries at half price, to National, British, Parochial, Day, and 'Sunday schools, which were unable to pay the full amount.

"The total grants of libraries for various interesting objects, 'amount to 6,055. The Society has translated, printed and cir- 'culated works in the following languages:—Icelandic, Swedish, 'Lapponese, Finnish, Danish, Norwegian, French, German, 'Latin, Romanese, Enghadian, Italian, Maltese, Modern Greek, 'Albanian Turkish, Turkish in Greek character, Turkish in 'Armenian character, Moldavian, Bulgarian, Syriac, Chinese, 'Assamese, Shyam, Nagas, Burmese, Peguan, Talung, Karen, 'Siamese, Laos, Cambodian, Cochin Chinese, Loo-chooan, Japa- 'nese and Corean.

"Through the disinterested agency of devoted friends and 'Missionaries of different denominations, several languages have 'for the first time been brought into a written form, and a sacred 'character has been given by the Christian press to the earliest 'literature of a people just emerging from a state of barbarism. 'As an illustration of the extent of the Society's operation, it 'may be stated that Bunyan's celebrated work, *The Pilgrim's* '*Progress*, has been issued in twenty-eight of the principal 'languages of the earth, spoken probably by more than one 'half of the human family."

This is both a startling and interesting statement, but let us now revert to one in a somewhat opposite direction to the foregoing, still equally important to the welfare and happiness of mankind, in which we again behold the article paper throwing its mighty influence over the wants of Society. And here we shall, in order to awaken the astonishment of our readers at the present, with the past consumption of paper, lay before them the effects induced by a diminished rate of postage, which will, at the same time, exhibit the possibility of a literary rebellion, unless the supply is kept equal to the demand.

Previous to the reduction in the rate of postage, the number of letters "passing through the Post Office in the United King-
'dom, was about 76,000,000. The four-penny rate, and the alter-
'ation in the system of charge by number of enclosures to that
'by weight, was introduced on the 5th of December, 1839, and
'on the 10th of January, 1840, the rate was reduced to one
'penny. During that year, the number of letters increased to
'169,000,000, about half of which were enclosed in envelopes.
'The number of letters has been steadily increasing since that
'period, and during the year 1850, it reached the astonishing
'number of 347,000,000 or nearly 1,000,000 per day. The pro-
'portion of letters enclosed in envelopes has likewise increased
'from one-half to five-sixths of the total quantity, so that in
'addition to letters, 300,000,000 of envelopes pass annually
'through the Post Office, besides which, there is nearly an
'equal number used in private conveyance."

What does this million of envelopes contain? Their exposition would furnish an instructive and entertaining study.

Enormous as are the foregoing returns, it must be remembered that this is but one portion of the Post Office activity, bearing upon the consumption of paper—the other branch, viz., that of newspapers and periodicals transmitted through this channel, if not so numerous, far exceeds in weight the letters despatched;* but taking the whole, the consumption of material for paper forms one of the prominent features of the age.

Before parting from this portion of our subject, there are still one or two curiosities attached to it, which we must not leave untouched. For instance, there is that despot of civilization, before whose hidden workings kings bow meekly and freedom advances,—*The Times;* with its standing circulation of, 35,000 copies daily. During the agitation upon the Corn Laws, upon more than one occasion, the feverish anxiety of the public bearing upon the question, extended this almost fabulous number to 50,000 copies. However, the former figures are sufficient now to exemplify our subject, as they represent a daily consumption of between three and four tons of paper, with a printed surface that would cover thirty acres. The average rate at which this Leviathan is thrown from the printing press is 10,000 copies per hour.

From this, the leading Journal of the world, let us descend to that of the cheap periodicals, and we there find sufficient to arouse surprise, as well as a deep subject for reflection. For example, we will take two of the Penny Weekly Publications, the *Family Herald* and *London Journal.* They are both conducted

* The total daily average weight of paper passing through the Post Office is from twelve to fifteen tons.

with due regard to propriety, and may be introduced into any family. There is not much profundity in them, but they can, at the same time, claim credit for being totally free from any approach to vice; indeed, they both strive to make their way into public favor, by contributing as much and as good matter as their price will enable them to vend. Decidedly, of the two, the latter is the best, the paper, writing, subjects and general arrangements being superior to those of its competitor.

Now both these trifles are issued weekly, at the price, as we have stated, of one penny, for which are given sixteen pages of letter press, interspersed with engravings. The circulation of each is reckoned at 500,000 copies, each copy bearing a profit of one-fourth of a farthing.* Trifling as such a profit seems, upon the sale of this enormous number, it yields to the respective proprietors a weekly gain of upwards of two hundred pounds, besides giving constant employment to three paper mills, and furnishing subsistence for several hundred families.

These are some of the important channels of paper consumption in England, and the latter being low-priced publications, are threatened with annihilation by the apprehended dearth of fibrous substances for conversion into paper.

The same dread, from similar causes, is equally entertained through the whole length and breadth of America, where newspapers form their principal staple product in printing, and are produced at a very small price, which, low as it is, is perhaps beyond the value of the article generally published.

From an official authority we learn that the "number of 'papers published in the United States, in 1850, amounted to '2,800, with an average circulation of 1,785 copies each," and, "consequently, affording the enormous aggregate of 422,600,000 'copies annually;" there were 350 daily and 2,000 weekly papers.

From these figures may be readily understood the identity of apprehension existing in America, as well as at home, and explains the eagerness of the United States to compete *à l'outrance* with all other nations in the rag market, of which country, it is remarked at home, that "The Americans are large buyers of rags here, whether of those imported or of our own 'production," for "the general consumption in the United 'States is so enormous," that "the quantity used for Newspa-'pers exceeds largely their own internal supply."

Having thus endeavoured, by illustration, to demonstrate the

* Since the commencement of the war with Russia, the latter publication has issued supplements, and devoted the profits of them to the "Widows' and Orphans' Fund." By which means from ten issues £1,100 was added to this praise-worthy undertaking.

justness of apprehension regarding the supply for present demands, there is another feature to which we have not yet adverted, and that is the vast annual increase in the consumption of paper, upon which our author remarks :—

"In the five years, 1830 to 1834, prior to the reduction of 'the excise duty on first class papers from 3*d.* to its present 'equallized rate of 1½*d.* per lb., the average annual quantity made 'was 70,988,131 lbs., and in the last five years, 1849 to 1853, 'the average annual quantity made, was 151,234,175 lbs. The 'production of the year 1853 was 177,623,009 lbs, being above '23,000,000 lbs (more than 1,000 tons) over that of the preceding 'year, and more than 36,000 tons over 1834. Such excess requir-'ing for its production not less than 13,000 tons of raw material 'in the former case, and nearly 47,000 in the latter ; the whole 'weight of material employed in the manufacture of paper only, 'may be stated at between 110,000 and 120,000 tons per 'annum."

In connexion with this subject, it is with much pleasure we have recently ascertained that the home authorities, antecedent to the publication of the pamphlet under review, were sensitively alive to the approaching deficiency. For so early as the 13th of February last, the Secretary of the Board of Trade had his attention drawn to the scarcity of the raw material of paper, consisting not only of rags, but also largely of the refuse of cotton and flax mills, and by command of the Board, the appended letter was written, in which it was stated :—

"That within the last ten years the prices of these articles 'have greatly advanced, that rags can be imported from only 'a few parts of Europe, and that as there is the regular open 'market for rags and the other materials used in the manu-'facture of paper, increased demand and high price do not call 'forth increased supply, as in other articles of commerce from 'abroad.

"With a view to diminish the inconvenience thus felt, it has 'been suggested to my Lords, that Her Majesty's Consuls abroad 'might be instructed to obtain information and procure samples 'of vegetable fibre in their respective localities, applicable to the 'manufacture of paper. In doing this, it would have to be 'borne in mind, that the great essential of such an article must 'be its cheapness, to cover high freights now prevailing, and 'which it may be anticipated will prevail for some time. As 'regards the nature of the articles, my Lords are informed that, 'with the exception of jute, canvas and gunny bagging, every 'description of vegetable fibre is now capable of being bleach-'ed, and is available for fine papers. Fibrous reeds and rushes,

'the inner bark of many trees, and several kinds of vegetable 'fibre, in warm or tropical countries, are substances likely to be 'of service, especially when they could be imported as dunnage 'among the cargo, or in compressed bales; but quantity and 'steadiness of supply are essential. As regards price, my Lords 'understand that if the article could be laid down so as to cost 'from 2*d.* to 2½*d.* per lb., when purified and bleached, without 'reckoning the cost of preparation, it would be sufficiently 'low to answer the purpose in view.

"My Lords request that you will bring this subject under the 'consideration of the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council 'for Trade, and move their Lordships, if they concur in the 'expediency of the inquiry here suggested, to communicate on 'the subject with the Foreign Office, in order that the necessary 'circular instructions may be issued to Her Majesty's Consuls 'abroad, to carry out the objects adverted to."

The Board of Trade, in consequence, laid the matter before the Department of Science connected with their office, and in due season were informed:—

"It is unquestionably true, that there is a great and in-'creasing scarcity of the raw material used in paper-making.

"The cause of this scarcity, in spite of an increased demand, would appear to depend on the circumstance, that the raw material of paper-making is in reality the product of the wear and tear of a substance of very advanced manufacture, and depending for its quantity on the collateral causes which produce a greater or less activity in the latter. Hence the stoppage or partial suspension of linen and cotton manufactures, is sufficient to account for occasional, and especially for local scarcity. Thus the paper mills have been influenced by the lock outs of Wigan and Preston, and the half-time working of Belfast and the surrounding districts.

"It would appear also that, apart from occasional depressions of the manufactures, on the wear and tear of which the raw material of paper chiefly depends, the demands of the paper-makers have been greater than can be supplied by the less increased rate of consumption of the manufactured products. While this has been the case, other consumers of the raw material have come into existence; railways and steam boats now exhausting a very large quantity of cotton and other waste for wiping machinery. But the most important of all competitors, have been, undoubtedly, the Americans—who have purchased largely not only in our own markets, but also in those foreign ports which are open for the sale of rags. It may be mentioned also, that the rag trade

'is in the hands of only a few Capitalists, who buy from small 'collectors and import abroad, and that this limitation of the 'trade enables them readily for a time to influence the market, 'both as to supply and price, by withholding their stocks; but 'these influences can only be temporary, and cannot be perse-'vered in for long periods.

"The disadvantage of the material of paper-making being 'dependant upon manufactures having no immediate relation 'to its supply and demands, and the fact also, that the growing 'thirst for literature is at a greater rate than the increase in the 'manufactures of cotton and flax, seem to furnish adequate rea-'sons why the supply of rags does not meet the increased 'demand.

"Many attempts have been made to furnish new raw mate-'rials for paper, but hitherto with only partial success. The 'failure generally results from one or more of three causes:—1. 'Some fibres require so much cost to bring them to the state in 'which they are offered to paper-makers in the form of rags or 'cotton waste, that in point of economy they cannot enter into 'competition with the latter. 2. Certain fibres lose so much 'weight in bringing them to this state, that they cease to be eco-'nomical. 3. Certain fibres which are well adapted on account 'of their texture for the paper trade, present so many difficulties 'in bleaching them, as to render them unfit for white paper. 'The Surat bass, in which cotton has of late years been imported 'into this country, offers an example of this difficulty.

"The price which is mentioned in the Treasury letter of 2*d.* 'to 2½*d.* per lb., for a partially prepared pulp, is generally consi-'dered by most makers to be too high, and they think that ma-'terials, to be of benefit, should be looked for at the price of 1*d.* 'to 1½*d.* per lb. The latter price refers to roughly prepared 'pulp, but should the pulp be offered in a bleached state, or in 'as far an advanced state with regard to colour and texture, as 'cotton or linen rag, then 2½*d.* to 4*d.* per lb. might be obtained. 'The quantity of any promising material sent home for experi-'ment, should not be less than half a ton in weight.

"In considering this subject, it appears that very little is 'known of the statistics of the consumption of the various 'materials used in manufacture of paper, and that an enquiry 'on this subject would be useful."

These quotations fully expose the difficulties regarding substitutes for the present materials used in paper making; they exhibit the present and prospective trade, yield up the costs, and explain the difficulties to be overcome, the whole of which point clearly to the immediate abolition of the duty

upon paper, without which the relief sought from distant countries manifestly, cannot, although it might, be afforded.

In order to exemplify this, let us take the price just mentioned in Dr. Playfair's letter, 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per lb. for the pulp of paper in a rough state of preparation, and assume that we have recourse to the plantain, as being in India the commonest and most valuable supply. To send this home, what with freight, brokerage, insurance, original cost, and labour bestowed in making it into pulp, the margin of profit would be reduced to so minute a fraction, that it would not be worth the trouble of attending to*; but assuming the duty to be abolished, and the paper-maker disposed to add another 1*d.*, by which he would still be a gainer of a ½*d.* per lb., the difficulty is immediately terminated, and forward would go paper pulp at a good profit to both producer and consumer, and a new article would be introduced into the market, which, at the present, after yielding its simple bunch of fruit, becomes an useless mass of vegetable fibre. This simple abrogation of the paper duty, which might, without the slightest embarrassment to the Home Exchequer, be abolished to-morrow, would, while it conferred benefit upon thousands, destroy ruinous speculation, and give certainty to trade and encouragement to outlay.

Having thus tersely submitted the contents of this pamphlet, together with the probable results of not attending to its admonitions, we proceed to select from among the table of plants before furnished, those which, from our own knowledge, may be had recourse to, and in a few years produced in sufficient quantities to meet any demand. To this we shall append some practical remarks, which may, in a few instances, assist in bringing their cultivation forward. It is as well to state our intention to select only a portion of the plants enumerated, not having time to introduce the others. Accordingly, we make mention of jute, flax, hemp, plantain,

* The following is the actual cost of preparing and landing in England, one ton of plantain fibre (not pulp) derived from working with given quantities here :—

	£.	s.	d.
Plantain			
Freight	5	10	0
Insurance on £15	0	15	0
Brokerage, Charges, &c., &c.	0	15	0
Dock Labour, ½ per lb.	4	13	4
	11	13	4

The plantain trees are not estimated, their fruit being considered as covering their cost and cultivation.

A tree weighing from 60 to 80 lbs., yields upon an average 3 to 4 lbs. of fibre.

aloe, danche, rheea, bedooleelath and sida rhomboidea. Each and every one of these is truly valuable, varying in fineness from the texture of silk, down to the coarsest description of fibre.

Commencing with jute, which is now one of the most important articles of Indian export, and has rapidly risen into well merited esteem, we may remark that it is still grown and produced in a very careless manner. To have it in the greatest perfection, it should be sown on good rich soil, and not too thin. Jute thinly sown produces long coarse fibre with much seed, but neither gives the same quantity per biggah, nor obtains so good a price as when more thickly sown.

The principal jutes in the Calcutta market are Serajgunge, a long, strong and harsh fibre. Roygunge, somewhat similar, but not so strong. Bholeo, a very inferior article, and Dasee, a fine soft and silky description. The former at present is the most esteemed, but will be shortly superseded by Dasee, owing to the improvements taking place in this description of jute, and from its being so much more extensively applicable.

It is very important with this plant, if good white jute be desired, immediately after cutting, to steep it in water; for exposure to the air after cutting causes it to assume a red color of more or less intensity. The time requisite for steeping is rarely less than eight, more frequently ten or twelve days, even at times longer. To determine whether it has been steeped sufficiently, take a stick from the mass and move it quickly from right to left in the water, when, if the fibre is sufficiently acted upon, it parts from the stick; this operation should be tried daily, until the outer skin is easily dislodged from the fibre, and that again from the woody stem.

The natives, when it is ready for removing from the steeping tank, take one dozen or more sticks at a time, and after having broken about six inches off the thick end, which leaves a portion of fibre as a handle for them, well beat it in the water to denude the sticks. The fibre being removed, it must be washed and hung up in a situation not exposed to the sun, where it will speedily dry.

The uses of jute are numerous and increasing; it is much applied as an adulterant of flax and silk, particularly in France. At one period great expectations were raised that it would prove an excellent material for rope; that idea is now discarded, as it rots rapidly in water. It is nevertheless a valuable article of commerce, and would be, under proper treatment, an excellent material for paper-making. The importance of the article may be readily understood from the last information at our

immediate command, viz., that of 1851, when there was exported hence, of baled jute, 7,93,299 maunds, 87,59,185 gunny bags, and 2,76,528 maunds of gunny cloth.

Of flax there are only three sorts at present in India, that carry much weight or value, viz., Sunn, Jubbulpoor and Khote Kangra; the first is brought down in large quantities to Calcutta, and is a useful, and if properly treated, strong fibre. Generally, however, it is over-steeped, and weakened proportionately. Upon an average for one bale of good Sunn there are fifty indifferent. Hence the reason why shippers, who are ignorant of its qualities, and unacquainted with the deterioration which such a prepared article undergoes on its homeward passage, obtain very unsatisfactory returns. Jubbulpoor hemp is a superior plant and yields fine strong fibre. The same remarks apply to Khote Kangra. These latter are converted into cords, ropes and canvass of a very extraordinary strength and durability.

Hemp is cultivated by sowing broad-cast, the plants being subsequently thinned out so as to leave the crop three inches asunder; after sowing the plants appear in seven or eight days, and are then dependent for the rapidity of their growth on rain or artificial watering. The quantity of seed used is at the rate of from ten to twelve seers per biggah, and the land should be sown about March or April, which brings the crop to maturity in August. After the plant has been cut, the sticks are placed in the sun (a process directly the reverse of that followed with respect to jute) for eight or ten days, until they are sufficiently dried. They are then steeped like jute, for three days, and on the fourth are taken out of the water and peeled. The peelings are washed and again exposed to the sun, until dry, when they are torn up into filaments by the nails, or a piece of split bamboo, and are fit for spinning. Hitherto Russia has carried on a large trade in this staple with England, having obtained a credit for superiority most unfairly bestowed.

The import of flax has been almost a monopoly in the hands of Russia, the extent has already been shown. But of the article flax, upon which we are now about treating, her superiority both in quantity and quality was undoubted (we of course omit the fine productions of France and Flanders). The only competition she sustained emanated from the Baltic and Egypt, from neither of which was the article prepared so well as the Russian, and averaged always £10 to £15 per ton less.

With respect to flax growing in Bengal, excepting for linseed, we fear it would never answer. Numberless persons have tried it with eventually like results, viz., short, brittle, unworkable fibre. As a counter-balance to the failure in one part

of India, it is gratifying to know that in another, the cultivation has been successful, for recently some truly magnificent flax has been produced in the Punjab, measuring nearly three feet in length, and of superior quality and strength to the best Russian. It is to be hoped that this specimen, which is to be seen at the Agri-Horticultural Society, will encourage cultivators to exert themselves, and that we may hope for a large export of the best flax in the world from the Punjab.

Little need be said of the culture or growth of our next subject, the plantain ; but its fibre, which is both useful and plentiful, cannot be passed by unnoticed. At Dacca this production is made into excellent ropes and nets, besides various other purposes ; the same has been accomplished here, of which we can speak from personal observation. Although it is superior to jute for rope, it does not however offer all that is desired, being considerably weaker than many other fibres indigenous to India. This remark we make as appertaining to the plantain of Bengal, for there are other varieties much more applicable for such purposes, and of great tenacity and infinitely superior in all respects ; but still the Bengal plantain-rope cannot fail to command an extensive market, from the cheapness with which it can be produced in comparison with other fibres of similar strength and durability. The chief use eventually of this tree will be for paper-making, and as soon as a proper system of pulping is effected, it will be shipped in large quantities at highly remunerative prices.

In connection with this tree, it was a great pity that Dr. Royle, when lecturing at the Society of Arts upon Indian fibres, stated, that he knew that this article, when properly hackled, could compete with flax. Dr. Royle, we have no doubt, in his enthusiasm, was misled : certainly, he could have but little personal acquaintance with the relative values of these products, or he would not have hazarded such a statement. The plantain is a truly valuable article, and does not require exaggerated testimonials.

The aloe is another useful and valuable plant, which affords a beautiful long and strong fibre ; but at present, from the scarcity in the vicinity of Calcutta, cannot be turned to much account. It is a plant that yields its returns slowly, and is not much cultivated. Here and there it is grown as hedge rows, but thought of no greater worth ; in the vicinity of Nagpore we have been informed it is to be found in great plenty, but at present it will scarce pay to travel far for it. As soon as it can be supplied in large and certain quantities, it will prove a valuable auxiliary to the rope yard.

We come now to a product that is much grown, but unlike those previously noticed, is comparatively neglected, viz., the danche ; it is used by the natives for coarse strong ropes and nets, and occasionally for cloths. The mode of cultivating it we are not acquainted with ; it can, however, readily be learnt, as it is grown all about Calcutta. This fibre, from actual experiment, we can speak of in the highest terms ; it is comparatively unacted upon by dilute acids and alkalis (the latter affect it most) in both of which we have had it immersed for a lengthened period. In water, fresh and salt, it has been allowed to remain upwards of four months, without exhibiting the slightest symptom of chemical action. Messrs. Thompson, of Calcutta, sent some rope made of this material to the Great Exhibition, which was deemed worthy of honorable mention ; had its properties been properly explained and understood, it could not have failed to obtain the highest prize. It is one of the finest fibres for counteracting the effects of water we have ever seen, and would appear to be of immense value for cable and ropes exposed to such action.

Having thus passed in review some few of the fibres adapted for the coarser branches of industry, we will revert to the finer, and commence with the newly introduced nettle grass of Assam, termed rheea ; as its common name implies, it is one of the nettle tribe, but is entirely destitute of stinging properties. This plant grows luxuriantly wild, but of late years it has been cultivated to some little extent ; it is one, perhaps, of the most important of Major Hannay's discoveries. Though not precisely the same, this plant is closely related to that which affords the celebrated China grass-cloth. Some idea of the importance of this article may be formed, when we state that, though not equalling the French or Flemish flax, it is far superior to the Russian, both in strength and quality, and we are persuaded its ordinary value will average from £70 to £90 per ton, if not more. So much excitement has this product created, that the East India Company have been induced to stimulate their officers here, to bring it well forward, and into immediate cultivation, and, furthermore, have directed that ten tons annually are to be shipped, to make it generally known in the English market. When Major Hannay first forwarded a sample to England, a trader there had the assurance to say that he could afford £20 per ton for it, delivered in Calcutta ; this man must either have been very cunning or very ignorant, and under these circumstances, was not entitled to have so valuable a trust committted to his charge.

With respect to the culture of the plant, it is either done

by dividing the roots, or by cuttings ; it is exceedingly hardy, and thrives in almost any description of soil, but to have it grown to perfection, the land must be well manured. In planting a piece of ground, the roots or cuttings, when well struck, should be placed out in rows two feet apart each way, so that the ground between them may be weeded and hoed without breaking off the exterior shoots. When once the roots have firmly struck, the plant grows vigorously, but more especially during the rainy season. The first principal shoots burst from the centre of the root, and are quickly followed by exterior ones. In two months generally may be expected, especially upon well manured land, the first cuttings, which must be taken off about one inch above the root. It is essential to mind that the plant does not become covered with hard or woody bark, which is indicated by the former green coating turning brown, the discoloration commencing at the stem. A little browning strengthens the fibre, too much imposes so much labour subsequently on the work people, when preparing it for market, that the expense is fearfully augmented. It requires a little experience to ascertain clearly the requisite time for cutting. There is another criterion by which the fitness of the plant for cutting may be known, by passing your hand down it from the top to the bottom ; if the leaves break off crisply from where they are joined to the stem, it is a good indication that you may thin out your plantation. If, on the contrary, the plant be not ready, the leaves, instead of breaking, tear off and strip the stem of the fibre. When all is ready for cutting, cut down no more than you can prepare (as presently described) in a day, for the plant dries so rapidly that the outer bark or skin, if not removed while it is moist, takes at least three times as long to get off. It is therefore imperative to avoid cutting more than can be immediately attended to. When your sticks are cut, they should be stripped of the leaves on the ground, which is done by passing the hand down them from top to bottom, after which they are handed over to women or boys to be treated as follows :—

The workers should be in couples, one to take off the bark or thin outer coat, the other to strip off the fibre. The barker being provided with some coir fibre and a wooden knife, proceeds with the former to rub the stick in one direction, from top to bottom, or vice versa, which, if the plant be fresh, is easily accomplished ; if the bark be obstinate, she uses the wooden knife, scraping in one direction, when the fibre is thoroughly exposed. After removing the bark, she then hands the stick to her fellow work-woman, (who peels or strips off

the fibre) the latter then breaks the stick an inch or two at either end, which separates a portion of fibre and enables her to lay hold of it and begin stripping off the entire, which she does very carefully, and as the stick is denuded, she breaks it off two or three inches at a time, and afterwards places the fibre across a rope or piece of cord to dry, and be put out of the way.

The rheea is a most beautiful fibre when properly prepared, but it is a most delicate one to operate upon, requiring great perseverance to overcome the obstacles by which it is surrounded; but like every thing else, when known, is easy enough.

Major Hannay, regarding the preparation of the rheea, recommends a somewhat different method :—"When the stalks 'have become brown, for about six inches above the roots, the 'top is seized with the left hand and the leaves are stripped off 'by passing the right hand to the ground, near which the stalk is 'cut. The outer bark has first to be scraped off with a blunt 'edged knife, when the exposed fibre, still attached to the woody 'part of the stalk, is exposed to the hot sun to dry. On the 'third morning, after being exposed to the dew for several 'hours, the fibre is drawn off. This is done by breaking '(beating) the woody stalk right through towards the thicker 'end, and then separating the fibre therefrom, drawing it off slowly 'towards the small end, and repeating the process as often as 'necessary, though much of the fibre remains, and may be taken 'off at a second beating." This, no doubt, is the native mode of proceeding, but we feel assured that it would be found to entail an enormous expense.

Respecting the amount of produce and cost of cultivating, the same authority reports that "four crops are procurable 'from the same roots during the season, from February until 'October, and the average crop of one Assam poorah (1¼ acre) 'well manured, and with a full crop of stems or reeds, being from 'ten to twelve maunds, and the expense of cultivation amount 'to about ten Rupees per maund, at which rate, and sometimes 'less, it can be purchased in small quantities from the doombs or 'fishermen of Upper Assam." The correctness of Major Hannay's return is confirmed by the result of experiments carried out this year (1854), in the vicinity of Calcutta. A plot of ground containing 550 square yards gave on an average cutting 301¼ lbs. of sticks, from which was obtained 11lbs. of fibre, a quantity in direct proportion to Major Hannay's statement. To obtain this fibre from the sticks, twenty-seven women and boys were employed, at six pice each per day, being an outlay for this one branch of labour of from £40 to £50 per ton. Such

a disbursement would be greatly reduced by proper supervision and more experience in the operation; the workers being entirely ignorant of the affair; but from some task work with the more industrious, a maund a day of sticks may be reckoned as each worker's capability, and thus the foregoing number of workers would get through twenty-seven maunds a day, giving, according to the data afforded, 70lbs. weight of fibre at the following cost:—27×6 pice=162 pice, or from £7 to £8 per ton for labour. At this price, there is not an investment in India that would yield more ample or certain profits.

There remains yet another calculation to be exhibited, and that is the quantity produced per acre. According to the foregoing statement, 550 square yards were taken as an experimental piece. Now this quantity is almost one-ninth of an acre, but not to overstate returns, we will estimate it as one-eighth, hence lbs. 11×8=88 per acre, which, again, multiplied by four, the number of cuttings, would give yearly, per acre, 352lbs. of fibre.

It must be fully understood, that there is no calculation here for either rent or agricultural labour.

The next subject of our commendation, is another of Major Hannay's contributions, called bedolee lath, which is perhaps the most beautiful fibre hitherto discovered, and so closely resembles silk to the eye, that an experienced viewer would be readily deceived by it at a short distance. We regret that the method of production has not fallen in our way. But that our statements may be verified by the curious and interested, we recommend them to visit the Agri-Horticultural Society, and inspect it.

At the same institution, there is, likewise, another substance called sida rhomboidea, which demands marked attention: a sample is shewn grown in the Society's garden this year (1854). It is a remarkably clean white fibre, from three to four feet in length, soft and silky to the feel, somewhat like fine hair or delicate wool. The cultivation is unattended, we believe, with any difficulty. But what it yields or costs is not in our power to exhibit.

Besides the foregoing, there are several others to which at present it is unnecessary to advert, a sufficiency having been adduced to supply all wants and remove all fears. And it is to be hoped that their exposition will have the effect of removing the threatened restrictions which impede our commerce, and to prove that India can contribute more than her quota to the present requirements of mankind.

In the pamphlet under notice, it is remarked that "Dr. 'Royle, whose reputation as an experienced botanist, has dis-

'tinctly proved the existence in our Indian Empire, of not only 'the identical plants which furnish hemp and flax, but of numer-'ous other plants yielding fibres of great importance." This statement we can corroborate, and sincerely hope that our endeavours will assist in aiding Dr. Royle's explanations.

To the Appendix of this pamphlet which, like the post-script of a lady's letter, contains the essence of the whole, we have not adverted, preferring rather to review it in our own way than to follow its order of introducing the various subjects of which it treats, as it has afforded us the means thereby of adding matters of importance which, otherwise, we must have omitted. Hence our review may be termed rather one of a letter to Sir Charles Wood than of the entire pamphlet. The writer is evidently a well intentioned man, and displays no more prominency than a merchant in his position is entitled to do. He has told his story strongly, fairly and fearlessly; without wishing to aggravate foreshadowing evils, he has plainly demonstrated existing inconveniences; and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge his services, and unwise to neglect his admonitions. It is therefore peculiarly satisfactory to find him terminating his correspondence with the full declaration of being assured that a subject, fraught with so much importance to India and to Europe, will neither be neglected by the East India Company nor by Her Majesty's Government.

ART. V.—1. *Memoir of the Rev. John James Weitbrecht, late Missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Burdwan: comprehending a History of the Burdwan Mission. Compiled from his Letters and Papers by his Widow. With recommendatory Notice by the Rev. H. Venn, B. D., Hon. Sec. of the C.M.S., and an Introduction by the Editor the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, M. A., Curate of St. John's, Richmond, &c. London.* 1854.

2 *Memoirs of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, B. D., late Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, and for twenty-one years Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. By his Sons, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, M. A., Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, and the Rev. John Henry Pratt, M. A., Fellow of Grenville and Caius' College, Cambridge, and Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Calcutta. London.* 1849.

3. *The Reports and other Publications of the Church Missionary Society.*

CHRISTIAN missions to the Heathen have now assumed a position of that magnitude and importance among the powerful agencies of this age of earnest activity, and more especially here in India, that more than justifies, that demands a respectful notice in these pages, one of the objects of which is to chronicle the chief movements and principles which affect the minds and the interests of men, and exert an influence, direct or indirect, in producing great moral results in the condition of Indian Society, under its main division of Native and European.

