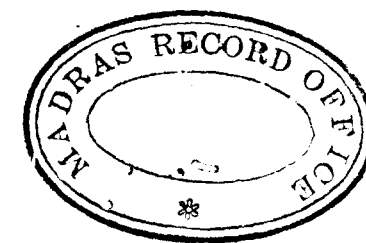


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THE
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOLUME CXXVIII.

January 1909.

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

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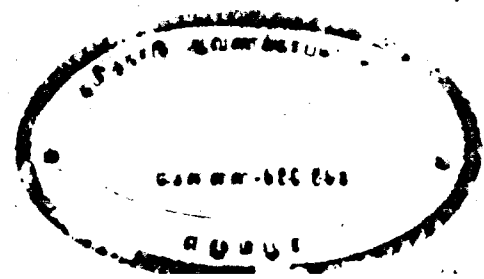
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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

No. CCLV.

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THE
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

No. 255.—JANUARY 1909.

Art. I.—THE QUARTER.

THE plentiful supply of rain in the second quarter of the year rendered the last quarter of 1908 healthy in every way and the city was practically free from epidemics during the months under review. The agricultural prospects were also brighter, and altogether we had much to be thankful for. The absence, however, of the usual winter showers has invested the cold weather with more than ordinary mildness, and there is the danger that the entire absence of rain might result in the outbreak of small-pox and other diseases in the earlier part of the new year.

Weather.

The political sky, which was thick with clouds during the early part of the quarter, brightened considerably during the latter part, which was, no doubt, due in a great measure to the sudden change of front presented by a Government which was at one time regarded as weak and vacillating. The famous speech of Lord Minto, delivered at Lucknow on the eve of his sudden return to Calcutta from the hills, gave great relief to the loyalists, while it also was a decision indicating

Political.

that the door was about to be closed down on sedition in India. Following almost immediately after that memorable speech and coming as a bolt from the blue was the passing in one sitting of the Viceroy's Council, of the Crimes Act, as well as the resorting to Regulation III. of 1818 in regard to a number of influential persons who were removed to unknown places for having toyed with sedition too long. The effect was most satisfactory, and many who, before, had remained silent came out and avowed their loyalty. By happy coincidence these repressive measures synchronised with the publication of the scheme of Reforms which had been foreshadowed earlier in the year and which vindicated the honour of British justice. They were received all over India in the true spirit, and on every hand were acclaimed as a sign of strength, and not of weakness, as advanced by some critics of these wise measures, and though, of course, as time goes on there may have to be the necessary pruning here and there, the value of these Reforms remains; they have been received with deep gratitude by the people of this country.

The feeling of the great bulk of the people has been reflected at the sittings of the Congress held in Madras during the closing days of the quarter. The eloquent and impassioned address of the President laid the *imprimatur* on the proceedings which followed. It breathed loyalty to the core and showed how the hearts of the Indian people had been touched by the conciliatory action of the Government. It would be no exaggeration to say that the Congress of 1908 marks the "parting of the ways" between Constitutionalists and Extremists with the triumph of the former.

The Congress.

The quarter was signalised by two most important events. The retirement on 30th November, of Sir Andrew Fraser, from the Lieutenant-Governorship of

The Lieutenant-Governorship.

Bengal, was the occasion of much appreciative reference to His Honor's services to the country. In no time in his Indian career, perhaps, did the finer qualities of the man stand out in such bold relief as during the last days of his office in India. The attempt on his life and his miraculous escape are still fresh in our minds, and though he had to go about protected at every turn, he carried himself with a calmness that evoked praise on every hand, and he left the scene of his labours and trials amid a chorus of regret in spite of the strong disapproval which his policy evoked in certain quarters. He was succeeded by Sir E. N. Baker in the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, a position which had been rendered peculiarly responsible owing to the happening of recent events. The appointment of a strong man at such a juncture was essential and, therefore, the assumption of the office by Sir E. N. Baker who is thoroughly acquainted with the conditions in Bengal was hailed with approbation, the change in the political situation is in some measure ascribed to Sir E. N. Baker who is happily one of those officials who knows how to temper firmness with mercy and this combination is felt to be most necessary at the present time.

The sanction by the Secretary of State to the building of a bridge over the Lower Ganges at Sara was received during the quarter with much satisfaction in Calcutta. Mr. Gales, the Chief Engineer of the Nilgiri Railway, has been entrusted with the work and operations will be

The Sara Bridge.

commenced shortly. The quarter also witnessed the completion of a number of important buildings, among them that of the Chartered Bank Building in Clive Street, which perhaps constitutes the finest building in our midst.

We have to offer our hearty congratulations to those gentlemen who have been the recipients of Honours at the hands of His Majesty the King-Emperor in the distribution of New Year's Honours, among whom we are glad to notice, Mr. T. R. Wynne the popular President of the Railway Board who has been knighted; and Mr. R. N. Mukerjee, Senior Partner of the well-known firm of Messrs. Martin and Co., Engineers and Contractors of this city who has received the C.I.E.

Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief in India, is popularly regarded as a mortal without the "milk of human kindness," but from recent events which have happened there is every indication that the popular idea is erroneous. He has shown his consideration for officers, both British and Indian, in the substantial increase which has been allotted to their salaries. The concessions have been received with widespread feelings of satisfaction, and if they have been tardy in coming they are none the less welcome on that account.

The closing days of the year were marred by one of the most appalling calamities which has occurred for hundreds of years, namely that of the terrible earthquake which occurred in the south of Italy and Sicily, and which has claimed about 200,000 victims and the destruction of the capital of Sicily, the town of Reggio and other places of lesser importance. The harrowing scenes which occurred have sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world

Italy's Sorrow.

and every land is eager to render some assistance to the helpless sufferers. In India we have been called upon to assist, and have no doubt the appeal will be readily responded to by Indians and Europeans alike.

An event which cast a gloom over the Western Presidency was the death during the latter part of the quarter of Her Excellency Lady Clarke, the wife of the Governor of Bombay. Himself a striking personality Sir George Sydenham Clarke was doubly fortunate in possessing in his late wife a lady who captivated all hearts by her kindness and constant desire to be a good friend to all irrespective of race or creed. That she was beloved in the capital of her husband's dominions was amply testified by the universal mourning which followed her demise at Mahableshwar after a painful and lingering illness—a mourning which was not confined to Europeans but was fully shared by the various communities in Bombay and Poona, and no more practical confirmation of the sorrow felt at her death could have been offered than the closing of all the native places of business on the day of the funeral. A fund has been started to perpetuate her blessed memory by some suitable memorial and is being largely subscribed to.

It was thought at one time that in consequence of Lady Clarke's death the Governor of Bombay would relinquish his appointment, and the leading papers in the Western Presidency struck the keynote of the popular feeling when they said that such a step would be regarded as a calamity. The fears entertained, however, have proved unfounded, as His Excellency has determined, in the face of his great grief, to continue at his high post of duty. In his talented daughter he possesses one who will be able in some measure to take the place of her mother

Death of Lady Clarke.

inasmuch as she has already identified herself in a large measure with the people of the Western Presidency.

In no part of India, perhaps, was the political situation fraught with more danger than in the Western Presidency, which

A Trying Time.

has long been the hot bed of sedition though it did not manifest itself with the same amount of effervescence as in Bengal. From time to time we had evidence of this and the directing hand was well-known in official circles. Bal Gungadhar Tilak's residence at Poona was one of the headquarters of the conspiracy movement against the British Raj, and it was fortunate that Bombay possessed at the critical moment a strong Governor in the person of Sir George Clarke, who nipped the movement in the bud by removing the most dangerous figure, alike from his popularity, and his resources, from India. The same ruler soon after indicated his strength and purpose by reducing the sentence of transportation in consideration of the age of the man who had been one of the chief organisers of the movement having for its object the overthrow of the British Raj. The removal of Tilak was accompanied by wild demonstrations of lawlessness, but this was only a passing madness. The people realized, very soon, the error of their ways, the tempering of firmness with mercy had had a wonderful influence and the close of the quarter saw the restoration of the most harmonious relations between rulers and ruled.

An epoch-making event, which took place during the closing days of last year, was the meeting of their Excellencies the Governors of Madras and Ceylon at Paumben in connection with the proposed Indo-Ceylon Railway, *via* Rameswaram. The Indo-Ceylon connection has been talked and written about

The Indo-Ceylon Connection.

for years, but the multiplicity of proposals put forth from time to time looked as if it would not be an accomplished fact for many years to come. It is owing to the enterprise shown by the South Indian Railway Company that matters have at last come to a head and the connection is now assured of accomplishment in the near future. While various suggestions were being made as to the shape this connection was to take, the South Indian Railway extended their system to Madapan, and continued it again across the island of Rameswaram, the only remaining link to complete the connection with Ceylon comprising the crossing of the small strip of water between Mandapan and Paumben, the 23 miles between Rameswaram and Manaar, and the construction of a line from the main line of the Ceylon Railway from Madawachi to Manaar. At the conference which took place at Paumben their Excellencies had the advice of Sir T. R. Wynne, Chairman of the Railway Board, and it was no doubt due to that gentleman's wide knowledge of the subject that matters have been accelerated. His Excellency the Governor of Ceylon, as the outcome of the conference, has sanctioned the construction of the Railway on his side, and it is expected that the Madras Government will give early sanction to the construction of a swing-bridge over the Paumben Straits and the inauguration of a ferry service between Rameswaram Island and Manaar. The dream, therefore, of a through service between Peshawar and Colombo will soon be realized. That it will, when finished, solve the Labour Problem which has confronted the premier Crown Colony for some years back, is a foregone conclusion.

The Report of the Health Officer of Calcutta, received during the quarter, makes us feel justified in entertaining

Plague.

the hope that we are within measurable distance of exterminating the plague, if the facts and figures given in the report by Dr. Pearce, Special Health Officer to the Corporation, for the year ending 30th June 1908, correctly represent the present state of things. In this report we are told that the plague mortality "was the lowest on record since plague first visited this city." A striking feature of this report is the fact stated that the virulence of the disease suddenly subsided at the height of the epidemic. This will be better understood when it is stated that there are two well-defined periods, the "quiescent" and the "active." The latter extends from March to June; and it was in April 1908 that there was a sudden cessation in its virulence. Dr Pearce accounts for this as follows:— "The reduced mortality seems to have been due to the lessened severity of the outbreak, and not to an equal reduction in mortality throughout the successive stages of the recrudescence."

The tables relating to the incidence of the disease throw a lucid light on the indiscriminate nature of the attacks. "From 20 to 60 years," says Dr. Pearce, "there seems to be an equal susceptibility to the disease. Youth is a small protection, but old age none. The mortality is greater at the extremes of life, and especially in old age." The "caste" tables show that Hindus are more susceptible to the disease than Mahomedans and Christians; the deaths being 1,458, 345 and 5, respectively.

The Committee appointed by the local Government to revise the Calcutta Building Regulations recommended that the floors of all warehouses used for the storage of articles intended for human consumption should be paved with some impermeable material, and this assumed concrete form during the quarter.

Art. II.—A MERE PREFACE,

PAST,—PRESENT—AND FUTURE.

*They sleep—the long lost dead who went before ;
But they have left a stirring, moving score ,
Of men and women, of their thoughts and things,
Which, as we ponder, mantle us with wings
Wherewith we fly back on a pictured past,
No longer mummied—quickened, throbbing, cast
In moulds that do not so much shape as give
To bygone forms the power once more to live.
And as we look and dream and dream and look
Upon the pages of the time-worn book,
Either we go back or they forward move,
And meeting, in a midway focus, prove
That we are they and they are we, a token
Of mystic oneness never to be broken ;
A "unity of race" never undone
While seasons come and go and ages run.
And as the faded page eyes keenly scan,
Ears hear "this is the brotherhood of man."*

THE device of falling asleep and awaking after years to find a world changed, so changed as to snap heart-strings tied to an endeared past, has already proved the theme of touching romance. The trick of projecting imagination forward, and picturing men and women, and the web they weave into the society of some time to come—the further off the more enthralling—has also taxed the invention of the literary conjurer, and amused and beguiled his audience. Whether of these two is the more fascinating occupation, for minds in which reflection and emotion struggle for mastery, may perhaps find its solution, or some approach to it, in the first article on the "English in India" republished bodily from the first number of the CALCUTTA REVIEW. This

article by an unnamed writer of keen insight, bright imagination, and fine power of expression, is placed before the Anglo-Indian public of to-day with, let it be frankly confessed, a twofold purpose. One is to give a practical illustration of the success with which the first Anglo-Indian quarterly, with any pretension to rank with similar 'first class' productions at Home, at once enlisted the best literary talent available in India for its pages; maintained this high tradition from year to year; reflected the varying phases of Anglo-Indian life with a success not to be called in question; and has survived, in this 'land of regrets and fleeting conditions, for a period of more than sixty years. The other is to enable readers of to-day to recall a past in which every Anglo-Indian, worthy of the name and of the social bond of which we all form aspiring, even if sometimes perspiring, units, is or ought to be deeply interested. Our forbears have lived their own life in conditions which once differed much from those which mould us, or perhaps, as the poet sings, give life to the forms in which we appeal to others of the same or of other times. But if the resemblances which this old world story recalls are not few, the contrasts which it draws are many. Merely touching lightly on a few political incidents, in order to fix the period of his starting point, the writer plunges *in medias res* of the social life of another day. He rejoices to note that, whereas letters once took from four to six months to reach Home, in his time they took only five weeks, and he glories in this "rapidity of communication." What would he say to our seventeen days? He delights in the remembrance that, whereas once wives were few in this land of exile, while *hetairai* abounded, in his happier days the kaleidoscope had been turned and had presented a healthier picture, showing a growing reversed

disproportion between children who could rightly claim a father's sacred name and others who could not. He touches also on the difference between the days when even such a man as Shore came out on a salary of Rs. 8 a month, and others like him were allowed to amass in trades fortunes which could not be accounted for by multiplying the amount of their salaries by the period of their service, and the later period, sixty years ago, when the pagoda tree had ceased to be shaken, and men, if determined to obtain wealth, had to devise other methods of doing so. The distractions of a voyage Home and back, in his "Then and Now," are portrayed with a master hand. A philosophic note is struck in a remark on the "home-going tendency," which even in 1844 had begun to separate Anglo-Indian minds from Indian interests, threatening an age of aloofness which has unhappily since come upon us with all its drawbacks, and widened almost if not altogether into a yawning gulf. "The race of genuine old Indians" he sighs, alluding not to natives of India but to the men of our own race who mostly lived and died here, or if they went Home, went after greater intervals of time, and rarely before they had become wealthy, jaundiced, and almost without livers to speak of, "is nearly extinct." We sing the same tune to-day, but in a sadder minor tone, which has sometimes the same echo with a deeper meaning, but oftener alas! has to be pitched in a shriller key with a significance all its own. What would he think, what would he say, if, after dwelling on the vast differences which distinguished the miserable dwellings of 1700 with the "palaces" of 1844, which had sprung up in our capital cities, he could look on the majestic piles of buildings which entrance the eyes of ordinary spectators, if they sometimes strike down into the hearts of Engineers who have to calculate

stability of foundations in a city built on sand. The candid manner in which quotations are made from authentic records—some written by the very relatives and descendants of men whom they name—disclosing the different rates of salary drawn at different times by people who have become great in history—and all showing how these heroes had to give salaries to servants or make other payments, the aggregate of which exceeded by large amounts the allowances which they received, is rather entertaining. Of course there was a sort of lawful trade which was winked at, as well as unlawful perquisites which were blinked over. It is in some cases left to the charitable to describe later opulence to either source, and there may be no need to-day to discriminate. “Even before Clive’s first administration the condition of the younger servants of the Company was not one greatly to be coveted.” Perhaps the same language may, for different reasons, be applied to their successors of our own day. Once upon a time, in order to restrain extravagance, “the services of a chattah-wallah were prohibited by Government” and the use of lace on male garments forbidden, not for peekaboo reasons, but for its costliness. In 1844, it is said, “there is more Christianity in India now-a-days;” but where it was stocked is wisely not made known. We all know that a Civil Servant’s wife gets a pension of £300 a year, but to be assured that this circumstance was translated by “husband hunters” into a statistic that the budding statesman was worth that much, “dead or alive,” is a cruel reflection upon fair women, some of whom, even when drawing that pension, have given it up to marry a second husband with no such insurance tacked on to his wedding garment. The answer to the riddle “How long does a widow mourn for her first husband?”—namely,

“For a second”—may or may not be true, but may betray a far deeper and much nobler instinct than covetousness, which is idolatry. It is certain that the divisions of Anglo-Indian Society were more marked in 1844, and even later, than now. In 1859, at a great famine fund meeting, Sir Bartle Frere insolently referred to Mr. Peterson, the leader of the Calcutta Bar, who had made some remarks before him, as “the person” who had said so and so—an indiscretion which the local press resented, and which no Civilian would repeat to day, when money is the secret of all influence, opening the door of Society to anyone who sells things for more than he pays for them, and grow rich on the difference. Commerce is a real power which is recognised at Government House as well as in the Legislature where, whether it redeems its opportunities, is a question which is never raised in the CALCUTTA REVIEW, and will never be answered anywhere, until the expectation of the revelation of the secrets of all hearts is fulfilled. Care has been taken to quote as little as possible from the charming article reintroduced to the Indian public in this mere preface, which is designed to whet the appetites of all lovers of letters and of Anglo-Indian story; and to inspire, if possible, in minds in which it may not exist, an appetite for the one magazine which has enshrined the talent and genius of Anglo-Indian Society from one of its early days until now.

HISTORICUS.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

- ART. I.—I. *Anglo-India, Social, Moral, and Political; being a collection of papers from the Asiatic Journal.* 3 vols. 8vo London. 1838.
- . *Society in India, by an Indian Officer.* 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1841.

3. *The Stranger in India, or Three Years in Calcutta*, by G. W. Johnson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1843.
4. *The Bengallee, or Sketches of Society in the East—a new Edition* 2 vols. 8vo. Calcutta. 1843.

Not very many years have passed away, since even well-informed people in England knew little more about an Anglo-Indian, than that he was very rich—very yellow—and very ill-tempered; that he dwelt in a country where fevers and liver complaints were abundant, where tigers and mosquitoes preyed on the human race, where hookahs were smoked and widows burned, and curry eaten and wealth acquired; that he left England young, healthy and poor, and came back old, decrepit, and rich; that he spent a life of luxurious solitude and wretchedness, and brought home his ill-gotten wealth, to bestow it after a few years of isolation and discontent, upon some distant relative, or compliant friend, who had invested his patience in a profitable market, and borne with the old man's humors to the last. These liver-decayed old Indians were principally useful in bad novels and worse comedies. They appeared, in the third volume or the fourth act, to make a virtuous maiden happy for life, or to disconcert the schemes of some unprincipled nephew (for it will be observed that in novels and comedies old Indians are always uncles) to the consummation of poetical justice and the advancement of public morals. Of India itself little more was known, than that Calcutta and Madras were, somehow or other, two of its principal components; that the climate was very hot and very unhealthy; and that the Great Mogul, the hero of the playing cards, was one of its most magnificent potentates. Whether Madras was in Calcutta, or Calcutta in Madras; or whether they were contiguous cities, like London and Westminster; whether Tippoo Sahib was the Great Mogul, or whether the Great Mogul was one of the Princesses of Oude; all these were questions, which only the very knowing were competent satisfactorily to solve. We have now before us a novel, written just a quarter of a century ago—one, too, which enjoyed some popularity in its day—wherein the heroine is said to have proceeded to Madras up the River Hooghly; and another party is described as spending his time between Calcutta and Madras, as though they were as close as London and Hampstead. We quote this as no solitary instance of the amount of knowledge possessed even by book-writers, when we were some few years younger than we are now. It is not to be forgotten that a certain reverend poet, novelist and dramatist, conspicuous less for his talents in either of these capacities, than for his intense

admiration of a profligate monarch, commenced his greatest poetical work with the notable line—

There's glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal!

Bengal being about as famous for its mountains, as the Pays-Bas; but not more so. We need not multiply examples. Whilst writers undertaking to instruct the public, manifested this amount of ignorance, it is not surprising that more ordinary people, in the intercourse of daily life, fell into the most egregious blunders—confounding the three presidencies; conceiving India to be one small integral principality traversed in a few days; entrusting to a Bengal cadet or writer, letters or parcels for parties at Bombay, with strict injunctions to deliver them in person; enquiring from a returned Bengallee after some denizen of Madras, whom, of course, he “*must* know”—all these things, we say, were not to be wondered at, even although there were few respectable families in the country, not connected, through some of their members, with our glorious dependencies in the east.

Until within the last ten years, the communication between England and India has been both slow and irregular. The establishment of a line of steam-vessels, reducing the distance by two-thirds, and conveying not only mails, but passengers, from India to England in little more than a month—this, following close upon the renewal of the Charter, under which the country was thrown open to adventurers of every class—has increased, in an enormous degree, the amount of passengers and letters, despatched to and from India; and by giving a proportionate impetus to the local press, still further multiplied the sources of information thus thrown open to the mother country. The number of letters, despatched every month, by the Bombay steamers, exceeds thirty thousand; the number of printed papers ten thousand. Many of these letters and papers are delivered in London five weeks after they are despatched; and in little more than two months an answer to a letter sent from Bombay may be received at that place. This rapidity of communication, coupled with its certainty,* is an extreme provocative to frequent correspondence, not only between parties engaged in business, but between private individuals. In former years a letter was four, five, six, perhaps, seven months on its way. “We are now,” wrote Sir James Mackintosh, in 1805, “within five days of six months from the date of our last London paper;” and again in 1811, “seven months from the date of the last London News.”

* It is very, very rarely, that an Overland Mail miscarries; the *Memnon* Iron Steamer, with the Indian Mails of July, 1843, was lost near Aden, and few of the boxes were saved; but a similar mischance had not occurred for many years.

If an answer were received within the year, the letter-writer thought himself fortunate. This was disheartening and repelling. Correspondence, even between intimate friends and dear relatives, soon flagged; fell off by degrees; and ere long ceased altogether. Parties in England, or in the interior of India, had no knowledge of the date of a vessel's departure. Hence further delays. A letter was, perhaps, several weeks, lying idle at the General Post Office, or in the *duftur-khana* of a Calcutta agent. After this long rest, it was probably despatched by a vessel bound for several intermediate ports, and did not reach its destination, until other letters of a more recent date had been received. All this was vexatious, in the highest degree; and as regular correspondence was out of the question, people soon began to meditate on the expediency of abandoning that, which was fraught with so much inconvenience and annoyance. The establishment of a regular Steam Communication between the two countries has remedied all this, and made every Englishman and Englishwoman, in the three presidencies, a periodical letter-writer.

The rapidity and regularity of the communication between the two countries induced, at the same time, a greater desire after Indian news. The number of local journals despatched to England was soon multiplied. A class of publications, unknown before, sprung up, and in a short time acquired a strenuous vitality. Papers were prepared, expressly for the Overland Mail, containing a summary of the month's news, and issued on the morning of Post-day. These were despatched, in large numbers, by Indian residents to their friends at home. The British press soon began to perceive the importance of obtaining the earliest and most correct Indian intelligence. The leading morning journals secured the services of clever and experienced correspondents at Calcutta and Bombay. These writers despatched their letters, containing an abstract of the month's news, and the most interesting extracts, afforded by the Indian journals, to the care of an agent at Paris, whose business it was to forward the despatches to the coast by a special courier. Thus the French mail was often anticipated by several hours. Second editions were published; and the Indian news, for the time, was even more talked of than the last partisan debate in Parliament, or the state of the poll at a pending election.

It must be admitted, however, that much of the interest which has lately been attached to the news from India, owes its birth to the important and exciting character of the events, which have been enacted in the romantic countries beyond the Sutlej and the Indus. The history of the English in India,

during the last six years, is one of extraordinary interest. The chronicles of the whole work do not furnish a series of more vivid and exciting scenes of picturesque warfare. Contemplating the whole, it is difficult to believe, that we are not poring over some highly wrought narrative of fictitious adventure. "Truth is strange; stranger than fiction." The siege of Herat—Herat, wrested from the grasp of the Persian, by the wondrous energy of a young British officer,* who chance-guided to the "gate of India," threw himself into the beleaguered city to revive the failing energies of the besieged, and sustain them unvanquished, until diplomacy had done the rest; the assemblage of the "Army of the Indus;" the magnificent gathering at Ferozepore; the march of the Bengal and Bombay columns of the grand force, through an unknown and dangerous country; the triumphant entry of Shah Soojah into Candahar; the capture of the stronghold of Ghuznee; the preparations made for our reception at Urghundee, where Dost Mahomed, having drawn up his guns in position, was basely deserted by his followers; the flight of the Dost; the pursuit of the chivalrous Outram; the progress to Caubul; the mummeries enacted there; the march to Bameean; the passage of the Hindoo Khoosh; the return of the Bombay Troops; the capture of Khelat; and the death of Mehrab Khan; the lull, the deceitful calm, and then the re-appearance of the Dost, the assemblage of the Oosbeks, and the rising of the Kohistanes; the victory of Bameean; the defeat of Purwundurrah; the last gallant charge of the Ameer, and the surrender, of the single horseman in his dress of goat-skin, at a moment when the pale face of panic was watching despairingly the progress of events. Have we not here the first volume of an exciting romance? It awoke the slumbering interest of the people of England. Peace had girt us around for many a long day; there was "a pin-drop silence;" and the trumpet of war was heard from afar, heard for a time even above the din of sonorous faction. Country gentlemen were seen looking at their maps; and the works of Elphinstone and Burnes were diligently sought after by all the oracles of the Town. Diners-out crammed themselves with forced-meat balls of Affghan history and geography; and members of Parliament learnt just enough to enable them to expose their ignorance to the world.

