has attracted very general attention, and is almost as pleasant reading as Emily Eden's famous rendering of the tours of her brother, Lord Auckland."—*The Times of India*, 1st January 1889.

"Mr. Rees seems to unite the qualifications of a Private Secretary with those of an excellent special correspondent, who sees more than meets the eye of the careless wanderer, and who has a happy knack of giving picturesque form to his travelling impressions."—*The Bombay Gazette*, 13th November 1889.

"The official diary of the tour of Lord Connemara through Calcutta, Darjeeling, Allahabad, Simla, Quetta, Kurrachee, and Bombay is an agreeable relief to the ordinary run of official or semi-official papers. The story of the tour is not only well told and eminently readable, but, *mirabile dictu*, is occasionally even humorous—which will no doubt tremendously scandalize Indian officialdom."—*The Times of India*, 15th November 1889.

"We do not tire of Mr. Rees, and every one into whose hands this pleasant record of 'Tour No. 10' will fall must wish that Lord Connemara may take many more excursions in India, and that Mr. Rees may be his travelling historiographer."—*The Bombay Gazette*, 13th November 1889.

"The many who have enjoyed the accounts of Lord Connemara's previous tours from the graceful pen of his Private Secretary, Mr. Rees, will turn with interest to the narrative of the journey His Excellency undertook last month through the districts of Cocanada, Rajahmundry, Ellore, Bezwada, and Singareni on to Hyderabad . . . This is the eleventh tour Lord Connemara has made, and the extent and acuteness of his observations may be gauged from the picturesque details Mr. Rees has given on each occasion. . . . . ."—*The Pioneer*, 23rd January 1890.

"Any journalist in the tropics owes a distinct debt of gratitude to the accomplished Private Secretary to the Governor of Madras. Compelled at certain seasons of the year by stress of uneventful days wearily to seek in blue books and official documents a large proportion of that mental pabulum which stirring times supply generously enough, we turn with huge delight from those dreary wastes of official facts and figures to Mr. Rees's bright and charming narratives of Lord Connemara's tours. They are as interesting as a novel and as engaging as a *Silhouette* by Grenville Murray."—*The Times of India*, 20th January 1890.

"The report on His Excellency the Governor's late tour, which appears in another part of this issue, is written in Mr. J. D. Rees's happiest vein, and will amuse everybody in India, or in England, who is so well advised as to commence to read it. It is without any of the dry features that usually characterize documents drawn up by officials relative to official proceedings; and it is full of good humoured little touches . . . . . Mr. Rees's duty was to produce an 'unofficial narrative,' and the remarkable literary

ability with which he has performed this task will be acknowledged by all who read it."—*The Madras Mail*, 16th January 1890.

"Our Governor's Private Secretary has been lately the subject of many laudatory remarks in the columns of our Indian contemporaries. The easy descriptive style in which he showed himself so proficient in the account of his journey in Persia and the accounts of the Governor's various tours is certainly very attractive."—*The Madras Mail*, 19th November 1889.

"Mr. J. D. Rees taking up the parable of Lord Connemara's journey from Allahabad onwards, gives a very bright and chatty account of the incidents of the trip . . . . Mr. Rees gives us an interesting commentary on the other places that were visited, but his rough, hasty etchings of the wild scenery and wilder people of the Quetta frontier are of more permanent value, and show a bold, ready knack of literary sketching from which higher things might be expected."—*The Englishman*, 15th November 1889.

Mr. Rees has a fund of pleasant historical tales which he uses dexterously to add variety and zest to his narrative."—*The Hindu*, 4th March 1890.

"Everything that comes from the pen of Mr. J. D. Rees is interesting, and this, his account of a visit paid by Lord Connemara to the Eurasian Settlements of Whitefield and Sausmond, which we publish in another column, will be found to be."—*The Madras Times*, 11th May 1890.

"What has really happened may be gathered from a very sympathetic description of a visit paid to the colonies (Eurasian Colonies) last autumn by Lord Connemara, the writer of which is Mr. Rees, who has already given us so many agreeable narratives of a similar sort."—*The Pioneer*, 16th May 1890.

"Mr. Rees's description of the Eurasian Settlements at Whitefield and Sausmond . . . is the most interesting account of the settlements that we have ever seen."—*The Madras News*, 17th May 1890.

"We know Mr. Rees, moreover, as the historiographer of Lord Connemara's progresses, in which capacity he has written some charming and, withal, very informing semi-official reports of the Governor's tours within and without the presidency."—*The Bombay Gazette*, 22nd May 1890.

"Mr. Rees's performances as a litterateur are hardly inferior to his attainments as a linguist. We are all acquainted with that series of charming narratives which have made known Lord Connemara's tours not only to readers in India, but to readers in England too."—*The Madras Mail*, 21st May 1890.

"Mr. Rees, Private Secretary to Lord Connemara, Governor of Madras, has written an interesting unofficial narrative of the tour which His Excellency made in the Godávari and Kistna Districts."—*Daily Telegraph*, 10th February 1890.

"An interesting account of Lord Connemara's latest tour has just been published by Mr. J. D. Rees, Private Secretary to the Governor."—*The Colonies and India*, 5th February 1890.

"Mr. Rees, Lord Connemara's Secretary, publishes another of his interesting narratives of a fresh tour of the Governor of Madras."—*Truth*, 13th February 1890.

"The English reader is already indebted to Mr. Rees for several graphic and interesting narratives of the tours made through his Presidency by Lord Connemara, the Governor of Madras. Madras has been termed the benighted Presidency, it will not be the fault of Mr. Rees if the name continues applicable in so far, at least, as the attention of Englishmen to Indian matters goes. Lord Connemara's eleventh tour, which only terminated a few weeks ago with a visit to Hyderabad, forms the subject of Mr. Rees's last unofficial narrative, and it can easily be imagined that other Indian Governors would be glad to be accompanied by so vivid a *ranconteur* of their doings and sayings as Mr. Rees once more proves himself to be in this publication."—*The (London) Times*, 17th February 1890.

"These recent travels yield to none of the preceding tours in point of interest, and they have been fortunate in securing the graphic aid of Mr. J. D. Rees's pen, who, as Private Secretary, is in the habit of depicting these business tours with a vividness of illustration and a picturesqueness of style which are unfortunately rare in official reports."—*The Morning Post*, February 1890.

"An interesting account is to be found, in one of the morning papers, of the recent tour of Lord Connemara, the Governor of Madras, in the Presidency."—*The (London) Globe*, March 1890.

"Mr. J. D. Rees, Secretary to Lord Connemara, gives an interesting account (in the *Asiatic Quarterly* for April 1890) of His Excellency's official tour in the Deccan during the late famines."—*The Glasgow Herald*, 12th May 1890.

"Mr. Rees, Private Secretary to the Governor of Madras, has published an interesting account of the visit Lord Connemara paid these (Eurasian) colonies last month."—*The (London) Times*, 19th May 1890.

"Mr. Rees, the indefatigable Private Secretary of Lord Connemara, Governor of Madras, has just issued a valuable paper describing a visit recently paid by His Excellency to the Eurasian settlements . . . . .
—*The Daily Telegraph*, 4th June 1890.

"Very interesting is Mr. J. D. Rees's account of Lord Connemara's recent official tour in the Deccan."—*Army and Navy Gazette*, 26th April 1890.

"The account of Lord Connemara's eleventh tour, from the pen of his Private Secretary Mr. J. D. Rees, is so interesting that we wish to preserve it intact in our pages . . . ."—*The Asiatic Quarterly Review*, April 1890.

"These interesting reports are by Mr. J. D. Rees, who is a member of His Excellency's Staff."—*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, April 1890.

"The Governor of Madras has the good fortune to possess a Private Secretary who acts as historiographer of gubernatorial progresses, and adds to the literature of official travel chapters as picturesque and interesting as any that Sir Richard Temple, or even Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff, has left behind him. Mr. J. D. Rees has travelled widely and wisely, taking with him wherever he has gone an eye for all that is beautiful in nature and for all that is interesting in men and places and social institutions . . . . . No one has told us so graphically as Mr. Rees has done of the beauties that we annexed in taking over North Kanara to the Presidency of Bombay . . . . . His description of the falls (Gairsoppa) as seen in the moonlight, with strange effects produced by hurling bundles of lighted straw down the chasm, is striking enough to give Gairsoppa a renown . . . . . The gloomy glories of Goa have been celebrated often enough, but Mr. Rees turned upon them an eye ready to take in all that is picturesque in them and in the institutions of which the fading presentments are clustered in the old city. For Mr. Rees travels like a politician as well as a seeker-out of the picturesque . . . . . The only men who really look upon India without heart and without sympathy are those who have never sought out its beauties for themselves, and in proclaiming these beauties anew such writers as Mr. Rees and Sir George Birdwood are doing a real service to the land."—*The Bombay Gazette*, 28th November 1888.

"Madras is to be congratulated on the picturesque faithfulness with which she records her Governor's tours. To be sure the credit lies in these years with the Private Secretary, but the custom is none the less laudable."—*The Pioneer*, 30th November 1888.

"In his Private Secretary, Mr. J. D. Rees, Lord Connemara possesses a traveller who won his spurs in Persia long ago, and Mr. Rees's version of His Lordship's travels is as picturesque and oriental, as glowing, and almost as interesting as a chapter from the Arabian Nights."—*The Times of India*, 1st December 1888.

"Lord Connemara has continued to win golden opinions, and the account of his autumn tour, written by Mr. Rees, his Private Secretary,

"Mr. Rees deserves his Companionship of the Indian Empire for having proved to an incredulous world that an Indian report need not be dull. His prolific and picturesque pen has done much to familiarise English readers with Indian district life. Sir Richard Temple used to say that if he had not been an Indian Governor, he might have won distinction as a Special Correspondent. In the same way if Mr. Rees had not been a Private Secretary, he might have been a first-rate journalist."—*The Times of India*, 23rd May 1890.

"Mr. J. D. Rees's narrative of Lord Connemara's late Tour from Ootacamund to Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Conjeeveram, Bezwada, Cumbum and Madras is just as lively and instructive as any of its eleven predecessors. No higher praise need be desired. The monograph reflects the cheery spirit in which it is the habit of his Excellency to go round about the country, and to make the acquaintance of all sorts and conditions of men; and it is instinct with bright little touches and clever allusions."—*The Madras Mail*, 22nd October 1890.

"We have never read any of the narratives which the Private Secretary to the Governor of Madras devotes to Lord Connemara's official tours without thinking how much more they tell about the 'Material and Moral Progress of India' than the somewhat dreary blue-books to which that title is attached. Mr. Rees is a traveller who goes about with a keen perception of all that is wo.. hearing and seeing in the country through which he passes, and, with all respect to Lord Connemara, we sometimes wish in reading these admirable tour reports of his that his Private Secretary were put upon even better work than that of historiographer of His Excellency's useful and industrious progresses . . . . . Mr. Rees never loses sight of the picturesque, either in the objective form of natural beauty or in the subjective form of historical association and tradition . . . . In reading it, one thinks now and then of Arthur Young, and wishes that Young's blind mare, with Mr. Rees mounted, were available for the task of a tour of inquiry through India. What a delightfully informing book we should have!"—*The Bombay Gazette*, 23rd October 1890.

"The allusive touches by which Mr. Rees contrives to make the report of an official tour by Lord Connemara to blossom like the rose . . . . The description of the opening of the tour carries one away."—*The Englishman*, 23rd October 1890.

"We have been enlivened by the publication of one of Mr. Rees's excellent records of gubernatorial journeyings . . . . A great traveller, and a widely learned linguist, Mr. Rees spares no pains to fit himself for the highest duties, and I expect to live to see him following somewhat in the steps of Sir Richard Temple."—*The Madras Times*, 27th October 1890.

"Lord Connemara's recent Twelfth Tour is described by Mr. Rees in another of those pleasant and interesting narratives of gubernatorial tours which have made the author famous."—*Pioneer*, 23rd October 1890.

"That Mr. Rees is a facile writer none can deny. His polished periods, his lively touches and his humorous anecdotes carry us along in full sympathy."—*Madras Standard*, 29th October 1890.

"The account which Mr. J. D. Rees has written of Lord Connemara's autumn tour is not less graphic and picturesque than those of previous years, while in some respects more instructive than any. As Mr. Rees grows older, he seems, if possible, to grow more inquisitive, and the result is that the record of his last journey contains much of interest and value regarding the conditions and habits of the people, their arts and industries, the state of agriculture, the resources of the province and the prospects of railway development."—*Pioneer*, 26th October 1890.

Mr. Rees's account of Lord Connemara's recent tour is so good that we can almost forgive him for his cold-water article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Hindu Marriage Reform. These gubernatorial records, however, are always good, as indeed is every thing that Mr. Rees writes,—at any rate, from the literary point of view; and the very fact that, by all official custom and tradition, record-work of this kind is, as a rule, as dull as a wet Sunday, seems to arouse the writer in the present case to a keen sense of the richness of the material he is dealing with, and to the opportunity which it affords of literary development. At any rate, we know of no more delightful reading so far as any part of Indian administration is concerned than these travel papers of Mr. Rees,—the true oases in the sandy desert of wearisome blue-books and exasperating official papers of every sort."—*The Times of India*, 31st October 1890.

"Mr. Rees, Lord Connemara's Private Secretary, as usual accompanied him, and has added another volume to the little library of brilliantly-written records of visits to districts out of the pathway of the ordinary traveller."—*The Liverpool Daily Post*, 5th November 1890.

"Mr. Rees wrote the reports of tours in the Madras Presidency which attracted wide notice in India and at home from their brilliant unconventional style." *The Hawk*, 6th January 1891.

NARRATIVES

OF

TOURS IN INDIA

MADE BY

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CONNEMARA, G.C.I.E.,
GOVERNOR OF MADRAS.

1886—1890.

BY

J. D. REES,

Companion of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire; Collector and Magistrate, Nilgiris; Persian and Hindustani Translator to the Madras Government; Fellow of the University of Madras; Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; Member of the Royal Asiatic Society and of the Geographical Society of Paris; some time Translator to the Government of Madras in Tamil and Telugu.

MADRAS:
PUBLISHED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT,
GOVERNMENT PRESS.

1891.

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PRINTED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT,
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PREFACE.

THE first of the following Narratives of Tours, made in India between the years 1886 and 1890, was written for private circulation, that friends at home might know what Lord Connemara and his staff were doing in India. A copy of the first narrative, how I know not, was communicated to the English Press and was very favourably reviewed. The Editors of certain Indian newspapers then asked that they might be supplied with copies; and, as there was nothing confidential in the narratives, their requests were granted. In this way these papers, which were originally meant to be private, and were intended for home consumption, have been made public, and they are now reprinted in a book form in accordance with suggestions made by many literary, official, and journalistic friends. The eighth and ninth, and a portion of the tenth narratives were written by Mr. Claude Vincent, who performed my duties, during my absence in England last year. The rest are my own composition, and I am responsible for the accuracy of the information they contain, and for the opinions which are expressed in them.

MADRAS,
7th Dec. 1890.

J. D. REES.

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MAP
of the
MADRAS PRESIDENCY
to illustrate Chapter I of Mr. Rees's Narrative

Scale 1 Inch = 128 Miles

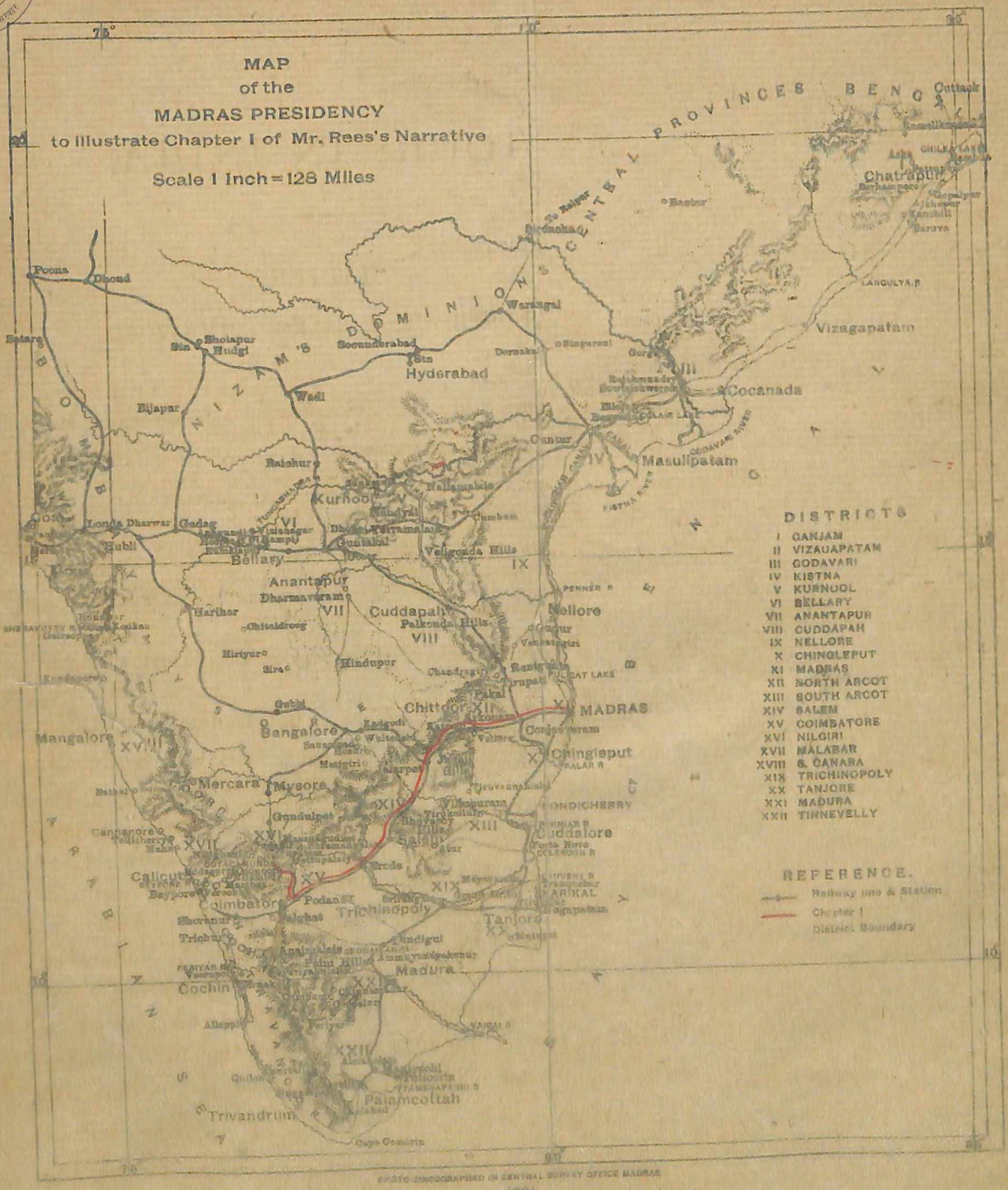


PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL SURVEY OFFICE MADRAS
1891

TOURS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

NORTH ARCOT, SALEM, COIMBATORE.

Departure from Madras—Our party—Gathering at Railway Station—Maharajah of Vizianagram—"Sakuntala"—Forest fires—Address from Hindu Brethren of Wallajnagar—Arrival at Katpadi—Vellore jail—Lingam Lakshmaji—Fort—Kalyanamantapam—Ex-zemindar of Palcondah—Mission school—Tombs of Tippoo Sultan's relatives—Mussulman Stipendiaries—Reception at Salem—Rev. Mr. Foulkes—Salem riots—Curious mottoes—More addresses—Shevapett mosque—Condition of town—Native entertainment—Central jail—Prisoner's petition—Local dispensary—Weaving industry—A busy afternoon—Arrival at Coimbatore—Visits to local institutions—Sir Thomas Munro—Village Munsiffs' bill—Horse-breeding establishment—At Mettapolliem—*En route* to Hills—Burliar gardens—Mr. Lawson—Colonel Jago—Mr. Burrows—Municipal address at Charing Cross—Arrival at Ootacamund.

On March 30th, 1887, we * left Madras for the first time since the Governor's arrival on the 8th of December 1886 from England. A very large assembly of gentlemen, European and Native, and of European ladies were present on the platform at 5-30 P.M. to see us start. Members of Council, Maharajas, ex-Dewans of Native States, Military officers, Civil officers, representatives of the Press, all seemed to express a feeling of genuine regret that the Governor was leaving. The presence of the Body Guard of

* His Excellency the Lord Connemara.
Mr. Rees, Private Secretary.
The Viscount Marsham, A.D.C.

Lancers in scarlet tunics, well-mounted and well-dressed, a general feature of such departures from Madras, was not absent on this occasion. Of the chiefs present on the platform, perhaps the Maharaja of Vizianagram looked the most distinguished. The night before starting we had sat up till past midnight seeing his theatrical company perform in Sanskrit the well-known drama of Sakuntala, or the missing Ring, in which we have such charming pictures of early Indian womanhood.

The Agent of the Railway came with us to Arkónam, where we dined extremely well in the Refreshment Room of the Railway Company. The Superintendent of Police met us here, and after leaving the station, the train moved on through the night towards Vellore our destination, and on the way forest-fires, raging in the hills on our left, made the line of march one grand illumination. The outline of the hills was marked in fire. This is one of the evils which we hope the new Forest Rules will prevent.

As we passed Arcot, the "Hindu Brethren of Wallajahnaggar" presented a comprehensive address on the platform, which there was no time to answer. At 10 o'clock we got to Kátpádi, the station whence Vellore and Chittoor, the chief towns of the North Arcot District, are reached. Here we were met by Mr. Crole, the Judge, and Mr. Glenny, the Collector, who kindly entertained us for the night in a little camp near the railway station.

To those, who have not visited India, it will be necessary to explain that the Collector is the adminis-

trator of a district and the agent of Government, and Chief Magistrate within a charge, which may run in Madras Presidency from 2,000 to 10,000 square miles. His somewhat misleading designation is derived from the fact, that he is responsible for the revenue of his district, which may amount to as much as half a million sterling, the largest portion of which is paid as land assessment. Actual collections are made by native officers in every village. A certain number of such village officers pay in their collections to another functionary, who again deposits them in the treasury of a superior official, having authority over a large number of villages, whose subordinate he is. A certain number of these superior native officers are in turn under the authority of an officer in charge of a division of a district, and the last named officer, and all others in charge of such divisions are subordinate to the Collector, who is personally responsible to the Government.

Next morning at 6 o'clock we rode to Vellore and visited first the Central Jail, one of the most important in the Presidency. Colonel McLeod, the Superintendent, and the Medical Officer met us here. We had some conversation with a State prisoner, and with the notorious convict Lingam Lakshmaji, once Agent to the Maharaja of Jeypore in Vizagapatam, once Deputy Inspector of Schools, Author, Pandit, Patron of the drama, Sanskritist, writer of Latin essays, and now undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for forgery. Under the orders of Government this individual is allowed special privileges

during his imprisonment. He is employed on literary work. The solitary wards, the industrial section where admirable carpets are made, the gunny bag weaving, and the purdah-making were all inspected.

To the prolonged visit to this very interesting jail, succeeded a visit to the not less interesting fort,—the old fort of Vellore,—built of massive granite stone, and surrounded by a broad wet ditch, up to which gently slopes the grassy *glacis*. Inside the fort the most beautiful specimen of architecture is the Kalyana-mantapam, or marriage-porch, the carvings of which are very remarkable. There are also large mansions in which State prisoners used to be kept, and here the ex-Zemindar of Palcondah, whose case has more than once been before Parliament, lived for many years. The Governor conversed with him for some time and promised to consider a petition he is about to present to Government. He expressed himself very much pleased with his reception. He speaks no English, and is an infirm, but not undignified old gentleman. All that Government can do to alleviate his lot has been done for him. It is hopeless now to consider whether or not he should have been otherwise treated when a child.

We lunched with the Sub-Collector, and there met the District Engineer, the Head Assistant Collector, and others. After luncheon the school of the Free Church of Scotland had to be visited, and the tombs of the relatives of Tippu Sultan to be seen. There is a large Mussulman population in Vellore, many of whom draw stipends from Government in consider-

ation of their relationship to, or dependence upon, the ex-royal family of Mysore.

After dining again in the little camp with Mr. Glenny, we got into our railway carriages, and, during the night, were carried on to Salem, which we reached in the early morning. Nothing at Vellore gave more pleasure than the condition of the Central Jail, which is attributable chiefly to Colonel McLeod, its Superintendent, who has been in charge for many years.

On the morning of the 1st of April, Mr. McWatters, the Collector, the Judge, the Superintendent of Police, Mr. Cavendish, the Superintendent of Jail, and others met the Governor on the platform, and we soon started for Salem, which is about as far from the station as are Vellore, and most other populous places, along the Madras Railway. Arches of flowers were erected across the road, and inscriptions in various languages put up. At the gateway of the town the Rev. Mr. Foulkes, whose wife is one of the few European Zemindars, together with a deputation of citizens, stopped Lord Connemara to present him with an address. The streets were crowded to overflowing with people. Flowers, garlands, bags of scent were thrown on to the carriages. No one would have thought that as lately as 1882 the Hindus and Mussulmans of this town had been at daggers-drawn, and that a riot had ensued which called for the intervention of the Military before it was put down. Some of the mottoes on the arches were rather curious. At the hospital an archway bore the inscription "Never say die;" at the Collector's house there was another, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. French, Latin,

Tamil, Sanskrit and English proved insufficient to express all the feelings of the good people of Salem, who gave His Excellency a very handsome and very hearty reception.

At 5 o'clock in the evening a Hindu address and a Mussulman address were presented, to both of which a reply was of course given. Next we went to see the mosque at Shevapett, the proximate cause of the riots referred to above. The afternoon was occupied in acquiring information concerning the industrial and sanitary condition of the town, the various aspects of the railway question, the water-supply and other matters, which it will take much time and much money to bring to a satisfactory conclusion. Several matters of detail, which were referred to in the various addresses presented, were also noted and an opportunity was taken to express an earnest hope that the Mussulman community, here and elsewhere, would improve in education and advance in enterprise.

At night a native entertainment was given at the Collector's office, where the usual dances, and songs were performed, and sung.

Next morning early the Central Jail was inspected. One of the prisoners had a petition to present. He said he had often been in jail, in fact, could not keep out of it. No sooner was he released than he again got into mischief, he felt that he was a great expense to Government, and gave a great deal of trouble, and he could see nothing for it, but that he should be provided with an appointment, and so settled for life.

At the Dispensary little was elicited except the complaint of the Doctor, that the instruments supplied

by the Store Department of the India Office were not so good as they might be. Enquiry has shown, however, that such complaints seldom bear examination.

One of the chief industries of Salem is weaving, which, it is feared, is rather in a depressed condition.

In the afternoon the Governor, accompanied by the Collector, visited the weavers' quarter, next inspected the Collector's and Forest Offices, gave away prizes at the Salem College, and visited the London Mission School.

After this fairly busy day, we dined at 7 o'clock and drove to the station, halting at a very fine archway erected by the late Station Master, and left at 9 o'clock for Coimbatore, where we arrived in the early morning on the 3rd of April, and where we were met by the Collector Mr. Willock, the Judge, Mr. Stokes, and many others.

No time was lost in commencing business, and after a drive around the town, we visited the Normal School, the Taluk Office, and the Municipal market, where an address was presented by the Municipality, and where the leading natives of the town were introduced to His Excellency. In replying to this address, the Governor took the opportunity to say that though heads of villages might not, when acting in a judicial capacity, give universal satisfaction, the existing state of things was brought about by no less distinguished an authority than Sir Thomas Munro, and that he would have to consider the subject in all its bearings, and could not promise at present that any changes should be made. He thought, however, that it was probable that greater powers of supervision over the

Village Munsifs might be conceded to superior courts. A Bill to bring this about and to remedy other defects in the existing state of affairs will shortly be before the Legislative Council. In fact where there is a competent Village Head, in whom the people have confidence, he does a great deal of useful work. In a village in Tinnevelly, in which I resided, the sole European inhabitant, for upwards of a year, the Munsif, had a capital court-house, sat on a bench covered with green baize, conducted business with much dignity, did substantial justice, and always had his hands full.

The jail was visited and various points were noted for communication to the Secretariat, more particularly concerning the treatment of juvenile criminals. The Government horse-breeding establishment received attention, six stallions were inspected, and a dinner party concluded a long day.

We slept in the train and awoke next morning at Mettupálaiyam at the foot of the Hills. On the way up the ghaut the Governor inspected the Burliar Gardens, where we were met by Mr. Lawson, and afterwards proceeded to Coonoor, where the General Commanding the Division and his Staff, Colonel Jago, Master of the Nílgiri Hounds, Mr. Burrows, the Collector, and many others received us. After a brief halt for breakfast, we rode into Ootacamund, where an address of welcome was read by the Municipality at Charing Cross, who hoped that His Excellency would like the place, and were assured, in return, that he looked forward with great confidence to find a happy summer home among them on the Nílgiris.

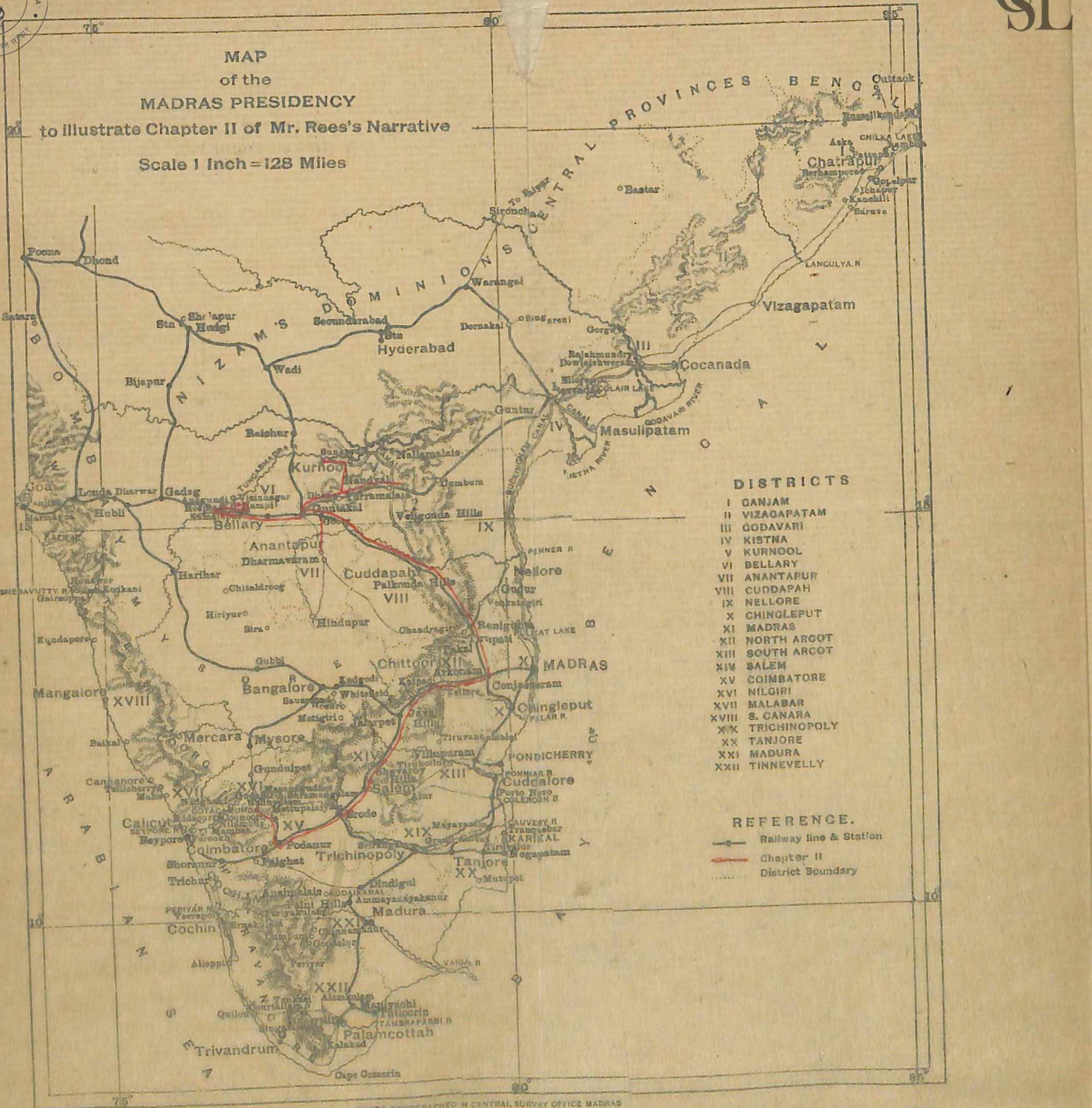


PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHED N CENTRAL SURVEY OFFICE MADRAS

1891

CHAPTER II.

BELLARY, ANANTAPUR, KURNOOL.