A notice of the class of motive agencies here referred to is demanded also by the astonishing ignorance which prevails concerning them, even among persons who might well be expected to be familiar with the whole matter. What Henry Martyn said near fifty years ago, might be repeated still by nineteen-twentieths of those most strongly bound to know every thing that makes either for or against the interests of this our Indian Empire;—"We know nothing about Christianity in India; take it in its most extensive sense, as the religion of all who are baptized, and we can do no more than guess at the extent to which it has spread."* We suppose, for instance, that if five out of every six of our Governors or Governors General, were, on returning to England, to be called before a Parliamentary Committee, or the Hon'ble Court of Directors itself, in some

* Letter quoted in Pratt's Memoir, p. 63.

rare moment of interest about a subject so despised, and asked to give some information respecting the state and prospects of Christianity among the "peoples, nations and languages" they had been governing—about the Missionaries and their work among these wide spread millions—how many they (the Missionaries) are,—what they are doing,—what subsidiary agency they employ,—what have been the results of their proceedings in converting natives to Christianity; with what feelings they inspire the people generally towards their European masters, whether, as used to be so vehemently and solemnly predicted as the certain effect of missionary interference, they are really exciting the superstitious fears of the population, and stimulating them to rise *en masse* inflamed with religious fury, and drive us from the land;—or any other of the multitudinous questions which would occur to a mind of ordinary intelligence enquiring on the subject,—our worthy rulers, though "Christians" themselves of course, and though perhaps pensioned and titled and G. C. B'd., for their able and enlightened administration, would have to confess that they knew nothing whatever of all these things, that except when some forward lady collector or officious secretary of a missionary society intruded upon them a subscription list or a Report, or when they happened to see in a newspaper an account of a missionary meeting—which they *skipped* of course,—they never heard or saw anything whatever of the missionaries or their doings.*

* Perhaps we ought to except Lord Dalhousie from this imputation. He has certainly seen with his own eyes something that had resulted from Missionary labour. It is recorded of him on the best authority that, in company with the late honoured Mr. Thomason of Agra, he actually visited the Church Missionary Society's station at that place on his way Up-the-country for the first time; entered some of the native Christians' houses in the Christian village, and expressed himself surprised, if not interested, by what he saw. Of other acts of the kind in his Lordship's career we have not heard.

He has not been left without precedent however; not only did his Lordship's father-in-law Lord Tweeddale, when Governor of Madras, manifest a lively interest in Missionary affairs; but previous Governors-General, *e. g* the Marquis of Hastings, and Lord W. Bentinck went as far probably as they were allowed in their day, in forwarding this *the great work of England in India.*

Nor ought we to omit acknowledging that a better spirit seems to be getting place amongst our men in authority. Without referring at any length to the late Mr Thomason's steady and cordial countenancing of missionary labour; it gives us pleasure to state that his successor in the Lieut. Governorship of Agra, the Hon. J. Colvin, has manifested a ready and intelligent interest in the same, both by visiting and subscribing liberally to Missionary institutions and objects: and our new Lieut. Governor of Bengal, the Hon'ble F. J. Halliday, on his first official tour, astonished every one, and delighted the friends of missions, by his kind notice of missionary schools and missionary plans, and the careful attention and minute enquiries they elicited from him The honourable testimony to missionary efforts delivered by Sir Charles Wood, when introducing the new India Bill to the British Parliament, may have tended to produce this altered tone; but at all events we sincerely rejoice in it.

And no one would be more surprised than these same enlightened ex-Governors, if some one who perhaps had never seen "the East," but took some thought for the great and best interests of the people of India, as well as for the petty ones of the *Honourable Company*, were to inform them that in the country they had governed with so much enlightenment, there were some 400, more or less educated, intelligent, active and zealous European missionaries, engaged night and day in doing their work of evil or of good; that they are establishing themselves in the land, having formed no fewer than 300 stations, where they generally erect permanent buildings, and set their varied machinery at work, including no fewer than 2,000 schools, which contain above 64,000 pupils of almost all classes of the native community; that they have gathered round them in their several spheres altogether some thousands of fellow-agents, natives of the country, and in various degrees educated, trained, obedient men, fully prepared to carry out the designs of their employers in acting on the minds of the people, and actually engaged in doing so, teaching in the schools, preaching and distributing books innumerable in the bazars, and at the immense periodical gatherings of the people, called *Melas*, in various noted places, as well as journeying about through the villages, and there also pursuing their work of propagandism; and moreover that they were expending on this work not far short of £200,000 sterling per annum. And if it were further stated, that the ready evasion, that the whole agency is powerless and insignificant, is set aside by the undeniable fact, that *tens of thousands* of the people have, from whatever motives, actually declared their adhesion to them, abandoning their ancestral habits of life and worship, so dear to Orientals, and adopting others of a new and foreign stamp; that of these there are actually known to be above 112,000—(though the number is probably much greater)—who have been formed into about 400 little communities or congregations. We say, that at all this information, the be-starred and be-lauded ex-Governor would open his bewildered eyes in utter amazement, only to be equalled, we hope, by his honest shame at having to learn it only *then*.

Nor is this ignorance peculiar to our Governors; it is but too common amongst the inferior members of "the Services," and amongst Europeans in India generally. We well remember when voyaging to this country not many years ago, having as shipmates amidst a very large company, for we came by what is facetiously termed the "Overland Route," an old Company's officer, who had served his masters bravely and well, no doubt, during some five and twenty years, and was then returning

to India, after a visit home, "bearing his blushing honours thick upon him," having been specially complimented on his services by Royalty itself. Now there were with us in the ship two or three gentlemen connected with one of the great missionary societies, who were making their first voyage to India. They seemed very full of the great work to which their lives were devoted, and often spoke of it, with a view apparently of both gaining information themselves, and of enlisting in it the interest of their fellow-passengers. Our veteran Indian friend, however, gave them very little encouragement. His testimony, most confidently given, was to the effect that missionary work in India was all a delusion, if not an imposture;—that there was no such thing in existence as a true convert, and could not be,—to convert the Hindus being an *utter impossibility*—(and, indeed, he seemed to think, if he did not say, that the attempt was as unnecessary as its success was impossible, the religion of the Hindus being a better one, at least *for them*, than Christianity)—that the few pretended converts that one hears of, were induced to profess Christianity merely from interested motives, and were all of the very lowest and most despicable of the people. And then as to missionary schools, there were either none at all, or if there were, they were just got up by the missionaries, that they might have something to write reports of, and the pupils who attended them were bribed to do so, for that the Hindus were too learned a people to want any of our teaching. As for the missionaries themselves, this man of Indian experience, seemed to think them about equally divided between weak fanatical men who deluded themselves into thinking they were doing good, and artful men, who knowingly deluded others for their own purposes;—in fact, knaves and fools.

Such statements as these, delivered with great confidence and a somewhat oracular air, backed too by some quarter of a century's experience of Indian life, appeared at first somewhat to puzzle and daunt our zealous young missionaries. At length, however, one of them happened to ask the witness what *personal knowledge* he possessed of the matter to which he testified so authoritatively. It then came out, after some little fencing with the query, and no little wincing on the part of the deponent, that he had *none whatever*;—that he had no personal acquaintance with any missionary in India, that he had never spoken to, or if we recollect rightly, even seen any native convert, never examined or visited a missionary school, nor entered a missionary station in his life, and in point of fact, knew nothing whatever of the affairs upon which he had so freely and confidently spoken! It was instructive, and to some

amusing, to see the veteran's hardy cheek crimson with shame before the numerous company, when he had to confess to his own utter ignorance of what he had so often delivered himself upon with all the air of a man of thorough information.

We give this little fact at length, and vouch for its correctness, because it presents a fair illustration of the entire ignorance of missionary subjects prevalent throughout the mass of the Indian community.* People, unhappily, caring nothing about a subject so serious, take no trouble to ascertain the facts connected with it; never make an enquiry of any one qualified to furnish correct information, never spend so much as an hour, during a life of years, perhaps, in a missionary country, in personal examination of Missionary proceedings that may be going on at their very doors. And then, they take up notions upon the subject, quite contrary to the truth, and violently unfavourable to missions, from some of the irreligious newspapers or other periodicals of the day, which with safe valour, delight in having a fling at the religionists and their doings, of which writers and readers are alike supremely ignorant, the blind leading the blind.

There is indeed old and classical authority for this igno-

* If the simple English reader should enquire how it is possible for intelligent persons, living so long in India, to continue unacquainted with what has been going on among them and around them, we refer him to a story of Dr. Aikin's, in *Evenings at Home*, called (if we remember rightly the reading of our childhood) "*Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of seeing.*" And for his further information we cite the following anecdote, which we have on good authority: In a certain town (which as well as one of the parties in question we could name) in Britain, was held not long ago, a missionary meeting; whereat appeared a missionary from India (we forget what part), and told the people assembled of the work going forward in the country and the station where he had been employed; and amongst other things, of his schools, well attended by native youths, all learning Scripture Truth, and of his preaching chapels filled with attentive hearers, &c. Something of what the Missionary had said was related in the hearing of an officer of a Regiment then lately returned from India; and this officer began immediately to denounce the whole as a delusion and an imposture, alleging as a proof, that he had himself been quartered for many months in the very station where the missionary had laid his schools and his chapels, and had never seen or heard anything whatever of him or of them. In fact there was nothing of the kind, the whole was a story, just got up to draw money from the pockets of the fanatics, &c. &c. This "eye witness" testimony would doubtless have had great weight; but that unfortunately for the witness's credit, a senior and graver officer who was by, quietly asked him whether he had ever enquired as to the existence of these missionary doings, when he had been on the spot in India. "Not I" replied the Sub. "Well," rejoined the major, "I did. I take an interest in these things. I very soon found out the missionary and his work; and was frequently in the school, the very existence of which you deny, and saw it and the chapels too, repeatedly, filled with native learners and hearers." The young man was silent. The fact will serve to answer the supposed enquiry. We suppose there are hundreds, if not thousands, of persons who live years in Calcutta itself, seeing and knowing nothing whatever of the existence of a missionary or a mission within it.

rance and these erroneous notions. The accomplished Tacitus, with profound philosophic unacquaintance with the Christian missions of his day, which he deemed too insignificant for a dignified historian's examination, branded the whole of the religion of the Gospel as a "*Malefica superstitio.*" Pliny, though forced to know something of the habits of the Christians, and to testify to their innocence and virtue, yet speaks of them and their faith, and their martyr devotion to it, in terms almost equally contemptuous, and the profligate Lucian could find in the Christianity and the Christians of the second century,—and Christianity, be it remembered, was almost wholly missionary then,—only subjects for his loose lampoonery. Alas, that so many of the nominal Christian writers of the nineteenth century, should in this respect so discreditably resemble the avowed Heathen ones of the first and second!

In fact, an acquaintance with the subject in question is seriously inconvenient to human selfishness. To know and acknowledge that a great and all-important work is going on amongst us, and is dependent for its progress in great degree on the generosity of men; and yet to withhold the hand that could administer to that progress, and to devote to selfish and sinful objects the means which if rightly applied would aid materially in securing the ends of a sublime benevolence to mankind, all this supposes a littleness, if not a moral obliquity of soul, from the imputation of which men instinctively shrink; and almost unconsciously perhaps set about transferring the criminality of the neglect to the object neglected. "A man," says Johnson, "would rather be thought angry than poor," and still more, than poor-spirited; and hence, it may be, springs much of the ignorance and contempt of missionary operations here in India, and the oft-paraded objections against them.

But deeply persuaded of the truth of the Bible, and believing Christianity to be from God, and to be designed by Him for men of all countries and all times, we cannot but believe missions to the Heathen to be the great and first work of Christians among the still unconverted nations of the earth; a work which had its type from the Divine Founder of Christianity, Himself the first Missionary, which derives its authority and even its rules from his last majestic command,—a command never yet repealed or abrogated,—"Go ye into all 'the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" (St. Mark xvi. 15) or as more fully stated by St. Matthew (xxviii. 19, 20.), "Go ye therefore and teach (or make disciples of) all 'nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the 'Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all

' things whatsoever I have commanded you ; "—a work which, commenced under what would seem the most unfavourable auspices, and by the least apparently suitable persons, low and ignorant men, advanced with almost silent but steady and resistless march, overturning, as it advanced, the classical as well as the barbarian mythologies which it found among the natives of the Roman world, prostrating and grinding into powder beneath its sublime and colossal truths, the subtlest philosophic systems of the mightiest minds of antiquity, and the ablest devices of a powerful and interested priesthood, yea, and the authorities, the edicts, the very thrones of empires arrayed in determined hostility against its progress.

We cannot but feel too, that it is the only work or agency by which the elevating, civilizing, saving principles of Christianity, which it is its object to propagate, can be disseminated amongst the numerous tribes and families of mankind still ignorant of them. We know of no other. Those who cavil and inveigh most vehemently against Christian missions have never pointed out any thing to take their place. Such persons often say, indeed, that they are not enemies of missions in the abstract, as it were ; that they believe them to belong to the genius and the *organism* of Christianity, as a system of benevolence to mankind. But somehow it appears to be only some theory of the thing that meets their approval : every actual, existing, working mission is attacked or sneered at. We wish these men would give to the world their ideal of a Christian mission ; or, still better, would establish and maintain one after their own heart, and then people might have an opportunity of judging whether they had hit upon something better than the means, majestic in their simplicity, ordained by the Divine Founder of our faith.

Colonization might perhaps be mentioned by some ; and America might be pointed to as thus in great part covered with Christianity. But, alas ! colonization, at least as hitherto conducted, propagates Christianity, not by converting the denizens of the soil, but by exterminating them, and presents the Christian in the odious character, not of the friend and benefactor, but the dispossessor and destroyer of his ruder and more ignorant fellow.

If education, and the various appliances of a social civilization, be put forward as the true means of eventually bringing unenlightened men to receive the pure and exalting principles of the Gospel, we say that there are no historic evidences of the soundness of the allegation. There is, we believe, no

instance on record, of a people educated into Christianity by teaching which was not essentially Christian. We do not find that Paul and the first preachers of the Gospel had as much success amongst the polished and well informed people of Athens, as among the ruder population of Thessalonica or Galatia. Nor do we find at the present day, that the grand and holy Truths of our religion have more sway with the educated people of India or of China (unless the present movement in the latter Empire, still uncertain in its character, proves something opposed to former experience) than with the untaught, but yet acute and vigorous minds of the Negro or the New-Zealand races. We have even heard it stated by missionaries in India, that so far from the highly intellectual, though non-Christian education imparted to native youths in the Government Colleges of India, disposing the minds of any considerable number of those young men to receive or even to favour the Gospel,—the Missionary's bitterest and most violent opponents are very frequently found amongst that highly cultivated class; and though some individuals of it we must allow to have become converts, regarding whose sincerity the most sceptical can entertain no reasonable doubt, still they are as yet but exceptions, and leave the question altogether unreplied to, what other means or mode can be devised of manifesting and setting to work the self-diffusing, all-embracing genius of Christianity, what other means of carrying out the last command of its august Founder, save the ordinary, simple, obvious one of missionary labour of some such sort as is now adopted by Protestant Missionary Societies?

Feeling thus and feeling strongly, we rejoice to have an opportunity of drawing our readers' attention to the subject, and at the same time of discharging a long deferred debt of duty, by a brief notice of the work whose title stands second (though in date it should come first) at the head of this article; the *Memoir of the Rev. Josiah Pratt*, a debt incurred at the time of its publication in 1849, but which various circumstances prevented our discharging till now, when it must be done in the most succinct manner. It is to us a work particularly interesting, as it opens to our view the earliest history of the movement in behalf of Christian Missions, which originated above half a century since in the evangelical section of the Church of England, as it traces that movement through its first struggles with infidelity, irreligion, supineness, formalism, bigotry and a short sighted worldly policy,—those evil influences which still though "with bated breath" continue to resist and malign it—and takes us out with it, as it were, in its earliest exploratory

expeditions into the wide wastes of heathenism, to behold the Tree of Life planted in the desolate wild, to watch its progress to vigour, to maturity, to fruitfulness, and see it extending the benign shadow of its wide spread branches into almost every land "from Indus to the pole." This Mr. Pratt's Memoir does; and does it not in the cold tone of a mere chronicle of incidents, nor with the generalizing stateliness of history, which grasps salient points and groups of kindred events, and holds them up to view, whilst the minute and personal incidents, the feelings and motives, the difficulties, anxieties and encouragements which swayed the chief actors in the work, are overlooked,—but with all the lively, individualizing, almost sacred interest which attaches to the progress of a grand and enduring enterprize, in which a principal agent is a friend, a father whom we revere.

The execution of the work (the Memoir we mean) is on the whole creditable to the filial Biographers. Often as it has been attempted, it is no easy task to compile well the Memoir of a father; and we doubt not that the sons of the Rev. Josiah Pratt felt the difficulty as well as the delicacy of the work they had taken in hand. It has been executed, however, with an industry, a judgment, a chastened filial tenderness, and withal a Christian fidelity, such as (whether common or not in biographers of a parent) might have been looked for from the sons of such a father. If they have not cast into the treasury of our national religious literature a shining offering, they have presented at least a solid and a valuable one. If the book is not a brilliant book, neither was the character it pourtrays a brilliant character in the ordinary sense of the term. But if the reader shall miss here the flash and sparkle which characterize and vitiate a large bulk of the productions of a too prolific press, and the misty terseness of style, serving so well to mask many a supercilious sneer against what Englishmen have been taught by their fathers, their Reformers and their Bibles to revere as sacred, which is the main strength of a certain modern school of writers, he will find,—what from our hearts we wish he could find much oftener,—viz., sound, sober and *tried* principles, accurate historic statements, the decisions and the actings too of a judgement calm, vigorous and directed by the Word of God, together with the occasional utterances of a heart full at once of practical wisdom, of manly piety, and of the most tender yet chastened domestic affection.

The Memoir of Josiah Pratt, like the history of Howard or of Oberlin, teaches us how much man may do for his fellows, and how little of that much he commonly attempts. It teaches

us, too, that great and shining endowments are not indispensable to a distinguished and most useful career, a career compared with which the meteor course of many whose exploits have dazzled mankind, will be viewed only with abhorrence when men become enlightened enough to understand what is true nobility of character and of soul, and are able correctly to distinguish a blessing from a curse.

But we have generalized—the reader will perhaps call it rhapsodized,—too long, we can only plead earnest sincerity in our excuse, and shall now come to matters of history and of fact.

Josiah Pratt was born of reputable parents, in the town of Birmingham, in December 1768. His father was a manufacturer in that busy place, but was eminent for his piety and active zeal in religion, at a time when such were by no means common within the pale of the Church of England, to which he belonged. His father wished him to follow his own business, and placed him at twelve years of age, in his own manufactory, and subsequently in another, to give him every advantage. His own tastes, however, were much more studious than mechanical or commercial; he secretly spent all his spare money and time on books, which he enjoyed in the privacy of his own chamber.

The first awakenings of strong religious feeling in his mind are traced to circumstances somewhat remarkable, on account of their unlikelihood to produce such an effect. The solemn manner of the afterwards distinguished Charles Simeon's reading of the *Venite Exultemus* in Church, first strongly impressed him; and about his seventeenth year, the eminent Rev. Thomas Robinson of Leicester, officiating once in St. Mary's Church, Birmingham, pronounced the words "Let us pray," with such solemnity and pathos that they fastened the attention and were brought home to the heart of the thoughtful youth; they

"Occupied his mind so entirely that he had no recollection of any thing else connected with the occasion, not even the subject of the sermon. He thought what a solemn act prayer was! He doubted whether he had ever prayed in his life. His mind was filled with awe and contrition for his past neglect. These and many other considerations took such possession of him, that his religious views and feelings might be said to have assumed a definite character from that period and from this circumstance." *page 5.*

An excellent hint this to those clergymen who seem to think it little or no matter whether they go through the public services of devotion with any appearance of solemnity or impressiveness.

He soon became desirous of entering the sacred ministry;

and his father cheerfully consenting, he set to work in good earnest to prepare for the University, often presenting himself in the cold mornings of winter, at the door of his tutor, before the latter was out of bed, and entered at St. Edmond's Hall, Oxford, in 1789. He does not appear to have distinguished himself at college for any thing more than remarkable diligence, and habits so regular and orderly, that on his non-appearance at chapel one day, a number of his friends went together to his room, expecting, as they said, to find him "dead or dying."

Mr. Pratt was ordained in 1792, by the bishop of Hereford, and in 1795 become curate to the talented and original Richard Cecil, at St. John's, Bedford Row. His converse with that acute minded, judicious and faithful minister, as well as his previous training to business, assisted materially, no doubt, to form his eminently useful public character.

In 1797 he married the elder daughter of Mr. John Jowett, of Newington, Surrey, and used to receive pupils into his house. Amongst whom was the present bishop of Calcutta, who still often speaks of him as "his tutor."

His first work of extensive usefulness was the projection and commencement of the *Christian Observer*, the design of which seems without question attributable to him; and he was its first Editor. It commenced in 1802, and has ever since been a most widely influential organ of the Evangelical body in the Church of England.

In 1808, he published the first complete edition of Bishop Hall's works, in ten volumes 8vo., and the year following those of Bishop Hopkins, in four volumes 8vo

A long cherished project for the publication of a compendious Polyglott Bible, much simpler and more compact than Walton's immense work, in six ponderous volumes, published about 1657, though it cost him almost as much trouble as the publication itself would have done, eventually failed of being actually attempted.

Mr. Cecil's death, in 1810, led to his undertaking to publish his works, which appeared in four volumes, in 1811; also a valuable Memoir of the same eminent character, published under the title of *Cecil's Remains*, well known, no doubt, to most of our readers, and deservedly held in high esteem. It has gone through many editions.

The period of the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, in 1813, was seized upon and laboriously used by Mr. Pratt, to forward the views of the friends of missions in India. He thought the occasion favourable too for the commencement

of that comprehensive digest of detailed information about all the missions in the world, called the *Missionary Register*, the plan of which had been in his mind for two or three years. This useful periodical still flourishes.

The last work that we are aware of as having proceeded from the pen of our author, was one entitled *Propaganda*; it was a compilation from the published documents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, intended to shew forth the best missionary features of that society, and to obtain for it public support. This appeared in 1819, on occasion of a Royal letter being issued, authorizing collections in all the churches in aid of the above society; and ran through two editions in the course of a few months. It affords a notable instance of Mr. Pratt's large and Catholic spirit, thus to tax his time and come forward publicly in aid of a society, some of the leaders of which had just been making the most bitter attacks on a kindred body to which he was devotedly attached.

The above literary productions were not the fruits of learned leisure, but the result of the extraordinary industry of a man engaged in incessant and most laborious occupations, both official and ministerial. This brings us to speak of the great work which employed so many of the best years of Mr. Pratt's life, with which he is inseparably identified, and his most efficient and useful labour in connexion with which, constitutes his best and noblest distinction as a public man.

On the 12th of April, 1799, twenty-five persons, sixteen of them being clergymen and nine laymen, met at the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street, London, and there, after solemn prayer to God for his direction and blessing, instituted THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

The measure however was not a sudden or hasty one. Above three years previously, in February, 1796, the subject was brought before a religious body consisting chiefly of clergymen, called the Eclectic Society, by the eminent Rev. Charles Simeon; and though at that time most of the members were not prepared to take any active steps, it was not allowed to sleep. In February, 1799, it was again brought forward in the same society, by the Rev. John Venn,† Rector of Clapham, and was gone into seriously and at length. The

* Its first designation was a 'Society for Missions to Africa and the East, instituted by members of the Established Church:" but in 1812 it was altered to that it still retains,—"The Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East."

† Son of the Rev Henry Venn, of Yelling, one of the fathers of evangelical religion in England; and father of the Rev. Henry Venn, B. D., the present Honorary Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

result was a determination that a society ought to be formed; and this determination was carried into effect, at the meeting of April 12th, above described, of the honoured founders of the society.

Amongst these first fathers of the society, was Josiah Pratt. Others of them bore names which are now names of renown in the evangelical world, as for instance, Thomas Scott the Commentator, John Newton, and others. Why William Wilberforce was not amongst the nine lay founders present at the meeting, we cannot say: he was certainly from the first thoroughly friendly to the design, and was the new Society's first President.

It is not necessary to inform the reader, that this was not the first Protestant missionary society formed, and still less was it the first missionary effort put forth with a view to evangelize the Heathen. Very soon after the establishment of the principles of the Reformation, missionary zeal began to animate the followers of the Bible. As far as we know, the honour of the first effort of a missionary kind amongst the Protestants belongs to the Swiss. In 1556, thirteen individuals left Geneva, to proceed to Brazil, on a Missionary expedition. The design was patronized by the distinguished but unfortunate Admiral De Coligni of France, and approved of by John Calvin. They proposed to proceed by forming a colony and gradually propagating Christianity amongst the barbarous natives, and they were accordingly joined by a considerable number of fellow Protestants, as they passed through France on their way. Popish perfidy and cruelty however frustrated the object of the expedition, and contrived so, that some of the leaders of it were sent back as traitors to France in 1558.

The Swedes come next in order. In 1559 the celebrated Gustavus Vasa sent a mission into Laplaud. His successors followed up his design. In 1648 a Manual was printed in the language of the Laplanders, containing portions of the Scriptures, with Catechism, Hymns and Prayers; and in 1755, the whole New Testament, by means of a most liberal subscription, raised for the maintenance of the mission.

Early in the seventeenth century, the Dutch having wrested Java, Ceylon, and other Eastern possessions from the Portuguese, justly thought it part of their duty to promote the diffusion of Christianity in their acquisitions, as we shall afterwards advert to more fully. Some of the means they employed however were far from the best. They encouraged, indeed they almost compelled, a merely nominal profession of Christianity, and in

this way, in 1688, they could boast in one district of the Island, of above 180,000 nominal converts; and a few years later the number baptized is said to have amounted to 300,000.

The name of John Eliot is embalmed in the reverential remembrance of every friend of Christian missions, as that of the "Apostle of the Indians." A minister amongst those Pilgrims of religious liberty, who under the capricious rule of the Stuarts, left their native England to seek freedom for conscience on the shores of the Western world, he acquired there the language of the Indian tribes which frequented the neighbourhood of Roxbury, near Boston: and in 1646 made his first essay, in company with two or three friends, in addressing the Indians. The trial was sufficiently encouraging to induce him to persevere, and after some time to devote himself in good earnest to the most toilsome and self-denying labours for these children of the forest. It is with difficulty we refrain from dwelling upon his noble Christian devotion and wonderful success. But as we are merely noticing the main Protestant efforts of a Missionary kind, previous to the end of the eighteenth century, any thing more than a bare mention of them would carry us far beyond our limits. Eliot died in 1690.*

Those who shared in this Christian effort for the salvation of the red men of the West, were sons of the soil of England. In the mother country itself zeal for the conversion of the Heathen soon afterwards began to manifest itself. In 1701 a charter was granted by William III. to the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts.*† It is true the peculiar object

* Besides reducing the language of those Indian tribes to a written form, and publishing a Grammar of it, he translated the whole Bible into that tongue. It was printed about 1664, and is said to have been the first Bible ever-printed in America. He also produced several other works; the concluding words of his Grammar are well known, and ought to be remembered by all—"Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything."

† We should be culpable were we to omit mentioning that two of the most distinguished men of their respective times for talents, learning, piety and every elegant accomplishment, were warm advocates of Protestant Missionary enterprize. They were both Irishmen. One of these eminent individuals was the Hon'ble Robert Boyle, born 1626-27. Besides the bequest mentioned in the text, he was for thirty years governor of the corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, and contributed largely to it; he endeavoured to induce the East India Company to attempt the Propagation of the Gospel in the east, and sent £100 to begin with, promising further aid, when the work had begun. He had the Gospels and Acts translated into the Malay language at his own cost, and published at Oxford, in 1677; and also undertook the charge of translating into Arabic Grotius's Treatise on Christian Evidences, and of putting it into extensive circulation He intended further to assist in translating the Bible into Turkish, as he had done previously in publishing the Scriptures in Irish and in Welch; an early illustration of the fact that those who are most zealous and liberal in promoting missions abroad, are usually the leaders also in doing good at home.

of the institution of this society (which, as is well known, consists exclusively of members of the Church of England) was to supply the lack of ministerial services so grievously felt amongst the plantations, colonies and factories "of British subjects beyond the seas;" but it very early attempted proper missionary labour. It directed its missionaries to instruct the Negro slaves in the Gospel, and a school was opened for that race in New York in 1704; the Rev. T. Moore having been at the recommendation of Queen Anne, sent in 1704, to labour among the Mohawk Indians. He was favored with little success, and was lost at sea in returning to England: but Mr. Andrews, who took up the work and arrived at Albany in 1712, was for some time much more favored.

The Danes began to put forth missionary efforts about the same time, encouraged by Frederick IV. and in 1706 the first two missionaries Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutscho landed at Tranquebar. In 1709 the English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* began to assist these missionaries, and in 1728 undertook the whole support of a mission to Madras.

The Moravians followed in 1731; when two noble spirited young men, John Leonard Dober and Tobias Leupold, offered themselves, even if need were, to be sold into slavery in the Island of St. Thomas, in order to gain access to the Negro slaves. A

The other was George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, born in 1684, and so eminent for ability, learning, piety, zeal and all that can adorn the man, that even Pope, cynic as he was, ascribes

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

This distinguished scholar cherished for many years the design of commencing Missionary operations amongst unconverted men, by establishing a Missionary College in the Bermudas, of which he was himself to be the first head on an allowance fixed by himself of £100 per annum. For this he was willing to give up a lucrative Irish Deanery, which he held, and a sure prospect of the highest preferment in the Church. The Queen endeavouring to dissuade him from his Missionary design, offered her interest to procure him an English Bishopric—His reply was that "He would prefer the headship of St. Paul's College at Bermuda to the Primacy of England." Encouraged by deceitful promises of public support, from Sir Robert Walpole, the good Dean sailed for America in 1728, accompanied by a few noble spirits like himself, and taking with him his fortune and his books. He had depended too much on the promises of statesmen, however, and they failed him. The public funds on which he had reckoned never came; and he returned to Europe in 1734, after dividing his books between Yale College and the Clergy of Rhode Island, where he appears to have sojourned during his stay, and transferring to Yale College a tract of near 100 acres of land which he had acquired in America. His scheme proved a failure indeed; but, as remarked by one of his biographers, "reflects more honor on his memory than all his philosophical labours can ever confer."