* This had not been long written, when the sad tidings of Eldred Pottinger's early death reached Calcutta. Strange that he should have been the first actor in the Affghan War and the last in the China War; that he should have been the prologue of the one and the epilogue of the other; that he should have defended Herat against the Persians, and that to him should have been entrusted, for conveyance to England, the supplementary Chinese treaty. Sad, that he should have escaped all the perils of the war in Affghanistan, to die from the effects of the accursed climate of one of our new Chinese Golgothas.

At the same time, another great drama was being enacted in the far east—one, too, which excited even more interest than the great Central Asian tragedy. The war with China broke out. This was eminently calculated to excite not only interest, but alarm. People, as they laid down their breakfast cup, and took up the morning paper, to read how Commissioner Linn had out-manceuvred Captain Elliott, sighed as the thought stole over them, “and there shall be no more tea.” Of Affghanistan they had known nothing, before England marched an army across the Indus to depose the reigning monarch; and even then they cared little about the matter, except as something to talk about. But China—everybody knew that China yielded us our Hyson and Bohea; some knew that it was famous for roses, pigs and porcelain; and a few had dim notions of ivory toys, preserved ginger, and damask silks. Of the inhabitants, we deemed that the men wore pig-tails, and that the popular admiration for little feet, or the inherent propensities of the Chinese dames to elope from their legitimate guardians, rendered it necessary that the Ladies should be crippled. China and the Chinese had in fact been ever an interesting place and an interesting people; and when the war broke out, it engrossed more of the popular attention in England than the war on the other side of the Indus. The lead was taken, but not kept. The Caubul insurrection, in all its fury, burst over the heads of the British representatives. Suddenly, they found themselves girt around with rebellion; fire and slaughter on every side. Then began the second volume of the great Caubul Romance. The rising of the Ghilzies—the march of Sale’s force—the attack upon the city—the murder of Sir A. Burnes—the beleaguered cantonments—the blockaded citadel—the gathering of the enemy on the heights—our spiritless efforts to dislodge them—the deadening effects of cold and starvation—the melancholy vacillation of the Military authorities—the negotiations of the Envoy and the insolence of the enemy—the massacre at Charekar—the interview with Mahomed Akbar—the bloody scene which ensued—the march of the defeated army from Caubul; the terrible butchery in the passes; the fall of Ghuznee; and the captivity of our countrywomen in the hands of the “relentless” Affghans—here were events calculated indeed, but too well, to fill the hearts of Englishmen with pity and dismay; and to excite the most painful interest among all classes of the community. Never had the eyes of Great Britain been turned, with such eager and intense expectancy, towards the countries of the east. China, and the jeopardised tea were for a time almost forgotten.

Nor was the interest thus engendered much diminished, when the army of retribution set out on its perilous march to

inflict upon the Affghans “the punishment of their crimes.” And here begins the third volume of this remarkable romance, opening nobly with the defence of Jullalabad. The interest scarcely flagged for a moment—east and west, exciting scenes were enacted; the gathering of the advance of the new army at Peshawur, the first attempt to throw reinforcements into Jullalabad; the repulse of Brigadier Wild; the arrival of the main body of the new Caubul army; the forcing of the Khyber; the relief of the “Illustrious Garrison;” the no less memorable exploits of the army of Western Affghanistan; the negotiations with the enemy; the halt at Jullalabad; the failure of carriage; the repulse, on the other side, of General England; the lost laurels regained; the junction of the two forces to the westward; the simultaneous advance of Pollock and of Nott; the re-capture of Ghuznee; the conflict at Jugdulluck; the triumphant entry into Caubul; the recovery of the prisoners; the destruction of Istaliff; the return of the combined army; the festive gathering at Ferozepore; and, as a last scene of all to end this strange eventful history, the restoration of Dost Mahomed, whom we had risked so much to depose.

Here was enough to excite even apathetic John Bull, at a distance of some thousands of miles. The English journals teemed with particulars of these momentous events; the arrival of the monthly mail was anticipated with painful anxiety; hundreds of families had been plunged into deepest sorrow by the tidings of the terrific massacre in the passes; hundreds presaged with fear and trembling, similar calamities, when the second army entered Affghanistan. Even Parliament condescended to bestow a passing notice upon the far-enacted drama; and for a time the chief actors furnished the print-sellers* with subjects, and the Leo-Hunters with red-hot lions. Thousands of copies of the “Narrative” of Lieutenant Eyre, and the “Journal” of Lady Sale were sold in a few weeks; and against that “monster” Mahomed Akbar, young ladies lisped vengeance with their rosy lips, and old men mumbled it with their toothless gums. People, who a few years before did not know very distinctly whether Caubul was in South America, or in Central Africa, were to be heard talking familiarly about the Balla Hissar, the Sea Sung, Behmeru, and the Huft-Kotul; and to increase

* We need scarcely add, that these portraits were, with few exceptions, remarkable failures. The Sketches of the Caubul Captives, said to be from the pencil of Lieutenant Eyre, however commendable as works of art, bear no resemblance whatever to the parties indicated. The various prints of the murder of Sir W. McNaghten, of Lady McNaghten in the Passes, &c. &c., are still worse. The pictures represent men and women, but in no other respect do they represent the characters whose name they bear.

the recondite knowledge of the public, the enterprising proprietor of the Amphi-theatre, on the Surrey side of the Thames, gratified the rising generation with a view of the war, which bore as close a resemblance to the actual drama, as the domestic tragedy of Punch and Judy. And when all this was over—when the Governor-General had left the Affghans to suffer in peace (*ubi solitudinem faciunt PACEM appellant*) “the punishment of their (quere, *our*) crimes”—when, for certain party-reasons, it had been deemed expedient to drop the subject, in Parliament, then just as the Affghan interest was on the descendant, the war in Scinde commenced, and that concluded by the unblushing appropriation of the territory of the Ameers, the revolution in the Punjab broke out; the royal family of Lahore were sent to people Hades; the Seikh sirdars took to slicing one another's throats, and lo! a new excitement was established. The annals of the East have lost nothing, in modern times, of their romantic character; and at such a season as this, even phlegmatic Englishmen can afford to turn their faces to the east. There have been other momentous dramas enacted in Hindostan. The war in the Carnatic was one of these, but it was contemporaneous with the French Revolution. We had not then a “pin-drop silence.” The clamour of one mighty event drowned the clamour of another, and the most remote fared the worst. But we have now enjoyed nearly thirty years of peace in Europe; and a war even in India has become a *bon bouche* to the excitement-hunters.

This is not without profit. It is unquestionable, that within the last few years the public knowledge of Indian affairs has greatly increased; but whether this is a temporary, or a permanent advantage, may, we frankly acknowledge, be questioned. Fortunately, however, we do not rely merely upon the adventitious aid of an exciting period, in India, or the adjacent countries, to render our glorious dependency familiar to the home-staying circle. The opening of the Trade and the liberation of the press had accomplished much, before Central Asia became the vast theatre of war; and these influences will exist, in increasing force, when the Peace which Lord Ellenborough restored to Asia in a proclamation, and inscribed on a medal, has really begun to spread its branches over the land. Since the annihilation of the Company's monopoly the annual amount of shipping in the River Hooghly has increased more than 100 per cent. The number of vessels which arrived at Calcutta, in 1832, was 246; in 1839, it was 516; and it has since gone on gradually increasing. Of the increase of passengers brought by these vessels we do not know the extent. We have no statistics to enable us to record an accurate opinion, and we have no leisure to prepare

any. The amount of the British population in India has, however, greatly increased; and in the present day a propensity to visit England, much greater than that which existed in the old times, exists among all classes of the community. Occasionally, we meet an old Indian, who has never set his foot on British soil since he first arrived in India, as a writer or a cadet; but this class of men is becoming rapidly extinct.

Passages to Europe are cheaper than they were, and more rapidly performed. The passenger vessels, too, as regards comfort and accommodation, are of a greatly superior description. They are, indeed, floating hotels, or boarding-houses, where a man must be somewhat enjoyment-proof, if he cannot contrive to enjoy himself. It is true that fruit and fresh laid eggs and green-peas are denied to him; but he has good meat, excellent poultry, wines of every description, from Champagne to Sherry; and the best of Sauces, a sharp appetite. He cannot play at billiards, it is true, but he can enjoy his rubber of whist—and an enjoyable thing it is, in a snug cuddy, with a glass of mulled wine within reach, on a cold evening, rounding the Cape. What if the floor does form an angle of 45° with the horizon? Such little inconveniences as these soon become a source of amusement. One can put up with a good many discomforts in a place, *where there are no bills*. The immunity from all the cares of business and house-keeping, which the passenger enjoys, is truly delightful. He pays his passage money, before he ascends the side of the vessel; and is kept like a prince for three or four months, without one disturbing thought of the morrow. No wonder that, aided by the fresh bracing air, he soon runs to flesh. Among the amusements of a voyage, *weighing* is not one of the least considerable. It is pleasant, especially in a homeward-bound, to watch the gradual advance of the passengers in obesity. Like Voltaire's trees, they grow, because they have nothing else to do. But people rarely know when they are happy, and, except where strong attachments are formed on board—and such attachments are rarely otherwise than deep-rooted and permanent—everybody is glad to escape from the vessel. This is not unnatural, though the ship be the finest in the world, and the captain the best fellow possible. Indeed, now-a-days, both ships and captains are unexceptionable. The magnificent passenger-vessels, built by Messrs. Green and Wigram, officered as they almost invariably are by gentlemen, leave one nothing to desire. These splendid locomotive boarding-houses are great inducements to the voyage to England. The comfort, the rapidity, and the cheapness of the passage tempt many to undertake it, who, when a ship was five or six months on its way, and an

indifferent cabin cost five hundred pounds,* would have prolonged their residence in India, till wealth enabled, or death compelled, the worn-out old Indian to retire finally from the scene of his labours.

The establishment of a regular line of Government Steamers from Bombay, and of the Oriental and Peninsular Company's noble steam-ships, from Calcutta, has increased still more the home-going tendency; and we not seldom find a hundred passengers embarking, in a single month, on board the *Hindustan* or *Bentinck*. There are other powerful influences to which this tendency may be traced. Not the least of these are the greater liberality of the retiring regulations, now in force in the Company's services; the establishment of sundry retiring and other funds; and the increase of marriages in India, strengthening as it naturally does, through the medium of family connexions, the hold of his country upon the heart of the exile. In former days, when wives were few and native mistresses many, the greater number of residents were tied to India, and had little inducement to quit it. Now, however, wives are many, mistresses few; and whilst the number of illegitimate children is diminishing every year, the lawful offspring of British residents in India is progressively on the increase. The books of that noble institution, the Military Orphan Asylum show, that whereas in 1810, the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children subsisting on the charity of the Fund, was as *ten to eight*; in 1840 there were *forty* legitimate wards to every *eleven* of the other class. In the present day, there is no scarcity of brides; and Merchants' clerks and Ensigns are eligibles. A married man has many inducements to visit his home; his wife's health may require it; his children, perhaps, are sufficiently advanced in years to render it necessary that they should be removed to England for the sake both of physical health and mental culture. The voyage has now no terrors for delicate women or young children. The latter thrive luxuriantly on board-ship; they are the happiest of the happy. They scamper about the deck; pull the ropes; and are great favourites with the sailors. They never slip through the port-holes, and seldom tumble down the hatchways. The sweet little cherub, who sits up aloft, and keeps watch for poor Jack, seems to have one eye at least to watch over these infant passengers.

* Mr. Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, says: "The Captains of the home-ward-bound Indiamen demand eight thousand rupees (£1,000) for the passage of a single person and fifteen thousand for that of a gentleman and his wife." He adds: "One gentleman distinguished for his liberality gave *five thousand guineas* for the accommodation of his wife and family, besides an ample supply of madeira wine, provisions and delicacies for the table."—This, however, was an extraordinary case even in those days.

Times have greatly changed, since that excellent man, Mr. Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth) was wise, under the necessity of tearing himself from a wife, to whom he was fondly attached, rather than that she should brave the horrors of the deep, and the dangers of so savage a country as India, by accompanying him to the scene of his labors.

Then an old Indian was a rarity; a young one a greater rarity, in England. Now they are plenty as blackberries. You can scarcely walk into a dining house (provided it be a *good* one) in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, at seven o'clock, without finding yourself in company with a batch of them. Indian Officers on Furlough—private affairs or sick certificate—swarm about this locality; young men, too, the greater number of them. The race of genuine old Indians is nearly extinct. Few men now pass thirty or forty years in the country without a visit to Great Britain. There may be a few of the ancient flock still to be found looking into the Oriental Club; or sauntering along the streets of Cheltenham. But, ere long, a regular, liver-diseased, parchment-faced, shivering, querulous, rich old Indian, who feels himself when at home as in a foreign land, so strange and distasteful to him are its manners and customs, will soon become as rare as a mummy. The complaint of the singularities of old Indians is now dying away. An Indian Officer or Civilian returning to England is very much like the rest of the world. He has brushed up all his old English habits and feelings, once at least before his ultimate retirement. Moreover, thanks to steam communication, and the progress of the public press, if he be an attentive reader of the Indian Journals, he will find himself only a few months behind the London world in his knowledge of public events—important or unimportant—a new tariff or a new dancer. Men from India are no longer necessarily old; necessarily yellow; or necessarily rich. If they differ much from other members of society, it is in being a good deal less stiff and somewhat more liberal. A returned Indian once complained, pathetically to us that the English were "magnificently selfish." He had been a quarter of a century in the East without once returning to his native land; had he taken a furlough in the interim nothing would have seemed strange to him. Few men neglect this now-a-days. The number of applications for furlough—unless any new war renders it necessary that no leave should be granted to Military Officers—is increasing every year.

We have thus briefly explained the principal circumstances, which, whilst they have rendered people in England more familiar with Indian affairs, have extinguished the tribe of genuine old Nabobs; as Gun-powder, the Brandy-bottle, and

the Small-pox, have extinguished another more interesting race of Indians. Old Indians are not in these days so much unlike the rest of the world. Neither do they turn up unexpectedly, with mines of wealth, to lavish upon unsuspecting relatives. There is an Indian Army List or Directory in almost every principal street of London; and the Indian Journals are filed in so many, that any one anxious to gain information relative to a brother, an uncle, or a cousin, may ascertain to a nicety all his movements—when he was promoted to this or that rank, when he received this or that appointment, when he obtained six months' leave of absence—or, if he happened not to be in "the Services," when he went through the Insolvent Court. Indeed, by the payment of a guinea a year, for one of the Overland Summaries of the Indian Newspapers, he may have all this interesting intelligence laid on his breakfast-table once a month. An expectant heir, by the aid of a Directory and a monthly Newspaper, may keep himself cognizant of the movements of an antiquated relative, with very little trouble to himself. But, in good truth, antiquated relatives in India are not very much worth looking after. Fortunes are not easily made; and if they are, they are easily spent. Men do not, now-a-days, hoard up wealth for unknown nephews and nieces. Whether they ever did we think extremely doubtful, in spite of the comedies and the novels of the early part of the present century.

And yet, within the last fifty years, society in India has undergone so many other changes, that perhaps it may have changed in this respect too. It will not be altogether uninteresting to trace a few of the more important changes—to shew what Anglo-Indians were and what they are, when dwelling in their adopted homes. We do not purpose to comment upon political changes. Our readers are well acquainted with the principal events attending the growth of the British power in the East; they know how a few insignificant factories were in time erected into a great Empire; how a few mercantile clerks, with a scanty guard became in time the rulers of the land. We shall not meddle with this subject. Our article is devoted to social changes and what we lose in profundity perhaps we may gain in novelty. We do not wish to be always on the stilts.

If an old Indian resident, of 1770 or 1780, were to arise from the grave, to revisit the scene of his labors, the first thing to strike him would be the magnificent improvement in the appearance of the European portion of the Towns, especially of the capital, Calcutta. It is recorded in the biography of Lord Teignmouth, that when his Lordship (then Mr. Shore) arrived in India, as a young writer on the Bengal establishment "he found it (the city of Calcutta) consisting of houses not two

"or three of which were furnished with venetian blinds or glass windows; solid shutters being generally used; and rattans like those used for the bottoms of chairs, in lieu of panes whilst little provision was made against the heat of the climate. The town was rendered unhealthy by the effluvia of open drains, &c., &c." Whatever may be the state of the drains now-a-days, and in some parts of the town it is bad enough, nothing can be said against the houses. The absence of glass windows, an evil of no trifling magnitude, during a great part of the year, when it is of the utmost consequence to exclude the hot air, is almost unknown in the European residences of Calcutta. In Madras, however, a large proportion of the houses are deficient in this essential item of comfort. In Calcutta people shut up their houses; in Madras they throw them open. In the former the chief object is to exclude the wind, the dust, and the glare; in the latter to admit the Madrassee's boast, the delightful *sea-breeze*. We imagine that time has done more to increase the comfort of a residence in an Indian city, than to add to its splendor. Fifty years ago, though the Governor-General was no better housed than his neighbours, there were many fine buildings in Calcutta. A French traveller, who visited India, in 1789-90, says—"The Governor-General of the English settlements, east of the Cape of Good Hope resides at Calcutta. As there is no palace yet built for him, he lives in a house on the Esplanade opposite the citadel. The house is handsome, but by no means equal to what it ought to be for a personage of so much importance. Many private individuals in the town have houses as good; and if the Governor were disposed to any extraordinary luxury, he must curb his inclination for want of the necessary accommodation of room. *The house of the Governor of Pondicherry is much more magnificent.* As we enter the town, a very extensive square opens before us, with a large piece of water in the middle, for the public use. The pond has a grass plot round it, and the whole is enclosed by a wall breast high, with a railing on the top. The sides of this enclosure are each nearly five hundred yards in length. The square itself is composed of magnificent houses, which render Calcutta not only *the handsomest town in Asia, but one of the finest in the world.*"* We must accept the testimony of M. Grandpré with all confidence, for it is the testimony of an enemy. The square of which he writes, known now-a-days as "Tank Square," remains in all its primitive magnificence. Half-a-century has altered it but little, save on one of the four sides, which runs parallel to

* *Voyage in the Indian Ocean and to Bengal, undertaken in the years 1789-90*
Translated from the French of L. deGrandpré, an officer in the French army.

the river, where erst stood the old fort, now no longer in existence. In its place we have a range of buildings, the Union Bank, the Bonded Ware-house and others. But the present magnificence of the city is not derived from the four sides of this fine square; but from scores of splendid edifices, which have sprung up all around it—edifices, which have earned for Calcutta the high-sounding name of the "City of Palaces." The Government House at Calcutta,* on a moderate calculation, would hold a dozen such palaces as that of the Pondicherry Governor; and leave plenty of room for his Excellency, and all his troops into the bargain. Then there are other public buildings of splendid aspect, a Town Hall, another hallyclept Metcalf, fine churches, not known in M. Grandpré's time, though Calcutta was then not churchless, and a Theatre somewhat different in every respect, from that of which the French writer set down the record, "Close to the old Fort is the Theatre, which does not accord in appearance with the general beauty of the town, and in which there are seldom dramatic representations for want of performers." This reproach, which never would have been uttered had the French been the original settlers in Calcutta, for their first thought is ever the erection of a theatre and the *garrisoning* thereof (theatrical representations not even being held incompatible with a state of active warfare) cannot be levelled now-a-days against the denizens of the Metropolis. Since M. Grandpré's time another theatre has been built, another, theatre destroyed; and the City of Palaces now boasts of a new one, with somewhat more actors than patrons.

But the public buildings of Calcutta have not earned for the city the proud title, by which it is so often distinguished. The "Palaces" are the private dwelling-houses. Few cities can boast of so many imposing edifices. "Palaces" they are not—and an English nobleman might think them pig-styes. They are, with few exceptions, according to English notions, indifferent houses—but a number of them congregated within a small space have a very imposing effect. They are white; the atmosphere through which they are seen is peculiarly clear; they are generally of an extensive frontage; often situated in an open space; and if not very fine specimens of architecture, they are helped out with a liberal supply of pillars and porticoes, which are always adjuncts to the picturesque. M. Grandpré said of the houses, which he saw in 1790:—"All the houses in India

* We have a picture now before us in the *Pictorial History of England*—a work of no small merit—purporting to be a view of Calcutta in 1756. It contains both the Government House and the new Fort! The former was erected in 1804 and the earliest work of the latter (Lord Clive's ravelin) in 1770.

"have argamasse roofs; that is to say, are flat with a balustrade round them. It is there that the inhabitants in the morning and evening take the air. Some are ornamented with a circular range of pillars on the first storey, making a sort of gallery to which they retire when the heat of the day is over." "The English houses at Bombay," wrote Mr. Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, referring to about the same period "though neither so large, nor elegant as those at Calcutta and Madras, were comfortable and well furnished; they were built in the European style of architecture, as much as the climate would admit of; but lost something of that appearance by the addition of verandahs or covered piazzas to shade the apartments most exposed to the sun; when illuminated and filled with social parties in the evening, these verandahs gave the town a very cheerful appearance; but since I left India, the town houses have been almost deserted by the English, who reside entirely at their country villas; the gentlemen only go to the Fort in the morning to transact their business; devoting the evening to domestic pleasure, and convivial meetings at their garden house." The same practise was pursued then, as now at Madras. "The houses," writes the Rev. James Cordener, in his voyage to India, referring to a somewhat later period (1798) "are good and generally of two stories high: but few people live constantly in them; in the afternoon they are almost all empty, and the Town looks quite deserted. The better sort of inhabitants at Madras may be said to live altogether in the country. Every gentleman has a villa, at a little distance from the Town. The ladies seldom approach the Fort; very few of them attend Divine Service there on Sundays; and the gentlemen use it only as the scene of business; they repair thither after breakfast and return to their villas before dinner. Their conveyances are palanquins and carriages. Walking abroad is a thing unknown among Europeans."

We are very much in the same condition now in respect of the outward aspect of our houses; but not of the number of them, nor of their internal fittings-up. Good houses have multiplied and are multiplying at the Presidencies; especially at Calcutta where we have magnificent rows of houses on spots which erst were noisome swamps. "The activity and enterprise of the English," wrote Mr. Tennant, the author of the *Indian Recreations*, from Calcutta in 1796 "is, perhaps, nowhere better displayed, than in the rapid enlargement of the Town. In the memory of persons still living here, the European houses were mean, and comparatively few in number. Those of the natives are, in general, still paltry huts; but as prospects of gain, or, at least, of employment

"are always opening in the vicinity of European Society; the number of their dwellings has increased in a still greater proportion than that of Europeans." "Calcutta," wrote Bishop Middleton, in 1818, "considering that it has risen from two or three miserable fishing villages, within 120 years, is probably the most surprising place in the world." And in another letter, "nothing can exceed the beauty of Calcutta, I mean the European part. In every direction, as I look out of the window, I see an assemblage of white villas and trees and tanks. The church is, I think, without exception, the handsomest modern edifice of the kind I ever saw."—We are every year improving, too, the indoors comfort and elegance of our domiciles. We were not very long in discovering that large and lofty rooms, opening into one another with doors and windows in every possible direction, were better adapted to a tropical climate, than the low, close passage-surrounded apartments, designed, with elaborate ingenuity, for the exclusion of air, which make up our ordinary residences in England. After a time, we came to a due understanding of the value of glass-windows and venetian doors; and having attained every possible contrivance for the mitigation of the severity of the climate, we have betaken ourselves to the work of adorning our dwelling houses, not always, it must be admitted, without some sacrifice of bodily comfort. Year after year has witnessed the introduction of fresh European refinements; our dwellings have grown internally less and less Oriental; and though the change has not been unattended with inconvenience, we incline to think that on the whole we are gainers by it. Our rooms are no longer bare and unencumbered; they are chock-full of European furniture; the walls are hung with paintings; the floors are covered with warm carpets; the doors, perhaps the windows, are curtained. Hence an increase perhaps of warmth, and an unquestionable accession of mosquitoes; but there is a more cheerful look about our rooms; the eye is pleased; the spirits are raised; there is a greater feeling of home. The mistake of overcrowding one's rooms with furniture, as though they were upholsterers' ware-houses, is too common not to be readily admitted; but for these errors of taste the system itself is not accountable. Every good thing will find people only too ready to over-do it; and the extravagancies of its more tasteless votaries is no proof of the viciousness of any fashion. It is undeniable, that within the last few years, the internal aspect of our houses has brightened up greatly; and in no part of the ménage is this more strikingly apparent—in no one social improvement is the operation of an extended Trade more discernible—than in the furniture of the dinner-table. The

quantity of fine Plate, fine Glass, and fine Porcelain to be seen at the tables of men of moderate income, would astonish an old Qui-hye of the last century; and he would look with little less surprise at the display of ornamental ware in all our drawing-rooms; the bronze, the *papier maché*, the porcelain, the alabaster and more than all the beautiful glass lamps and lustres of every conceivable device, superseding the tasteless wall-shades, which stood out, of old, in all their ugliness, from the unvaried surface of white-wash plastered over the sides of our rooms.