Departure from Ootacamund—Our party—At Mettapolliem—Anamalai Hills—Salem—Renigunta—Sacred Tirupati—Nellore State Railway—Kodur and Mamandur Reserves—Sir Dietrich Brandis—Cuddapah—Guntakal—Southern Mahratta Railway—Bellary—Raja of Sandur—His State—Levée—Military Hospital—Fort Church—Madras Cavalry Lines—Messrs. Sabapathy and Company's mills—Sir Ramasawmy's Lying-in Hospital—Thugs—*En route* to Hospett—Darojee tank—Our party—From Hospett to Vijianagar—An accident—A panther at large—Humpi ruins—Duarte Barbosa—Old Vizianagar—Pampatiswami temple—Picturesque sights—Vigneswara Swami—Mantapams—Nizam's frontier—Fallen temples—Elephant stables—Deserted zenanas—Ryots' indifference—Megasthenes on India—Vittalswami's pagoda—Indian squirrels—Legend from Ramayana—Bathing ghaut—Torii-like monoliths—Anagundi—Coracles—Jain temples—Native club—London Mission schools Sisters of the Convent of Good Shepherd—Entertainment at Prince of Wales' choultry—People's Association address—Technical education—Sanscrit address—Sham fight—Burmese dacoits—Gooty—Sir Thomas Munro's tomb—Anantapur—Addresses at Munro's cutcherry—Replies—Buckacherla project—Pamedy cloths—Dharmavaram silks—Address at High school—Sir M. E. Grant Duff—Jubilee Park—People's Association address—Gooty fortress—Ascent of hill—A Mahratta General—Dhone—*Tooma* trees—Hindry—Sir Arthur Cotton's canal—Kurnool—Sunkesala—Canal journey—Nawab of Banganapalle—His brother-in-law—Addresses—Local water-supply—Native entertainment—Nandyal—Yerramalais—Viaduct—Visit to Cuddapah postponed—Ascent of ghaut—Results of Tour.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 26th July 1887, we* left Ootacamund and proceeded out of a raincloud to the sunshine of Coonoor, ten miles, whence we descended into the heat of the lower regions of Coimbatore.

* H.E. the Lord Connemara.
Mr. J. D. Rees, Private Secretary.
Major Stewart-Mackenzie, 9th Lancers, Military Secretary.
Captain Wyndham Quin, 16th Lancers, A.D.C.

Next morning, at 4 o'clock, the English mail was delivered at Arkonam, where we breakfasted. At 10 o'clock we proceeded by the ordinary train, through Karvetnagar Zemindari, to Renigunta, the station for the sacred town of Tirupati, which has recently become the junction for the State Railway to Nellore, which, it is hoped, will enable the Government of Madras to grapple more effectually with famine, should it unhappily again attack us, and which opens out a tract of country hitherto cut off from the district served by the railway. The Engineers employed on the railway, here explained the progress of the line over which at present goods are being carried, and which, in a month or two hence, will, it is hoped, be open for passenger traffic. Mr. Higgens, the Forest Officer, had come hither to accompany us to Cuddapah, and, on the way through the Kodur and Mamandur Reserves, he described the operations now in progress in connection with forest preservation in those and other adjoining localities, of which he has special knowledge, having served in the Cuddapah district for some ten years, and having himself been in charge of the forest operations in the district for five years. Like myself, he had sat at the feet of Sir Dietrich Brandis, under the spell of whose energy and ability, a love of forest business sinks deep into the soul.

Arrived at Cuddapah, we were met by the Collector, Mr. Gabriel Stokes, the Judge, Superintendent of Police, and others. Mr. Stokes then took us for a drive when we saw the new office being built for the Collector, and the chief sights of the town, in which

cholera in a mild form was present. The large tank adjoining the Collector's house was quite dry, though there were signs of rain along the line as it passed over fields cultivated with cholum, indigo, raggi, and other crops. After dining at the Collector's and learning that cholera was on the decrease, we went to our carriages, which were shunted off into a siding on the railway, until 1-30 A.M., when the mail train from Madras took us on to Guntakal. At Guntakal junction, whence the branch line to Bellary leaves the main Madras line, we were met by Messrs. Wilkinson and McClouhin, of the Southern Mahratta Railway Company, who gave us much information concerning the proposed extension of that railway to join the Mysore line, which has since been completed, and concerning the traffic on the section thereof which extends from Gadag to Hudgi, which, he said, was satisfactory and increasing. It will be remembered that the line from Guntakal to Bellary has quite recently been made over to the Southern Mahratta Railway, the broad-gauge line having been taken up and the rail laid down on the Indian metre gauge—the gauge on which the whole of Southern Mahratta system is constructed.

After passing through a plain of black cotton soil, relieved by little droogs, or rocky hills, at intervals, we reached Bellary at 10-45, where the Collector, Mr. Winterbotham, the Judge, Mr. Goldingham, the officers commanding the different regiments and batteries stationed at Bellary, and a large number of persons were assembled. A guard of honour of the Bedfordshire Regiment was drawn up on the platform,

where the Municipal Commissioners presented an address, which was briefly acknowledged.

After this the party drove to the Collector's house with an escort of the 2nd Madras Lancers. At 4 P.M., the Raja of the tiny valley of Sandur came to pay his respects and present his gift or nazzar. The State of Sandur is an interesting survival of the Mahratta dominion. Within his 160 square miles, the Raja has plenary powers extending to life and death, subject to the approval of the Madras Government. He is a comely, frank, and well-mannered young man, speaking Hindustani well, and a very little English. With him were two of his relations and his Dewan or Minister, Mr. Firth. Lord Connemara told the Raja that he was glad to hear that things were going on well in his little State, and that it would be the constant aim of the British Government to afford every protection to Native States, which represent the old families and past history of the country. To this the Raja replied that he not only dwelt secure under the shadow of the British Raj, but was, in fact, British himself, and was not to be spoken of as separate. His Excellency said he hoped to welcome the Raja one day at Madras, and then he and his relatives departed, after presenting a number of trays of flowers, sweetmeats, betel, raisins, and the like, all of which were touched by the Governor.

To this function succeeded a levée, at which all the chief European and native inhabitants of the town and district were presented to the Governor, who spoke a few words, in almost every case, to those

introduced. The native officers of the regiments quartered at Bellary also filed past. The business and pleasures of the day were not yet over, and at ½ past 5 came a garden party at which the ladies of the station were presented. The country around Bellary, which not long since had presented an arid and burnt-up appearance, was now fairly green and not unpleasant to look at.

Next morning, the 29th, at ½ past 6, there was a parade of the troops of the garrison. The 2nd Madras Lancers, Field Batteries S/I and G/II, Royal Artillery, the 6th Madras Native Infantry, and a wing of the Bedfordshire Regiment, the other wing of which is in Madras, were on parade. Afterwards His Excellency, in company with Colonel Parsons, Officiating Brigadier-General, inspected the Military hospital—a fine building adjacent to the Parade Ground. The Fort Church was next visited, in company with Mr. Williams, the Chaplain, and, lastly, before returning home for breakfast, the lines of the Madras Cavalry Regiment. Colonels Parsons and Galloway explained the internal economy of the regiment, and the Veterinary Surgeon, who was present, testified to the healthiness of Bellary, as a station for horses. At 1 o'clock, the Mills of Messrs. Sabapathy and Co. were visited, and Mr. Sabapathy and some of his partners showed Lord Connemara over the extensive works and explained the uses of the elaborate machinery. Up till now spinning only was effected in these mills, but, of late, cloths have been woven which are in large demand for local use. At 4 P.M., the Civil Hospital

and the District Jail claimed attention. His Excellency was much interested by his visit to the former institution, and suggested the addition of a Lying-in Hospital similar to that attached to the Monegar Choultry at Madras by the bounty of Sir Ramaswami Moodelliar. One of the patients at the hospital had endeavoured to burn himself by drinking kerosine oil and then setting fire to his clothes. A sad case was that of a pilgrim on his return from Ramesvaram to Benares, whose strength failed him by the way. Such cases are by no means uncommon in this district. The poorer pilgrims succumb, on the road, to disease and fatigue, and their miseries are frequently alleviated in institutions such as these. At the Jail, two venerable-looking prisoners, who had been convicted as Thugs and had spent 30 years in prison, seemed, at first sight, to be fitting subjects for mercy, as did a State prisoner from Malabar; but here, as in the case of Lord Lytton's Frontier petitioner, the constituted authorities have first to be consulted. After a brief visit to the European Club, there was only just time to keep an engagement to dine with the Bedfordshire Regiment, to which succeeded a very enjoyable dance given by the residents of the station at the Masonic Hall. The Governor replied briefly to the kindly words of welcome uttered, on behalf of the hosts, by Mr. Goldingham, the District Judge. Distances are very great in Bellary, and, at 2 A.M., when the party retired to bed, all its members thought they had done a pretty good day's work.

Next morning, at 11, a start was made for Hos-

pet by the Southern Mahratta Railway, and the greater part of the three and-a-half hours occupied in accomplishing the 40 miles that intervened were spent in getting through arrears of papers which had accumulated in the hands of the Private Secretary in the last two days. There was time, however, to observe the country as we passed through it, and the most noticeable features were the Darojee tank, and the flourishing little forest reserve abutting on its waterspread. Besides the members of the Governor's staff, Mr. and Mrs. Winterbotham, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Major Vernon accompanied the party. On either side of the railway were fields of young cholum all the way. After lunching at the station, we drove in our own carriages the seven miles intervening between Hospet and Kamalapur, one of the two little villages which now mark the site of the once famous city of Vijianagur. On the way one of our carriages broke down, the axle giving way. This damage was speedily repaired, in a temporary fashion, by the resourceful natives of the place. On the way we got news of the presence of a panther in the rocks hard by, and most of our party went off with rifles and police carbines to shoot it. The animal, frightened by this war-like demonstration, and even more so by the crowd of natives who surrounded the cave in which he had been seen to take refuge, declined to leave it, though efforts were made to smoke him out, and worry and frighten him out in every conceivable way.

On the morning of the 31st, soon after daybreak, we drove to Pampapatiswami temple at Hampi, the

other of the two villages in the ruins of Vijianagur. Duarte Barbosa, a traveller of the 16th century, whose works have been published by the Hakluyt Society, gives a most interesting account of the glories of Vijianagur before it was sacked by the king of Beejapore, the ruins of whose capital are briefly referred to at the end of chapter XIII. Amongst other things, he says that the king was always waited upon by women, and that the fairest ladies in the kingdom followed the camp in war, so that the brave who distinguished themselves in battle might at once receive their reward. The editor of the volume in the Hakluyt series above referred to, has pointed out that Plato provided in his Republic, that the bravest men might kiss, and be kissed by the loveliest women, without stint or reserve.

A good road wound round the rocky hills, on which, and between which, and around which, the great city once extended. A channel from the Tungabhadra, on the banks of which river the city stood, irrigates the deserted site. Hence it is that, unlike the ruins of most of the cities of old times, those of Vijianagur present a pleasing and attractive aspect to the traveller. After passing ruined temples and many-pillared hostelries, the ruins of a columned hall stand close by the road, and here the rice-cultivation presses up to the deserted dwelling. Next, a long and regular street of ruined pavilions is reached, between which lies a green cluster of cocoanut trees which glisten in the morning sun. The ground is everywhere uneven, and on most of the little hills are

gigantic boulders with tiny temples perched upon the upper stones, and below cavern dwellings, partly natural and partly carved. At one point on the road-side is a colossal image of Vignesvaraswami, the god who removes obstacles; and a little beyond this is the main street, at one end of which is the Sivite temple of Pampapatiswami, whose hearth is still warm and to whose festival tens of thousands of natives still flock in the spring. In a broad and handsome street, flanked on either side, as everywhere in this historic city, by pillared halls or *mantapams*, are crowded together the few native huts that make up the modern village of Hampi. To the west of this street flows the Tungabhadra, and, at the lower end thereof, a flight of steps leads over a saddle, on the other side of which is a valley between the rocky hills, leading again to the river, through a street like that just described, and with the usual temple at the end remote from the water. Above this rises a hill of greater height and of easier access than most of those around. By the roughest of stone steps you may ascend to the little temple that crowns its summit, whence a fine view can be obtained of the ruined city, as a whole. On every side you see fallen temples and pavilions, and rocky hills covered with huge boulders, and little valleys below them marked like chessboards with small square fields of rice divided by little green banks. At one point the remains of an ancient bridge may be seen leading across to the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad, between whose territories and ours the river is the boundary. Woods, or, as one

would say in India, gardens, of cocoanut trees relieve the monotony of cultivation, and across the river in the Nizam's country nothing meets the eye but a tangle of rocky hills and stony valleys between. On almost every hill were huge rocking stones—or stones that looked as if they might have rocked—poised across larger horizontal rocks. Such stones exist nowhere else, unless it be in the fabulous city of Kor, of which we have lately heard so much. On many of these rocks are little kiosques, three pillars and a hood, light and airy structures that a breath of wind might, you would say, almost lift into river or valley below. Elephant stables, zenanas, where squirrels and blood-suckers revel in the former home of beauty and intrigue, concert hall and council chamber, make up a vision of the past, while around it the patient and contented ryot cultivates his rice and cocoanuts, thinks little of the past, and, notwithstanding his supposed passion for representative government, absolutely nothing of the future. His indifference is sublime. Is it not recorded that, when Mussulman and Hindu were fighting for supremacy in the south of India, he went on with his cultivation and barely took the trouble to ask who had gained the day, and did not Megasthenes take note of a similar phenomenon upwards of 2,000 years ago?

The finest of the temples lies in one of the most solitary of the clefts in the hills of heaped-up boulders of gneiss. The carving and the architecture of Vittalswami's pagoda are not surpassed in the south of India. Three large white monkeys were in posses-

sion, and they made way with reluctance for two Europeans. There are no boys about here, and, if there were, Hindu boys do not throw stones at animals. Monkeys and squirrels therefore walk about with the confidence begotten of experience. Not the English squirrel, but a small and pretty beast with three gold marks down his back. These are the marks of the fingers of Rama, who once stroked his ancestor, in token of appreciation, since which day all squirrels wear a coat of the same pattern. On the path leading from this temple to the steps of the bathing ghât is a stone arch, one transverse and two upright monoliths, curiously like the Torii found in front of every Shinto temple in Japan, but here said to have been used as scales on which to weigh rich pilgrims, who had to give to the god their own weight in gold. In all these ruins the sacred banyan (*Ficus religiosa*) hurries on the work of destruction. It sprouts in the clefts of the temples, and twines around the stones to the ultimate destruction of the edifice it adorns. The mango and the tamarind, less sacred and destructive, beautify the precincts of the holy places.

Our camp here as elsewhere was most comfortable, thanks to the excellent arrangements made by the servants under the direction of the Military Secretary. Captain Wyndham-Quin, when he awoke every morning, would send his servant to "see if Polliam butler was there, and if so, to ask him where we are, and where we are going next." Such confidence had we in our native retainers.

At Anagundi, on the other side of the Tunga-

bhadra, dwell some representatives of the fallen house of Vijianagur. Across the river is a ferry; the transit is accomplished in coracles, round bamboo-baskets made water-tight by buffalo hides. You would find little difference between them and the coracle of the Severn, or the gouffa of the Tigris, each of which appears, at first sight, in its own way, unique.

I pass over the Jain temples and a modern Hindu temple, on the sloping steps of which you may see the graceful Brahmin woman emerging like a Hindu Venus from the river with all her dripping garments clinging round her shapely form. Two pleasant days have been spent in visiting these ruins, but two pages of description may prove too much. Midday on the third day, the 1st of August, we started back for Bellary, driving to Hospet, where, as at Kamalapur, cholera, now, as in the palmy days of Vijianagur, one of the scourges of the country, had made its dreaded appearance. At Hospet an Assistant to the Magistrate of the Bellary district, with his wife, lives in a Mussalman tomb which has been converted into a dwelling-house. Nothing can be less sepulchral, nevertheless, than the air of the place or the appearance of its inhabitants.

Arrived at Bellary, room was just found for a little rest, and next day, on the 2nd, the usual round commenced of functions, inspections, and interviews. The People's Association, by their chosen delegates, had something to say about irrigation projects, the conduct of public affairs, and what not; the native

officials, who desired interviews, had also to be received.

In the afternoon, the first place to visit was the Native Club, where lawyers, merchants, Government officials, and other native gentlemen of Bellary town, play billiards, read the papers, and abuse the Government, just like Englishmen. Next came the London Mission Schools, where some hundreds of Canarese and Telugu boys are educated Englishwise. The Bible is taught in the school; but there is no effort made to convert the pupils. One of the senior boys read an address, in which he said that all the boys were His Excellency's children. Lord Connemara, in reply, said it was true that, in one sense, he was the father of a very large family of over thirty millions; that, in any case, he hoped that all his children who were studying in that school would pass the examinations for which they might go up, and, if they failed, would try again. The Convent of the Good Shepherd proved a most interesting institution, and the Sisters, clad in white serge and black hoods, had made their surroundings, in the hideous cantonment of Bellary, as charming as spotless cleanliness and good taste could make them. A pleasant dinner with the 2nd Madras Lancers, which regiment had recently returned from Burma, was not the last event of the day, for, to it succeeded an entertainment at the Native Hostelry, or Choultry, built to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Wales. Here a long address was read by the People's Association, dealing with irrigation, the alleged corruption of native officials,

and other subjects. To this the Governor replied promising to look further into the Tungabhadra project, with which he was already acquainted, and, with reference to what was said about the native officials, to consider the rules relating to the length of the tenure of their appointments in one locality. His Excellency expressed himself strongly averse to frequent changes.

We went to bed with songs in Canarese, Telugu, and Hindustani ringing in our ears, and, after a short night, got up early on the 3rd of August to visit the Protestant Orphanage and the High School, and to breakfast with the 6th Madras Infantry. At the Orphanage, occasion was taken to express satisfaction at the practical turn that education took in that institution, where a carpentry class for boys is maintained. At the High School, a Sanscrit address, composed in honour of the Governor, was read by one of the masters.

In the afternoon, a native officer of the 2nd Madras Lancers gave an entertainment, to which all our party were bidden. The most interesting event in the programme was a realistic representation of the capture of a village of Burmese dacoits by a squadron of the regiment, which has recently returned from that country. With leaves and palms a sham village was made, from behind which the dacoits fusilladed the advancing Lancers, who came on, nevertheless, accompanied by their interpreter, in the national costume, mounted on a Pegu pony. The dacoits were speedily routed, and, as they ran away, when caught,

threw themselves on the ground before the horses' fore legs, and cried for mercy. The chief of the dacoits, the Boh, was finally tried for his life, found guilty, and executed on the spot with summary military justice. After which he got up, and walked home, and we went to dress for dinner. The interpreter on the Pegu pony was a great feature of the show, and no one could be shot or even aimed at, till this functionary declared him to be the right man.

Next morning, Thursday, 4th, at 5 o'clock, a large assembly of Bellary people and not a few ladies got up to see His Excellency leave and bid him goodbye, and, before 10 o'clock, the train drew up at Gooty within sight of the high and precipitous rock, the abandoned fort on the top of which has, in its day, played no unimportant a part in the history of the Ceded Districts. In the cemetery at the foot of the hill is the cenotaph of Sir Thomas Munro, whose remains were transferred to Madras, and who died at a village 15 miles away, while taking a last fond look at the people of this part of the country, for whose welfare he had, long before he became Governor of Madras, laboured so wisely and so well.

It is a hot drive of 32 miles, between fields of young cholum and castor-oil, along a road bordered with acacias, which, at one point, crosses the now dry bed of the Pennér, to Anantapur, the capital of a new district lately created out of a portion of Bellary. Everything here is quite new, and you step out of the house door into a wilderness. However, there was much to be learnt about the condition of the people,

the incidence of the extra taxation recently introduced under Lord Ripon's self-government scheme, about the Forest Department, the new buildings which Government is erecting at large expense, and many other subjects of the like and of a different nature.

The district, though till lately only a piece of Bellary, is 5,000 odd very dry square miles in extent. The Governor spent the greater part of the day in going through railway and irrigation schemes with Colonel Hasted, and Mr. Nicholson, officers who know the district well, and have its welfare much at heart. In the afternoon, no less than four addresses were presented on the classic ground of Munro's office. In reply to these addresses, His Excellency said what pleasure it gave him to visit the scenes of the earlier career of that distinguished administrator, whose example he thought every one in high office in India would do well to imitate. He promised that the Bukacherla Irrigation Project should be reconsidered in the light of the new suggestions now made; and the various points touched in the different addresses were replied to in the guarded manner necessary, as great care has to be taken not to raise false hopes, or to accept too readily statements which, however plausible and made in perfect good faith, are merely *ex parte* statements. The cloths of Pamidy and the silks of Dharmavaram were hung around the room. The native gentlemen present were introduced to His Excellency, who next proceeded to the High School, where, as usual, an address was received and answered. Lord Connemara took the opportunity to say that the

establishment of the school was due to the visit of his distinguished predecessor Sir M. E. Grant Duff. The Jubilee Park, in which, as in other good works, Mr. Nicholson is so much interested, the hospital, the new Collector's office, which seems at present all too grand for the place, were next inspected. The Assistant Commissioner of Salt Revenue had waited on His Excellency, in the course of the day, for the purpose of discussing the rise in the price of salt, which was referred to in the addresses, and which, it is to be hoped, is due, as the Governor trusted, "to local and temporary causes only." In the big tank, there was unfortunately not a drop of water; but on the way back to Gooty, next morning, signs of rain were manifest, and when we got to our camp, the tents were wet through and through.

In the afternoon the People's Association presented an address of an ordinary character with the usual references to irrigation works, and to the grateful recollection in which Sir Thomas Munro lives in the memory of the inhabitants, and not less Robertson, whose memory is as green as are the trees which he planted all over the country. Within sight of the fortress of Gooty, the central point around which Mahratta, Mussulman and Hindu have often fought, and which, though frequently attacked, has never actually been taken, His Excellency admonished the members of the deputation to remember that taxation was certainly not less light in the days of rapine and of plunder, than it is now when life and property are secure. During dinner the blessed rain, for which

we were all wishing, came down in torrents, testing the power of our tents to a considerable extent. The lights attracted innumerable animals, things creeping and things flying, and by the time coffee arrived very little of the table cloth could be seen. The most prominent animals were flying ants, which shed their wings, and seemed to get on quite as well without them, but thousands of these appendages strewed the table; and they say that the natives collect them and make them into curry. By-and-by frogs came to eat the insects, and other animals to eat the frogs, reminding one of Edwin Arnold's lines in the "Light of Asia":

> "How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
> And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
> The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
> The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
> The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
> Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,—
> Life living upon death."

The rain made the ascent of the hill next morning all the cooler. A fair road ascends to the ruins of the barracks, where quite lately Mr. Smith, sergeant of the Royal Engineers, came "on duty for the purpose of blowing up guns, and Mrs. Smith," for so he describes his mission in the book at the travellers' rest-house. The roughly-paved road is made of quartz, and of a purple-tinted stone like Egyptian porphyry. There are deep reservoirs and wells in every available place, and springs, if you may believe the people here, in the castellated top of the rocky precipice that forms the top of the hill. Here, on a little platform hanging

over a sheer rock, a Mahratta General, according to tradition, played for their lives with his captives, and hurled them over the precipice if they lost. The rest of the day was spent in writing English letters, in disposing of office-papers, and in getting ready for a start.

Next morning, August 8th, soon after 6 o'clock, Mr. Nicholson and Colonel and Mrs. Stuart saw us start for Kurnool. At Guntakal we had to change again to the new Bellary-Kistna State Railway, and proceed along the single metre gauge line 43 miles to Dhone, where the Collector of Kurnool, Mr. Kough, and the Superintendent of Police met us. After lunching at Dhone we proceeded to drive the 33 miles that intervene between the railway and the capital of the district. The country was green and the crops of cholum and castor-oil looked much more advanced than they had in Anantapur and Bellary. There were the numerous little forests of *tooma* trees in the beds of the tanks. A herd of antelope ran alongside the carriage, at a distance of a few hundred yards, for perhaps a mile, and along the road, at intervals, all the way to Kurnool, were stationed men holding red flags, and at the villages were triumphal arches with inscriptions. A mile or two before the town was reached, throngs of natives, in their holiday clothing, began to line the roads, and from the gateway to the Collector's house was one continuous well-dressed, good-tempered crowd, which proved more demonstrative in its welcome than is usual with Asiatics.

The Hindry is crossed by a fine bridge, and the

aqueduct of the Kurnool canal—an ill-fated work, which, initiated by Sir Arthur Cotton, was begun in 1863, and in 1882 was transferred, under a decree of the Court of Chancery, to the Secretary of State, the works being purchased by Government for over a million pounds sterling. The Secretary of State paid the Company £1,779,000 for the canal, the amount actually spent on it, and it now costs some £15,000 a-year to keep up, and yields a return of about £6,000. Irrigation is not practised much in the country through which the canal flows, and food-grains grow therein in ordinary years without other help than that of the rains from heaven; hence the failure of this great engineering work, which Government is sparing no efforts to convert into a moderate success. The first thing to be done in Kurnool was to inspect the head-works of the canal at Sunkesala, 17 miles up the river, and the Governor, accompanied by the Chief Engineer, accordingly started for this purpose next morning (9th).

The journey up the canal was uneventful, but for the slaughter of a crocodile, who, as he sunned himself on the bank, was shot from the boat. The 10th was a busy day, beginning with the reception of the Nawab of Banganapalle, who, like the Raja of Sandur, is the Liliputian king of 160 square miles of country. He is a fine-looking man, who drives himself about in a mail phaeton, and whose chief object in life is to obtain a salute. His brother-in-law was a more interesting person, and when the Governor asked him if he was a sportsman, which he looked all over,

replied that he preferred shooting to anything except fighting. His Excellency observed that these were the times of peace, and that it was necessary to find some other occupation, but the Nawab's brother-in-law replied that that was true, but if occasion should offer he was quite ready, for he much preferred fighting to anything else. So saying, he held up his curved scimitar with damascened handle and crimson velvet sheath, and said that this weapon was always at Her Majesty's disposal. Lord Connemara said he was sure of it, and asked the Nawab if it had been long in the family, to which he replied that it had been his father's and his grandfather's, and had often been unsheathed in battle. This fire-eater looked the character he assumed. His moustaches were fiercely brushed upwards, and bristled all around his mouth. He was very tall and very big and enveloped in innumerable white muslin petticoats. All these he tucked about him with solicitude, when he rode off on a white horse as bravely caparisoned, as he himself was dressed. Around him were spearmen and pikemen and bannermen, a motley and barbarous crew.

After him came many other less interesting personages, among whom, however, we must not reckon the representative of the family which, as lately as 1840, ruled in this district. He is in feeble health, and said he feared he should not live much longer to enjoy his pension. Indeed, he doubted if ever he should be able to pay a visit to the Governor again.

Then came addresses from the Municipality and from various Associations. These, though important

and interesting from an administrative point of view, are all very much alike, and do not bear repetition in a general account of a journey.

The drive around the town in the evening was full of interest. The streets were very prettily decorated, and the flat-roofed houses were thronged with interested spectators. Here and there the ruined palaces of Nawabs, and the fallen bastions of the ruined fort spoke of the past. At present one of the most important questions in Kurnool is that of the water-supply. The Tungabhadra water is brought in a channel from the river and distributed about the town. It is not, however, protected by pipes from contamination by subsoil drainage, and the municipality has a scheme, hitherto not fully matured or developed, for its protection and its improvement. Another allegation is that leakage from these channels has increased the fever, for which, and for cholera at different times, the place has had an unenviable reputation. It is curious to note that, while everywhere else the cry is for water, in Kurnool, where there is enough and to spare, complaints are made of the effects of too much of it. Some of the cisterns were inspected by the Governor, in company with the Chief Engineer for Irrigation and the local medical officer. In the evening there was a native entertainment given by a rich cotton merchant of the place. A native band played the *Roast Beef of Old England*, and various other English tunes, in very good time.

Rain had fallen during the previous day, and there was some doubt as to whether we should be able

to cross the river and get back to the railway. The journey, however, was successfully accomplished, and then we travelled up the Bellary-Kistna State Railway, as far as it is opened, to Nandyal, a large place which is desirous of being made the capital of the district. The line passes through the Yerramalais, by many a picturesque curve, through low scrub jungle, to reach the plain in which Nandyal is situated. At all stations along the road, crowds of natives were assembled to receive the Governor, with music and dancing and other demonstrations. Arrived at Nandyal, the Engineers took possession of the party, and, after the receipt of an address in a very handsomely decorated waiting-room at the railway, they ran the train down to their own quarters, and here the day's march of 80 miles came to an end, but not the day's business, for a native entertainment was to take place in the evening, at which all were present. On the morning of August 12th, at 4 A.M., the Governor with Colonel Hasted and Mr. La Touche, after a run of two hours, arrived in the middle of the jungle, and at the end of the line. They then got out and went about five miles in a trolly, out of which Lord Connemara was once upset, down to the village, which has sprung up since the works on the viaduct and tunnel have been commenced. The viaduct will be a large iron girder supported upon masonry about 200 feet down the valley. There was no time to visit the tunnel which is a mile further on. On the summit of the ghaut nothing could be more beautiful than the vast wooded hills, but there is no population, as the district is

pestilential from fever. The scenery recalls, in some features, the hilly country of New Brunswick.

Unhappily the jungle which makes it beautiful, makes it unhealthy. Generally 50 and occasionally 75 per cent. of the men working on the line are down with fever.

The programme had included a visit to Cuddapah, where a question of interest concerning the water-supply to the town is under discussion; but a serious outbreak of cholera having occurred there just when we were due, it was considered, by the Collector, the medical authorities, and the Government, unsafe for any travellers to halt there. Objections that apply to individual travellers apply a thousandfold in the case of the Governor, with whom and about whom Europeans collect by tens or hundreds, and natives by thousands.

It was with great regret that this portion of the tour was perforce postponed, but not abandoned, and a return made to the Nílgiris. We chanced upon a perfect day to ascend the ghaut. White fleecy clouds lay here and there on the green woods that clothe the slopes of the mountains, and the bamboos across the valley looked like gigantic green feathers, glistening with dew in the morning sun, as a slight breeze swayed them now and again. The country between Arkonam and Salem on the way back to the Hills is very interesting. Groves of mango and tamarind trees afford frequent shade to those who wish to camp out, and raggi and other crops were green and flourishing. The number of Mussulmans

seen at the stations along the way is accounted for by the fact that the tanning of skins is largely carried on in the adjacent villages.

However, in the course of the three weeks that had elapsed since we left the seat of Government, three districts had been visited exclusive of Cuddapah, a short halt at the capital town of which district had also been made, on the way to Bellary.

The new district of Anantapur and its new buildings had been seen; the large and important military and civil station of Bellary had been thoroughly inspected; Kurnool, with its canal, had been visited, and the progress of the all-important Bellary-Kistna State Railway had been noted on the spot.

Add to these results the information acquired on an infinite variety of subjects connected with general administration, and the acquaintance made of many district officers, some of whom seemed to justify the recent description in the *Times* of the Indian Civil Service as "unique in the history of human government," and you have the record of three weeks pleasantly and, it is hoped, profitably spent.

CHAPTER III.

WYNAAD, MALABAR, COCHIN, TRAVANCORE, TINNEVELLY, MADURA, TRICHINOPOLY, TANJORE.