* To this Society belongs the honour of encouraging and maintaining the Apostolic Swartz, Gericke and many other devoted servants of God in South India. They were all Lutheran ministers.

poor and persecuted flock the Moravians were, having but just found a refuge under Count Zinzendorf on his estate in Upper Lusatia, from the persevering and relentless persecutions of Rome, and built their now celebrated village of Hernhutt. They were but some 600 in number and mostly indigent exiles, when they commenced their missionary enterprises, and in some nine years they sent missionaries to Greenland, St. Thomas, St. Croix, Surinam, Berbice, to the Indians of North America and the Negroes of South Carolina, to Lapland, Tartary, Guinea, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Island of Ceylon.

Although the general Wesleyan Missionary Society was not formed till 1817, missionary operations may be said to have been commenced by the English Wesleyans in 1786 or 87, in consequence of the casual circumstance of the Rev. Dr. Coke, with six other methodist preachers destined for Nova Scotia, having been driven by stress of weather to the Island of Antigua; where meeting an encouraging reception, they decided on setting on foot a mission to the Negroes; and Mr. Warenner, one of the original seven that were thus driven to the Island, was nominated the first missionary.

The Missionary spirit was by this time fast rising in Great Britain. In 1792 the Baptist Missionary Society was formed by a few ministers of the Baptist denomination, assembled at Kettering in Northamptonshire. Its attention was first drawn to Bengal; and its first missionaries were Mr. John Thomas, and the afterwards celebrated William Carey, then a minister in Leicester.

In 1793 Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London, having obtained by a suit in Chancery certain funds left by the celebrated Robert Boyle for the conversion of the Negroes, formed a Society for that object.

The London Missionary Society was instituted in London in 1796. It was composed of English Christians of various denominations; including evangelical clergymen, and laity of the Church of England, and set to work with remarkable energy at the very first. The Islands of the Southern Pacific first attracted their attention,* and in August 1796, a vessel called the *Duff* having been purchased by the Society, twenty-nine missionaries set forth in her for those beautiful Islands. Most of them settled at Otaheite, where they arrived in March 1796, and where the chiefs and people gave them a most encouraging reception.

* It was a paper laid before the new Society by the Rev. D. Haweis, Rector of Alderwick, Northamptonshire, that presented the South Sea Islands in so engaging an aspect as to enlist general sympathy in their behalf. Many zealous clergymen, as well as lay members of the Church of England were at first active promoters of this Society.

The Scottish (or, as it was first designated, the Edinburgh) Missionary Society was almost contemporaneous in its formation with that just mentioned. It consisted chiefly of members of the Church of Scotland, and having been commenced early in 1796, it sent out its first missionaries to the Susoo country in Western Africa the following year.*

Thus it will be seen that Missionary interest and the institution of a Missionary Society were not new things at the time when the Church Missionary Society was called into existence. Indeed, considering the extent to which the missionary spirit had already begun to awaken throughout Protestant Christendom, it must cause some surprise that the evangelical portion of the Church of England had not, at an earlier date, manifested their participation in it by some such step as they took in 1799. Two reasons may be assigned:—many zealous members of the English church, filled with missionary ardor, and regardless of minor differences, had been for some time operating through the Moravian, the Baptist, or the London Missionary Society, and, what, no doubt, had a still greater share in the matter,—there was already in the Church of England a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel abroad—the very first missionary society formed in England, as stated above; and though the body in the English church, who were most alive to the claims of the heathen, were far from satisfied with that society, and did not see their way either to co-operate with, or seek to reanimate and extend it, they yet hesitated to form another, independent of it, whose sole object would be to evangelize the nations. This the former had almost ceased to attempt, if it had ever attempted it, confining itself to its primary object, viz., the supplying of regular ministrations to the Colonists of Great Britain, throughout the rapidly widening dependencies of the British crown.

In fact, the old Society was moved to send Missionaries to the Heathen *as such;* but declined, not seeing such a Mission to be in its province. In sending ministers to British Colonists in the dependencies of England, it sent them to such Heathen only as this might bring them into contact with. This being the case, there was a clear and distinct line of action to be taken up by the new Society; and one which need never have clashed with that followed by the former one. Since then, however, the elder has diverged from her first course, having derived fresh life and impulses, we believe,

* The above very bare outline of the commencement of the Protestant efforts made towards the conversion of the heathen before the close of the eighteenth century has been taken chiefly from the Rev. W. Brown's History of Missions; a generally accurate work. Reference has been made also to the Rev. J Hough's excellent "History of Christianity in India," to the Proceedings of the Church Missionary Society and other publications of authority.

from her younger sister's nobler, bolder, and more Christian example, and has taken up Missions to the heathen, as such, as a substantive part of her work. This historic fact seems to be forgotten by many.

But it is not for us here to enter into a justification of the line pursued by the party in question, nor even to state the reasons which they urged in vindication of their course in instituting the new society. One thing we may feel assured of, that amongst the founders were men of that mature and solid judgment, of that weight of character and of experience, and of that full and thorough acquaintance with the principles involved in their procedure, as well as of that sagacity to foresee the consequence which their procedure would entail upon themselves, that must evidence sufficiently their strong and solemn conviction, not only that the step they took was right, but also that it was *necessary*, if any earnest and effective efforts were to be made by the Church of England for the conversion of the Heathen.

Influenced by this conviction they decided on the attempt to constitute the Church Missionary Society, and the spirit in which the attempt was made, appears from the following passage of the very first paper they put forth,—*

> "Let not this society be considered as opposing any that are engaged in the same excellent purpose. The world is an extensive field, and in the Church of Christ there is no competition of interests. From the very constitution of the human mind, slighter differences of opinion will prevail, and diversities in external forms; but in the grand design of promoting Christianity all these should disappear. Let there be cordial union amongst all Christians, in promoting the common salvation of their Lord and Saviour."

Difficulties and disappointments early awaited them. For some time neither bishop nor peer was found to bestow upon the design one glance of favour. One of the very early steps taken, was to send a respectful application to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London and Durham, to regard their attempt favourably. They asked no more: but even to this they could obtain no answer or notice whatever for above a twelve-month; when Mr. Wilberforce having been requested personally to sound the Primate, drew from him a cautious and guarded verbal expression of his interest in the design. Slight and questionable as

* "Account of a Society for missions to Africa and the East, instituted by members of the Established Church," by Rev. John Venn,—*Proceedings of the Society*, vol. I.

was this encouragement, the earnestness of Thomas Scott, the first Secretary of the society, and the judgment of Mr. Venn, induced the founders to act upon it. To this they were in great part led too by the firmness of the lay members of the committee which had been formed. Mr. Scott contended, " that it ' was their duty to go forward, expecting that the difficulties ' would be removed in proportion as it was necessary that they ' should." The wisdom of their course is sufficiently apparent. With all due respect for bishops, we must still recollect that they are usually old men, past the period of life when measures of a novel aspect are likely to engage their regard. They naturally rather lean to maintain the state of things in which they rose to eminence—of position at least; and having gained the summit of their ambition, they naturally, and often no doubt, unconsciously, feel rather disposed to enjoy and to preserve, than to entertain projects, however weightily urged, which would tend to disquiet them, and to unsettle the relations which they are accustomed to and are able to control,—projects too, to sanction which would involve themselves in a certain amount of responsibility, and which must of course be attended with a certain amount of uncertainty as to their eventual tendency and results. Hence, itis scarcely fair, perhaps, either to expect bishops (under the existing constitution of the Episcopal Bench) to come forward at once to promote such projects, until actual experiment has shewn something of their practical character and effects; nor is it, on the other hand, reasonable to hold back from prosecuting a design of good, which has been thoroughly weighed and sifted by men of sound, vigorous and active minds, impelled from within by zealous and God-fearing souls,—merely because the aged and dignified incumbents of the Episcopate cannot at first see their way to take the lead. So thought Venn and Pratt and their noble spirited lay associates in the case of the Church Missionary Society; and so have thought and acted many faithful and fervent men since, in commencing sundry noble designs, such as the Bible Society, the Jews' Society and many others, which though at first distrusted, and in some cases vainly opposed by the authorities of the Church of England, have gradually lived down and worked down the distrust and opposition of all the really estimable amongst those authorities, by the force of their own intrinsic excellence and the results of their practical working; so that we find bishops, with other good and eminent men, at the head of these institutions, and standing forth in their public advocacy. Let the lesson not be thrown away either upon the active and fervent spirits of the

age, or upon the episcopate itself. It is not well to be always last in a good work: more than one signification may be assigned to "*nil sine Episcopo.*"

But it was not by the great alone that the new Society was coldly and distrustfully regarded; many of the good also held aloof, thinking the design too bold or too vast, or too visionary. Small as was the number of its originators, some even of them soon lost heart or yielded to other influences, and withdrew from the undertaking. Infidelity and irreligion plied it with the keenest shafts in their envenomed quiver; and bigotry in and out of the Church of England stormed hotly against it, and sharpened its ablest pens to write it down. The time too, seemed to many, peculiarly inauspicious to a new movement of a peaceful missionary nature. Europe—the world was palpitating in the midst of wars and commotions, the most terrible, among the nations. The French Revolution seemed to have maddened half mankind. Bonaparte was just taking his gigantic strides to despotism. England was threatened by armed and excited Europe from without, and was far from being at unity with herself within. This was not the time, many thought, to begin to talk of organizing a new religious society, or of sending missionaries abroad into a world every where travailing in expectation of the immediate bursting forth of war and revolution.

Yet the noble spirited men who had been inspired with the desire to propagate the Gospel of Salvation in the world's darkest parts, went on with their design in faith, in patience and in prayer. "It was a wondrous time" (as has been remarked in a previous number of this *Review**) "all through the world 'that close of the 18th century—a time of great events,—a time 'to require and call forth the energies of great men." And though not perhaps what the world would do, we do not hesitate to place such men as John Venn and Josiah Pratt amongst the great men of that notable epoch.

If it is indicative of greatness to see clearly what is far beyond the ken of others—to conceive or to lay hold of a design, so grand, so far-stretching, so beset with difficulties and uncertainties as to appal ordinary minds and make them shrink from taking it up;—to pursue that design with firm, earnest, unblenching purpose, amidst the cautions of the prudent, the alarms of the timorous, the solemn forebodings of the prophets of evil, amidst the cool repulsive indifference of superiors, the objections and defection of half-hearted friends, and the violence and misrepresentations of bitter

* No. XLIV., p. 785.

and bigoted opponents: if to meet all with calm but unshaken confidence in the rectitude of the principles on which a stand has been taken,—to proceed with steady, patient energy to carry the design into practice, upon a basis so well constructed at the outset, that the strains and trials of half a century have not produced in it a single rent;—if *to succeed* in the face of all but universal discouragement and opposition;—to establish a society which has gone forward in extent, in stability, in usefulness, from year to year, winning friends and champions on almost every side, until it has become one of the mightiest religious agencies of this day of great religious activity—if these things indicate superior and great men, then to those who planned, commenced and matured this society, belongs, we think, without dispute, the distinction of *greatness*.

Amongst these men Josiah Pratt stood prominent. From the first the design had his cordial support, and when its first Secretary, the eminent Thomas Scott, withdrew from the charge after about two years, it was with one consent assigned to Mr. Pratt, who accepted it in 1802, whilst yet the Society was struggling with its first difficulties. And his firm though gentle and well directed hand,—directed from above,—guided it, for one and twenty years, to its maturity and greatness, and to that firm and deep hold which it has attained on the affections of the vast body of the evangelical members of the Church of England.

But these remarks are already beginning to extend to so great a length as to admonish us to compress within the narrowest limits our further notice of the rise and progress of the Church Missionary Society. The first difficulties of its institution were not its only ones. It was sometime before any one appeared willing to set out under its auspices as a Missionary to the Heathen.* Its Committee might well have shrunk from looking for Clergymen, owing to the coldness of the Bishops, and difficulties about the power to license clergymen so engaged: nor could they at first hope to procure ordination for any missionaries who might present themselves; so that they only aimed in the first instance, at procuring a few young men suitable to the work of catechists and teachers amongst unenlightened tribes. In this they were, for some time, utterly disappointed; not a single individual in Great Britain could then be induced to go. It seems to have been a severe trial to the faith of Mr. Pratt and others. But that faith was maintained by prayer; and worthy of all

* "I have endeavoured," (says the Rev. Chas Simeon, in a letter, dated August 1800) "in a prudent way to sound the dispositions of the serious young men (at Cambridge) respecting Missions, and I am sorry to say that not one of them says, 'Here am I, send me.'"

honor is the memory of that man of God—the Rev. Wm. Goode, Rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, one of the twenty-five fathers of the Society, who was wont to cheer on more active spirits to persevere in faith and prayer, that the Lord would not suffer the work begun in His name to have been begun in vain. Week after week they met in his house to pray: they could do little else. And *in due time* their prayers were answered.

Was it not a token for good, that the first Englishman who offered himself to the new Society as a Missionary, was the devoted and Christ-like Henry Martyn? He did so in 1802, while yet in the full flush of his university honours, the year before his ordination. The loss, in 1804, of his little patrimonial property, in which his younger sister shared, seemed to put a bar in the way of his design being accomplished; as he felt doubts as to whether he ought to go and leave her unprovided for. On consulting his friends, they decided on endeavoring to procure him an East India Chaplaincy, and when they succeeded, the Society expressed its full approval of his going out to India, in a capacity which opened to him so wide a sphere of Missionary usefulness, rather than maintaining his engagement with them. Surely the hand of God was in this event. The Society was still both poor, and inexperienced in its work; so that it could but very inadequately have maintained Martyn in his course: but it was arranged that he should go to India with the spirit of a Missionary, and yet with the influential position of a Chaplain of the Company, and the ample income which at that time every Chaplain enjoyed. He left England on August 10, 1805.

Nothing is more remarkable perhaps in the dealings of God with His servants, than the mode in which He is pleased frequently to disappoint the expectations, whilst at the same time He honours the faith, of those that trust and serve Him. The new Society believed that God would send forth labourers into His harvest, and they expected them, as was natural, from England: the Most High and Most Wise did call forth labourers, but the first were called, not from England, but from Prussia. A seminary had then recently been established at Berlin, for the purpose of training pious young men for missionaries.* This

* It was through the assistance of Mr. Steinkopff, the venerable Secretary of the Bible Society, that the committee opened communications with zealous men in Germany, and first heard of this school for Missionaries. It had its rise a few years before from the benevolence of Baron Von Shirnding, of Dobraluk in Saxony, who had been full of zeal for the diffusion of Christianity amongst Heathen nations. It was at this time dependent on voluntary contributions, which were small, and had six students under training. Two of these were transferred to the English Society, and subsequently the Society engaged to pay the whole charge of maintaining and educating four students for the Mission in Africa.—"*The founders and first five years of the Church Missionary Society.*"—*pp.* 22-23.

institution (presided over at the time by the Rev. J. Jænike) supplied our Society with its first missionaries. Two young men, named Renner and Hartwig, joined the Society from that institution in November, 1802* and in March, 1804, they sailed, to commence the Society's first Mission, on the deadly soil of Sierra Leone, on the West coast of Africa.† They were in Lutheran orders (having proceeded from England, after their first visit, back to Germany for ordination) and the employment of such, under a Church of England society, was but following the steps of the Society for PromotingChristian Knowledge, who had for some years previously been maintaining continental Protestant ministers as missionaries in South India. If any blame is attachable to any one on this account, surely it must rather rest on those who might have admitted them to the ministry of the Church of England, and yet did not, than on those who, ardently desiring for them this additional authorization, were nevertheless compelled to send them forth without it.

It was not till 1807, that the first English candidate for Missionary employment was received by the Society. The first Church of England Clergyman, whose services were actually engaged for the work, was the Rev. William Jowett, M. A., brother-in-law of Mr. Pratt. This was six years later, in 1813. Mr. Jowett was sent to the Mediterranean.

We cannot here enter into further details, interesting as they would prove, of the progressive steps by which the new society advanced to its present position, as to numbers and strength and wide-spread organization and influence. It is instructive, however, as a lesson on the effects of a simple, faithful adherence to right principle, just to notice that the society whose beginnings were thus "small and despised," and beset with difficulties, has now amongst its friends and supporters, both the Primates and in all about thirty bishops‡ of the Church of England, with her clergy in thousands, an array of England's highest nobility, yea, Royalty itself,—the Queen and Prince Albert, as well as the King of Prussia, being at the head of its Governing Members. It possesses

* Mr. Pratt's Memoir says 1803, but this seems an error in date.

† The cause of the selection of Sierra Leone for the Society's first missionary efforts, was the existence there of a free Negro settlement, under the sanction of such men as Wilberforce, Clarkson and Granville Sharp, an establishment for the purpose of resisting the slave trade and slavery, and encouraging lawful commerce and useful arts amongst the native tribes of Africa. The manumission of the unhappy Negroes received from captured slave ships afforded ready subjects for immediate Missionary labours, and most happy has been the result.

‡ The first bishops who joined the society were Bishops Ryder and Bathurst of the Sees of Gloucester and Norwich. We record their names with honour; though with regret we add, that it was not till 1814, that any members of the Episcopal Bench felt constrained to take this step.

too, what in our judgment is better than all, the deep seated affection of the vast body of the pious laity of England, so that its jubilee, in 1848, bore the aspect of a national festival. Its missions are planted in the four quarters of the globe, at 118 different stations. The two missionaries with whom (after three years) it began its operations, have grown almost to hundreds, the last returns (for 1854) give 176, of whom above twenty are ordained natives of the countries in which Missions have been planted, and 103 of them Englishmen, so slow at first to come forward. Its lay assistants, such as catechists, teachers, &c., exceed 1,700, of which number above 1,600 are natives.

The Society's funds, which were at first as small as its operations,—(only £2,462, having been received during the first five years, an average of scarcely £500 a year)—have also grown in some proportion to the extent of its labours, having amounted last year to £123,915 for the year, the whole of which consists of voluntary contributions.

Such have been (as far as the organization and growth of the Society itself are concerned) the results of the clear views and the firm adherence to their principles, of the Society's early founders. It is with much justice remarked by, we believe, the present Honorary Clerical Secretary, the Rev. Henry Venn (son of the Rev. John Venn, of whom honorable mention has been made above) in one of the publications called forth by the jubilee of the society, that—

"The difficulty which suspended and seemed to threaten the failure of the undertaking, arose from their determination to be true both to their *ecclesiastical* and to their *spiritual* principles. Had they been willing to make some sacrifice of the spiritual character of their design, it would have been easy to have secured the direct patronage of the heads of the Church, and a large accession of the clergy. Had they been less true to their Church principles, they might have gone forward without waiting for an answer from the Bishops. Had they been less confident in the ultimate triumph of their principles, they would have abandoned their attempt to establish a new society, and would have divided their strength between the existing societies of the Church of England and the London Missionary Society."

We believe that no one's influence contributed more, probably no one's so much, to the maintenance of this firm, moderate and consistent course of fidelity to principle, as that of Mr. Pratt. It was he that at the meeting of the Eclectic Society (before referred to) in March, 1799, when the project of forming a society first assumed a definite shape, stated it as his opinion that it "*must be kept in evangelical hands*," and to that principle he continued to the last to adhere.

This has always, to our mind, been the distinction of the Church Missionary Society: it is the *Evangelical* missionary so-

ciety of the Church of England. This was once its opprobrium in the estimation of the world, it is now its distinguishing honour, its *decus et tutamen*. It has of late become the fashion with a certain party to deny this distinction, and to dispute the Society's claim to the title. In assuming it, they say, you cast reproach upon other Church of England societies which claim to be evangelical too. Evangelical means conformable to the Gospel, and that we all claim to be: we all preach and teach the Gospel, and why should you arrogate the title evangelical peculiarly to yourselves?—It is, however, not a little unfair to dispute the Church Missionary Society's claim to this designation. She took it and held it fast when it was a term of reproach amongst the wise and prudent of this world;—yes, and amongst a great majority of the good people of the world too, and among none more so than that very party who now profess to claim it themselves, in order that they may wrest it from her. We can ourselves remember the name of evangelical being one of reproach, one that we sometimes felt half-ashamed to avow; when "as wild as an evangelical" was no uncommon phrase by which to describe a half-crazed fanatic. At a time when the name was in this evil repute, the society took it and bore it; and now that the many undeniable virtues, the piety, the zeal, the active benevolence, the consistent bearing of the great majority of evangelical men, have made the name a name of respect, it is rather hard in those who once cast it in their teeth, to turn round and say, 'No, you shall not have it now: we are evangelical as well as you!' *Methodism* was also at one time a nickname and term of reproach, but the numbers, and, in sundry respects, the merits of the Methodists have in many places rendered their designation also a respectable one. But what would be thought of other Christians, were they to begin to say, "No, you must not 'call yourselves Methodists; it reflects upon us as if we were 'all unmethodical and irregular: now we love method and order 'as well as you; and we protest against your distinguishing 'yourselves as Methodists!"

The *crux* lies in the meaning ascribed to the term evangelical; or rather in the view taken of certain doctrinal points included in the Gospel, considered as a system. Agreeing in many grand and principal, as well as also minor truths, still learned and pious men differ widely from each other in their views of certain points connected therewith, and those points of no slight moment, which Arminius would expound differently from Calvin, Wesley from Whitefield, Marsh (afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) from his *quondam* antagonist Wilson (now Bishop of Calcutta), Sumner of Canterbury, from

Philpotts of Exeter, or, to adduce a less offensive contrast, Blomefield of London. We have heard one, who is no inconsiderable authority here in India on such matters, say, that if any one wanted to know the general leading views of the evangelical members of the Church of England, he might be referred to the writings of Thomas Scott (the commentator) Richard Cecil and John Newton, as giving a fair representation of them. Not that evangelical men take these writers as their religious dictators, their Protestant popes, but simply as fair expositors of the leading views which the majority of them entertain.

Holding these views firmly and from deep conviction, yet soberly and without undue heat, Mr. Pratt laboured with admirable energy, judgment and self-denial, first to organize and afterwards to carry on the Society, which may almost be said to present their best practical embodiment and exponent.

His laboriousness was remarkable. We have already adverted to his work as author and editor, and this alone, with the duties of his office, would have given many men enough to do;—especially as one of his eyes was defective in vision, in fact had no power of sight at all, all his life, and the other was at times affected by sympathy, at one time confining him in seclusion and severe suffering for nineteen weeks. But he was not merely an official and a book-maker. From his ordination, in 1792, to the curacy of Dowles near Bewdley, till the time of his death in 1844, above half a century, he continued to labour also in the word and doctrine, as a minister of the Gospel.

In 1804, he relinquished his curacy at St. John's, Bedford Row, which he had held (as before stated) since 1795, in consequence of being chosen Sunday afternoon Lecturer at St. Mary Woolnoth's, Lombard Street. His rector here was the Venerable John Newton, and thus he had successively the distinction of being connected with two of the most remarkable evangelical clergymen of that day, Cecil and Newton.

In September of the same 1804, he undertook the Evening Lecture at Spitalfields church, and in the next December the Lady Cambden's Lecture on a week evening at St. Lawrence, Jewry, Guildhall. In about a year after, Mr. Newton's curate dying, Mr. Pratt succeeded him, and owing to Mr. Newton's increasing age and infirmities, usually took the morning service. For a considerable part of 1807, he preached regularly four times in the week. At the close of the same year, however, occurred Mr. Newton's death and the expiration of the term of his own incumbency in Spitalfields: and his clerical duties were for about two years confined to the evening Lectureship on

Sundays and Thursdays, which he retained till disabled by the increasing infirmities of age.

In 1810, Wheler Chapel, Spital Square, was obtained for him, by the exertions and liberality of friends, and there he continued to minister till 1826, in which year he was re-elected by the parishioners to the living of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, after a three years' suit in Chancery as to the legality of a previous election, and resigned the other charge, retaining the latter to his death.

In his ministry he seems to have been much blessed, especially in training and leading on to maturity of Christian character persons of solid and practical minds and habits of business. Amongst the fruits of his ministry are specially mentioned Sir T. F. Buxton and Samuel Hoare, Esq., both so distinguished in the world of Christian benevolence.

It will be readily supposed that such an amount of ministerial labour, added to his weighty and engrossing official duties, which he himself says in one of his letters in 1815, formed "an average engagement for the last two years of eight to twelve hours a day, beside frequent journeyings," (p. 229.) and added further to his editorial work, must have fully tasked the time and strength of the strongest and the most diligent labourer. Few indeed ever attempt so much; and yet he did still more. A man of thorough order and diligence has sometimes been compared to a *good packer* of merchandize; he can get almost twice as much into the same space, as another man can, and still the bale is not overfull. Mr. Pratt exemplified this most strikingly. Loaded as were his hands at all times, he yet found room for occasional efforts of usefulness, outside of his own immediate walk.

Thus, in 1804, he was a warm originator, and became the first Church of England Secretary of the newly formed Bible Society, since grown to such a magnificent extent of greatness and usefulness; though he soon resigned the office to the able and pious Rev. J. Owen. Long afterwards, in 1831, he showed his abiding interest in its welfare, by coming forward to aid in composing some serious differences which had arisen within it, but which soon passed away. He took an active part in the exertions made previous to the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, in 1813, to render its provisions more tolerant and Christian than they had previously been. When Bishop Chase of Ohio visited London in 1823, to obtain aid for the founding of a seminary to educate ministers for his vast wild diocese, it was Mr. Pratt that took up the matter at once, warmly and practically; and by his sound and judicious advice, together with his personal exertions, led in great measure to the success of the

good bishop's mission, which resulted in the establishment of Kenyon College, in Ohio, £6,000 having been raised in England for that object.

Again in 1831, he united with a few friends of like mind in forming what was called "The Christian Influence Society." which was designed to operate upon every important public matter within its reach, not so much by public proceedings as patiently and unostentatiously by faith, prayer, and perseverence in the exertion of Christian influence. On the great religious questions of the time his views carried great weight, and his opinion was sought by a wide circle of acquaintances. Nor was he inattentive to the political and social movements of his day. The "Roman Catholic Relief Bill" (as it was called,) the Reform Bill, the Church Reform Movement, and other public measures engaged his interest and, when he could apply them usefully, his vigorous exertions.

In 1834 he drew up a prospectus to form the basis of the New City of London School. The principles he laid down were embodied in an Act of Parliament, and the present flourising institution is the result.

In 1835-6 he had a considerable share in the formation of the Church Pastoral Aid Society—now so widely useful and largely blessed in England.

Brief and poor as is this sketch, it is already growing too long. We could not altogether withhold, however, a notice of Mr. Pratt's abundant labours of usefulness; for the view is instructive, we repeat again, shewing as it does, how much may be done by a man of no extraordinary abilities, who sets himself with full purpose of heart to use his talents, whatever they are, and his opportunities, with humble reference to the will of God, for the good of mankind; or as he himself expressed it in a letter to a clergyman in Nova Scotia, "There is nothing too much to expect where we attempt anything for God, according to His will and in due dependence on His blessing."—p. 186.

Mr. Pratt's private character was just what the private character of such a man as he was in his office and his ministry, might be expected to be. Unlike many who shine only abroad, and whose private life one shrinks from contemplating too closely—he was, as it were, the same all through. A man of the Bible and of prayer for his own personal profit, in his house as in his ministry, they held the first place. Affectionate and wise, kind and dignified, tender and yet judicious, anxious for the spiritual good of his family and household, yet not rigid or gloomy in his treatment of them, but on the contrary, taking a lively interest in their enjoyments, he seems to

have been in no common degree reverenced, loved and confided in by all his children. Thoughtful and vigilant in using suitable opportunities of bringing before their minds, by words of counsel or by letters, the truths of the Gospel, the concerns of the soul, and the realities of eternity, his endeavours have been remarkably blest, all his six children, two sons* and four daughters, have, we believe, become followers of him as he followed the Saviour. His readiness to every good work and his constant occupation in something of the kind were, (as the present Bishop of Calcutta said of him†), without "a particle of what we understand by assumption and forwardness."

In his measures for their best welfare, he appears to have been well seconded by the partner of his domestic life. This is, however, rather an inference than a fact stated (as far as we have seen) in the Memoir, in which we have remarked a lack of the usual amount of mention of the sharer of his home and heart. It is perhaps to be ascribed to the fact of Mrs. Pratt being still alive when the Memoir was compiled.

When we have added that his habits were retired, perhaps too much so both for himself and for society; that he was (as every reader will have guessed) pre-eminently distinguished for punctuality and order, to which is in part to be ascribed his ability to get through so vast an amount and variety of business as he did; that he was in the midst of all his occupations readily accessible and willing to attend to any one needing his counsel and assistance; and that he was liberal of his money (though possessing but a moderate income and having a pretty large family) to the cause of charity and of God, which always found him ready to respond to its claims to the utmost of his ability, maintaining that Christians should not devote less than a tenth of their income to religious and charitable purposes, we shall have concluded our very imperfect sketch of this truly admirable Christian and ministerial character, and have now, before passing on, only to refer to the close of his labours and his life.

This faithful servant's death was not a scene of rapture and of triumph, it was rather one of humble cleaving to the Saviour. It has reminded us of the expression of a poor fisherman, who had been rescued from Romish delusions, and led by Divine Grace to embrace a pure Scriptural creed, and to hold to it amidst revilings and persecution. When dying he was

* The elder son, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, succeeded his farther immediately as Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman street, where he still continues: the younger is well known to India, as the present excellent Archdeacon of Calcutta.

† In his Fourth Charge, May 1845.

asked how he felt in that solemn hour; he replied faintly, but unhesitatingly, "At peace:—I am sore buffetted by the enemy; but I am clinging to the Saviour, *like the limpet to the rock.*" So, as the shellfish buffetted by the rude billows, clings closer and closer to its rocky shelter, did the soul of this eminent saint and servant of the Lord draw nearer, in simple dependence, to the Saviour, as the waves of the Jordan of Death beat upon him; and he found there peace and safety. His dying experience seems to us peculiarly instructive and confirmatory of the great Gospel Truths to publish which his life was devoted. He found by experience the truth of what he had taught, that the soul's peace and salvation are not secured by active zeal or many labours, not by sacrifices of ease and self-denying exertions in the best of causes, but by the atoning, justifying, interceding work of the Son of God, realized to the soul by the operation of the Holy Spirit, and apprehended by a simple, living, child-like faith. Thus laborious and devoted as he had been, "the thought of sin, and particularly of omissions of duty," we are told, "often troubled him," during the few weeks of his last illness, and he only found relief and tranquillity by casting himself in deep humility of soul and entire renunciation of self, with a sinner's helplessness and a child's simple dependence, on the all-sufficient Saviour. "I wish to have no 'comfort,' he exclaimed, "but that which springs from an 'assurance that I have an interest in the Covenant of Christ 'Jesus to penitent sinners;" and on being asked whether he had not that comfort then in possession, he replied "Yes, I have; and He gives me perfect peace." A few minutes before his spirit departed to the Saviour, that well-known hymn,

"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah,"

"seemed to draw out the emotions of his soul," and almost before its soothing sounds had passed away from the ear, he had calmly passed into the number of those "that sleep in Jesus."