But still more remarkable than the change in the aspect of the principal European abiding places are the changes in the aspect of European Society. We shall not attempt to give anything, which can aspire to be regarded as a complete picture of these changes; but content ourselves with noticing a few of its most prominent features. Old Indians, as we have already had occasion to observe, have been generally conceived to be distinguished for excessive wealth, diseased livers, a repulsive querulousness of manner, and a luxurious way of life. Who has not heard of the enormous fortunes and the Sardanapalian luxuriousness of the "Nabob" of the old time? How far the general opinion may have been correct, we pretend not oracularly to decide, but it may be permitted to us, in all modesty, to suggest a doubt. That large fortunes were made sometimes, and that the extreme of Oriental luxury was indulged in by some European residents, and hence imported, in a modified form, into the West, is a fact sufficiently well-established for us most willingly to concede; but we question whether these examples ought not rather to be regarded as forming the exceptions than the rule. The truth, it appears to us, is that, in the old times, very few returned to England at all; and that as these returned with large fortunes—rarely or never honestly acquired—an impression soon got abroad that India was an El-dorado, and that pagodas and rupees were to be had, for the mere stooping to pick them up.* This was a sad mistake. As

* There was one period, antecedent to Clive's second administration, at which occasionally enormous fortunes were accumulated (dishonestly, of course) in a few years, by adventurers, who, without any preliminary training or the possession of any necessary qualifications, were sent out ostensibly in the Company's Service, to grow rich in the least possible time, and to render no service to any one but themselves. The reign of these cormorants was but short. Clive soon introduced a new state of things; but as he knocked down the old rotten system and did not build up a sound new one in its place, he scarcely mended the matter. At a later period, large fortunes were occasionally amassed after many years of struggling toil and wearing deprivation; but even then not by honest means. The civilians were allowed to trade; but this source of profit was scanty. Shore complained, soon after his arrival in India, that such strict limits had been assigned to the commercial speculations of the Government servants, that the privilege was of little value. It is not long, however, before the readers of his life are let into the secret history of the accumulation of these large fortunes, which were once supposed to be an unfailling

regards the general prospects of the European adventurer, we hesitate not to say, that they were far less cheering than they are at the present time. The gloomy side of the picture has not been exposed to view; but if the whole truth were to be told how much of the wretchedness and desolation of friendless exile would be set down in the chronicle—how many sad tales of homeless want and disconsolate sorrow, and sickness, unrelieved by one gleam of kindness and comfort, would be told. And it was, in those days, much more to wrestle against at the outset—much more to try, perhaps to break, the strongest spirit. They who triumphed, triumphed not in vain; but how many were beaten down. When Mr. Shore arrived in India as a writer in 1769, his salary was—eight *rupees a month*; and this, too, in the Secret and Political Department. When Sir Thomas Munro arrived in India, as a cadet, in 1780, his pay was five pagodas a month with free quarters, or ten pagodas without. "His annual salary," says the present Lord Teignmouth in his life of his father, "was 96 current rupees, whilst he paid 125 'arcot rupees, or nearly double the above sum, for a miserable 'close and unwholesome dwelling'—"Cadets here," wrote Mr. Munro, soon after his arrival, "are allowed either five pagodas 'per month and free quarters, or ten pagodas per month, and 'find their own lodgings; all the cadets follow the first way. 'Of the five pagodas, I pay two to a Dubash, one to the 'servants of the mess, and one for hair-dressing and washing; 'so that I have one pagoda per month to feed and clothe me." Fortunate young man!—Mr. Shore, it would appear, spent nearly double his pay on house-rent. We do not know the extent to which he was enabled to enrich himself by trade; but the incomings from this source must have been extremely moderate. "The writers by their charter," he wrote, soon after his arrival "are permitted to trade, but under very severe restrictions. Before the arrival of Lord Clive, of infamous memory, they were allowed *dustucks*, i. e., a free trade and no duties,—and even since; but by a late order from our honourable 'masters, we are entirely deprived of any such advantages, 'which makes the risk very unequal." In Bombay, the case was not better—perhaps, indeed, somewhat worse. It is recorded, that when Mr. Forbes arrived in India three or four years before Mr. Shore, his *income* amounted to £65 a year.* We do not know any work that furnishes a better picture of the

characteristic of a "Nabob." In one mission to Dacca, he tells us, he might have made £100,000; had he not been burthened with scruples. At a subsequent period, we are told that the Nabob of Lucknow offered him five lakhs of rupees and 8,000 gold mohurs. He took nothing but a picture. Few men were thus scrupulous.

* *Quarterly Review*—Forbes says in a passage, quoted a little further on, that his salary shortly after he arrived, was Rs. 30 a month.

cheerless prospects of a young Indian adventurer, on first setting his foot upon the shores of his adopted land, than the "Oriental Memoirs" of this gentleman. "I found myself," he writes, "a solitary, deserted being, without a letter to offer, or the knowledge of a single individual on the island;"—and it is set down in the chronicle, that he often went to bed sorely against his will, soon after sunset, because he could not afford himself the luxuries of a supper and a candle. This, we suspect, must have been the worst epoch of all—after Clive had cut down the trading, or more properly, the *corruption* system, but before the Company had thought fit to grant to their servants a fair scale of remuneration. During this interval, there was scarcely less corruption than before Lord Clive's second administration; the only difference was, that instead of stalking abroad in all its nakedness, it sneaked about decently clothed. The filth was all there; but it was hidden.

But even before Clive's first administration, the condition of the younger servants of the Company was not one very greatly to be coveted. We smile at the ideas of exorbitant and reprehensible luxury entertained in the last century; yet such, according to prevailing notions, was the luxurious way of life to which the Company's servants gave themselves up, that it was deemed necessary to pass sumptuary regulations! We are informed by an intelligent traveller (Dr. Ivas) who visited India in 1754, being Staff-surgeon with Admiral Watson's fleet, that even the use of a *chattah*, or rather the services of a *chattah-wallah* were prohibited by Government. "At the time ~~we~~ we were at Fort St. David," he writes, "the 'Governor and a few other gentlemen of the settlement kept 'a chaise and a pair of horses; some drove a two-wheel chaise 'with a single horse, and others were content to take the air 'on horse-back. Since that time, however, the number of 'carriage is greatly increased. Almost all the Europeans 'resident in India, keep their palanquines, which is a covered 'machine with cushions in it, arched in the middle to give 'more room and air, and is carried on the shoulders of four 'or six men; the expense attending it is, not less than thirty 'pounds sterling a year. This piece of eastern luxury, therefore, has been forbidden by the Company to their youngest 'servants. Some years before our arrival in the country, they 'found such sumptuary laws so absolutely necessary, that they 'gave the strictest orders, that none of these young gentlemen 'should be allowed even to hire a Roundel-boy whose business 'it is to walk by his master and defend him, with his *Roundel*, 'or umbrella, from the sun. A young fellow of humor, on this 'last order coming out, altered the form of his umbrella

"from a round to a square, called it a *Squaredel* instead of a *Roundel* and insisted, that no order yet in force forbade him the use of it." We can cap this story with another, which, if it does not display more ingenuity, has, certainly, more wit. Hugh Boyd records in the *Indian Observer* (1793), that "in times of yore our honorable masters were very attentive to correct any appearance of extravagance in their young servants. Hearing that laced clothes were very much in fashion in Fort Square, a sumptuary regulation was sent out against them. But a young gentleman, who could not entirely divest himself of his favorite habits, still sported a gold edging on his coat, and defended it against the graver powers by maintaining, *that though LACE was prohibited, the order was not BINDING.*"

What would a young civilian of the present day think if an order were to be issued against top-boots, cut-aways, and Taglionis? Or a young ensign, if the yearly number of his white kid gloves and patent leather boots was to be regulated in General Orders? We suspect, that, take it for all in all, the present generation consists of a more luxurious set of fellows, than the generations of the last century, though there has more recently been an interregnum of right royal blades, as we have no doubt Writers' Buildings could tell us, if those once classic abodes were to chronicle their autobiographies. "At the present," says Lord Valencia, writing at the commencement of the present century, "there are few of these young men who do not keep their horses; commonly their curricles, and in many instances their race-horses, which together with the extravagant parties and entertainments frequent among them, generally involve them in difficulties and embarrassment at an early period of their lives." There are some old civilians in India who still are the victims of that lustrous epoch; but we have now attained a more healthy state of things, and though our young writers are not compelled, like Mr. Forbes, to go supperless to bed, because they cannot afford a meal or a candle, those costly Champagne suppers with their after excesses, for which Writers' Buildings were once so famous, are now but rare events, and we seem to be equally distant from the extremes of voluptuous extravagance and penurious self-mortification. We have heard some old Indian residents, staid and respectable men of unimpeachable morality, sigh over the extinction, as a class, of the young college writers, who erst made the buildings resound with their joyous songs and their loud rehearsing tally-hoes. Where are they now? Scattered over the face of Calcutta—or studying in the Mofussil—a dispersed race, never again to be restored. It is possible; that on some future occasion,

we may abandon ourselves more freely to the consideration of this subject. "Writers' Buildings" exist no longer, say a pile of brick and mortar, inhabited by artists, brokers, lottery contractors and other miscellaneous doers of a not very extensive business. The writers themselves, as a small privileged class of *ex-officio* fast men, no longer enliven the presidency and ruin themselves. It would be scarcely necessary to pass sumptuary regulations suited to the times and the incomes of the young civil servants of the Company. Their salary admits of a pretty free indulgence in cut-aways and Taglionis; or spectacles and white neck-cloths; and there are rarely any alarming exhibitions to call for the intervention of Government to limit the young civilian's stud, or to set a bound to his expenditure of champagne. Comfort and respectability seem now to be aimed at, and attained. There is little licentiousness to shock, and less poverty to distress. The picture, in a social point of view, is anything but a discouraging one.

The condition, too, of the young military adventurer has greatly improved during the last half century. We have shown that the pay of a cadet in 1780, was 17½ rupees a month, with free quarters. Sir Thomas Munro, who, had circumstances turned him out of the mould, an essayist or a novelist, instead of a soldier and a statesman, would have rivalled Addison or Smollet, describes with inimitable humor, dashed here and there with a touch of sadness, the sufferings and privations to which he was exposed during the first few years of his residence in India. "You may not believe me," he writes, in a serio-comic epistle, which though familiar to many of our readers, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting—"You may not believe me when I tell you, that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue, or poverty, until I came to India; that since then, I have frequently met with the first three and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are—I was three years in India, before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge pouch; my bed was a piece of canvass stretched on four cross sticks, whose only ornament was, the great coat that I brought from England, which by a lucky invention. I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation, (I lay, like Falstaff, in the basket—hilt to point, and very comfortable, I assure you, all but my feet; for the tailor not having foreseen the various uses to which the piece of dress might be applied, had cut the cloth so short, that I never could, with all my ingenuity, bring both ends under cover; whatever I gained by drawing up my legs,

"I lost by exposing my neck; and I generally chose rather to cool my heels than my head.....My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece. It grows tattered in one quarter whilst I am establishing funds to repair it in another, and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off to try on a new waistcoat." Now, it would be difficult thoroughly to convince ourselves that there is not some exaggeration in this. It is probable, that Munro's humor a little outstripped his accuracy. Blankets of an inferior description, but capable of imparting warmth, are so cheap in India, the few, even of the poorest natives deny themselves such a luxury; and in a country where the fibre of the cocoa-nut, which makes very tolerable bedding, is to be had in abundance, at so low a price, a man is not very likely to go three years without a better pillow than a book or a cartridge box. If Munro really suffered from these deprivations, he must have been sadly ignorant of the resources of the country. Warmth and sleep are blessings of too great magnitude to be beyond the reach of a Madras cadet on five pagodas a month; but we have it from Munro himself, that in less than a year after his arrival, he received his commission as ensign; and that in less than two years he was appointed to the Staff, as a Quarter-Master of Brigade. Making allowance, however, for a little humorous exaggeration, the picture may be advantageously contemplated by the young officers of the present day who deplore, when on service, in such pathetic terms the melancholy fact of their cheroots having all vanished in smoke, and write to their friends in the spirit of the young cornet in the *Bolan*,—"D—n! it I'm out of blacking, and those rascally Beloochees have carried off my patent leather boots." We suspect, that if an Ensign of 1780 and an Ensign of 1840 were to compare notes on the hardships of active service, the former would feel very much inclined to laugh at the soft-cotton and band-box asperities of modern warfare. Young officers of the present day dress much better and live much better than those of the last century. Munro when a Lieutenant, who had held for some time a staff appointment, talked, as we have shown, of his clothes falling to pieces; and we find him afterwards, when holding a good civil appointment, writing to his friends in England again, on the luxuries of the East, "I have dined to-day on porridge made of half-ground flour instead of oatmeal; and, I shall most likely dine to-morrow on plantain fritters," and this simplicity of fare "being the effect of necessity, not of choice;" not because he could not pay for anything better, but because he could not get anything better to pay for. Unquestionably we

are in these days much more comfortable. Comfort and competence are more generally diffused. Splendid fortunes are now seldom made, for bribe-taking is no longer permitted; but moderate wealth is more easily, as it is more honestly, acquired, and carnally speaking, the things which render life agreeable, are far more within the reach of all. We should doubt whether Munro's hands ever luxuriated in a pair of dress gloves during the first twenty years of his residence in India, or whether, during that time, his handkerchief was ever guilty of harboring a drop of perfume. But our young officers seldom deny themselves either the one or the other, as the records of the Exchange Hall and Tulloh's Commission-Rooms can amply demonstrate. The pay of an Ensign in the present day is twenty times as great as that of a young Civilian when Shore first arrived in India; and luxuries are to be purchased at less than half the price.

But if the outset of the adventurer's career is, in the present day, brighter than of old, and the closing scene somewhat less brilliant, it is hardly to be questioned that the middle stage, the general aspect, indeed, of life in India, is now more cheerful than it ever has been. There is nothing like poverty—unless there is both improvidence and misconduct—among the European residents in India. Men are often unfortunate; but they are very rarely poor. We mean by this, that they are seldom condemned to taste, in all their bitterness, the Marah-waters of poverty. The iron chain does not gall and fret; the manacles are well wadded. One man has a small salary; he is honest and he pays his debts. There is little of that severe struggling to keep up a decent appearance, which, unfortunately, prevails at home. Even this narrow-salaried man, if he be a gentleman, lives like one. He is not attended by a scrubby maid of all work, with red elbows and heel-less shoes, but by half a dozen turbaned fellows in black moustaches and white muslin. He keeps his horse, and, perhaps, his buggy; and changes his linen twice a day, with as much regularity as a Member of Council. False fronts, savealls, and dinners with Duke Humphry are not the concomitants of narrow means. Again: a man becomes bankrupt, passes through the Insolvent Court, surrenders, or ought to surrender every farthing he has in the world, and what is the result? We do not see a pale-faced, dim-eyed wretch, with stooping gait, and slouched hat, and coat out at elbows, stealing along the streets towards his small furnished lodging in an obscure quarter of the town. No; on the very day that his name appears in the *Gazette*; whilst he is advertised to the whole world as "late of Calcutta and now residing in the Danish settlement of Serampore," he

may, perchance, be seen on the course of Calcutta riding a fine English horse, or lounging in an elegant Barouche. Outwardly, there is little descent. The cidevant man of wealth rides his friend's horse, instead of his own. He attends, and does not give, *burra-khanas*. His establishment is reduced; but it is still an ample one; and—strangest contrast of all—his friends do not desert him. Severe moralists may say, that this last fact indicates laxity of principle. We will not argue the question. It is true, that a man does not ruin himself without ruining others—that there is often carelessness, recklessness, cupidity, an overstrained spirit of speculation; still we honestly confess, that we do love to see the friends of the ruined man, rallying around him in his adversity, even though they do but open their doors to him, invite him to dinner, give him a mount, and smile on him, as in the days of his affluence. All this may have an injurious effect upon society. By diminishing the penalties, it may increase the frequency of bankruptcy. Still the failing “leans towards virtue's side,” and the opposite is extremely forbidding.

“I assert,” says Mr. Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*, “that the character of the English in India is an honor to their country. In private life they are generous, kind and hospitable..... As husbands, fathers, masters, they cannot easily be excelled; whilst friendship, illustrated in its more general sense by unostentatious acts of humanity and benevolence, shines in India with conspicuous lustre. How often have the sons and daughters of misfortune experienced the blessed effects of oriental benevolence. How often have the ruined merchant, the disconsolate widow, and the helpless orphan been relieved by the delicate and silent subscription, amounting in a few hours to several thousand pounds, without the child of sorrow knowing its benefactors.” —“I can truly affirm,” wrote Lord Valentia, “that my eastern countrymen are hospitable in the highest degree, and that their generosity is unbounded. When an officer of respectability dies, in either the civil or the military service, having a widow or children, a subscription is immediately set on foot, which in every instance has proved liberal and not unfrequently has conferred on the parties a degree of affluence that the life of the husband or parent could not for years have assured them. The hearts of the British in this country seem expanded with affluence, they do every thing on a princely scale.” Mr. Forbes tells us, in another part of his interesting memoirs, that very little of all this was the growth of Christianity; for though the European residents in India were very humane and very benevolent, they were, at the best, but

indifferent Christians; and Lord Valentia seems to have entertained a similar opinion.

There is more Christianity in India, now-a-days, and we are inclined to think that there is as much benevolence. Not many years have elapsed since the large private subscriptions alluded to above were things of frequent occurrence. They are almost unknown now; but only because objects of such charity rarely present themselves, in our better regulated community. It seldom or never happens, that a man, occupying a respectable position in European society, dies and leaves his family destitute. The truly excellent Funds established for the maintenance of the widows and children of members of the services; and the inducements held out to others, by the different Insurance Offices, to provide for the weaklings who are dependent on them, have almost entirely superseded the necessity for private benevolence. We never, in these times, hear of a fashionable lady spending thousands of rupees on an entertainment one week, and, in the next, reduced to utter poverty, by the death of her lord and master, and dependent upon the contributions of her guests. A young Civilian is said by the husband-hunters to be “worth £300 a-year, dead or alive.” A young officer is worth only a third of this, but still there is no destitution. Private benevolence, therefore finds not a vent in this channel. At the time when, according to Mr. Forbes, the charity of European residents in India was exhibited in the celerity with which large sums of money were raised for the support of the widows and orphans of deceased members of society, “There was no arts or sciences to patronise, no literary or charitable institutions to support, and neither hospitals nor infirmaries to call forth private benevolence.” This is far from being the case in the present day. There are numerous institutions to support, and numerous institutions *are* supported, by private benevolence. A much larger sum is dispensed in charity; but the dispensation is regular, periodical. The money subscribed is given to the *poor* poor, not to the *rich* poor. The widows and children of wealthy men are not thrown destitute on the world; and though wealthy men themselves are often reduced to a state of nominal poverty, there is a wonderful elasticity in them, and, like an Indian-rubber ball they are dropped upon the ground only to rise up again to a greater altitude than that from which they have descended. Their friends assist them for a little while; there is a fresh start in the world; and then, practically at least, they are soon as wealthy as before.

There is no more striking feature on the face of Anglo-Indian society, than the general diffusion of all the outward

characteristics of wealth. The number of equipages which crowd the Calcutta course; the number of richly furnished houses; the number of handsomely dressed women, are out of all proportion to the number of good incomes in this "splendid city." The equipages are not well appointed; half dirt, half deity; well-built Phaetons or Britzskas, with uncouth and undressed native grooms hanging on lazily behind. The houses are not often elegantly furnished; there is seldom much taste and seldom any keeping, but still there is an enormous expenditure of costly furniture, and every week, in the cold season, sees some two or three announcements of "superb household property to be sold." The women, it is true, are rarely well-dressed; but the immense investments of rich satins and gorgeous velvets—the latter rarely sold at less than a guinea a yard—which pass into the hands of consumers every cold weather, is altogether incommensurate with the number of ladies, whose means and position would, in English society, entitle them to the use of such costly attire. The truth is that in India very little money is spent upon what is not *seen*. There are no taxes and tithes to be paid, and no expenditure in the Servants' Hall. Thirty servants may be retained as cheaply in India, as three—the eternal Footman, House-maid and Cook—can be kept in dear-grained England: and where there are no taxes, and no *rates* of any kind to be paid, a man may afford to dress his wife in satin and velvet; to give her a Britzska to ride in; and to cover her drawing-room couches and ottomans with the finest tabaret ever manufactured. Money, to use a homely expression, goes much further in India than in England. Though many articles of consumption are dearer, the expenses of house-keeping are, on the whole, smaller, and money spent produces some certain and palpable advantage. We are not called upon to fritter away anything upon intangible benefits—a church establishment, a poor law, and the like. In mercy, we are spared the tax-gatherer. With an almost universal predisposition to febrile and bilious disorders, and a sort of general irritability of the system, the visitations of this periodical pestilence would be more than we could bear up against. Kind nature is equable in her dispensation of favors. We have the holera; but we have no taxes.

We have shown, that shortly before the black-hole affair and the battle of Plassey, the Governor and some few other high functionaries drove out in their carriages or buggies—that the junior servants of Government were forbidden even to employ a chatteh-wallah. The battle of Plassey wrought a vast number of very important changes; and the British in India began to assume a local habitation and a name. Before

this, they scarcely existed as a class. Soon, however, they waxed into some amount of importance; and though Pondicherry, in some respects, had advantages not possessed by Calcutta,* we soon began to put forth our spreading leaves and branches, and to overgrow our worthy neighbours, the French. It was not, however, till some years after the battle of Plassey, that carriages came generally into use. It was a charge brought against Mr. Kiernander, the missionary, who built the "Old Church," in 1770, that he drove a carriage and four; but his last biographer † informs us, that this was altogether untrue; for that at the time referred to, the only people in the settlement, who sported carriages, were "the Governor and Mr. Watts." They must have come into general use not very long after this. "Conveyance by the palanquin is in use at Bengal," wrote M. Grandpré in 1790, "but Calcutta exclusively of this mode abounds with all sorts of carriages, chariots, whiskies, and phaetons, which occasion in the evening as great a bustle as in one of the principal towns of Europe. There are also a great number of saddle horses, some of the Persian breed; of exquisite beauty, but no Arabians, except a small sort called *Pooni*, which are very much in vogue for phaetons"—"The usual mode of travelling is by palanquin," says Lord Valentia; "but most gentlemen have carriages adapted to the climate, and horses, of which the breed is much improved of late years. It is universally the custom to drive out between sunset and dinner. The Mussaulchees, when it grows dark, go out to meet their masters on their return, and run before them at the rate of full eight miles an hour, and the numerous lights moving along the Esplanade produce a singular and pleasing effect." This custom, which has been long since exploded in Calcutta, still, we believe, exists at Madras, where the beach, on which the inhabitants enjoy the evening air—sea-air, oh! how delicious—is at a considerable distance from the majority of the garden-houses. The

* We must in all candour acknowledge, even at the present day, that Pondicherry is one of the very pleasantest place we have ever visited in India. The climate is extremely good; there is a delightful sea breeze; and the down itself is clean, regular, and more European in its aspect, than any locality in India. There is a nice open Place—the French must have a Place—and there are excellent roads in the outskirts of the town—far better than in the suburbs of Calcutta. The gentry are eminently social and hospitable. The native soldiers have a sort of French air and a French twist of the moustache; and the poor seem happy and contented. There is an appearance of cleanliness and comfort, externally, about the native parts of Pondicherry, which cannot fail to strike the observer.

† *Anglo-India*—Vol. 3. This biography, in respect of *dates*, is singularly deficient. At page 163, we are told that Kiernander was born in 1735. In 1799, therefore, he was sixty years old; and yet we are told that, at a period antecedent to this, he was in his 83rd year.