Indian monsoons—Departure from Ootacamund—Our party—Naduvatam Cinchona plantations—Cheap febrifuge—Anecdote—At Nadghani—Indian Gold Mining Company—Corumburs—*En route* to Malabar—Poon-spar tree—Eddacurra village—Government teak plantations—Mahogany—India rubber—Keddah operations—Tirumalpad—Nilambur camp—Mambat—A mishap—Snake-boats—Reception at Calicut—Novel address—Zamorin's visit—Addresses—Mappilla Act—Mappillas—Levée—Lunatic Asylum—King of the World—Basel German Mission—District Jail—Calicut city—Port Trust—Deputation of evicted tenants—Ireland of Madras Presidency—Mr. Logan—Prize-giving at Government College—Kerala Vidyasala—Departure—Beypore—Calicut extension—Mr. Hanna—Kallai bridge—Ferookh bridge—Anecdote of Tippoo Sultan—Reminiscence of Lord Mayo—From Shoranur—At Trichur—Illuminations *en route*—Mr. Hannyngton—General Sir Harry Prendergast—Drive around town—Nairs—Their marriage system—Pagoda—*Pradakshanams*—Jail—Desperate character—Cathedral of Syro-Chaldean Christians—Bishop Mar Elias John Mellus—*Kor Episcopos*—Condition of Chaldeans—Eccentric procession—Houses of Nairs—Start for Cochin—At Bolghatty—"Punchbowl"—British Cochin—Raja's visit—Archbishop of Veerapoly—Durbar—White and Black Jews—Jews' synagogues—Women of White Jews—State banquet—Toasts—Periar project—Viceroy—First Prince—Vasco da Gama's tomb—Jesuits' College—Local Chamber of Commerce—Departure for Trevandrum—Backwater illuminations—At Quilon—Dewan of Travancore—Workali tunnels—Town *en fete*—Maharaja's visit to Governor—Malayali Sabha address—False impression—Minister's post—Wise administration—Virtue of sea-sand—Prize-giving at Maharaja's College—State banquet—"Model State"—Ride to Courtallum—Camp Gorge bungalow—Romantic valley—At Courtallum—Addresses—Tenkasi temple—Departure—At Tinnevelly—Palamcottah—Bishop Caldwell—Bishop Sargent's schools—Levée—Addresses—Tuticorin—Tamraparni irrigation—Working of Agricultural department—Mr. Varada Row—At Madura—Tumkum—Queen Mangammall—Montrose heart—Lord Napier and Ettrick—Meenatchiumman temple—High priest—Periyar project—Lord Dufferin—American Mission school—Tirumal Naick's palace—Mr. Hutchins—Local water-works—Albert bridge—Local self-government—Levée—Addresses Departure—*En route* to Periyar—Cumbum valley—Nature of project—

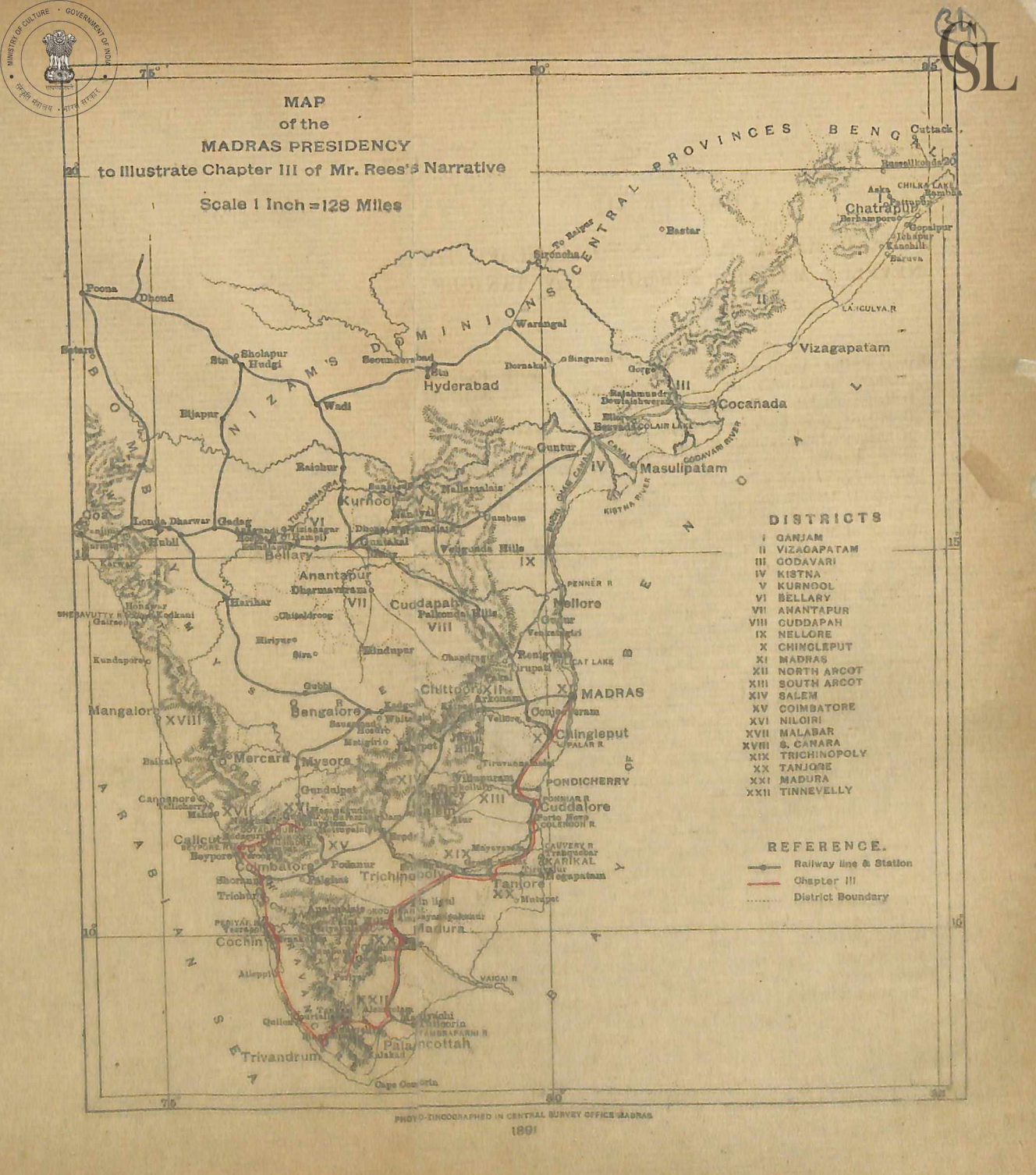


PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL SURVEY OFFICE MADRAS.

1891

Brahmin Surveyor's adventures—Murder—Remarkable incident—Agricultural labourers—Captain and Lady Eva Wyndham Quin—Shower of rose-water—Return from Periyar—Departure—Dindigul water-works and cigar manufactory—Mr. Heimpel—German enterprize—At Trichinopoly—Srirangam—Central jail—Health of convicts—Raja of Pudukottah—Mr. Seshayya Sastryar, C.S.I.—Grand anicut—Addresses—Entertainment at Jesuits' College—Lords Dalhousie and Mayo—At Tanjore—Palace—Jail—Palace library—Late Dr. Burnell, C.I.E.—Subjects of addresses—Arrival at Madras.

A RECENT arrival at Ootacamund from England said, after weeks of rain, that as soon as one monsoon was finished, another was waiting around the corner. To weeks of south-west monsoon succeeded a few fine days, and on the night of the 2nd and early morning of the 3rd October, the first burst of the north-east monsoon came on, and it appeared at one time as if we could hardly start according to our programme.

At noon, however, on the 3rd October 1887 we* left Ootacamund for the last time this year for Naduvatam *en route* for the Wynâd. The Commander-in-Chief and all the Civil and Military officers of Government assembled to wish the Governor good-bye, and many ladies were present. Lady Connemara took His Excellency for the first few miles in her carriage, and then a ride of 17 miles over rolling downs, between which nestle the little woods called *sholas*, brought us to the great Cinchona estates of the Madras Government at Naduvatam. These had already been inspected by the Governor on a previous occasion, and no more need be said here than that this enterprise of the Government has been chiefly instrumental in demonstrating the fitness of the soil and

* His Excellency the Lord Connemara.
Mr. Rees, Private Secretary.
Captain Wingfield, 7th Hussars, A.D.C.

climate of the Nílgiris for the cultivation of Cinchona. Experiments with new and valuable varieties are constantly being tried, and at present the Director, Mr. Lawson, late Professor of Botany at Oxford, is engaged in manufacturing a febrifuge, in which, it is hoped, the poor, who suffer terribly from fever in the neighbouring coffee and mining districts, will be able to purchase a cheap and effective medicine. They cannot afford to buy sulphate of quinine, and most of the alkaloids hitherto manufactured have proved nauseous and distasteful.

The view from the Director's house in the Cinchona estate is most beautiful. Some 3,000 or 4,000 feet below extend, as far as the eye can reach, well-wooded uplands, broken by frequent hills and hidden here and there by white clouds, which only veil one portion, to throw that uncovered into stronger relief. The dark green of the forest is here and there varied by patches of light green rice. On the left tower the grand peaks of the Nílgiris, and far away on the right the red outline of the table-land of Mysore melts into the horizon.

We rode down through these clouds and into the uplands and the forest, along a steep bridle-path, leaving our baggage to come by road. Cinchona and coffee covered the hill-side, and one village (Gudalur) was passed before we reached the level of our camp (Nadghani). The vegetation was most luxurious, and everything suggested fertility and prosperity. The roads were empty in the early morning but for an occasional Inspector of Police who would hurriedly draw himself up, generally *across* the road, on our

approach. It is recorded of one of these that his horse, drawn up across the path, kicked out at his superior officer, whereon he apologised, saying it was meant by way of respect.

Arrived at the little village of Nadghani, 20 miles from Naduvatam, at half-past 8 A.M., we found our host Mr. Burrows about to start to meet us, and as we had far out-paced our baggage, we bathed, dried our clothes in the sun, put them on again and breakfasted.

The first thing to be done after breakfast was to visit the works of the Indian Gold Mining Company. To do this we drove up and down the little green hills, characteristic of the Wynâd country for a few miles, and on nearing the mine, as we were driving along the roughest of roads cut in the steep hill-side, a salute of 17 guns was fired a few yards off, by dynamite cartridges. The managers of the various mining and planting companies in this part of the Wynâd were assembled to meet His Excellency at luncheon at the house of Mr. Coward, the manager, and afterwards we proceeded, each with a candle in his hand, to penetrate Coward's and the Skull Reefs, occasionally knocking our heads against the roof of the tunnel, and everywhere wading through running water. Into the latter reef a shaft, some 200 feet deep, had been sunk to enable the miners to pump out the water which threatens to make working impracticable.

At the end of the Skull tunnel we saw the auriferous reef of quartz from which fair results are being obtained, and, as His Excellency said, in reply

to the toast of his health at luncheon, there is some hope apparently that things may pay here if only strict economy is observed in working. The enormous prices paid for mining rights, and for land, when the Wynâd gold mania was at its height were sufficient to swamp any prospects, however bright and promising. At present, so far as we could learn, this mine may be considered as likely to pay as any other in the Wynâd, and to be, on the whole, a fairly representative one.

We saw, amongst other things, an ancient working of the Corumburs, who are said to have been engaged in gold mining here two thousand years ago. Not improbably the ancestors of this curious hill-tribe dug out the gold that went to adorn the temple of king Solomon.

Next morning, at half-past 6, with Messrs. Burrows and DeWinton and Colonel Jago, we started in rain to ride down the Karkoor Ghaut to the Ernâd Taluk of the Malabar District below. It is hardly possible to conceive a ride more beautiful than this. For 15 miles the road passes through the densest of jungle. Enormous trees tower above an under-growth of evergreen shrubs, tree-ferns, creepers and palms of every sort and kind. The tall standards of the poon-spar were perhaps the most conspicuous, as this useful tree is one of the most valuable, of the timber trees we saw.

At the foot of the ghaut is the village of Eddacurra, and here the Collector of Malabar, Mr. Logan, his Assistant, Mr. Wedderburn, the Superintendent of Police, and the Forest Officer met us and accompanied

His Excellency through the Government Teak Plantations, through a section of which the road passes. This great plantation, which has almost repaid already the total amount of money expended upon it, will, it is calculated, in 12 years be worth nearly one million sterling.

The road passes through a section occupied by young giants, aged 20 and 30 years. Even in its babyhood, the Teak tree displays a leaf of enormous size, giving proof of future greatness. From its size and bright light-green colour, it can be distinguished in the forest at a great distance. The standards through which we passed travel all over the Western Coast of India and right away to the Persian Gulf, and are in great demand for house-building, just as the poon-spar to which reference is made above is much favoured for ship-building.

Besides the cultivation of Teak, that of Mahogany and India-rubber is vigorously carried on in Nilambur under the supervision of Mr. Hadfield, the intelligent and energetic officer in charge, who also performs khedda operations on a small scale, and had a few amusing baby-elephants to show us.

In the evening the Tirumalpad of Nilambur came to pay his visit. He is not a very great man, but acquired a great property, or rather his grandfather did, from the Zamorin whose agent he was. He is, in fact, a rich landlord, whose possessions are of recent date.

Our camp at Nilambur was made of forest-produce. The walls of the dining room were of split Bamboo

with lattice windows; the roof was interlaced with the beautiful *Cycas*, and adjoining it was a Bamboo room, which contained one article of furniture, if it can be so called, a unique carpet made of the shreds and petals and blossoms of many-coloured flowers, arranged with great skill, taste, and care, upon the ground, worked out in patterns with geometrical precision, and as pleasing to the eye of the observer as it was suggestive of laborious solicitude on the part of the maker. For days before the Governor's arrival children had been sent out with baskets, each with instructions to collect bells and flowerets of a single hue, from which their parents might cunningly fashion this beauteous work.

After dinner we drove 5 miles in the dark through a green lane, lighted by torches, to Mambat, where a tiger had killed two people in the bazaar a few days before, but which we passed with safety, and where we embarked at a pretty *impromptu* pier in snake-boats, which were to take us down the Beypore river till 4 o'clock in the morning, when we were to strike into a little canal leading to Calicut. These snake-boats have high curved sterns like Cleopatra's barge, with a blend of the Venetian gondola. They are very narrow, so crank that you cannot take off your boots in them, and propelled by eight or ten, nearly naked, boatmen, each flourishing a one-bladed paddle, very much like a garden spade, and yelling at the top of his voice. In spite of all this, we slipped down the river, and at 7 o'clock in the morning arrived at the Karaparamba pier at Calicut, where the Municipal

authorities were ready with the inevitable address, which, however, as the Governor remarked, was in one respect novel, for it referred to no grievance, and preferred no request.

After a drive to the beautiful house in which the Collector of Malabar lives, we had breakfast, and disposed of the office papers of the last two days. Then the Zamorin of Calicut came to visit the Governor. His procession of elephants with shields on their heads, of fantastic red-coated soldiers, and of half-naked Nairs with red-lacquered shields and truculent-looking swords is, in its way, quite unique, as indeed is the Maharaja Bahadur himself. His jewelled tiara-like hat struck into the tassels of his palanquin. He had borrowed his elephants. He looked unhappy in his gold brocade, yet he was not without dignity. He appeared broken in health, and, in all respects, the shade of a great name.

Then came two addresses, one from the Native Christians which was mostly historical, and one from "Young Malabar." The latter address referred to one of the three subjects to which most of the petitions received here relate, namely, the disarmament of four taluks in this district under the Mappilla Act, consequent on the commission of outrages by those religious fanatics. The Mappillas are the descendants of Arab fathers, by Hindu mothers, and they are more devotedly attached to Islam, than most of those whose parents on both sides have always professed that faith. His Excellency replied that he would be very glad if the public safety would allow the Government to

look upon this disarmament as a temporary measure. Doubtless, it is hard upon the Hindus that they should be deprived of their arms, which, as they urge, they require, in some measure, for protection against wild beasts,—for their crops, more than for themselves,—because Mappillas will use them to shoot the red coats and the white men, but if the Hindus have arms, the Mappillas will get them, and there is the difficulty. The Collector, Mr. Logan, as the Governor remarked, would be the last man to advocate the introduction of a harsh or unnecessary measure into the district, to the people of which he is so sincerely attached. This address referred also to the revenue settlement of the district,—a thorny question which is under the consideration of Government, and cannot, with advantage, be discussed in this paper. A *levée*, which was very well attended, concluded the work of the day.

Next morning the 7th of October, at half-past 6, the round of inspections recommenced with a visit to the Lunatic Asylum, which was marvellously clean and very well ordered. There were many murderers; amongst them, several Mappillas, and one old Mussulman who exhibited a paper appointing him King of the World. The King of the World wears very clean clothing, and keeps himself very much aloof from his fellow-lunatics.

The Basel German Mission here is a great industrial as well as religious institution. We went to see its tile-manufactory. The tiles are admirable, and cost about 65 shillings a thousand. They are grooved laterally and transversely, so as to carry off, without

leakage, the heavy rainfall of the Western Coast, and it is small wonder that such good work pays well, and that the tiles travel so far as they do. The Mission makes also excellent towels, linen, and cloth, in the weaving establishment, which we visited.

A drive thence, through a deep cutting, the banks of which were covered with small ferns and green grass, brought us to the District Jail, which, under the superintendence of Dr. Cook, who also has the Lunatic Asylum, like that institution, presented the same appearance of discipline, cleanliness and order. The Superintendent told us that prisoners generally go down in weight during the first months of their captivity, owing to sorrow, remorse, or some such feeling, but soon recover. If this be established, it is an interesting fact.

On the way home we passed a pond, the water of which was almost hidden by the lovely red lotus, now in flower. The city of Calicut, which contains 57,000 inhabitants, is scattered about amongst groves of cocoanut trees, interspersed with patches of green cultivation, traversed in all directions by green lanes, and consists of neat detached tiled houses, inhabited, for the most part, by a well-to-do and good-looking population. It is, in every way, a most striking contrast to the ordinary eastern town with its mud-built houses, close streets, and crowded highways and by-ways, as are its people in manners, customs and appearance, to those of other parts of India.

In the afternoon there were many addresses to receive and answer; the first was that of the mercantile

community, which desired that a Port Trust might be created, and complained that the revenues of their ports went to swell the general Port Fund balance of the Presidency. The Wynâd Planters had a great deal to say about cattle-trespass, which they desired might be remedied by the levy of inordinate fines on the owners of errant cattle, and they complained that the Settlement, now being carried out in the South-East Wynâd, was inequitable. Lord Connemara had some conversation with the members of both of these deputations, and assured them that he would consider the important and technical subjects referred to in consultation with his colleagues, but could not entertain the proposals regarding cattle-trespass.

To this succeeded a deputation of a rather unusual character, consisting of evicted tenants. Malabar is just now the Ireland of the Presidency, and various changes have been, and are being, made in the law to secure greater compensation for improvements, and to limit the right of the proprietor so as to provide for greater permanency of occupation. This deputation consisted chiefly of Mappillas, who had been evicted, for the most part by Hindu landlords, and they came to press their side of the question, which has an earnest advocate in the Collector, Mr. Logan, who has made a long and attentive study of Malabar tenures and the incidents connected therewith.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, prizes were distributed to the pupils at the Government college, and one of the boys read an original poem composed in honour of the Governor, in which, whether a true poet

or not, he freely availed himself, as His Excellency remarked in his speech, of a poet's license, not more however, in ascribing to the Governor superhuman virtues, than in diction and metre.

The college maintained by the Zamorin for the education of the youths of the nobility, and the head-quarter reserve of Police were next inspected, and after this there was nothing to be done but to eat dinner and sleep till 7 o'clock next morning, when we drove to the Calicut station of the new Beypore-Calicut extension of the Madras Railway, which we left in the first train that has ever travelled over this portion of the line. Mr. Hanna was in charge of the train, and first of all a halt was called at the Kallai bridge, above and below which the river is covered with huge logs of timber, which have been floated down from the forests we have ridden through in the last two or three days,—their first stage on a long journey, probably to Bombay, Arabia or the Persian Gulf. There was a question, which had been discussed with the deputation of the mercantile community, of clearing the bar of the river of the sand which now silts it up, and a reference to the Public Works Secretary was at once made upon the subject.

After leaving the Kallai bridge, the line diverged through rice-fields, leaving on the right hand the railway embankment, which a little while before had suddenly subsided a dozen feet or so, and then we came to the Ferookh bridge, which is to span the Beypore river near the point where Tippu Sultan is said to have forcibly converted thousands of Hindus to

the faith of the Prophet. The works in progress here were inspected, and the scene was visited of the recent trifling accident which was speedily repaired by the energy of Mr. Hanna, who designed the bridge. We crossed the river in boat which Lord Mayo used on his visit for the same purpose, and then proceeded by rail to Beypore, till now the terminus of the railway.

From Shoranur on the Madras Railway to Trichur in the Native State of Cochin is a most beautiful drive of 20 miles. The road is protected from the rays of the sun, for nearly the whole of the distance, by the arched boughs of Banyan trees, and alongside run banks hidden by caladiums and arums, and fringed by a green edge covered with the sensitive plant which abounds all over the country. Now and again, neat homesteads appear, situated in the middle of rice-fields of an emerald green, surrounded by gardens or orchards of cocoanut or other palm trees, while not far off successive hills or ranges of hills lead up to the dark blue contours of the Western Ghauts. From time to time, neat villages are passed whence the prosperous and good-looking inhabitants came out to give the Governor a welcome.

Before we had got half-way it grew dark, and for 10 miles, at intervals of perhaps 50 yards, men holding flaring torches were stationed along the way. After the carriages had passed, they would forsake their stations and run behind till tired, others taking their places when they failed, and so looking back, the spectacle was like a crowd of gigantic fire-flies flitting about in the dark receding avenue of trees. The

illuminations in Trichur were also quite beautiful, and here we were met by Mr. Hannyngton the Resident, who had the day before returned from England and relieved General Sir Harry Prendergast.

The morning of Sunday the 9th was occupied by a drive around Trichur, a most remarkable town, chiefly inhabited by Nairs, the land-holding class of the coast. They are commonly described as polyandrous, but they are not. The fact is rather that marriages are easily made and as easily unmade. The Nair lady is a very independent person. Some one offers a cloth, that is the proposal. If she accepts it, that is the marriage. If she gets tired of her husband, she gets rid of him and takes up with another, and is not held to have behaved disgracefully in so doing. To give a cloth as a present is a very common thing in India. By cloth is meant the garment worn by women in the East, and it may be very plain or cheap, or very rich and costly. But here whatever kind of cloth it be, to give one is very significant, as a distinguished visitor to Trichur found when he offered one to a Nair lady in whose house he had received some civility. Whatever opinion may be held from a moral point of view of these marriage relations, they result in manly males and for the most part comely and very often beautiful females, as also it may be noted, do those of the polygamous Mormons in Utah. I refer to these relations as "marriages," for such in fact they are. The Courts of Law, however, in view of the legal incidents flowing from a union of so different a character to that which is commonly known

as marriage, deny it the name. A proposal has been made to provide the Nairs with a form of marriage corresponding with that in force amongst most other civilized communities. It is to be hoped that in spite of the difficulty of the subject some means will simultaneously be adopted of declaring the existing sexual relations to amount to a legal marriage, for that is what is really required.

The curious resemblance of the customs of the Western Coast to those of Plato's ideal Republic has already attracted the attention of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and need not be dwelt on here.

The geographical and social centre of the town is the temple which occupies a large green square, and is surrounded by a high green wall covered with moss and little ferns. You enter, or would if permitted, by two gateways of three stories with green roofs,—in fact, everything is green. If the corners of the roofs of the successive stories of these gateways were uptilted at the edges, they would be extremely like the gateways of a Lamassery or of a Mongolian town; and as it is, the appearance of the edifice is quite Buddhistic, and wholly unlike that of the conventional Hindu temple. In front are two tall and sacred Banyan trees, around which platforms are built. Here every morning you may see the townsfolk performing the *pradakshana*, or circumambulation, muttering prayers the while, and will not fail to note the fair Nair lady in spotless white linen cloth, her ears distended by large round wheels of solid gold, holding in her hand a palmyra leaf umbrella, or the Brahmin

fresh from her bath in the neighbouring tank with dripping cloth clinging to her limbs. Monkeys hop about unconcernedly amongst the worshippers. Some of the women carry babies athwart their hips as they walk around, saying their prayers. The whole scene recalls the following lines from Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia":

> "The housewives bearing water from the well
> With balanced chatties and athwart their hips
> The black-eyed babes . . . . . .
> . . . . . Here a wife
> Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
> To pray her husband's safe return from trade
> Or beg a boy next birth."

Everything reminds the visitor that he is in a Native State, and that Native customs and manners are followed and preserved. Yet you hear a little English. Passing a school on the way back to the Residency, a small boy said to me "Ride-the-horse-at-a-full-gallop."

In the afternoon we visited the Jail, the condition of which, though not unsatisfactory, could not be compared with that of similar institutions in British India. We saw many desperate characters,—a Brahmin who murdered his wife, another who had murdered his servant, and protested "that he did not kill that man, but that he had suicided himself of his own accord." One convict had not spoken for three years. His Excellency spoke to the Dewan suggesting the release of some of the prisoners. After service at the Protestant church, conducted by the Archdeacon of the newly-formed Missionary Diocese of Travancore, we

visited the cathedral of the Syro-Chaldean Christians, who are under the Patriarch of Babylon, and whose affairs are administered by a Bishop Mar Elias John Mellus. This functionary, however, is generally absent in Mesopotamia and a *Kor Episcopos* from Mosul (Nineveh) acts for him. There was a great procession through the church, fireworks and rockets, a kind of Durbar, an address,—altogether a grand function. The Christians of this Coast do not neglect those outward and visible signs which produce so much effect on the impressionable peoples of India.

In Kurdistan and the neighbouring vilayet of Bagdad, the Chaldeans, as a people, are not recognisable. Here they are spoken of as a nationality, but the *Kor Episcopos* looks quite an Arab,—a curious contrast to the Native of Malabar, who interpreted his Chaldean tongue and the Governor's English. The address and answer over, gigantic candles, according to custom, were given, the largest to the Governor, the next largest to the Resident, and so on; and we all marched down the middle of the church in uniform, each holding a candle in one hand and a sword in the other,—a most eccentric procession.

The Governor, with the Resident, visited one or two of the Nairs' houses. These are little detached tiled dwellings, each standing in its own garden, surrounded by foliage and garden trees, and superlatively clean within and without. Brazen vessels shining like mirrors, wood-work polished to the last degree, and beds hanging from the ceiling, were among the characteristic features of the menage. After dinner

we started in torrents of rain in big house-boats for Cochin, and awaking in the morning near the Island of Bolghatty in the backwaters on which the Residency is situated, we found our little convoy surrounded by snake-boats, each containing about 30 paddlers. These are boats of honour attending on the Governor's barge, and how they get so many men into boats so crank and narrow is astonishing.

We breakfasted at the Residency,—a fine house in a unique situation, looking out on water all round, the vision being bounded on every side by cocoanut palms, at once a source of beauty and of wealth to the country. Cochin and its neighbourhood might be described as a rural Venice. In the deep embrasures of the windows of the house which is now the Residency, the Dutchmen of Cochin used in old times to drink deep draughts on holidays, and hence the house was known as "the Punchbowl." So the legend runs.

The town and harbour of British Cochin lie across the water on the right, and the native town of Ernakulam on the left. His Highness the Raja of Cochin came after breakfast in his State barge to visit His Excellency, and the Dewan interpreted during the interview. The conversation related to the satisfactory financial and agricultural condition of the State, to His Highness' health, to the kind preparations he had made for His Excellency, to the Imperial Institute and other topics.

Afterwards several of the princes came, and the Archbishop of Veerapoly, the head of the Roman

Catholic Christians in these parts, where every known kind of Christian is found.

In the afternoon, the Raja of Cochin held a Durbar in his palace across the water to give His Excellency the opportunity of returning his visit of the morning. The Raja is a kindly and courteous gentleman, much respected by his subjects and by Europeans who know him, as, indeed, are the heir-apparent and all the younger princes.

The White and Black Jews of Cochin, who pretend to have settled here since the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, were now holding the feast of Tabernacles. The Governor, by request, visited the Synagogue of the White Jews, where a prayer in Hebrew was offered up for the welfare of Her Majesty the Queen, and her representative. The same ceremony was repeated at the two Synagogues of the Black Jews. These are converts of many generations. The women of the White Jews are extremely fair, and their skins look dazzlingly white by contrast with the black and bamboo-coloured population around them. They dress in fantastic robes with gay cloths about their heads and golden coins about their necks. These Jews keep up some sort of connection with Jerusalem. Two men from the holy city sat close beside us while the sacred books of Moses were being unwound from the interior of silver cylinders, capped by erections like Imperial crowns. The walls of the small Synagogue were hung with yellow satin and hundreds of cocoanut-oil lights burnt within, intensifying a thousandfold the hot, steamy and oppressive atmos-

phere with which the Malabar Coast pays for "the fatal gift of beauty."

At night there was a State banquet, and the heir-apparent and the First Prince dined to represent the Raja. The former proposed Lord Connemara's health in a short but eloquent speech, extremely well delivered; and he ascribed to His Excellency what he, in turn, disclaimed, the sole merit for the sanction recently accorded to the execution of the Periyar Project. The Governor pointed out that a share of the credit was due to Sir M. Grant Duff and others, and to none more than to the Viceroy, who had the interests of this part of India much at heart. The First Prince is a great Sanskrit scholar, and has never left Cochin in his life, for the reason, I believe, that one of the princes once travelled and died away from home. He speaks English very well, is anything but narrow-minded, speculates vaguely on the world beyond, and meanwhile enjoys himself in his leisure hours by reading Sanskrit and playing foot-ball. The members of the Cochin family, who are very numerous, are remarkable for the unanimity and concord in which they all live together, and the State is so laudably economical that the Government had, in their last review of its administration report, to urge on it a more liberal expenditure on such services as education and public works.

Next day, the 11th, was a day of uninterrupted inspections. British Cochin is a little town, which has shrunk out of all recollection of its former greatness. We saw the supposed tombstone of Vasco da

Gama in the old Portuguese church, and inspected the light-house, the harbour, the schools and manufactures of the place. A dispute about cutting down a tree which had convulsed this ancient city was explained at length to the Governor, who, after listening with much patience, said he thought that the side which gave way on such a trifle was the side which was right, whatever the merits of the case might be. It is to be hoped that the disputants will take this to heart, for the tree episode well illustrates the spirit of the place.

At the Jesuits' college, a grateful reference was made in the address to the efforts that Lady Connemara has made to improve the condition of her Indian sisters. The Cochin Chamber of Commerce, the Reform Association and many other individuals were after this received, and the afternoon was spent in a visit to the Ernakulam High School.

In the evening, as we left the Residency in boats, the shores of the backwater for miles around were beautifully illuminated with continuous rows of torches and lamps, and next morning (12th) we awoke in the territories of the Maharaja of Travancore, with whose representative at Aleppey we breakfasted, and then proceeded to Quilon, sometimes passing through narrow artificial canals, and sometimes through broad natural lakes. On the banks of the canals oleander trees, screw-pines and caladiums pressed down to the water's edge, and in many places the trees formed a bower for long distances above the waterway. At intervals toy-pagodas and towers made of bamboo, covered with

coloured cloth, put off from the bank to join our convoy, and rafts on which were standing rows of gigantic cows, similarly constructed. As we neared Quilon the illuminations began, and when we got to the Residency the Dewan of Travancore and other high officials met us.

Next morning (13th) we went again through a similar country in boats to Trivandrum, after passing near Quilon through the Wurkali tunnels,—two very considerable engineering works,—which, by means of an under-ground canal, connect the backwaters north and south of it. One of these tunnels is a mile long.

The country through which we passed by water for the last 180 miles is always liable to be submerged for miles around, and it is a fact that cattle can be seen here putting their heads under water to graze, and that crops are harvested at times by gathering the heads of stalks from boats.

At the landing place of Trivandrum, His Excellency was met by the Maharaja, a fair complexioned prince, 38 years of age, of medium height, and clad in gold brocade and wearing a jewelled aigrette and feather in his cap. A Guard of Honour of the Nair Brigade in red and a few troopers of the Body Guard, a line of elephants, a crowd of officials, and dense masses of fair-skinned natives were assembled at the pier. The Governor and the Maharaja drove off together, and both left their carriage on the way to inspect a gigantic pandal or shed in which 2,000 school-children, many of whom wore a quantity of jewels, were packed tier above tier to view the pro-

cession. The streets up to the Residency were gaily decorated with arches, flags and the like, and it is a new sensation, whenever you come to this Coast, to see ladies walking about the streets and looking out of the windows, just as if they were, what here they really are, the most independent half of the population.

Early the next morning the 14th, His Highness the Maharaja paid a private visit to the Governor, and conversed with him for a long period about affairs of State, as did the Dewan who came afterwards. Then followed an address from the Malayali Sabha or Association, which may be described as the party of progress in these parts The address stated that the Sabha owed its origin to the endeavours of a few Malayali students of the Maharaja's college to remove the prevailing impression as to physical exercise being derogatory to the dignity of manhood! The Sabha is, however, an Association of some importance, and the Governor took the opportunity in replying to say that he was glad to find that the party of progress was patronised by the Maharaja, and was inspired, itself with most loyal feelings towards His Highness. There was more significance in this than might appear at first sight, because certain persons are at present busily engaged in decrying the local administration in the Madras Press.

The post of Minister in a Native State is not a bed of roses, and here we have a few discontented servants of the State assisted by the party which cries "Travancore for the Travancoreans," just as, on the rendition of Mysore, we heard so much of "Mysore

for the Mysoreans." In fact, no opportunity is lost of appointing competent Natives of the State to the public service; but it will be long ere the stranger Brahmin can be dispensed with here or elsewhere. Good men must be entertained when they can be found, from whatever part of India they may come. It was abundantly evident to the Governor that the affairs of the State are, on the whole, efficiently and wisely conducted.

The rest of the morning was spent in receiving different addresses and high officials, and in the afternoon the Maharaja paid a State visit. The road from his palace to the Residency was covered with sea-sand, which, it seems, has some peculiar virtue, for on the rare occasions when the king of Travancore has to walk in public,—of course on this occasion he drove,—it is always laid down for him to tread on. A file of twelve enormous elephants, with shields on their heads, formed a part of his procession.

On the 15th October the Governor gave away prizes at the Maharaja's college, and commended to the boys the importance of physical exercise for proficiency in which, as well as in intellectual studies, some of the prizes were devoted. He also said a few words deprecating breathless and ill-considered changes, and commending the gradual adoption of such reforms as experience had shown to be indisputably necessary.

A State banquet is an inevitable feature of a visit such as this, and in reply to the Maharaja's toast of his health, Lord Connemara said that His Highness

was endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of his enlightened predecessors who had ruled in "the model Native State," and so long as he did so, might count on the support of himself and his Government.

None of the characteristics of an Oriental Court are absent here. There are family differences and jealousies, intrigues and counter-intrigues, good intentions and more or less successful or unsuccessful efforts to bring them to fruition. Yet it may be asserted that such unpopularity as the Maharaja and his Minister have achieved, with some sections or factions in the State, is as much due to a determination in making appointments to choose the best men without fear and favour, as to any other cause. It is not only the Chinaman who in these days is hated for his virtues.

On Sunday we left to ride across the Western Ghauts to Courtallam in our own territory. The first 25 miles pass through beautiful forest scenery where wild elephants abound. A report had come in that two of the native grooms taking out posted horses had been killed by these animals, whose tracks we frequently saw along the road. This turned out to be untrue; but the effect produced was such that matchlockmen in numbers were collected at the temporary stables and little rest-houses in which we camped, around which elephant trenches are always, as a matter of course, dug and maintained.

The bungalow at Camp Gorge is most beautifully situated in a romantic valley that runs through from one side to another of the Western Ghauts. The hills

on either side of the defile are densely wooded, and on the top of one of these, some miles away, fireworks were let off after dinner, and torches, thrown down from a precipitous rock on the summit of the mountain, had a curious effect in the dark night. We rode before breakfast the last 25 of the 70 miles which separate Trevandrum from Courtallam, a little village at the foot of the hills near a waterfall, which is said to wash away the sins of those that bathe in it, whence the place derives its name. The climate here is artificial owing to the presence of clouds which hang around the Western Ghauts, which reduce the temperature ten degrees below that of the surrounding plains.

There is little to do in Courtallam but bathe in the waterfall and admire the scenery; but three miles off there is the large town of Tenkasi, or the Southern Benares, the inhabitants of which presented an address, as did also the people of Kalakad, who desired that one of their old native irrigation works on the water-shed of the Western Ghauts might be repaired. A visit to the Tenkasi temple brought together a dense and demonstrative crowd.