His chief malady seemed to have been a breaking down of his vigorous constitution, ending in London on October 10th, 1844, in his 76th year.

Not in vain, as we trust, have we traced this very brief record of his life and death; for surely we ourselves or some others will be stirred up by it to imitate more than ever what every Christian *can* imitate, his faith, his firmness and his zealous laboriousness for God.

We have too long deferred that part of our paper which more strictly falls in with the subject proper to the *Calcutta*

Review. The society whose beginning we have briefly traced, took for its title at once "A Society for Missions to Africa and the East." And from the first, *the East*, and China and India in particular, attracted the regard of its founders.

As already intimated in this article, India had for some time previously been the scene of Christian missionary efforts for the evangelization of its people. It would be beside our purpose to enter into the subject of the first introduction of Christianity into India, by the Apostle St. Thomas, or the subsequent efforts of the Nestorians. The traditions we have of the former event in particular, are so uncertain and so mixed with fable, as to afford little firm footing for the modern historian. We pass over altogether the Romish attempts, through the Portuguese and others. The accounts we have of them, too, are so little to be trusted; the means adopted to effect their object were so little such as the spirit of Christianity can acknowledge; and the religion itself, which they propagated, was so little that of the Divine Saviour of men, that we cannot regard them as capable of being fairly called efforts for the spread of the Gospel.

It is to the honour of the Dutch, as a Protestant people, that they seem always to have recognized it as a duty, to aim at the spiritual and intellectual enlightenment, and in fact the conversion to Christianity, of the people amongst whom they obtained a sufficiently authoritative status, either commercial or political. For instance, on obtaining possession of Java, in 1619, as we find stated in *Hough's History of Christianity in India, Vol. III., chap* 2:—

> One of the first objects of their attention was the religious instruction of the natives.* In obedience to the Governor's commands, the chaplains took immediate steps for the introduction of the Reformed Church of Holland among the people. The island was divided into districts, and in each district they erected a Church and established a school. After a time, their most promising converts were employed as catechists; and they made a selection of their scholars to preside over the schools, though it does not appear that they had all embraced the Christian faith. These teachers were distributed through the districts, and Dutch clergymen appointed to superintend the whole. The language spoken here and in the Eastern Islands generally is Malay, into which the ministers soon translated the Reformed Catechism and other elementary works on the doctrines and duties of Christianity, for the use of their catechists and schoolmasters. They also began, and in a few years completed a translation of portions of the Scriptures into the same language; and thus had they the honour of being the first visitors from the west to give the word of God to the natives of the east in their own tongue: the Romish missionaries who preceded them, having never put the sacred volume into the hands of their numerous proselytes, nor given them any methodical and intelligible instructions in the Christian religion.
>
> * It was with a view to aid in this missionary work, that Grotius (according to the same authority) composed his celebrated treatise *De Veritate*, &c.

This was all well; and as it should be; and similar measures seem to have been adopted by the Dutch in their subsequent conquests, such as the island of Formosa and others in those Eastern Seas. In Ceylon, however, where they obtained a footing about 1642 (though they do not appear to have finally expelled the Portuguese till 1656-8) they combined with these legitimate measures of a missionary kind, others highly objectionable, though for a time effectual in producing a vast number of professed converts to Christianity. Subscriptions to the Helvetic confession of faith, and submission to the rite of baptism, were made sure and necessary steps to civil rank and privileges. No native who refused these forms was permitted to hold any office, or even to farm land under Government; and thus were great numbers of the more aspiring inhabitants of the island tempted, by motives merely of a worldly sort, to embrace, in outward seeming at least, the religion of the Saviour; though of course as was to be expected, they remained in heart either Buddhist or Romanist idolators as they had been before. Mistaken and deserving the strongest reprobation as were these *measures* for the introduction of Christianity, the feeling or *principle* of national interest and responsibility for the religious welfare of a people, whose country is taken possession of, and its wealth drained by a more enlightened and especially a Christian race, is entitled to all approval and respect.* Protestantism was then young, and had not yet fully unlearned the doctrines of force and of artifice in religion which the Church of Rome had been teaching the world for ages.

Would that we had any similar evidence to record of a sense of such high and solemn responsibility being entertained by the Government or by any great body of the people in England, when in 1601, the first fleet of British ships sailed under the Charter of England's Protestant Queen, to open commercial relations with India by the route which, a century before, Vasco de

* The objectionable measures referred to in the text seem to have been entirely *Governmental*; the better qualified amongst the Dutch clergy sent out to Ceylon to superintend the instruction of the people, such as the excellent Philip Baldæus, who arrived from Holland in 1656, and Dr Singer, who was appointed Rector of the Cingalese Seminary in 1705, with others, do not appear to have relied on them; but to have applied themselves to preaching and teaching the word of God in the language of the people, with true missionary zeal. And to their labour, doubtless, are to be traced the good results which, amidst much evil, appeared from the Dutch Missions in Ceylon. The Rev. James Cordiner, English chaplain at Columbo, at the commencement of the present century, when treating of this subject in his *Description of Ceylon*, states, that "although religious knowledge 'was not very perfectly conveyed to the lower order of natives, yet many of the 'middle and higher ranks became as true believers in the doctrines, and as con-'scientious performers of the duties of Christianity, as those who adorn more 'enlightened regions."—*Hough's History, Vol. III., ch. 2.*

Gama had thrown open to them by the Cape. But unfortunately amongst the honourable distinctions, which we freely admit, must be accorded to the East India Company, the highest of all cannot be included, that of an enlightened and a Christian concern for the best interests of India's swarming and idolatrous population. On the contrary, the deep reproach must ever rest upon it, that both whilst it was merely a commercial, and after it had become a territorial and ruling body, it never shewed an enlightened regard for the real and supremely important welfare of the people from whose land it was deriving more than royal wealth and power and greatness. Nor is it only that it neglected to put forth efforts of its own to communicate to that people the benefits of enlightened learning and the blessings of true religion, but it strenuously resisted every endeavour made by truer friends of India to do the great and good work, which it had neglected; whilst at the same time it readily made grants and used the influence and services of its officers (often sorely against their will) to maintain and to honour the temples, the priests and the rites of the Hindu's hideous and debasing idolatry. The noble triad, Carey, Ward and Marshman, were refused toleration by the British authorities in Bengal, and had to seek it in the limited territory of the Danes. Judson, the Apostle of Burmah, was driven from Calcutta, and had to get himself and his heroic wife smuggled on board the vessel which was to bear them to Burmah, where they found from a Buddhist monarch the friendliness and toleration which had been sternly refused them by the Christian Government of Bengal. Morrison, the Apostle of China, finding it impossible to get a passage to the east in a British ship,—all being at that time under the monopolist control of the East India Company,—was obliged to go round by New York, and make his way to China in an American vessel. It is true that the force of public opinion has compelled the Court of Directors to a late toleration of missionaries as well as of other British subjects; but it has been little more than a mere toleration: they and their work were evidently looked upon for many years with jaundiced if not with hostile eyes; and even yet there is but little of cordial recognition accorded to them, and still less of encouraging co-operation and support. This was painfully evinced but a few years ago, when the Government of India, and we regret to add, the present Governor-General, took part with the Rajah of Nagpore against Christian missionaries at that place, and compelled them to give up to the relentless hands of the heathen King, a converted native who had taken re-

fuge among the missionaries, alleging as a justification of that most unchristian proceeding, that the treaty between the British Government and the native state forbade the former to "*aid discontented subjects*" in the latter;—as if to turn from heathenism to Christ was to become a "*discontented subject!!*"

We do not refer, however, to this sad and dark page in the history of our rule in India, by way of having a passing *fling* at the Government; but in order, should our remarks meet the eyes of any of those in authority, either here or at home, to add our humble mite of influence to strengthen the current of public and Government favour, which, from Sir Chas. Wood's testimony in the British Parliament, to missionary usefulness, from the late Education Despatch of the Court of Directors, and other recent occurrences, seems at length beginning to turn, however slowly and interruptedly, in favor of what we must always believe to be *the great work* of *Great Britain in India*, and the humble but yet noble-minded band of men who have been carrying it on for thirty or forty years, in the face of almost every kind of reproach, discouragement and resistance from the authorities of the country,—authorities too, of their own country and their own faith, from whom they might reasonably have looked for every suitable aid and support.

If the course hitherto adopted has proved not only unbecoming a professedly Christian Government, but also absurd and futile; if the frightful consequences predicted in affected alarm by worldly-wise statesmen of a by-gone day, of allowing, and still more of encouraging the diffusion of Christian truth among the people, have been shewn by experience never to follow; if, on the contrary, the influence of some men in high station, who, from time to time, previously took a warm interest in the work of evangelization, has had anything but a prejudicial effect either on the Government or the people, then why not cheerfully and at once relinquish the old discountenancing policy, and (without using the force, the authority, or the pecuniary resources of the Government to bring about conversions, we are as far as possible from desiring that) cordially and decidedly extend public encouragement and aid to missionary efforts, and thus not only take a consistent course as a professedly Christian Government, but also assist in removing one of the hindrances so long found in the way of the spread of the Gospel, a hindrance which, missionaries tell us, they constantly have to encounter, viz., the marked and palpable indifference (to say the least of it) of the Government respecting Christianity? It is no uncommon occurrence for the

natives, when unable otherwise to meet the missionary's arguments for the truth and value of the Gospel, to say: But if this were all true, why have not the Company Bahadur told us of it? Why do you not come with credentials from them? Why does not the Government shew an interest in the spread of these "glad tidings" of yours? Unschooled in the subtleties of modern "Christian" controversy, and the inconsistency of modern "Christian" indifferentism, they cannot see why a Government should not concern itself for the best interests of its subjects, as well as for their inferior ones, and if Christianity be, as the missionaries and their books say it is, the only religion given by God for the enlightenment, the elevation, the temporal happiness and the eternal salvation of men, why the Government should not at least shew an interest and a desire for its promulgation amongst the millions of men whom Providence has placed under its influence.

But this is a digression. We were about to touch briefly on the earlier attempts to plant Christianity in Hindostan. As the Protestant Dutch took a lively and active interest in the Propagation of Christianity in the eastern regions where they obtained a footing, so did also the Protestant Danes, though not so promptly or of such set purpose. The first Danish merchant vessel reached the Coromandel Coast in 1618, and in 1621, the Copenhagen Company purchased from the Rajah of Tanjore the town of Tranquebar, with a few miles of adjacent territory. They had been more than eighty years engaged in the pursuits of commerce, however, before they began to concern themselves about the souls of the people. The honour of directing the commencement of missionary work belongs in this instance to a crowned head. Frederick IV. of Denmark, (as before stated) urged by one of his chaplains, Dr. Lutkens, used his royal influence to set on foot endeavours for the conversion to Christ of the idolatrous people of India. The distinguished and pious A. H. Franke, Professor in the Halle University and founder of the well known Orphan House at Halle, was applied to and recommended the first missionaries Ziegenbalg and Plutschou, who (with the authority and commission of the bishop of Zealand) arrived at Tranquebar in 1706. They met at first with not only ridicule and contempt, but direct and violent persecution from their gain-seeking fellow "Christians" from Europe: but peremptory orders from the King of Denmark, the first promoter of the Mission, put this down after it had become known at home. Their modes of proceeding seem to have been so admirable from the very first, that the missionary experience of a century and a half

has scarcely improved on them in any respect. Their spirit, their self-denial, their zeal, their devotedness, and their astonishing laboriousness are far above human praise.

An English translation of some letters of these Danish Lutheran missionaries, published in 1709 by the Rev. Mr. Boehm (chaplain to Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Ann) was dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Tenison) the President, and other members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. This led to that society espousing the cause of the Danish mission, by granting a donation of £20,—a pretty considerable sum at that time, when the society's funds were still very trifling,—together with a number of books, and letters of kind brotherly encouragement.

A similar publication next year led to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (established in 1699) also resolving to open a separate fund in aid of the Danish missionaries and their work. "People of all ranks," we our told,* "nobility 'and clergy, ladies and gentlemen, citizens and merchants, 'contributed to a large amount, some without wishing it to be known." They "felt ashamed that such an enterprise should have been so sparingly encouraged by Protestants." This fund continued to be managed in great measure by Archbishop Tenison, (and afterwards by Archbishop Wake) and Mr. Chamberlayne, Secretary to the *Propagation Society*, though it was properly connected with the *Christian Knowledge Society*; a fact which proves that both these bodies united cordially in this work. We are glad to be able to record this fact; it shows that these Societies were animated then by a larger and more catholic spirit than we fear has characterized them in later days.

From thenceforth the mission was steadily patronized and assisted by the Christian Knowledge Society. Its successive new missionaries (usually from Halle in Prussia) after having visited Copenhagen, to obtain ordination from the head of the Danish Church, seem always to have proceeded to England, to receive the benediction of the Primate and the cordial acknowledgement and substantial aid of the Christian Knowledge Society, before they sailed for India. Amongst these we should not omit to specify the distinguished Christian Frederick Swartz, who reached Tranquebar with two companions in 1750.

It is pleasant too, in these statelier or more indifferent times, to recollect that then not only did the Primate of England write in cordial terms of Christian counsel and

* Hough's Christianity in India, Vol. III., p. 172.

encouragement to these excellent missionaries; but royalty itself showed them a similar favor. George I. of England wrote more than once with his own hand, in a most friendly and indeed Christian strain, to cheer the labourers in their work. His Majesty's last letter of this sort was written in 1727, the year of his death.

It will be impossible to follow further the fortunes of this first Protestant mission in India. Some particulars of it are well known in connexion with the history of the eminent Missionary Swartz just named, whose death took place in February, 1798.

Some time after the English had established themselves in Madras, some of the chaplains began to take a lively interest in promoting missionary objects. Messrs. Lewis, Stevenson, and Leek, successively, from the year 1712, shewed themselves friendly to the Danish mission at Tranquebar. In 1734, Mr. Schaltze, who had been sent by that mission to Madras, was formally adopted, as was also the Madras mission itself, by the English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It was aided too by contributions from Germany.

It was not till 1814-15, that the first missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Messrs. Schnarre and Rhenius, came out to Madras; where they settled with the full permission of the Governor, the Hon'ble H. Elliott, and since that time the mission has been steadily maintained, and the society has besides, above twenty stations and forty ordained missionaries (thirteen of them natives) in various parts of the Madras Presidency.

The Christian Knowledge Society must certainly be regarded as the earliest Christian friend of India in England. From the time that that poor semi-heathen, Job Charnock, founded the English factory of Calcutta, in 1689, no thought seems to have been taken for the souls of the people of Bengal, except a proposal (which came to nothing) on the part of the chaplain, the Rev. S. Briercliffe, to establish a school, until in 1714—the above named society invited that gentleman to become one of its corresponding members, and sent him a number of books, with a view to attempt the introduction of the Gospel among the population. Nothing however appears to have been actually done, further than the erection of the first Church in Calcutta, and the formation of a charitable institution,—the original of the present Free School, no doubt,—until some Dutch, German, and other foreigners residing in Bengal, again took the lead of us, in seeking the good of the people of the land. They applied to the Tranquebar missionaries in 1732, to send one or more of their number to establish a mission in Bengal, both for the

instruction of the natives and also for that of the children of the Europeans themselves, who were growing up in ignorance. The brethren in South India were at that time unable to meet this requisition: but it was still urged with so much importunity, that in 1734 they forwarded it to Europe, where it inspired a lively sympathy, both in England and in Germany. The Christian Knowledge Society again came forward with warm interest, and offered to contribute to maintain a missionary, if a suitable person could be found. Liberal aid flowed in from other quarters; but no one appeared who was considered an eligible person to enter on the proposed mission.

Time passed on, and Calcutta received two tremendous blows; first in 1737, from a terrific hurricane and earthquake, which swept over it and did immense damage, and afterwards in 1756, by the invasion of the ruthless Suraj-u-Dowlah, when the terrible tragedy of the Black-hole was enacted, and 123 of our countrymen perished in one night. Almost every record seems to have vanished in these disasters; so that we know not if anything was done for the propagation of Christianity, until 1758, when the first Protestant missionary, John Zechariah Kiernander, arrived in Bengal from Cuddalore, or more properly from Tranquebar, where he and his companion, Mr. Huttman, had taken refuge, on the French taking Cuddalore after a few days' siege. He was a Swede,* but had been for some time engaged in a responsible situation at Halle, when the admirable Professor Francke (that true friend of India and of mankind) recommended him to the mission, and he reached Cuddalore in 1740.

Kiernander met from the British authorities, the Governor-General, the gallant Lord, (then Colonel) Clive, and the Council, a cordial reception and friendly support, which (strange to say) most of their successors seem to have been far from imitating. Colonel and Mrs. Clive, and Mr. Watts, a Member of Council, stood sponsors for his son, and the chaplains of that day, Messrs. Butler and Cape, showed the kindest feeling, and procured liberal subscriptions in aid of the objects of his mission.

The incidents of Kiernander's remarkable career are too well known to render our dwelling upon them necessary. In 1775 a second missionary, John Christian Diemer, from Halle, joined Mr. Kiernander; and it must be recorded to the honour of the East India Company,—who began better than they con-

* His native place was Akstad, in Sweden. He died in Calcutta in 1799.

tinued to go on,—that they granted him and Mr. Kiernander's two children, who were returing after being educated in Europe, a free passage in one of their ships. Mr. Diemer's health however allowed him to do but little, and obliged him to return to Europe in 1783, so that Kiernander had to apply again to Tranquebar for aid*; and two missionaries successively (Messrs. Koenig and Gerlach) were sent up in 1778, but appear to have remained only a short time.

The first English clergyman that came to India as a missionary, was the Rev. Abraham Thomas Clarke, sent out to Calcutta by the Christian Knowledge Society, in 1789, after Kiernander's pecuniary difficulties had forced him to retire. We must acknowledge with regret, that this first English missionary was unworthy of the high calling wherewith he had been called; for after about a year he obtained a Government chaplaincy, and without notice suddenly threw up his missionary charge, (offering to repay what he had cost the society), and was sent by the Commander-in-Chief to Chunar. He still however retained an interest in Missionary work, and endeavoured afterwards to promote it. The Rev. W. T. Ringletaube also, who joined the mission in 1797, became discontented and forsook it, two years after; and the Christian Knowledge Society seemed in consequence to grow discouraged and to withdraw from the work.

Far different in spirit was the Rev. David Brown, the father of evangelical religion in Bengal. He had come to India in 1786, and had not only laboured hard, but sacrificed comforts and emoluments to carry on the Missionary work, which had been commenced in Calcutta. "The furtherance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is to me all in all," said he, in a letter dated 1792; and his whole life proved that it was no empty vaunt. He found a true and a most able fellow labourer in the distinguished Rev. Claudius Buchanan, who came to India in 1797, and whose eminent services are well known. Messrs. Chambers, Grant, and Udney, ought also to be mentioned as most active, zealous and laborious friends of the Mission, amongst the persons in high station, and especially Lord Teignmouth, who arrived in Calcutta as Governor-General in 1793, and most liberally supported and befriended Missionary work.

In the mean time, a missionary spirit was gaining strength amongst the Baptists in England. It seems to have risen there

* Two Portuguese Roman Catholic Priests, who had been converted through Kiernander's instrumentality, were very useful in the new mission.

first in the bosom of the afterwards eminent William Carey; and about the same time in Calcutta, in that of Mr. Thomas, a ship surgeon, who sailed to India for the first time in 1783. After the formation of the *Baptist Missionary Society* in 1792, as before noticed, these two men first met,; their meeting was deeply affecting: they fell on each other's neck and wept. They arrived in Calcutta on June 13, 1793, on board a Danish ship, and were welcomed by David Brown and other Christian friends. In 1799 arrived Ward, Brunsdon, Grant and Marshman; but this large accession to a force then little known and less understood, at once awakened the suspicions of the Indian Government; and even the able and far-seeing Lord Mornington had almost ordered them to leave the country.* But he was induced by the intervention of Dr. Buchanan, to allow them to remain, and settle at Serampore, where the Danish Governor gave them a friendly reception; and there, as is well known, the Baptists have ever since maintained their mission.

It may well be concluded that on learning of the formation of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, David Brown's heart would be filled with joy; and that he would use every exertion to bring its agency to bear on India. In 1807, he, and those true and noble friends of India named above, Dr. Buchanan and Mr. Udney, were constituted a sort of Corresponding Committee by a grant of £200, made by the Society's Committee in London, to be appropriated at their discretion to promote the translation of the Scriptures into the languages of the East. This sum was not drawn for immediately, and in 1809 it was increased to £500, and Henry Martyn and Mr. Thomason were added to the Committee entrusted with it.

In consequence of a proposal made by this Committee, for the maintenance of natives to read the Christian Scriptures in public, the London Committee granted £250 a year for that purpose, in 1811, the year in which the devoted Martyn left India to return no more.

Previous to the renewal of the East India Company's Charter in 1813, the society had begun to bestir itself to secure an opening for Missionary efforts, and all the judgment and energy of its Secretary were exerted to the full. Dr. Buchanan

* It must be admitted, that at the time there was something to excite the suspicions of the Government in the fact of Dissenters, (a body of whom many were known to have espoused French Republican principles), arriving without the usual license of the Court, in American vessels, with the avowed intention of propagandism amongst the natives.

had gone to England in 1808, and immediately began to plead the cause of India, with all his consummate ability and rich stores of oriental knowledge, through the pulpit and the press, both in England and Ireland: and with decided effect. It was at the request of the Committee of the Church Missionary Society that he drew up his celebrated Memoir on the necessity of a colonial ecclesiastical establishment for India, which was published by the society in 1812, and being extensively circulated amongst members of the Legislature, led in fact to the institution of the Indian episcopate. Thus it is to this society, which high church bigotry so vehemently assailed as opposed to church order and episcopal authority, that the origination of Protestant episcopal authority in India must be ascribed. It is difficult for us, at this period of our Indian history, with bishops, clergy and missionaries of all sorts, so long living realities around us, to realize the extravagant alarm and the violent spirit which the proposition of an ecclesiastical establishment for India, and especially for sanctioning,—(Dr. Buchanan went no further),—missionary labours amongst the people, called forth from the worldly-wise politicians and statesmen of that day. The following passage from the Rev. J. Long's *Hand Book* of Bengal Missions (p. 14.) will give some idea of how such persons felt on this subject* :—

"Opinions of the following description were warmly advocated by Anglo-Indians. The Hindu system little needs the ameliorating hand of the Christian dispensation, for 'the law is good, if a man use it lawfully.' 'No Hindu of respectability will ever yield to the missionary's remonstrances.' Even as late as 1808, Major Scott Waring, a Bengal Officer, has recorded his opinion in the following terms;—'Whenever the Christian religion does as much for the lower orders of society in Europe, as that of Brahma appears to *have* done for the Hindus, I shall cheerfully vote for its establishment in Hindustan.'

"We give the following as specimens of the notions and practices of some of the Anglo-Indians in Bengal, in former days, and which proved mighty obstacles to the conversion of the heathen. Colonel Stewart, who received the sobriquet of Hindu Stewart, resided at Berhampore, where he worshipped idols and the Ganges. He built a temple at Sagor; and on his return to Europe, took idols with him to perform puja. Warren Hastings sent an embassy to the Grand Lama to congratulate him on his incarnation. Mr. Lushington, a Director of the East India Company, stated publicly, in 1793, 'that were 100,000 natives converted, he should hold it as the greatest calamity that could befal India.' The sermon preached at Bishop Middleton's consecration, in 1814, was not published, lest the fears of many Anglo-Indians should be excited. At that period, the opponents of missions declared, that if bishops were sent to India, 'our empire there

* See also the Article entitled *The Establishment of the Indian Episcopate*, in No. XXV. (March 1850) of the *Calcutta Review*.

would not be worth a year's purchase.' Major Scott Waring writes in 1805; 'I never met with a happier race of men than the Hindus when left to the undisturbed performance of the rites of their own religion; and it might truly be said, that if Arcadian happiness ever had existence, it must have been rivalled in Hindustan.' In 1793, a member of the Court of Proprietors declared at the India House, 'that the sending missionaries into our Eastern territories is the most wild, extravagant, expensive, unjustifiable project that was ever suggested by the most visionary speculator; that the project would affect the ultimate security of our Eastern possessions.' We need not be surprised, however, at these statements, when we find the Bishop of St. Asaph stating in the House of Lords, in 1783, that "the obligation said to be incumbent on Christians, to promote their faith throughout the world, had ceased with the supernatural gifts which attended the commission of the Apostles.'"

The battle of the truth, however, was bravely fought, and at length won; and Thomas Fanshawe Middleton arrived at Calcutta as the first Protestant Indian bishop, in November, 1814. But we cannot say that this able, though cold and formal prelate, did much to forward the great work of missions in India. He thought himself restricted by the wording of his letters patent from ordaining either natives or others for the propagation of Christianity in his vast and swarming diocese. He even doubted whether he ought to countenance Missionary proceedings by any but the clerical servants of the East India Company,—and he did both countenance and commend those of Mr. Corrie at Agra. So that, though clergymen of the Church of England had begun to engage in missionary labour in the diocese during his episcopate, he never could make up his mind to license, or even to recognize them, because neither the canons nor liturgy of the English Church, nor the Commission of the Court of Directors, had specially provided for such cases. Towards the close of his career he seemed to be inclining towards a course of action more worthy of a Christian and Protestant Bishop in a country like this. But death surprised him before he had taken any step, except founding Bishop's College, which forms an appropriate monument of the man.

Great was the disappointment of the Church Missionary Society. The small-mindedness (if we may construct a word for the occasion) and timidity of the new bishop, however, did not retard its energetic labours. The authorities of the Church seemed from the first, as it were, resolved to let the world see how much could be done without *their* help. Amongst the parties which have always existed, and we suppose always will exist in the Church, ever since there has been anything like a settled ecclesiastical organization, has been one whose cry is evermore "*Church Principles*;" and another whose equally constant cry is "*Perishing Souls.*" To the former of these

belonged Bishop Middleton; to the latter pertain most of the leaders of the Church Missionary Society; and without debating at present their relative merits, we shall only say, let our soul ever be with the latter.

Not long after the first Bishop, the first English missionaries of the Church Missionary Society reached India. The Rev. Messrs. Norton and Greenwood were at first designed for Ceylon, but circumstances led to the former being assigned to Madras and the latter to Calcutta, where he arrived in June 1816. They had been ordained in England, and came out with the license of the Company to reside in their territories. From that time the number of English missionaries steadily increased, ignored and discouraged as they were by their principal head; until at his decease, in July, 1822, they amounted to eighteen, with eight Lutherans, in India and Ceylon. The society had taken up twenty-four stations, of which ten were in the Bengal Presidency; and in spite of the unconcealed dislike of the Court of Directors, the "passive resistance" of the Indian Government, and the stiff and formal coldness of the Indian Bishop, was making friends for itself amongst the wise and good in the land, who began to support it liberally, and was doing its trying and difficult work with a steady patient zeal and perseverance, which nothing but true Christian principle could have maintained. What can this be ascribed to other than the blessing of God? Never was there a more decisive and more cheering instance of that blessing prevailing against almost every human hindrance.

Heber was a wiser, as well as a warmer and farther-seeing man than his predecessor. During his more genial episcopate, the missionaries proceeded more cheerfully with their work as acknowledged members of the Church of England Ministry in India; and Bishop Wilson's lengthened episcopate of now two and twenty years, his evangelical principles, his missionary zeal, his liberal disposition, his sermons and charges, and his friendly bearing towards his clergy in general, have done much to place the missionary on his proper level, to cheer him in his work, and to commend that work to the many, who in India as everywhere, are more influenced by the authority and example of one in an eminent position, than by the righteous claims of a good and glorious cause.

This should bring us to write of what they *have* done, of the actual fruits of missionary labour in India; and we had intended to have gone into this part of the subject at some little length, and to have proved by facts and by arguments that the actual results of Missionary labour are such as should call forth the thankful respect of all right thinking men; but we have been led somehow, in writing these pages, to take a somewhat dif-

ferent course from that at first contemplated, and are consequently obliged to defer much that we had intended to say on this and other branches of our subject. We gladly refer the reader, however, to an Article exclusively devoted to it, by another and a much abler hand, in an earlier number of this *Review*, No. XXXI., for September, 1851, where the subject will be found very fully and very fairly treated; and it is shewn that the results, not only in actual conversions of natives of the country, and in gathering of native Christian congregations, are much greater than could reasonably have been reckoned on from the comparatively trifling amount of missionary labour as yet expended upon this vast Missionary field; but also in the quantity of *material* produced, in the way of mission establishments, vernacular books, especially the Scriptures, and efficient native helpers, for the future carrying on of the work. We commend the paper to the perusal of the reader who wishes to obtain a just view of a work too little known, as we have said, and too much decried. And at the same time we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of referring to and commending to our readers another article in a number of the *Review* subsequent to that just referred to (No. XXXV., September, 1852,) entitled *India as a Mission field*, and the pamphlet there reviewed, entitled *The Urgent Claims of India, for more Christian Missions*, by a Layman in India: London, 1852. We are not, we believe, now betraying any secret in naming the Layman as Macleod Wylie, Esq., Senior Judge of the Calcutta Court of Small Causes, who has just left India (but we rejoice to hope only for a time) to seek restoration of the health which had seriously suffered under his devoted labours in the cause of missions and of every good work amongst us. Even while we write, another work of his has been announced, dictated by the same spirit of Christian zeal which has long animated him. It is designated *Bengal as a field of Missions*.

It was during the incumbency of India's third Bishop, the active and sensible Thomas Turner, that the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht landed in Calcutta as a Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, on New-year's day, 1831.

It is with no small regret that we find both our space and time so far engaged already, as to necessitate our compressing into a few concluding pages our notice of the Memoir and the Life of this truly valuable Missionary, which we had intended should constitute a large portion of this Article.