Mussauljee of Calcutta has ceased to be a torch-bearer, or even a Jack o'-lantern; the race has degenerated into a race of scullions. It will astonish many of our friends in England, who think that the palanquin is one of the greatest luxuries of the East, and envy us the possession of such a delightful conveyance, to learn, the few Europeans, unless they are driven to it by hard necessity, ever put themselves inside so extremely uncomfortable a machine. Palanquins are used by the upper classes of society almost exclusively for dawk journeys. To use one as an ordinary conveyance—to be seen moving in one about the streets of Calcutta, would be, many think, to lose caste. This feeling is sufficiently absurd, and there is no sort of occasion to display it; but it is perfectly intelligible, that people who can afford to keep carriages should utterly discard the palanquin. As a carriage is both a faster and cooler vehicle than a palanquin, no one is likely to prefer the latter. Palanquins are principally employed in Calcutta, as hackney-coaches and cabs are in London; their best patrons being sailors and cadets. A few Mofussil residents may keep these portable ovens; but at the Presidency the use of them is almost entirely confined to strangers; for even the poorer classes—the clerks and others—travel to their offices in some sort of a wheeled carriage, which, if drawn by a single pony, as many of these vehicles are, is a cheaper thing to keep than a palanquin. As an article of luxury, it may have held a high place in those days when only the governor and senior member of council sported wheel-carriages; for a ride in a palanquin is a degree or two better than a walk in the sun; but now it is regarded as a sort of refuge for the destitute, into which a man ventures, on extraordinary occasions, such as the breaking-down of his carriage in the streets, or any other untoward accident befalling him. Such things may happen once or twice to a Calcutta resident, in a period of half-a-dozen years? There are many who have not even within that space of time deposited themselves inside a palanquin—and we cannot but acknowledge, that the less frequently a man indulges in this species of Oriental luxury, the better for his bodily comfort.

There are few so poor, in these days, as not to be able to keep a carriage. The keeping a carriage in England is a very magnificent thing. There is an unctuous smack in the very mention of it, redolent of no small amount of well-to-doishness; even though the carriage be nothing higher than that cockney-sounding thing—an one-horse-shay. But here the difficulty is to find a man, who does not, in some form, "keep a carriage." It may be a very sorry affair, but still it is a carriage, with as good a right to the name, as the best appointed Britzka that

ever went rolling and swinging and plunging out of a coach-maker's yard. If any one be curious in this matter of carriages—and books have been written on the subject—let him come to Calcutta. He will here find carriages of every degree, from the highest to the lowest; of every conceivable form and fashion; and many besides of which it has never entered into his imagination to conceive. An Englishman in India may aptly be described as a riding animal. Let the curious in such matters station himself at one of the corners of Tank Square, between ten and eleven in the morning, and again about six o'clock in the evening: and count, not the number of carriages, but the number of varieties of carriages that pass—Britzskas, Barouches, Landaulets, Chariots, Phaetons, Buggies, Palanquins, Palki-gharries, Brown-berries, Crahanchys (some of these unknown *genera* to the English reader) and that let him post himself, towards sunset, on the saluting battery of Fort William, and view all these varieties *en masse*. If Clive, or Admiral Watson were to revisit, in this year of grace, 1844, the banks of that river, which, nearly a century before they passed up, with the few ships and small handful of fighting men, which paved the way for the conquests of Hindostan, they would out-do Dominic Sampson in their hearty exclamations of "Prodigious!" Where erst were to be seen a few Bengallee fishermen or boat-men, mending their nets or cleaning their cooking-pots, on the jungly banks of the river, is now a broad and level road, covered, at evening tide, by hundreds of carriages and horse-men. No sooner does the setting sun tinge the western horizon, than all the English residents in Calcutta throw open their doors and windows, make a hasty toilet and sally forth, in carriage or on horse-back, to enjoy the evening air. Before the sun has disappeared behind the western bank of the river, the strand is crowded with vehicles of every description—a concourse as dense as that, which may be seen on the Epsom Road during the race-week, with even more entanglements and embarrasments; for there is a stream setting both ways. One marvels who all these people are that own these hundreds of carriages. The first impression made upon the mind of the stranger is, that there must be an enormous number of wealthy inhabitants in Calcutta. But the equipage is, in reality, no sort of index to the worldly possessions of the owner. It may let you, perhaps, into the secret of a man's vanity—certainly not of his income. Some of the most pretending equipages on the course are sported by people belonging to the second class of society—uncovenanted Government servants, petty East Indian or European traders—respectable personages enough in their way and, peradventure, not much given to show; but the wife and

the daughters must have their britzska or barouche, though they do pinch a little at home to maintain it; and on the course at least, the wife of the uncovenanted subordinate may jostle the lady of the head of the office. When we consider how much is often sacrificed to support the dignity of the carriage and pair—how much substantial comfort is thrown aside to make room for this little bit of ostentation—that the equipage is with many, *the* thing, from which they derive much of their importance—we soon cease to wonder at the formidable array of assuming conveyances, which throng the course every evening at sunset, and present a scene, which, as one of daily recurrence, has not, perhaps, its parallel in the world.

A few words now on the subject of Dress. When those sumptuary regulations were sent out against gold-laced coats, there were very few English ladies in India. Of those few we have but little account. When they began to increase in numbers, whatever may have been the general taste before they very soon fell into the too-prevailing folly of over-dressing.—Munro, in one of his familiar epistles, which we candidly confess, have more charm for us than all his political letters, observes with his usual sly satire—"I have myself so vulgar a taste, that "I see more beauty in a plain dress, than in one tricked out "with the most elegant pattern, that ever fashionable painter "feigned. This unhappy depravity of taste has been occasioned, "perhaps, by my having been so long accustomed to view the "Brahmin women, who are in this country, both the first in "rank and in personal charms almost always arrayed in nothing "but simple pieces of dark blue cotton cloth, which they throw "on with a decent art, and a careless grace, which in Europe "I am afraid is only to be found in the drapery of Antiques. "The few solitary English ladies that I meet with only serve to "strengthen my prejudices. I met with one, the other day, all "bedizened and huddled into a new habit, different from any "thing I had ever seen before. On asking her what name it "went by, she was surprised that I did not know the *a la* "Gréque. It looked, for all the world, like a large petticoat "thrown over her shoulders, and drawn together close under her "arms. I could not help smiling to think how Ganganelli and "the Abbé Winkelman and the King of Naples would have stared "had they dug such a Greek as this out of Herculaneum."* Nor

* We have before us a volume printed in London in 1809, which contains a long and not very witty series of letters (originally published in a Calcutta Newspaper) upon this very diverting subject. The book is entitled "*The Ladies' Monitor, being a series of letters first published in Bengal on the subject of Female apparel, tending to favor a regulated adoption of Indian Costume; and a rejection of superfluous vesture by the ladies of this country, &c., &c., &c.*" The work, like the title, is rather long. It is nothing more than an amplification of the idea contained in the

do the gentlemen escape; there were fops, it seems, in those days, standing greatly in need of the sumptuary regulations. "The fashions of the gentlemen," he says, "are probably as "fantastical as those of the ladies, though from having them "continually before my eyes, the absurdity of them does not "strike me so much. We have black and white hats; thunder "and lightning coats, stockings of seven colours, and tawdred "waistcoats bedaubed with flowers, and more tawdry finery "than was ever exhibited on old tapestry." A more recent writer, Colonel Campbell,* has given us a picture of the Bombay fashionables, not much more complimentary than that, which Munro has recorded of Madras—"I was induced," he writes, "to go to a ball given here by some gentlemen to Mrs. —, "the wife of an officer of rank, about to proceed to assume a "command in the interior. But, in truth, I cannot pretend "even to be an admirer of those, who, in Bombay are looked "upon as fashionables; yet I am by no means, nor had I any "reason to be prejudiced against them. * * * I saw "nothing at that grand ball, to induce me to change the opinion "I had previously formed; or to make me imagine that they "could ever have moved in any other world of fashion than "their own. With few exceptions, the ladies were either badly "or over-dressed; or I should rather say, that their very expensive dresses were ill-made and generally worse put on, and the "profusion of ornaments, which many of them wore, had a "very different effect from what was intended, and I could not "but think what a Parisian belle would have thought of most "of them." It grieves us to add, that much of this is in a degree applicable even to Calcutta, in the present civilized times. We by no means assert, that a well-dressed woman is not occasionally to be found; but the number of *smart* dressers is out of all proportion to the number of ladies who dress well. The vice of over-dressing is but too common. The quiet and lady-like is rarely attained. More money is spent on dress by ladies, whose husband enjoy a given income, in this country, than in England—but the result is singularly unfortunate. We know not how it might be, if our society were blessed with any leaders of *ton* endowed with a small modicum of taste; but, for some years past, those who have aspired to lead the fashionable world—whose position, derived from the official rank of their

extract from Sir Thomas Munro's letter, spun out to the length of 230 pages. Though some portions of it are amusing, we have not been able to find any detached passages, in illustration of our subject, which we could conveniently transfer to our pages.

* "Excursions, Adventures and Field sports in Ceylon, &c., &c., by Colonel James Campbell." This is a recent work—by the period referred to not recent.

husband's, has placed them in the highest grades of our local aristocracy, have certainly done nothing to create a taste for the quiet and the subdued. Simple elegance has been, for years past, at a discount. The obtrusive and the overpowering have carried everything before them. This, in manners, too, as much as in dress. We have sometimes had our attention directed, in a large (by courtesy) fashionable assemblage to "that nice English-looking person on the other side of the room;" and we have looked and beheld a young girl, or a young married woman, seemingly fresh from England, and looking in the inornate good taste of her attire and in her simply curled or braided hair very much unlike the rest of the room; and we need not add, very much better. It is difficult to persuade people who can afford to be extravagant, that extravagance is not elegance; and that the finest investment of satins and velvets that ever reached Calcutta will go no way to make a lady. We think it would be well if sumptuary regulations were to be sent out against our feminine aristocracy. Simplicity is a virtue of such high repute, that the legislature would do well to encourage it.

As to the men—we are not aware that the temperature of Calcutta has been reduced within the last few years. We believe it to be as hot now, as it was in the memorable year of the Black-Hole. In those and in later times, strenuous efforts were made by the European inhabitants to counteract, in some small measure, the severity of the climate by wearing the lightest possible apparel. One would imagine that there had recently been a very extraordinary atmospherical revolution; for within the last five or six years, we have noticed a progressive tendency towards heavy vestments, especially in crowded assemblies, at large dinner parties, and on all other occasions where the heat is more than usually intense. To see a man sit down to dinner in the month of May, dressed from head to foot in black broad-cloth, is a spectacle calculated to teach a lesson in Martyrology not easily to be forgotten. Formerly, white jackets were frequently—white trowsers universally—worn at dinner parties, in the hot weather. Now one's eyes are seldom gladdened with a scrap of white, unless it be a wrist-band or a shirt collar. We have a lively recollection of the oppressive heat, at a large dinner party in August, where the only gentleman out of uniform, who had the good sense to appear in white trowsers, was the Governor-General. We do not know who may have been the originators of this broad-cloth infatuation; but we are not sure, that if we were to see them in a modern Black-Hole, we should exhibit more mercy towards them, than the Subadar's guards exhibited towards Mr. Holwell and his ill-fated companions. A few years ago, when a man left home to dine with a friend, he put himself

into a white jacket; when he went to a formal party, he put himself into his coat and his white jacket into his carriage; or he sent the latter article of apparel by one of his servants to meet him at his host's. On arriving he was immediately invited to discard the coat and substitute the jacket. In Calcutta this good custom has fallen, of late years, into abeyance. It would seem as though the object were to render a Calcutta dinner party—always bad enough—the most detestable thing ever invented for the punishment of civilized man. In the hottest weather now, the fashion is, to appear at a *burra-khana* dressed in broad cloth from head to foot. These entertainments scarcely needed such an aggravation to render them capable of affording the least attractive means of passing a sultry evening that human ingenuity could devise.

And this leads us naturally enough to consider the manner in which an Indian day is spent—we differ from our fathers in nothing more remarkably, than in the distribution of our time. We have been gradually getting into later and later hours; lengthening out the day for purposes of business, and assimilating our customs to those which obtain at home. "The writers," says Mr. Forbes in his *Memoirs*, "at the period of my arrival at Bombay (1765), and during the whole time of my officiating in that capacity, were fully engaged from nine o'clock to twelve, when they retired from their respective offices to dinner, which was then at one o'clock in every class of English society. At two, the writers returned to their employment until five; when after a dish of tea, a social walk on a fine sandy beach, open to the salubrious western breeze, gave us a keener appetite for supper than our scanty pittance of thirty rupees per month could furnish. Such was our constant practice six days in the week." Writing in 1780, Mrs. Fay, the wife of a barrister, in an amusing series of letters, published many years afterwards, says: "The dinner hour, as I mentioned before, is two, and it is customary to sit a long while at table; particularly during the cold weather. * * * During dinner a good deal of wine is drank, but very little after the cloth is removed, except in Bachelors' parties, as they are called; for the custom of reposing, if not of sleeping, after dinner is so general, that the streets of Calcutta are from four to five in the afternoon almost as empty of Europeans as if it were midnight. * * * Next come the evening airings on the course, where every one goes, though sure of being half suffocated with dust. On returning from thence, tea is served, and universally drank here even during the extreme heats. After tea, either card or music fill up the space 'till ten, when supper is usually announced. * * *

Formal visits are paid in the evening; they

"are generally very short, as perhaps each lady has a dozen to make and a party waiting for her at home besides. Gentlemen also call to offer their respects, and if asked to put down their hat, it is considered as an invitation to supper." "You will naturally wish to know my mode of life in Bengal," writes Mr. Shore, in 1787. "I rise early, ride seven to ten miles, and breakfast by eight o'clock: after that, business occupies my time till the hour of dinner, which is three. Our meals here are short; and in the evening, when the weather permits, which at the season of the year (January) is daily, I walk out. The remaining time between that and ten o'clock, which is my hour to rest, I spend with my friends; as I make it a rule not to attend to business of an evening. Suppers are by no means agreeable to me. At present we have balls every week; but I am not fond of them; and, indeed, have been at one private ball only, which was given by Lord Cornwallis; nor have I yet attended one play."

Sir James Mackintosh, writing from Bombay in the year 1805, says: "The regular course of our idle and disengaged day is as follows: We often are, and always ought to be, on horse-back before six (soon it will be five). We return from our ride to breakfast at eight; when, to shew the enervating effects of climate, I eat only two eggs and a large plate of fish and rice called kedgerie; not to mention two cups of coffee and three of tea. During the forenoon there is no exertion, nor going out, except for necessity. We then write, read, &c. At four, when alone, we dine; and from half past five to seven walk; which, for the last four months, we could do with great pleasure. At seven we drink tea, and from tea to bed time, I read to our whole family party." *Tiffins* seem to have come into Calcutta with the present century—and the dinner hour, which had been growing later and later in the day, to have been thrown back, about the same time, suddenly to the evening. Lord Valentia, who visited Calcutta about the date of the preceding extract, says: "It is usual in Calcutta to rise early, in order to enjoy the cool air of the morning, which is particularly pleasant before sunrise. At twelve they take a hot meal, which they call tiffin, and then generally go to bed for two or three hours. The dinner hour is commonly between seven or eight; which is certainly too late in this hot climate, as it prevents an evening ride at the proper time, and keeps them up till midnight or later." A later writer, Captain. T. Williamson, whose brief remarks on Anglo-Indian manners were published in 1813,* says:

* *The European in India*, from a collection of drawings by Charles D'Oyley, with a preface and copious descriptions by Captain Thomas Williamson, &c., &c." We refer the curious to this work, which contains numerous pictorial illustrations of Anglo-Indian Life, thirty years ago.

"Those who take exercise on horse-back are usually up as soon as the day begins to dawn, and return before the sun is well up. The hour for breakfast is as various with us as in England—Tea, coffee, eggs, toast, and fish form the oriental *dejeuné*. * * * * The forenoon is dedicated to business, or to reading, writing, &c., and among the idle, the hookah, or even tually cards fill the vacuum. Those who have to attend their offices repair to them in their palankeens; and when their duties are performed, which generally occupy four or five hours, return to their homes, or visit some friend; and after partaking of a tiffin, undress and sleep 'till near sunset; when they again put on clean clothes of every description, and repair to dinner, which by that time is generally ready. Coffee and tea are served about eight or nine o'clock. Suppers are not usual, except among families in Calcutta, and some out-stations of Civil servants. Among the Military early hours are much attended to, and it is rare, in cantonments, to find any one out of bed at ten o'clock at night, or in bed after five in the morning. Their profession, no doubt, is the principal cause of this regularity, which is, however, greatly increased by the want of female society; there being very few European ladies in India. I should probably far exceed their numbers were I to estimate all living under the Bengal Government at three hundred."

And here a few words may be bestowed—and not thrown away—upon our style of living, past and present. By living we mean to signify the process by which life is sustained—in other words, our style of feeding. M. Grandpré, in his time, looked with contempt upon the fare of the English in Calcutta. We doubt not that they managed these things better in the French settlement. "With respect to living," says the Frenchman, "the fare is but indifferent in Calcutta. Provisions for the table are confined to butcher's meat, a fowl now and then, but little or no game, and scarcely a greater quantity of fish. Mutton is almost universally the standing dish." Mrs. Fay, alluding to an earlier period, after her own amusing (but not very elegant) fashion, says, that provisions of every kind were, in her times, abundant and cheap. In one of her letters she writes: "We were frequently told in England, you know, that the heat in Bengal destroyed the appetite. I must own, that I never yet saw any proof of that; on the contrary, I cannot help thinking, that I never saw an equal quantity of victuals consumed. We dine, too, at two o'clock in the very heat of the day. At this moment Mr. F—is looking out with a hawk's eye for his dinner; and though still much of an invalid, I have no

'doubt of being able to pick a bit myself. I will give you our bill of fare, and the general prices of things:—A soup, a roast fowl, curry and rice, a mutton pie, a fore-quarter of lamb, a rice pudding, tarts, very good cheese, fresh churned butter, fine bread, excellent madeira (that is expensive, but eatables are very cheap):—a whole sheep costs but two rupees: a lamb one rupee, six good fowls or ducks ditto; twelve pigeons ditto; twelve pounds of bread ditto; two pounds of butter ditto; and a joint of veal ditto.* In a later letter, she gives us a picture of a two o'clock *burra, khana*, at Bombay, which she says, was in the old style: "We dined, one day, at Mr. Nesbit's, chief of the Marine, who gave us a repast in the true *old* Indian style. 'The tables, they groaned with the weight of the feast.' We had every joint of a calf on the table at once; nearly half a Bengal sheep; several large dishes of fish; boiled and roast turkies, a ham, a kid, tongue, fowls, and a long train of et-ceteras. The heat was excessive, the hour two, and we were thirty in company, in a lower-roomed house; so you may conceive what sensations such a prodigious dinner would produce." Mr. Tennant, the author of those interesting volumes entitled *Indian Recreations* to which we have already referred, writing in 1798 from the Mofussil, says, "The mode of living in this part of India (Cawnpore) has, within the last ten or fifteen years, undergone a very great alteration. Before that period, the civil and military servants of the Company of the first rank were lodged in bungalows worse than those of a subaltern of the present day; as the practice of feeding beef, mutton, pork, and poultry was not then introduced, their tables were very

* In this extract from Mrs. Fay's letter it will be seen what were the prices of the common articles of food in 1780. The Indian reader will at once perceive, that they are much below the present standard. As time has advanced and the influx of Europeans into India has increased, the ordinary provisions of the country have gradually become dearer and dearer, whilst the prices of all imported articles have fallen in an equal rate. Mr. Forbes, referring to the earliest years of the present century, say: "The prices of most kinds of provisions were nearly doubled since I first knew Bombay (1765), but there appeared no deficiency of either European or Indian commodities. The shops in the bazaar were well stored with articles for luxury and comfort from all parts of the world; and every breeze wafted a fresh supply."—Mrs. Fray mentions, that in her time, Claret was sold at sixty rupees a dozen. Lord Valentia tells us, that it was poor stuff being highly "medicated" for the voyage. This was the *English* Claret, which, of late years, has been almost driven out of the market. Fifty years ago, it was not unusual for wine to run short at the different settlements; and then the price kept pace with the scarcity. Mr. Cordener naively tells us, that when the ship, in which he sailed, reached Bombay, there was an immediate enquiry after Claret. "Among the first enquiries which were made of the Captain of the ship, was, how many chests of Claret he had on board; that favorite beverage being then scarce at the settlement." A quantity of Claret, Burgundy and Hermitage, to the value of nearly three lakhs of rupees, now passes annually through the Calcutta Custom House.

"poorly supplied; even vegetables were not to be had, though an article indispensibly necessary to the climate." Mr. Cordener, who arrived at Madras in this same year, and who apparently alludes to the state of affairs in 1799, though, perhaps, to a later period, observes that, "all classes of European society here live sumptuously, and many individuals expend from two to ten thousand pounds each annually in maintaining their households. The economy of their tables is entrusted entirely to native servants, who load them with dishes of soil,* meat, estimating the goodness of the dinner by the quantity which they crowd upon the board; and in most houses there is but a scanty supply of vegetables. Even rice and, curry, the staple food of the country, are often omitted, probably because they are common; but they are the best and most wholesome nourishment which India affords." Here we see, in all these accounts, the same reference to the mis-placed solidity of an Indian meal. In respect of our fare generally, there seems to have been a progressive improvement. In 1790, as we have already seen, M. Grandpré, an officer in the French army, thought it "indifferent." In 1805, Lord Valentia, an English nobleman, thought it "excellent."—"The viands are excellent, and served in great profusion, to the no small satisfaction of the birds and beasts of prey, to whose share a considerable proportion of the remains fall; for the lower orders of Portuguese, to whom alone they would be serviceable, cannot consume the whole." An intelligent writer who visited Calcutta about the same time—a gentleman of the Madras Bar, bears similar high testimony to the excellence of the dinner, and speaks with rapture of the delights of the *loll shrab*. "I had ample specimens of Bengal hospitality," he writes, "and of the luxury of Bengal dinners in particular. But although the dinner-hour is late and the most skilful variety of viands solicits your appetite, Calcutta dinners are but a languid sort of thing. You have stomach, perhaps, to pick the bone of a floriken, or may get through a fine delicious snipe; but you cannot grapple with a slice of beef or of Bengal mutton. The *tiffin*, a meal at two o'clock,* defrauds the dinner of its homage due. But the luxury of the first glass of cool claret (*loll shraub*) that salutes your lips! Skilfully refrigerated, it is a celestial draught. The icy nectar courses down the whole system, with the rapidity of lightning; the spirits are set free as from the torpor of enchantment, and the whole being undergoes a refreshing transformation."†

* In a passage quoted above it will have been seen, that according to Lord Valentia, the tiffin hour was twelve—and yet the two writers refer to the same period.

† New Monthly Magazine.