On the morning of the 20th we left Courtallam and rode to Alankulam, a distance of 18 miles, where we breakfasted in the roadside bungalow before going the remaining 18 miles to Tinnevelly, where, in spite of the rain which in an hour made either side of the road a torrent of red-sand stained water, the people turned out in enthusiastic crowds. The ride from fertile and well-wooded Courtallam through a sandy plain covered with palmyrahs, to the richly-irrigated

rice-lands on either side of the Tamraparni, on which Tinnevelly is situated, well illustrate the diversified character of the soil and the scenery of this district. The people are well educated, public-spirited, and exceedingly litigious, and the number of Christians is far larger here than in any other part of India.

On the other bank across the Tamraparni lies the town of Palamcottah, once a military cantonment, but now merely a large native town, the regiment having been removed in accordance with the wise policy that now concentrates troops in fewer centres where emulation and *amour propre* prevent them from deteriorating, as it was found they did, when left long in solitary stations.

Tinnevelly is the head-quarters of the Church Mission Society, presided over by Bishop Sargent. The head of the other great Society,—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is of equal importance,—is the veteran Bishop Caldwell, a scholar and philologist of high reputation. He told us a story which illustrates the ignorance of some classes, even in this enlightened district. The King of the South of India, seven or eight hundred years ago, was called the Pandyan, and a descendant of his, a petty landholder, lives at Singampatti, not far from Courtallam. The Bishop met some of the hillmen one day, and asked them who governed the country in these times, and they said "The Pandyan." "And where does he live?" "At Singampatti." "And what about the white men?" said Bishop Caldwell, "have they nothing to do with the Government of the country?"

"Oh, dear, no," said the hillmen, "they often come here but only to shoot. They have nothing to do with the government of the country."

The Governor visited Bishop Sargent's schools and highly commended the good work which the Reverend Bishops and their assistants had been carrying on for the past fifty years in the district, and assured his hearers that the Government were anxious that a just proportion of the educated of all classes of the community should be employed in the public service, and that no one class or religion should be preferred to another.

In the afternoon there was the usual levée at which the Zemindars of the district mustered in full force, most of whom are the descendants of the Polygars who gave such trouble before they were subdued, and in whom the spirit of the Naick dynasty was fully developed, and was with difficulty extinguished. Then followed addresses from the three Municipal towns of the district, which contained the usual remarks about local self-government, and the need of a better water-supply, and to which the usual reply only could be made.

Of these Municipalities, Tuticorin, once a renowned sea-port, is still famed for its pearl-fisheries. Captain Phipps, the Port Officer and Superintendent of Pearl-fisheries, came up to see the Governor about certain questions concerning the fishery arrangements.

On the 22nd there were more girls' schools to inspect and more addresses to receive, and the inhabitants of Tinnevelly had various objections to make to

the present distribution of water for irrigation from the Tamraparni River, to regulate which is such a difficult task that it is possible, the Governor remarked, that legislation may be required before the officers of the Public Works Department can satisfactorily deal with it. His Excellency, in answer to their address, deprecated the creation of permanent appointments in connection with the Agricultural Department, though he approved the holding of exhibitions. Enquiries made into the working of the Agricultural Department at head-quarters suggest some doubt as to whether the results have been commensurate with the expenditure, and engender a disposition to view with a critical eye specious proposals for further development.

At Tinnevelly one of the Assistants to the Collector is Mr. Varada Row, a young Brahmin of good family, who has been appointed a Statutory Civilian. He dresses like a European, and rides well. He is a curious product of the times we live in. He continues to observe his caste customs, and yet so far as one can judge from outward appearances they prove no obstacle to the performance of his duties. It must be observed, however, that he is an unusually favourable specimen of the Statutory Civilian, and takes a liberal view of most things, including caste.

On Sunday the 23rd, after hearing a sermon preached in Tamil by Bishop Sargent, we left by special train for Madura, passing through a country cultivated with dry crops, chiefly cotton and cholum, and keeping the line of the Western Ghauts in sight on the left hand.

Arrived at Madura, we drove across the river Vigay to the Collector's house known as the Tumkum, a curious and lofty structure built, it is said, by the great Tirumal Naick, from whose time the celebrated Palace and Temple date. On the way the first inscription met with was "Welcome to Hospital!" The Tumkum is said to have been a species of Grand Stand, whence the king and courtiers viewed elephant fights and exhibitions of the like nature; and it is also recorded that Queen Mungammal was here walled up and starved to death, like an erring Vestal, having been discovered in an intrigue with her Brahmin Minister. The name of Mungammal is still gratefully remembered, because she planted all over the country, for hundreds of miles, avenues under which the wayfarer, at the present day, can travel in shade from sunrise to sunset.

This interesting house possesses another association of a far different kind. One of the Collectors of Madura, of the Johnstone family, brought here the heart of Montrose, which was stolen by thieves of the Maraver or robber caste for the sake of the silver casket in which it was enshrined. My authority for this is the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which published a very interesting article on the Montrose heart, while yet it was a Conservative organ in the hands of Mr. Greenwood. But enquiries made of Mr. Campbell Johnston, Lady Greville and others of the family, entirely confirm the story. The circumstances are narrated in an interesting letter from a member of the Johnston family, who was Chief Justice of Ceylon, to

a member of the family of Lord Napier and Ettrick, late Governor of Madras, who published a history of Montrose, with whose family that of Napier of Merchistoun is closely connected.

The great temple of Madura Meenatchi has been so frequently described that it need only be noted here how completely the shrine is the social and religious centre of a community with which Hinduism is a living and actual fact. Those who hold that Hinduism has approached the stage of "proud decrepitude" and "shivers to decay," should travel through the holy places of the South of India and see the towers of the temples constantly repainted and the temples themselves extended, and repaired, and filled with a never-ending stream of worshippers, sincere, if their conformity be but conventional. They should hear, too, the addresses presented to the Governor, not one of which does not beg for the improvement of the law relating to the vast religious endowments of the Presidency, so as to make malversation less easy and the upkeep of the religious services more certain and satisfactory.

The chief priest of the temple showed us around. His tall and upright figure was clad in a shining cloth of gold, and he wore twisted around his shaven crown a fillet of sacred beads and a band of gold. Thus apparelled, he looked the incarnation of priestly pomp, but was withal a most courteous old gentleman, and made an excellent speech in Tamil referring with gratitude to the recent visit of the present Viceroy, to the former visit of Lord Napier to whose action the restoration of Tirumal Naick's palace was due, and to

the present visit of Lord Connemara, which, he said, was connected with the most momentous event that had ever happened in the history of Madura,—the commencement of the great Periyar Project. He told us with pride that Lord Dufferin had presented him with his photograph.

Thence we proceeded,—abrupt transition,—to the school of the American Mission, and next to Tirumal Naick's palace, which has been restored at a cost of £30,000, and is used for the accommodation of all the public offices of the city. In the king's bed-room,—an enormous apartment,—the District Judge holds his Court, and behind his chair is hung the picture,—the only one which the palace contains,—of one who long occupied, with unusual distinction, the post of District Judge, the present Member of Council, Mr. Hutchins, C.S.I.

The morning of the 25th was devoted to inspecting the Madura water-works and the new bridge across the Vigay, which is being built in part from funds subscribed for the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in commemoration of which it is to be called the Albert bridge. A slight fresh had come down the river in the night, and to get to the Mantapam or little temple on the island on which is situated the pumping station, we had to ride through several feet of water.

Madura is prominent amongst the towns of the Madras Presidency for an enlightened interest in public works, and it has taken more kindly to the new

local self-government scheme than any other important centre.

A not uncommon incident of life in India cut us off from our work on the 25th. The river came down and the causeway was impassable. The resourceful railway ran special trains backwards and forwards to our side across the railway bridge, and except that, everything was a little later, the afternoon's programme of levée, inspections, addresses and speeches was adhered to in its entirety.

On the 26th we travelled by train to Ammayanaikanur, a small place in spite of its long name, and thence a difficult march of 80 miles took us to the site of the Periyar Project. We halted, of course, *en route*, first at Periakulam at the foot of the Pulney Hills and just under the station of Kodaikanal, and next at the foot of the Periyar Hills, as the road up can only be traversed in broad day-light owing to the wild elephants and tigers which abound in this locality. Before getting to the foot of the hills, the road, often almost impassable, runs down the fertile Cumbum Valley, on either side of which are mountains, the tops of which, seen above the low-lying monsoon clouds, looked prodigiously high. The valley ends in a complete *cul-de-sac*, but in an almost invisible fold in the hill-side, a good road leads to the summit and across to Travancore, passing by a newly-cut path to the camp now occupied by the Engineers engaged on the Periyar Project.

The nature of this really great scheme may be explained in a few words. Parallel to the water-shed

of the Western Ghauts, for perhaps 40 miles, runs a stream called the Periyar, which consequently at the point where it commences to descend from the hills, is already a considerable river. It happens providentially that close to the water-shed at this point is a tract of country not, indeed, level, but intersected by low valleys, which admits of being converted into a huge lake. It is intended to obstruct the course of the river by a gigantic dam, 165 feet high, to store 200,000 million gallons of water, which now flow unneeded to fertile Travancore, in the artificial lake; to bore a tunnel $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long through solid rock on the side of the lake remote from the river; and to precipitate such portion of the water as lies above the level of this tunnel, down into the valley below, where it will join a tributary of the Madura river and convert 100,000 arid acres of that thirsty district into fields of rice. It will at once be apparent that the scheme is a very bold one, and presents entirely novel features. It is an effort to give to the dry East Coast a share of the superabundant rainfall of the West.

At present a channel is being cut through a portion of the site of the proposed lake, which will be utilized for floating materials to the works, and a road has already been made, along which we rode for $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles through dense forest, all of which will, it is hoped, in six years be submerged by the waters of the diverted river.

The difficulties of starting work in a remote and almost impenetrable jungle are considerable. Wild elephants give a great deal of trouble. One of them

visited our camp in the night. They not only frighten the native workmen, but they destroy their work and knock down their houses. A herd will come along the newly-made road, and, reaching a temporary bridge, will send the lightest member across to test it. Being made to support bipeds only, it will generally give way, whereon the herd will express its disapproval of such workmanship by promptly demolishing it.

A Brahmin Surveyor, a Bachelor of Arts and of Civil Engineering, employed on the works, has been living in terror of wild beasts ever since he came up. He hears elephants "growling all night, which sends his heart down to zero point of courage." He has, he says, been "chased by a blue-eyed bison" and flying "with a great velocity" dropped his theodolite. The instrument broke and he tried to replace the cobweb with one of his own hairs,—a wire cable to a silver thread. When remonstrated with, he said he dropped the theodolite "in order to save life" (his own). On another occasion, he fell down a precipice and "would have been killed, had not gravity come his aid." Nor is this the full tale of his adventures. One day, while carrying a big stick, he met a bear, or thought he did, and fled leaving all his work-people to face the animal. Mr. Taylor, the Executive Engineer, told him he should not have left his men, but he explained that on seeing the bear he immediately made a mental calculation of his stick's powers of resistance by "Hodgkinson's Tables," and found them insufficient. As for the work-people, he left them, "because they could not run as fast as he could."

His brother actually did get into trouble one day, and this Bachelor of Arts and Engineering thanked God it was his brother and not himself, "because he drew less pay, and would consequently be less missed by the family." Altogether he is a source of much amusement, and hopes great things for himself, saying that since he came up, he has already been made "half a man." It is quite a new thing for a young and educated Brahmin, the heir of all the (Hindu) ages, to take to jungle work at all.

On the way, however, we heard of a case which suggests another view of the India of to-day,—a case of murder which recently came before the Courts. A woman on the Western Coast gave birth to a child which, for some reason or other, was decided to be a Rakshasa or demon. It was accordingly killed, and its slayers were in the Court of First Instance acquitted on the ground that they had not intentionally killed a human being, but what they believed to be a monster. The Court above found, of course, that as they had killed a human being, the crime was murder. Again, one of the district officers in Madura said that a highly-educated native doctor came to him to ask whether if he cut off an old woman's leg, and she died in consequence of the operation, he would be guilty of murder, and whether if he did not, he would be guilty of the same offence, believing as he did that she would certainly die if he did not amputate the limb. These incidents,—and they might be identified indefinitely,—only show how many and what divergent forces are at work in modern India, and how the march of

progress synchronises with the existence of abysmal ignorance and superstition. The agricultural labourers (chiefly women) who crowded along the road to greet the Governor with shrill cries of welcome, leaving their infants hanging in cloths from the boughs of the banyan trees, have not advanced one step in one thousand years, while the Brahmin B.A. and B.C.E. is saturated with the learning of modern schools.

On the way down the Cumbum Valley, we had proof that the complaints made on all hands that cattle starve owing to forest reservation is at least an over-statement of a case, which doubtless has some small foundation in fact.

Captain and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, who have been in Travancore for the last month, passed down the valley a day in advance. Lady Eva has, we hear, ridden very long distances, and he has shot two bison, six ibex, one bear, two alligators, and two sambur in the hills just above us.

Meanwhile, we get back to the railway in constant fear of the rain, lest we fail to get across the rivers. In fact, however, travelling through the monsoon we have escaped miraculously, and the heaviest shower we have been out in was of *rose-water* projected too generously from a silver sprinkler on our unprotected heads.

Hardly had the above been written, when we rode 30 miles partly through a deluge of rain. The sides of the road were converted into torrents, and we had to ride against time to get over the rivers before they came down in full fresh from the hills above us.

We were glad to meet the Military Secretary, Major Stewart-Mackenzie at Ammayanaikanur, where we took the train for Trichinopoly, halting for an hour at Dindigul to see the new water-works and to visit Mr. Heimpel's manufactory, at which the well-known Trichinopoly cigars are made. Mr. Heimpel told us that he exported to England every month upwards of half a million cigars, which are chiefly re-exported to Russia and Germany, and some of which actually go to Havanna. Here, as at Calicut, we had proofs of that enterprise of the great German nation, the competition of which in trade has been felt of late years by the British manufacturer all over the world.

On the last day of October we rode out from Trichinopoly to Srirangam, a town of temples on the banks of the sacred Cauvery, which, like the Vigay and the Tamraparni, we found in fresh and flush from bank to bank. There is nothing remarkable about these temples but their size and wealth in lands and precious stones. The table service of the God consists of a quantity of huge golden bowls.

In the Central Jail we saw, among a population of upwards of 800, some of the Burmese dacoits who have given so much trouble, and a Hindu convict who protested in English that the case against him was a "concoculation." "Likewise," said he, as we passed on, "I have passed Criminal Higher." This is one of the tests which candidates for employment in the public service have to pass. In another sense the test is also passed by those who are candidates for a home in jail.

All was satisfactory in this, the Jail, it will be remembered, in which the health of the prisoners was so unsatisfactory a few years back, that its condition and management formed the subject of repeated questions in Parliament, and of an exhaustive inquiry by the Madras Government. Careful inquiries were made as to the food and water supplied to the convicts.

The Tondiman or Raja of Puthucotta, whose territory lies near Trichinopoly, came in to visit His Excellency. He is a boy of 13, and speaks English well, and the affairs of the little State are in the competent hands of the Dewan Regent, Mr. Sheshaya Shastri, a very able administrator, subject to the control of the Collector of Trichinopoly, who is also Political Agent for Puthucotta.

The morning of the 2nd November was devoted to a visit to the Grand Anicut, an old native work, about 13 miles from Trichinopoly, designed to regulate the supply of water between the Caveri and Vennar rivers, which irrigate the Tanjore District, on the one side, and the Coleroon, which carries away the surplus water, on the other. Immediately below the anicut, regulating sluices have lately been constructed across the Caveri and Vennar at a cost of about £55,000, which will enable the supply, when the river is low, to be divided in proper proportion between these rivers, and in high floods prevent the admission of more water than the rivers are capable of carrying, thereby preventing the occurrence of disastrous inundations in the Tanjore District.

The afternoon was devoted to receiving addresses,

visiting schools and returning the visit of the Raja of Puthucotta. The entertainment provided at the Jesuit College was of a most novel and original character. Among the subjects on the programme was a representation, by small boys of about 10 and 12, of a class being examined in Indian History by the master, a preternaturally sharp boy who was the smallest of all. It was agreed by master and pupils that Lord Dalhousie was the greatest of Indian Viceroys, and Lord Mayo the most popular, and that a Governor, who was at once the son-in-law of one and the brother of the other, possessed special claims on their regard and consideration. These small people performed their respective parts with infinite *aplomb* and the little master of the class was quite a prodigy of self-possession. He spoke before an audience composed of many hundreds of his school-fellows and of strangers, with a voice and delivery that very few English public school-boys could command on their last speech-day. It is the peculiar gift of small boys in this country to be pleasantly and unpretentiously precocious.

Next morning we moved along the delta of the Cauvery to Tanjore, where the great Temple, the Palace and its occupants, and the new and admirable Raja Mirasidar Hospital, raised by local subscriptions in this wealthy district, claimed attention. The Jail, too, built on the far more expensive and possibly somewhat more satisfactory cellular system, received a visit, and the presence of some 20 or 30 civil debtors suggested an inquiry, which is now being made, as to the alleged greater severity of the law of civil debt in this, as compared with other parts of India.

The Palace of the last Raja of Tanjore, now occupied by his ten surviving widows and their relations, is a large rambling succession of shady courtyards, lofty halls, and dark passages ornamented throughout in the striking but meretricious style of Hindu art. All was gold and red and blue, and monstrous gods and demons figured on every wall.

The building contains some very interesting arms, and pictures,—some of the Rajas, in what Bishop Heber happily calls, "the king of spades" style, others portraying the crimes and punishment of the Marquise de Brinvilliers,—but the glory of the Palace is its library containing a vast store of Sanscrit manuscripts, many of them of great value, which have been catalogued and classified by the late Dr. Burnell. The evidence of that most distinguished Orientalist and Sanscritist will carry much weight in deciding, should the question still be deemed open, the relative value of Eastern and Western literature. After his retirement from the Madras Civil Service, he passed some time in the libraries of Rome in the congenial study of their contents; and writing to Tanjore, said how much he regretted he had spent the leisure of a busy official life on Sanscrit and connected subjects, which were, he said, mere garbage compared with the literature of the West.

Lord Connemara alone was admitted inside the purdah, behind which the Ranis and their children were seated, and the rest of us sat outside the golden curtain, though a narrow net-work ran along the purdah, on the eye-line, through which curious faces kept peering. The scene behind the purdah was not

of an unusual character. All the ladies talked at once as the principal male member of the family introduced Rani after Rani to the Governor's notice.

The subjects referred to in the addresses and petitions presented in this, one of the wealthiest districts in India, did not differ materially from those received elsewhere. They chiefly referred to the severity of the Salt and Forest laws, the injustice of the house-tax, on the imposition of which the extension of local self-government in rural districts depends, to the difficulty of settling disputes as to irrigation, and so on.

A pleasing feature of addresses throughout was their constant and grateful mention of former Governors, Lord Napier, Lord Hobart,—particularly by the Mahomedans,—the Duke of Buckingham and Sir M. E. Grant Duff. It was not less pleasant to note the constant recognition of Lady Connemara's efforts to promote the good works begun by Lady Dufferin's National Indian Association, and Lady Grant Duff's Madras Gosha Hospital.

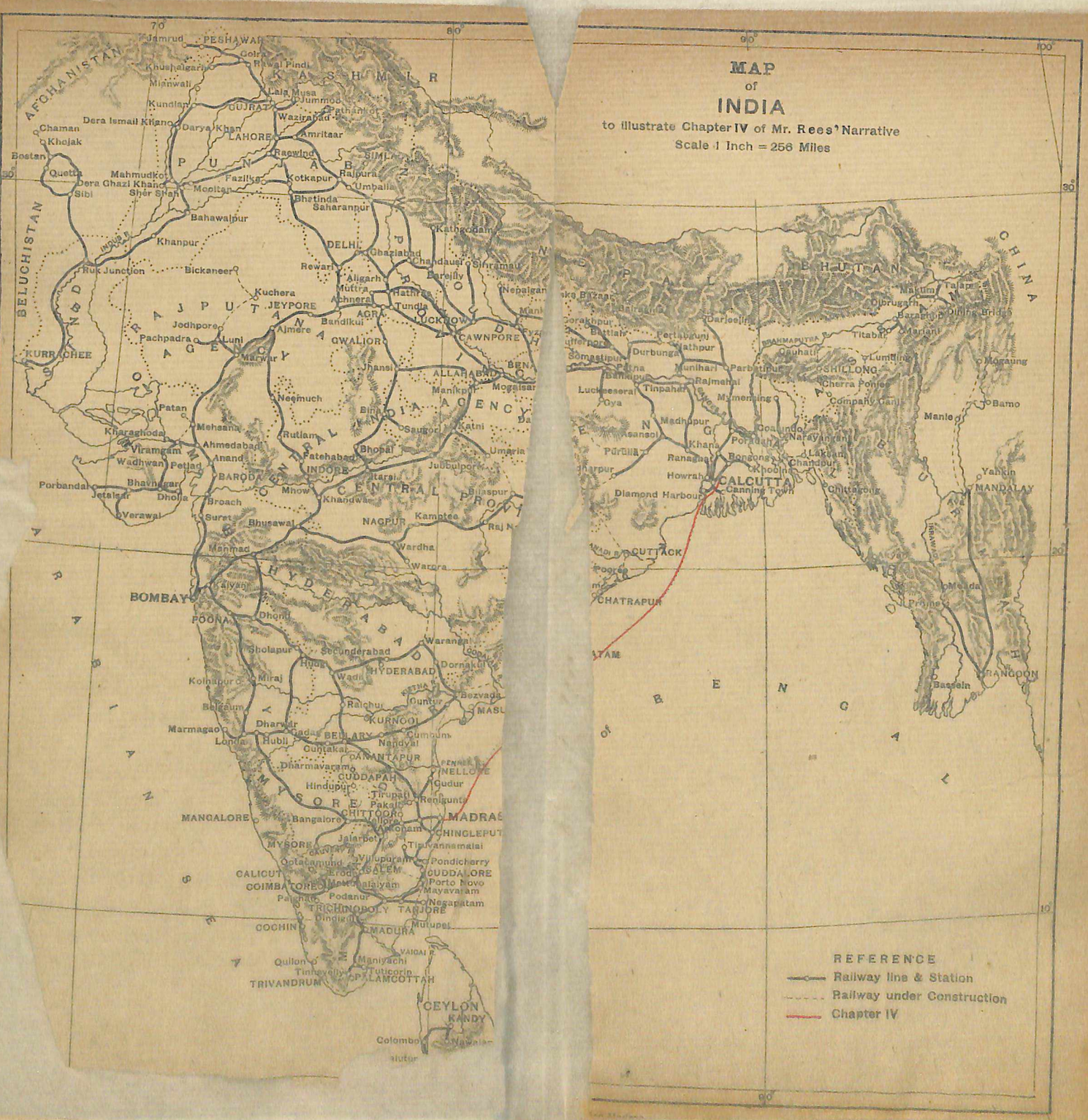
The executive officer in Tanjore, immediately below the Collector and Magistrate in rank, is Mr. Manavedan Raja, the Senior Statutory Civilian serving in this Presidency. This gentleman, who belongs to the family of the Zamorin of Calicut, discharges his important duties in a very satisfactory manner.

We left Tanjore at 10 P.M. on the night of the 4th November and joined Lady Connemara, who had come down from Ootacamund with Lord Marsham and Mr. Wisely two days before, at Madras at 10 A.M. on

the morning of the 5th, after visiting two Native States and five British districts and travelling 1,030 miles in all, of which we rode 212, drove 114 and were carried by rail 488. The remaining 216 miles we did by water in house-boats on the Western Coast.

(77)

MAP
of
INDIA
to illustrate Chapter IV of Mr. Rees' Narrative
Scale 1 Inch = 256 Miles



CHAPTER IV.

CALCUTTA.

Voyage to Calcutta—"River of ruined capitals"—"James and Mary"—Our party—Landing at Prinsep's ghaut—Marquess of Dalhousie—At Government House—Legislative Council—Council chamber—Debate—Pacification of Burma—Sir Dinshaw Manikjee Petit—Story of salt tax—Fancy fair—Nepaul Minister—Ceremony of Investiture—Memorials of Lord Mayo—Visit to Barrackpore—Lady Ripon's avenue—grave—Religious Endowments' Bill—Evening party—Representative Indian men—Meeting of Countess of Dufferin's fund—Viceroy's acknowledgment of Lady Connemara's services—Lady Dufferin's efforts—Lords Mayo and Dalhousie—More speeches—Visits—Sports at Body Guard lines—To Diamond Harbour—On board *Rewa*—Incidents of voyage—Eclipse ceremony—Arrival at Madras.

A JOURNEY from Madras to Calcutta by a P. and O. Steamship is of such an ordinary character as to call for no description. In fine weather it is a mere yachting journey of three nights and three days, the last day being spent partly in waiting for the tide, and partly in hastening up "the river of ruined capitals" after crossing one bar to get over the other two with the tide.

Near the junction of the main channel of the Ganges with the Hoogly are the two moving quicksands named "James and Mary," the passage of which, always difficult, was rendered more exciting by the recent loss thereon of two steamers. The river-bed changes more or less from day to day, and its condition is almost hourly recorded and telegraphed to Calcutta, whence news is transmitted to stations down

the coast, in order to give the pilots the latest information. The charts are, owing to these frequent changes, of very little use.

Arrived at Garden Reach, where a black flag was flying over the palace of the recently deceased king of Oudh, we * found Lord William Beresford and Captain Currie in the Viceroy's launch, ready to take on to Government House Lord and Lady Connemara and party, and Lord Eustace Cecil and Mr. Cecil, who had come up from Madras with us. We landed at Prinsep's ghaut, whence Lady Connemara had embarked with her father, the Marquess of Dalhousie, when last she was at Calcutta, when the parting cheer to the Viceroy died away into a sob of regret. Here a guard of honour of the 7th Bengal Native Infantry was drawn up, and, after the Governor had inspected it, we drove to Government House. At the foot of the grand staircase, Sir Steuart Bayley, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Private Secretary to the Viceroy, met the Governor and Lady Connemara, and escorted them to the top of the steps, where the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin, and the members of their family awaited their arrival.

* His Excellency The Lord Connemara, G.C.I.E.
Her Excellency The Lady Connemara, C.I.
Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin.
Mr. Rees.
Captain Wyndham-Quin, A.D.C.
The Viscount Marsham, A.D.C.
Surgeon-Major Briggs.

The climate at Calcutta seemed cold to visitors from the far south of the Peninsula, but there was warmth enough in our welcome to neutralise its effect.

Next morning, Friday the 3rd February 1888, was

entered in the thoughtful programme, drawn up under the Viceroy's orders by Lord William Beresford, as a "free day," but there were many visitors, and at 12 o'clock a meeting of the Legislative Council at Government House. Above the Viceroy's chair in the Council Chamber is the picture of Warren Hastings, to which Macaulay refers in his celebrated Essay; but Lord Dufferin who sat below had no need to preserve a *mens æqua in arduis*. Every member of the Council who spoke approved of the measures His Excellency was taking to meet a small deficit, namely, an increase in the salt tax, and the imposition of a duty on paraffin oil. At the close of the debate, however, the Viceroy had occasion to refer to the satisfactory progress of the pacification of Burma,—a subject that recalls the sessions in that Chamber of less united Councils in more stirring times. The debate was of an unusually interesting character, and showed that the official and non-official members were of one mind as to the financial measures proposed. The Parsee Member, Sir Dinshaw Manikjee Petit, did not think that the extra 8 annas tax on salt would press hardly, or indeed be appreciably felt by the people.

Apropos of the salt tax, room may perhaps be found for a story said to be true and certainly amusing: An old woman, who would neither explain nor plead, was being tried by a Magistrate in the Madras Presidency for being in possession of illicit salt, or salt privately manufactured from saline earth. She was about to be fined one rupee, when the Magistrate said, "I may as well satisfy myself that it is salt," and pro-

ceeded to taste some of the dubiously white powder found on the old woman's person. Before he had raised it to his lips, she cried aloud, "Not only do they fine me one rupee, but they eat the ashes of my dead husband."

In the afternoon there was a great fair for the benefit of "the little sisters of the poor" at St. Xavier's College, in the success of which Lady Dufferin and her daughters took a kindly and energetic interest. Lady Bayley at her stall had collected curios from Tibet, brazen feet of Buddha, Buddhistic blotting books and the like. Lord Connemara was not able to be present, as he had gone to see the Maharaja Minister of Nepaul, the nephew of Jung Bahadur, who was on a visit to Calcutta.

The event of the next day was the Investiture of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire. In the grounds in front of Government House an enormous Durbar tent had been put up, and tickets had been issued to about 1,500 spectators. On either side of this central tent stood two assembling tents, and at 12 o'clock in one of these, His Excellency the Viceroy joined the Companions and the Secretary of the Order, who had previously arrived. In the other tent the only Knight Grand Commander, who was to be invested, Lord Connemara, with his staff, awaited the summons of the Secretary to appear before the Grand Master, who preceded by the Secretary in a white silk robe, and followed by the Companions of the Order, had slowly marched down the lane between the spectators to the throne at the end of the tent. The

summons came directly after the proceedings had been formally opened. First came the Under-Secretary in the Foreign Department bearing the insignia of the Order on a velvet cushion; next came the Secretary and then Sir Steuart Bayley, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Sir Charles Aitchison, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Between these two Companions of the Order and followed by his personal staff, Mr. Rees, Captains Wyndham-Quin and Lord Marsham, the Governor of Madras proceeded to the *dais*, whereupon Lord William Beresford drew his sword and handed it to the Viceroy, who first of all conferred upon Lord Connemara the dignity of a Knight Bachelor of the United Kingdom, after which Sir Steuart Bayley and Sir Charles Aitchison invested the new Knight Grand Commander with the ample robe of the Order and affixed its Star to the left breast of his coat. Then they conducted His Excellency to the throne, where he made obeisance to the Viceroy, who invested him with the Collar and pronounced the formal admonition. A salute of 17 guns was next fired, and His Excellency was then conducted to his seat on the right of the Grand Master by the Secretary of the Order.

The new Knights were next invested with ceremonies of the like nature, but of less circumstance and detail. Among them were Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the Viceroy's Private Secretary, the Maharaja of Durbungha and the Maharaja of Vizianagram, whose handsome appearance and graceful bearing did credit to the Presidency whence he comes. The inves-

titure of the Companions did not take long, and at one o'clock the Viceroy marched out in State, surrounded by his staff, and followed by Lord Connemara. Then came the Knights and Companions, and so ended the chapter. It was a brilliant ceremony, well designed, and well executed in every particular.

In the afternoon "the little sisters of the poor" again claimed our attention, and a most varied and admirable programme, under the patronage of their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin, resulted, it is hoped, in large and well-deserved profits.

On Sunday we drove past Lord Mayo's statue to the Cathedral, within which is a handsome stained glass window, another memorial of that much-beloved and well-remembered Viceroy.

To this succeeded a most enjoyable visit to the Viceroy's country-house at Barrackpore. We went up by water in the Viceroy's launch, His Excellency himself steering the greater part of the way. We admired the broad river and the temples on its bank, and were charmed by Lady Ripon's beautiful avenue of bamboos, which completely excluded the midday sun. The turf was green, the kites were bold; luncheon under the trees was perfect; a walk to Lady Canning's grave was peaceful and pleasant; a ride next morning cool and exhilarating, breakfast in the bower-like verandah behind the bongainvilliers and the Bignonia, most grateful, and a morning journey back to Calcutta in the steam launch an enjoyable ending, to a most delightful little visit.

In the afternoon at a small tennis-party were

collected together all that was eminent in the official, and much that was charming in the social, world of the Indian capital. There were present the Members of the Viceroy's Council, some of the Secretaries to the Government of India, and others with whom the Governor and his Chief Secretary, Mr. Stokes, had already held consultations concerning certain matters of business of importance to the Southern Presidency, which can only be settled with the concurrence and approval of the Government of India. Such informal discussions, though most salutary and fruitful in results, cannot conveniently be here recorded.

The morning of Tuesday 7th was devoted to conferences with Sir Charles Eliott, Public Works Member of the Government of India, and Sir Charles Aitchison. With the latter and with Mr. Scoble the Governor fully discussed the question of amending the law relating to religious endowments. There has been an agitation in Madras, which is presumed to represent the feeling of the Native community, in favour of radical alterations in the law, so as to empower District Committees to exercise effectual control over the trustees of religious institutions, who, it is alleged, at present mismanage the funds of the institutions committed to their charge. It was felt, however, that a Central Committee controlling the District Committees, which had been proposed in Madras, would partake of the nature of a Government institution, or would, at any rate, bear that complexion in the eyes of the natives. It also seemed that the powers which District Committees possess already are much more

extensive than is generally supposed. It is a pity that these powers were not set out, as enumerated in the old regulations, instead of being merely referred to in Act XX of 1863, as being conferred by such regulations. The chief difficulty no doubt is to provide funds for the initial expenses of suits brought against trustees who embezzle or waste temple funds; and it was thought that such expenses in *bonâ fide* cases might be charged to the institutions concerned, whether or not the suit was ultimately successful. To the conference it seemed expedient to amend the existing Act XX of 1863, to define the powers possessed by District Committees, to re-appoint such Committees, which have, with few exceptions, ceased to exist, and to provide greater facilities to those interested in bringing malpractices to light.