The critic cannot and would not deal severely with the work

of a widow, drawn up in great part, during the very year of her bereavement. But in candour we must say that whilst the work presents some of the faults to be expected from the circumstances of its compilation, such as a natural tendency to accumulate and to over-colour every thing which can in any way exalt its subject, and to pass over, perhaps unconsciously, other things which might cast a shade over it, it is very far in our judgment, from deserving the harsh measure dealt out to it by a Calcutta contemporary.* Admitting that the Memoir is in some measure "*overdone*," and that there are pages, which might, without much loss to the life or to the public, have been omitted—(though it is but fair to remember, that a history of the Burdwan mission is incorporated with the Memoir, and many passages unnecessary to the latter are quite relevant to the former,)—and, moreover, that the work would have been much more extensively read, were it less bulky, and printed in larger type; we must still say that the majority of ordinary readers,—for whom, be it remembered, and not for the critics, such books are written,—have pronounced warmly in its favour, as far as we have had opportunity of personally ascertaining; and the public in general has evinced its feeling very decidedly, by taking up an impression of 3,000 copies, and calling for another in the course of, we believe, a few weeks. We have heard too, from a friend in England, well qualified, from position and otherwise, to form a judgment, that the work "is doing good service to the cause of Missions at home." This is a decided *success*. And as for the largeness of the volume and the smallness of the type, if they do not evince the literary discretion of the compiler, they certainly shew her honesty, so to speak: much less matter in much larger type would have cost her much less labor and expense, and probably sold still better; but there was a wealth of materials, and we happen to know, that nearly half as much more as appears in print, was included in the original compilation; but was judiciously excised by the Editor, Mr. Christopher, whose Introduction, (by the way) though by no means necessary to the Memoir, is in itself sound and sensible, and likely to prove useful.

We cannot but wish certainly that greater literary skill had been exerted in the arrangement of the materials; but it was necessary, for various reasons, to bring out the work soon;—every one who has had to compile a book hurriedly will understand what is meant by *not having time to be brief*:—it was done by a hand unhackneyed in the arts of book-making, though

* The *Calcutta Christian Observer*, November, 1854.

not wholly inexperienced in authorship; and to say the least of the work, it follows the fashion of biography so much in vogue at present, viz, to leave the subject of the memoir to tell his own tale and exhibit his own character, by his journals, his correspondence, and the more public productions of his pen.

We shall say no more at present as to the execution of the work, except this, that if it has faults, it is certainly not without merits too. It is agreeably written. With all its minute detail, and its certainly rather excessive lengthiness, no one can justly call it *tiresome:* and many readers, as we have already said, have pronounced it positively delightful. It has in our eyes, at least one great merit; it is so contrived as to bring forward a great number of incidents, small, it may be, in themselves, but yet calculated to prove instructive and cheering to persons engaged, as its subject was, in arduous and self-denying labour; and by presenting us with Mr. Weitbrecht's own descriptions of his inward conflicts, and the sources whence he derived strength and comfort, and victory, it directs other tried ones to the same "wells of salvation," from which they may draw for themselves in their time of need.

We might choose passages, almost at random, from the Memoir, to illustrate this latter commendation. Take for instance the account of the close of his second year in India, 1832:—

"A few days later, his brethren left him, and he concluded his journal of this year by a summary of the great and wonderful mercies he had received from his Lord, who had so graciously assisted him through the arduous and difficult beginning of his missionary course. He traces all his strength for duty, and all his success, to the help and blessing of his heavenly Father, and renews his prayers and his vows for future aid and consecration under six heads:—1. For troubles, give faith and hope. 2. For discouragement, patience and perseverance. 3. For the poor heathen, love and pity. 4. For private devotion, humility and confidence. 5. For the work of the ministry, divine unction. 6. In combats, victory, through the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." (*p.* 77.)

Again, on New Year's Day, 1834, he thus writes:—

"I have now spent three years in India, and depending on the Almighty hand which has hitherto so graciously and faithfully guided me, I enter on the fourth. O Lord! let Thy favour preserve my breath, for in this land we sensibly feel that in the midst of life we are in death. Give me, blessed Jesus, new faithfulness, new zeal, new strength, and new blessings in my work in this vineyard wherein thou hast called me to labour. My comfort under all my own infirmities and weaknesses, and under all the difficulties and trials of my pilgrim way is, that Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me. My soul cleaveth unto Thee. Thou hast loved me first, and Thy love constraineth me to live, and if called on to die for Thee. Be to my soul more and more precious,—more and more glorious,—more and more dear; preserve me to Thy heavenly kingdom, and grant me at last a joyful entrance therein." (*p.* 98.)

And once more in 1836 :—

"The great point a missionary must ever have in view, in all his engagements, is the conversion of those among whom he labours. While I feel my inability to accomplish this change in one soul, the privilege is sweet to me, by which I can say, "*Lord, help me.* I am thy servant." It is an especial comfort to be able to ask His blessing in every particular case. "Lord, I am going to preach the Gospel of Thy dear Son; accompany my testimony by the power of Thy Spirit to the hearts of the hearers. I am going to instruct the young; bless the instruction." Labouring thus in his name we may be happy, and take courage. The cause is His, and not ours. May we be "faithful unto death!" Our reward will be great, and our rest sweet. Sometimes our faith and patience is exceedingly tried; at other times we are refreshed and comforted. I know this must be. All the saints in glory went there on the same path." (*p.* 146-7.)

We cannot but think that the disparaging remarks of the critic we have referred to, on Mr. Weitbrecht's personal qualities and ministerial labours, are unjustly severe and splenetic.* They are moreover strangely dissimilar to others in the same periodical, at an earlier period, soon after that excellent missionary's death. Were we to have the lives of men of genius only written, the world and the church would, in our opinion, be grievous losers; the mass of mankind would be effectually deterred from aiming at what is good and worthy of imitation in the teaching of Biography, because of that transcendant and heaven-bestowed something, called genius, with which it would come to be regarded as inseparably connected, as effect is with cause. But with but little of this undefined and fitful thing, a man may possess many most excellent and useful, nay, most noble and admirable qualities, which, while they render him a benefactor and blessing to his kind, do not raise him above their imitation. And such, we think, was Josiah Pratt, whose character we have just attempted, though very imperfectly, to pourtray; and such we hold also was John James Weitbrecht. Talents and powers, we maintain, he possessed, of no common order; but it is not for these we love, we honour, and we try to follow him; it is for his virtues; for the grace that was bestowed upon him, for the uses to which he applied his many and various gifts.

It affords evidence of mental superiority to have maintained always a pre-eminence amongst his fellows, and that not by any assumption of his, but by the ready concession of those

* We don't know who the writer is, but he seems to think the business of a critic is to strike out as far, and to deal as many and as hard blows as he can on any and everything within reach all round. In the space of his five or six pages, he manages to attack writers of fiction and biography in general, and Mrs. Weitbrecht and her work in particular, missionary societies, and the missionary whose memoir he was reviewing, and we know not whom and what beside. This is not to be a reviewer, but a censor general.

amongst whom he moved. This pre-eminence was awarded to him by his college-mates at Basle missionary institution; and we can testify that it continued to be yielded by his brother missionaries in India up to the close of his life. Often have we heard the regretful remark made since his removal, "We have no one to take the place that he held amongst us; no one to look up to as we did to him."

It is indicative of no contemptible amount of talent, combined with energy, firmness and diligence, to have successively set to work at, and made some progress in, four strange languages, and to have mastered the fourth so early and so respectably as Weitbrecht did the Bengali. And amongst his linguistic attainments must be included his perfection in English, which required little correction, even when he was on his voyage to India after scarce two years' residence in England; for one of his fellow passengers says of him, "he then wrote as correctly and eloquently 'as in later years, and preached in English with as much ease as 'if he had been born in England." We have ourselves heard the friend, himself no inelegant scholar, who carried through the press the volume of Mr. Weitbrecht's Sermons, published in Calcutta soon after the author's decease, say, that scarce a line or a word needed correction.

Nor can it be denied to be a proof of a gifted mind to possess the power to influence and control, by the utterance of the lips, popular assemblies of almost every sort, and that without the slightest attempt at the arts of the practised rhetorician, by the force of manly sense, fresh and vigorous thought, and pointed and simple appeal to the best feelings of our nature. Without dwelling on his missionary preaching in India, his progress through Germany on his visit home, in 1841-44, was a career of triumph. Wherever he went, he created an enthusiasm. A like, though perhaps not quite an equal success attended him in England, to him a foreign land; and it was proved to be the result of no tricks of oratory or mere graces of manner or of style; for his missionary addresses were published not only in German but in English, and in both languages had a very considerable *run*.

An instance or two will illustrate this position, as related in his free and artless letters to his wife.

"The town contains only 400 Protestants, yet the church was so full, one might have walked upon the heads of the people. At least 1,000 individuals listened for one hour and a half in breathless silence. The two Dukes (Paul and Adam, of Wurtemberg) were present, and became subscribers; you can imagine I do not lose these fine opportunities for speaking, as God may enable me, to the hearts and consciences of my hearers."

And again—

"I wish you could have seen the masses of hearers this day. I spoke an hour and a half. The people seemed quite electrified: there were about 3,000 present. It was a beautiful sight! An old infidel physician, who had not been in church for thirty years, attended. He was quite shaken down, and sent us a present for our work."

We think, too, that the death of a man of ordinary and common place ability, would not have called forth the numerous and strongly worded expressions of regret and admiration which followed Weitbrecht's decease, expressions which were not only heard from many of the pulpits of Calcutta and elsewhere, but which were entered on the records of public religious bodies, both those of the Church of England, and others too, as may be seen in the latter pages, and the Appendix to the Memoir. Either these various bodies and individuals happened, accidentally and independently of each other, all to go out of their usual way, to do honour to the memory of a mere every-day good man; or else the man whose memory they honoured was one of no common stamp.

Thus much we say in simple justice; but we repeat, that we care not for the point. We are glad the Memoir has been written, if the subject of it were not half the man, the missionary and the Christian that he was; for even though the work be partial and over-coloured,—as we suppose almost every Memoir, at least by a near relative, is,—we believe it will minister encouragement, and stimulus and comfort to many a faithful heart, both in the homes of Christian Europe and the tabernacles of the missionary field.

We may as well say here respecting the missionary character, and missionaries themselves in general, as they have come under our observation, that we have been constrained to respect them very highly. We think they are a class of men, much misjudged by most persons. The missionary character, in the abstract idea, is doubtless duly venerated; but somehow the Missionary himself, in the actual living reality, is not estimated amongst us here in India, as we think he ought to be. People are inconsiderate. They seem to expect a missionary to be a man above the reach of human infirmity, and even of human feelings and human wants: a man of an anchorite's self-denial, an apostle's zeal, a giant's power, and an angel's disinterested devotedness. They conceive the idea of a sort of compound character, made up of the best features of many others, and seem to expect to find their idea realized in every missionary they meet. They take the heavenly mind and even the splendid talents of a Martyn, the untiring energy and great success of a Swartz,

the deep humility of soul of a Brainerd, the laborious self-denial of an Eliot, or a Judson, the resistless gentleness and winning love of a Corrie, the solid sense, agreeable manners and ready address of a Weitbrecht, and the physical energy and iron-constitution of a Lacroix, and forming to their imaginations a character composed of such elements, they seem to expect to find it wherever they find a missionary. Of course they are disappointed; "God" (as Cecil says) "who alone *could* make such ministers, has not done so:"—admirable Crichtons, and Berkeleys, endowed with "every virtue under heaven," are but rarely seen in this degenerate world;—but in their disappointment men are apt to fly to the other extreme, and think nothing of the man who has not every thing they fancied he had. But this is unreasonable and unfair. "Every man," says St. Paul, "has his proper gift of God, one after this manner and another after that:" and though there are exceptions to what we are about to say, among the missionary body, we must in candour express it as our opinion that the Missionaries, as a body, form the most truly respectable class of society in India: respectable for their general ability, respectable for their usefulness and laboriousness, respectable for their high Christian character, and respectable above all, (we mean more than any other class) for their disinterested and single-minded devotedness to India's good. Of no other men in the country can it be said, as a body, that they came to India only to seek the good of India and her people: and we must add, as the result of our own not very limited observation and experience, that amongst no other body are you so sure of meeting with a ready response and cordial co-operation when you want to carry out any well laid scheme for the real benefit, even of a merely temporal kind, of the sons and daughters of the land. We are well aware, and rejoice in the acknowledgement, that among the members of the public services, civil, military and clerical, there is a considerable, and perhaps an increasing, proportion of persons feeling a lively interest in such undertakings, and ready to lend them energetic and substantial aid; but of none others, that we are acquainted with, save and except the missionaries, can this be said, *as a body*; and of them it can. There are exceptions; but we have found them but few. The people and the friends of India are sure of finding friends in them.

One element in the romantic idea of a Missionary to which we have alluded, is, that he should live like an anchorite; and if he is seen dwelling in a moderately good habitation, and partaking of the ordinary simple comforts of civilized life, he is liable to be set down as a luxurious self-indulger, who thinks more of

his comforts than of his work, and who probably entered on his holy calling to obtain a sort of advancement and independence in the world. This has always appeared to us a great mistake. We quote in reference to it the remarks of a writer in the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer*, who seems to be well acquainted with the subject:—

"Half a century's experience has taught such bodies (Missionary Societies) that *penny wisdom* here is *pound folly*—looking at the matter merely in a pecuniary light. It has taught them, that to educate men in European Colleges for missionary labour, to send them out to India in our costly ships, with all necessary outfit, and then to place them in poor close dwellings, on stinted allowances, without conveniences for either family comfort or missionary activity—is the most utter folly. It wastes funds entrusted to them not for foolish waste but judicious use; it flings away valuable lives, which, on a better system, might be, and are preserved for many years; and it creates a prejudice and a fear about the missionary life, as if to be a missionary was necessarily to be a martyr, as poor Mrs. Pfeiffer thought it, though in another sense.

Hence good, substantial, airy and often expensive (we will not say they are not sometimes too expensive) houses are built for missionaries in those places where the mission is likely to be permanent. Hence missionaries are provided with the necessary appliances and means of protection from the deadly climate; and with a sufficiency of the ordinary supplies and comforts of persons in the middle classes of society; and one of the duties of the Secretaries, or senior members, of missionary bodies, is to warn inexperienced missionaries against the folly and danger of denying themselves needful comforts, and exposing themselves to heat, damp, &c., &c., under mistaken ideas of economy.

We well remember the fears excited not very long ago on behalf of a zealous, though rather incautious missionary friend, who, being left too much to himself, adopted a mode of living which exposed his health and life to the most imminent peril. We felt constrained to volunteer more than one urgent caution ourselves; and we cannot forget the wasted and sickly look which he brought back with him after a few months of living in a mode which Mrs. Pfeiffer would probably not think "martyr-like" enough; for he never quite came up to her idea of living exactly like the poorest natives, eating with them from one dish, &c., &c. We have no doubt his life was saved by his having to leave his chosen abode and go to sea."*

The amount of labour gone through by a diligent and zealous missionary in India few persons are aware of. It is not merely going to preach now and then, or teaching a little in a school, with natives to help him. It is the constant and wearying pressure of many and often conflicting claims

* "Many instances might be cited of missionary labourers, who fell early victims to their own hasty and mistaken ideas of self-denying economy, contrary to the frequent warnings of more experienced persons. One in particular occurs to us of a promising young man, who thought it would look proud and luxurious to allow himself to be carried in a palanquin; and unable or unwilling to keep a horse conveyance, went about Calcutta and its environs on foot; and soon fell a prey to the climate, or rather to his own contempt of the warnings of both nature and experience. This is but one of *many* cases."

upon his time and his exertions, that wear him down. Most missionaries have more or less of a native Christian congregation to attend to, and some, as for instance those of the Church Missionary Society in the Kishnaghur district in Bengal, and of that and other Societies in several parts of South India,—of many hundred members, such as are considered more than enough to fill the time, and tax the energies of a strong man in the bracing air of Europe. But this is but a small part of the zealous missionary's charge. He has (in addition to the usual European requisites for ministerial usefulness, to acquire a full and familiar knowledge of perhaps two or three strange and difficult oriental tongues, so as to discuss in them not only ordinary matters of business or routine (such as the planter or the Government servant has to do with) but abstruse religious doctrines and the niceties of eastern philosophy and metaphysics. Whilst he is learning these, his time is perpetually demanded, and his studies interrupted by the care of the before-mentioned native flock, by the concerns of his schools, of which he has probably two for native *Christian* children, boys and girls, in his mission compound, and two or three others in different parts of his district, at some miles distance from him and from each other; and none of these can go on at all satisfactorily without his frequent and steady superintendence. Missionary preaching tours occupy a good part of the season of the year, when it is possible to itinerate in a country like India, and exclude every thing else for the time. As he becomes known and respected amongst the people, he is constantly visited by enquirers, some seeking with a measure of sincere earnestness, to know what is the true way of salvation; some coming merely out of curiosity,—like the Athenian idlers gathering round St. Paul,—to have a talk with the Sahib, and hear how he talks their language, and what he has to say about his religion and about theirs; they want also to see how he lives in his house, and what kind of beings his wife and his children are. Some again come again and again, veiling their object under a thick cover of simulated concern about spiritual things, in hope of securing the Sahib's intercession with the neighbouring judge or collector or other Government officer, for the obtaining a situation, or the decision of a law suit, or some such matter. All these persons the Missionary thinks it right to attend to. It is impossible often to distinguish the sincere from the hypocritical; and even though it were not, he knows not but that God's mercy may have led, unknown to himself, even the curious questioner, or the seeker of worldly advantage, to hear from him the words of life which

will yet convert his soul. Hence the missionary receives and converses with all, usually giving them tracts or books to take with them to their homes. Besides, he is often the physician of the neighbourhood, and has, morning by morning, a crowd of applicants for medicine and medical advice, with which he endeavours to impart the "Balm of Gilead" for the sin-diseased soul. He is not unfrequently, too, made (though we think he ought not to allow it) the arbiter in the disputes of his vicinity, and thus brings upon himself much trouble and annoyance. But whilst all this is going on, occupying and over-occupying his mornings and his days, he feels the want of new books or translations of books for both his Christian flock and the unbelieving multitude. There is no one to prepare them, but himself or some brother Missionary, who is no better off than himself. True, he is already "pressed out of measure above strength;" but the want is pressing too, and he sets to work, giving the brief occasional intervals of his interrupted days and a portion of his nights due to repose, to the work of composition or translation. In this way many of the now numerous religious books and tracts in the native languages have been prepared, and not a few of the translations of the Sacred Scriptures themselves. And this part of the work goes on silently and in private, whilst harshly judging persons are thinking that the Missionary is indulging himself in ease. But even yet the Missionary's labour is not at an end. In many places there is something of a European flock without a shepherd, to whom he feels bound to minister the word of life, hoping that the benefit done may revert in good to the work of missions; and though this is a labour which often times brings much refreshment to the missionary's own spirit, still it is a labour, and consumes both time and energy. And in addition to all, he has to prepare reports for his Society, to keep up correspondence about his Mission, and frequently to collect some of the Funds for its support; and as most missionaries have a family, some time and attention is required for their culture and instruction too, especially surrounded as they are by the uncongenial influences of a heathen land.

Thus is the missionary pressed and worn down. Let any one compare the amount of labour we have just described, and *which is the lot of the great majority of missionaries in this country*, with all its disadvantages of a relaxing and exhausting climate, imperfect means of communication, and lack of cheering Christian society, let any one compare it with what is often considered such *hard work* in an English parish, that a curate

or two must be got to share it, or the over-burthened minister soon breaks down—and we feel assured that more consideration and respect will be felt for the missionary than it has been the fashion to exhibit in some quarters that might have been better informed and better disposed. Less wonder, too, will be ignorantly expressed, that these over-pressed and toil worn men do not do much more, that they do not convert all India at once, whilst, too many of their "Christian" brethren, so far from cheering or helping, are criticizing them, and amusing themselves, gathering money and hastening home to enjoy it—that some 400 missionaries should not have reclaimed the 120 millions of India, when above 20,000 ministers are considered so inadequate for the due instruction of the 20 millions of Christian England, that Pastoral aid, and Scripture Readers, and City mission Societies are necessary to help them.

"The 2nd of April, 1802, was a day of joy and sorrow" in the house of a respectable citizen of Schorndorf, in Wurtemburg. In the morning a little daughter died, and in the evening a son was born, the third of seven. This was John James Weitbrecht, the future missionary in Bengal. There was nothing of particular note to distinguish his early years, during which he seemed to exhibit many engaging qualities, but less of mental gifts and talents than others of the family appeared to possess. The father had been educated for the ministry, though he did not enter it; but his education enabled him to provide better instruction for his children than ordinary tradesmen of his class; and amongst other things he accustomed his sons to converse, and sometimes correspond with him and with each other, in Latin. In one of the son's letters to his own son, in after years, as given in the Memoir, he says that at eleven years of age he was able to read Ovid and Virgil, and converse fluently with his brothers in that language.

His mother was a pious woman: but he lost her almost before he could fully appreciate her value. A second mother, however, who was a step-mother only in name, seems fully to have supplied her place, and to have exercised a happy influence for good upon the mind of her adopted family; so that very early in his life strong religious impressions appear to have been made on the mind of John. They were renewed and deepened again at the season of confirmation, which in Germany always takes place in the fourteenth year. "With tears of repentance and joy," he afterwards said of himself, "I then renewed my baptismal covenant in the ordinance of confirmation." His

tears again flowed, but for another cause, at his seventeenth year, when his father died:—

"Around the sick couch of our dying parent stood weeping the sorrowing mother and nine children, of whom the youngest was but a year old. This grief was heavy indeed, and once more drove me to the Saviour, not at first for myself, but for the preservation of my father's earthly life. The prayer was not granted, and the hour of his dissolution rapidly approached. Then my heart was lifted up, the weak faith became strong, and I was enabled to say, "Lord, if Thou wilt take away our father, surely, Thou wilt, according to Thine own gracious promise, be our Father and Supporter." And thus it was: the earthly parent was called home, and the Heavenly One continued to lead me, through varied and painful experiences—among them very weak health—into the full knowledge and love of God." *(p. 7.)*

He had been put to learn his father's business after he had completed his fourteenth year. What that business was is not mentioned, we believe, in the Memoir, but we know not why it should be concealed. Who thinks the less of Carey when it is known that he had been for years a shoe-maker,* or of Morrison, that he was a boot-tree maker, of Henry Martyn, when it is heard that his father was a Cornish miner, of David Brown, because he was the son of a poor Yorkshire farmer, or who will think the less of John James Weitbrecht, on learning that his paternal trade was that of a baker? A year after his father's death, finding his health suffering, he abandoned this first employment for another; we are not told what. This business led him "in due time" to Stuttgard, where, through the ministry of "the sainted Holfacker," he became thoroughly awakened and enlightened in soul, and to use his own words, "the blessed hour arrived when he was to find Christ, and to be united to Him to be separated no more." It was on Good Friday, 1824, and at the Lord's Holy Table, that as he believed, the work of grace was sealed upon his soul.

The desire he had for some time felt to devote himself to missionary work, then became more earnest and lively; and the

* We have always considered it one of the best anecdotes we have of missionary life in India, that Carey, when dining one day at Government House, heard Colonel or General somebody, who was also at the table, and who understood that Carey was a guest, ask, "Where is that shoemaker?" when the missionary, who was close by, immediately replied, with dignified composure, "I am here, sir; but you do me too much honour, I was not a shoemaker, I was only a cobbler." We perceive however from what is stated in the life of that distinguished missionary, that the anecdote is scarcely likely to be authentic, for a letter or statement of Carey's own is quoted, in which he says that he was considered a good workman, and that his master kept in his shop, as a favorable specimen of good work, a pair of shoes made by him. Carey was no boaster

rather that his cousin Pfander (who was long an able Missionary of the Church Missionary Society at Agra, and just now in the present year has been deputed to open a New Mission amongst the Affghan and other tribes about Peshawar) and another friend had taken that step. He waited however in faith and prayer during eighteen months, for an indication of the Divine Will: and then offered himself to the Basle Missionary Society; and was at once accepted and admitted to the missionary seminary at that place, at the close of 1825.

The history of his residence there affords most pleasing and satisfactory evidence of his felt superiority, if not in talent, at least in maturity and weight of character, to most of his fellow students; over whom indeed his early education, as well as perhaps his more mature age, gave him some advantage. One of them says:—

"He did, indeed, exercise a very blessed influence upon my whole being; for I was not only young in years but in Christian experience, having entered the Christian Church not long before. The old Adam was still strong in me, and much in Christianity was new to me. He watched over me with motherly tenderness,—sometimes faithfully bringing my inconsistencies before me, and then when he saw me overwhelmed by a deep sense of my sinfulness, he comforted and encouraged me, kneeled down beside me, and united with me in beseeching Divine strength and grace to help me on. He loved me for that Saviour's sake, in whom we were both one, and who was "*all and in all*" to him." *(p. 11.)*

After about three years' residence in the Basle institution,* during almost two of which he attended lectures with the theological class in the University of that place, in which he also matriculated, he was selected with one or two others for the Church Missionary Society, and proceeded to London, where he arrived towards the end of December, 1828, and took up his abode at the Society's missionary institution at Islington.

He was at first intended for the Abyssinian Mission, and was

* "The missionary seminary there was established in 1817, after the fall of Napoleon, as a suitable token of gratitude to God for the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of France. Basle, in Switzerland, was chosen for its locality, partly because it was supposed that such an institution would there encounter less opposition from the secular power than in Germany, and partly because many of the men who founded it, were inhabitants of that rich commercial city, then as now distinguished for the piety of its ministers and of many of their hearers. It also forms the connecting link between Switzerland and South-Western Germany, and is admirably adapted to be the centre of a missionary society intended to unite Christians of the two countries. An intimate connection has existed for many years between this seminary and the Church Missionary Society, and an annual supply of students have usually been sent to London to complete in the Church Missionary College at Islington their preparation for the stations to which they are destined.

The expense of his education is paid by the English Church Missionary Society to the College at Basle, for every student supplied to the ranks of their laborers from that institution." *(p. 8.)*

set to learn the Tigree language from a boy of that country, who had been brought to England: but the youth proved a very fractious and unprofitable pupil-teacher, and the design was abandoned: so also was a subsequent one of sending Mr. Weitbrecht to West Africa, after he had commenced learning the Susoo, another tongue of the sons of Ham, and at the same time Arabic from the distinguished Professer Lee. After circumstances had led to an alteration of this design also, at length,—with his own consent,—India was fixed upon as his future sphere.

From his arrival in this country, in the beginning of 1831, to the close of his earthly course, his life was divided into three distinct periods: the first, ending with his departure for Europe, for restoration of health, in December, 1841, was devoted to preparing himself by study of the Vernacular languages for efficient work among the people, and to organizing the schools and other departments of the Burdwan Mission. In it, too, he was married in March 1834, to Mrs. Higgs, then the widow of a Missionary of the London Missionary Society, to whom we are indebted for the present memoir, and of whom we need say no more, as she is well known in India.* The next embraces the period of his visit to Europe, from whence he returned to India again, in November, 1844. But, though brief, it was perhaps one of the most useful portions of his Missionary life in the amount of interest regarding Missions amongst the heathen, which he was enabled to excite in Europe. The third period covers the time of his last residence and labours in India, and extends to the time of his death, on March 1, 1852. His ministry, during this last period of his Indian life, seems to have been to give an impulse to itinerant preaching in Bengal, when it had become too little practised (at least by the Church Missionaries) in consequence, partly of so much attention and labour being required for the instruction of the large native flocks which had professed Christianity, chiefly in the Kishnaghur district. He had also to exhibit the Missionary character mature amongst his brethren, and last of all, to die, as it were, in their presence, in the calm assurance of faith in an all-sufficient Saviour.

* Mrs. Weitbrecht's family name was Edwards, and her native place London. She came to the East in the first instance, we believe, in an educational capacity, and was married to Mr Higgs at Malacca, or in the Straits She was soon left a widow, however, her husband dying on his return to Bengal; and not long after Mr. Weitbrecht made her acquaintance in Calcutta These particulars are not mentioned in the Memoir. Mr Weitbrecht left her, at her second widowhood, with five children; the eldest of whom, a fine lad of about sixteen, she has had to mourn the loss of since his lamented father's death Two boys and two girls still remain.

We must (though with real reluctance) abandon our intention of giving a brief sketch of each of these periods, illustrated and enlivened by extracts from the Memoir itself, as our share of space is already more than exhausted. To do so however is the less necessary in this country, not only because he was so well known to many of our readers; but because also two brief memorial sketches of his history were published in Calcutta, shortly after his decease,—one in the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer*, for April and May, 1852, afterwards re-published separately; and the other, somewhat more extended, some months later, as an Introduction to the volume of Sermons before alluded to. But we have no hesitation in commending to the reader, who wishes to see a valuable Christian and Missionary character well, though not artistically pourtrayed, the Memoir of the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht. To the serious Christian reader, who desires to have his own spirit warmed and cheered and soothed by the out-flowings of a kindred soul, we can promise much enjoyment from the perusal of the volume. Indeed, we would venture to suggest that, in case yet another impression should be called for,—or indeed whether it shall be called for or not,—an edition smaller in size should be prepared, omitting much of the laudatory, and most of the unnecessary and less useful portions of the work, and leaving its subject to speak more exclusively for himself by his own letters, journals, &c. The work would thus become more readable, and consequently more acceptable and useful to a large class of readers; and we think would take a respectable place amongst the standard Religious Biography of the day.

In conclusion, we will only say that the value of the Church Missionary Society, with which we have coupled the name of Weitbrecht, and to which he was sincerely attached, appears incidentally in the course of the narrative; not only in its deciding on India as the field of labour for a man so well qualified naturally for such a sphere; but by the ample liberty and sufficiency of means it allowed him (as indeed it does to all its Missionaries) for the prosecution of those departments of Missionary labour, for which he felt himself called and fitted. At first he gave himself to arranging and consolidating the little Mission at Burdwan. As he became familiar with the language and the people, he commenced itinerant preaching at intervals of a year. Further on in his Indian experience, he began to give some time to translation and the preparation of Hymns and little works in Bengali, chiefly for

children; and last of all, he purposed devoting his matured powers to a more continuous and exclusive course of preaching through the towns and villages of Bengal; and "he did well that it was in his heart," though the Lord, to whom he had given himself anew for this work, did not allow him to carry it fully out. For each and all of these different departments or sorts of work, the Society with which he was connected, gave him full liberty, and aided him in every way it could, by its sanction, by counsel, and by pecuniary supplies.

And if it could be proved that the Society's efforts for the conversion of India's idolatrous population had been utterly futile, and thrown away,—"that not one solitary native soul had been converted to Christianity and to God," through her instrumentality;—if it could be shown that it had done nothing whatever for India's good, more than sending into it such faithful servants of God as Weitbrecht, Wybrow, and others still living, whom we could name, the debt of India's European population would be very great for the benefits conferred on it through their ministry. And if that Society had done no other service to the cause of evangelical religion and active earnest zeal and devotedness in the work of God throughout the world, its having been the cause of the publication of such Memoirs as that of Weitbrecht now before us, and of Henry Watson Fox, some few years ago, to mention nothing else, must of itself be judged a service of incalculable value, a value which will be duly estimated in that day when "there shall be time no longer," and when the interests of human souls and of Eternity shall stand forth in a vastness and a grandeur unspeakable, beside which the worth of the temporal concerns which now fill and agitate the minds of men will appear to be "less than nothing and vanity."