And now that we have shown how our countrymen were wont, in times of old, to get through the Indian-day, let us devote a few words to the present. Strange as it may appear, it is unquestionably true, that though we found it an easy task to exhibit the manners of our fore-fathers, we are almost inclined to turn aside from the difficulty of depicting our own. The work of sketching an Indian day, in these times, is by no means one of easy accomplishment. The general custom is, to follow the example of Sterne and to "take, a single captive." Thus every perri-wig-pated fellow gives a picture of his own, and crams into a single portrait all the most monstrous features he can collect from a community of many hundreds, producing, at last, a composite order of being, the like of which the world has never seen. Mr. George W. Johnson, "Advocate of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, Fellow of the Agricultural Society of India, &c.," who has lately written a book, the title of which we have printed in the head of this article, presents the world with a picture of a day in Calcutta which is remarkable as representing neither the habits of a class, nor of any individual member of one. It is a collection of a great number of features, which may have existed somewhere, and some which have existed nowhere out of Mr. Johnson's imagination, all jumbled incongruously together and kneaded into a monstrous whole. The truth is, that since the European population of India has so greatly increased, there is necessarily a greater variety in the style of manner of living. Our habits vary according to the tastes and the duties of individual members of society. Thus, a picture, sketched to the life, of which *Thompson* is the model, might be recognized in no feature by *Jones*. If we say, that the English in India rise before the sun—take a long ride—sleep for an hour or so—and then make a hearty breakfast, we might hit off the said *Thompson's* morning avocations to a nicety; but *Jones*, at every single point, will incontinently put in his denials. One man rises before the sun, mounts his horse, and takes his gallop; another rises with the sun, saunters in his garden, paces his verandah, or betakes himself at once to his dressing room to luxuriate in *pejammahs*, tea, toast, and the morning papers; a third rises some time after the sun, bathes and dresses without any loss of time, and reads, or writes his letters, or devotes himself to business, an hour before breakfast. As a general rule, it may be said, that we are earlier risers in this country, than in England—but we should be sorry to pledge ourselves to the existence of any other general rules. Breakfast comes—some eat it, and some look at it. It may consist of fish, rice, eggs,

cold meat, fruits and preserves;* it may be nothing but a cup of tea and a single slice of dry toast; or, perchance, it lies midway somewhere between these two extremes. There is a thing called breakfast in most houses; it may be taken at *nine* o'clock or earlier; or at any time up to *eleven*; and after it, comes either the serious occupation, or the strenuous idleness of the day. Men of business then begin to work; idlers begin to amuse themselves. The merchant, or the Civilian, or the Staff-officer at the Presidency, puts himself into his carriage, or hurries away to his office. In the military cantonment, the regimental officer, who has got through the principal business of the day, before many of his countrymen are out of their beds, betakes himself to the billiard table; or prepares for a round of visits; or lounges away his morning at home. Our ladies, too, spend their mornings after as many different fashions, as the busier lords of the creation. One sits at home to receive morning visits; another goes out to pay them; a third gives orders, that her doors shall be closed (*durwaseh bund* is the Indian "not at home") and seats herself down quietly in her drawing room or boudoir to write letters, or to read a new book, or to practice a new piece of music. One has many household duties to perform and think it is her duty to perform them; another leaves all these things to her underlings, and wonders that the day is so long. Mrs. A. is busy with her children; Mrs. B, with her worsted-work; and Mrs. C. with a pattern of a dress for the Fancy-ball. There are as many different ways of spending the morning, as there are varieties, social and moral, of womankind. Habits vary according to taste, principle, physical health, social position, and the length of the purse, in India as much as in England. There is this difference, however; that here morning visits are paid in the morning; at home they are paid in the afternoon. We devote the time between breakfast and luncheon to these little social duties. The afternoon we consider entirely our own. As to the *tiffin* itself, our friends in England regard us *en masse* as tiffin-eating animals; but the epithet does not describe us.—Very few men of business eat tiffin at all; unless a biscuit and a glass of wine, or a few sandwiches, are entitled to bear the name. Idlers may indulge themselves as they like; but the man of business, who leaves home at ten o'clock and returns not before five—the intermediate hours being thoroughly occupied—must content himself with what is called a *snack*. In most cases, it will be found, that he eats a satisfying breakfast, and gets through the day very well with the aid of a biscuit, or a few

* Mr. G. W. Johnson adds *curry* and *ale* as two of the components of an ordinary Calcutta breakfast. Our experience does not extend to any class of Calcutta society, at whose breakfast tables these delicacies are to be seen.

sandwiches and a glass of Sherry. In these times, the day's work is really a day's work; men do not go home to tiffins or early dinners; nor can they afford to indulge in the afternoon *siestas*, which, in former days, were so general. A true bill, we believe, may be found on this latter charge, against some ladies and some regimental officers; but the majority of European residents in India have too much to do, to think of sleeping before dinner. From *ten* or *eleven* o'clock to *five* or *six*, office-men are hard at work. Let no one suppose, that they lounge through their business, after, an indolent, undress fashion—that they loll upon easy couches, hookah in hand, and lazily give instructions to their underlings, whilst they sip their delicious *sherbet* and puff out the fumes of the odoriferous *chillum*. The life of a man of business in India is anything, but a luxurious one. In spite of heat, of languor, of oppression, of all the overpowering influences of the climate, he toils throughout the long day, in a comfortless counting house, perhaps in a room, the heated atmosphere of which is rendered more intolerable by the presence of a score of oily native clerks, and returns home, at sunset, jaded and exhausted, to take his evening drive, and afterwards, perhaps, to be dragged to a sultry dinner party. The drive refreshes him a little. He “eats” as much air as he can get, and with it more dust than he desires. He has not very much to say to his wife, who sits beside him in the britzka; for his head is crammed full of business, and he cannot empty it on the spur of the moment. Perhaps he does not accompany his wife at all. He mounts his horse; or he remains at home lounging about the verandah. Judging by the number of ladies to be seen on the course without their husbands, neither of these contingencies would appear to be very uncommon. Well; the ride or the no-ride over, the time for dressing has arrived. Ten to one, that the gentleman, if he be engaged to dine abroad, says that it is “a confounded bore”—and it is possible that his wife may agree with him. Still they go—and go, again and again—grumbling all the time, but talking, however obvious the remedy, no steps to mitigate the evil of which they complain.

There is nothing more easily regulated. You may dine out every night—or you may stay at home, with equal uniformity, if you will only come to the determination of shaping your measures accordingly. In India, as in all other societies, men and women are divided into two classes—the domestic and the undomestic. Your next door neighbour may be—like ours—the veriest gad-about in existence, and whilst you sit quietly at home every evening, the picture of domesticity, reading, like Sir James Mackintosh, to your wife and daughters, whilst they busily ply their needles, you may

hear your neighbour's carriage plunge out of his compound a little before eight and return a little after eleven, with the utmost regularity, six nights in the seven, whilst on the seventh, if curiously inclined, you might learn pretty nearly the number of his guests, by counting the strokes on the gong, which announces the arrival of the *Sahib-louge*. And these dinners,—what are they, for which so much is too frequently sacrificed? Not quite so intolerable, perhaps, as those two o'clock “daylight dinners,” round a table steaming with solid food, which Mrs. Fay has described; and yet, as we have already shown, regarding them not gastronomically but socially, evils of a magnitude not to be despised. The dinner is itself a passable dinner—good to look at, and not bad to eat; the wine is fair wine and iced to a point preclusive of much criticism on the matter, if it be not fair—but either glittering plate, nor dainty looking *entremets*, nor good wine iced to a deception, will go far to make a pleasant evening. There is for the most part a something wanting. One half of the party* are worn out with the fatigues of the day; and the other half, if they have not that excuse, ought to have it—or a better one. And yet to these languor-ridden dinner-parties many betake themselves, night after night; grumbling each time at the dire necessity; yet well content to endure the same infliction on the morrow. He goes—Bachelor or Benedict; if the former, because he is assiduous as a visitor if the latter, because he gives what he receives; and thereby brings down upon himself a deluge of invitations. He goes—and thus the day is concluded. It is his choice to go. Perhaps it is his pleasure to grumble.

Still the diners-out form but a segment, though a large one, of our society. There are many who delight in the quiet evening at home, and rarely or never cross their threshold, to dinner, ball, play, or concert, after returning from their evening drive. The domestic virtues are cultivated as sedulously in India, as in England; and not, perhaps, by a smaller proportion of the gross

* Small parties, badly managed, are worse than large ones. At the latter you may, perhaps, stumble on some one, whom you wish to meet; and, by a little *finesse*, contrive to get through the evening with profit or with pleasure. At all events, your dullness and *desespoir* are less perceptible. At the former there is no hope for you if the company be ill assorted. In this country, however, where many gentlemen are engaged in business throughout the day, and many ladies during several months of the year, are afraid to leave the house before sunset, a well regulated system of dinner-visiting is useful and may be agreeable; for without such visiting social intercourse would often be brought to a dead lock. It is principally because so little regard is paid to the important point of the assortment of guests, that dinner parties in Calcutta are so dull and unsocial. In the more limited society of a Mofussil station this evil does not exist; but it is replaced by another of equal magnitude. If one runs no risk of meeting a party of entire strangers at dinner, one soon begins to weary of seeing the same faces every night of one's life.

amount of gentility. There are here, as at home, some who lead quiet domestic lives from necessity ; and some from choice—and it will not appear upon enquiry now, whatever the case may have been in former days, that our standard of domestic morality is one degree below that one of our brethren in the West.

But this is a topic upon which we cannot afford to enter. Our article has already extended beyond its legitimate length ; and here we must break off for the present. Our subject is not nearly exhausted ; and we shall, doubtless, have an early opportunity of returning to it. We have yet to touch upon many of the most interesting features of the social character of the English in India.

Art. III.—JOHN MURDOCH, LL.D.

SCORES of missionaries in India have been found not to know Dr. Murdoch by name : yet, Lord Curzon detected him and obtained an interview with him. He lived in Madras, and died there on the 10th of August, 1904 ; but he belonged to all India. His modesty kept him out of notice, although his work, extending over sixty years, entitled him to a place in the front rank of the world's missionaries. He may be described in three respects:—1. He did a prodigious work. 2. He kept himself entirely obscure. 3. He maintained a grand and consistent character. The lessons of his life are instructive and inspiring in no common measure.

John Murdoch came out to Ceylon from Glasgow, in the Government Educational Service, in 1844, at the age of twenty-four years. Others had similarly come out, and very many have done so since, to Ceylon and to India. They come, do their duty, receive due promotion, and retire on pension. But John Murdoch was unlike the common sort. His spirit was stirred within him when he observed the ignorance and degradation of multitudes of Tamil coolies from the opposite coast of India. His official work was confined to the higher classes of the Cingalese, and even so, to his enthusiastic soul, seemed to lack an adequate purpose. Like David Copperfield, he “formed a great resolution,” and, in his fifth year of service, resigned his lucrative post, forfeited his life prospects, and endeavoured to conduct a press for the production of vernacular literature at Kandy. That was a real faith mission, but John Murdoch said nothing about it : it

was never his custom to talk about himself or tell people what he was doing, till it was done and could be seen. He lived on the poorest fare and struggled uphill for five years more, accomplishing little, but adhering to his resolution. Then he crossed over to Madras, and took counsel with the Church of England Bishop there. He also travelled about South India, interesting many missionaries in his pet project of literature for the masses, and was successful in forming the South Indian School Book Society. At the same time he was accepted as a missionary in India by the United Presbyterians of his native city, but was not ordained. This secured him a regular salary, small enough, but more than sufficient for the needs of a man who lived as he lived. In 1858 the Christian Vernacular Education Society for all India was established in London, as a Christian Memorial of the Mutiny, and John Murdoch was appointed its Indian Agent, with Madras as his headquarters. That Society absorbed the former, local, one; and nearly forty years afterwards it united itself to the Christian Literature Society which a few enthusiasts had laboured to start in India.

From 1858 onward no change took place in Murdoch's life and work, except that his years increased and his labours multiplied. The Secretaryship of the Madras Religious Tract Society—an unpaid office—was laid on his able and willing shoulders; and the production of leaflets, tracts, and little books, in many languages, went on apace. Missionaries in every part of India became aware that a Titan was at work, as publications, bearing the letters C.V.E.S. (latterly C.L.S.) came to their hands in a profusion which the most sanguine had scarcely dreamed of. Many years

ago Mr. Murdoch came to know that valuable tracts were produced and circulated in some parts of the country, but were never heard of in other parts having other languages. He thereupon caused English translations to be made of the best tracts in different parts of India, and sent these all over the country, to be translated into the respective vernaculars and published in place of inferior tracts locally produced. As knowledge of English spread among the intelligent classes, Mr. Murdoch perceived that his best opportunity lay in the use of that language; and during the last twenty-five or thirty years, he filled a gulf passed over by Government and missionaries, in providing literature for this callow class of readers. He gave his first attention to school books, of which he produced a series adapted to the needs and ideas of the country. His "Manual of Geography," which was one of the largest, passed through forty-eight editions. Murdoch was also watchful of new subjects occupying the attention of the reading classes, and contrived to be the first out with a book setting forth a sound view of each as it came up. His educational work in this way was most valuable and far-reaching. Every book he made was *for sale*, and his success in having his publications sold amazed the whole body of missionaries who, by gratuitous distribution of literature, had spoiled the market among a people not fond at that time of paying for what they read. Mr. Murdoch's rules were:—1. To put a very low price on each book. 2. To use a simple style of language—short words, short sentences, and the direct construction. 3. To spare exhortation, and give plenty of useful, interesting information. By this rule he was able to expose the evil of Native customs and the folly of Native philosophies, and show

the value of sound principles, true science, and Christian teaching, with convincing force but without giving offence. As a matter of fact, his publications were very popular. 4. Lastly, to use illustrations copiously. Mr. Murdoch made a revolution in cheap Indian literature in this respect. The illustrations he used were rough, common woodcuts, and his ingenuity and skill in procuring them were such that he left a stock of twelve thousand at his death.

The bulk of his publications were priced at from one quarter of an anna to four annas a copy. The subjects included all branches of general knowledge, with not a little politics and religion, biography, history, travel, natural science, natural history, astronomy (with keen hits at astrology), sanitation, foreign nations, ancient nations, aboriginal tribes, religions and superstitions of all ages and countries, education of women, training of children, Hindoo home life contrasted with English home life, Hindoo caste, the gods, the temples, and the worship of India, the sacred scriptures of the East, Hindoo pilgrimage, social and domestic reform, thrift and economy, duties of citizenship, the changes in India under British Government, progress and prosperity of India, elevation of the outcastes, the Christian religion. Besides special books on Christianity, written in most attractive forms, almost every book points to God as the Creator, Ruler, Protector, Judge, and Saviour. About twenty-five years ago Mr. Murdoch started a monthly illustrated paper, in English, which he named *Progress*, to provide mixed religious and useful reading for students. That journal, made up of cuttings, steadily maintained a high tone, and at the time of Dr. Murdoch's death had a monthly circulation of three thousand copies, which is marvellous in a country

where some leading English papers are proud if they circulate four thousand copies an issue. In recognition of these successful and useful labours, the Glasgow University conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Nearly all Dr. Murdoch's publications were compiled, cuttings from here and there being pieced together with the terse, decisive sentences of which he was a master. But he published one or two more pretentious volumes which were all original, and these revealed a force of thought and a command of style that must have been nobly sacrificed when he resolved to be a lifelong user of scissors and paste for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. He also three or four times addressed a long, earnest letter to Government, regarding a public wrong or a desirable reform, and wrote so tactfully and forcefully that his application received immediate attention. The variety of his cuttings was beyond computation. It is almost, literally true to say that nothing escaped him. Whatever appeared in print bearing on any of the subjects which he thought useful for India, he knew of it and transferred it to one of his numerous indexed scrap-books. He quoted from books old and new, and freely from the Bible; from magazines and newspapers; from Parliamentary reports, and reports of public meetings; from speeches by prominent men in any country. He was attentive, like the Apostle Paul, to please the people by quoting from their own living orators and leaders; and from English statesmen and authors who are favourites in India. But he never quoted for quoting's sake; every quotation had to be pointed and pungent for the purpose in hand. One who knew him for forty years has well said:—"His great

desire was to dispel ignorance, diffuse knowledge and lead the Indian mind, whether of the learned or of the illiterate, to the Saviour of the world." When he planned a new book—latterly he used to have four in preparation at once—he first laid out the skeleton; and then, going to his scrap-books, selected and arranged his materials with dexterity acquired by constant practice. And we may take the nearest to hand of the Society's hundreds of little books, it may be on "Tibet," or "Abraham Lincoln," or "Famines in India," and the remark as we turn over the leaves will be, "How well this has been done!" His humble dwelling contained the most meagre furniture, but was crowded with closely packed bookcases, and filled with his great scrap albums,

I suppose that nothing will ever be known, till the great gathering in Heaven, of Dr. Murdoch's conversion, or of the struggle when he decided on his course of life. His disregard of fame and dislike of talking about himself has left us nothing to do except to esteem him as we knew him, decade after decade, always the same,—unselfish, modest, silent, intense, and very cheery; generous to the poor and kind to all. He only made a public speech two or three times, and made it very short, every sentence to the point. The last occasion was in 1902, when, as senior missionary in Madras, he had to welcome the Decennial Conference of missionaries from India, Burma, and Ceylon, which met in that city. Dr. Murdoch then made only one reference to himself, but it made all feel that he was human like the rest of them. He said:—"When I first came to Madras, nearly fifty years ago, I made little way, and I wrote a long letter on the subject to my warm friend the first Bishop

of Colombo. His reply simply was (quoting the Prayer Book version of the Psalms): 'Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure. Be strong, and He shall comfort thy heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord.' Often since, when I have said, 'All these things are against me,' have I ended by acknowledging, 'He hath done all things well.'"

Dr. Murdoch enjoyed perfect health all his life, but he was not muscular or robust. He had fine eyes, which retained their lustre to the last, and he never needed glasses. He was a life-long teetotaller and non-smoker, and most simple in his food and drink. He was never married. The Rev. John Lazarus, B.A., of Madras, who was Dr. Murdoch's secretary and assistant for many years, who also has a soul capable of recognizing his grand character, wrote after his death: "His time was measured by minutes, not hours. He was most miserly in the use of his time; and, with short intervals for meals and exercise, read and wrote steadily from 6-30 A.M. till 10-20 P.M."

Dr. Murdoch used to take a little walk in the garden in the morning, and an hour's walk on the seashore in the evening, when it was his habit to expand his lungs by exercising his arms. Although of a most genial disposition, with a sharp wit and a rare aptitude for conversation, he was a far greater recluse than the sainted George Bowen of Bombay. So precious was his time that his best friends were fortunate if they got a few minutes of it. To see him affably receive a visitor, and then almost immediately bow him adroitly out again, was quite laughable. Being a large publisher, and also Secretary of two Societies, which had branches and agencies all over India, this remarkable man had to do business with

many people and to make long journeys. But it was always with notebook in hand. He would suddenly make his appearance, ask for the person he wanted to see, smiling and affable, put a number of questions quickly one after another, jot down the answers, say good-bye, and hurry off. It was useless to try to detain him, or offer him hospitality, or ask to take him anywhere or show him anything. He simply smiled, said quickly that he had other engagements, and "got him away." At the same time, he knew what he wanted to see, and took to care to see it. It is well-known in Calcutta that open-air preaching was carried on in Beadon Square every Sunday evening, for a quarter of a century, by a considerable party of Christian workers. Dr. Murdoch made a point of visiting that work, once a year, when he came to Calcutta. He would take no part in the preaching, made no observation, and did not speak unless he was spoken to; but quietly accepted one of the three seats on the spot, and watched and listened as speaker after speaker stepped up to address the crowd. On one occasion, perhaps the first time he was there, I accompanied him, to show him the place. During the half-hour's drive he talked away as shrewdly and wittily as if conversation had been a chief practice of his life. He promised to send me a book when he returned to Madras, and though he made no note of the promise, the book arrived in due time. In his search for means and models, and to acquaint himself with all educational methods, he visited many countries, and was said to have gone round the world eleven times. But he never talked of what he had seen: he put the results into his books.

Such was Dr. Murdoch. When pneumonia laid him low in his 86th year, he worked in his bed till the

second day before his death. Friends called to see him, but he thanked them with a smile, and begged to be allowed to "die in peace." And so he passed away with only a servant beside him, owing no man anything, and leaving no message except about his work. For sixty years he had glowed like a furnace, holding communion with God like Elijah, orthodox and evangelical to his finger-tips, keenly alive to the sin of the world and the dangers of life, yet silent and unknown save as the press threw off book after book like flashes from a remote thunder-cloud.

BENJAMIN AITKEN.

Art. IV.—SOME ENGLISH ORIENTALISTS.

SINCE the Renaissance nothing of greater importance had occurred in the world of letters than the discovery of Sanskrit Literature during the fag-end of the eighteenth century. After the invasion of Alexander the Great, the Greeks became acquainted with the learning of India only partially, and the spot in Europe where the language and literature of the Hindus were first systematically studied was Rome. In the Middle Ages, the Arabs introduced the knowledge of Indian science to the West. Several of the European missionaries from the sixteenth century onwards were not only acquainted with the existence of, but had a certain degree of familiarity with the language. St. Francis Xavier, who landed in Southern India in 1545, and several of the scholars who were at the College of St. Paul at Goa, studied the language. The next famous scholar was Robert de Nobili, of the Madura Mission, who wrote several books and called himself by the name of *Tutwa-bad, haca Swamy*. Abraham Roger translated the Sanskrit poet Bhātrihari into Dutch in 1651. A German by the name of Heinrich Noth studied Sanskrit in the year 1664. Father Paulino, after a residence of fourteen years in India, returned to Rome in 1790, taking with him a more accurate and perfect knowledge of Sanskrit than any of the Europeans had previously entered Europe. But the actual start towards the study of Sanskrit was given since the conquest of Bengal by the English. Plassey decided the fate of India in 1757, and Bengal, Behar and Orissa fell completely into the hands of the English by the Treaty of Allahabad in

1765. Then it was thought prudent to adopt the policy of ruling the Asiatics on Oriental principles. Accordingly they had to study the Sanskrit and other vernacular dialects, so that by close touch with the Indians they might better discharge their duties. Moreover, they had to mix with the natives to satisfy the desire for society, cut off, as they were, from their own, by a distance in time of nearly two years. Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General, clearly seeing the advantage of governing the Hindus according to their own customs and laws, encouraged his subordinates to study the languages and literature of India. The result was the formation of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1784 from which date, strictly speaking, Oriental literature began to dawn in the Western World. The first Englishman who acquired a correct knowledge of Sanskrit was John Marshall, a factor at Cassimbazar. It is said that he translated the *Bhagavadgita* into English, the manuscript copy of which translation is preserved in the British Museum. He landed in Balasore on 5th July, 1669. In 1776, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed published his *Gentoo Code*, the first work produced under the patronage of the British Government. "If the elder Halhed introduced the dawn of English scholarship in the east, Sir W. Jones may be well said to have brought in the full noonday." His translation of *Sakuntala* created a sensation in Europe, and may fairly be considered as the starting point of Sanskrit philology. He had a thorough knowledge of very many subjects; although unfortunately "he is praised by hundreds, but read by units." The earliest step, however, in making Europe acquainted with Sanskrit writings, was taken by Charles Wilkins who studied Sanskrit in Benares, and published his translation of the *Bhagavad-*

gita in 1785. The next great English scholar was Sir H. T. Colebrooke. A host of other names like J. H. Harington, John Leyden, and William Carey present themselves to one's mind. It may not be uninteresting to recall the salient features in the lives of some of the scholars who had done so much towards the spread of Sanskrit literature.

THE FIRST BENGALI GRAMMARIAN.

Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, was born at Westminster, 25th May 1751. He was lineally descended, on his mother's side, from Lenthall, the Speaker of the House of Commons, when Oliver Cromwell was the Protector of England. He was educated at Harrow under Dr. Sumner, the friend of Dr. Johnson. There he formed a friendship with Sheridan, and was his rival for the hand of Miss Linley. In 1768, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he became acquainted with Sir William Jones, who induced him to study Arabic. Both at Harrow and at Oxford he studied Greek and Latin. Disappointed in his attempt to win the hand of the lady, who rejected his overtures in favour of Sheridan, he determined to leave home and started for India in quest of employment. Arriving in Bengal in 1772, he accepted the post of a writer in the service of the East India Company on a small salary, but was granted the privilege of private trading. Possessing by nature an aptitude for learning languages, he studied, in real earnest, Persian, Sanskrit and other local dialects, and soon made himself famous as an Oriental scholar. In the year following his arrival in Bengal he attracted the attention of Warren Hastings, who was then at Madras, and was about to become second in Council at Calcutta.

Hastings introduced certain judicial reforms, by which he tried to mete out equal justice to all persons alike. Under his directions a systematic code of Hindu and Mahomedan law was drawn up. The undertaking, so far as Mahomedan law was concerned, was comparatively easy as Aurangzeb had a work compiled during his reign. But the laws of the Hindus were scattered in various texts, in a language which very few persons could understand. Hastings in the year 1773, instituted a Commission consisting of eleven experienced lawyers (who commanded personal respect little short of idolatry) from different parts of the country. These were Ramgopal Nayalankar, Bireswar Panchanan, Kisnanjan Nayalankar, Baniswar Bidyalankar, Kriparam Tarkasiddhanta, Krishnachand Sarbabhaum, Gaurikanta Tarkasiddhanta, Krisnakesub Tarkalankar, Sitaram Bhat, Kalisankar Bidyabagis and Syamsundar Nyasiddhanta. They were required to compile an authoritative digest of the laws of the Hindus. These lawyers "picked out sentence by sentence," from the various texts, not less than twenty-two, in Sanskrit, without adding to, or diminishing any part from the original texts. The fruit of their labours was translated in the first instance into Persian, and Halhed was required to re-translate it into English. Though not brought up for the Bar, he was selected to undertake the work, on account of his special knowledge of the laws and character of the country. His work went through several editions and was afterwards translated into French. This was the first publication issued under the authority of the Government and this was the first instance in which the Brahmins were persuaded to impart the result of their labours for the benefit of the masses. Hastings, moreover was the first Englishman who had the courage to break

through the trammels of time-honoured custom and to make it possible for Brahmins and non-Brahmins alike to have free access to the treasures hidden in Sanskrit literature. Halhed completed his translation in 1775, and while it was in progress, Hastings sent the first two chapters to his old school-fellow, the great jurist, Lord Mansfield, "as a proof that the inhabitants of the land are not in the savage state in which they have been unfairly represented." Warren Hastings' letter of 27th March, 1775, to the Court of Directors, published with the Code, thus testifies to its value:—"I have now the Satisfaction to transmit to you a complete and corrected Copy of a Translation of the Gentoo Code executed with great Ability, Diligence and Fidelity, by Mr. *Halhed* from a Persian Version of the Original Shanscrit, which was undertaken under the immediate Inspection of the Pundits or Compilers of this work."