The afternoon was devoted to a visit to the Botanical Gardens, and after dinner a large evening party took place at Government House. The appearance of the crowd of visitors was very striking. There was the Maharaja Minister of Nepaul clothed in black satin and gold, with a white cap like that of a Russian cavalry officer. Around him were the members of his staff in red coats, turbans and aigrettes of bird of paradise feathers, and diamonds. Conspicuous among the bravely-dressed people, *simplex munditiis*, was the Parsee millionaire Sir Dinshaw Manikjee Petit, clad in plain white linen and wearing the high glazed hat which alone recalls the origin of his co-religionists. The Ameer of Afghanistan was represented by his agent, a tall and burly Afghan, wearing a fur cap; the

nobles of Madras were represented by the Maharaja of Vizianagram ; the foreign Consuls, in uniform and *bien decorés*, mustered in full force. The Bengalis were most numerous, but nearly all parts of India were represented. Among the guests was Prince Furruk Shah, the great grandson of Tippu Sultan, and many other friends of the late Lord Mayo,—all anxious to be presented to his brother. Among the ladies were three Burmese clothed in their graceful national costumes. English ladies, and English Hussars and Lancers, the red of the line, the blue of the Political Department, the shawls of the Baboos, and the black coats of the Civilians, Mussulmans, Bengalis, Madrassees, Parsees, Afghans, Burmans, Punjabees and Nepaulese combined to make up a varied and striking scene.

On Wednesday afternoon the annual meeting of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund was held in the Town Hall. The Viceroy was in the chair, and the proceedings were opened by Mr. (now Sir Andrew) Scoble, Legislative Member of the Supreme Council, who in moving that the annual report be accepted, gratefully acknowledged the services rendered by Lady Connemara and her Branch Committee in having led the way in enlisting the services of Local and Municipal Boards, and having thereby helped, in a great measure, to nationalise the objects of the Association. He paid a high tribute to the energy and industry of the Countess of Dufferin, who was, he said, not only the patroness, but also the working head and the working heart of the Association. Lord Connemara, who

followed, thanked Mr. Scoble for the kind reference made to Lady Connemara's efforts, and also commended the Madras Committee and its Secretary, Mr. Rees, for their exertions. The Viceroy in like manner thanked those who had spoken for the tribute they had paid to Lady Dufferin's successful and laborious efforts, and said that it gave him great pleasure to preside on the occasion, not only because the incorporation of the Association would now establish it upon a firm and lasting basis, but also because "he had received the assistance that night of the brother of one of the noblest Viceroys that ever presided over the destinies of India, who sacrified his life in the discharge of his duty, and to whose memory the affectionate reminiscences of the people of India still clung with undying fidelity." His Excellency also found an additional pleasure in presiding when he remembered that beside him sat Lady Connemara, "the daughter of the most illustrious statesman that ever left the shores of England, in order to devote his great talents and his undaunted energies to the service of his country, the memory of whose achievements will last as long as history itself, and who secured once for all the safety of British India." Lord Dufferin reminded his hearers that Lord Dalhousie, "though he left these shores alive, soon afterwards succumbed to those unparalleled labours which signalised his Viceroyalty." Speeches were also made by the Maharaja of Durbhanga, the Sheriff of Calcutta, Mr. Evans and others. The Sheriff in his speech having referred to the custom of seclusion of women as being a bad one

and inimical to all progress, as well as to the spread of female education and the adoption of female medical aid by the women of India, Mr. Evans pointed out that the Countess of Dufferin's Fund in no wise took this view and merely wished to diffuse medical aid amongst the women of India without regard to any social or religious distinction whatsoever. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Steuart Bayley, in his speech took the ground taken in the reports of the Central Committee and of the Madras Branch, that the provision of practitioners of the Hospital Assistant Grade was, in fact, what was most wanted, and that the choice did not lie between such, and between highly-educated practitioners, but between such and no practitioners at all. It was gratifying to us to find that the lines upon which we are working were not only approved by the Central Committee, but were emphatically declared to be those best calculated to nationalize the movement, and to give it a permanent footing in the land.

On Thursday the morning was occupied as usual with visits, amongst others from the Maharaja of Vizianagram, and in the afternoon rain interfered with the programme, but was powerless to keep away the visitors who had been bidden to the most enjoyable ball which took place in the evening.

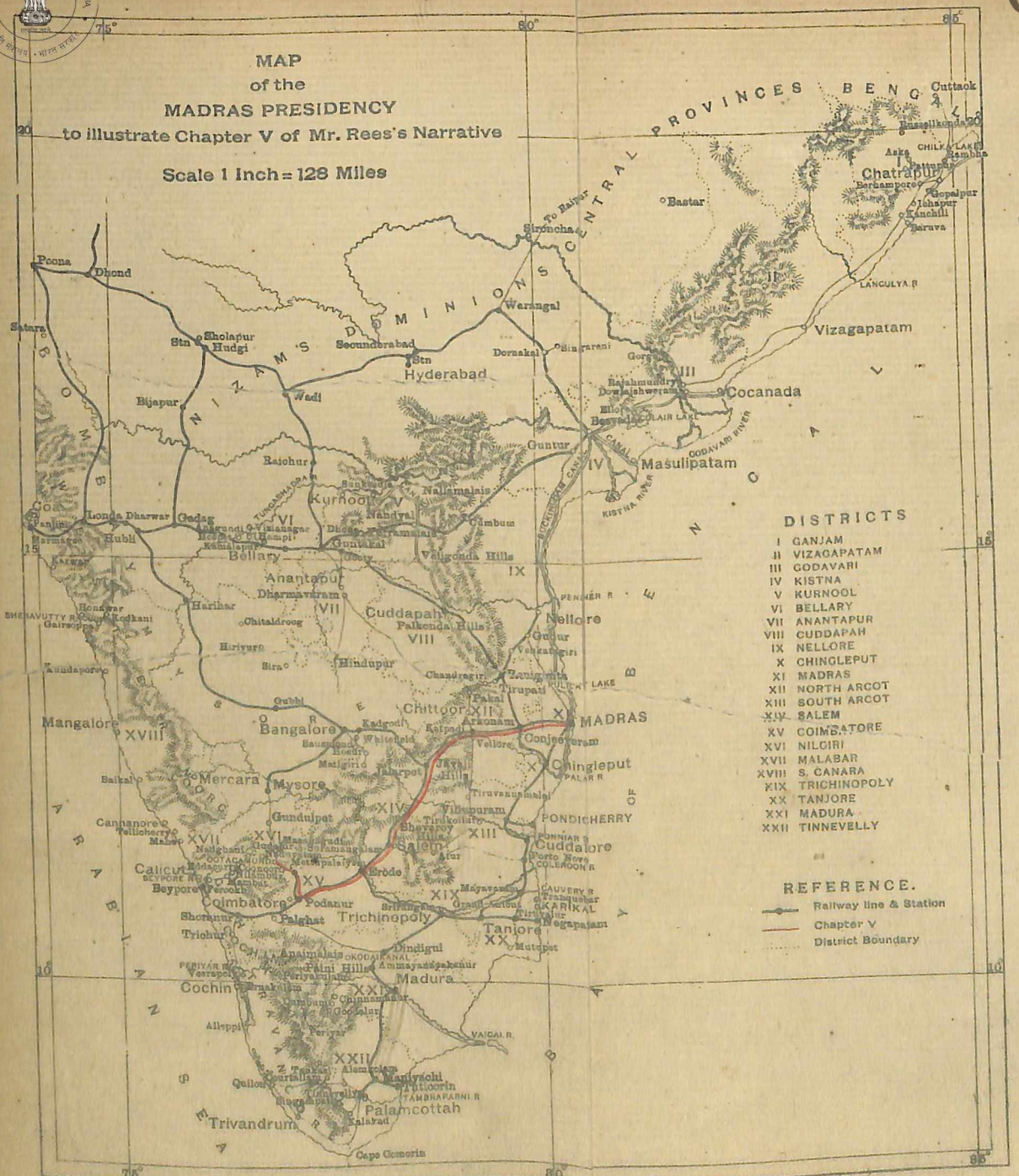
The next day, Friday, we went in the afternoon to the Body Guard Lines to see tall troopers in their long scarlet tunics tent-peg and wrestle on horse-back. Besides this, there was a tug-of-war; the competitors on either side being Hindus and Muhammadans, all

mounted. The result showed that the horses had very little to do with it, and that their weight could not be brought to tell at all. I think the victory was on the side of the co-religionists of Sir Syed Ahmed, who has lately been protesting that numbers cannot count for everything, and that between Muhammadans and Hindus, the less than half is more than the whole.

In the evening Lord and Lady Connemara dined with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and next morning, with great regret to have come to the end of so pleasant a programme, and to leave such kind hosts, we despatched our things by the steamship *Rewa*, and started ourselves by special train, after luncheon, to embark at Diamond Harbour. On the way down we passed through fields of rice now covered with stubble, which, in the rainy season, are under water, and through which now and again you could see a cultivator paddling himself in a dug out, even at this time of the year. A steam launch took us across to the *Rewa*, which we learnt had had a fratricidal collision with another steamer of the same Company in the river. Her voyage up and down was eventful. On the way up she had halted for three hours in mid-sea, to allow a Hindu Raja to bathe and cast gold and silver into the water and pray in the eclipse. We said "good-bye" to Captain Currie of the Viceroy's staff, who had accompanied us, slept on board the ship and next morning steamed away to Madras,—all regretting that one of the pleasantest visits of our life was done and ended.

MAP of the MADRAS PRESIDENCY to illustrate Chapter V of Mr. Rees's Narrative

Scale 1 Inch = 128 Miles



DISTRICTS

I	GANJAM
II	VIZAGAPATAM
III	GODAVARI
IV	KISTNA
V	KURNOOL
VI	BELLARY
VII	ANANTAPUR
VIII	CUDDAPAH
IX	NELLORE
X	CHINGLEPUT
XI	MADRAS
XII	NORTH ARCOT
XIII	SOUTH ARCOT
XIV	SALEM
XV	COIMBATORE
XVI	NILGIRI
XVII	MALABAR
XVIII	S. CANARA
XIX	TRICHINOPOLY
XX	TANJORE
XXI	MADURA
XXII	TINNEVELLY

REFERENCE.

- Railway line & Station
- Chapter V
- District Boundary

PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL SURVEY OFFICE MADRAS
1891

CHAPTER V.

SALEM.

Departure from Madras—Reception at Salem—Opening of Agricultural Exhibition—Mr. Nicholson—Mr. Dykes—Cattle shows—Former exhibitions—Municipal address—Governor's reply—Sections of show—Alambadi bulls—Kangyam bulls—Nilgai—Pegus and Arabs—"Par fait Amour"—Government stallions—Arabs and Persians—Pony-breeding operations on hills—Agricultural implements—Native and Swedish ploughs—Native harrow—Persian wheel—Native picottah—Vegetable products—Specimens of fibres—Iron-smelting—Spear heads—Animal products—Native manufactures—Palampores—Bricks—Lacquerwares—Native saddles—Shermadevi mats—Garden party—Mr. Sturrock—Proposed transfer of Coorg to Madras Presidency—Prize-giving at Agricultural exhibition—Departure for hills—Eucalyptus plantations—Sim's Park—Welcome at Charing Cross.

On the evening of the 22nd of March 1888, we * left Madras for the second annual visit to the Hills. A very large number of Europeans and natives came to the station to bid His Excellency good-bye.

* His Excellency The Lord Connemara, G.C.I.E.
Mr. J. D. Rees, Private Secretary.
Captain Wyndham-Quin, 16th Lancers, A.D.C.

Next morning arrived at Salem, we were met by the Collector, Mr. McWatters, the Judge, the Superintendent of Police, and many other District officials, now all of them well known to the Governor.

The reason for this visit was the opening of the Salem Agricultural Exhibition. It had been decided by the Madras Government to hold periodical exhibitions at different central stations in the Presidency, and occasionally at Madras itself. Before arriving at

these conclusions this important subject received the fullest consideration. Mr. Nicholson, whom we saw at Anantapur last year, contributed several valuable and interesting papers to the discussion. He considers that it is in regard to agricultural *implements* that the case for Agricultural shows is strongest. He presided over a fairly successful exhibition held at Gooty last year, and his opinion is quoted as being that of a well-informed and earnest officer, with whom many others of experience and ability thoroughly agree.

It has to be urged also that the cattle shows held for many years in the Nellore District, and originated by Mr. Dykes, who is yet well remembered there, have been of unquestionable benefit in improving the breed of cattle in that part of the country. Similarly, shows at which the best specimens of cattle from the localities most favoured in this respect, are exhibited to thousands of ryots, cannot but be more or less beneficial.

The exhibitions that have been already held at Gooty, Erode and Bellary, have attracted large numbers of ryots, and a fair number of exhibits, and of visitors from the neighbouring districts, and the Salem Exhibition has certainly not fallen short of the others mentioned. Indeed it is probably the best yet held.

The proceedings opened with the usual address from the Municipality to which was also added an address from the Mussulmans of Salem. Neither address, it is worthy of remark, contained any refer-

ence whatever to the unfortunate differences which once existed between the Mussulmans and the Hindus of Salem, or to the dispute connected with the mosque which led to the riots of 1882. The address of the Municipality contained the usual words of welcome, and referred to the water-supply of the town for which aid from provincial funds was asked; to the tax on head-loads of fuel collected without, and brought into, the town, which was said to press heavily on the poor; and to the proposed extension of the Madras Railway to Salem, a distance of 4 miles. His Excellency in replying to these addresses assured those present that of all the subjects which came before him as Governor, there were none which caused him greater pleasure to investigate, than those connected with agriculture, on the prosperity of which the present and the future of this Presidency so largely depend. Referring to the water-supply he feared that it was most unsatisfactory, but asked the memorialists to remember how hard it was to decide whether the general funds of the tax-payer should or should not be devoted to the wants of a particular locality. He pointed out the great improvement which has been effected in the forests around Salem as a set off against the imposition of the tax on head-loads of fuel, which of itself did not fall on the poor who collected, but on the dwellers in the town who used, the wood. His Excellency was much disappointed to have to tell his hearers that there was no prospect of the Madras Railway being extended to Salem, as an investigation had disclosed the fact that such an extension would not even pay its working

expenses. He invited the Municipality to show, if they could, how a railway could be brought into Salem at a moderate expense, and sympathised very much with a town of 60,000 inhabitants which was avoided by a railway, which passed it at a distance of only four miles.

Of the different sections of the show, those devoted to live stock and implements were the most interesting and most satisfactory. The show of cattle was very fine, the Alambadi bulls being especially remarkable. This breed which takes its name from Alambadi, a town in Coimbatore, is a variety of the Mysore breed, and is probably, next to that of Nellore, the best in the Presidency. The Kangyam bulls also are remarkable for enormous heads, long hanging dewlaps and broad shoulders, the withers being surmounted by a hump. Towards their quarters they fall off, but on the whole, are very imposing and handsome beasts, and greatly valued for the stud. They run from 150 to 300 rupees a pair, and individual animals will, of course, fetch much higher prices. The show of sheep was disappointing although a very good mutton sheep is grown in the neighbouring district of Coimbatore. The show of buffaloes too was poor, probably owing to the fact that this useful milker and drawer of the plough is held in small repute. Among the cattle were bulls sacred to some Hindu god, who roam at pleasure and feed where they will. Most of these had the insignia of the deity to which they were dedicated branded on their velvet flanks. There were antelope, spotted deer, barking deer, and nilgai or blue-bull,—a

curious beast which, to the uninitiated, looks like a cross between the antelope and the oryx. These last, however, were mere accessories to the more serious exhibits of the section, as indeed were the sacred bulls who helped by their gaudy clothing and painted horns to lend variety to the long stalls. The show of cattle on the whole was distinctly good, and it is worthy of note that just as Pegu mares seldom or never quit Burmah, just as Arab mares rarely forsake the tents of their own tribe, so do cows of the more highly prized breeds of cattle hardly ever leave the immediate locality to which they belong. The fact is that the ryots decline to part with their cows.

There was an interesting show of country-bred ponies, and their foals, got by the Government stallions. It had been a matter of controversy quite lately at what period of the year the produce of sires, maintained by Government for the purpose of improving the indigenous breed of ponies should best be born, and there was evidence at the Exhibition to show that the decision arrived at, to leave this question to the discretion of local officers, was the only wise and practicable solution. In different parts of this country grass is available at different times and the climate varies greatly, and no general rule such as exists in European studs can well be laid down.

There were several promising colts; one filly in particular, a daughter of Parfait Amour, attracted much attention.

The Government stallions themselves were paraded in a separate shed. With one exception all were

lighter the implement the better for the ryot, who has no ploughing cattle to spare. There were winnowing machines, cotton cleaning machines, and an improved sugar-cane mill which has proved vastly successful in the north of India, one insertion in which expresses from the canes all the juice they contain, whereas by the native method after three insertions, and considerable waste, much juice yet remains. This Beheea sugar-cane mill is rapidly coming into use throughout the Presidency. The native harrow is very much like a large rake, and generally has only one row of teeth. A Persian wheel was shown at work, but this ancient and useful contrivance is not likely to supplant the more economical and almost equally efficacious *picottah*, whereby water is raised from wells in buckets by a beam suspended on a lofty upright moved by the hand of the worker, who walks up and down it, as the bucket goes up or down. On the whole, it must be said that, except in regard to the light plough above referred to, most of the implements of European agriculture are too expensive for, and perhaps on other grounds not altogether well-adapted to, the simple and primitive, but nevertheless effective methods of agriculture pursued from time immemorial by the native ryot.

Of vegetable products there were specimens enough; rice of all sorts and kinds, cholum, raggi, cumbu, grams of different sorts, oil-seeds, cotton, jaggery, sugar, tobacco, indigo, gums, resins, and vegetables. It is possible to write a book on the different kinds of rice, the golden wire, the white, the ivory, the red, the tailed, the pepper, the needle-pepper, the little bead,

and many other species. Some kinds of rice, the food *par excellence* of the upper classes, are far more favoured and more expensive than others. The staple of the masses in many of the districts in the South of India is raggi, which is far cheaper than rice, at least as nourishing, and does not predispose towards certain painful and fatal diseases as does the latter grain. Unfortunately when cereals are exhibited in the grain in small quantities, the samples afford a very indifferent means of judging what the crop may be like. To obviate this, it was agreed that in future all cereals should be exhibited in the straw only. Of fibres there were many specimens; the *Sanseviera zeylanica* which grows in quantities in the neighbouring district of Coimbatore, afforded great promise at one time and attracted the attention of capitalists. There were specimens of other excellent fibres such as *Fourcroya gigantea*, *Rea* and *Musa textilis*. For various reasons, however, chiefly the cost of production, regular manufacture of these fibres for the market has not hitherto proved a success.

We saw iron being smelted by the native process, the ore lying on one side of a small furnace constructed of clay, and fed with firewood. On the other side was the iron extracted from the ore. The hills round Salem abound in valuable iron ore, but unless very cheap coal or fuel becomes available, it is likely that these mineral riches will continue to be unavailing in the future, as they have been in the past. The coal from the Singareni fields which can soon be brought by rail directly to Salem, will not, it is feared, be cheap enough to allow of this industry being prosecuted. It

is a great pity, for most admirable steel has been turned out in small quantities by the native method, and a lately deceased smith of Salem had the reputation of manufacturing the best spear-heads for pig-sticking, which have yet been made in India.

Among the animal products were excellent butter and cheese made on the Nilgiris by a retired military officer, and brought down to be exhibited by his daughter, who happily secured six prizes.

The native manufacturers exhibited most of the cloths, wood-carving, silver, copper and brass work well known to all travellers in the south of India. There were Palampores on which were portrayed the story of the Ramayana, the capture of Seeta, the death of Ravana, the return of Rama, and the like, and there were purdahs and cloths of red and white silk so thickly embroidered with gold that they would stand up, yet not of such choice workmanship as one sees at Delhi, or Srinagar. There were bricks from the West Coast, admirable bricks too, such as we saw at Calicut last October in the kilns of the Basel Mission, drain-pipes, indigenous paper, basket-work, lacquered work of which we had already seen better specimens in Kurnool, native saddles of staring crimson cloth, glass bangles, and beautiful woven grass mats from Shermadevi in the Tinnevelly District, so fine that a mat six feet long can be folded up into an incredibly small parcel.

In the evening there was a garden party at the Collector's house, at which Government officials, European and Native, from many surrounding districts were present in large numbers.

Next morning, Mr. Sturrock, the Collector of Coimbatore, came to see His Excellency. He has been on special duty to report upon the proposed transfer of the province of Coorg to the Madras Presidency. This change has been frequently suggested, but no actual steps have ever been taken so far to bring it about. The present administrative arrangements are these:—The small and mountainous province of Coorg is immediately under the control of the Government of India, the Resident of Mysore being also Chief Commissioner of Coorg. Separate acts and regulations and rules apply to the Province, and the question now is whether it shall be attached to Madras, and if the decision be in the affirmative, whether it shall be a separate district or a sub-division of the existing district of South Canara. The Coorgs, a race at once hardy and picturesque, are said to object to being deprived of their present autonomy, or rather their immediate subjection to the Government of India. They are said to object more particularly to being made a sub-division of Canara, regarding the peaceful inhabitants of that district with much the same feelings that the Highlander entertains, or did entertain, towards a Lowlander in Scotland. As usual, it is a question of money, the present administration being more expensive than would be that of a regulation district or portion of a district under the Government of Madras. The question is still * *sub-judice*, and this is all there is at present to be said about it.

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* It has been decided since to leave present arrangements unchanged.

On the evening of Saturday the 24th, His Excellency gave away the prizes at the Agricultural Exhibition and spoke commending Agricultural shows as a means of improving agriculture, and congratulating those concerned on the results of the Salem Show.

The same night we left by special train for Coonoor where next day in company with Mr. Burrows, Collector of the Nilgiris, we rode over the Eucalyptus plantations of the Government and inspected the charcoal manufactory, as well as Sim's Park, one of the Government Gardens on the Hills under the control of Mr. Lawson, which was in a highly satisfactory condition.

On Monday the 26th, we came into Ootacamund, where a Guard of Honour of the Nilgiri Rifle Volunteers was drawn up at Charing Cross, and where a large number of the inhabitants were gathered together to bid us welcome to the summer capital.

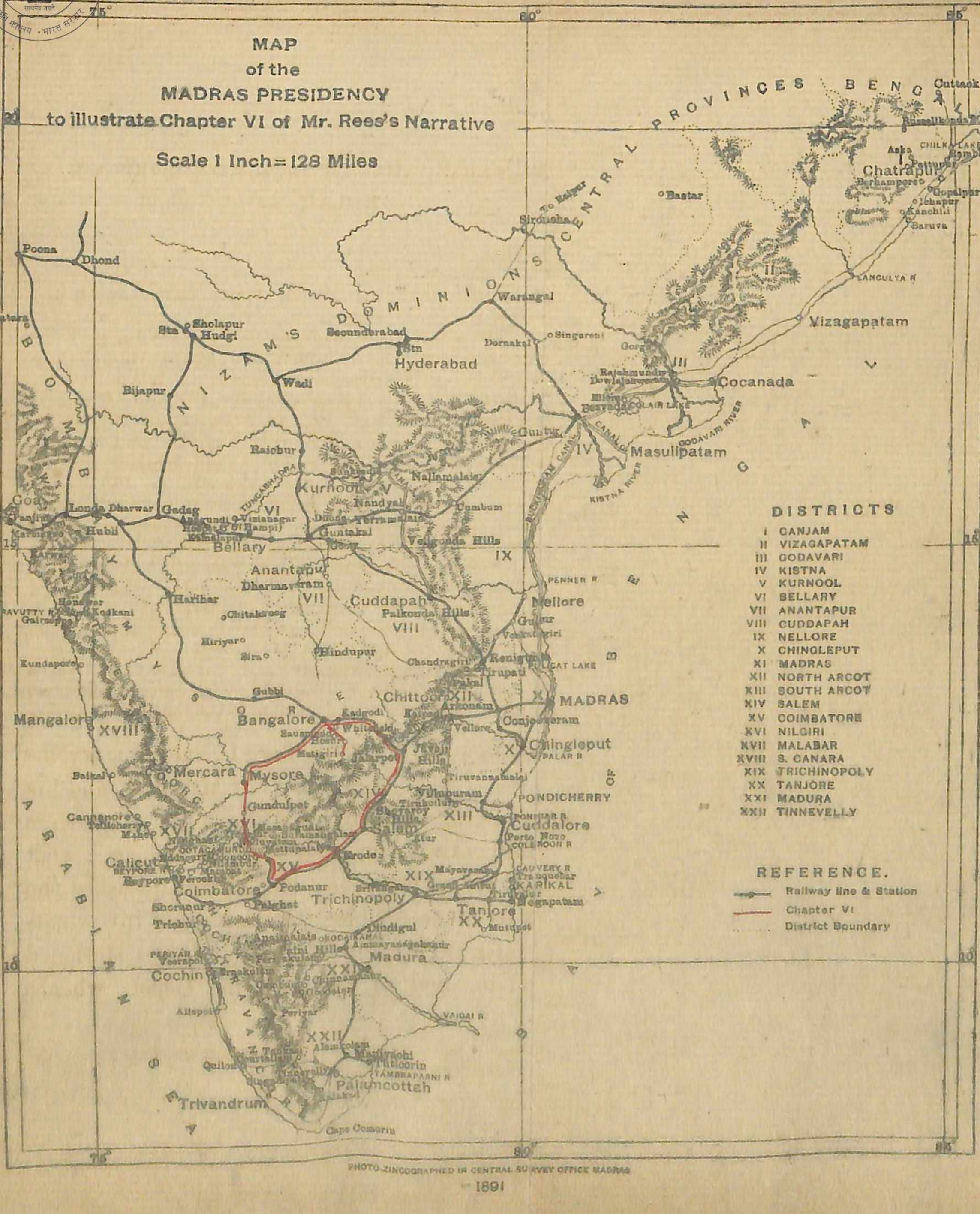

PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL SURVEY OFFICE MADRAS

1891

CHAPTER VI.*

MYSORE, SERINGAPATAM, BANGALORE, OOSOOR, KOLAR.

Departure from Hills—Our party—Object of tour—Government House, Ootacamund—Scenery *en route*—Toda herdsmen—Korumbers—Overseer's encounter with a tiger—Maharajah of Mysore's Silladars—Brahmin Superintendent of Police—Tippoo Sultan—Fishers' village—Caste in Modern India—At Nanjengode—Native welcome—Hindu temple—Jain Priests—Story of a Hindu King—Reception at Mysore—Chamundi Hill—An Eastern St. George—Visit to palace—Dusserah festival—Mysore forests—State jewels—Tippoo Sultan's sword—Palace library—Bi-sexual divinities—Picture gallery—Visit to Seringapatam—Cauvery bathing ghaut—Daria Dowlat—Hyder—Colonel Baillie—Paintings on walls—Apothecary cicerone—Meer Saduk—Tomb of Hyder and Tippoo—Return to Mysore—Grove of palms—Duke of Wellington—Maharanee's caste girls' school—Lady Dufferin—Departure—Tales of Seringapatam—At Bangalore—Residency—Mandalay mementos—Social functions—National sports—Sky races—Maharajah—Aga Khan—of local water-supply—Race course—Inspection of Remount depôt—At Oossoor—A legend—Hamilton's bones—Stock-farm—Principles of agriculture—Return to Bangalore—Madras Sappers and Miners—Mysore plateau—A story of powder and shot—Departure—Arrival at Kolar road—Hyder's tomb—Social relations among Mussulmans—Inspection of gold mines—Their future—Present prospects—Return to Ootacamund.

One sunny day in July 1888, Lord Connemara, accompanied by his Aide-de-Camp, Lord Marsham, and his Private Secretary, myself, left the hill headquarters of the Madras Government at Ootacamund, on a visit to the Maharaja of Mysore, with which pleasure the Governor meant to combine the business of investigating the water-supply for the Madras troops stationed at Bangalore, and of visiting the Depôt, whence

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remounts are supplied to the Cavalry and Artillery of the Madras army.

Government House, Ootacamund, is situated on the slope of the highest hill in Southern India, and our road lay for several miles through evergreen woods of ilex and eugenia, and over grassy downs, covered at this season with a beautiful white balsam peculiar to the Nilgiris. Soon, however, began the descent, happily to the Mysore plateau, and not to the hotter Avernus of the plains. As every thousand feet or so are left behind, the character of the hill-side changes. First we make a short cut through potatoes and barley for a few miles. This is the cultivation of the industrious settler, called, on the hills, the northerner. He and his are fast acquiring the Nilgiris from the indigenous idler, the Toda herdsman, who lives in his wicker and daub oven-shaped house on the emerald turf, and is satisfied with the scanty earnings, which he spends in drink. Next we reach the coffee zone, the plantations looking like red and green chess-boards, and yielding this year a crop, remunerative indeed, though not to the same degree as that of last year.

Here is a rest-house for Europeans alongside a waterfall, by which one of the numerous streams, that we cross and recross when hunting the jackal on the hills, makes two long drops to the larger river it joins below. We ride on, halting a moment to admire a string of dahlias hung across the road by the polite keeper of the turnpike, and some cypresses growing in a road-side garden. Odd it is that the symbol of grace and womanly beauty in the East should be the

"hated" and the "funerall" cypress of Horace and of Spenser. However, little time is allowed for literary reflections, when many breakneck miles lie before us, so we pass the rest-house and ride on to the foot of the hills, beyond which the road passes through grassy lawns and uplands, now sparsely, and now thickly wooded. This is a great haunt of the sportsman. Elephants abound, and cartmen will not travel at night. Bison and deer roam about the vast forest that stretches away to the distant Canara, and along the berme of the road are frequent signs of wild pigs, who dig about for roots, and are in consequence highly unpopular in an agricultural country. Not that there is any agriculture here. Fever depopulates the country side, and nothing but the excellent pasturage accounts for the existence of the wretched village of bamboo and daub, at which, after a ride of eighteen miles, we halt for breakfast.

The wild Korumber tribe that lives about these jungles supplies trackers to the manner born, of marvellous sagacity. One of our party, Captain Wyndham-Quin, who stayed behind to shoot, tells us of their skill. How they hurry along like sleuth hounds, deriving inspiration now from a bent twig, and again from a crushed leaf. At one time they will halt to discuss a little foamflake on a bough, at another hold a board of inquiry on a blade of grass, and decide how long it is since a bison has browsed thereby. And in the end it is rarely their fault if you do not see your quarry.

Here we learn that a road overseer lately met a

tiger on the road near the waterfall. He, by his own account, was a stranger to fear, and put the tiger to flight, but his pony, he said, died a week later from fright. Hence to the frontier and for a dozen miles beyond it, our path lies through thick jungle, of which the characteristic features are the waving green feathers of the bamboo, and the giant leaves and monster lilac-like flowers of the teak tree. The little bit of red, dear to a distinguished artist, is not wanting, and two well-mounted lancers of the Maharaja's Silladars canter behind us. Picturesque-looking fellows they are, and a perfect contrast, though not in smartness, to the Brahman Superintendent of Police, son of a late minister of Mysore, who also forms part of the escort.

In front of the bungalow where we pass the night, was the grave of a European killed by a tiger, as we are told by the local official, whose grandfather's sister married Tippoo Sultan.

This village, in the centre of the inland province of Mysore, is inhabited to a great extent by men of the fisher caste, who are occupied in various trades. Let this fact, and the presence of a hard-riding police officer, son of a Brahman prime minister, serve for passing proofs that caste is not inelastic in Modern India, if indeed it ever was, which I wholly disbelieve. In fact its relation to diversity of occupations is generally misunderstood.

Next morning we pass along through fields of Indian corn, beneath an avenue of banyans, till the tower of a temple rising above the cocoanut trees

indicates the site of Nanjengode, where we halt through the heat of the day in a spacious house of the Maharaja, on the banks of an affluent of the Cauvery. But first we are smothered in oleanders, champaks, and other holy and heavy scented flowers. The stem of every tree for fifty miles along the avenue is girdled by three bands of paint, a native sign of welcome. There is a famous Hindu temple here, on the site of which some four hundred Jain priests were, it is said, killed two centuries ago, by the Rajah of the day. He had once inclined to the Jain religion, but after succeeding to the throne abandoned it, and finding its priests thwarted his agricultural and other reforms, invited them all to a reception. As each one, after making his bow, walked away down a passage, he was dexterously beheaded and tumbled into a pit dug for the purpose. In this way four hundred malcontents were disposed of as methodically and expeditiously as so many pigs by a pork-packer in Chicago. It is recorded that their removal was so well arranged that the pomp and circumstance of the royal reception were in no way interfered with thereby. A graver historian than I am is the authority for the tale.

In the afternoon we make Mysore, within a few miles of which a whole regiment of the red lancers, another of infantry, six gorgeously caparisoned elephants, a few camels, a state carriage drawn by four white horses, and other paraphernalia of Eastern state await the Governor's arrival. Thence amongst prancing horses, waving lance flags, and drawn swords, we enter the Capital, to the obvious satisfaction of the crowds assembled.

Next morning we rode up the hill sacred to the goddess Kali, of Chamundi, who slew the buffalo monster after whom the province is named. As the Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* gives of late, I think, the impression that barbarous sacrifices are not uncommon in India, I may say that it is indeed long since the Goddess was propitiated by human blood, and that she is the protecting deity of a state ruled over by so enlightened and benevolent a ruler as the Maharaja of Mysore, whose kind and prince-like hospitality we are enjoying. Like most goddesses she has many aspects, and here she is represented as an Eastern St. George slaying the dragon which devastated the fair province of Mysore. Undoubtedly she has other and more terrible attributes, and in one form or another is the dread divinity that rural India chiefly worships.

The afternoon was devoted to the Palace, which, like a bisected doll's house, presents an open front to one side of a square. Above the deep verandahs of the lower story is a throne corridor, and here the Maharaja at the chief festival of the year sits in state on a throne as gorgeous as the Peacock throne, erewhile of Delhi. All the people can see their Sovereign up above from the open square, but only the rich and great file by him as he sits silent and immovable upon his golden seat. Athletes fight and wrestle below, trumpets blare, elephants scream, cymbals clash, torches flare, and the air is heavy with the scent of ceremonial flowers. The Hindus say that the eyes of mortals blink, because the tears which for their sins they shed have weakened them, but the eyes of the

deathless gods blink not at all. Hence an attitude impassive and immovable even to the negation of a blink, is that to be achieved as far as possible on this most interesting and truly oriental occasion. A Raja when he assumes the God should *not* affect to nod.