ART. VI.—*Expedition for the Survey of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, in the years* 1835, 1836 *and* 1837. *By Lieutenant Colonel Chesney, R. A.*

THESE volumes contain much more than their name implies: though only two of the promised four have seen the light, or at least reached us; they contain more interesting and well arranged matter, than twenty of the ephemeral works that are born but to die. This work is a great addition to our stock of knowledge, and it has the advantage of containing a precis of all our previous information. It must not be supposed, that the author confines himself to the narrow boundaries of Mesopotamia: we accompany him at one time to the Indus, and at another to the Nile, and Danube:—an active and intelligent traveller, he has run over the whole of Asia: he began his career by traversing the battle field of the Turks and Russians in Bulgaria, in 1828, and the publication of his book was delayed by his being ordered on service to China. He is now, we believe, an actor in the campaign, on the same field where he was only a spectator after the fight, in 1828.

The circumstances, which led him to Mesopotamia, were connected with India. When first the overland passage began to be more than a dream, and public opinion was still divided as to the advantage of the Red Sea, or Euphrates route, Lieut. Col. Chesney was deputed to test the practicability of the navigation of the Euphrates. He had already dropt down the stream on rafts made of hurdles: he was now to conduct two iron steam vessels from Bir, the nearest point to Aleppo, and thence drop down to Bussora, and find his way to Bombay. The expedition left England in February, 1835, and commenced their descent of the river in March, 1836. We cannot gather from the two volumes before us, when, or how the expedition terminated, for the narrative of events was deferred to the third and fourth volumes, which have never appeared; nor was it until 1850, that these volumes, now under review, came forth, and the author narrates most piteously, how fortune, and those in power, appeared determined to oppose him. His lithographer played him false, and it was only after five years, that a Court of Law restored him his plates. The faithless potentates of Leadenhall-street, and Cannon Row, refused to make good their promised contributions of £600 each to the work: just as the first portion was in the press, the author was ordered to proceed for four years to China, and on his return, an incident not narrated, deprived him of

a large portion of his manuscript. This was, indeed, hard, and we have heard the details of the loss, and under correction we state them, as a warning to authors. With his papers in charge, he proceeded in a hired cab to call upon a young lady: forgetful of time, of place, of manuscript, and cab, Indicopleustes urged a suit, which we trust was successful: but the cabman, indignant at the delay, and suspecting some trick, drove off exasperated, and, though diligently searched for, was never heard of again. The place of these manuscripts had to be supplied, and hence another cause of delay.

The first volume is geographical: it contains a succinct, but complete, description of the natural features of the countries betwixt the rivers Nile and Indus, and a more particular account of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. Mesopotamia, Armenia, the Russian province of the Caucasus, Persia, Affghanistan, Asia Minor, Syria, and Arabia, all pass in review before us. We know of no volume that tells so much, and tells it so well:—the accomplished traveller, and the intelligent man of the world, speaks throughout: not the dull book-writer, or plodding map-maker: and attached to this volume is a most complete map, with all the information available to the first geographers, up to the year 1850. We say without hesitation, that this volume presents the most readable and complete precis of any book that we have met.

But greater praise is due to the second volume, which is historical: there are signs of the greatest research, and the most praiseworthy industry in chronicling the annals of this country, from the days of the Creation to the present time; for the tracts betwixt the Euphrates and the Tigris were the cradle of the human race: twice was the world colonized and peopled from that narrow strip of land: within its boundaries have risen and fallen three of the four great kingdoms of Daniel: it has been for centuries the battle-field of the world, where dynasties, religions, and ideas were fought for. For three thousand years the struggle never ceased: city after city arose to be the capital of Asia, and then sank beneath the power of a younger rival: conquerors from all points of the compass strutted their little time on this stage, until three hundred years ago a thick cloud fell over it:—unknown, untraversed, uninhabited, the garden of the world relapsed into a howling wilderness.

At length a great nation in the West thought that the navigation of the Nile, or the Euphrates, might suit their merchants, as a means of transport of goods to a still greater dependency in the East. How are the mighty fallen!

It was not for themselves: no intrinsic excellence of these ancient rivers drew forth the exertion: nor was it either of them certainly: the two great streams, on the banks of which mankind had learnt to be strong, and to be wise, to build vast cities, and raise lofty monuments, in their old age are honoured by being looked at for the contingency of their being of use to transport merchants and piece goods from the Thames to the Ganges. Oh King Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh, when ye met at Carchisium, could you but have thought of this! Your kingdoms are indeed departed for ever!

There is something in the geographical features of the countries betwixt the Euphrates and the Tigris, that reminds us of the great Mesopotamia of Upper India, those rich and favoured plains, watered by the Jumna and the Ganges, the prosperity of which is but still in its youth, and which have a great future before them. In both cases two sister streams spring from adjoining sources in the same range of mountains, running parallel for many a league, until they meet in one broad stream, in the one case feeding the Gulf of Persia, and in the other the Bay of Bengal. On the right bank are dreary, and uninviting sands: on the left a range of mountains; along the banks of either stream had sprung up city after city, to give law to the surrounding countries: but now little more than the memory of the great names remains, a shadow of former greatness, while fickle Fortune, or more fickle Commerce, has transferred her favours to other quarters, bidding new cities spring up, obedient to new interests. Canals will now connect the two Indian streams for the purposes of navigation, as they once did the Euphrates and the Tigris: but here the resemblance ceases, as the Doab of the Ganges is one of the most flourishing tracts in Asia, traversed by broad roads, studded with cities and villages, and a teeming population, while the unhappy Mesopotamia, described by Herodotus as exceeding in fertility any part of the world, has become a wilderness, is unsafe for the ordinary traveller, and beyond the walls of decaying towns has no inhabitants, but the wandering Arab.

Both the Tigris and Euphrates spring from the high ranges of Mount Taurus in Armenia, the early part of their course being in the mountains, the latter through sandy plains. Our author fixes the site of Paradise in those mountains, and the earliest seat of mankind, whence they naturally spread into Mesopotamia. Four rivers are noticed in the Bible narrative, as going out of Eden, of them the Euphrates is recognized by name: concerning the identity of the Hiddekel and the

Tigris, there is no doubt, as it still bears the same name from its swiftness: the river Pison is identified with the river Halys, which flows northward into the Black Sea, and the river Gihon with the river Araxes, which empties itself into the Caspian, flowing eastward. This then is the remarkable tract of land, in which mankind were first located. All traces of the cities which they built, or the works which they constructed, perished in the Deluge, which swept all away, and the human race again commenced from the stock of one man, nearly precisely in the same spot, in which the first man had been created.

Geology, in late days has become a Science, and based upon careful induction, tells us in words, which cannot be gainsayed, that this our terrestrial orb has seen many a cataclysm, many a long subsidence of the outer crust beneath the ocean, many a subsequent rearing of the mountain ranges, during periods which can only be calculated, or appreciated, in Geology. The Deluge, chronicled in the Bible, lasted but one hundred and fifty days, and could have done little to alter the face of the tracts submerged: the words of holy writ are, "the waters 'prevailed exceedingly over the earth, and all the high hills, 'that were under the whole heaven, were covered." It is quite unnecessary to suppose, that the whole world was submerged; it will be sufficient to suppose, that all the portions inhabited by man were affected: nor does the universal tradition of a Deluge in every part of the world necessarily prove, that the whole world was included, but only that all mankind, coming from the same ancestors, drew their legendary tales from the same source; for every nation that chronicle the Deluge in their own land, tell us also of the man who was saved, being their own countryman, and points to the mountains, where he escaped, which would suppose so many different arks, and so many separate families preserved from destruction. Many difficulties are removed by supposing that the Deluge extended over the inhabited portion of the world only, and that portion did not greatly exceed Mesopotamia. We know from the Acts of the Apostles, "that every country under heaven," at that time meant only a portion of Asia and Europe, and at a still earlier date, the expression must be taken in a still more limited meaning. Were it a fact, that the whole terrestrial orb were submerged to sufficient height to cover so lofty a peak as Mount Ararat, we have to suppose gigantic miracles, first in the production of so much water, and then in its ultimate disposal, for science has taught us, that the fountains of the deep are not unfathom-

able, that beneath is the crust of the earth; that the clouds are but receptacles of the condensed moisture extracted from the earth, to be again restored: so vast an increase of the globe's diameter would have disturbed not only its rotation, but that of the other heavenly bodies, and the whole system: so vast an addition of fresh water would have caused the destruction of all the salt-water fish, and the collection of animals from all quarters of the world would necessarily have caused the residents of the colder climates at once to perish, as to man alone and a few other animals is conceded the privilege of living in all climates. If however the limits of the Deluge are considered to be more restricted, all such difficulties vanish, and we cease to wonder, that the ark with its freight, instead of being blown about the world on a boundless sea, found itself, when the water subsided, in the range, and not necessarily on the highest peak, of Mount Ararat, not very far from the spot where it had been launched: the waters produced by excessive rain, and obstruction of the mouths of the Euphrates and Tigris, were then drained off into the Persian Gulf, in the strata below which will be found the skeletons and material remains of the ante-Diluvian creatures, and the plains of Shinar appeared, to be the scene of the first struggles of the sons of Noah, against God, and against each other.

The three families of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, now spread right and left, north and south, to multiply upon, and people the earth. Some few in these days of theory and speculation, are bold enough to claim for man, what is conceded for the animal creation, several distinct, separate, and local creations; but so long as we are Christians, we cannot concede this point, and must reconcile to our judgments, as well as we can, the processes by which the children of Noah, during a long series of centuries, were bleached into Anglo-Saxons, by the cold of the north, blackened to the swarthiness of the Negro, or reddened to the tint of the American aborigines. How some human forms have so advanced in beauty, as justly to be compared to angels, and others have become so degraded, as reasonably to be mistaken for monkeys, and still the ancestors of all were originally fashioned after God's own image: this is a mystery, which it has not been given to us to solve. Colour is only skin deep, and perhaps not even that, and we have therefore to imagine the slow steps by which skulls were flattened, or elevated, stature elongated or reduced: where did the straight profile first stamp itself as the characteristic of the Caucasian race, and where did the first instance of dorsal protrusion separate from the family stem the genus of the Hottentots? We wonder whether our

outward man has gone on improving or deteriorating. That the Caucasian type was soon arrived at, and has not materially altered during at least thirty centuries, is proved by the sculptures of Nineveh and Egypt, and by the manner of men whose acquaintance we make on the first unfolding of a mummy.

In Mesopotamia, soon after the Deluge, men began to congregate, and be powerful. The primeval worship renewed by Noah after the Deluge, soon degenerated into different forms of the Sabœan system, the worship of the heavenly hosts. The necessity of a Creator, and a God, soon forced itself upon their ideas, and the sun and the moon and the stars were accepted, or other representatives of the unrevealed Divinity. What kind of temples were built to the sun in the Sabœan system, we see in the ruins of Balbek. What a grand religion it must have been! Further westward the temple of Apollo, and Diana at Ephesus, Delos, and all over Greece and Italy, took up the tale of the worship of the greater and lesser lights, that rule the night and day. Refining itself among a refined people, and debasing itself among a degraded people, this notion of God spreading westward, created the splendid idolatry of the Greeks and the Romans, became the parent of every art and science, and yielded only to the fulness of revelation, when the great plan of redemption was worked out. Spreading eastward, this Sabœanism gave birth to the monstrous absurdity, called religion by the Hindus, from which again sprung the tenets of Buddha. On the very confines of Armenia, Zoroaster wrought out of the same materials the system still known as that of the fire worshippers: while spreading northward among the wildest tribes, it lost its ancient characteristics, degenerating into the most savage cruelties, or being supplanted by the worship of heroes and ancestors.

Still, while those men, who were saved in the ark, who had seen the world before the Deluge, still lived, the revelation came forth. To avert the calamities of a second Deluge, the ambitious tower of Babel was being erected on the banks of the Euphrates, when by the confusion of tongues, in whatever way that miracle developed itself, the builders were scattered, and colonization in earnest commenced, and of the history of one particular tribe, the Hebrews, we have accurate information, that their great ancestor, Abraham, first left Ur of the Chaldees, now known as Urfah, and proceeded to Haran, also in Mesopotamia: thence by a second impulse, he crossed the Euphrates, and proceeding westward across the Jordan, he founded a great nation at Hebron, to the annals of which we are indebted for the history of the world. Of the struggles

of the favoured people during their long sojourn of four hundred years on the banks of the Nile, of their re-conquest of their heritage, of their division of the land, of their mode of government, we are fully informed ; but of the country beyond the Euphrates, for the space of one thousand years, from the call of Abraham to the death of Solomon, we know litfle or nothing : that they had already been afflicted with the curse of tyranny, by which the happiness of the many is sacrificed to the few, we know, as even before the call of Abraham, we find that iniquity had been started by Nimrod, the mighty hunter, though the Hebrews had long been spared, till they drew down upon themselves, by their ingratitude, this chastisement also, of the penalties of which they were warned by Samuel. That there were good men in Mesopotamia, who feared God and knew him, is disclosed to us by the wondrous book of Job, who, from many convincing reasons, is shown to have been a resident of Upper Mesopotamia, and a contemporary of the Patriarch Jacob; and tradition connects his name to this day with the neighbourhood of Ur of the Chaldees, the modern Urfuts, whence Abraham set out. This book shows no mean state of civilization. Arts and sciences are alluded to : mankind, as therein described, had advanced far in artificial luxuries, and the intellect that could produce such profound argument, had been not slightly cultivated. Great Babylon had long before come into existence ; Damascus, its sister, beyond the Euphrates, was a city before Isaac was married to Rebecca, while Shem, the son of Noah, was still living. By this time little Nineveh had begun to raise her head on the banks of the river Tigris, and commenced her long struggle with her two elder rivals. The ancient scroll of her history is now being unfolded, not written on the perishable leaves of papyrus, but carved on the walls of her palaces, and stamped with a pen of iron on the face of her mountains. They tell us but one tale, that Kings were as selfish, as reckless, as inhuman, and as faithless then, *as they are now.* Man, weak man, is as unfit to wield the sceptre of absolute power, or to be armed with the strength of a giant eighteen hundred years after Christ, as he was the same period before : the licentious, and selfish Rajah of Anglo-India is not worse than his ancestors in the days of the great Rama—there is little to choose between the merits of Nicolas or Pharaoh : it is the same monster reproduced in different ages, to strut his little time on the stage, till the cup of vengeance is filled, and he is overthrown in the Red Sea of his own crimes.

We are informed, that the kingdom of Solomon extended to

the Euphrates, which shows that the power of the three great cities was at that time limited, and that the greatness of Nineveh, if we can trust the long line of kings, recorded by Ctesias, spread eastward only—great light is now being thrown upon this period by the opportune discoveries of Layard and Botta. Other historians state, that the Assyrians ruled Asia for thirteen hundred years, and at this time they had arrived at the summit of their glory, they were building the magnificent palaces of Khorsabad, Khouonjie and Nimroud, and, availing themselves of the weakness of the Israelites, owing to their intestine divisions, they had crossed the Euphrates, had swept away the kingdom of Samaria, had laid waste Shechem and Jeyreel, and had besieged the holy city of Jerusalem. Both in Isaiah, and the book of Kings, we read the affecting account of this memorable beleagrement, the address of Rabshekai, and his haughty threats: the appeal of Hezekiah to the Most High, and the scornful defiance, with which the virgin, the daughter of Sion, met her antagonists. The whole of the Assyrian army was destroyed: Herodotus attributes it to the destruction of their arms by an irruption of field mice: at any rate Sennacherib returned discomfited, and perished in his own palace. The spot, where the army encamped, and the identity of the fountains stopped by Hezekiah, are now traced out by the curious antiquary in the outskirts of Modern Jerusalem.

The country of Palestine was only invaded as a stepping stone to Egypt: this was only one scene of the long struggle for supremacy betwixt the inhabitants of the Euphrates and the Nile. Both these nations rose to power contemporaneously, and alternately conquered each other, making unhappy Judea the scene of their contentious rivalry. Sesostris from Egypt had overrun Mesopotamia: we shall see further down that Nebuchadnezzar defeated the Egyptian host at Carchisium, actually on the Euphrates: at length the tide turned, and Cambyses, son of Cyrus, subdued Egypt, which remained tributary, until both the conqueror and the conquered fell before Alexander.

The great secret of maintaining dominion over conquered provinces in those days, seemed to be to transport the aborigines to another part of the Empire, and re-colonize the land. This plan was tried extensively by the Assyrian Monarchs, Shalmanazer and Tiglath Pileser: the people of Samana were bodily removed, and located on the banks of the Chebar, the site of which is now satisfactorily identified, and here Ezekiel, when Judah had been transported thither, also saw his wondrous dreams. He had, no doubt, stood at the gateway of

the Assyrian Palaces, and had seen those gigantic monsters with the face of a man, the body of a bull, and the wings of an eagle, which astonish us in the British Museum: it was the wicked Nineveh that Jonah cried against, having in vain tried to flee away to Tarshish, or any where, from the presence of the Lord. In the book of Tobit, we find the history of one of the captive and transported Israelites: it is a peep into the private life of those days, and a journey to Akbatana, and the great city of Rhages, in the neighbourhood of Ispahan. But the book of Judith gives still more interesting information. Here we have details of a great military enterprise: the march is carefully detailed: we can trace the steps of the host by the aid of Modern Geography: we learn the mode of warfare of the Assyrians, the number of their forces, and their organization.

But the time of the first great Monarchy was passing away, the great city on the Tigris was entirely destroyed, and the seat of Empire was for a short period transferred to Babylon; under Nebuchadnezzar a great kingdom was established, the rising power of the Medes and Persians was for a time kept back, the Egyptians entirely discomfited, and the Jewish nation swept away into captivity: and this last act, though perhaps little thought of at the time by the proud Monarch, has given him an individuality in history, and made his name familiar to posterity. Daniel is the chronicler of the last days of the Assyrian kingdom: before his eyes the golden head was dashed down: the threat written on the wall was worked out: and with the advent of Cyrus, the country of Mesopotamia was transferred to the Persians.

His destiny was an enviable one. Writers, sacred and profane, have handed the name of Cyrus down in letters of gold. The voice of prophecy had pointed him out as the restorer of captive Jerusalem: he succeeded in whatever he undertook: he founded a greater Empire than the world had seen before, dividing it into one hundred and twenty provinces. Xenophon has painted his character in colours too brilliant to be believed even in a prince, and if we trust this author, we must refuse credit to the story of his tragical end in a great battle on the borders of the Caspian Sea. His tomb still stands to this day in the neighbourhood of Persepolis, known as the "Madree Suliman," from the tendency of Orientals to ascribe everything stately or marvellous to Solomon, giving him a throne on every mountain range. This tomb was plundered by a faithless satrap as early as the days of

Alexander, and nought now remains but the walls. In the literature of his country, Cyrus has been as favoured as in that of the Jewish and Grecian people, and the name of Ky Khoosru is known as one of the Paladins of ancient Persia.

Cambyses followed Cyrus, and reduced Egypt to subjection, destroying the temples, and insulting the religion, of that ancient people. To him followed Gustasp or Darius, known to us by the pages of Herodotus, alluded to in the book of Daniel, the patron of Zoroaster, who, under this Monarch's auspices, introduced his new religion. But in these last days, under the magic wand of Rawlinson, the rock of Bisutun has been made to speak out, and tell us more distinctly of the achievements of this King, facts, which had been forgotten in history. Not in vain did this proud man make the hard rock his tablet: Ormuzd has befriended his faithful worshipper. He first thoroughly organized the Government of his vast dominions, extending from the Nile to the Indus. Why did he covet the petty provinces and paltry cities of the puny Grecian Peninsula? In his reign we hear first darkly of India: that wondrous country, shut in by lofty mountains, and the unpassable ocean: rich in spices, in gems, and costly productions, more magnificently thought of, because so little known. Something had they heard of, the noble rivers which flowed out, nobody knew where, of a people mighty and strong, who shunned rather than sought communion with the rest of the world;—of vast plains peopled with animals, such as the elephant and rhinoceros, unknown elsewhere. Wishing to know further, Darius employed an able Greek mariner to sail down the whole length of the Indus: in this enterprise he succeeded, and returned by sea to the Arabian Gulph, bringing back further accounts of so marvellous a nature, that the Periplus of Scylax became in the next century the parent of the expedition of Alexander.

Under Darius the Empire of the Persians reached its height of glory: he was the great King of the world; to his kind offices the Jews were indebted for the complete restoration of the Temple. He ordered the original decree of Cyrus to be searched for, and it was found at the Median Ekbatana, and, as those decrees were written on cylinders of baked clay, and many have been found existing to this day, it would be no matter of surprise, if the original decree were still to be found, and add another confirmation to the truth of Scripture. Persepolis in all its glory sprang into existence under Darius; he established a system of posts over the whole of his vast Empire, he defeated the Scythians on the Danube, having crossed the

Balkan; but he unluckily came into contact with the Ionian Greeks, and suffered the defeat at Marathon, which led to the downfall of his Empire.

He was succeeded by Xerxes, who has been handed down to an undesirable notoriety by his achievements at Salamis: to him followed Artaxerxes, the Bahman, or long-armed, of the Persian chronicler, for the pages of Firdousi now present a narrative of events in harmony with the Greek historians. Artaxerxes, or Ahasuerus, which last is more a title than a name, was the husband of Esther. Making allowances for the effect of climate, and customs, and the lower standard of Asiatic morality, we could have wished, that a Jewish damsel had possessed more self-respect than she showed. It so happened, that owing to the chance of a fair face, and a debauched sensualist's fancy, she became a Queen; but the path which she trod, the six months with oil of myrrh, the six months with sweet odours, after the manner of the purifying of the women, was not that which would have been trod by her contemporary, the Roman daughter of Virginius, who would have preferred death to a shameful life. It is too true, that the Asiatic Prince, even to the present day, looks too much on his subjects, as things that may at his pleasure be "carved into eunuchs, or polluted into concubines," but even the safety of her father's house, and her people, was dearly bought at the price paid by Esther; and the position occupied by Mordecai, when the subject is calmly considered, is still more contemptible.

The offspring of this alliance was not destined to fill the throne of Cyrus; he was miserably murdered, and internal dissension, and palace intrigues, transferred the throne to the issue of one of the other fair young virgins, who had been sought for for Ahasuerus: on the death of this Sovereign, Darius Nothus, ensued the memorable expedition of Cyrus the Younger, who, aided by the ten thousand Greek mercenaries, sought to win the throne, but lost his life at Cunaxa, in this very Mesopotamia. There may have been others as brave as were these famous mercenaries, many expeditions may have been as hazardous, and as nobly achieved, but this alone has been recorded. The army of Cyrus had crossed the Euphrates, and was advancing on Babylon, when he perished in the moment of victory, and his valiant auxiliaries fought their way back through an unknown and wild mountainous country, in the depth of winter. Fortunately for them, Tissaphernes early in the day entered and slew their leaders, and the command devolved on one who was equal to the occasion, as great an historian as he was a

soldier. He followed the line of the Tigris, encamping upon the slumbering ruins of Nineveh, but unconscious of them, little dreaming, that two thousand years afterwards the dead would leap to life. He crossed the mountains of the Carduchi, or Kurdistan, as wild now, and indomitable, as they were then: piercing through Armenia, his followers came in sight of, and shouted loudly at the sight of the sea—the Black Sea—near Trebizond, whence they returned to their country, having exposed to the whole world the weakness of the great Empire, while Xenophon their leader furnished to posterity, in his *Anabasis*, one of the greatest lessons of military strategy. Would that his example had been followed more closely by the brave men who fell for want of leadership in the snows of Affghanistan! or that some friendly Tissaphernes had early in the day lopped off the heads of the incompetent Clearchus, and made room for the young Xenophon (for there were many) to take the command.

Artaxerxes finished his reign in peace, but the secret of the weakness of Asia had been divulged: the time and the man were not yet come. Agesilaus, the aged Spartan King, bid high to be the conqueror of Asia, defeating the Persians at Coronœa, which was the last field, on which the "Ten Thousand" fought. After having made the Ionian coast a battle-field for years, at the age of eighty he led a force against Egypt, and failed, more from dissension among the invading force than the power of resistance of the invaded. It was clear to all, that Greece had only to be united, and true to itself, and the insult of the last century would be avenged: but the question was, who would unite them?

It was at this time, that Philip of Macedon, a new name, and a new kingdom, mounted a lofty tower in his mind, and looked out upon the shattered and defenceless state of the second monarchy. He was a man of no ordinary capacity, and his efforts had been crowned with success: he had been thundered at by the greatest orator of antiquity, and he thanked his antagonist, who had conferred on him immortality, for it must have been no common man, whom those burning words could not daunt; that fierce Philippic fell on the King of Macedon, like the vituperation of D'Israeli on the broad shield of Peel. Philip had marked the occasion, and was equal to it. He had on his knees a volume of the same Herodotus, the same charming traveller, who has won our hearts for the last two thousand years; who, with spectacles on nose, had gone prowling about among the pyramids, bothering the priests of

Anubis, noting down every thing that was curious and marvellous, spending hours in the caravanserai, to drink in the stories of the merchants,—truth blended with fiction, about ants as big as dogs, and men with heads of animals, which the authors allowed to be doubtful. In the pages of Herodotus Philip found much about spices, and myrrh, and no little about tyranny and weakness, and effeminacy. He had also the same Homer, over which so many generations had pored, arousing him to energy, and action, whispering *what was Fame*, the name that would live for ever. His little son Alexander had learnt all these things as a boy: from the window of his palace he could see across the straits that separated him from Troy, giving a stern reality to the Poem. Lastly, Philip had before him the great *Anabasis*, written by a soldier, telling the way, march by march, and parasang by parasang—*The Hand-book of Victory*—telling so simply, how a few had repelled the attack of thousands, for Xenophon was the first of those three doubly blessed, who could do deeds worth recording, and record them in a manner worth reading, the fore-runner of Julius Cæsar and Wellington.

The Macedonian Monarch had, no doubt, seen and conversed with some of the old veterans, and heard from their lips the events of the campaign, and he was determined to repeat the attempt on his own account; he knew the risk, that it was a choice between the laurel and the cypress, but he accepted it; and, when he had settled the affairs of Greece at the battle of Coronœa, the first of Alexander, and the last of Demosthenes, he made ready, but at this moment he was cut down by the hand of an assassin, and his mantle fell on Alexander, to whom has been conceded the widest reputation in the world; for with the exception of Solomon, who is scarcely believed to have been a mortal, no name is so popular in Asia as that of Sikundur. Like the incarnation of the Almighty among the Hindus, he made three steps, and conquered the whole world: the first was at Granicus, where he met and defeated the provincial forces of the Local Governor, on the shores of the Dardanelles. Advancing eastward though Asia Minor, on the confines of Syria, he overthrew Darius and all his host at Issus, in the neighbourhood of Antioch: thence he conquered Egypt, and the whole of Syria, stormed Tyre and Gaza, and was hailed as the founder of the third Monarchy, by the high priest at Jerusalem: but it was near Mesopotamia that the great battle was to be fought, and crossing the Euphrates, he went to meet his enemy on the banks of the Tigris. The carnage of a whole

century was included in that day: it is all a melee, confusion and carnage, like one of Lord Gough's victories; but the result was, that Babylon changed hands, and Alexander became the Lord of Asia.

It has been the privilege of modern days to trace his path in his Bactrian and Indian campaigns: modern investigations and English travellers have cleared up the doubtful facts that had long been perplexing the heads of learned Grecians. The hill fortress of Aornos, the city of Taxila, the island in the Hydaspes, are ceasing to be fabulous, and the truth of the great expedition is attested by landmarks, which the lapse of twothousand years have not changed. The notion of conquering India from Macedon, might seem, then as now, preposterous, but not so to a Monarch at Susa and Persepolis, flushed by victory, and excited to future endeavours, by the traditional legends of the conquests of Bacchus and Hercules. His campaign in Bactria and Transoxiana was a wonderful one, though long and tedious, and he won little but the hand of Roxana. Ever alive to the advantage of commerce and colonization, he was planting cities in what he pleased to call the Caucasus, and at length he turned the head of Bucephalus towards the banks of the great river that had hitherto bounded the world, and fixed his attention on India.

On India—that great and unknown country—always retreating: where the inhabitants collected gold by stealing it from griffins—(is the practice still entirely abandoned?) where the elephant, with turrets on its back, led the van of armies: where wisdom had obtained an eminence sought in vain by Pythagoras, and divine ideas of an incarnation of the Creator, and a life beyond the grave, had been forged out of the brains of unaided man, that India, ruled by so many princes—boasting of poems as glorious as those so much prized by Alexander, of cities, of forests, of rich fabrics, of gems: the country of the palm tree and the areka nut: the garden of cinnamon and spices, where a solitary ray of divine truth, with regard to the immortality of the soul, had shot down from Heaven to lighten the doctrines of the Gymnosophist,—doctrines, which the Athenians, in the pride of their philosophy, in their Stoa and Academus, feeling and groping for the unknown God, caught at rejoicing. Who then inhabited these tracts? Who showed the way to the invader? He went boldly on, he needed no Quarter-Master General, he crossed the Indus—the Hydaspes, in the face of the enemy, the Acesines, the Hydraotes, and halted only on the Hyphasis. Who showed him

the way? Who showed the way to the English, the Dutch, and the Portuguese? The lust of Empire, the lust of commerce, the lust of propagandism.

We know now, from the patient enquiry of one of our own countrymen, at what point of the Jhelum he crossed, and engaged with Porus, winning his most Eastern victory on nearly the same site as the carnage-field of Chillianwala. By the same talented guide, we are led, step by step, to the fortress of Aornos. The ruins of Taxila, Nicœa, and Sangala, the country of the Cathœi, the tomb of Bucephalus, still baffle research, and the twelve towers that marked the limit of his progress, have long since perished. He himself was prepared to advance on the Ganges, and sailing down that stream, to conquer an India unknown to the Indians. He wished to anticipate the feat, which was to be performed by the English two thousand years afterwards, and by them alone, to descend the great river of India, and sail round Africa, returning by the pillars of Hercules. But the Macedonian bow had been stretched too far, and his conquering army mutinied on the banks of the Hyphasis, not very far from the fortress of Umritsur, and the plains of Mean Meer, where it appears that mutiny is contagious and indigenous.