"I have not Time to offer any Observations upon these Productions; indeed they will best speak for themselves: I could have wished to have obtained an Omission or Amendment of some Passages, to have rendered them more fit for the Public Eye; but the Pundits, when desired to revise them, could not be prevailed upon to make any Alterations, as they declared, they had the Sanction of their Shaster, and were therefore incapable of Amendment; possibly these may be considered as essential Parts of the Work, since they mark the Principles on which many of the Laws were formed, and bear the Stamp of a very remote Antiquity, in which the Refinements of Society were less known, and the Manners more influenced by the natural Impulse of the Passions." In his dedication to Hastings, the translator speaks highly of his patronage, and shows gratefulness for the constant assistance and

encouragement rendered to him. In the preface, Halhed states that in order to ensure the stability of Government, the conquerors should tolerate the religion and adopt the institutions of the conquered country, as the Romans had done in connection with their conquered subjects. He discusses a point which might seem to be novel to Western ideas. This is his reference to the fact that Hindus possessed fire-arms in ancient days. His statement is borne out in a passage in Quintus Curtius where it is observed that Alexander the Great met with these formidable weapons when he came to conquer India. Gunpowder was known in China and Hindustan at a period far beyond what History has as yet been able to ascertain. The word "Fire-arm" is the English equivalent of what the Hindus understand by *Agnee-aster*. It is described, as may be collected from the *Shastras*, in the first form, as an arrow or dart tipped with fire and discharged upon the enemy from a bamboo; it divided into several streams of flame, after its flight, which, when once kindled, could not be extinguished. That form of *agnee-aster* is now lost. *Shet-agnee* the literal translation of cannon, is a weapon which kills a hundred men at the same time, which is described in the Puranas, or History, as having been invented by Biswakarma, who forged the weapon when a war was waged for one hundred years between the Devas and Asuras in Satya Yuga. In conclusion he asks a question: "Was it a Chance or Inspiration that furnished our admirable Milton with exactly the same Idea, which had never before occurred to an European Imagination?" He further asserts, that the Hindus and the Chinese are the only two nations who claimed an antiquity unknown to the rest of mankind—a fact which may be new to persons proud of Western civilization.

He divided the whole subject in several chapters and dealt separately with each of them. From the book we see that Hindu law looks upon a man as a tenant-for-life in his own property.

In 1778, Halhed published a Bengali Grammar. It was printed at Hooghly, and was the first book printed in Bengali in India. It is not quite correct, however, to affirm, as is generally done, that Halhed's *Bengali Grammar* was the first printed book of its kind; this is true only so far as India is concerned, for there was a Bengali Grammar published in Portuguese at Lisbon in 1743 by Senhor Miguel de Tavora, Archbishop of Evora. The credit of casting vernacular types was due to Sir Charles Wilkins, another Oriental scholar. Wilkins took up this task, at the request—rather solicitation—of Hastings, when Mr. Bolts, an expert, failed to execute even the primary alphabets. Hence Wilkins rightly deserves the title of “Caxton of the Bengali Press.” In the title-page of his book he puts the sentence “বোধপ্রকাশং শব্দশাস্ত্রং ফিরিদ্দিনামুপকারার্থং ক্রিয়তে হালেদহুজী”

In the same page he notes the following couplet—

ইন্দ্রাদয়োপি যন্তান্তং নয়মুঃ শব্দবারিধেঃ ।

প্রক্রিয়ান্তস্ত কুৎসস্ত ক্ষমোবজুং নরঃ কথং ॥

In the preface he cites the same political view that to smooth the feelings, the conquerors should understand the language of the conquered, as the Romans had done in the case of the Greeks.

He asserts that Egypt derived its civilization from India, and in support of his view quotes a statement by the then Raja of Krishnagar, in which the latter acknowledges, that he had in his possession several Sanskrit books which gave accounts of communications

between India and Egypt, containing facts which go to prove that the Egyptians sought education and teachings in Science from India, which could not be had in their own country.

He says that besides Bengali, two other dialects, viz., Persian and Hindustani, are spoken in Bengal. The Persian was introduced with the approach of the Moghuls and, being the language of Court, was employed in legal and inter-political communications. Hindustani has been spoken in Hindustan for many ages. It is derived from Sanskrit and has the same connexion with it, as the modern dialects of France and Italy have with pure Latin. His work deals with Bengali language proper as derived from Sanskrit, with examples from authentic native compositions, and has cast off all words derived from Persian and other foreign languages. The book is also remarkable from another point of view, as it was the first to explain the similarity between Sanskrit and European languages.

Halhed returned home in 1778 and after a stay of six years, again came back to India in 1784. But this time, India showed no hospitality, and he, with Mrs. Halhed, again started for England, in a Danish ship, *The Hussar*, almost at the same moment when his “dearly loved friend and patron,” Hastings, bade adieu to the place for which he had done so much but gained so little.

In 1790 Halhed became M.P. for Lymington in Hampshire. He was appointed the Nawab Vizier's agent in England where he drew the attention of several learned men by the publication of Sanskrit and Persian works. Owing to the loss of £30,000, which he suffered by investing in French Funds, he became much straitened in circumstances and asked Hastings

for help, which was willingly and ungrudgingly granted. The timely help rendered to Halhed vastly increased the high esteem which he had long entertained for Hastings and was ever afterwards grateful to him. His affection and regard for Hastings find expression in some of the poems Halhed composed in his honour, and Hastings, too, did not fail to appreciate the sincerity of his gratitude, as he remarked, in a letter to him, "Praise from the heart is always pleasing, but when adorned with the brightest graces of poetry, and blended with Philosophy (and that of a Reshee could not be better expressed than yours), it is most delightful." When Sheridan was preparing his charges against Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey, Halhed, on the strength of his early affection, went to dissuade Sheridan from standing against Hastings and tried to explain away the grounds upon which the charges were based, but he met with "artificial reserve and evasive arrogance." From that moment his friendship with Sheridan was at an end and they never afterwards met each other on affectionate terms.

For several years Halhed had to undergo a hard struggle for existence, as he could not secure any paying employment, owing to his deafness. He bore the adversity calmly and patiently as may be verified from his own writing :—

"I ask not life, I ask not fame,
I ask not gold's deceitful store ;
The charm of grandeur, wealth, and name,
Thank Heaven ! are charms to me no more.
To do Thy will, O God, I ask,
By faith o'er life's rough sea to swim,
With patience to work out my task,
And leave the deep result to Him."

At last, in 1809, through the recommendation of Mr. Hastings, he obtained a secretaryship in the India

Office, when he promptly repaid the money he had taken on loan from his patron. He died in West Square, Surrey, on 18th February 1830, at the advanced age of 79. His portrait, drawn by J. Cruikshank, engraved by White, was published by Crosby in 1795. He sold his valuable collection of Oriental manuscripts to the trustees of the British Museum. Other manuscripts came in possession of his nephew, N. B. Halhed, Judge of the Sudder Dewany Adalat, among which there is some correspondence, from which it can be inferred, that he made considerable progress in the translation of the Mahabharata, the manuscripts of which are still in the possession of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He had married Miss Helena Louisa Ribaut, daughter of the Dutch Governor of Chinsurah. Though not possessed of "all that young poets dream of whom they love," she was an admirable woman and proved to be an affectionate wife. Her virtues shone forth during the dark days of her husband, when she shared his adversity calmly and patiently, and her "cheerful conformity" to altered fortune proved to be his only solace.

The fact of his being an intimate friend and an associate of Warren Hastings, Sir William Jones and Richard Brinsley Sheridan shows that he himself was not an ordinary man. The extent of his linguistic knowledge and attainments may thus be summed up, in the words of one of his critics: "He could pass for a native, sit down and smoke a pipe with any group he fancied, and never be recognized as an European—the court language or the *patois* of the peasantry being equally facile to him."

THE CAXTON OF BENGAL.

Sir Charles Wilkins, who first opened the mines of Sanskrit literature to Europeans, was the son of Walter

Wilkins, and was born in Somersetshire, 1750. He was originally employed in the Secretary's Office, and afterwards as an assistant to the Superintendent of the Company's factories at Malda. While engaged in the factories and after gaining a complete mastery over Bengali and Persian he began, with zeal and assiduity, to learn Sanskrit, of which he acquired a thorough knowledge within a very short time. It was according to his own statement, about the year 1778, that seeing his friend Halhed learning Sanskrit, his interest to study it was kindled. The art of printing has been introduced in Bengal by the indefatigable energy of Sir Charles Wilkins. He invented and cast types in Devanagiri, Persian and Bengali characters, the first few of which he prepared with his own hand; he accomplished his duty so perfectly that no attempt, in future, could make any improvement upon his labour. Many interesting and useful publications were issued from his press. With Bengali types, Halhed's *Bengali Grammar*—the first one that was published—was printed; and with his Persian, Balfour's "Forms of Herkeru" which was nothing but a collection of Persian letters, as models for correspondence. All the laws and regulations of the Company, which were translated by Mr. Edmonstone and others, continued to be printed with his Persian types. He translated, with notes, the *Bhagavad-Geeta*—Dialogues of Sri Krishna and Arjuna—in eighteen lectures. Warren Hastings was so much pleased with the work that he sent it, with great commendation, to the Directors to be published in England. The Directors, too, in accordance with the recommendation, published the translation in 1785. This was retranslated into French, by Parraud, in 1787, into Russian, in 1788 and into German, in 1801. He deciphered many inscriptions, of

which the most ancient, discovered in a cave near Gaya, was translated by him; he testified to the language being pure Sanskrit and the characters the most ancient, though differing materially from those found in the inscriptions eighteen hundred years old. He translated another inscription, of twenty-eight verses, on a pillar near Buddal, the last ten of which were re-translated into German by Jos. von Hammer in 1818. Owing to ill health, Wilkins left India in 1786 and resided at Bath, where he was occupied with translations from Sanskrit. At Hawkhurst he began the formation of a fount of Nagri types for printing Sanskrit. In 1787, at Bath, he translated with explanatory notes from an ancient Sanskrit manuscript *The Hitopadesa* of Bishnu Sarma, who is ridiculously called Pilpay. This book is the *Nitisastra* of the Hindus, and is the most beautiful collection of moral fables, if not the most ancient. With the exception of the Bible, there is scarcely any book, other than the *Hitopadesa*, which has been translated into so many different languages. In ancient days, when the civilization of India reached its climax under the Hindu kings, some Brahmins composed a treatise which they called *Kurtuk Dumnik*, into which were introduced abundance of wisdom and perfect rules for governing a people. The Rajahs kept, with great care and secrecy, the book which was presented to them. When Mahomed was born, towards the end of the sixth century, Noishervan the Just, the then reigning king of Persia, being anxious to see the book, deputed a physician, Burzuvia, a linguist of extraordinary intelligence, to secure a copy. After staying in India for some years, and with great trouble Burzuvia procured a copy and translated it into Pahlavi, with the help of Buzrjumehr,

the Vizier. Not Noishervan alone, but all the monarchs who succeeded him, held this book in high esteem and took great care to keep it in secret. At last the second Khaliff of the Abassi dynasty, Abu Jaffar Mansour zū-Nikky, after a great search succeeded in securing a copy in Pahlavi language and ordered the most learned man of the age, Imâm Hossan Abdal Mokaffa, to translate it into Arabic. The book was made the guide of the Prince in private life and politics as well. Sultan Mahmud Ghazi versified it in 380 Hegira. Abul Mala Nasser Allah Mustafi, in the year 1515, re-translated into Persian the translation of Abdal Mokaffa by order of Bheram Shah ben Messaud, and this translation still exists under the title of *Kulila Dumna*. Owing to the great number of Arabic verses and obsolete phrases in the *Kulila Dumna*, Emër Sohéli, the keeper of the seals of Sultan Hossein Mirza, requested Molana Ali ben Hossein Vaez to put it into modern style, which is called *Anuar Sohéli*. In the year 1002, Abul Fazl, the learned Vizier, by order of the Great Akbar, compiled it under the title of *Ayar Danish*, or the *Criterion of Wisdom*, in simple language, so as to be intelligible to all. In the year 1709, *Kulila Dumna* was translated into French under the title of *Les Conseils et les Maximes de Pilpay Philosophe Indien sur les divers Etats de la vie*. This French translation was the direct source from which the English *Instructive and Entertaining Fables of Pilpay, an ancient Indian Philosopher* was written and had gone through five editions in the single year, 1775. In 1540 the *Anuar Sohéli* was translated into Turkish; M. Galland, in the year 1724, rendered this translation into French, but he could not go through more than the first four chapters. In 1778, however, M. Cardonne completed the work in three volumes, under the name of *Contes*

et Fables Inaiennes de Bidpai et de Lokman, traduites d'Ali Tchelebi-ben Saleh, auteur, Turc. The book was translated into Latin, in 1313, Danish in 1618, and into Bengali, Hindustani, Mahrati and German as well. It is not exactly known when the *Hitopadesa* was first written, but from what has already been ascertained it is not less than 1100 years old.

On the 2nd December 1801, at a Committee of the E. I. Co.'s Directors, it was resolved that all the printed books, with articles of curiosity that could be found in the "Houses and Warehouses" should be deposited in the Library, and through the recommendation of Mr. Edward Parry, brother-in-law of Lord Bexley, Sir Charles Wilkins was appointed Librarian on a salary of £1,000 a year, in which office he continued till his death. The "Houses and Warehouses" were those situated in Leadenhall Street and occupied by the E. I. Co. in its early days. This institution was established for the benefit of the members of the Company, to help them in studying everything connected with India. Many of the Company's members helped this institution materially amongst whom the name of Colebrooke should be mentioned, as he presented his valuable collection of Sanskrit manuscripts numbering about two thousand. Moreover, the Company got many other manuscripts by the conquest of Seringapam. The present collection of the Library is 31,000 Oriental books and 10,000 Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic and other manuscripts besides 49,000 European publications.

On the establishment of Haileybury College for the Company's servants in 1805, Sanskrit formed part of the curriculum, but the want of a suitable Sanskrit grammar was strongly felt. In 1808, Wilkins produced *A Grammar of the Sanskrit Language*, which greatly

helped in the study of the ancient language, and his treatise was famous for its accuracy, conciseness and perspicuity—the excellences required in a grammar. It was beautifully engraved on copperplate by John Swaine. The very first Sanskrit couplet he wrote is :

अयुक्तं यदिह प्रोक्तं प्रमादेन त्रमेन वा ।

वाचा मया दयावत्तः संशोधयन्तु त्वं ।

In the introduction he rightly observed that scholars in every branch would find a good and ample field in the literature of India. Indian literature bristles with original treatises on Astronomy, Mathematics, Philosophy, Metaphysics, Poetry, Music, Medicine, Ethics, Politics, Grammar and what not. He particularly speaks of the Puranas, poems of mythological treasures, as a collection of charming allegory and fables, and interesting stories of ancient times, which induce men towards the “paths of Religion, Honour and Virtue.” He describes how his eagerness for acquiring the Sanskrit language was aroused on seeing his friend Halhed prosecuting its study at a time when there was no elementary publication suitable to a foreigner. He employed a liberal minded Pundit to teach him Sanskrit, and “put into English sufficiently intelligible” portions of Anubhuti-Swarupacharya's *Saraswati-Prakriya*, Vopadeva's *Mugdha-bodha* and Purushottama's *Ratnamala*. In the beginning of the year 1795, he arranged materials and it was ready for publication. He cut letters in steel, made matrices and moulds, and cast from them a fount of types of Sanskrit character, everything with his own hand, and with such assistance as could be had from village mechanics ; he soon completed at his own residence accessories necessary for a press. By the second of May, he had taken proofs of sixteen pages.

On the unfortunate second May, everything remained right till 2 o'clock when, to his extreme sorrow he saw his dwelling-house in flames in which everything was lost, but fortunately with the exception of his books and manuscripts, and the greater part of punches and matrices ; the types, having been thrown out and scattered over the lawn, were either lost or became useless. For many years he left this work untouched, and on the establishment of the East India College at Hertford he took this work up again and cast letters from his matrices for the press. This grammar was the first written though Colebrooke's appeared first, as Wilkins's could not be published owing to the disaster above referred to. A few sheets of the first impression are still preserved in the Marsden Library. For the benefit of the Haileybury students, also, in 1806, he underwent hard labour, in superintending through the press a new edition of Richardson's *Dictionary of the Persian and Arabic Languages*, in two volumes, and inspected each sheet of the book before it was finally printed off. He revised and enlarged the work by more than twenty thousand pure Persian words drawn exclusively from original dictionaries. This work was again revised and considerably enlarged by Francis Johnson of the East India College in 1829. He was appointed visitor in the Oriental Department on the foundation of the College, and continued to be so till the end of the year 1835. During that period he used to visit it twice a year and examine the students in the various Eastern languages, prescribed for the examinations. He worked in the same manner for the Company's Military School at Addiscombe. In 1815, he published, for the Honourable East India Company's College a list of the roots of the Sanskrit language श्रीधरमङ्गरी

(Sri Dhatumanjari), *The Radicals of the Sanskrita Language*. The vocabulary of Sanskrit radicals has been compiled from original manuscripts, but the principal source was the *Dhatumanjari* of Kasinath. Where that was found defective, other lists were consulted, especially the *Kavikalpadruma* of Vopadeva, the author of *Mugdha-bodha*, the grammar accepted by the majority of Pundits in Bengal. Whilst in Bengal, he founded the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in concert with Sir William Jones, Francis Gladwin, and other Oriental scholars, and contributed some interesting papers to the first volume of the *Asiatick Researches*, the organ of the Society. He subsequently took an active part in the formation of the Oriental Translation Fund. The fame of Sir Charles Wilkins was not confined within the limits of England alone, but European scholars knew him and his works as familiarly as Englishmen with the most celebrated names of England. He was made an Associate of the Institut de France, and on 12th June 1788, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. On the 26th June 1805, the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D. C. L., and in 1825, the Royal Society of Literature awarded him one of their Royal medals as *Princeps Literaturae Sanscritae*. King William IV. did not fail to notice the claims of Wilkins and conferred on him the honour of Knighthood of the Guelphic Order in 1833. No man could aspire to a better lot than his; health, constitution, fame, competence, the affection of family and friends—nothing was wanting for him, and to these causes may be attributed the advanced age of 86 to which he had reached. During this long period he had not a single bodily complaint but an attack of influenza from which he suffered fifty-six years before his death. He was twice

married; his second wife died on the 30th of December, 1835. He left three daughters, one of whom was married to William Marsden, the author of the *History of Sumatra* and other works on Oriental literature. He died on 13th May 1836 and was interred at the Chapel at Portland town. His portrait was beautifully painted by J. G. Middleton, and a large engraving by J. Sartin from this was published in 1830:

THE JUSTINIAN OF BENGAL.

Sir Henry Thomas Colebrooke, was the first great Sanskrit scholar in Europe. He was the youngest son of Sir George Colebrooke, sometime Chairman of the East India Company and was born on 15th June 1765. He was never at school, but was privately educated by a tutor, at his father's house, till the age of fifteen, when, he acquired sufficient education to be able to cope with any university man. He read Greek, Roman, French and German, and at an early age evinced that pleasure in the study of mathematics for which he was not less famous in after-life. In 1782, when he was only sixteen, he obtained a writership in the Civil Service of Bengal and when getting on board his ship at Portsmouth, he witnessed the sinking of the *Royal George*. Having narrowly escaped from being captured by a French cruiser, he arrived at Madras, in 1783. During his early years in Bengal he took great interest in sport. In 1786, he was transferred to Tirhut, for which he was not in the least sorry, as he was not satisfied with the morality prevalent in Anglo-Indian Society at Calcutta. "Drinking, gambling and extravagance of all sorts were tolerated even in the best society and Colebrooke could not entirely escape the evil effects of the moral atmosphere in which he lived." In a letter

to his father he accused Warren Hastings of being the author of the condition of things prevailing. In his letter dated 28th July, 1788, he writes of the treatment which the natives of Hindustan received at the hands of the English in the following words: "The English have not in the least assimilated with the natives, nor ever carried on social intercourse with them . . . Contemptuous treatment is, however, the only injury usually received at the hands of their modern conquerors. It has been reserved only for a chosen spirit to shock their religious prejudices, and to take their property by violence, fraud, or any of the modes which rapacity dictates. Nor do I believe that many instances occurred of that kind in this part of Hindustan, except during the administration of Hastings . . . It was Mr. Hastings who filled the country with collectors and judges, who adopted one pursuit—a fortune . . . These harpies were no sooner let loose upon the country, than they plundered the inhabitants with or without pretences . . . Justice was dealt out to the highest bidders by the judges, and thieves paid a regular revenue to rob with impunity." Regarding the administration of Warren Hastings, he says: "Nor did his crooked politics and shameless breach of faith affect any but the princes and great men; the deposition of Zemindars, the plundering of begums, the extermination of the Rohillas may be forgotten, but the cruelties acted in Goruckpore will for ever be quoted to the dishonour of the British name." He goes on further: "The system upon which the British dominions have been governed in the East, has affected the happiness of the people. To regulate nations, as an article of trade, for the profit which is to be derived, seems a solecism in politics; not to mention monopolies of salt and opium, or

the principles upon which the Company's investment has been provided, I may confine myself to the stretching the land-rents to the utmost sum they can produce. A proprietor of an estate under the Mogul Government, seldom paid half of the produce of his estate, and in small properties much less; he was further allowed to take credit for a certain sum by way of pension, or held rent-free lands in lieu thereof. Under the Company, a landholder is allowed ten per cent. of the net produce as his share." Then he describes how the rent is enhanced and the landholder is ruined. Last of all he says: "The treatment of the people has been such as will make them remember the yoke as the heaviest that ever conquerors put upon the necks of conquered nations." In 1789, Colebrooke was transferred from Tirhut to Purnea. While engaged in the ten years' settlement there, he published his first work entitled *Remarks on the Present State of Husbandry and Commerce in Bengal*, in which he greatly condemned the monopoly policy of the Government and spoke much in favour of the principles of Free-Trade. His chief object was to show the actual state of things in Bengal and to draw the attention of the British public to the value of a liberal policy in the Government of the country. Being pressed by his friends and after much hesitation he had the book privately printed in 1795. In that year *On the Duties of a Faithful Hindu Widow*—the first fruit of his Oriental study—was published in the *Asiatick Researches*, to which he appended many Sanskrit texts relating to the burning of widows. The practice as settled at the time, was that in all cases regarding inheritance, marriage, caste, etc., the ancient laws of the Hindus were to be followed; in 1773 Warren Hastings held a Commission of eleven Brahmins to draw up

a *Code of Gentoo Law*; but this Code being found inadequate, Sir William Jones proposed to compile an extensive Code of Hindu and Mahomedan law, but unfortunately he died before the compilation was taken in hand. While Collector at Nattore, Colebrooke undertook to translate into English the fruits of the labours of the Commission, and after being engaged in the work for two years, he published it in 1798 under the title of *A Digest of Hindu Law on Contracts and Successions, with a Commentary by Jaganatha Tercapanchanana, translated from the original Sanskrit*. He had to do this work in addition to his official duties and incurred large expense over it receiving no remuneration for it and saying that he "committed himself to disinterested literary labours." This translation was presented by Lord Cornwallis to the Council with expressions highly complimentary to Colebrooke's knowledge and erudition. In 1795, he was transferred to Mirzapur near Benares, where he made friends with the learned men of the Sanskrit College and obtained free access to their rich collection of mss. In 1799, he reached Nagpore on an embassy to win over the Raja to a defensive alliance with the Company, in which he was unsuccessful, but not through his own fault. During this period he did not neglect his study of Oriental literature and Natural sciences. He contributed many papers to the *Asiatick Researches*. In this year also his thoughtful article *Enumeration of Indian Classes* appeared in the *Asiatick Researches*. In it he states that the institution of caste began with the simple division of freemen and slaves. In India the separation of classes was due to profession. His authority was *Jatimala*, an extract from the *Rudra-Yamala Tantra*. In 1801, he was appointed Chief Judge of the High Court of Appeal. He studied Civil and Hindu Law

throughout his whole life; and after his daily judicial duties he devoted his leisure to literature and science. In the same year the College of Fort William was established in Calcutta for the education of Civil Servants, and Lord Wellesley appointed him Honorary Professor of Hindu Law and Sanskrit. The College was at first situated at the south-west corner of the Dalhousie Square, the site now occupied by the Bengal-Nagpur Railway Office. He received no remuneration for the post, neither did he deliver oral lectures. He was more a director of studies than a regular Professor. He rendered valuable services to the College as examiner in Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindustani and Persian. In recognition of his acceptance of the post of professorship, he undertook to compile a *Sanskrit Grammar*, based upon Panini, the fountain-head of Indian grammar, the first volume of which was published in 1805. Other volumes did not appear as Drs. Carey and Wilkins published their grammars of the same language; but "his studies foreshadowed many of the discoveries of the as yet unborn science of comparative philology." In the same year his article *On the Vedas, or Sacred Writings of the Hindus* appeared in the *Asiatick Researches*. His essay was the first authentic account of these ancient works, and was the result of a vast amount of labour and research. It may fairly be said that such an undertaking could not have been accomplished by any other scholar of the time than Mr. Colebrooke himself, as the sources were not within the reach of any European who did not command the respect and confidence of the Brahmins, not to speak of the mastery of the language required for the proper handling of the subject. In regard to Brahminical conservatism it may not be out of place to state that in spite of all the care

that the Brahmins took to exclude non-Brahmins from the knowledge of the Vedas, Dara Shucoh managed to obtain possession of some parts of them and had them translated into Persian. Colonel Polier obtained from Jeypur a copy, said to be complete, and deposited it in the British Museum. At the same time Sir Robert Chambers collected at Benares fragments, while General Martine obtained copies of some parts of the Vedas. Sir William Jones procured valuable portions, but Colebrooke was successful in collecting at Benares the text and commentary—by far the largest portion of the valuable work. In connection with the Vedas he says “the Hindu is the most ancient nation of which we have valuable remains, and has been surpassed by none in refinement and civilization; though the utmost pitch of refinement to which it ever arrived preceded in time the dawn of civilization in any other nation of which we have even the name in history.” In 1807 *Observations on the Sect of Jains* and *On the Indian and Arabian Divisions of the Zodiac*, besides other essays were published in the *Asiatick Researches*. Major Mackenzie communicated to the Society the statements made by two Jaina priests, which were supported by the information of Dr. Buchanan gathered during his travel in Mysore, in the year following the subjugation of Seringapatam. All this information was corroborated by Colebrooke's, gathered from his conversation with the priests and from Jaina books, some of which were collected at Benares and some from the then Jagat Set of Murshidabad, who, being requested, forwarded them on his renouncing his former religion in favour of *Vaishnavism*. In 1808, Colebrooke's essay *On Sanskrit and Prakrit Poetry* appeared. It was a treatise on prosody, but to avoid monotony he inserted selections from Sanskrit poems.