The forests of Mysore are renowned for teak and sandal and other stout and scented trees. The tall pillars of these halls are all of native wood painted red and yellow, as are the ceilings. Beyond the hall is a courtyard, in the centre of which is a canopied Circus, wherein the little princes will learn to ride, under the eye of their father, a very good horseman himself. A dark and narrow passage, lighted by lamps in the early afternoon, leads to a covered and barred enclosure, where pearls, diamonds, and rubies, silver cords and golden bowls, worth in all perhaps £300,000, are spread out for our inspection on a carpet embroidered with pearls and other precious stones, itself worth £20,000. There are, too, castles of gold and of silver, for the backs of elephants, Howdahs they call them. Let us pass on to the armoury, and wield the sword of Tippoo Sultan, "a very practical weapon," as we are told by the conqueror of King Theebaw, who is present. There is another, and most disagreeable weapon, a dagger with a spring. You drive the blade home, and squeeze the handle, and out spring a few saws and knives, that must catch something vital. Next comes the Library, where we see books scratched by a style upon palmyra leaves, bound with laths, with silver, with steel, and with ivory, all length and no breadth, and arranged like children's bricks in neat

Arabs or Persians. The difference is not so well defined as might be thought and the circumstances under which both classes are imported into India are not so well known as they might be. The Turkish Government objects to the exportation of Arabs from Bagdad and Busra, the only ports upon the Tigris whence horses can be shipped for the Persian Gulf *en route* to Bombay. On the Eastern side of the river under the jurisdiction of the Persians, there is no such difficulty. When nothing but a river intervenes between the highly prized Arab whose pedigree has been jealously kept by the Sheiks of the Bedouin, and the coarse and under-bred but useful Persian of Arabistan, Luristan and the surrounding country, it is quite natural that the dealers should pass off any good-looking Persian as an Arab, when they can. Indeed the country whence they ship them is locally known as Arabistan, and there is no great stretch of the imagination, no violent departure from truth, in describing its horses, as Arabs of a kind. At any rate, the Persian, be he highly considered or not, possesses just the qualities which are likely to supply the deficiencies of the weedy, narrow-chested and cow-hocked pony of the plains of Southern India. Each animal and his capabilities were discussed by His Excellency in company with the Member of the Board in charge of breeding operations, and the Revenue Secretary to Government, and the subordinate officer employed in the department. Pony breeding operations under His Excellency's own immediate supervision are to be continued upon the Nilgiri Hills where

a plentiful supply of grass, and a good climate promise a fair hope of success. An officer lately appointed to report on horse shows in the Nizam's Dominions dwells on the fact that no animals above 2 years old are to be found in the country side. If, as is suggested, the Deccan pony is sold as an Arab, there are unfathomable depths of ignorance and imposture; no two animals could be less alike. The Persian and the Arab have many points of resemblance which are more marked according as the Arab is under-bred, and the Persian the reverse. Size again is a valuable criterion, most of the imported "Arabs" being bigger than the steed of the desert. Of course the Arab varies greatly in size, and natural selection, to use the phrase of the day, evolves different types in different countries. Pure-bred Arabs foaled and reared in England, may be seen at Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's at Crabbet Park, which illustrate by their greater height and bigger bulk, the changes that in time produce such descendants as the English Race horse, or the big bony Turcoman, who bears no resemblance to his putative father.

Leaving the live-stock now for Agricultural implements, perhaps the first thing worthy of notice is the light plough specially adapted to the thin soil in which the Indian ryot sows his dry crops. Large numbers of light ploughs have been sold in the Ceded Districts. The native plough, though it merely scratches the ground, is heavy, and the Swedish plough has been found to be admirably adapted for light soils. Of course for heavy black cotton soil, and irrigated land, a heavier plough is absolutely necessary, but the

tells us that Tippoo's General, Meer Saduk, was a traitor "same like the Christian Judas." This summer-house is called the sea of wealth, and its lavish decorations, which cover every inch of wall from first to last, from top to bottom, recall the Palaces of Ispahan, and resemble nothing that I know in India. The common tomb of Hyder and Tippoo somewhat resembles the Taj Mahal, at Agra, in design, though not of course in size or beauty. A walk, bordered by a double row of areca palms and cypresses, leads in a straight line to a white Saracenic dome raised upon a platform, which is supported by black marble pillars. The tombs of the conquered have been well cared for by the conquerors, and everything suggests reverential regard for the dead. The doors of the Mausoleum are of rosewood inlaid with ivory; the windows are of fretwork carved in black marble; incense burns within, and silken cloths cover every tombstone. Solemnity and simplicity, here, as elsewhere, characterise the last resting place of Mussulman Princes.

Then we drove back to Mysore past the Grove of Palms, where the Duke of Wellington lost his way, and many of his men, the day before the fall of the Fort.

There are few prettier sights than a Hindu High Caste Girls' School, and next day at the Maharani's School we saw five hundred well dressed, much bejewelled and intelligent girls running from 6 to 16 years of age, who sang English, Sanscrit and Canarese and played on the Vinah, the violin, and all kinds of instruments. They learn, amongst other things che-

mistry and physiology, hygiene and needle work, and are much devoted to their Maharani of Mysore, and that warm and true friend of Indian women, Lady Dufferin, who from the walls encourages their studies. Not only are they well educated, but many of them are extremely pretty, and not a few leave their babies daily to come and improve their minds. Herein they seem to surpass their Western sisters in the race for knowledge, but then the babies appear at what their Western sisters would consider an early date.

Next morning the Red Lancers took us to the station and we travelled in the train, over an undulating tableland, past gardens of plantain trees, of sugarcane and areca palms, the eighty-five miles which divide Mysore from Bangalore. The Lancers were a great feature of our journey through Mysore, and Colonel Hay has made them as smart almost as British Cavalry. We entered Seringapatam by the Railway bridge with much greater ease than did Lord Harris and the Duke of Wellington; but the traveller cannot help thinking what a pity it is that a bridge somewhat in keeping with the historical associations, romantic surroundings, and beautiful scenery, has not been built. However, economy before all things, and this metre gauge line was constructed for the very moderate sum of £650,000. We see the bathers in the river as we had the day before, but I have since read in a pamphlet published by the apothecary cicerone that the women of this place are "long-tongued, indifferent to their husbands and frequently to all males." I have learnt too, that when citizen Tippoo appealed

to the Republican Governor of the Isle of France for aid against the hated English, he offered his allies "every thing that was necessary for making war, with the sole exceptions of wine and brandy." One other tale of Seringapatam before we leave it. Hyder Ali affected to maintain the ancient Hindu dynasty while himself actually ruling in Mysore; and on the death of the puppet Rajah of the day found it necessary to select from half a dozen children of the royal house one to place upon the empty throne. To discover which had the right stuff in him, he offered the little ones a lot of toys amongst which was a dagger, and the child who chose the dagger was the one he chose for King.

At Bangalore we were received by Sir Harry Prendergast, the Resident, and saw in his charming house some interesting mementos of Mandalay, one of which, a silk curtain embroidered with Chinese dragons, was extremely beautiful and came from King Theebaw's palace. In Burma as in China silk is your only wear, and you have it of all shades and colours, from ordinary orange, red, and blue to such tender and indefinite tints as "pink summer snow."

Social functions and national sports must have their turns, and after more escorts, guards of honour, salutes and the like, we all went to the Bangalore Races, where we met His Highness the Maharaja. We saw too His Highness Sultan Mahomed Shah, grandson and successor of Aga Khan, at once prince and high priest, and, in his day, the greatest patron of the turf in India. It is impossible to convey to the

untutored Western mind the real position held by this pretty boy, the founder of whose family, by the way, was the Chief of the Assassins, the Old Man of the Mountains, the ruins of whose eyrie you may yet see in the mountains of the Elburz by the Caspian Sea. The only possible parallel that I can suggest would be that of a horse-racing Cardinal, and this I will not seriously maintain. Had Mr. Launde been a follower of the prophet, his priestly office would never have interfered with his love of horse-racing.

Next day began the most serious business of the tour, and we rode, accompanied by engineering experts, about the country, seeing the sites of various projects for the supply of good drinking water to the troops. The town of Bangalore is situated at a height of 3,113 feet above the level of the sea, and being built itself on a higher level than all its surroundings, no schemes are feasible except such as provide for taking advantage of trifling local depressions, storing the surplus rainfall in convenient localities, and pumping the water to such height as may enable it by gravitation to be brought to the perhaps distant cantonment. Many schemes have been talked of; one has been carried out with only partial success. It is very pleasant to ride over the cool and bracing Mysore plateau, and enquire into engineering projects, but a description of them is far from interesting to the general reader, and there are some who go so far as to hold with the Engineer in charge of the works that regulate the existing supply, that too much fuss is made about the matter. He says that men who are

thrown off their horses, and killed *on the spot* at Bangalore, are the only ones that are allowed by the Doctors not to have died from drinking bad water.

Next day is spent in similar inspections and in going again to the races. The course is a beautiful sight on a fine day. Across the crowds of natives clad in garments of all colours, and over the Steeplechase course, some of the jumps of which are natural hedges of Lantana, you see the famous rock fortress of Savandroog and other high and isolated rocks characteristic of the country, and admirably suited for the fastnesses of armed plunderers in the not long past days of rapine and of bloodshed.

Two more days thus passed in riding about the plateau all day, till the soldiers declared we had water on the brain, and in going to dinners and balls all night, and witnessing one morning a parade of all the troops in the garrison. It was pleasant, in the midst of all our alarms about the army, to see regiments of British Cavalry and Infantry respectively 400 and 900 strong on parade.

On Saturday we left for the Remount Depôt just outside the Mysore frontier and in British territory, 30 miles from Bangalore. Here we saw 700 Australian horses, most of them good ones. The place looks quite English, but a few days ago a gentleman driving a team there saw a cobra on the road, and told his groom to kill it. The groom struck it, and the animal was making off, when the driver moved on, hoping to crush it under the wheel. The enraged snake thereon climbed up the wheel and into the carriage where

a lady was sitting. A most curious and exceptional occurrence and a most obtrusive snake. Ordinarily you may pass your life in India without seeing one. Here in the most English looking part of the continent, the most poisonous of snakes positively invades a lady's carriage.

Next day we ride to Oosoor, a polyglot village, where we are received in a gigantic bower of mango branches, inspect silos and stock farms, and preach sanitation. The house we stay in, is in one of Tippoo Sultan's Forts. An English prisoner was ordered to build it, but when the Sultan found it was commanded by a neighbouring hill, he had the builder's head hacked off by the village cobbler with his cobbling knife. So at least the legend runs, and it is generally credited, for some bones, believed to be those of the unfortunate Hamilton, were lately found. Most forts in Southern India, however, are said to have been built by Hyder, or Tippu, and nearly all pretend to the distinction of capture by the Duke of Wellington.

On the rocky hill side was carved a gigantic figure of Sugriva, a lion among monkeys, the magnanimous ape who assisted Rama to recover his ravished spouse.

The stock farm* here is only one of many, unhappily not very successful, endeavours to improve the agricultural stock of the country. It seemed to require a great many improvements itself. Indeed it was considered that a beginning should be made by abolishing it. I remember on board a stage in California,

* Since abolished.

asking a driver why it was that Dakota, I think, was not made a State but remained a Territory; and he said, "Most of the people who live there will require killing before they can be turned into American citizens." Too many of our stock-breeding and agricultural experiments are found in like manner to be of such a character that their total abolition is the first step towards their improvement. We too often forget that the Indian cultivator well understands the cardinal principles of successful agriculture.

Next day we returned to Bangalore and spent a most improving afternoon in visiting the lines of that distinguished corps, the Madras Sappers and Miners, who have been in almost every fight in which the British Army has been engaged, for nearly a century. They are great, however, not only in the art of war, but in the arts of peace. They make all their own equipments and are experts as carpenters, coopers, painters, smiths, armourers, gunsmiths, bricklayers, tile-makers, stone-cutters, masons, telegraphists, photographers, printers, and surveyors. No man is admitted into this corps unless he knows some trade, and no man enlists who, for caste or other reasons, is above putting his hands to anything. No less than 500 children too are educated in these lines, and we saw funny groups of little boys seated on the ground and tracing the figures of the alphabet in the sand. The leader of the tiny class called out the name of the letter, on which all the others took it up in a sing-song chorus and repeated it until its shape and name were well impressed in their little memories. We hear and write

a vast amount about technical education, but here apparently we saw the actual living thing.

It goes without saying that the day like every other day concluded with a dinner party and a ball.

It must be remembered all this while, that on the Bangalore plateau the thermometer in July only varies from 72° to 82° in the shade, and that the European can stand a great deal more here than he can on the plains. The Mysore plateau is to the low country all around it what one of its own *droogs* or hill forts is to itself; and the holder of this healthful and beautiful country has always dominated the hot plains with their less strong and less warlike inhabitants. The troopers of His Highness the Maharaja who followed the Governor about on escort duty belonged to the class which furnished Hyder and Tippoo with their fighting men. It is more than probable that they are not in love with these piping times of peace, and say to themselves with the Sikh Chieftain in Sir Lepel Griffin's poem:

> "Cursed be the boasted progress that hunts our sons to school,
> "That breaks the sword, and snaps the spear and bids our courage cool."

The peasantry still regard powder and shot with unconcern, the result however not of use but of natural apathy. Some time ago a battery practising near Bangalore is said to have dropped a shot close to a village, and enquiries were at once instituted as to whether by accident anything of the sort had happened before, and whether the people objected

to such dangerous practice in their immediate vicinity. The villagers who were examined said, "O yes! those gentlemen of the artillery are always aiming at us, but as no one gets hurt we have no objection and don't think any change necessary." Historians tell us too that when the south of India was one big battlefield, the peasants would go on cultivating around the combatants, only pausing to ask which side had won. That *was* an interesting question, for it meant a change of masters.

On the morning of our last day at Bangalore we travelled 44 miles by train and 11 miles by road to the Mysore Gold mines. The Railway Station is Kolar Road, and hard by at Kolar is the tomb of the father of Hyder Ali. Here I would remark that, as I understand what is on record on the subject, Hyder Ali was by no means a man of low birth or inferior position, though his family was subjected to the vicissitudes of poverty during his youth and adolescence. It is so usual for historians to assert that men who have risen to the top of the ladder began below its lowest rung that I think it worth while to correct what I believe to be an erroneous impression. However, no one can understand these questions who is not accustomed to Mussulmans and their ways. For instance I was once travelling in Kurdistan with a Mussulman servant, and we lived in every respect on terms of equality; but one day, when I was staying with a village khan, he and I were sitting on the ground taking tea and smoking the hubble-bubble, and he said, "Don't you see your servant standing

listening?" "Yes" said I, "I have no objection." "No," rejoined he, "but he can't listen comfortably if he is standing. Can't we make room for him on the carpet?" And so immediately he sat down and joined us at tea. There was no feeling on either side that any one was out of place. Again, I knew a Mussulman official in India of considerable position, who had to be made very much of when he came to call, and I had a dressing boy who also was a Mussulman. In the day, I would make much of the official, and in the evening, he would entertain my servant at dinner. The equality in some sense which is possessed by all followers of Islam *vis à vis* of one another, makes it most difficult for Englishmen to appreciate their social relations. I only assert that Hyder Ali was not from an Eastern point of view, and as a Mussulman, a man of low birth, and of humble position.

To return to the Gold Mines. The first we visited was that of Nundidroog where we saw big lumps of gold mixed with quicksilver put into a crucible, tried in the furnace and converted into ingots, worth £600 a piece, before our very eyes. From this mine—so the officials told us—they had for six months been sending home on an average about £1,500 worth of gold per month.

Then we drove on to the Mysore mine, where 60 heads of Californian stamps were at work crushing the auriferous and diaphanous quartz into thin powder, which passes through tiny perforations at the base of the stamps, on to a copper plate smeared over with

quicksilver, in its passage over which the gold is arrested. Below this plate is a bed of quicksilver, and, below that, a slide covered with flannel, which will catch a little gold; and after passing through all these stages the residue is caught in a trough and churned up with quicksilver. The residue in this, the largest mine we visited, is said to produce the respectable sum of £5,000 a year. But nothing had so much effect on me as the ingots of light yellow gold, immensely heavy, and worth £600 a piece, which we saw at Nundidroog Mine, first sparkling in a crucible and next hardened into bars. We heard a great deal about the fuel question, and it seems that it is cheaper to use patent fuel here than coal. Wood, however, yet holds the field against either, though 2½ tons of wood will only go as far as one of coal. There are 2,000 men working in the Mysore mine, and great care is taken to provide amusement for the European miners. A Recreation Room serves for billiards and for church, an extremely undenominational establishment, devoted to the use of any sect that likes to apply for it—the sort of place, I should think, of which a rational Robert Elsmere would approve. We were told that the Mysore Mine sends home on an average about £7,000 a month, and that a local superstition exists here, similar to one I heard in Persia. The native workmen say that a demon guards the gold, and they attribute every accident that happens with the machinery, with the dynamite, or anything else, to the malevolence of this guardian of the subterraneous treasure. They frequently sacrifice

cocks at the bottom of the shafts, and hang around their necks necklaces made of dynamite caps. In like manner at Nishapur they say that the Genius who guards the turquoise underground leads on the hapless miner from day to day, and month to month, until at last he finds the precious blue stone, and then the Genius abstracts its colour. Hence it is that buying turquoises is a hazardous affair, and that arrangements have to be made to pay for a stone, when the lapse of a term agreed upon has proved that its colour is fast. We also visited the Ooregaum Mines, and came away with our pockets stuffed with its highly auriferous quartz.

These gold mines are of great value in opening out an otherwise somewhat unremunerative tract of the Mysore plateau. A very competent authority recently reported that the gold fields afforded all around ample evidence of earnest work and rapid progress, of a determination to succeed. The Government of His Highness the Maharaja in an order recently republished in the *Mining Journal*, as were the proceedings from which I quote above, has resolved to extend for a period of 20 years on existing terms all leases under which mining operations have made substantial progress, and are being vigorously prosecuted. It * will be interesting to revisit Kolar after the lapse of a year or two, and see what effects the

* Since the above was written a great advance has been made. Of mines, other than Mysore, it might then have been said that they were experiments. But several mines are now paying dividends, and prospects generally are very good.

energy of the miners and the liberal behaviour of the government have produced.

We had escaped from the evil genius that guards the gold, from the intricate machinery, the noisy stamps, the yawning shaft, and the saluting dynamite, but the day was long and hot, and a garrulous fellow traveller proved to me a greater trial than all these.

"Hunc neque dira venena nec hosticus auferet ensis;
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra;
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque."

"Sun, fever, dynamite, and sword you brave
But bores will hunt you to an early grave."

Lest my readers say as much of me, let me hasten to descend the ghaut to the plains below, and after a railway journey of 238 miles, ascend another ghaut to the Nílgiris, there to spend a month before making another tour.

CHAPTER VII.

MALABAR, SOUTH CANARA, GOA, BELLARY, CUDDAPAH, NORTH ARCOT AND NELLORE.

Departure from Ootacamund—Passage down ghaut—Railway extension to Calicut—Our party—Corruption in Malabar district—Condition of Laccadives—Rat plagues—Turtle catching—Malabar Tenants' Bill—Waste lands—Sir Charles Turner—Departure from Calicut—*Margaret Northcote*—Sacrifice Rock—Welcome at Tellicherry—To Mahé—A Brahmin gargoyle—"Presentez armes"—Meaning of Mahé—Its inhabitants—Its constitution—Its Administrateur—Addresses at Tellicherry—Christianity in Malabar—Seikh Zeinud-Deen—Departure—At Cannanore—Addresses—Railway extensions—Ramayanam entertainment—Church service—Local Native Chief—Cheruman Perumal—Convict Kunjen Menon's health—*Vanity Fair* on Natives as Judges—Employment of Natives in public service—At Mangalore—Landing—Welcome address—Representative institutions—Basel Mission industries—Government schools—Toddy Drawer's deputation—Tiyyans—Levée—Curious features—St. Aloysius' College—Jesuits—Carmelites—Syrian Christians—Their early settlement—Mar Dionysius—Mar Athanasius—Early Christian church—Xavier—Convent of girls' school—Buckrams—Founders of Jesuit College—Concordat—Exhibition of district products—Silver question—Babel of tongues—An anecdote—At Kundapore—Nambudri Brahmin—Mr. and Mrs. Shujaet Ali—Peculiar fishing—Local dwarf—At Honawar—To Gairsoppa—Falls—Visitor's remarks—Lover's raptures—Panther surprised—Ruins of Jain city—Queen of Gairsoppa—Jain temples—Government and Religion—At Karwar—Coasts of Canara—Arrival at Goa—Reception at Government House—Portuguese power in India—Vasco da Gama—State dinner—Constitution of Government—Native Viceroy of Goa—Old Goa—Its Cathedrals—St. Francis Xavier's tomb—Cape Palace—*En route* to Dharwar—Scenery along railway—At Dharwar—Colonel Lindsay—At Bellary—Stormy weather—Munro Chuttrum—At Cuddapah—Local Civil Dispensary—Disputes regarding burial-grounds—At Renigunta—Addresses—At Chandragiri Palace—Mahant of Tripetty—Ascent of hill—Temple—Sacred hills—Governor's visit to Mahant—Departure—Arrival at Nellore—Dr. Macleane—Levée—Rajas of Venkatagiri and Kalahastry—Latter's establishment—Irrigation works—Civil dispensary—Indian castes—Local Lying-in Hospital—Jubilee memorial—At Venkatagiri—Procession from Railway station—Raja—Arrival at Madras—Results of tour.

On the 9th of October 1888 our stay on the Hills for this year, which had already been broken by a tour in

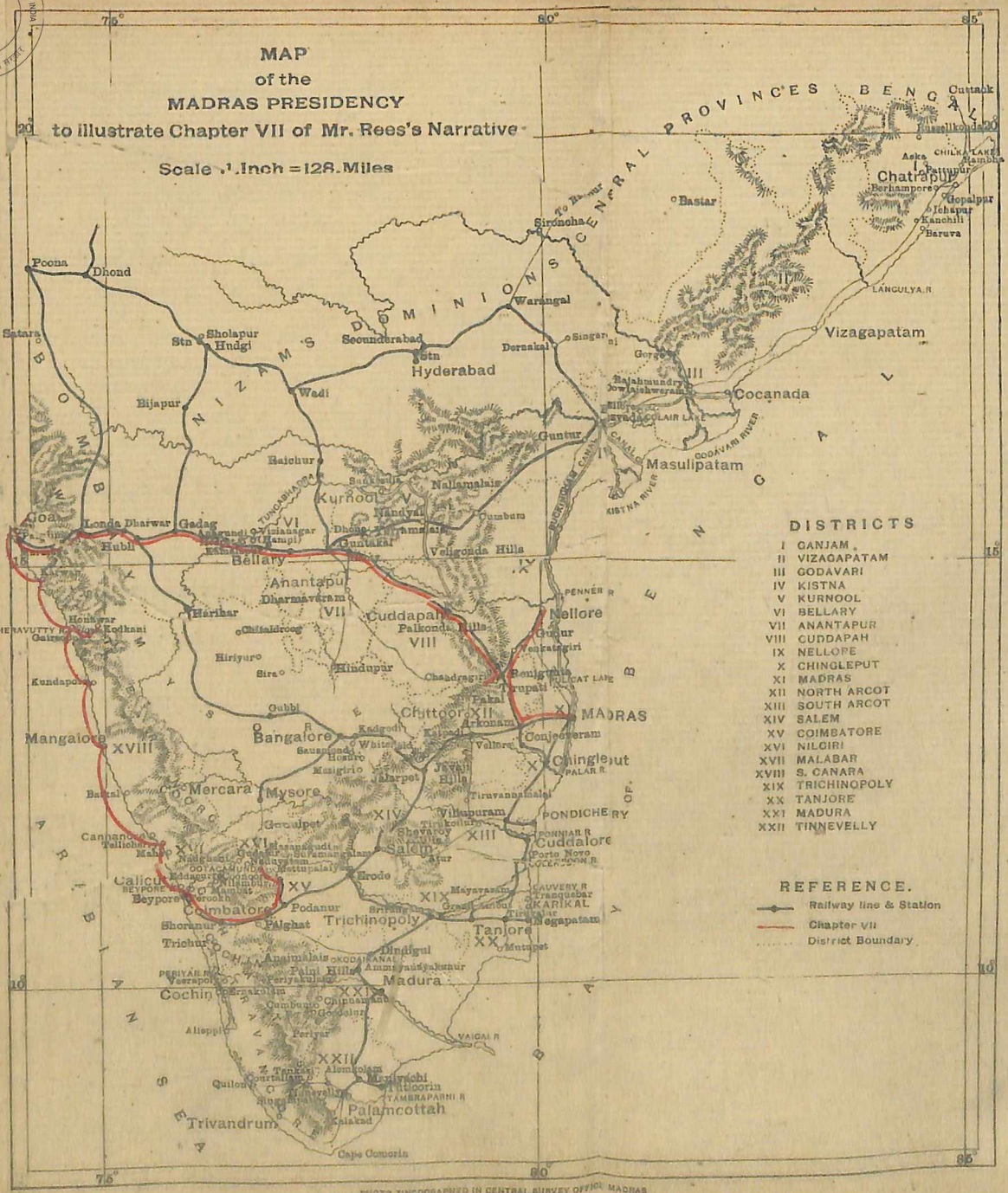


PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL SURVEY OFFICE MADRAS

1891

Mysore and parts of the Salem district, ended in a second descent to Malabar. The passage down the ghaut by night was the only novel experience of this part of the journey, and for those who have never seen a bamboo forest by moonlight, it would be well worth making for the purpose. Before arriving at Calicut by the recent extension of the Madras Railway, we passed over the Ferokh bridge. About this time last year, we had gone up and down over the rice-fields on a temporary embankment and left the train to cross the Beypore river in a boat. On this occasion we * travelled smoothly up to the Calicut station, and were glad to find the Madras Railway possessed of a natural and satisfactory terminus at last.

* His Excellency The Lord Connemara, G.C.I.E.
Mr. Rees.
Major Scott Chisholme, 9th Lancers, Military Secretary.

An avenue of almond trees, flourishing on the way to the Collector's house, is noteworthy, and though there were no signs of woe, and no cause for any, it *might* be said of the officials of the district that they "were afraid and that fears were in the way;" for Mr. Dumergue, who was in temporary charge of the Collectorate, had recently reported one of the native Magistrates of the district for corruption, and he was under trial when we got there. This fact and the recent conviction of a Subordinate Judge for bribery had given rise to a rumour that judicial corruption was rife in the district—an assumption which is probably hardly justifiable, for, doubtless the majority of fair and white-robed native gentlemen, who attended Mr. Dumergue's party in the afternoon, were as free

from the suspicion of bribe-eating as need be. There were, among others, at the party some Malabar Rajas wearing very curious, pontifical-looking turbans.

Calicut looked beautiful as usual. There were red-lilies in the tanks, green rice in the fields, fat and prosperous citizens in the streets, and everywhere the date palm—fittest emblem of the prosperity of the country—waved its graceful head, alike above the houses of the town and the fields of the country. One outward visible sign of prosperity is to be found in an abundance of somewhat imperfectly cured fish, from the odour of which we suffered many things at the railway stations.

The Governor inquired at Calicut into the present condition of the Laccadives or Ten Thousand Islands, which form a dependency of the district of Malabar. Life is by no means so dull and monotonous in these remote localities as might be supposed. Quite recently the islanders rose against an unpopular headman, and expelled him with violence. In fact, they take a great deal of administering. They suffer much from a plague of rats, which live in cocoanut trees and subsist upon the tender nuts. The cocoanut trees in the island being everywhere close together, the rats can leap from one to another by running out along the palm leaves; but occasionally the inhabitants combine against the common enemy. Then the trees adjoining those in which the devoted rats have made their dwelling, are each manned by an individual islander, while a crowd below assail the rats with coffee sticks, bats, stumps of trees and other weapons of offence. The

hapless creatures being unable to escape on to the neighbouring trees, take headers down to the ground, which, however, they rarely reach alive, for the islanders are experts in killing them on their flight through the air. Owls, rat-snakes, arsenic and many other exterminators have been tried, but all in vain.

Apropos of the Laccadivians, Mr. Winterbotham, Collector of Malabar, told me of the manner in which they catch turtles, which in this latitude are ever fat, and scant of breath. In the crystal clear water of the lagoons the turtle can be followed with ease in its flight. A man with a harpoon stands in the bow of a boat and gives the rowers the direction. Soon the turtle tires and doubles, the boat follows suit, and this continues until the turtle comes to the surface gasping for breath and again disappears. Then the man from the bow dives in after it, seizes it by the eyes, and brings it to the surface. The eye sockets of the fish are large and deep, and the diver can thrust his thumb into one and the forefinger into the other,—a treatment which seems, not unnaturally, to paralyse the turtle, which allows itself to be drawn to the surface, and falls into the boat without a struggle. As its bill is as sharp as a razor, and would take a finger off with the most ordinary snap, this method of fishing requires nerve as well as dexterity. The islanders do not eat the turtle or its eggs, but convert its blubber into oil. They are caught not only in this way, but also when napping on the sands.

However, we are concerned more with the mainland than with these islands.

We heard at Calicut a great deal about the operation of Legislative Acts lately passed, and others now impending, concerning the vexed question of landlord and tenant, and of land tenure. Under a recent Act of the Madras Legislature, evicted tenants can claim the value of their improvements. The great subject of cultivation being the cocoanut tree, it is obvious that much must depend on the value put by an individual judge upon individual trees, and as these begin to bear at the age of 12 years, and as tenancies generally run in the country unrenewed for that term, it is less surprising than it would otherwise be to hear that 90 per cent. of the cases before the Civil Judges are eviction cases. Generally speaking, compensation varies from 8 annas to 8 rupees a tree, but the principles on which it is estimated are vague and leave so much to the discretion of the Judge, as to introduce great uncertainty in the administration of the law. The High Court has taken steps to prescribe a table of rates, and thus and by the creation of case-made law, existing diversities of opinion and practice will, it is hoped, be minimised.

A Bill to control evictions and the monopoly of waste land in Malabar, is now before the Legislative Council, and the opinions of those in England and in India best qualified to judge of the effect of its provision are under the consideration of Government, including that of the late learned Chief Justice of Madras, Sir Charles Turner.

However, it must not be imagined that the number of eviction cases is a proof of the poverty of the people.

Most of these decrees are obtained as evidence of title, and are seldom meant to be executed. Indeed, it requires no intimate knowledge of the Western Coast to come to this conclusion, for plenty is apparent in the face and figure of every man and woman you meet. Few can say here, in the expressive phrase used, not without much eastern hyperbole, the other day by some hill tribes in the northern districts, that "their tongues were dead." They meant atrophied for want of use, though *we* should hardly speak of using our tongues for eating.

So much had been done at Calicut on the occasion of the Governor's visit last year that, instead of prolonging the present halt, we started next morning in the *Margaret Northcote*, a Government yacht of 60 tons, used chiefly for the pearl fishery at Tuticorin. This little steamer is named after a daughter of the late Lord Iddesleigh. She is broad of beam, and light of draught, and rolls as no other ship ever did. A day's coasting voyage in her calls for courage on the part of a bad sailor, hardly inferior to that of Hippalos, the Greek pilot, the first who crossed directly from Arabia to these pepper-yielding shores. However, she brought us safely 40 miles, to Tellicherry, passing on the way Mahé, where a tall flag-post flying the Tricolor, proclaims the existence of the sole remaining possession of France on the west coast of India. I ignore six acres in Calicut as unworthy of notice.

The coast-line becomes bolder as you travel north. Here and there large rocks are found at varying distances from the shore. One we passed stood 50 feet

out of the water at a distance of a mile or two from the shore. It is called "The Sacrifice Rock," but claimed no sacrifice from ourselves. The pirates of Angria had slain a ship's crew there. Hence the name. It is now known as producing edible birds' nests, which, so far as I know, are not found in the Indian seas elsewhere. No one here makes birds' nest soup however, and the swallows live so far regardless of the all-absorbing Chinaman, who, by the way, as early as the 15th century had, there is reason to believe, established factories on the Malabar Coast.

Arrived at the pier, the usual welcome was accorded to the Governor, and a most unusual poem was read, which had been composed in his honour, and consisted of a medley of Sanscrit and English, a fearful and hitherto unknown development of Macaronic verse.

Hard by Tellicherry is the little French Settlement of Mahé, consisting of five square miles and governed by an Administrateur Principal, who is subordinate to the Governor of the French Settlements in India, whose seat is at Pondicherry. We breakfasted with him at Mahé, and the drive there was very beautiful. It passed through walled gardens, entered by a succession of stiles from a green lane, deep, narrow and crowned by a high hedge. In every garden the pepper-vine twines around the standards of the taller trees and in one corner is situated a neat thatched house, by the door of which blooms the crimson hibiscus, sacred to the god of blood, in another, an uncultivated little shrubbery festooned with creepers, the shrine of the

serpent, whose worship largely prevails in Malabar. On the way I saw a Brahmin with shaven head, and goggle eyes, squatting on his hams upon a garden wall, and looking down into the road. In his mouth, from which water dripped, was a banyan shoot, with which he was cleaning his teeth, and he looked for all the world like a gargoyle on the roof of an old English church.