The passages in Arrian, describing this crisis, are some of the most affecting in any history. Alexander's trumpet-toned voice failed in rousing his exhausted countrymen: it was true, that they had conquered the known world, that they were paid as princes, that their brows were entwined with laurels, but before they became warriors, they were men: a burning love of home had seized them. Many a Macedonian valley, with its accompaniments of homesteads and grey-beard fathers, many a Thessalian Daphne, or Glauce, or Eurydice, waiting, waiting for them in vain, came back to their fevered recollections on the dusty plains of the Punjaub. Such visions have not perished with that army. Such memories still entrance and unman. Old Cœnus, in his memorable speech, which he spake for others, and not himself, (for his age precluded all hope of his again seeing Macedon,) expressed the feelings, not of his countrymen only, but of unwilling exiles in every age and clime. The unconquered Alexander was conquered on the river Beas by the tears of his followers.

But posterity has to mourn his decision, to heap reproaches, which will never reach those deaf ears, on those home-sick, those recreant soldiers. Had Alexander descended the Ganges, how many doubts would have been resolved? Think

what a mighty change would have come over India, had those legions not halted on the Hyphasis, how the flood of Greek literature, then at its full, the dogmas of Aristotle, the philosophy of Plato, would have spread over the new kingdom! Apollo and Crishna might thus have struggled for possession of temples of Ionic structure dedicated to the attributes of both. Mars would have waged war on his rival Kartikeya, the deities residing on Mount Olympus and Mount Cailasa would have come into contention, while their worshippers were both at their highest era of mental cultivation. India ran a risk of being tainted with the Grecian, instead of the Arabian element. Oh! what mischief these mutinous soldiers did; the position which they lost, has only been in these days recovered: our nation has only now taken up the broken thread of the Alexandrian skein, both of victory and commerce.

We have often been on Alexander's track, and always with reverence—at Troy, the Granicus, and Smyrna, at Tyre, Jerusalem, and that great city in Egypt, which he left as his legacy, and the only heir which was to survive him. And again on the banks of the Cophenes, the Hydaspes and the Hyphasis. We have floated down the great Indus and its confluents from Taxila to Pattala, and seen those dreary banks towering above our boat, and heard the thunder of the disconnected masses falling into the water, and marked the spots, where one after another the five streams are united together. We had Arrian in our hands, and thought of the great Captain, how he had floated down so many years before, with eyes wistfully turned to the East, which was not for him, or his nation, to see: how his horses on the boats astonished the simple and wild inhabitants as much, as our beardless faces and strange habits do the same people at this day: how the banks glistened with the detachments marching down on either side: those banks which have relapsed into silence again for centuries, or at least the echo of the sounds has not penetrated to us,—how the news suddenly reached the army that their young hero had perished in a petty fortress of the Malli, and from an unknown hand; how his all but lifeless body was brought back to them, but he was not to die with an unfinished enterprise: he recovered, and was shown to his troops: how the vessels floated onwards through the unhappy valley, to Sindomana, the kingdom of Musicanus, and further on, where the vast river pours itself by a hundred mouths into a then unknown sea.

All these things had been narrated faithfully by the companions of his way, but so marvellous, so strange did they seem,

that in the days of Augustus, when the cloud of obscurity had fallen on these countries, they began to be doubted :—the mendacity of Greek historians was more than hinted at; but in modern days, even up to the time that we are writing, the great route is traced out, and the integrity of the narrators placed beyond doubt. How different are the graphic chapters of Arrian, or even the highly coloured narrative of Quintus Curtius, to the mischievous rubbish contained in the *Sisamdurnamah*, setting at defiance history, geography, and common sense. While on the route we have tried in vain to bring back our minds to that state of material knowledge, which we could fancy as that of the time of Alexander: unluckily the notion of the world being round, and revolving in space, the shape of the Continents, were so dunned into us at school, that we could not forget what was beyond, and on both sides of the Indus: we could not for a moment believe that the Indus flowing southward was identical with the Nile flowing northward: it was a happy age then, when men marched on right ahead, careless of the Commissariat, and regardless of the map.

That the great enterprise succeeded—that it was not a myth like the conquests of Bacchus and Hercules, there can be no doubt. Nearchus conducted the fleet along the coast of Beluchistan,—coasts for all practical purposes little better known now than then,—into the Persian Gulph, while Alexander led the army through the sands of those inhospitable tracts, where they suffered incredible hardships. Nearchus having left his fleet in safety, went alone to meet Alexander encamped not far off, who, fancying that the whole fleet had perished, when he saw the Admiral alone, wept aloud; but his grief was turned into joy, when he heard the facts, and he exclaimed, that the success of this voyage was more acceptable than the conquest of Asia.

Vast dreams now passed through his mind, when he returned to Mesopotamia, and to Babylon, which he proposed to make the capital of his kingdom—dreams of a world-embracing commerce, of forging links of interest to connect nations with nations—India was to be conquered, fleets were to be built on the Euphrates, cities bearing the name of Alexandria were to be erected in every part of the world: He was re-organizing his army, reforming the customs of his country, committing the fatal error of blending the Asiatic and European, which must end in the deterioration of both, when a marsh fever brought him to the grave at the age of thirty-two, and with his death civilization was thrown back fifteen hundred years. The event took place in the same Babylon which Nebuchadnezzar had built—in which Daniel had interpreted the great dream, and

seen the still unrevealed vision—in which Belteshazzar had trembled—which Cyrus and Darius had besieged—against which he, the king of Grecia, had stood up: where he had ruled with a great dominion, and done according to his will, and was now dying in the flower of his youth, with his great schemes unaccomplished. He had been building a second tower of Babel—but by a new confusion, the nations were again scattered; in his last hours he was carried across the river Euphrates, where his army was ready, and his fleet awaiting the order to sail, and when he died, his inheritance was not to his posterity. Within a few years, mother, wives, children, all perished by a violent death—the world, but just pacified, was thrown into new confusion, and the third kingdom had passed away.

It must have been with feelings of wonder, and credulous awe, that Ptolemy Lagus, the companion and historian of Alexander, and the other surviving followers, spoke half a century later in their old age of the achievements of their young master: how they had stood on the Jaxartes, and floated down the Indus;—the loss of the contemporary journal of Ptolemy is irremediable: of what deep interest would be such an account of the campaigns of Alexander as we have of the Ten Thousand? Perhaps for his glory he did not die too soon. His sudden arrival and departure, the birth of none like, or approaching him since, has cast such a radiance, such a universality round his name, that the world can never see equalled. He might have lived a long and inglorious reign, and seen the fabric raised by himself melt away:—he might have tarnished his reputation by the slaughter of more of his friends, or the burning of more of his palaces.

His generals divided his kingdoms, and Greek was the language in which law was given to Asia: and we find from contemporary writers, that the same albocracy, so offensive in India, flourished famously under the Ptolemies, the Antiochi, and the Seleucidæ. Place and power were with the white-faced; and the dusky Asiatic had nothing but to bow—it might be a heavy Bœotian, or a Mercurial Athenian, a saddle-maker from Macedon, or a fisherman from one of the ports of the Ionian islands, but he was a Greek, and of course *a ruler of men*, only to be addressed by petition, only to be approached as a superior. Men, who in their paltry tenements at home, were jealous of liberty, railing against the Ephori in the Agora, and blustering to the Archons about the Demus, were suddenly converted into little Asiarchs, dealing with men's rights by the gross, disposing of the lives and liberties of thousands. But the reaction soon took place; one

by one the Eastern kingdoms dropped off: the last notice of India is derived from the embassy of Megasthenes to Patalibothra, on the Ganges, and we read in Arrian of the rivers Keyn, and Soane, and the Gunduk, and the Cosee, but we hear no more of India for centuries: with the Romans the name passed into a proverb—of the Bactrian kingdom we had lost all trace, till the enterprise of travellers, and the skill of numismatists has lately disinterred their history from the Sthupas of the Buddhists, and supplied a long lost page. The Parthian kingdom soon sprung up, and Mesopotamia, as usual, became the debateable land between the fierce Arsacides and the expiring power of the Greeks. Babylon had perished; the capital of Asia had again been built on the Tigris at Seleucia, and eventually the seat of power migrated to the neighbouring Ctesiphon. The time of the fourth kingdom had also arrived, and step by step the power of Rome was approaching, and the Parthian war commenced with the appearance of Sylla and Lucullus on the Euphrates. The East appears to have been then, as now, the cradle of the young warriors of the West, and the post most desired by the ambitious statesman. The memorable defeat of Crassus by the Parthians, took place in Mesopotamia: he crossed at Thapleus, and followed the course of the Euphrates, on the banks of which, with his son, he perished in one of the greatest defeats ever experienced by the Romans; and which rendered the name of Parthians a very bug-bear on the Tiber, and their peculiar mode of fighting, has, by the agency of Horace and Virgil, become known to every school-boy in England. Still, in spite of the checks received in Mesopotamia, the position occupied by the Romans on the face of the world, has never been equalled since, but by the Anglo-Saxon race. We read of their generals, leading the same legions over the Euphrates into Mesopotamia, over the Rhine into Gaul, or crossing Mount Hæmus into Dacia: so is it now: every shore of the world is watered by Anglo-Saxon blood, civilized by their arts; people of every colour are clothed with their cotton—by a stroke of the pen, regiments and generals are transferred from the Ganges to the Ister, and the laurel tree planted in the Dekkan of India, has been known to blossom in the Peninsula of Spain, and bring forth its fruit in Belgium.

Up to this period the history of one nation had been strangely connected with Mesopotamia, but it has now disappeared—a troublesome, stiff-necked, singularly unsociable and remarkably disagreeable people, more insulated and exacting than the Hindus, and more fanatic than the Mahomedans: to their

chronicles we are indebted for much that would have been otherwise lost. Their captivity in Egypt brought miseries on that unhappy country, and has left us the earliest accounts of its social state—their prophets were continually denouncing either their countrymen, or their neighbours, and from these very denunciations we have obtained some clue of the greatness of Edom, Tyre, Nineveh, and Assyria, their wealth and their commerce. Thus we know the wealth of Tyre, who reached from the Cassiterrides to Taprobane, and of Babylon, who ruled the world: no such enterprise, no such power has been again known, till the coming in these last days of a people, who possess a city greater than Babylon, and a wider spread commerce than that of Tyre. We find this Hebrew nation everywhere—and generally giving trouble: in the books of Tobit and Judith we hear of them at Nineveh, in Daniel at Babylon: with Esther and Mordecai we stand in the golden hall of Artaxerxes at Ekbatana; with Ezra we stand face to face with Cyrus, who was called and named for their special benefit long before—they went out and met Alexander as a guest, whom they had long expected: even the great and fierce people, who were to annihilate their kingdom and nation, were written in their books, could they have read rightly. Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed, Cyrus and Darius restored, Alexander spared and respected, and Titus eventually razed to the ground, their city of Jerusalem. Situated in the midst of the known world, they came into contact with every nation that ruled in Mesopotamia; their history was, and is, a key to the history of Asia, for they struggled with, fell before, and have chronicled the four great Monarchies: great neither in arms nor commerce, they saw other religions and institutions pass away, their wise men saw visions, and their old men dreamt dreams, and their prophets prophesied, but Cassandra-like in vain—for the eyes of the people were darkened, and they could not see, that the circle of prophecies, in which they were enclosed, was fulfilling, and the hidden words which had been true with regard to others, would be true with regard to themselves also.

A few years after the fall of Judea, Mesopotamia also fell completely before one of the greatest and best of the Roman Emperors. Trajan descended the Euphrates, crossing, where all his predecessors had crossed, and took Ctesiphon the capital, which the Arsacides had built, in the neighbourhood of old Seleucia, from the materials of still older Babylon: some remains of this city are extant to this day, and known as the Tak Kesra: under the next dynasty of the Sassamans, both the old names were superseded by the single word Madain, or the two

cities in which the line of Nowshirvan hold their court. Under the next dynasty Bagdad became the capital, built, as usual, from the ruins of all its predecessors. Trajan, on his visit, sailed down to Bussora, and, seeing a ship ready to start for India, he expressed his sorrow, that he was too old to attempt the journey, like the more fortunate Alexander. His successor Adrian withdrew beyond the Euphrates, and surrendered Mesopotamia to the Persians.

The city of Nisibis, half way betwixt Mosul and Diarbekr, now became the frontier city of Rome in the East. War raged from time to time, and the declining discipline of Rome was unable to hold its own against the young power of the Persian, under such rulers as Sapor. The most memorable event was the defeat and capture of the Emperor Valerian. Modern travellers have discovered among the rock sculptures, in the neighbourhood of Persepolis, the mournful figures of the Roman, in his toga, and the well-known insignia, kneeling to the haughty Sassanian, and tradition has it, that he and his fellow captives were employed in the sculpture: how timely wise were these Asiatic Monarchs, not to trust their great deeds to perishable papyrus, or chance historians! In this spirit Darius Hystaspes laughed at the learned labours of Ctesias, which were lost within a century, and wrote his history on the rocks of Bisutur, stamped his name on his golden Darics, and his likeness on the figures of Persepolis.

For a while, a new power sprung up at Palmyra betwixt the Romans and Persians; and Mesopotamia, as usual, was the scene of the struggle: that city and power passed away like the mirage of the desert, and but for the grove of stately columns, we should scarcely know that it had existed. In the mean time, the fourth kingdom was passing away also; Rome had ceased to be the mistress of the world, and the stone, not made with hands, had been set in motion; the age of idolatry had passed away in the West: great Pan was dead; it was now a struggle between the fire-worshippers and the Christians, the oldest faith, and the youngest Revelation. On the plains of Mesopotamia perished the last hopes of the Heathen world, the last maintainer of the exploded idea. Julian has been branded as an Apostate; he was simply a Conservative, and an Anti-reformer, and has met unjust obloquy, as he was clearly sincere, and simple-minded, and devout, which is more than can be said for that crowd of worldly-minded un-Christian bishops who had gathered round Constantine. In the reaction of Julian the hand of God is more clearly seen: it was the last sigh of the world for the idols, which they had set up

not only on their altars, but in their hearts. Julian remembered the beautiful, the poetic religion, so entwined with the history of his country, the gods, which to his notion had given the Romans the Empire of the world, or had at least had the credit of so doing, which had raised such splendid fanes, and built up such structures of intellectual greatness. And all this was to give way to the cross, the emblem of the disgraceful punishment of a Syrian peasant: it was indeed a fall for Rome. What Julian felt, was felt by the philosopher Libanius, whose golden words, inculcating moderation in those critical times, were a lesson to future ages. The reaction was short, and the retrograde movement fell with Julian, and, strange to say, on the plain of Mesopotamia, whither he had followed the steps of Alexander, and perished in conflict with the Persians, who thenceforward remained masters of the field of battle of the world. Under the celebrated Nooshirvan the Persians crossed the Euphrates, and penetrated to Antioch, and under the dreadful Khosru, the whole of Syria and Palestine was overrun, and Christian Jerusalem, that had sprung up again since Constantine, was once more sacked and destroyed by nations from beyond the great river. The efforts of Heraclius revenged this insult, and once more carried the army of Rome to the Tigris, struggling for the Empire of Asia over the ruins of Nineveh: it was the last struggle of the old faith; for a new power, unheard of before, had drawn down lightning from heaven, and spread over the face of the East with irresistible force.

While Noorshirvan the wise, the good, the just, still ruled in Madain,—so just that his name all over Asia is synonimous with justice; and so good, that the Mahomedan almost concedes to him paradise, though not one of the faithful,—Mahomet was born at Mecca. So degraded in its oriental phase had Christianity become, and indeed *now is*, that it fell little short of the old idolatry, except in its pitiless fanaticism, in which it far exceeded it. The vain and empty disputes about the person of the Redeemer, which had dried up all Christian charity, and the worship of the mortal sinning mother instead of the Divine and sinless Son, had so entirely superseded the worship of the Divinity, that to many the effort of the followers of Mahomet appeared to be to restore the worship of the Creator: it was indeed the effort of natural common sense, periodically made to clear the mass of fable, and error, accumulated by ages: and in the East it developed itself in a worse error, and a more complete abandonment of Revelation; in the West a few centuries later the same spirit gave birth to the Reformation, but men had

become wiser, and more cautious : they clung to Holy Writ, and that only, and thus escaped infidelity, when they would shake off idolatry.

Christianity never had been established beyond the Tigris : the most eastern bishopric was that of Seleucia, which gradually dwindled away under the fire-worshippers, and perished utterly under the Mahomedan. In this church had sprung to existence the Manichean heresy, a mischievous dilution of the doctrines of Zoroaster, and the only remnant of the great Chaldean church is that fragment nestled in the mountains of Chaldea and Kurdistan, incorrectly called Nestorians, because they alone cling to the peculiar views of the Divine Essence, which caused Nestorius the loss of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. They deserve special notice, as the great missionaries of the far East in those days, a duty and glory, which has now fallen on the Anglo-Saxons. It is a matter of wonder and thoughtful consideration, how, while the Huns and Vandals, and Goths, who spread into Europe, became Christians, and adopted the civil and religious institutions of their enemies, no progress was ever made of a permanent nature beyond the Tigris : the untimely rise to power of the Sassanian dynasty had paralysed the efforts of the Roman people, the unconscious pioneers of civilization and Christianity.

With the Mahomedan dynasty of the Abbaside Kaliphs, Mesopotamia again became the central province of a flourishing kingdom, as distinguished for arts as arms. Much of the learning of the ancient world was thus saved from destruction. At the time of Charlemagne, Haroon-al-Rasheed held his princely court at Bagdad, and entered into friendly communications with the rising powers of Europe, then awaking from her Gothic slumber. The *Arabian Nights* have given a fantastic interest to the city on the Tigris, and an importance to the Monarch, which, compared to others, he scarcely deserved. The din of the Crusades scarcely reached beyond the Euphrates, but one of its most celebrated warriors sprung from the neighbouring Kurdistan, the courtly Salah-ud-deen, and it really appeared that the importance of Mesopotamia was gradually dying away, her latent capital was falling into ruins, but no new one was being erected from the materials, the glory of Chaldea had at length departed. She had out-lived Egypt, Greece, Italy, and Byzantium, but she was at length to cease to be the centre of an Empire.

It was at this time, that the countries beyond the Oxus, and to the east of the Caspian, began to produce their terrific births of men, men in their natural strength and independence,

produced somehow like locusts, and coming in long and endless lines like the crane and the swallow. Always fresh, and strong, and irresistible, strong in sinews, strong in character, and strong in fight, as if Providence had placed among these Nomad tribes the fountain of manly virtues to renovate and repair from time to time, the enfeebled energies of degenerate settlers. Down they came, tribe after tribe, at stated intervals, spreading, not only over Mesopotamia and Persia to the west, but over India and China to the east, thus bringing those distant countries into connection, linking them together by the same band of servitude. The first were the celebrated Mahmoud of Ghuznee, and the Seljukian dynasty; Bagdad was taken, but the province of Irak, as it was then, and is still called, became but a portion of the kingdom of Ariana, or Khorassan. Genghiz Khan aimed at and achieved a universality of Empire never reached since the time of Alexander, and he repaid with interest the cruelties of the latter Monarch during his Transoxian campaign. Upon his death, at the age of seventy-two, his dominions were divided, and new kingdoms were springing up, when another wave of Tartar conquest, headed by the terrible Timour, swept over Asia, leaving no trace of former landmarks. As usual the people of Mesopotamia came in for their share of suffering, and a heap of ninety-thousand heads was made at the gates of Bagdad, as a warning to the inhabitants, of the mistake which they had made in preferring the dominion of Cairo to that of Samarkand. Such is the hopeless lot of the residents of a country, which local features have made the highway of nations. Any wall which might have separated India from the Western Asia, was now broken down, the name of Timour is as well known at Ephesus and Smyrna on the Archipelago, as at Delhi on the Jumna: both Eastern and Western Asia must have shouted, when they heard of the deaths of Timour and Nadir: backwards and forwards moved the terrible Tartar scourge, and his descendants still fill the puppet Musnud of the great Mogul, while those of Bajazet, his defeated and encaged rival, are supported by the same strong, though foreign arm, on the slippery throne of Constantinople.

Under the sceptre of this Monarch Mesopotamia still exists, a shadow of its former self. The range of mountains to the east of the Tigris appears to have become the natural boundary of the second Byzantine Empire; compliments have from time to time been exchanged between the Persian and Turkish rulers, who represent the rival sects of the Mahomedan creed, in the way of inroads, invasions, and boundary dis-

putes, but no permanent impression appears to have been made by the greatest of the Turkish Sultans beyond the Zagros and Laristan ranges, which are, in fact, a spur of Mount Taurus running southward to the ocean. The possession of Mesopotamia has always been much coveted by the Persians, as affording access to Kurbila, which to them is more than Mecca, and is situated near the ruins of the great Babylon. But in later days the energy and power of both nations appears to have died away; since the commencement of this century, every Mahomedan power in the world appears to have sunk into exhaustion; the days of their political power, if not of their religion, are numbered.

In the meantime, a power, more barbarous than that of Timour, more ambitious than that of Alexander, has been slowly creeping round both sides of the Black Sea, over the Caucasus, on one side to the river Araxes, to the Danube on the other, but *not yet* over the Balkan. The Caspian has been siezed from the Persians, and already a little tongue of land at the south shore of that sea has been appropriated, which may some day be a great starting point, for to it there is water carriage all the way from Moscow. Mount Ararat is the point of junction of the three Empires, a pivot round which Russia intended to revolve: the map-makers cannot be quick enough to note her progress, for some of the newest maps place her Persian frontier on the Cur, a river long since left behind. Even now the great Russian bear is grinning at the gate of Paradise, and meditating a spring upon those mountain ranges, amidst which the ark of the Patriarch rested. The land-mark from Asterabad to Herat is comparatively a short one, and in the event of Persia losing her independence, we might have Russian fleets appearing in the Persian Gulph. It is not therefore too soon, that the mask has been dropped, and the contest has commenced. In the narrow kingdoms of Austria and Russia, the dispute may be limited to a few paltry towns, but the Anglo-Saxon and the Muscovite have clashing interests widely separated: in every part of the northern hemisphere the land-lion impinges on the sea-lion: we have our boundary line to preserve in North America, our relations to maintain at the Turkish and Persian capitals, and till lately our rival diplomatists on the Oxus and the Helmund. The secret treaty at Tilsit, which Lieut.-Col. Chesney gives in these volumes, shows what was proposed fifty years ago by Alexander and Napoleon, and how Asterabad was the basis of their operations.

But a cloud has fallen upon Mesopotamia.

Col. Rawlinson with his inscriptions, the missionaries with their zeal, have failed to raise it: the desert and the Nomad Arab, still press up to the very walls of Bagdad: there are no regular communications kept up: no steamer at fixed periods puffs into the harbour of Bussora: letters from the city of the Kaliphs to India are sent by a swift camel, starting at uncertain hours to evade pursuit, to Damascus; thence conveyed by any chance traveller to Beyrout and Alexandria, where they join the despatches from England. And even the roads of commerce, which had remained permanent for centuries, have been finally abandoned. From the days of Cyrus to the days of Timour, certain beaten tracks had been laid down, which must be followed, for mountains must be pierced through at certain defiles, and rivers spanned at certain ferries: war interrupted the passage for a time, but the stream soon returned to its natural outlet: the conqueror soon found it to be his interest to let the caravans cross the rivers, and to keep open the roads for his armies. The Euphrates has been crossed at Thapsacus, and the Tigris at Mosul, in all ages: there has been a rage implanted in the breast of man to transport goods, which is as strong now in the men of Manchester, as it was in the Kafilah of Ishmaelites, who bought Joseph out of the well, the earliest notice of trade being the purchase of a slave. But, as the knowledge of the face of the earth increased, the dream of Alexander was realised, and the circumnavigation of the Cape was a death-blow to the commerce of Mesopotamia, and, when the time came, that the long route was again to be abandoned, fickle commerce did not return to its old channel, and it is over Egypt, and not Mesopotamia, that England stretches her arm to grasp her conquered India; with us therefore rests somewhat of the blame for the blight which has fallen on the plains of Shinar, which are now unproductive, though as capable of development as the valleys of the Ganges and the Indus. The same fate may be ours also, as we cannot boast of being the first leaders of the camels, or layers down of the keel, we are but following a track, beaten by the Chaldean and Phœnician: it is no new invention: our hand is strong enough to grasp both the sword and the shuttle, but, if time is just, some day the dying-vats and looms of Manchester will be as silent as those of Tyre, the mouth of the Thames as choked as that of the Euphrates, and modern Babylon the residence of owls and satyrs.

The system of Government introduced in the whole of the Turkish dominions is supposed to extend to the Pashalich of Bagdad, but where the executive is so weak, as to be unable to control the actual residents of the district, the nature of that

Government may be imagined. No European power would tolerate such a state of things, and if order could not be restored, and the power of the law maintained, the country would be abandoned. Such is not the Asiatic system. India was never so thoroughly in hand under any native Government, as it is now: there were always tracts, in which the Justice's warrant would not run. With the change of rulers in Mesopotamia, no actual change of the system takes place: certainly not for the better. The Satrap of Darius is but the elder brother of the Pasha, and the Begler Beg of modern days; the people always oppressed, the nobles always licentious: all the paraphernalia of power, and all the misery of systematic depression of the lower classes, varied by an occasional irruption of a northern barbarian, or the rebellion of a local chief, the result of which would be, that several thousand bodies that would ordinarily have gone through the regular routine of starving and beating, are suddenly decapitated, and thrown into the Tigris, or driven off to a foreign market. It is difficult to say whether the world has really improved; at any rate, the page of the history of this country is written in characters of blood, enlivened by sparkling incidents of treachery, or rendered interesting by more intense immorality, or more atrocious crime: in the long train of so called great men, who played their part here, there are but one or two brilliant Heathens, whose characters, appearing at intervals, reconcile us to mortality.

In Lieut. Col.-Chesney's book we find that the names of the early European travellers, who penetrated across the Euphrates, are duly chronicled: Marco Paolo, the Venetian, was really the Herodotus of modern times, and the result of his travels, published at that time, had a great influence on Columbus: Ibn Batuta, a Mahomedan of Barbary, as far back as 1324, made a most extraordinary voyage, and left his journals to posterity, which have lately been translated by Dr. Lee. He appears to have ingratiated himself with the powers that rule, wherever he went, and actually filled the office of judge of the city of Delhi. He had another peculiarity, for wherever he went, with the liberty of the good Mahomedan he entered into matrimonial alliances, and on leaving the country, generously presented his divorced wives with the children which they had born to him. He appears to have filled the office of judge also in the Maldive Islands, and to have married four wives there also, whom he divorced, when he resigned his civil functions, and proceeded onwards. What a confusion of races such a peripatetic must have caused! He certainly was the most remarkable, as the most extensive, of all travellers.

Later than him considerably, an amiable and accomplished Italian visited Bagdad, Pietro della Valle; and his letters are still charming. He also married, but at legitimate intervals, two ladies of the country, and left descendants at Rome. Before the close of the century, it was a feat to visit Mesopotamia, of which travellers spoke boastingly afterwards, but though the danger of coming to an untimely end is as great as ever, all credit for the risk is gone: the country is thoroughly well known, and Colonel Chesney will be entitled to the title of the most pains-taking, as well as the last of real travellers, for his book has left us very little more to require.

We have already noticed the labours of Layard and Rawlinson; but so notorious are they, that they scarcely need it. Another servant of the East India Company has lately explored a virgin field in the neighbourhood of Mesopotamia, and brought clearly to light the remnant of the old Chaldean Church, who, nestled in the mountainous defiles of the Tyaree, are miscalled Nestorians. The Rev. M. Badgeer twice visited these people, and his two volumes show how earnest he was on the subject: they are not the only representatives of Christendom, for the remnants of the Syrian Church, known as the Jacobites, are scattered in the tracts between the Euphrates and Tigris. Both are sadly depressed and degraded, and the first sight of their rites and their practices is startling. European Christians are accustomed to see their faith under very favourable externals, surrounded by all that art, wealth and learning can give. The well beneficed Minister wonders how people could possibly have burnt incense in censers to creeping things and abominable beasts, how they could have wept for Thammuz, or worshipped the sun with their faces turned to the East. The Baptist in his snug conventicle, when ready to step down swathed with flannel into the tank of warm water, shudders at the idea of his forefathers having burnt sacrifices under every green tree. Now all these things depend upon the degradation of the worshipper, and his means of knowing better: those only who have conversed with the Ministers of the degraded Churches, and taken the measure of their intellectual capacity, can form an idea of the position of the flock, who through that most imperfect channel can derive their only supply of religious truth. Christianity in Syria and Mesopotamia is little better than idolatry: the idols worshipped are as shapeless and hideous—the prayers, and prostrations as soulless—and who shall say, whether the benefit is not as fruitless.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Missions in South India visited and described. By Joseph Mullens, Missionary of the London Missionary Society in Calcutta. London, 1854.

THE author of this work is well known amongst us, as a most diligent collector of facts, and as a man well able to read the lessons which these facts are fitted to teach. His articles, that have appeared in our pages, and in those of a cotemporary publication, the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, during the last few years, have become a sort of authoritative Hand-book on all points respecting the *statistics of Missions* and the *Results of Missionary labor* in India. From the frequency with which we have seen them quoted in works published both in this country and in England, we should say that they have gone further to supply a felt want than any other articles that we have had the honor to present to the reading and thinking world, since the *Calcutta Review* came into existence * The work before us is worthy of the name and well-established reputation of its author. We cannot at present enter upon a review of the book; but we shall present our readers with a few extracts selected at random. The following passage describes the route followed by our author:—

THE WRITER'S JOURNEY.

To describe in full the numerous incidents of the writer's journey through so large a portion of the Madras Presidency, is not the purpose of these lectures; but, in order to shew the authority upon which many statements are made, and many descriptions offered, it may be useful to give a mere outline of the course which that journey took, and the places which I visited

In going down the Bay of Bengal, towards Madras, the ship stayed a week at *Vizagapatam*. I thus had the opportunity of examining the oldest Telugu Mission in the country, and of receiving from Mr. Gordon the oldest missionary, and from his brethren, much information concerning the progress of other missions since established. After a short stay in Madras, during which I saw almost all the missionaries of that city, I set out on my journey into the interior. In order to make the best use of my limited time and to prevent the necessity of going over the same ground twice in certain places, I proceeded in the place straight westward into the very heart of the Presidency, to *Bangalore*: visiting on the way the town of Arcot and the celebrated temples at *Conjeveram*. At Bangalore I met all the missionaries, both of the Wesleyan and London Societies, and visited their chapels, press and schools. Thence I went south to *Mysore*, where there is a Wesleyan Mission; went over the palaces of Hyder and Tippu at *Seringapatam*: saw the gateway where Tippu was killed, and visited their celebrated tombs. Crossing "the valley of death," a jungle twenty-five miles deep, resembling the pestilential Terai at the base of the Himalaya, I entered the *Neilgherry Hills* on the north side, and spent two days at *Ootacamund*.