In discussing his subject he says that dramatists use three kinds of dialects: (1) Sanskrit, (2) Prakrit, (3) Magadhi. Sanskrit is a polished dialect abundant in inflection, taught by grammar, and spoken by gods and holy personages. Prakrit is a provincial dialect, less refined and has an imperfect grammar, spoken by the lowest persons. Sanskrit is spoken by the learned throughout India and is derived from the same stock as the Pahlavi in Persia and Greek on the shores of the Mediterranean. His important translations of the two treatises on the *Hindu Law of Inheritance*, published in 1810, showed at one view the doctrines of each school. The importance of the publication lies in the fact that it caused the revival of Hindu Jurisprudence which had been overclouded by the Mahomedan conquest. His book is the foundation upon which a superstructure has been built by Indian and English lawyers, and his is the one usually cited as an authority. In the same year his paper *On the Sources of the Ganges* appeared. Colebrooke married, in this year, Elizabeth, daughter of Johnson Wilkinson. Being unable to bear the grief of loss of child, his wife died prematurely, which caused his return home early in 1815. Coming back to his home, he was better able to carry on his literary and scientific studies than in India, and he found the society of his countrymen agreeable. In 1818 he presented to the East India Company his valuable collection of Sanskrit mss., which had cost him about £10,000. He was actuated by purely unselfish motives to make this present, to give free access to the scholars who might derive benefit from it; if such access had not been given, then few of the important publications of the present day would have appeared. The earliest fruit of his labours after return to England was *Algebra*.

with *Arithmetic and Mensuration*, from the Sanskrit of Brahmagupta and Bhāscara, preceded by a Dissertation on the state of the science as known to the Hindus, in 1817. He fully discussed whether Greek, Indian or Arabian authors made greater progress in the science. He arrived at the conclusion that Arabians cultivated the science four centuries later; among the other two, the Indian Algebraists "had arrived at the state of a well-arranged science at the earliest periods to which it can be traced, while some of its branches had been cultivated, to which it is not presumable that the Greeks had attained." Further he showed that it predicted many discoveries which had exercised the intellect of some of the most celebrated Mathematicians of modern times. In 1818, the first part of his *Treatise on Obligations and Contracts* was published; it contained a brief summary of the doctrines of Civil law, and a comprehensive view of the whole of this science. After his return from the Cape of Good Hope, where he went to superintend his estate for a year, in 1822, he was successful in starting a society, which was intended to do the same work, in England, as is done by the Asiatic Society of Bengal. This society is called the Royal Asiatic Society, and its foundation was the last service rendered by Colebrooke to Oriental literature. The first paper he contributed to the Transactions of the Society was *On the Philosophy of the Hindus*—simple explanations of the doctrines and opinions of the various sects of Hindu Philosophers. This contribution consisted of five essays:—I. On Sankhya. II. On Nyaya and Vaiseshika. III. On Mimansa. IV. On Indian Sectaries. V. On Vedanta. He was elected President of the Astronomical Society in 1822 after the death of Sir John Herschel. At the time of his death, on 1st March 1836,

he was a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London, Asiatic Society of Calcutta, and of the Literary Society of Bombay; Fellow of Astronomical, Geological, Linnæan and Zoological Societies; foreign member of the Royal Academy at Paris, Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg and of the Royal Academy of Munich. The last few years of his life were full of bereavements, one after another, which he bore calmly without uttering a complaint.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Sir William Jones, the youngest son of Mr. William Jones, the eminent mathematician, was born in London, 28th September 1746. No remarkable name can be traced in the line of his ascendants, except that of William O'Dregaian, in one of the collateral branches. O'Dregaian is said to have lived to the advanced age of 105 years and died in 1581. He had thirty-six children by three wives and seven more by two mistresses; during his life he had eighty of his descendants living in Anglesey. Mr. Jones survived his son only by three years. The linguist received his elementary education from his remarkably intelligent mother and had finished his alphabet when only three years old. Such was the training he had received from his mother, that at the age of four he could easily read any English book and recite popular passages from Shakespeare. "Read and you will learn" was the ready answer he always received from his mother whenever he asked her any question, and all his future attainments were due to the obedience to that maxim, as he himself confessed. He began to study Latin when only six years of age. At Michaelmas, 1753, in his seventh year, he entered the Grammar School at

Harrow, where the celebrated Dr. Thackeray was the Head Master. The learned Doctor entertained a very high opinion of the abilities of young Jones and used to say that if the boy were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and fortune. Dr. Sumner, who succeeded Dr. Thackeray in the Headmastership of the institution, shared the views of his predecessor in regard to the high attainments of the lad. While at Harrow he copied a Persian grammar for a school-fellow of his, intended for India. So great was his retentive capacity that, when his school-fellows wanted to act "The Tempest," which was not available then, he reproduced the whole of it from memory. In 1764 he entered the University of Oxford, when he was only seventeen, and in October of the same year was elected a scholar. At this time he began to study Arabic and Persian regularly, and learnt the pronunciation from Mirza, a Syrian, the cost of whose maintenance he paid, though he himself was a student dependent on his scholarship. When the King of Denmark visited England, he brought with him a copy of the "Life of Nadir Shah" and Jones was requested, through the Secretary of State, to render it into French. The translation was published in the year 1770, when he was only 23 years old, and out of the forty copies sent to Copenhagen, one was bound with uncommon elegance for the king himself. To this "Life" he added, in French, a Treatise on Oriental Poetry, which required a good knowledge of both the languages, one of which was rarely known in Europe. In the same year he entered the Temple to be trained for the Bar. In the next year he compiled a Persian Grammar and wrote in French an anonymous reply to M. Anquetil du Perron's Discourse attacking

the University of Oxford and some friends of Jones, which was appended to the latter's *Travels in India*. The reply was couched in such excellent language, that Professor Biorn Sthal, a Swedish Orientalist, could not help observing that he had known many Frenchmen to have mistaken it for the production of some Parisian genius. In the autumnal vacation of 1769, he visited Forest Hill, where Milton lived some time after his first marriage, and the scenery of which place is so beautifully described in his *L'Allegro*. In 1774 he published his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, and six years later translated "Moallakat" (suspended) and "Mozahebat" (golden), poems written in golden characters and suspended in the temple of Mecca; these poems were the finest written before the time of Mahommed.

Through the influence of Lord Ashburton, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal in March, 1783, when he was honoured with Knighthood, and in the following April married Anna Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. Amidst the good wishes of his friends and relations, in April 1783, Sir William bade adieu to his native land, which he was destined to see no more. When he landed at Calcutta in September, he was eagerly welcomed by Orientalists. Shortly after his arrival he set about the study of the Sanskrit language. During the sittings of the Court, he lived at Garden Reach, a distance of three or four miles from Calcutta, whence he used to walk to Court before dawn. He used to spend the whole of the morning in close study, after which he joined the bench. He regularly spent the afternoons, when his bench work was over, in the company of Pundits, the evenings were occupied with Lady Jones, and sometimes in playing at

chess. This routine was to be changed when he had to spend the evenings at Lall Bazar to issue warrants to apprehend drunkards. He engaged Ram Lochan, a Vaidya Pundit, to teach him Sanskrit, on a salary of Rs. 500 a month as no Brahmin could be persuaded to teach him owing to prejudice of caste. Ram Lochan died at Nadia in 1815. On 4th December 1783 in delivering his charge to the Grand Jury at Calcutta, Jones observed: "Justice must be administered with effect, or society cannot long subsist..... The use of law, as a science, is to prevent mere discretionary power under the colour of equity; and it is the duty of a judge to pronounce his decisions, not simply according to his own opinion of justice and right, but according to prescribed rules. It must be hoped, that his own reason generally approves those rules; but it is the judgment of the law, not his own, which he delivers..... The end of criminal law, a most important branch of the great juridical system, is to prevent crimes by punishment, so that the pain of it may be inflicted on a few, but the dread of it extended to all." Sir William's first act towards the propagation of Oriental Literature in India—an act by which his name has been immortalized—was the establishment of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, an institution of researches, planned after the Royal Society in London. The new association met for the first time in January 1784, and in this laudable enterprise he was greatly helped by Oriental Savants, like Charles Wilkins, Francis Gladwin and Charles Hamilton. Warren Hastings, the first liberal promoter of useful knowledge in Bengal and the great encourager of Persian and Sanskrit Literature," was requested to be its President; but owing to his numerous and important duties as the ruler of the province, he declined to accept the honorary post

and "begged leave to resign his pretensions to the gentleman, whose genius had planned the institution, and was most capable of conducting it, to the attainment of the great and splendid purposes of its formation." On receipt of this answer, Sir William Jones was immediately and unanimously elected as President. On this Sir William wrote a letter to Hastings, in which he states: "I trust you will consider our act as proceeding solely from our anxiety to give you that distinction which justice obliged us to give." He was not only the founder but the "brightest ornament" of the Society. He contributed twenty-nine papers on various subjects to its organ the *Asiatick Researches*. His eleven discourses, delivered before the Society, were important on account of their variety of subjects and his valuable suggestions; the most important one was that *On the Origin of Nations of India*. A portion of the first discourse made by him as President of the Society may not be out of place if quoted here. "When I was at sea," says he, "on my voyage to this country, which I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that *India* lay before us, and *Persia* on our left, whilst a breeze from *Arabia* blew nearly on our stern. A situation so pleasing in itself, and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflections in a mind, which had early been accustomed to contemplate with delight the eventful histories and agreeable fictions of this eastern world. It gave me an inexpressible pleasure to find myself in the midst of so noble an amphitheatre, almost encircled by the vast regions of Asia, which has ever been esteemed the nurse of sciences, the inventress of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the productions of human genius, abounding

in natural wonders and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions, of men. I could not help remarking, how important and extensive a field was yet unexplored, and how many solid advantages unimproved; and, when I considered with pain, that, in this fluctuating, imperfect, and limited condition of life, such inquiries and improvements could only be made by the united efforts of many, who are not easily brought, without some pressing inducement or strong impulse, to converge in a common point, I consoled myself with a hope founded on opinions, which it might have the appearance of flattery to mention, that, if in any country or community such an union could be effected, it was among my countrymen in *Bengal*, with some of whom I already had, and with most was desirous of having, the pleasure of being intimately acquainted."

In 1784 he went to Bhagalpore and thence to Gaya, the birthplace of Buddha and the "holy city" of the Hindus; from Gaya he travelled to Benares, where he did not lose the opportunity of seeing the professors of the Hindu religion. On his way back to Calcutta he visited Gaur, once the Capital of Bengal. In February 1786 he went to Chittagong, where he witnessed the ever-wonderful hot spring; and in June 1787 proposed to live for some months at Bandel on the banks of the Bhagirathi. He used to spend his vacations at Krishnagar, where he had a cottage. The house may now be seen in ruins, and very close to it the Church, Mission House and Schools, residence for Native Christians are now situated.

There had been no complete digest of Hindu and Mahomedan laws, after the manner of Justinian, to

decide controversies, though Halhed worked faithfully in compiling his *Gentoo Code*, where many essential passages were omitted through the fault of his Persian interpreter. Thinking that a digest of Hindu and Mahomedan laws would throw credit upon his administration and would be a work of national honour and utility, Lord Cornwallis desired Sir William to take up the task at once. He was specially selected for this work, as he was the only person who had a thorough mastery both over Sanskrit and Arabic. This task was made easy by the compilation of Hindu Law by Raghunandan and by the *Fatawā-Alamgiri* of Aurangzeb. Sir William selected several learned Hindus and Mahomedans qualified to compile the digest, traced the plan, prescribed the arrangement and pointed out the manuscripts from which the digest was to be compiled. But unfortunately the task could not be completed in his lifetime; after his death the work was taken up and completed by his worthy successor Sir Henry Thomas Colebrooke. Sir William Jones commenced the work when he resided in India only for four and a half years. In the beginning of the year 1789, the first volume of the *Asiatick Researches* saw the light; Sir William had not only to select the papers, but also had the irksome duty of superintending the printing. In the same year he published his translation of that well-known Indian drama entitled *Sakuntala* or *The Fatal Ring*, the elegance of which opened the eyes of the Europeans towards the excellence of Indian literature. Dramatic poetry is known to India from time immemorial. Valmiki, the author of the epic poem *Ramayana*, is known to be the first to compose Sanskrit verse, and strange to say, he did so in a burst of resentment. The first regular play was composed by Hanuman

or Pavan, who engraved it on a smooth rock, and not being pleased with his composition, he hurled it into the deep sea, whence it was afterwards recovered. Hanuman was the follower of Rama, who led an army of mountaineers against Ravan, the king of Ceylon. Whoever might have been its inventor and in whatever age it might have been invented no one can deny that it reached its highest climax during the reign of Vikramaditya, the patron of poets, philosophers and mathematicians, who flourished in the first century before Christ to quote the words of Sir William, "when the English were as illiterate and as barbarous as the army of Hanuman". Kalidas was unanimously acknowledged to be the brightest of the *nine gems*, who adorned the court of Vikramaditya. It is commonly said that "Poetry was the sportful daughter of Valmiki and having been educated by Vyasa, she chose Kalidas for her bridegroom after the manner of Viderbha; she was the mother of Amara, Sundar, Sancha, Dhanic; but now, old and decrepit, her beauty faded and her unadorned feet slipping as she walks in whose cottage does she disdain to take shelter?" This Kalidas, whom Sir William styled the *Shakespeare of India*, is the author of *Sakuntala*, "one of the greatest curiosities that the literature of Asia had yet brought to light." It was translated into Latin, which bears strong resemblance to Sanskrit. The drama was afterwards translated into German by G. Forster in 1791, into French by A. Bruguère in 1804 and into Russian, published in a journal—*Asiat. Boten*—in 1825. He translated *Mudra-Rakshasa*, by Visakha Datta, a political drama, in seven acts, written in the twelfth century. This play is all the more famous, as, in it, Sir William traced and identified Chandra Gupta, King of Pataliputra, with Sandrokkottus,

who immediately succeeded Alexander. Sandrokkottus flourished about 315 B.C. and this date serves as the only definite point in Hindu chronology. He translated *Gita Govinda*, the songs of Jaydeva, from Sanskrit, which was again translated into German by Baron F. H. v. Dalberg in 1802. Jaydeva is said to have been born in Burdwan, where an annual festival is celebrated in his honour. In the beginning of 1794 Sir William published his *Institutes of Hindoo Law* or the *Ordinance of Manu*, as preparatory to his great undertaking of compiling the Digest of Hindu Law. It explains the manners and the moral and religious systems of the Hindus, to which they adhere, in spite of their long subjection to the foreign yoke. In 1782, he had edited *Mahomedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates*, appended with explanatory notes. He wrote an article on the *Game of Chess* and agrees with the Persians that the Hindus were the inventors of the game.

"The Sanskrit language," he says, "whatever may be its antiquity is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either; yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could have been produced by accident; so strong, that no philologist could examine all the three, without believing them to be sprung from one common source, which perhaps no longer exists." He knew twenty-eight languages—English, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Arabic, Persian, Sanskrit, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish, Tibetan, Pali, Pahlavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch and Chinese. He was not only a linguist, but botanist, mathematician, astronomer and historian as well—in fact he left no

branch of learning untouched. His method of spelling Hindu names is still adopted by the Asiatic Societies of London, Calcutta, Bombay and others. Dr. Parr says: "It is happy for us that this man was born." He died on 27th April, 1794, at the age of forty-seven years and seven months, having within this short space of time "acquired a knowledge of arts, sciences and languages which has seldom been equalled, and scarcely surpassed." After his death Lady Jones presented to the Royal Society a collection of Arabic and Sanskrit and other oriental MSS. A marble bust of Sir William, may be seen in the Asiatic Society's Rooms, Park Street, Calcutta. The "mortal part of his remains" was interred in the South Park Street Cemetery, where his lofty monument forms a conspicuous object.

HARI CHARAN BISWAS, B.L.

Art. V.—THE THREE MOST POPULAR CHRISTIAN BOOKS IN THE WORLD.

IN this triad we don't include the Holy Bible, and that for a very good reason, because, true to its name the Bible is the Book of books and has no parallel in the world of European literature. It is not confined to this subject or to that, but takes in the whole range of learning, secular as well as religious. What the Veda is among us, Hindus, what the Zendavesta is among the Iranians, the Bible is among the Christians. It peers above all other books and contains the hoarded wisdom of ages unnumbered. No comparison could be made with it, and hence, we have set it apart as something sacred, sublime and unapproachable. The books which form the subject of this paper come next best, though it is very difficult to say how wide the interval is. The three books we refer to are *De Imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis, *Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan and *Confessions* of Saint Augustine.

Thomas à Kempis was so called from the town of Kempen, near Cologne, where he was born about the year 1380. His family name was Hamerkan ("little hammer"). He passed his entire life in seclusion, dying on 26th July 1471. Of all his works *De Imitatione Christi* is the most important. It is the most widely-read book in Christian literature, with the exception of the Bible, and has passed through thousands of editions in the original Latin and in translations. Indeed, it is said to have been printed in one language or other as many times as there have been months since

it first came out.* It contains the pith and marrow of the teachings of Jesus Christ, based as it is on those portions of the New Testament which have reference to the Founder of Christianity. In fact, this immortal work has been a supplement to the Bible and is the guide and encouragement of the Christian activity of countless people. Dr. Johnson observes that the *Imitation* must be a good book, as the world has opened its arms to receive it. That Aquinas of the 19th century, Auguste Comte, the great Founder or rather Reformer of Positivism, was a warm admirer of the *Imitation* and used to read a chapter from it every day. Some place it on the same platform with the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius;† but it appears to us that it deserves a higher position. In point of wisdom, sound and solid, which it contains, and the high and holy precepts which it teaches, the *Imitation of Christ* has few equals in the whole body of world's literature. It is one of those most rare and valuable books which can only perish with the earth we live in.

The authorship of the work has long been a subject of controversy. It is now generally assigned to Thomas à Kempis, but according to some investigators the theologian, Jean Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, was the real author.

A few quotations from this most Christianly of Christian works would not be unwelcome to your readers. Union with God being possible only when one leaves himself and all, Thomas à Kempis says: "In so far as thou canst go out of thyself, so far wilt thou be able to

* Mr. Malone, however, considers this very improbable, seeing that the first edition was in 1492, and that between that period and 1792, according to this account, there would be three thousand six hundred editions.

† Marcus Aurelius, the last of the eminent and virtuous Cæsars and the wisest of the pagan Emperors, composed, in Greek, a series of stoic self-contemplative observations of considerable worth. They rank very high for their literary merit, also and are regarded as one of the acknowledged classics.

pass over into me." And again: "Leave thyself and thou shalt find me." Similar sentiments occur in another part of the work, where the sage advises us to suppress desire. "As long as anything holds me back," says he "I cannot freely fly to Thee." And again: "Leave all and thou shalt find all; leave desire and thou shalt find rest."

Speaking of *Inordinate Affections*, the author says: "Whosoever a man desireth anything inordinately he becometh presently disquieted in himself. The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit dwell in the multitude of peace." "The man that is not yet perfectly dead to himself, is quickly tempted and overcome in small and trifling things." "The weak in spirit, and he that is yet in a manner carnal and prone to the things of sense can hardly withdraw himself altogether from earthly desires. And therefore he is often afflicted when he goeth about to withdraw himself from them; and is easily angered when any opposeth him. And if he hath followed his appetite, he is presently disquieted with remorse of conscience, for that he hath yielded to his passion, which profiteth him nothing to the obtaining of the peace which he sought." "True quietness of heart, therefore, is gotten by resisting our passions not by obeying them. There is then no peace in the heart of carnal a man, nor in him that is given to outward things, but in the spiritual and devout man."

So in counselling man to avoid vain Hope and Pride, he says: "He is vain that putteth his trust in man or in creatures." "Be not ashamed to serve others for the love of Jesus Christ; or to be esteemed poor in this world." Mr. Boswell says that he always was struck with this sentence in the *Imitation*: "Be not angry that

you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."

The *Pilgrim's Progress* is a most remarkable instance of those prison labours which have done so much good to the world. It was written while its author was an inmate of Bedford Jail, into which he was cast for his peculiar religious views and opinions. In that "duration vile" he was made to lie for twelve long years. During this period he wrote his famous work, which has deservedly made his name immortal. Like Spenser's *Fairie Queene* the *Pilgrim's Progress* is one continued allegory, the object of which, under the figure of a journey taken by a pilgrim, is to describe the course of a Christian's life in his passage through this world unto the world to come. The pilgrim is represented as bearing a heavy burden—the burden of sins—on his shoulders. On the way he meets with many dangers and difficulties, sometimes wallowing in the Slough of Despond, at others contending with enemies of sorts; but without flagging in his efforts he careers onward and onward, and, at last, arrives at his destination safe and sound. Spenser's Poem is anything but pleasant reading; in fact, after going through some cantos, one feels tired and is disposed to put aside the Book. Not so Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is pleasant reading all through, and, indeed, one is so charmed with it, that he is reluctant to part with it without finishing it. In this lies the writer's ingenuity, and one would be disposed to think that Bunyan really wrote under inspiration from Heaven.

The language of the book is as simple as ever, and contains few, if any, words of classical origin; but this simplicity is of a peculiar character, it is tinged

with sublimity. Speaking of this wonderful work Mr. Thomas Arnold very properly observes, almost in an ecstasy of joy, "But what equable, sinewy English tie 'inspired tinker' writes! what fulness of the Christian doctrine is in him! what clear insight into many forms of the Christian character! what thorough understanding of a vast variety of temptations, fleshly and spiritual!" Dr. Johnson also has praised Bunyan highly. "His *Pilgrim's Progress*," * says he, "has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story; and it has had the best evidence of its merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale. It is remarkable that it begins very much like the poem of Dante; yet there was no translation of Dante when Bunyan wrote. There is reason to think that he had read Spenser." When such is the character of the work, it is not at all surprising that it has had a prodigious popularity. Indeed, no original work in the English language has had a wider circulation than the *Pilgrim's Progress*, nor been translated into a greater number of foreign languages. The work consists of two parts. The 'First Part,' containing the Pilgrimage of Christian, appeared in 1678, when the author was aged fifty; the complete work was published in 1684, four years before his death, which took place in the memorable year of the Revolution. Like the first part of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a wonderful performance; but not so the second part, which gives an account of the pilgrimage of Christiana and her sons. There is a great falling off here.