Arrived at Mahé, a pretty village on the banks of a river, we were received by the French officials, one of whom, the Maire, was a native gentleman wearing two French medals on his coat, and a tricolor girdle around his waist. A guard of native police, armed with chassepots, at the word "presentez armes" given by a native constable, saluted the representative of the neighbouring Power. After the usual polite speeches, which in this case partook of an international character, we breakfasted in a hall beautifully decorated with the cycas.

The word Mahé is said to mean "fishing place," and indeed the odours of the sea were aggressively and odiously fishy, both here and at Tellicherry, during our stay. At certain periods of the year, dead fish poison the water, and pollute the shore. At all seasons fish are freely used for manure. So plentiful is the food-supply of the ocean.

The inhabitants of Mahé, like those of the surrounding British territory, are composed in part of Moplahs, mixed descendants of Arabs and Hindus, in part of Hindus pure and simple. The Moplahs there, as with us, are troublesome fellows, and, lately, when

the Administrateur of Mahé arrested one of them, some half-a-dozen of his co-religionists insisted on his release, and threatened the town whereon the Administrateur sent in to the interior of the French dominions for two constables and a Brigadier! No one who knows Malabar and its Moplahs will think the force too great for the occasion.

This little settlement possesses all the institutions of a republic—manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, municipal and local councils, representation at the *Conseil General* which sits at Pondicherry, and in the Chambers at home by a Deputy and a Senator, who, in practice, however, are always residents in France. The Administrateur is appointed from home. He represents the central, and the Maire the local, government. They do not always agree, and a difference of opinion ended, a few days after our visit to Mahé, in the disappearance of the Administrateur who entertained us.

Later on, the Chamber of Commerce of Tellicherry presented an address, praying for railway extensions, and a busy day ended with a levée, a distribution of prizes, and visits to various institutions. The civil hospital here being in the bazaar street, women of the upper classes cannot even pass it without being polluted so as to need ceremonial ablutions before entering their homes. They have no objection, however, to being treated by the officer in charge of the hospital, an intelligent Brahmin, by name, Rama Row.

The Madras Government has, since our visit to this coast last year, endeavoured to remove some of the

existing restrictions on the possession and use of fire-arms and weapons of offence, which have been imposed in consequence of their abuse by Moplah fanatics, but unfortunately past experience shows that it is always possible that some outbreak may occur, and here as elsewhere we see none so zealous and so bigotted as recent converts. It is believed that Islam was introduced by Arab traders to the Malabar Coast about 800 A.D., ever since which time the followers of the Prophet have increased and multiplied. The cruel treatment they underwent at the hands of the Portuguese had the effect of strengthening them in their faith, and the Mussulman historian, Sheik Zein-ud-Deen, has some warrant for calling a portion of his work "An account of the arrival of the Franks in Malabar and of their villainous proceedings in that country." This odious and senseless persecution perhaps lighted the torch of fanaticism that burns to this day, but there can be no doubt that agrarian disputes with infidel Hindu landlords are at least equally potent factors in the case.

After a stay of two days we left for Cannanore. The drive of 14 miles was very beautiful. At frequent intervals we reached rivers the bridging of which costs a great deal of money. On the one side of the road is the coast with groves of cocoanuts down to the water's edge; on the other, green fields of rice with a blue background of lofty hills—outlying spurs of the Nilgiris, from which we had descended.

Cannanore is just now suffering from local depression, resulting from the recent removal of the greater

part of a regiment of British Infantry to the more congenial climate of Wellington. A long address was received, chiefly from the house-owners, who gave many excellent reasons for thinking that a whole regiment of British Infantry, with its house-occupying officers, should continue to be stationed in their midst.

This town is perhaps the only one in Southern India which contains more Muhammadans than Hindus. The Muhammadans, however, converts from Hinduism, follow the system of succession to sisters' sons, which obtains among the Hindus on this coast. They are Sunnis, but so far as I can make out, they know little of, and take little interest in, the subjects which divide the people of Islam into two great camps.

The country is far opener here than at Tellicherry, and now and again you come to downs, and open uplands. The cantonment is pleasantly situated on a laterite terrace ending at the sea in low precipitous cliffs.

There were the usual addresses, levées and visits to institutions. The Town Council desired, above all things, railway extensions. They wanted a line to connect Mysore with the coast, that the coffee of Coorg might be exported from Tellicherry. They desired an extension of the Madras Railway to Cannanore. These requests were repeated at other places along the coast, but it did not appear, from a conversation Lord Connemara had with the members of the deputations, that they had sufficiently considered the all-important question, whether the lines they asked for would prove remunerative, and it has to be remem-

bered that no further hope of 5 per cent. guarantees from Government can be entertained, and that the exigencies of Imperial finance, and the falling value of the rupee, make it most unlikely that the State will be in a position to supply any merely local wants in the future.

In the evening the native regiment gave a representation of the Rámáyana, the parts being taken by the sepoys. All the actors were gorgeously clad in tinsel and wore prodigious head-dresses, which made them of godlike stature and similar in all respects to the conventional deity of Hindu art. Like Hanuman, the magnanimous ape, the lovely and virtuous Sítá too, was represented by a sepoy, and looked somewhat tall and masculine for the part. The story, however, never fails to please, and is apparently ever present in the mind of the Hindu. Quite recently a holy man came and settled on the Nílgiris of all other places. He struck his tent, and flew his flag on the side of the main street of Ootacamund, and when ordered to remove it, declined. The authorities thereon took it down and told him to move; but through bitter rain and cold he stuck to his ground with the avowed intention of staying there until the authorities should be brought to bury him. He proposed to remain nine months under ground, and to rise again alive and well at the expiration of that period. He said his burial would prove a certain cure for all trouble, sickness and poverty, wherever found around the site of his self-sacrifice. But what introduced the holy man was this. I went to visit him accompanied by a lady, and

when we parted he desired me to tell her that she resembled Sítá in every respect. He had every reason to admire her, and I suppose imagination invested the sepoy of the regiment with the charms which should belong to the favourite heroine of the greatest epic of the East, which happily do belong to many an English lady.

On Sunday there was nothing to be done, but to go to church. We drove in a break drawn by a pair of commissariat mules. Behind came a brougham drawn by two trotting bullocks, next the transit of the country,—a sort of diminutive gypsy caravan drawn by ponies, which go well enough at a gallop, but are innocent of any other pace. On the parade ground we met the hounds enjoying, like ourselves, the day of rest. They were of all breeds, from grey hounds to fox terriers, and of all sizes.

The Native Chief who lives at Cannanore is a representative of the Arab Sea Kings, and his title, like that of the Zamorin further south, actually means king of the sea. He is a Mussulman and his family embraced Islam as early as the beginning of the 12th century. It is believed that the last Emperor, Cheruman Perumal, who ruled over all the Malabar Coast, visited Arabia and became a Mussulman in 827 A.D., and, dying a few years later, divided his territories among his tributary Chiefs, exacting from them the condition that they should found mosques and encourage Islam. It is an interesting fact that at Cannanore the Governor actually received a petition from a Moplah basing his claim to certain lands on a copper-

plate grant from Cheruman Perumal, who made them over to petitioner's ancestors when he was starting on his pilgrimage. Petitioner pleaded that he was too poor to institute a regular civil suit for the recovery of these lands, his claim to which would seem pretty well barred by limitation.

On Sunday evening we started again in our 60-ton steamer and travelled all night in the direction of Mangalore, which we reached early next morning. Before leaving Cannanore, inquiries had to be made about the condition of the mind and body of the Native Judge of the district, who, having been found guilty of corruption by the courts, was then an inmate of the jail at that station. Just then the mail came in, and in *Vanity Fair* we found the moral deduced from this case that natives should not be made judges. Meanwhile another school wants to put natives into all the most important offices in the country. On the whole, the Public Service Commission has steered a middle course in troubled waters, with more success than might have been expected.

As the ship entered the narrow backwater, on the banks of which Mangalore is built, it passed through a line of boats and native craft, manned not by stalwart and dusky sailors, but by thousands of fair and intelligent school children, who cheered the Governor as he passed down "the long sea lane."

We landed at a lofty temporary shed, under which the trees grew, and through which the birds kept flying to and fro, as a native gentleman read an address asking for various improvements to the port and the town,

consideration of which requests was duly promised. This gentleman much commended the efforts of himself and his brother Town Councillors to improve the condition of the town. Then, after a drive along a deep lane, the sides of which were clothed with lichens, we got to the house of the Collector, where a petition awaited the Governor objecting to Town Councillors and their deeds, and praying that the municipal franchise might be taken away, as the petitioners thought things were much better managed by an autocratic Government and its own appointed servants. Here you have a pretty fair representation of both sides of a question which is becoming of great importance. Generally speaking, the educated few are all for representation, and as surely, so are the masses of the people, when they understand what it means, indifferent and probably more or less averse to its introduction.

On the 16th of October, there were Basel Mission industries, and Government high schools to be visited, but the most interesting event was the receipt of a petition from upwards of 5,000 tappers of the palm-tree, the fermented juice of which is the alcoholic drink of the district. Their license fees had lately been raised, and other restrictions placed upon their trade, partly in the interests of the excise revenue, but also in some measure to prevent such indiscriminate sale as might lay Government open to the imputation of encouraging, rather than regulating, the use of intoxicating drinks. These five thousand persons collected together, around the deep verandah

The Jesuits have lately taken over this district from the Carmelites, which order had laboured here since 1600, when the Holy See first began to take measures to absorb the discontented Syrian Christians of the coast. The Carmelites are a proselytizing, and the Jesuits a proselytizing and educational order: hence the transfer.

The mention of the Syrian Christians makes it necessary to say a word or two about them. As early as 350 A.D., about as many Syrians are said to have landed in Malabar, and in the 9th and 10th centuries more came from Bagdad, Nineveh and Jerusalem. The Portuguese, under Vasco da Gama, tried to bring them into the fold of Rome, and to extirpate the Nestorian heresy, which naturally took firm root in a community, whose priests were recruited from Persia and Turkish Arabia. The Dutch put an end to this persecution, and supported the Syrian Christians, who in 1653 sent for a Bishop to the Patriarch, sitting in the seat of Simon Cephas, which is at Antioch. He, on his arrival, was put to death by the Portuguese. From that date to the beginning of the present century the Church "by schisms rent asunder" was administered partly by Native Bishops, and partly by Bishops from Syria; and to this day there are two Bishops amongst them, one, Mar, or Saint, Dionysius, who heads the orthodox, or Antioch party, and another, Mar Athanasius, of the party which is for home rule, and native Bishops. They number some three hundred thousand in all, and hold most tenaciously to differences of doctrine, such as divided the early

Christian Church, and such as nowadays excite a merely academical interest. They are, however, in spite of these internal schisms, a peaceful and well-ordered people, on good terms with the Government, be it British or Native, on the coast, and they retain, in their internal economy, many interesting forms and ceremonies relating to the time when they were governed by a king, who was recognized as such by the native Rajas of the coast. In them, as Bishop Heber says, we probably see preserved many of the rites, customs and ceremonies of the early Christian Church.

To return to the Jesuits, whose success has been, or would be in the case of less earnest workers, phenomenal. As Lord Connemara told them, it is no matter for surprise that the efforts of the Society of Jesus should be so strenuous on the coast where Xavier laboured, and so near the spot where, after his labours, he reposes.

We went to the Carmelite Convent girls' school, where the Roman Catholic Bishop and the Reverend Mothers provided a little entertainment, at once graceful, instructive, and amusing, including music, sacred and secular, calisthenics and singing. "Very delicate and beautiful buckrams," specimens of the embroidery of the girls, were exhibited, the Sacred Heart, the Agnus Dei and the Pelican, emblem of divine love, which gives its blood for its offspring. At all these convent schools, one never fails to be struck with the complete indifference on the part of the Reverend Mothers to any praise or appreciation of their *individual*

of the Collector's house, without a sound. They heard their address read by their spokesman without a word, and when the Governor replied from the verandah, through an interpreter, to the effect that their petition should be considered, though he did not think it could be granted, and explained to them that the extra fees would fall chiefly upon the consumer, and the shop-keeper, rather than on themselves, they dispersed without a murmur. Not that they are a class of people to be driven by any means. I merely mention this as a tribute to their good behaviour and docility on an occasion when much feeling might have been demonstratively manifested. Of course, the matter will be heard of again. At present they are all on strike and the fishermen of the coast complain bitterly that they have been robbed of their toddy, which is to them, their beer.

The toddy-drawers are called Tiyyans and are said to have originally come from Ceylon. They are stal-wart, good-looking fellows, and their women are ex-ceptionally fair and comely even on this coast, which is generally fortunate in this respect.

The levée presented some curious features. It is sufficiently startling to one who knows the rigid law of Islam to find Mahomedans, in some cases innocent of the Arabic character, or even the Hindustani tongue, following the law peculiar to this coast of descent through sisters' sons, and, in most respects, in their lives and habits resembling the Hindus, whose reli-gion they have deserted, yet sufficiently fanatical and turbulent to make the presence of European troops

essential to the protection of their Hindu landlords. It is startling to see Hindus of high position and caste drinking iced whiskeys and sodas with Europeans, but perhaps the climax is reached when you see a thoroughbred Brahmin march past the Governor to the name of Alfonso de Albuquerque, or Luis de Braganza. Yet among the Catholic Christians of this coast, it is quite usual to find families of pure Hindu descent priding themselves on their Hindu caste, who have taken the names of the Portuguese grandees, who once ruled Western India, when they were received into the Roman Catholic Church. In fact one's ideas of caste, religion, and social relations in general get very much enlarged upon this classic coast, where Jews, Arabs, Greeks, Romans, Portuguese, Dutch and English have, in turn, landed, lived and gathered pepper, and where all have left in a greater or less degree some traces of a more or less permanent occupation.

In front of Mr. Wynne's house, where we stayed, upon a commanding hill, the College of St. Aloysius, an enormous building, dominates the surrounding country. From the great hall, where 400 boys were assembled, the view is one of the finest conceivable. On one side is the Arabian Sea, on another the range of the Western Ghauts rises to a height of six thousand feet, and all the rest is an undulating tableland clothed with groves of cocoanut. Here and there peeps out red laterite soil, and rarely the red-tiled roofs, or the neutral thatch of frequent homesteads. Immediately below the college is a little temple and a tank.

labours. It is only by asking that you can find out which one, of many present, has brought about the admirable results, for which alone she seems to care.

The girl who read the little address was the granddaughter of one of the founders of the Jesuit College. Amongst other founders and benefactors, whose names are carved in marble in its hall, are the Infanta of Spain, the late Empress of Austria, the Comtesse de Chambord, and Lords Bute and Ripon, whose names are seldom absent from such records from Fort Augustus to Fort St. George.

With reference to the Jesuits and their work a passing reference is required to the Concordat between the Holy See and the Crown of Portugal, whereby their spiritual jurisdictions have recently been defined. The subject is one of the first interest on this coast.

In or about 1600, Pope Clement VIII granted the *Jus Patronalis* or Padroado, that is, the right of protection of Catholic Churches in the Indies, with certain corresponding obligations, to the King of Portugal. The Portuguese King, however, owing to the subsequent decay of the Portuguese power in India, and the supremacy of the Dutch, was unable to exercise this right; and the Pope proceeded to protect his spiritual subjects by appointing Vicars Apostolic, who were exempt from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa, the Portuguese Primate of the Indies. In 1837, Gregory XVI, by his bull *Multa Præclare*, divided the country into Vicariates Apostolic, and forbade the interference of Portugal. The Archbishop of Goa proved recalcitrant, but the Catholics in general obeyed

the Holy Father. As lately as 1861, Pius the Ninth, by a Concordat with Portugal, legalized the then *status quo*, by giving to Goa that of which it was actually in possession, and granting to its Archbishop extraordinary jurisdiction over churches and congregations actually governed by Goanese priests, though remote from Goa, and interspersed among other Catholic congregations immediately under the Holy See. This brings us down to recent times, but we have now another Concordat, which the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Aiuti, is engaged in carrying into effect, whereby this extraordinary jurisdiction of Goa is being expressly defined and limited, and the whole country divided into territorial charges under Goa, or under the Holy See, as present circumstances and past history may require. The delimitation of these dioceses has necessitated transfers here and there of Papal flocks to Goanese Shepherds, and in some cases of Goanese churches to the Holy See. Such transfers, when from Rome to Goa, are unpopular chiefly because the Goanese priests are natives of the country, while those of the Propaganda are French, Italian or English, but no doubt all will be satisfactorily settled by Monsignor Aiuti before he gives up his charge. The British Government are not directly concerned with these changes, but cannot, of course, but be interested in matters of spiritual importance to hundreds of thousands of the Queen's subjects in India.

On the afternoon of the 17th we saw an exhibition of the products of this district. The description of Marco Polo will answer equally well at the present

day. He says: "There is in this kingdom a great quantity of pepper, and ginger, and cinnamon, and of nuts of India. They also manufacture very delicate and beautiful buckrams. They also bring hither cloths of silk and gold, also gold and silver, cloves, and spikenard and other fine spices for which there is a demand here." Most of these things we saw on tables, and I cannot think of any others calling for special notice, except knives for cockfighting, a sport to which the people are passionately devoted. There was no silver, however. "Silver," we read in the Bible, "was nothing accounted of in the days of King Solomon," and it seems likely to happen again so. Let us hope that history may repeat itself in another respect, and that we may be able to say soon, in consequence of a prolific yield by the Mysore gold mines, that the reason for silver being of no account is that everything is of gold.

There is a perfect Babel of tongues at Mangalore. Tulu, Hindustani, Canarese, Malayalam, Telugu and good many others may be heard as you walk through the streets. The houses are low and two-storied, and all furnished with screens to keep out the monsoon rains, which here are unusually heavy, and fall for three months almost incessantly. There are no horses to be seen in the streets. It was with difficulty that we could get mounted. I had occasion to send a telegram to the Collector before starting, in answer to one of his, stating that a sufficiently good horse for the Governor could not be got in the district. I said to him: "Good animal not expected, some kind horseflesh

essential." This provoked the curiosity of one of my native assistants, who expressed his astonishment, saying that he understood that Europeans preferred beef and mutton.

We left this beautiful and interesting place on October 18th, to go on in the *Margaret Northcote* to Kundapore, the most northern station of the Madras Presidency. Owing to its remote situation, this place had never before been visited by a Governor, unless by one of Hyder's or Tippu's lieutenants from Bednore prior to the partition treaty of 1799. The village is quite small, and beautifully situated in an estuary of three rivers descending from the not far distant hills, which hold up the plateau of Mysore. In such a small place, a traveller would not expect, even when he accompanied the Governor of the Presidency, to see any very noteworthy reception; but nothing could have been more graceful than the little demonstration here. From the landing place to the Assistant Collector's house was formed a lane with living walls. The first line was occupied by pretty and intelligent little girls, each holding in her hand a little paper box containing flowers. As the Governor walked down they flung the petals of flowers over him and shouted, in turn, "*Governor Bahadur Ko Jey*," or "victory to the Governor," and the same rendered into English *Hip, hip, hurrah!* When the supply of pretty little girls was exhausted, a line of men holding leaves of the sago palm succeeded. The shape of this leaf is such that its spathe suits for an upright, and its horizontal branches for the rail of a fence, and all that was not green leaf, was smiling face and holiday attire.

The main street, at all times an avenue of cocoanuts, was turned into a bower, and, for a mile, long strings of mango leaves were hung across and along it.

The people had come in thousands from the surrounding villages to see the Governor, and appeared determined to make much also of the members of his staff. Major Chisholme and I halted, when out walking in the evening, to admire a bower built across the road. The friendly owner—a Moonsiff or subordinate native Judge of the district—came out and invited us to take tea, and before long tea was produced, and some cakes and sweet-meats made on the spur of the moment by the ladies of his family. Our host was a Saraswat Brahmin,—a member of a caste the hereditary occupation of which is the acquisition of knowledge. Remembering an official account of the Nambudri Brahmins, who dwell lower down the coast, one might hesitate to shake hands with such a personage. Hear an account of the Nambudri: "His person is holy; his directions are commands; his movements are processions; his meal is nectar; he is the holiest of human beings; he is the representative of God on earth." Our host, whose learning was greater, if his holiness was less, had no scruples. He seized our right hands in both of his and protested that we must come in. Indeed, the people here are singularly friendly and charming; and the appearance of the whole place is positively idyllic. Even the labours of the scavenger appear picturesque. I saw one sweeping up the mango leaves that had fallen from the trees and a pretty little girl with a short stick assisting him. She kept on stabbing the leaves until, like Aaron's rod,

her stick bloomed all over with them; and this was no pastime, but a means of collecting fuel for the family fire.

Our host here, Mr. Shujat Ali Khan, is one of the first of the new order of Native Statutory Civilians. He dresses and lives like a European, and Mrs. Shujat Ali, whose name is Fatimah Begum, is the daughter of the late Sir Salar Jung's Private Secretary; she is an accomplished lady, who plays the piano and sings English and Persian songs, has abjured the purdah, and lives in all respects like a European, as does her husband, except of course that he abstains from the use of alcoholic drinks.

On the afternoon of the morrow we made a long journey in the midday sun, while the thermometer was 90° in our tents, to visit a pond in which a kind of sport is practised, peculiar, it is believed, to this district. A number of fishermen in dug-outs form a semicircle around one end of the pond. They hold a long net from boat to boat from one side of the water to the other. As soon as the semicircle is formed, they commence to beat the boats and shout, and very soon the fishes, being disturbed by the noise, commence to jump and leap into the boats. The net is held, not for the purpose of catching the fish, but as a hedge which they cannot get past. Nevertheless, many of them clear it. Those who strike the net fall into the boat, whereon one of the two fishermen in each dug-out beats them with a stick violently until they die. Some of these fishes weighed 17 and 20 lb., and I saw a man, struggling with one, fall out of the boat. In all 208 were caught in about 20 minutes.

It is said that Hyder Ali was very fond of this, called by the natives the flower fish, and from its appearance I should judge a kind of mullet, and that he kept a post of runners between Kundapore and Bednore, 40 miles away above the ghauts, that his table might always be supplied with it. The sport, though curious was not pleasant to look at. Angling for some reason or other is a peculiarly gentle art, but to beat so many fishes to death appeared cruel.

This fish-killing and a dwarf, perfectly formed, aged 25 years, are the sights of Kundapore. The dwarf was half the height of a sago palm leaf, against which he was leaning when first we saw him. His manners were suave and dignified. He joined the party after dinner, and when asked if he did any work, replied, with unconscious humour, that he did not, but looked after the other members of his family, who did.

Next day we again set sail for Honawar, the site of which is marked by an obelisk erected in memory of a General who died there. We took it for the monument of the English merchants who were killed by natives, who thus revenged the death of a sacred bull, slain by an English bull dog. This monument, however, is lower down the coast.

Landing at Honawar we were within an ace of capsizing in a huge breaker in crossing the bar of the river at low water. Landing and embarking here cause much tribulation, and be it known that October, though elsewhere a good month, is considered by those who live on this coast to be as trying as any in the year. The water is like oil, and, except on the bar of

course, as still as the atmosphere. The sun reflected from 7 till 12 o'clock off its unruffled surface, strikes back in your face as from a mirror, and has a peculiarly sickening effect, which is heightened by an ever-present odour of corruption more easily acknowledged, than described.

We were now in the Bombay Presidency, to which the lovely district of North Canara was handed over in 1860, and the Collector, Mr. Blathwayt, had kindly made arrangements for our passage to the Gairsoppa Falls. We went on the same night 18 miles in boats up the moonlit river, grounded on a sand bank, and were pulled off, only to find the rowers had landed to drink success to our future progress, to which this indulgence by no means conduced.

Arrived at Gairsoppa we slept in the travellers' bungalow, awoke to the crowing of the jungle cock, and went on 20 miles by road to Kodkani. Here is another bungalow, whence, you look down into a boiling chaos of waters, formed by the descent of the Sheravati river into a chasm cloven in the mountains, for its exit to the sea.

The road from Gairsoppa to Kodkani is one long bower of evergreen trees and at midday you scarcely see the sun. With the exception of our own party we met nothing on the way, but a huge monkey, and a large snake. We told Mr. Woodrow, the Forest Officer, of this, and he said it was lucky it was not a hamadryad, for he had been chased by one in the jungles, which abound with tigers, bears, bison, and game of all kinds, large and small.

Most of the few visitors to Gairsoppa have com-

pared its famous falls with those of Niagara, but where there are no points of resemblance, there can be no basis for a comparison. At Niagara you have a stupendous volume of water falling by a comparatively small drop, into a large river below, on either bank of which abound hotels, houses, tents, horses, carriages and divers paraphernalia of tourdom and its accessories. At Gairsoppa, you have a comparatively small volume of water falling by a sheer drop of over 800 feet into a rushing torrent below, while above and around are green forests, and unbroken solitude, the undisputed home of beasts of prey. Others, I see in a visitors' book dating from 1843, when Europeans first came here, make the Yosemite waterfalls the standard of comparison. But where again can any basis for comparison be found, between a cleft in the snowcapped Sierra Nevada, a mile deep and five miles long, from the cliffs of which, as if from heaven, one cataract after another comes falling down, and a single, deep and, from its situation, bottomless-seeming rift, in a tropical forest, into which a mountain torrent pours its tumultuous waters, and whence they issue in a placid river to the adjacent sea.

The precipice over which the waters leap is shaped like a sickle, two torrents pouring over the curved blade, and two over the straight handle. A small triangular rock at one end of the curve stands well out from the edge of the precipice like a gurgoyle from a roof. Lying on this with your chin projecting you can see the two nearer torrents of the sickle leap off into space. One goes straight down, four hundred feet, another but a short distance, when it falls into a

rift in the rocks, along which it runs and roars some distance, till it shoots out again, and joins the other torrent in mid-air. As your eyes get accustomed to the cloud of spray below, you can gradually discern, another 400 feet below it, the dark sullen pool into which the two torrents plunge, and in which their waters reunite.

The two other falls glide down the straight face of the rock. The water now dissolves into spray, now strikes the rock, and forms again into a cascade. The falls of the sickle and those of the handle are alike beautiful, but the latter are comparatively commonplace and entirely lack the awe-inspiring effects of the leap of the Raja, and the Roarer, into the seemingly bottomless pit.

At night, blazing straw and burning brands were thrown down into the abyss from the gurgoyle rock. Nothing I have ever seen at all resembles the effect produced. The moon, which silvered the water above the edge of the precipice, seemed only to increase, by contrast, the darkness of the chasm below. As you lie on the rock, with your head protruding over the edge, men stand on the brink and throw over bundles of straw loosely tied together. These, like fire-balloons, descend slowly by reason of their lightness, and, sensitive to the rush of air produced by the falling cataract, avoid awhile its downward flight, and consequent extinction by its waters. You see them clearly down to the point where the two first falls, the Raja and the Roarer, meet in mid-air, dimly through the cloud of spray that marks the junction, and once again you get a clear but distant view as they descend

further down into the pool at the bottom of the chasm. The heavier burning brands, falling into the water, are more speedily extinguished. The scene is weird, impressive, and exciting, and one, which once witnessed, will never be forgotten.

The visitors' book contains a very interesting account of the manner in which the height of the falls was measured by two adventurous Englishmen, and an American gentleman remarks therein that "Niagara can knock spots off Gairsoppa in point of sublimity, and that this effete old country should arrange for the passage of more water over the falls by the divertation of a few other rivers." One writer says: "Ask the atheist to stand on the brink of this awful precipice and deny the existence of a God," on which another remarks: "But why not throw him over at once." Few, however, confine themselves to prose, and most of the entries read like lovers' raptures. I myself added the following lines to the collection :—

"Love's raptures, it has often been confessed,
Most briefly spoken, are expressed the best;
And how can rushing river's falling flood
Inspire with poetry dull flesh and blood
That not e'en living beauty's potent charm
To love's true language would suffice to warm?
Then leave the muses to the few they love,
Nor add thy tribute to what's writ above.
Or if—since man at once is vain and weak—
Thy vanity or weakness needs *must* speak,
At least be brief. So others you may teach,
Unlike myself, to practice what they preach."

In riding from Gairsoppa to Malemanni, we surprised a panther on the road. The animal, however, made off immediately. The Collector tells us he not unfrequently meets them when marching.

At Gairsoppa we visited the ruins of the Jain City. The Queen of Gairsoppa, called by the Portuguese the *Reinha da Pimento* or Pepper Queen, was a great power in the 17th century. Her subjects were chiefly Jains, by whom the nearest village to the falls is, at present, almost entirely inhabited. Among the ruins of the city are two ordinary Jain temples. The chief native official of the place, one of the new school of educated Mahratta Brahmins, took the Governor and myself to see these temples. I expressed some surprise at finding their worship continued when the site of the city was obviously wholly deserted, whereon he explained: "No one sleeps here; no one lives here. I myself got these gods washed and worshipped for the occasion." This led to more conversation on religion. Our guide said he did not firmly believe in the transmigration of souls. "Having received an English education," he observed, "my mind is in a perturbed state. My father, too, being alive can perform certain oblations and ceremonies. There is no need of more from me. Religion must suit, otherwise we must relax, and above all a Government officer has no time for religion." Let us hope, that this excuse may avail them, in their evil hour.

The idol by the way was most certainly Buddha himself, and not one of the just men made perfect, who these inheritors of Buddhist traditions should worship.

There was nothing remarkable in the city. Through the rank and luxuriant vegetation, which covered everything, you could plainly make out the

streets and even the houses. Cities and capitals quickly rise and disappear in India—mushroom cities all unknown to time.

The next day it took us from 10 o'clock in the morning till 5 o'clock in the evening, in the blazing sun, to get down the Gairsoppa river and off to the ship. The thermometer was 96° in the shade and all clothing appeared superfluous. I waited to resume mine until we had crossed the bar, remembering that we were nearly required to swim on the last occasion. The breakers at low water are very aggressive, and this bar has an evil reputation, and has claimed many victims, including one European.

Next morning we arrived at Karwar, and from the house where Mr. and Mrs. Blathwayt most hospitably received us, there is a glorious view. The harbour from which nearly all trade has been diverted by the recent railway extension to Marmagoa, is probably one of the best in India. There is anchorage for the biggest ships that ply up and down the coast close up to the wharf. It is land-locked except on one side, and that is protected in some degree by islands.

The hills of North Canara here come down to the water's edge, right up to which, with no intervening beach, the forest presses. I have never seen more beautiful scenery. Here and there, on the hillside, over the waters of the harbour, a thatched roof indicates the existence of a dwelling house. Otherwise all is forest. The general appearance of the coast much resembles that of the Japanese islands, and the harbour is extremely like the little haven of Tsusima, between

Japan and Corea, which is one of the most beautiful imaginable.

The coast of North and South Canara differs greatly from that of Malabar and Travancore, where the Western Ghauts are farther from the sea. In the former districts the scenery is altogether bolder, and mankind is less mixed as to caste and religion, but the same pleasant and independent spirit of equality is manifested all along, and, in the south of India, is peculiar, I think, to the Western Coast.

On the night of the 25th the weather for the first time proved unpropitious; and we left Karwar in such heavy rain as to make navigation difficult, if not dangerous. Steamers that trade along the coast frequently run down native crafts, which, when they do travel at night, seldom display a light. We were ourselves one night within an ace of a collision with a pattimar or Arab ship which passed in most alarming proximity right under our bows. However, we reached Goa in safety next morning sufficiently early to see the sun rise on the low-lying head-lands, between which we passed up to Panjim or New Goa. Twice on the way, at different stages, the representatives of His Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal and Algarves, clad in full-dress uniform, came out to meet the Governor, and at the foot of the stairs of the palace, the Governor-General himself awaited his guest. He, the most illustrious Councillor Don Cesar Augustus de Carvalho, to give him his full style, is an officer of the Portuguese Navy, and the appointment he holds is the highest colonial office in the gift of the Crown of Portugal.

The Portuguese possessions in India, though now small, are not so small as is often supposed, and we had been travelling all night off Portuguese territory, which stretches for about 70 miles along the coast, and extends from 30 to 40 miles inland. The total area of Goa is not much less than 1,100 square miles, and the population is upwards of 400,000. Of the people, all with the exception of an infinitesimal fraction, are practically natives, though they are, for the most part, Roman Catholics and have adopted names illustrious in the history of Portugal. The Chief Secretary to Government, who came out to meet His Excellency, was a Portuguese gentleman appropriately named Albuquerque; and the first telegram I received was from Vasco da Gama, not a descendant of the illustrious navigator and conqueror, but a station on the new extension which connects Marmagoa with the Southern Mahratta railway system.

At the State dinner given by the Governor-General in the evening, the officials of Portuguese India were present; and one was reminded, by seeing several officials wearing Chinese and Siamese decorations, that of the Portuguese Empire in the East, remains Macao, as well as Diu and Damaon. Most of the high officials wore Portuguese decorations.

Goa is directly represented in the Cortes, and the expenses of colonial representatives are paid by the Home Government. The government of the colonies is republican in form, and the franchise extends to all but the most poor and irresponsible citizens. This policy has been pursued by the Portuguese ever since the time of Albuquerque, who conciliated the natives

in every possible way, while he subdued their warlike neighbours, who oppressed them.

He carried, however, his principles of conciliation too far, and to the intermarriage of natives with the Portuguese, as much as to the combination in their policy of Sword and Cross, the fall of the Portuguese Empire in India has been due. The chief reason for its break-up was, of course, the decline of the commerce of the Portuguese, when trade followed the flag of the Dutch. As an instance of the practical manner in which principles of race equality are here interpreted, I may mention that in 1835 a native of Goa was raised to the office of Viceroy. It is an instructive comment on the soundness of the principles that led to the appointment, that this officer, after holding office for seventeen days, was compelled to fly the country. I may also mention that officers corresponding to District Judges and Judges of the High Court in British India are invariably Europeans.