* We betray no confidence in naming Mr. Mullens as the author of the article on the *Results of Missions*, in No. XXXI. of the *Calcutta Review*, as it has been reprinted in England with his name.

Four miles from Ootacamund at *Kotty*, the residence of the late Mr. Casamajor, I saw the German Mission which he established and the villages of Badagas, for whom it was specially designed. Descending the Nilgherry Hills on the east side by the splendid Pass of Konoor, I came down into the eastern plains to the London Mission at *Coimbatoor*, being the first missionary from Bengal that had ever visited those parts. I then passed through the great gap in the Ghauts, at Palgaut, to the west coast of India, and reached *Trichoor*, the most northerly station of the Church Missionary Society among the Syrian Christians of Travancore. Thence I sailed down 'the Backwater' to *Cochin*, passing on the way numerous Roman Catholic Churches, in the island of Verapoli and its neighbourhood. In Cochin I visited the Jewish synagogue with Mr. Laseron its missionary and also his Jewish school. Thence I proceeded to *Cottayam*, the head quarters of the Syrian Mission, and saw its handsome Gothic Churches, its excellent schools and useful press. I visited also *Mavelikari*, one of the most flourishing stations, and thence proceeded to *Quilon*. In these parts I travelled close to the western coast, often along the sea beach itself, looking over the broad waters of the Indian Ocean which stretch away without interruption to the coast of eastern Africa. Leaving *Quilon*, which has been for thirty years a station of the London Missionary Society in Travancore, I proceeded to *Travandrum*, another station, the residence of the Raja of Travancore, who sent the ivory throne to the Great Exhibition: thence I went to *Nareychaley*, a third station of the London Mission, and concluded the first portion of my journey by arriving finally at *Nagercoil*, the head-quarters of the mission, a few miles from Cape Comorin. I spent a fortnight among these interesting missions, visiting all their chief stations in turn; greatly enjoying the society of the missionaries in whose charge they lie. After a visit to Cape Comorin, I set out on my return to Madras by coming up the *east coast*, and through the *Tamil* country. I first spent twelve days among the many stations in *Tinnevelly*; and then went on to *Madura*, *Dindigul* and other stations of the American Mission. Thence I proceeded to *Trichinopoly*, where Swartz lived and Heber died; and to *Tanjore*, where Swartz is buried. I next visited *Negapatam* and saw both the Wesleyan mission and Jesuit College; and thence continued my journey to the oldest mission in India, that at *Tranquebar*. Passing the temples of *Chillumbrum*; the old Mission at *Cuddalore*, founded by Mr. Kiernander; the Jesuit College in *Pondicherry*; and the *Seven Pagodas* at *Mavalipuram*, I proceeded to Madras, which I reached after an absence of twelve weeks. In this journey I travelled thirteen hundred and sixty miles; including Madras, I saw altogether FIFTY Missionary STATIONS and *ninety* MISSIONARIES. [As an illustration of the extent to which Missions are now carried on in Hindustan, I may state that I have myself seen and spoken to no less than *one hundred and ninty-four* living Indian missionaries; in addition to *twenty-seven* others who have died or left the country.]

I cannot conclude this short sketch of my interesting and delightful journey without gratefully recording the kind and hospitable manner in which I was everywhere received. The missionary brethren of all Societies welcomed me with the utmost cordiality, and in many cases though personally a stranger, seemed to regard me as an old friend. This kind reception arose probably from the correspondence I had previously had with them when compiling my missionary statistics in previous years. They entered readily into my enquiries and gave me much information concerning the history, condition and prospects of their different spheres of labour. We were able to compare notes on the character and difficulties of missionary work in different parts of Hindustan: and to derive therefrom mutual instruction and mutual encouragement. I was also greatly pleased to hear the cordial manner in which they spoke of each other's labours. Though belonging to many Societies, they know each other personally, join in common labours and make use of each other's works. This cordial union is nothing new in India, but I mention it as a patent fact which struck me both as excellent in itself, and as a token of the future success of their common labours. The pleasure of my visits to so many of the labourers in the Lord's vineyard, and the impressions which they made upon my heart will, I trust, abide with me as long as life lasts.

Our readers will be pleased with the following graphic description of :—

THE GHAUTS.

The Telugu country is separated from the high land of central India, by a rugged belt of mountains called the Ghauts. Whoever therefore wishes to go from the plains of the Carnatic into the Mysore, must pass through the mountain chain. These Ghauts are in most places immense conical hills varying from six hundred to eleven hundred feet in height : they run generally in a direction from North East to South West. In some parts they stand close together ; the few ravines are abrupt ; and the rugged fronts of these rocky hills present an almost perpendicular wall to the traveller. In other places the ravines are wider, and allow opportunities for constructing carriage roads. A few of the passes are easy of ascent, but the majority are very difficult. The belt of Ghauts varies from three to ten miles in depth ; and in passing through this district or along its face, the traveller sees near and around him nothing but these majestic hills. Sometimes they seem to be following each other like mighty waves over the lands : sometimes they form a solid barrier to all advance. Their individual appearance greatly varies. Some are covered with jungle to the very summit : others are more bare, and from the loose masses of bleached rock lying upon their surface, seem at a distance covered with well-built towns. Some have only broken fragments of rock scattered over their grassy slopes : but others are adorned with mighty boulders that assume the most singular forms. Of these boulders some resemble huge heads, or solid cottages, or hulls of ships : all are of granite, blackened and weather-worn by the storms of thousands of years. Whose hand scattered them there in such profusion ? From the day when the first aborigines that took possession of the land, walked in their midst, all changes in Indian Society have passed before their eyes. The Brahmin and the Khetriya passed through them to conquer the first owners of the soil. Before them the Mogul seized the Brahmin's patrimony. Through them the Mahrattas on their swift horses carried off the plunder of the plains ; and Hyder and Tippu fought battles at their feet. They have seen injustice, oppression and war, and before God are witnesses. Man has passed away ; generation has followed generation ; but the hills abide there still. Their very stability is to us an element of comfort. Solid and long enduring as they have been, "the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed ; but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever." That word has said that the *knowledge of the Lord* SHALL *cover the earth.* "*All nations shall serve* HIM."

Our next extract is a quotation made by Mr. Mullens from a statement by the Rev. Mr. Hardey of Bangalore :—

When I came to Bangalore, three years ago, it was next to impossible to speak for five minutes without interruption from a low class, who were not satisfied with interrupting merely, but abused us before the whole assembly, which was not to be endured if we wished to stand our ground and be respected in the streets. I determined to put a stop to this in the beginning, and very soon an opportunity offered. One evening whilst we were preaching, standing on an elevation, which I always aim at doing, a profligate-looking man, mounted the elevation on the opposite side of the street ; and pulling out a book from under his cloth, he marched backward and forward, and imitating our intonations of voice, made use of much abusive language, and called me such foul names, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my Catechist. Several Brahmins entreated me to go away, saying, it was not proper for a European gentleman to stand and hear himself thus abused. I continued, however, to address the people. By this time at least two hundred persons had assembled ; and when I was leaving, the man evidently became alarmed at having used so much abusive language, and began walking quickly down the street. I went over to the Choultry opposite, and pointing out the man, desired the policeman to seize him. He ran and quickly turned the man's face towards the multitude, who were now all anxiety to see what was to be done. As soon as he was brought to the Choultry, I said to the standers by ; "So long as I was preaching I bore with this man's abuse, but now I will shew you that I am

not to be insulted in the street by any man I will now see whether the authorities will protect me against any man who feels himself at liberty to abuse me at pleasure." The people were all excitement, and I said; "Bring him at once to the Amildar, and we will see if he persists in this conduct towards me, who have done nothing to provoke his anger." At once the man was led away towards the main street, followed by the entire mass, who were now greatly excited, to know what would become of the matter. We had not gone very far when a respectable man, a friend of ours, came out of breath and entreated me to spare his relation, who was a bad fellow, and had done very wrong in using abusive language to an English gentleman. I said, "If before all these people,"—who had increased to at least five hundred, "he will confess that he has done wrong, and will never again speak to me in the streets. I will forgive him" But no, his proud spirit could not submit to this, though his increasing fear was every moment becoming more apparent. I said to the policeman, "Bring him to the Amildar," and having proceeded a little further, the man's friend again entreated me not to take him before the authorities I replied, "If he will ask forgiveness, and confess he has done wrong, I will forgive him: but if not, I will not allow him to escape till I have known the mind of the Amildar," Seeing me determined in my purpose, and feeling that we were drawing near to the cutcherry, and that the people were staring upon him in every direction, he became greatly excited and alarmed. Before the multitude I then catechized him to the following effect:—"Have you done me an injury in abusing me in the public street, and in interrupting me in the discharge of my duty?" "Sir, I have" "Will you promise me never to speak to me again in the street, or interrupt me when preaching?" "I will promise" "Now then, before all these witnesses I forgive you, and never wish to see your face again, but as a friend." I then dismissed him, and was thankful enough that I had gained a victory before five or six hundred people, without having appeared before the authorities. - The effect of this proceeding was almost magical! The news of it flew all over the Pettah, and from that time to this, our congregations have been better, more attentive, more interesting; and in scarcely a single instance, since that time, have these characters interrupted us in the streets."

There may, we think, be a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the Missionary in having recourse to the authorities for protection against mere abuse. Nor do we think that the result would have been worse, if Mr. Hardey's mercy had been less "strained," and had dropped more like the gentle dew from heaven; had he for example, professed a free forgiveness, without insisting on an apology, and assigned as a reason for his so act, the precept and example of his Divine Master.

The following is a good illustration of the perversion of the first principles of morality that prevails among the great mass of the Hindu community:—

Mr. Muller once appealing to a man's conscience, with respect to the rewards of good and evil, was answered by the following story:- A certain butcher bought a cow, tide her by the rope, and was about to bring her home, when on a sudden she broke loose and ran away. In running after her he met a man, who in his whole life time never told a lie and on his asking him, whether he had seen his cow he was told by him, that if he followed this road he was sure to get her. On went the butcher; not far off he met another man, who in his life time never told the truth, and putting the same question to him, he was told, that he was quite in the wrong road, and that he must go to the left if he wished to find his cow. After this, both these men died, they were called before the judgment seat of God (Yumana) and the final sentence was, that the latter, because he had saved the *life of the cow* by telling a lie, was rewarded with being born twenty times a king: while the other, who by telling the truth would have caused her destruction was condemned for twenty life-times to be gnawed by worms. Confounded and perverted ideas like these are constantly met with, and though they are absurd enough

to confute themselves, yet the poor people applaud and adopt them with superstitious fondness.

The following little sketch will please those of our readers who appreciate aright the importance of the Gospel :—

There was an old Guru or priest, a few miles from Madura, a man of great influence amongst the people, who was consulted on all occasions of difficulty and regarded as the oracle of the country round. Clothes on which he had breathed or his hand been placed, were taken to the sick that they might recover ; and mantras and charms were repeated by him in order to cure them He was looked on by all the people as a man of great power, and to maintain his dignity and authority among them always had a silver wand carried before him. Amongst others he had heard of the missionaries in the district, and was accustomed for years to read Christian books which they had distributed. Indeed, he had quite a small library, kept as usual in an earthen jar, but the words of truth had made no impression on his mind. One day, when walking in the bazar, he heard a catechist reading a passage from the Gospel of Luke. It struck him most powerfully. "What is that you read ?" he instantly asked ; "read it again." The catechist read it. "What a wonderful thing," exclaimed the guru, "where do you find it ?" "It is written in Luke, a Christain book, a portion of our Bible." "Why, I have got Luke and have read it ; but I never saw this statement, kindly read it again." The next day he sent for the catechist and requested him to read the wonderful passage once more. From that hour he received the Gospel without reserve : experienced the greatest joy in his belief, and continued happy till his death. His religion however was not acceptable to his friends and disciples : his sons were perfectly aghast when he told them of his change of faith, and did all they could to induce him to give it up "What a pity,' said one, "that so much learning should make a man mad." They reproached him, and prosecuted him continually. Often when he was on the way to the missionary, they would fetch him back and compel him to forego his visits. But he persevered, bore all the opposition with great patience, and looked forward with confidence to a secure repose in heaven. He lived thus for five years : his death was hastened by a chronic complaint, produced by some drug which he had taken in former days from a sannyasi, that he might be able to fly ! He earnestly begged of his sons that he might be buried instead of burned : they complied with his request, and arrangements were subsequently made for putting a monument upon the grave.

We should like to extract our author's account of the *Shánárs*, but it is too long for the limits of our present notice ; as also his statement on the much agitated question of caste in the native church, but this also would lead us into a discussion, for which we cannot now afford space We therefore conclude for the present with an account of the converted Shánárs, which is given in answer to the question :—

WHAT KIND OF CHRISTIANS ARE THEY. ?

Few questions are more important than this, since a fair upright answer will shew in few words the real value of the Shánár missions in relation to the grand object for which missions are carried on. The materials however for giving such an answer have been amply provided. The missionaires in their annual reports enter into numerous details of the spiritual state of their flocks ; and both Mr. Caldwell and Mr Pettitt, in their accounts of the Tinnevelly stations, deal with the matter in the most straightforward terms. An impatient friend may ask : Do you mean to say that all the 52,000 Shánárs now called Christians are converted men ? Certainly not ; the wildest enthusiast never imagined such a glorious fact : least of all has any one acquainted with the missions endeavoured to make such an impression upon the minds of their friends. The missionaries, who know the state of things thoroughly, tell us in their reports, and I heard the same thing from their own lips on the spot, that these converts are divided, in regard both to their knowledge of the Gospel, and their personal character, into THREE CLASSES ?

The *first* or lowest class includes a very large number of converts who are still *unbaptized*. These persons are candidates for baptism; who desire to enter the Christian community, but at present know little of Gospel truth. They learn the appointed catechisms; attend public worship; and are required to live in general as members of the Christian community. But much cannot be expected from them as to spirituality of mind, or consistency of conduct. The *second* class are those who have *only* been *baptized*. They are reckoned as still under instruction; but it is generally seen that their conduct is influenced to a considerable extent by the Bible law. They of course possess much more Christian knowledge; they had made an open profession: gross sins are not allowed to pass among them unreproved; and as they have a character to maintain in the community, they occupy a much higher position as to morality than they did among the heathen. A large proportion of this class are of course children. The *third* class the smallest of all, contains the *communicants* called in some missions, the *Church members*. They number altogether 4,500 out of the 52,000, or about nine per cent. of the whole. These Christians rank highest both in knowledge and character. They are spoken of in the same terms as village converts in Bengal or the Mysore: and they are treated in the same way. All the missionaries watch carefully over the consistency and fidelity of those who are admitted into this body. The standard of admission is not the same in all cases. With some missionaries that standard is high. In the London Mission for instance it is so raised that the Church members form only four per cent. of the whole. Some of the Tinnevelly missionaries, as Mr. Cæmmerer, adopt I believe a similar standard: and administer a strict discipline. Good as many of their communicants are, they are all seen to be weak, especially the more ignorant; traces appear in their conduct of their old habits, old superstitions and old heathen rules. How could it well be otherwise, considering the origin whence they sprang, and the inveteracy of habit everywhere. Many of them live most consistent lives, and in contrast with their neighbours adorn the Gospel. Catechists, schoolmasters and others of age and experience, appear generally as they ought to do the most consistent. Young men and women from the boarding schools, who have learned most, whose minds and hearts have been most cultivated, as a class, stand out higher than others, and it is hoped, will as they grow older become worthy leaders of the important community to which they belong. During my visit, I had the pleasure of twice meeting Bible classes of young women at Nagercoil and Edeyenkoody, who displayed a very clear and complete knowledge of the Word of God. They were all trained in the boarding schools, and though they have now left them and have families of their own, they regularly attend the classes which are maintained specially for their benefit. All the girls' boarding schools that I examined gave promise of like success.

Anecdotes illustrative of the character of these Christians could easily be multiplied. *Zeal for others* is not a distinguishing feature of native piety, but it has been exemplified among them. I will mention a single case, belonging to one of the newest stations. At Santapuram there is a poor man, a Pulliar of the lowest caste, who since his admittance into the Church has been very industrious in getting his own class to attend the means of grace. His wife and sister and another relative have, through his means, all been brought into the Church and two others have lately been baptized. His sister lately learned to read the New Testament: she is the only Pullian female of adult age that ever did so in Travancore. The man is like a father and priest among his people, warning, instructing and comforting them: and is greatly esteemed every where. At the same station there is a poor man who has three times fallen from palmyra trees His chief peculiarity is that he has never been known to tell a lie or to deceive. So implicitly is his word believed, that in cases of dispute it is common to hear people say; "If Gúnamudeyan says it, I will believe it:" or, "Whatever Gúnamudeyan says, I will abide by."

We may haply return to Mr. Mullens's book, when we can do it more justice. Meantime, we commend it to the perusal of our readers as a clear and interesting statement of facts relating to a most important work.

Songs of the East. By Mrs. W. S. Carshore, Calcutta, 1855.

It is somewhere remarked in one of the early numbers of the *Tatler*, that, should any of the papers appear dull, the reader is to consider it as intended, and so enjoy the joke as well as he can. In how many of our modern works, might the same warning be prominently put forth. We should say that it was applicable to the work before us, were it not that, being the production of a poetess, she may claim exemption under the law of unconsciousness; which has of late come to play so important a part in Theories of Poetry, and works on Criticism. Who is to know when a poet is dull and when not? Who is to presume to judge of the productions of one, so far removed above ordinary prosaic mortals, whose creative fancy is so largely developed, that he may disguise himself under any shape, assume any form, and, with more than a Protean power, at once be and not be, or with a supernatural ubiquity exist under many forms at one and the same time. It is impertinent then of ordinary beings like ourselves to come to such a work as this, guided by the ordinary laws of criticism, for there may exist in it beauties of a high order, not discernible by our blinded and un-elevated imagination.

And yet there is much in the *Songs of the East* to recommend them to Indian readers. Their most attractive feature is the sunlight of calm domestic gentleness thrown over the whole. Had the title page not shewn it, you would have immediately said, this is a woman's work, nay more, a wife's and a mother's, it springs from the inner nature of one who has tasted the sweets of family joy, and has filled the many offices of family life. It lacks the still deeper flow of virtuous passion so well painted by Rogers, because it proceeds from a woman's heart, nor is it so severely simple and truthfully descriptive as the Tales and Poems of Crabbe, because the writer has not enjoyed the same opportunities for acquiring an extensive knowledge of human nature as he had, for as she apologetically confesses, she was "born and reared on an Indian soil," but it comes upon us all the more pleasantly now, as the tendency of our modern school of poetry is rather to the boisterous and extravagantly ideal. After such intensified productions as those of the school of the great laureate Tennyson, all too unworthy of him, after such gigantic beauties and vices as those of Bailey, Alexander Smith, Massey and Bigg, so well hit off by Ayton in his satirical tragedy of *Firmilian*, it is refreshing to come into contact with such gentle productions as these *Songs of the East*, written in the isolation and domestic happiness of an Indian life. But yet if the *intense* school of poets run riot in the excesses of an uneducated fancy, those of Mrs. Carshore's class are apt to fall into the opposite extreme of tame lifelessness and frigidity, almost amounting, as in many of the poems before us, to an utter absence of the *vis poetica*. The authoress,

herself, with a becoming modesty, seems to feel this from the statements in her too apologetic preface. The usual plea of the over-partial admiration of friends is adduced, as well as a real longing for poetic fame, and a desire to "give a more correct idea of native customs and manners" than Europeans yet seem to possess. As to the first of these inducements, it would be difficult to say how much of the "partial eyes" of friends, and of the vain-glory of an Authoress, who naturally adores her own fanciful offspring, were mixed up in the resolution to publish this volume. The second is a most becoming and praiseworthy desire in a woman anywhere, but especially in one in India, where literary pursuits so often serve, to dissipate the tedious idleness of camp life, and to soothe the soul harassed by busy intercourse with the world, but the question should have been first seriously asked, is this volume likely to advance my object, to give me the fame that I so legitimately long for? Of course we must distinguish between the poetess and the woman, when, after reading the preface, we come upon such verses as these :—

> "What is so pleasing as a father's praise?
> Be this my highest aim—away, away
> Ye dreams of fame that mocked my earlier days,
> Fame! what is it? the halo of a day!
> A taper which attracts blind envy's dart
> A breath may quench, a cloud obscure its ray,
> Tho' nursed by strife and bitterness of heart."

We think too, that Mrs. Carshore fails in her third object. She does not add much to the stock of even a stranger's knowledge of Indian manners and customs. The poems that at all relate to India are few, and her allusions in them to Orientalism still fewer. Exception may be taken even to her note on the *Beara Festival*, in which she strives to correct Tom Moore, who had at least more book-knowledge and more heart-knowledge of the East than herself. The man who wrote *Lalla Rookh*, had more vividly realised the actual places, and knew more accurately every spot and every scene, than a thousand unimaginative poetasters, who have since striven to copy him. And so with Southey too, in whom the objective more predominates, and whose *Curse of Kehama* is a mine of at once Eastern lore and beauteous poetry, that no critic has ever exhausted, nor ever will exhaust, until we have another Southey. As a specimen of her Indian pieces, we give a description of the well known *Tityghur* :—

> Fair Tityghur! whose ever verdant shores,
> Whose green banks mirrored in the glassy tide,
> Eternal spring has robed in flowery pride,
> Like that lost Paradise which man deplores,
> Of which in childhood's days we sometimes dream,
> While yet the heart of heaven retains a gleam;
> Sweet nook, where peace and bliss sequestered dwell,
> Removed from vain ambition's toilsome round.
> Say, with what lingering looks I bade farewell

To thy dear shades, where oft at early prime
My steps had wandered in the silent time,
To hail the freshness of the fragrant hour,
When zephyr softly wakes each sleeping flower,
And that especial morn most bright of all,
O memory! once again let me recal.
* * * * * *
I've known of such, alas! for them;
To thee once more Bengala's gem,
Again I turn—By Cynthia's beam,
How sweet to rove beside thy stream,
Along the margin of the flood,
Besprinkled o'er with many a bud!
Or seated on a flowery knoll,
Behold the shining waters roll,
While countless fire-flies dance around,
And glow-worms glimmer on the ground!
Those on the boughs, like sparkling flowers,
These mimicking the starry bowers,
Sweet Tityghur! I must not dwell
On these dear scenes of bliss,—farewell!

If it be true that the highest form of the poetic power is that subjective surrender of self to the wrapt spirit, that seems to settle on the soul and, almost absorbing its powers, results in the lyric then whatever diverts this unconsciousness to an outward object, mars the beauty and purity of the poem produced. And that the lyric, the song, is the highest form of poesy, the early literature of every nation, the instinctive language of every heart however uneducated, and the lives of such as Tyrtæus, Pindar, Burns, Tennyson, and Massey prove. Dallas, in his clever and brilliant work on *Poetics*, says that the unconsciousness may be thus diverted into a didactic, an artistic, or a satiric channel. As soon as the Poet recognises any other power than the afflatus upon him, and has any other object than its truthful expression, he ceases to be a Poet. He may strive to become a teacher of morality, and then he is a Hesiod, or to polish the outward structure of his verse, and then he is a cold lifeless Boileau, or to attack the vices and follies of his age, and then he is a Juvenal. Now, our authoress fails first of all in having little unconsciousness, so little, that her spirit is ever divided between the poetry within and the objective dress in which she must put it. She errs in not knowing her own strength and weakness, and trying many things, she succeeds in few, forgetting Horace's statement:

"——— Cui lecta potenter erit res
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo."

Hence her lack of a deep lyrical emotion in the one hand, and perfect rhythmical dress on the other. Hence the want of a powerful creative fancy, and the occurrence of not a few lame lines. The nearest approach that she makes to the former is in a pretty poem entitled *Fancy and Reason*, in which the picture seems quite original, the various parts united in a perfect harmony, but the whole

unfinished, and the idea not fully wrought out. To us this seems the most promising piece in the volume. It contains marks of real poetic power and is especially interesting when viewed in the light of recent theories in philosophy, regarding the functions of each. A great Poet—one like holy George Herbert—might have made much of it.

The Songs strike us as really the best part of the volume. Were the authoress to leave descriptive pieces, where she is too apt to follow Moore or Scott, and confine herself to the expression of her pure womanly heart-feelings, she would do well, and might in time become a star in the small galaxy of our Anglo-Indian writers. The following strikes us as simply beautiful, and calls to mind one by Burns, of the same nature :

When the day has sunk to rest,
On the bosom of the sea,
When a star is in the west,
Then I'll steal away to thee.
When a sound is in the breeze,
And a whisper in the sky,
And a voice, among the trees,
And a murmur floating nigh.

When the moonlight shadows tall
Are beneath the cypress tree,
When the dews of evening fall,
Then I'll steal away to thee.
When a music breathes above,
Round the starry throne of night,
Like the seraph's songs of love,
Round the beacons which they light.

Perhaps in the following verse there is an unconscious resemblance to one of Montgomery's pieces :

A vessel once from English land
Sail'd on her ocean way ;
Upon her deck a merry band,
Around her, ocean's spray.

We do, in conclusion, indulge the hope, that when Mrs. Carshore comes to know her own powers better, and to study a little more the Art of Poetry, and those laws that regulate every work of Art, whether a statue, a painting, or a poem, she may really lay claim to the title poetess It is always a difficult matter for us to criticise such a work as she has now produced. Viewed abstractly, or on a level with the literature of the West, it must of course be seen to fall short of high praise, especially in these days when the literary market is inundated with minor poets ; but viewed in the light of India and Anglo-Indian literature, we welcome the authoress with a stern but hearty salutation, assured that from past faults and failures, she will learn new lessons to guide her in any future work that she may undertake.

The Rail and its Localities; or a Guide to places along the Railway Line from Howrah to Raneegunj, containing brief Notices of Howrah, Bali, Serampore, Chandernagore, Hoogly, Pundooah, Burdwan, Raneegunj, their Historical Associations and Objects of Interest, with a coloured Map, giving the distances of places along the Rail, the Boundaries, Chief Towns, and Rivers of the neighbouring Zillahs; and Pictorial Illustrations of the Howrah Terminus, Tower of Pundooah, Tunla Viaduct, Singarun and Mugra Bridges, Callipore Cutting and Bridge, and the Pachete, Chutna and Baharinath Hills; also the Time Tables, Fares and Rules. Sanders, Cones and Co. Calcutta, 1855.

Such is the disproportionately long title of a neat little book of fifty-six pages, that has just been issued by Messrs. Sanders, Cones and Co. It contains a great deal of information compressed into the smallest possible space; and it is generally very accurate, and refers to all manner of subjects—History and Antiquities, Topography Geology, Botany, Dress, Cookery, and Æsthetics in general. The Compiler is entitled to great credit for the zeal with which he has executed his task, and we do not doubt that the book will be extensively purchased by Railway travellers. The call for a second edition, which we doubt not will soon come, will give the Compiler an opportunity of correcting a few slight inaccuracies, as for example, that of confounding *pan* with *betel-nut*. The Map is good and useful. The Pictorial Illustrations, though not in the highest style of Art, are not without interest and value.

The Study of Comparative Grammar, as affecting Education in India: an Essay read before the Calcutta Young Men's Christian Association. By George Smith, Esq. 1854.

This Pamphlet, in a pleasing and eloquent style, advocates the rights of Comparative Philology, a study which has been generally neglected by English people, though the Americans have of late directed their attention to it with great success. The author of this Essay keeps the golden medium between the mere Anglicists, who fancy that a word or a few schools can up-root a people's language, and the mere Orientalists, who dream that Sanskrit and Arabic by themselves can civilise and enlighten a people. But those two parties are happily on the wane, and a strong party is forming, who with the author consider that English ought to be studied by all who seek a complete education, that knowledge should be conveyed through the Vernaculars to the masses, and that Comparative Philology, which classifies languages and shews their bearing on the unity of the human

race and the development of national genius, ought to be attended to by all educated Europeans and Natives. Catherine the Great, though monarch of all the Russias, paid particular attention to the study of Comparative Philology, which has made rapid strides down to the days of Bopp, who has just completed his immortal work, the *Comparative Grammar of Sanskrit, Greek, Lithuanian, &c. &c.*

Simple Lessons on Plants, translated into Bengalee, with adaptations, from the English, by Brojonath, Ex-Student of the Sanskrit College. 1854.

THE subject of the importance of an Agricultural Education for certain classes in India, is attracting now the attention of Government. This little work is designed to give junior pupils in English schools and in Vernacular ones, some acquaintance with the rich vegetation which abounds so much in Bengal. The style is elegant, and as simple as the subject admits of. The subjects taken up embrace the following :—

(1) Plants defined,—Numbers,—Size,—Plants and Animals,—Eleven uses of Plants,—(2) Botany, its use,—Herbarium,—Walking to seek flowers,—Glass Houses,—Botanical Gardens,—Linnæus.—(3) Six habitats of Plants,—Parasites,—Light on Plants,—Herbaceous and Woody Plants,—Three Divisions of Plants according to Age,—Exotics.—(4) Four different kinds of Roots,—Buds,—Leaf-stem,—Midrib,—Thirteen different Shapes of Leaves,—Three Surfaces of ditto,—Seven parts of a flower,—Three parts of a Stamen,—ditto of Pistil,—Diffusion of Seeds —(5) Roots,—Seeds,—Germination,—Spongioles,—Changing Soil round Roots,—Roots Extending,—Eyes of Potato,—Edible Roots,—Tubers —Bulbs,—Creeping Roots.—(6) Steam-cells,—Medullary Rays —Bark,—Age of Trees,—Quinine,—Cork,—Tannery,—Chinese Paper,—Sago,—Juices in Stems,—Varnish,—Cow Tree —Mahogany,—Fir.—(7) Leaf-veins,—Pores of Plants —Evaporation,—Prussic Acid.—Use of Leaves,—Light on Leaves,—Evergreens,—Fall of Leaf.—(8) Climbing Plants,—Water Plants,—Stinging Nettle,—Thorns are Buds,—Buds,—Balls on Trees,—Smell of Flowers varies.—(9) Flower contains Seeds,—Corolla —Calyx,—Stamens,—Pistil,—Pollen,—Bees.—Honey.—Flower opening.—(10) Seed in Pulp,—Pod,—Nutmeg,—Passion-flower,—Fir Cones,—Oil from Seeds.—(11) Grass has no Calyx,—Its peculiar Leaves,—Use in Embankments,—Oats,—Flint in Straw,—Sugar-cane,—Bamboo.

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