Here, as in the neighbouring British districts, excise is one of the chief sources of revenue. Here, as there, the Native Christians keep their caste, and, to a far greater extent than there, have adopted European clothing and habits. To this day there are very few Moslems at the erewhile headquarters of the Inquisition, where the suppression of religious orders in 1835 completed the ruin of their arch-enemies, the Jesuits, whose beneficent efforts have now found an outlet in the British districts along the coast and elsewhere.

On the morning of the 27th, we went up the river

six miles to Old Goa, a city of churches where nothing else remains. There is literally no population in the place beyond the native priests who continue to minister to the religious needs of perhaps half-a-dozen villagers at a time, in churches that could accommodate thousands of worshippers. The Se Primaçial of Goa is a cathedral of immense dimensions, and grass grows upon its steps. Its great bell that once rang at the *auto de fe* now rings out a salute to distinguished visitors, which sounds like a funeral knell. It is hard to retain a sense of the proportions of the West, when sojourning in the East, but the Se Primaçial must be at least as large as Sainte Gudule.

The Convent of the Theatins served for an admirable halting place, where, amid the portraits of some seventy Viceroys and Governors, who looked down from the walls, we breakfasted with the present possessor of the rod of St. Francis, the occupier of the seat of the politic Almeida, the adventurous da Gama, and Albuquerque, "in whose presence the sea trembled." The windows in this charming house were of thin polished oyster-shells, and the furniture consisted of an admirable combination of western ornament and eastern simplicity. On the walls were oil-paintings, on the floors were cool mats, trees thrust their green boughs through the oyster-shell windows, and there was nothing else but tables, chairs and breakfast.

Hard by is situated the church of Bom Jesus, where is the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, a great sepulchre several stories high. The first stage is of jasper, another of bronze, and above all is the silver coffin

containing the body of the Saint, which often has been, but now rarely is,* exhibited to the eyes of the faithful. One arm was cut off and sent to Rome by order of the Pope of the day, and since then, the body has withered and shown signs of decay. There is an effigy of St. Francis on the altar before his coffin, and in the right hand thereof is the staff which he used in his life. Another, which he also used, is kept by the Governor of the day, who on arrival takes one from the altar to which on his departure he returns it, the one which was held by the effigy during his term of office, being given to his successor.

We passed the great convent, the last of the nuns of which has died, and the stake at which, it seems, in the 180 years during which the Inquisition flourished at Goa, some 57 victims were actually burnt alive, the others, who were condemned, having been first strangled, and the vast majority having been either acquitted or sentenced to minor punishments.

On the way back, within sight of the crumbling ruins of the once "golden" Goa, an officer of the Governor's staff drew a map of Africa in my pocket-book, and dwelt on the great hopes and intentions of Portugal in that new outlet for the energies of Europe. The Portuguese cherish the glorious memories of their past in India, and yet hope that their days of colonial enterprise are not gone for ever.

After dining at the Cape Palace, which is delightfully situated on the edge of a promontory overlooking

* The exposition of the body has taken place this year (1890), with the usual ceremonies, amidst a vast concourse of visitors.

the bay, we reached the ship, slept in the harbour, and started next day by train for Dharwar, the Governor-General coming to see Lord Connemara start, and his Private Secretary and Aide-de-Camp coming on to the frontier, 50 miles away, where, on the crest of the Western Ghauts, amid the most delightful scenery, the Southern Mahratta Railway comes to meet the Portuguese extension. For the first forty miles the line passes through rice-fields and cocoanut groves, and for the next sixteen it climbs at a ruling gradient of 1 in 40 up the Western Ghauts to a height of 1,800 feet, through green woods and forest glades. At one point a waterfall is bridged at the base of the cascade, and the rushing water falls close to the carriages, into which in rainy weather its spray penetrates, and then passes below them. The scenery is very beautiful, and not unlike that of the Boreghât between Bombay and Poona, and some parts of the hill line from Colombo to Kandy. Tunnels are frequent and the construction of the line was very costly, averaging as much as £50,000 a-mile on the ghaut.

There is said to be a likelihood that it will pay, though in the case of a railway hardly a year old nothing can with certainty be said. Shares are already at a premium, as they are on the connected Southern Mahratta system. The Portuguese would probably never sell if the Southern Mahratta Company were willing, in this case, as in that of the Mysore and Bangalore railway, to buy. Otherwise, it would seem desirable for both lines to be under the same direction. The non-completion of the contemplated improvements

to the Marmagoa harbour is at present an obstacle to the prosperity of this portion of the great Southern Mahratta system, and to enable the ghaut portion of the line to keep up with the portion on the flat, it will probably have in the end to be provided with a double line of rails.

The Portuguese Company—its capital was all subscribed in England—has made a special arrangement with the British Indian Steam Navigation Company, whereby grain and cotton are shipped directly to Bombay, but if anticipations are realized and the harbour works completed, of which there is no immediate prospect, Marmagoa should be a formidable rival, so far as Deccan produce goes, to the capital of Western India.

Just beyond the frontier, in the middle of green forest and crowning a precipitous ravine, is situated the rugged castellated rock, from which Castle Rock station, three miles further on, takes its name. After passing Castle Rock, we joined the Southern Mahratta system, which, octopus-like, is sending out branches all over the south of India, to such an extent as to excite the alarm of its less enterprising and more ancient rivals. It is indeed a sign of the times that different railway companies in India are beginning to be jealous, each of the intrusion of the other into what it considers to be the legitimate sphere of its own influence. The railway passes through undulating park-like uplands, sparsely wooded with teak and bamboo and cultivated for the most part with unirrigated rice, to Dharwar, where we spent the next day with Colonel Lindsay, the Agent and Chief Engineer

of the Mahratta Railway system, with whom the Governor was able to discuss many questions concerning the recently sanctioned famine extensions, and other railway matters of vital interest to the Madras Presidency.

On the platform at Dharwar were present a guard of honour of Railway Volunteers, and Colonel Peyton, commanding the station, who has shot upwards of 300 tigers. The thermometer was 84° at midday in the tent,—a grateful change after the trying heat of Goa. There is nothing very striking in the town except a fort which affords another of the ever-present evidences in and about the Madras Presidency of the great possessions and enterprise of Hyder Ali. The country around Dharwar consists of cool, green uplands. The climate and scenery are alike delightful, and few stations in India are more favoured in these respects.

Had Dharwar been within the Madras Presidency, we would gladly have prolonged our stay at so exceptionally pleasant a halting place. We had, however, to leave it regretfully after a halt of one day, and travelled in the night, passing Londa, whence a branch of the Southern Mahratta Railway is being made to Bangalore, through the outlying portions of the Nizam's dominions, to the Toongabudra river, over the rocks, trees and water in the bed of which we passed, on one of Colonel Lindsay's bridges, to Bellary. Before coming to the river, you get a good view of the hills and ruins of Vijianagur or Humpi, which were visited last year, and are described in the second chapter.

Here Mr. Goodrich took charge of the party and

next morning we visited the fort, which, of course, was built by Hyder Ali, by whom the builders of which were, of course, put to death immediately afterwards. This story may be true of some, but can hardly be true of all forts in the south of India. What is true of nearly all is that Hyder took them or built them.

On the morning of the 1st November, we left Bellary in a storm and on the way received telegrams to say that parts of the line had been washed away in front of us. Prices, however, were reported to be falling at every station we passed, and if this rain only extends to the Northern Circars it may be hoped that the local * scarcity there, which at present causes some anxiety, may pass off.

At Gooty we learnt that the repairs to the Munro Chuttrum, which the Governor had ordered on his visit last year, were in progress.

At Cuddapah the usual inspections were made and enquiries instituted into the operations of the Agricultural Loans Act, the effect of the house tax leviable under the Local Government Acts passed by desire of Lord Ripon's Government, and into the progress of female medical aid and education. It seemed that the ryots here were not in need of agricultural loans, that they resented the house tax, which, in consequence, has not been imposed, and that the one midwife in the station is meeting with most encouraging success among high and low caste women alike. The Civil

* It ended however in the Ganjam famine described in the next chapter.

Surgeon, a native gentleman, Dr. Ayyasawmi Pillai, bore witness to the readiness of all classes to adopt European treatment. We saw a crowd of women waiting to be treated by him at the dispensary. They were suffering for the most part from fever and from pains or, as they more picturesquely put it, "flames" in their stomachs.

There has been a longstanding dispute here between the local authorities and the Mahomedans, who object to their burying-grounds within the limits of the town being closed. The matter has been happily settled, but discussing it with a Hindu gentleman, I said, "What a pity it is that the Mahomedans do not burn their dead like the Hindus, though after all it is only a fraction of them that burn." He said "Yes, and again not all of that fraction, for if his child is under three years of age, even a Brahmin will bury it." I did not know this, and asked the reason, expecting to hear something based on religious grounds. Whereon he explained that "it is because children of that age are more easily reduced to mud." In this town, where the Mahomedans are poor and many, you may witness the, as I believe, unusual sight of a Mahomedan serving a Hindu as a washerman.

Next day a cyclone raged over a great part of the Presidency, but we nevertheless got safely from Cuddapah, through the jungle that intervenes between that station and Tripetty, to the vicinity of that sacred hill. At the Renigunta station, the Governor received one address from the municipality commending their efforts in their own way, and another from an organized

association condemning them root and branch. These addresses were answered together, and in the existence of an organized body of critics was found a proof of the fact that the place was ripe for local self-government, and an incentive and assistance to the municipal authorities, in its conduct. This was not the deduction intended by the opposition.

Another address was received from a body of red-hot social and religious reformers, who wished to abolish religious processions among other things, which would have a serious effect, I imagine, on the Hinduism of the people. They also wished to abolish dancing girls, who, they said, originally resembled the vestal virgins,—a statement which, I think, would take a good deal of proving. The anti-municipal party assured His Excellency that they could render the town "as good a paradise" as the municipality could "in any definite period."

We then drove along the foot of the sacred hills to the fortress and palace of Chandragiri, where we were to camp. In this old and interesting three-storied castle was made the original grant, by the representative of the Vijianagar dynasty of the day in 1639, of the land upon which Fort St. George was built. The Government carefully preserve the palace as a halting place for European travellers. It is most picturesquely situated in the fort and at the back of it is a high rocky hill, on which a fakeer has taken up his abode in a cave, where he beats a drum at all hours of the night.

The castle is built of rough hewn blocks of granite,

which fit, one into the other, with wonderful accuracy. Above the basement, is a second story of lofty rooms and corridors, above this, another of a like nature, and three tall towers spring from the roof. From the back of the building to the precipitous rock behind, on which the fort is situated, is a walled pond full of red and white water-lilies, and around it is a well-kept garden. When the High Priest came to pay his call, galloping up in flannels, he would, on dismounting, perform a simple but effectual toilette on one of the stone steps of the pond, and in a few minutes would re-appear without a spot or stain of travel. Around are green fields and trees, and the walls of the lower line of fortifications. The village of Chandragiri is situated at some distance, and at the palace is most perfect solitude and repose, but for the devotee with the drum.

On the way to Chandragiri, the Mahant or High Priest of Tripetty rode amidst a crowd of natives on a sixteen-hand-high horse with his white garments and turban streaming in the wind behind him.* "His Holiness" has a very good seat on horse-back and altogether is the most amiable and genial of ascetics.

Next morning, in his company, we ascended the sacred hill to Upper Tripetty, which lies in a basin surrounded by low hills, at a height of about 1,600 feet. The temple is of an ordinary character. Monkeys hop about in the streets, and around the houses, just as if they were human beings. The sanctity of

* Unfortunately this Mahant subsequently got into trouble, and he has ceased to hold his high office.

this place is altogether unapproached, I believe, by that of any other in India, with the sole exceptions of Rameshwaram and Benares. For a distance of 12 or 14 miles, you travel over rough paving stones, all of which are roughened that the feet may not slip, and two-thirds of which are engraved with drawings, or inscriptions, or with the names of weary pilgrims. On the way down, I passed some hundreds, all calling in chorus the name of Govinda. Among them was a Brahmin woman with a bar of silver through her cheeks; she had worn this for a year as a vow and was going to have it taken out. As we rode to the foot of the hill, the Mahant and one of his attendants occasionally raced along in front. Both were good if somewhat reckless, riders. The Mahant does not speak English, and is a gentleman of the old school. None the less he has had a telephone wire laid from Lower to Upper Tripetty, which he says saves a good deal of time and trouble. He allowed me to drink milk out of one of his own lotas, and he certainly does the honours of the hill extremely well.

The low hills of Tripetty are well wooded from their base to within a few hundred feet of their summits, when an outcrop of craggy red quartzite, ending at intervals in scarped precipices, crowns the range. The climate has the most evil reputation for fever, and few pilgrims stay even one night on the hill.

Before leaving Chandragiri, where we spent several happy days, the Governor went to return the visit of the High Priest, which ceremony presented no exceptional features except the presentation to each member

of the party of little ivory gods seated on lotus leaves and sucking their big toes.

Next day we passed through the Kalahasti zemindary into the district of Nellore by the newly-opened Cuddapah-Nellore State Railway. This line was constructed for the purpose of bringing the rice of Nellore into the surrounding districts and is one of the metre-gauge famine lines.

At Nellore Mr. Macleane, the Collector, took charge of the party, and the day of arrival was signalised by a levée, at which the Rajas of Venkatagiri and Kalahasti, among others, were present. The latter maintains an establishment of 1,400 servants, 6 elephants and 70 horses, some of which, when we saw them paraded, wore bracelets above their knees and necklaces of gold mohurs about their necks.

In the highest posts in this district, Natives and Europeans are about equally employed. The District Collector is, of course, a European Civil Servant; the Judge, however, Mr. Ramachandrier, is a Brahman and a Statutory Civilian, and it is another sign of the times that, at a party at his house in the evening, his married daughter mixed with the other guests like a European lady. The Sub-Collector is a Mussulman, Mr. Mahomed Raza Khan, another Statutory Civilian; the Assistant Collector, again, is a European Civil Servant.

Next morning the Governor visited the site of some desired improvements in irrigation and heard the petitioners explain their own case, and afterwards we went to the civil dispensary, where we saw, among

other patients, a boy with a broken leg. The village potter had dressed the wound with a compound of blood and mud, and had fixed a bamboo splint so tightly with string that gangrene was likely to result. The potters, it is said, are the great amateur surgeons in this district, and occupy the position generally held in all parts of the world, I believe, by the barbers. Here I would insert a passing proof of the inaccurate conception of India and its castes which they have, who imagine that objections exist on the part of native women to treatment by persons of a caste inferior or different to their own. The barbers in India, as elsewhere, are generally the amateur surgeons, and midwives, who attend on all castes alike, are almost invariably women of the barber caste, which is one of the lowest and most despised in the country.

At the tank, which is 12 miles around, we learnt that teal and water-fowl of different sorts and kinds are caught by the legs by divers. The fowler, if one may call him so, dives under the water, seizes the teal by its legs, pulls it underneath and swims ashore with it. This is even more remarkable than the fishing at Kundapore.

Everything in Nellore seemed prosperous, and here again we learnt that the ryots utterly decline to borrow money from Government under the Agricultural Loan Improvements Act, preferring to borrow, and being able to borrow, as they allege at a positively cheaper rate, from the much-abused native money-lender.

The lying-in hospital here is doing most excellent

work under the general supervision of Dr. Price, who takes great interest in the female educational movement. He and the matron in charge, Mrs. Rogers, alike agree in what has recently been urged by myself and by other writers in various periodicals, to the effect that there is no caste objection on the part of Hindu women to employing the services of European, Eurasian or low-caste native women as midwives and doctors. In this hospital are four wards—one for Brahmins, one for Sudras and one for low-caste people, and 5 pupil nurses are also being educated, who, when qualified as midwives, will go out to work in the district. There is also a lady belonging to an American Mission working in this district. But her operations are connected with proselytizing, and are consequently to be carefully distinguished from those of the municipal lying-in hospital and of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund.

The Governor laid the foundation stone of a new building for the lying-in hospital, which is being erected as a memorial of the Jubilee.

We arrived at Venkatagiri on the 13th, and, after driving to the outskirts of the town, were met by elephants bearing castle-like howdahs on their backs, which marched in slow procession through the crowded streets, the tops of the howdahs being on a level with the tops of the houses, which were thronged with people wearing white and coloured cloths. Horsemen carrying banners led the procession and after them a troop of cavalry clad in blue-and-white Hussar uniform. Next came dancing-girls with jasmine in their

hair, and tinsel on their cloths, then a crowd of macebearers, halberdiers, and torch-carriers, and led horses glittering with cloth of gold. To these succeeded some gold and silver palanquins, a drum camel and a band of musicians which played "under the twinkling starlight" while cymbals clashed, cholera horns screamed, and trumpets blared,—trumpets of enormous length, size and volume, such as those which levelled the walls of Jericho. The main street was lined with a row of spearmen, who held long lances which reached as high as the howdahs. Across the flat and populous roofs, between frequent tamarind trees, the Great Treasure Rock of Venkatagiri looked down from the mountains upon a scene of barbaric pomp and splendour, such as is but rarely seen even in the east, which for once seemed to merit its favorite epithet of "gorgeous."

The Raja, who sat in front with the Governor, on the leading elephant wore in his aigrette an emerald as big as a hen's egg and his brothers wore cross-belts and swords encrusted all over with precious stones. The elephants entered entirely into the spirit of the thing, and walked along with the slow, and, to the oriental mind, graceful, gait, to which, in their literature, they compare a woman's walk.

The Raja not only possesses big jewels but is very rich. His father, a few years back, voluntarily made over all his possessions to him and took to the life of a religious recluse. His eldest son, our host, thus succeeded in his boyhood to an estate the net income of which is not less than £40,000 a-year. His character and manners are alike simple and straightforward.

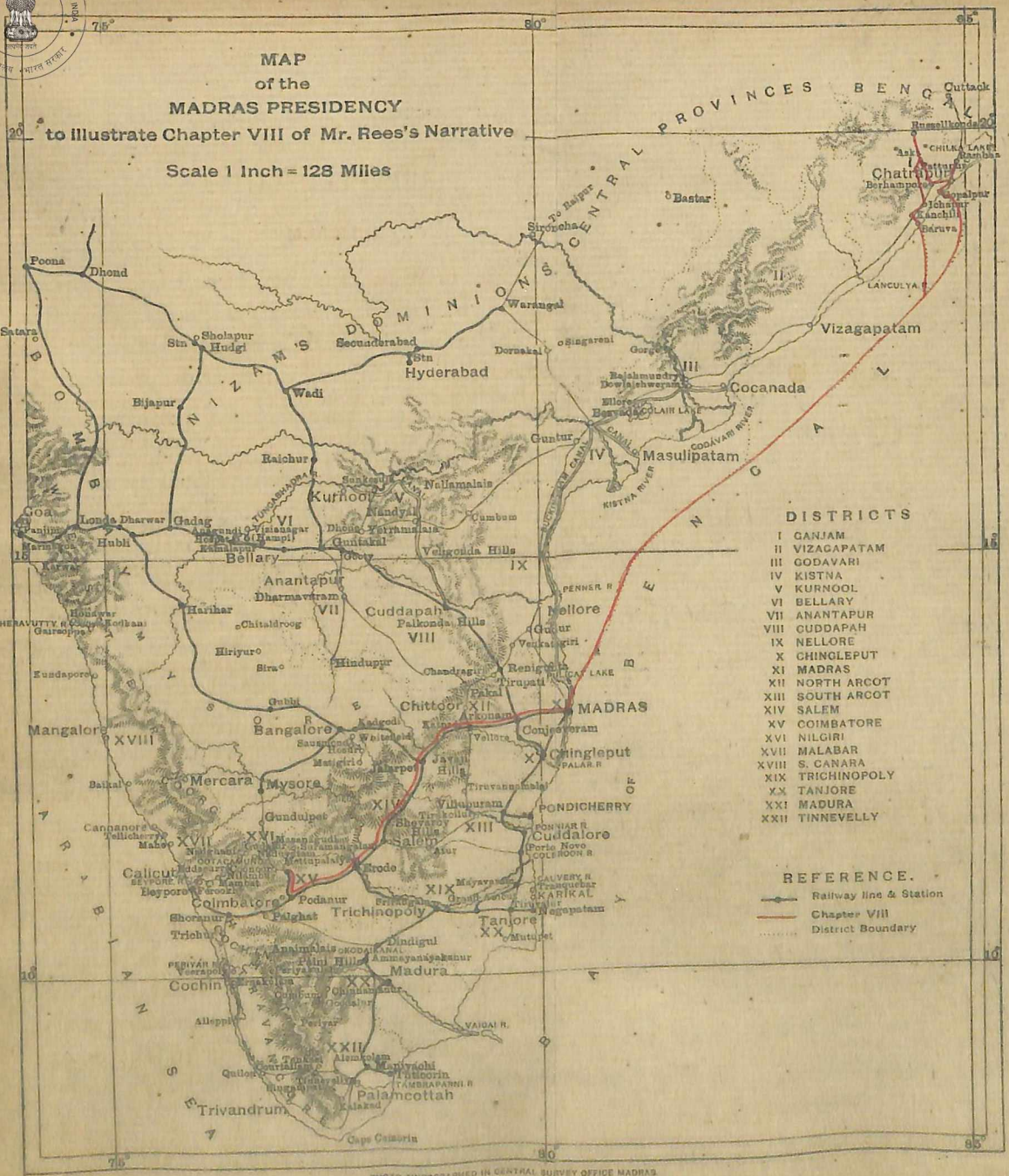
The condition of the tenants on his estate is good, but neither here nor elsewhere did we hear that it was better than that of those holding directly under Government.

On the morning of the 15th November we reached Madras after travelling by sea 324, by rail 864, by road 111, by river 36, in all, 1,335 miles, and visiting six Madras districts, a foreign territory, and two districts of the Bombay Presidency *en route* from South Canara to Bellary. The Governor had received and answered from first to last 29 addresses.

We met with no accidents, though we passed through a cyclone and had a narrow escape from a collision, and another from boat-wreck at sea, while of a party of three one, Major Chisholme, caught malarious fever, and had to return to Madras. We saw much beautiful country and many interesting peoples and persons, and much on every side, that illustrated the unsafety of holding social, economical or political experiences gained in one part, of equal application in another part, of so large a Presidency, including so many different races and comprising so many tracts of country, which bear one to another hardly any points of resemblance. There was abundant evidence that the people generally in the districts we passed through were prosperous and contented. Their addresses reflected a most reasonable conception of, and attitude towards, the Government, and if they asked for more than could be given, their wants were almost always such as the State would only too gladly grant, were it possessed of a sufficiently long purse.

MAP
of the
MADRAS PRESIDENCY
to Illustrate Chapter VIII of Mr. Rees's Narrative

Scale 1 Inch = 128 Miles



DISTRICTS

I GANJAM
II VIZAGAPATAM
III GODAVARI
IV KISTNA
V KURNOOL
VI BELLARY
VII ANANTAPUR
VIII CUDDAPAH
IX NELLORE
X CHINGLEPUT
XI MADRAS
XII NORTH ARCOT
XIII SOUTH ARCOT
XIV SALEM
XV COIMBATORE
XVI NILGIRI
XVII MALABAR
XVIII S. CANARA
XIX TRICHINOPOLY
XX TANJORE
XXI MADURA
XXII TINNEVELLY

REFERENCE.

Railway line & Station
Chapter VIII
District Boundary

PHOTO-ZINCOGRAPHED IN CENTRAL SURVEY OFFICE MADRAS.
1891

CHAPTER VIII.

GANJAM.

By Mr. CLAUDE VINCENT.

Bad news from Ganjam district—Famines of 1877 and 1866—Inaccessibility of district—Means of communication—Causes of present distress—Mr. Garstin's visit—His report—Professional agency works—Civil agency works—Gratuitous relief—Outbreak of cholera—Serious condition of affairs—Governor's departure from Ootacamund—Our party—A mishap—Antonio "killed"—Arrival in Madras—Departure by sea—Calm voyage—At Gopalpur—Dangerous surf—Landing—Luggage-boat capsized—Usual reception—Bishop Tissot—Port of Gopalpur—Condemned pier—Examination of inhabitants—Results thereof—Cholera cases—Drive to Rambha—Mr. Minchin—Anecdote—At Berhampore—Supply of seed-grain—Purchase from Godavery—Visit to jail—Uriyas—Their caste observances—At Aska—Mr. Minchin's Sugar factory—Great heat—At Russellkondah—Maliahs or Hill Tracts—Idyllic jail—Khonds—Their customs—Religion—Meriah sacrifice—Its origin—At Ichapur—Health of party—Queen's sympathy—At Kanshili—Zemindar of Parlakimedi—Addresses—Embarkation—Scene at Baruva—Results of Governor's visit—Real preventive of famine—East Coast Railway—Sanction for its survey—Stormy voyage—Arrival at Madras—Return to Ootacamund—Governor's official minute.

The Governor's stay on the hills during the hot season of 1889 was rudely interrupted by bad news from the Ganjam district. This district lies at the extreme north of the Madras Presidency, on the borders of Orissa, and, like that province, has been subject to periodical periods of drought resulting in famine. During the great Madras famine of 1877, Ganjam did not suffer much; but in 1866 there was serious scarcity in the district, and it is estimated that 10,000 people then died of starvation.

The district is extremely difficult of access, there being no railway and the only means of communication being by road from the north and south and by means of the coasting steamers. Communication from the west is cut off by a high range of hills and an impassable jungly country. The communication by sea is sufficiently good in fine weather, but becomes difficult during several months of the year on account of the high surf that prevails. For instance, during the famine of 1866, Government bought large stocks of grain, which were sent in steamers to Gopálpur, the principal port of the district. Owing, however, to the heavy surf caused by the monsoon, the ships containing the grain had to lie for several days off the port without being able to land a single bag, while starving people on the beach were clamouring for food and praying to God for fine weather.

The present distress has arisen in consequence of the partial failure of the south-west monsoon of 1888, which was due in the months of June and July, aggravated by the almost complete failure of the north-east monsoon also, which was due in the month of October. The usual results had followed. Crops had failed, prices had risen, merchants had refused to open their grain-stores, grain-riots resulted, semi-panic had developed, and, at the end of October, the District Officers had reported that a severe famine would have to be met. Under these circumstances, Mr. Garstin, C.S.I., then a Member of the Board of Revenue, had, in November, been deputed to visit the district on behalf of Government, and his report, which was received in

December, was more reassuring. He said that the stocks of grain were then ample, that, though prices were high and crops bad, there was no sign of any actual serious distress. Ordinary relief measures were, in his opinion, all that were required for the time.

The distress in the district developed, however, steadily until, in April, there were about 18,000 people employed on Professional Agency works in the Public Works Department on which at least 75 per cent. of a full day's task is exacted from all labourers. About 3,000 people were employed, in addition, on Civil Agency works which provide employment for those who do not come up to the professional standard. About 1,000 persons were also admitted to gratuitous relief, which implies the provision either of a daily money dole or of cooked food in the case of those who are unfit to do any work whatsoever owing to age, sickness or other infirmity. About this time too the Collector's reports became more gloomy. The condition of things, he said, was not improving and was aggravated by a severe outbreak of cholera, which is the usual accompaniment of famine. Deaths from this cause alone amounted to over 1,400 a week. The state of affairs was sufficiently serious to render a visit from the highest authority eminently desirable. The presence of the Governor inspires confidence in the local officers and shows them that their efforts under exceptional circumstances meet with his sympathy and support.

The Governor left Ootacamund on the morning

of the 29th May 1889, a large party of officials and visitors assembling to wish him godspeed. Our party was a small one, consisting only of the Chief Secretary to Government * and the Private Secretary.† A Medical Officer ‡ also joined the party in Madras. All three of us had been through the great Madras famine of 1877-78, and so had had previous experience of the state of affairs that had to be dealt with. The usual monotony of the hot and dusty journey down the ghât was marked on this occasion by what might have been a most serious accident. The phaeton in which His Excellency travelled turned a corner too sharply and rolled over without a moment's warning. The Governor, who was inside, escaped with a severe shaking, but his servant, who was on the box, was thrown 40 feet down the khud. The Governor struggled out of the carriage and went to the side of the road to see what had become of his servant. "Are you hurt, Antonio," he called out, "Killed, your Excellency," cried a feeble voice from the middle of a clump of bamboos. The answer was reassuring and by means of ropes the "dead" Antonio was dragged back to the road, having escaped with a severely-strained arm, which, however, necessitated his being left in Madras.

We arrived in Madras on the morning of the 30th, the few ladies and gentlemen who from force or inclination were braving the hot weather there meeting us at the station. In the evening we embarked on board

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* Mr. J. F. Price. † Mr. Claude Vincent.
‡ Surgeon-Major McNally, Deputy Sanitary Commissioner.

the S.S. *Nowshera* for Gopálpur. Our voyage was calm and marked by no incident. We carried with us the genial Archdeacon who, formerly in the Royal Navy, was evidently glad to find himself back on his old element.

We reached Gopálpur on the afternoon of the 1st of June. A flagstaff and a few white houses distinguish an otherwise monotonous coast-line, but to ensure vessels making no mistake as to the locality its name is painted in letters 3 feet high on a large sign-board which runs along the roof of the Steamer Company's office, as if the port were a sort of marine Clapham junction instead of being the *ultima Thule* of the Madras presidency and of India. The landing through the much-dreaded surf had now to be faced. The horses that we brought with us and our luggage left the ship in advance, and all landed safely with the exception of one cargo-boat which was overturned in the surf and several very necessary articles of apparel found their last resting place at the bottom of the sea. We ourselves landed in a large surf boat, and the question arose whether we might not have to swim for it. "Can you swim, Mr. Archdeacon," asked the Governor; "no" was the ominous reply, but though thus in the hands of Providence, we felt that, under the circumstances, we were probably fairly secure. And under the charge of the head boatman, who boasted that this was the fourth Governor he had successfully guided through their dangers, we got through the breakers in safety. The Governor was met on the beach with the usual reception and a guard of honour

from the neighbouring military station at Berhampore. Bishop Tissot of the Catholic diocese of Vizianagrum, a venerable prelate 80 years of age, lent colour to the scene in his purple robes.

Gopálpur is a port with a fair amount of trade and, at the instance of the local merchants, Government has just completed, at a cost of 3 lakhs of rupees, a handsome iron screw-pile pier which extends nearly 1,000 feet out into the sea. It has been found, however, that the length of the pier is insufficient, as it does not extend beyond the outer line of the surf and boats with cargo to land, find it impossible to lie alongside. It has been proposed to lengthen it, but this, owing to the shelving character of the foreshore, would be a very costly operation, and the latest idea on the subject is to dismantle it and sell the materials.

The Medical Officer of the party held an inspection of the inhabitants of Gopálpur with a view to ascertaining the physical condition of the poorest amongst the population. His examination furnished results which recalled the experience of the famine of 1877. A considerable number of sadly emaciated specimens of humanity were discovered, which pointed to the severity of the distress in the district. As usual in such cases, the children seemed to be the first to have suffered and were in the worst state. Active relief operations appear to be necessary, and above all a system of village relief which would reach starving coolies such as those we discovered at Gopálpur.

On the line of canal between Gopálpur and Chatrapur, the head-quarters of the district, over 5,000

coolies were seen at work. These, however, were in better case, being regularly employed; and though they made some complaints as to the wages they were receiving, they seemed on the whole to be very fairly treated. Three cases of cholera had just occurred amongst them, two of which terminated fatally within a few hours. The third patient was removed from the hospital by some of his fellow workmen, who carried him off, though in a dying state, to his own village.

On the 4th of June we drove 15 miles to Rambha and spent the day in a house belonging to Mr. Minchin of Aska (of whom more hereafter) situated on the edge of the Chilka lake. This lake is a sheet of water 60 miles long and about 10 broad. Tree-covered hills stretch down to the water's edge, and in the cold weather there are myriads of wild-fowl on the lake affording splendid opportunities for the sportsman. The house in which we spent the day is a very fine one and was built by a Civil Servant of the old school, who lived in the days when the pagoda tree still blossomed in India, and could be shaken with some benefit. No record of the cost of building it is extant, as all the papers relating to this subject were lost in a boat which was sunk on a voyage to an island in the middle of the lake.

We were visited at Rambha by two neighbouring Zamindars. One of these, a lad of 18, is still a Minor and under the guardianship of the Court of Wards. He appeared before us in a gorgeous embroidered yellow kincob coat and pink trousers and his bright and open countenance and air of more than usual intelligence impressed us favourably.

On our way back to Chatrapur we were met by bodies of cultivators whose attenuated frames testified to their distress, and who complained of their poverty and their lack of seed-grain in the patient plaintive way typical of the Hindu ryot. The road passed through thousands of acres of cultivable land on which not a blade was visible.

A sharp shower fell in the night, and the next morning, as we drove into Berhampore, bullocks attached to the little wooden ploughs were scraping the surface of the soil into furrows, preparatory to the sowing of the new crop.

The question of seed-grain was one of the most pressing of those that had to be decided. The season for sowing was at hand, but those best qualified to judge asserted that at least one quarter of the cultivators had used their reserve of seed-grain for food, and that no stock of it existed in the district. One ton of grain suffices to sow 30 acres, and it was estimated that 30,000 acres would require to be supplied. Again, the cultivators who had been reduced to the consumption of their seed-grain would evidently be too poor to be able to pay for a fresh supply even if it were procurable, so that importation by Government and distribution with a subsequent recovery of the value seemed to be the only measures possible to adopt, much as State importation is to be deprecated as tending to interfere with private trade, and to alarm the sensitive mind of the native dealer. Orissa was telegraphed to, but replied that not a ton of seed-grain was procurable there, as stocks had been exhausted owing to the drain to Ganjam already expe-