* This is one of the three books which the learned Doctor had read all through, the other two being the Holy Bible and Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. As regards the last work, he said, that it was the only book that ever took him out of his bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.—See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

In truth, it appears from the poetical introduction to the second part that the good man was excited and elated in no small degree by the extraordinary reception which his Christian had met with; he was conscious that greatness had been thrust upon him; and one misses, accordingly, in the second part, "something of the delightful freshness, the naturalness, the entire unconscious devotion of heart and singleness of purpose, which are so conspicuous in the first." Still, like the *Paradise Regained* of Milton, the second part is only like "the ebb of a mighty tide," and would have been considered a wonderful work had it come from some other pen.

Last, but not least, comes Augustine's *Confessions*. This is something like an autobiography of "the great Christian" as Augustine* is called. The book† gives a true and faithful account of his life from infancy to the death of his mother, Monica, to whom he owed so much for the betterment of his life. Augustine's father was a Heathen and was addicted to the vices of the times. The son in his younger days only followed the example of the father, and would most probably have been ruined for life, had not his pious mother, who was a most Christianly Christian, come to his help and rescued him from an imminent danger which stared him in the face with such an appalling aspect. In that book the author makes a clean breast of the whole matter, relating all circumstances—good, bad, and indifferent—in detail, neither extenuating nor exaggerating. The book was

* Of Augustine, the great historian Niebuhr says: "His is a truly philosophic mind, as strongly actuated by a yearning after truth as any of the great philosophers: his language also is very noble. He is by no means witty, like St. Jerome; but is eloquent, and in many places admirable."

† Rousseau's *Confessions*, though the same in kind with Augustine's, is rather of a romantic character than a plain unvarnished account of a changeful life. Mr. Schlegel is perfectly right in saying that no French romance could, by any possibility, compare in thrilling interest with Rousseau's *Confessions*. See his *History of Literature*, p. 312.

probably written soon after he was made Bishop, in the year 397 A.D. "His great design," says his biographer, "in writing this famous work, was, that men should not think more highly of him than he deserved. And, consequently, he divulged all the sins of his youthful days, and the weaknesses to which he was subject, and the mercies which he received from God principally during the time preceding his conversion, when he was engaged in his search after truth."

The *Confessions* show how the great theologian of the ancient church was led out of a state of darkness into the light of truth, and how, from being an opponent of Christianity, he became one of its noblest defenders. This change in his life was not brought about by means of a miracle, as was the case with Saul of Tarsus, better known as St. Paul; but principally by the teachings and lessons which he received from his mother and by the living beneficial influence of her character. From the very nature of the work, it could not fail to become a favourite with persons impressed with a love of God and truth. No wonder, then, that with the *Imitation of Christ* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, it has been one of the three most popular Christian books in the world. It consists of thirteen books; but the last three are chiefly occupied with an account of Creation. The narrative is constantly interrupted by addresses to God and reflections.

Of the addresses the most memorable is that which is contained in the first chapter. The words are:—"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it find rest in Thee!" In other words, nothing can satisfy us but God Himself. The Buddhist Doctrine of *Nirvana*, the Hindu metempsychosis, in fact, all the religions worthy of the name, testify in one way or other to the truth of the above address.

The following is one of his reflections after the death of his mother: "And now, Lord, I depend wholly on Thee, and the hope of Thy mercy. I am a little one, but my Father ever liveth and my guardian sufficeth me. What temptations I can or cannot resist, I know not. My hope is this, that Thou art faithful and sufferest us not to be tried above that we are able to bear, but with the trial makest also a way of escape that we may be able to bear it." Again says: "Only in Thyself can we find Thee. Oh! too late I loved Thee, Thou primeval beauty! too late I loved Thee. I sought Thee amidst these beauteous forms which Thou hast created, and found Thee not; and yet Thou wast ever near, calling me to Thyself." As all things change and perish and as nothing but God exists for good, the saint says: "I viewed the other things below Thee and perceived that they neither altogether are nor altogether are not. They are indeed, because they are from Thee; but are not, because they are not what Thou art. For that truly is, which remains immutably."

One more quotation and we shall have done with this book. "Many and great are my infirmities, but Thy medicine is mightier still, Christ died for all, that they which live may no longer live to themselves, but to him who died for them and rose again."

All these reflections and others which the book bristles with, plainly show that the author from a great sinner had become a great saint, and was so much imbued with the true genuine spirit of Christianity, that he fully deserved to be called "the great Christian," that he was.

As we have said at the outset, the Holy Bible is the Book of books: it is the great book which forms the base and foundation of Christianity, but like a book

of Apophthegms it is short, pithy and sententious, and requires to be elaborated and enlarged upon. The three books we have noted above, might be looked upon as commentaries upon the Bible, explaining and illustrating its precepts and principles, and, therefore, one who has a mind to have a thorough mastery of the religion of Christ should do well to study them with care and diligence. Indeed, they are to the Christian what the Commentaries on the Veda are to the Hindu and the Pâzend is to the Irânian, and like them have acquired a wonderful popularity, the like of which has not been achieved by any other work on the religion of Love founded by the holy saint of Nazareth.

. SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

Art. VI.—GEORGE THOMPSON IN 1843.

GEORGE THOMPSON, the great Parliamentary orator, who might deservedly be called the pioneer of political agitation in this country, arrived in India in 1842. It was he who infused new life and spirit among the educated class of the community and roused them to a sense of their duty to their country by taking part in the discussion of all questions connected with its political regeneration.

Before Mr Thompson came here, the Landholders' Association was established in April 1838, and was the only organised body in India to discuss political topics. Mr. Wm. Cobb Hurry, the then editor of the *Englishman*, and Babu Prosonno Coomar Tagore were its joint honorary secretaries, but Dwarka Nath Tagore, near whose house the office of the Association was situated, was the life and soul of the institution. The Landholders' Association, although it was a most useful body, and did good in its own time, represented only one class of the community—the aristocracy of Bengal. It advocated the rights of the zemindars, but as their rights are intimately bound up with those of the ryots, the one cannot be separated from the other. What is truly good for the zemindar, is equally so for the ryot; and what is bad for the one is also bad for the other. The Society was the pioneer of free discussion in this country. It gave the people the first lesson in the art of constitutional agitation, and taught them manfully to assert their claims and give independent expression to their opinions. The few scions of the aristocracy who were first illumined with the rays of education joined the Society, but the light which had first illuminated the tops

of mountains soon penetrated the deepest valleys and lowest rice fields. It was just a few years before Mr. Thompson's arrival a band of young men came out of the Hindoo College imbued with Western thoughts and ideas who were ultimately destined to be the leaders of the public and through whose strenuous efforts were due the establishment of societies for the political advancement of their country.

At a farewell dinner given on 24th October 1842, Mr. Thompson thus expoused the cause of India:—

In undertaking the journey on which I am about to set out, I think I may say, that I am influenced simply by a desire to add to my means of usefulness in the promotion of a cause to which my heart is devotedly attached—I mean the cause of British India. The journey, I may also state, was not of my seeking—how far the hand of Providence is in it, I will not undertake to say. It appeared to my mind, however, that my path of duty lay in that direction; that the opening thus made for me was such that I was not at liberty to overlook or disregard it, and that I ought not to hesitate to embrace the opportunity singularly afforded to me, not only of seeing the country about which I had written much and spoken much, but of correcting any errors into which I may have fallen respecting it; for I will not presume to say that I have always received the much correct impressions of that country. I was not unwilling, I say, to embrace the opportunity which was afforded to me of observing with my own eyes the working of the institutions upon which I had animadverted, and the manner in which certain high'y responsible situations were filled, and the duties of them discharged. I was also willing to have an opportunity of receiving directly the suffrages of those in whose behalf I had spontaneously labored in this country, conceiving that, if empowered by them, I could represent their cause with an effect, if not with an ultimate success, which I could scarcely expect if a stranger to them, and without the knowledge obtained by actual observation of the circumstances in which they are placed. At the time the

proposition to go to India was first made to me, I was engaged in another sphere of labour—respecting which, I may just say, that I most sincerely hope that all those who are engaged in that struggle may not have long to labour before their object is attained. What I had said and done in this country had, it appears, reached India, and had come to the knowledge of thousands, and had there awakened an interest in me which I could scarcely have hoped to awaken by anything I could do. The distinguished individual Dwarka Nath Tagore who lately received the freedom of your city, was commissioned, before he quitted the city of his birth, to communicate with me on certain great measures respecting the impartial administration of the law in India, and to enter into certain arrangements with me, provided he should be of opinion that I was an individual likely to advance the great ends in which individually and collectively they had the deepest interests in. He explained to me that a number of the inhabitants of Calcutta, and other parts of Bengal, had manifested a deep desire that I should continue to devote a large portion of my time and attention to the affairs of India; and while in this city, and while I was in close companionship with him, he stated to me that if I would undertake a journey to India, he would alter his intention of spending the next six months in visiting those parts of the Continent where the climate was similar to that of his own country, and would take me to his native land, and introduce me personally to those who were likely to be my co-adjutors in my cause connected with the interests of India.

It is therefore obvious that Dwarka Nath Tagore was induced by his countrymen to invite Mr. Thompson to come to India. Mr. Thompson reached Calcutta on board the same steamer with Dwarka Nath Tagore in December 1842. The news of his arrival filled the minds of the educated Bengalees with the most ardent and sanguine hopes of being able to co-operate with that Parliamentary Member in order to secure the political advancement of their country and countrymen. Many

of them went on board the vessel to accord him a cordial welcome. The *Bengal Spectator*, then edited by Peary Chand Mittra, in welcoming Mr. Thompson, wrote thus regarding his past career in its issue of the 15th January:—

Believing that most of our readers feel sincerely interested in the mission of this illustrious character to our country, we beg to offer them a short account of the causes which have led to it and the objects sought to be accomplished by it, which we trust will prove acceptable, derived as it is from a very authentic source.

The origin of Mr. Geo. Thompson's concern in the affairs of India, may be traced to the intelligence which reached England in 1838, of the ravages of the famine which destroyed so many of our countrymen in the Upper Provinces at that period. Immediately before, Mr. Thompson had been actively engaged, in connection with other British Philanthropists, in seeking the abolition of the system of Negro-Apprenticeship; and in the month of August of that year, witnessed the successful termination of his labours, in the complete personal enfranchisement of the coloured population of the British West Indies. Mr. Thompson then associated himself with the *Aborigines Protection Society* stipulating at the time, that he should be permitted to direct his attention, mainly, to the condition of the natives of India. While connected with that body, he became convinced that a *separate* association was required, for the diffusion of information respecting the state of things in this country, and in consequence of that conviction he resigned the situation he then filled, and succeeded soon after, in organising a provisional committee for the formation of a "British India Society" for the improvement of the condition of the native population. In the month of July, 1839, this Society, was instituted at a public meeting, held at the Free Mason's Hall, London, Lord Brougham presiding on the occasion. In a short time, owing to the public addresses of Mr. Thompson, auxiliary Societies were formed in many of the cities and principal towns of England

and Scotland. Mr. Thompson's views on Indian questions and more specially on the subject of the Revenue System, were the occasion of a considerable controversy, and the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals, deemed it expedient to enter upon the defence of the existing state of things. Mr. Thompson, however, continued his labours in the cause he had expounded, and in addition to his lectures, established a monthly newspaper, entitled *The British Indian Advocate* and also qualified himself to sit in the Court of Proprietors of India Stock. In the beginning of last year, he was induced to comply with the earnest and unanimous wish of the Anti-Corn Law party in England, that he should devote himself for a time to the advocacy of the entire abolition of the Corn Laws, receiving the assurance of that large and powerful body, that, on the termination of that struggle, he should have their co-operation in the cause of British India. In the month of September last, Mr. Thompson was solicited by the liberal electors of the town of Southampton, to offer himself as one of the candidates for the representation of that Borough in Parliament; and in company with Lord Nugent as his colleague conducted an honorable but unsuccessful struggle on the principles of election. In his address to that constituent body he stated, that, his chief motive for desiring a seat in the House of Commons, was a desire to *render additional service to the cause of the natives of this country*. It is a fact equally honorable to both parties, that some of Mr. Thompson's principal supporters in his attempt to enter Parliament were persons of decidedly opposite political views on matters of English administration. Mr. Thompson's health having suffered from incessant public efforts during eleven years, he resolved to take a respite from the existing occupations in which he had been so long engaged, and to employ it in a journey to this country. His object in coming here is, we fully believe, to make himself as conversant with the actual state of things as his time and opportunities will allow, and to correct any erroneous impressions which he may have received, while viewing the country and people from a distance. Mr. Thompson emphatically disclaims all factious hostilities to the

Government of India. He avows himself ready to bestow credit and commendation wherever they are deserved, and to make all just allowance for the many and great difficulties which are opposed to the carrying forward of ameliorative measures. With this object, and with these feelings, Mr. Thompson is a visitor and sojourner in our land. We trust that those who have been loudest in their complaints against him, of inaccuracy and exaggeration, will be foremost in affording him all possible facilities for the attainment of sound information, that, whenever he may return home, he may be able to describe faithfully the condition of the people, and the character and operations of the Government in its various departments.

Mr. Thompson set to work with a zeal worthy of a cause so noble and so full of promise, not merely by obtaining information from the natives but to attain a higher object by awakening them to a sense of their own condition; and to the necessity for their own exertions to improve it, by those powerful appeals of eloquence, which in all ages and countries was a potent factor in the regeneration of society, and often produced great moral and political results. His mission formed an epoch in the political history of British India. The first few days of his sojourn in Calcutta were indefatigably employed in collecting informations on various subjects connected with the great object of his mission to these shores. He was also present at the examination of the students of the Hindu and Hooghly Colleges and the General Assembly's Institution held in the Town Hall.

The first appearance of Mr. Thompson was at a meeting of the Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge held at the Hindu College on 11th January 1843, when Babu Kissory Chand Mittra delivered a lecture on the "Physiology of Bones." The lecturer, after

having finished the lecture, introduced the distinguished visitor. Mr. Thompson addressed the meeting at some length stating the object of his coming to this country, viz., to extend his knowledge of its affairs, for which he would be happy to be brought into contact with Indians as closely as possible, expressing his favorable opinion of the discourse and exhorting the gentlemen present to persevere in keeping up the Society—connection with it making it obligatory on members to contribute to self-improvement which could not otherwise be done. The following were his addresses* during his sojourn in Calcutta :—

11th January 1843.—Meeting of the Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge. Babu Tara Chand Chuckerbutty in the chair.

January.—Meeting at the house of Rev. K. M. Banerjee. *Conversazione* meeting.

26th January.—Meeting of the Agri-Horticultural Society. Sir John Peter Grant in the chair.

28th January.—Meeting at the Town Hall to bear testimony to C. B. Greenlaw. Archdeacon T. Dealtry in the chair.

30th January.—Meeting at Babu Chunder Sekhar Deb's house. Raja Baroda Kanto Roy in the chair.

6th February.—Meeting at the garden house of Babu Sree Kissen Sing. Manicktola, *conversazione* meeting.

13th February.—Meeting at the garden house of Babu Sree Kissen Sing. Raja Satya Sharan Ghosal in the chair.

20th February.—Meeting at the garden house of

* Some of these Lectures were published in 1843 and a revised edition was published by Babu Raj Jogessur Mitter in 1895.

Babu Sree Kissen Sing. Babu Chunder Sekhar Deb in the chair.

27th February.—Meeting at the garden house of Babu Sree Kissen Sing. *Conversazione* meeting.

1st March.—Meeting at the foundation of Mutty Lal Seal's free school. The Rev. Mr. Johnson of St. Xavier's College in the chair.

6th March.—Meeting at the Fouzdari Balakhana Hall (premises No 31). Babu Harz Kumar Tagore in the chair.

7th March.—Meeting of the Mechanics' Institute. The Rev. Mr. Boaz, the vice-president, in the chair.

9th March.—Meeting of the Agri-Horticultural Society. Sir John Peter Grant in the chair.

13th March.—Meeting at the Fouzdari Balakhana. Babu Sree Kissen Sing in the chair.

14th March.—Meeting of the Oriental Seminary. Sir Robert Peel in the chair.

16th March.—Meeting of Parental Academic Institution (now called Doveton College). Dr. Duff in the chair.

20th March.—Meeting at the Fouzdari Balakhana. Babu Hari Mohan Sen in the chair.

22nd March.—Meeting at the Landholders' Society.

6th April.—Meeting at the Fouzdari Balakhana. Mr. Thompson in the chair.

13th April.—Meeting at the Fouzdari Balakhana. Mr. G. T. F. Speede in the chair.

18th April.—Meeting in the Town Hall for presenting address to Mr. J. Sullivan. Mr. Adam Frere Smith, the Sheriff, in the chair.

20th April.—Meeting at Fouzdari Balakhana Hall. Mr. Thompson in the chair.

The reader will see that political addresses were at first delivered at the garden house of Babu Sree Kissen Sing at Manicktola, where meetings of the Academic Association, held under the auspices of David Hare and H. L. V. Derozio, used to take place. From Manicktola Garden house, the scene was shifted to Fouzdari Balakhana Hall (premises No. 31), which was placed at the disposal of the public by Dr. D. Gupta and Dr. Gouri Sunker Mitter of Goopta and Mitter, who had their dispensary located in the lower flat of the premises. These meetings were held at the express desire of the Indians themselves, and the interest excited by Mr. Thompson's addresses spread rapidly. At their earnest desire, Mr. Thompson set apart a night in every week to meet young educated Bengalees and to address them upon their social and political condition and the means of advancing the people of India. The impetus, once given to the movement of mind, continued increasing in power as it went on. It was at his feet, we may say, Babus Ram Gopaul Ghose, Russick Krishna Mullick, Rev. K. M. Banerjee, Peary Chand Mittra, Dukhina Ranjan Mukerjee, Tara Chand Chuckerbutty, Kissory Chand Mittra and their compeers learnt the art of elocution and took lessons in politics. The young band of hope were struck with admiration for the commanding voice and measured force of delivery of this Parliamentary Radical Member. Lord Brougham, the President to the London British Indian Society, once remarked that Mr. Thompson had the most persuasive voice of any orator he ever listened to; and his competent testimony was confirmed by all Indians who heard Mr. Thompson's voice. Mr. Thompson's speeches gave the first direct impulse to political agitation by

the educated Bengalees. At about this time there occurred something which is worth noticing. A meeting under the auspices of the Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge was held on 8th February 1843, under the presidency of Babu Tara Chand Chuckerbutty when Babu Dukhina Ranjan Mukerjee read a paper* on the "Present Condition of the East India Company's Courts of Judicature and Police under the Bengal Presidency." On account of its seditious character, Captain D. L. Richardson, the Principal of Hindoo College, who was present there as a visitor, rose and tried to close the meeting, saying that he cannot "convert the College into a den of treason, and must close the doors against all such meetings." The conduct of D. L. R. having been thought insulting to the meeting, the members abandoned the use of the College Hall and shifted to the Fouzdari Balakhana Hall. In the subsequent annual meeting held on the 8th March, the Chairman's action was supported and a vote of thanks was passed for his spirited and independent conduct on that evening when Captain Richardson interrupted the perusal of the essay and behaved insultingly towards the members. The addresses delivered by Mr. Thompson led to the awakening of a sense of duty in a number of the members to further the good work of national amelioration, and give an *impetus* to the promotion of enquiries into matters coming within the reach of that object. The heart of some of the members leaped with joy at the thought that they have at last found a friend and a co-adjutor through whom they could secure the future happiness and well-being of their countrymen. An association for the political discussion was strongly felt as the object of the Society for the Acquisition of

* This essay was published in the *Bengal Hurkaru* of 2nd and 3rd March 1843.

General Knowledge was not a political one, but for "promoting mutual improvement." The Society died but only to rise like a Phoenix from its ashes. The Landholders' Association was lately sunk in a profound lethargy. A large number of gentlemen attending the weekly meetings of Mr. Thompson, were for some time anxious that a society should be founded upon a broad, a firm and an unexceptionable basis, to gain the object, and that the information given and received at these meetings should be applied to practical and beneficial ends. A provisional committee was formed for the purpose. A meeting was held at the Fouzdari Balakhana on the 20th April 1843, with Mr. Thompson in the chair, when the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

I. That in the deliberate and solemn judgment of this meeting, the circumstances of the British Indian Empire, and the relation subsisting between that empire and the Government and people of Great Britain, impose upon every individual member of the community, the duty of doing all in his power to ameliorate the condition of the people, and to advance the general prosperity of this country.

II. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that in addition to individual effort, it is expedient and necessary that a Society should be formed in Calcutta, upon a basis that shall admit of the friendly co-operation of all persons anxious to promote the good of India, and the improvement, efficiency, and stability of the British Government, without respect of caste, creed, place of birth or rank in society.

III. That a society be now formed and denominated The Bengal British India Society; the object of which shall be, the collection and dissemination of

information, relating to the actual condition of the people of British India, and the laws, institutions, and resources of the country; and to employ such other means of a peaceable and lawful character, as may appear calculated to secure the welfare, extend the just rights, and advance the interests of all classes of our fellow subjects.

IV. That the Society shall adopt and recommend such measures only, as are consistent with pure loyalty to the person and government of the reigning Sovereign of the British dominions, and the due observance of the Laws and Regulations of this country.

V. That all persons of adult age, and not at the time receiving instruction in any public seminary, contributing to the funds of the Society and conscientiously subscribing to the above fundamental Resolutions, shall be eligible to Membership.

VI. That the following gentlemen, *viz.*, Babus Chunder Shekar Deb, Ram Gopaul Ghose, Tarachand Chuckerbutty, and Seary Chand Mittra, be a Committee to prepare an Address to the public, founded upon the foregoing resolutions, together with a list of officers, and such rules and regulations as may appear to be necessary for the management of the affairs of the Society, and submit the same to a general meeting of members, to be held in this place, on Thursday evening, the 4th May.

Mr. Thompson, the Chairman, in his speech said:—

From the moment of landing upon these shores, and becoming acquainted with the native gentlemen of Calcutta, it has been his desire to see such a Society as that which had just been formed. At the same time he had felt and seen the necessity of delaying the event, that the fullest time might be given for the consideration of the nature

and design of such an institution. His previous addresses had all been intended to prepare the way for what had that night taken place. He had sought rather to magnify than diminish the solemnity of the duties attached to such an organization, that those who subsequently united themselves, might fully understand what would be required of them, and commence their operations suitably impressed with a sense of the responsibilities they would assume. What had been done therefore, had been done deliberately, and with a knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered, the labours to be performed, and the patience, forbearance and perseverance which would be required at the hands of every member. No clip-trap arts has been engaged to seduce any individual into the commission of an act which he might afterwards repent, and feel it necessary to abandon. Nothing had been promised in the shape of present or renown. No honors, situations, or emoluments had been held out. The work before them had been recommended solely on the ground of its necessity for the good of others, and the moral and intellectual benefit which an upright and pure minded discharge of duty would confer upon the individual himself. Such were the motives which had been urged, and he trusted that no others had influenced any gentleman in giving a vote that evening. Assuming, that what had been done on these principles he (Mr. Thompson) had only now to say, which he did from the ground of his heart, that he wished the Society "God speed." His greatest reward would be (it was the only one he sought) to witness its prosperity. In what he had said and done in the meetings which had been held, he had not aimed at popularity, or fame, or leadership. For the future, as long as he remained in India, he should feel it a sufficient honor to be a humble fellow-worker. The Society might command his services at all times. There was no sacrifice of ease or personal enjoyment which he was not prepared to make if he might in any degree contribute to its success. But let no man seek to be a leader, nor any man relieve himself from responsibility or trouble by blindly following a leader. Let each member act as though the welfare and usefulness of the Society

depended upon himself. At the same time let there be a spirit of mutual conciliation and deference. Above all, let no member hazard the character of the Society by pursuing a violent or self-willed course. Let him submit his measures to the consideration of his brethren, and if they do not recommend themselves to their judgment let him bow to their decision, or retire from a body that finds itself unable to sanction his intended acts. The experience of the last three months will, I hope, have been found to have had a salutary effect. We may all have fallen into some errors, and there is no stronger evidence of true greatness of mind, or sincere attachment to any cause, than the renunciation of a course, which is proved to be injudicious or hurtful. Let us take advice from all quarters, and shape our actions according to the dictates of sound wisdom, without such a degree of attachment to our own pre-conceived opinion as would prevent us from profiting by the counsel of others. I will say no more. You have now fairly embarked in the cause of your country. May God bless you in your deed! And, when I shall no longer have it in my power to be a witness of your exertions, may I continue to hear a good report concerning you, and have cause to be proud of the honor of having been in the humblest capacity a contributor to your success.

The other speakers in the meeting were Mr. G. T. F. Speede, Mr. M. Crow, Babus Tarachand Chuckerbutty, Ram Gopaul Ghose, Peary Chand Mittra, etc.

The Bengal British Indian Society was established on the 20th April 1843. The following was the constitution of the Society:—

President:—Mr. George Thompson. *Honorary Secretary*:—Babu Peary Chand Mittra. *Treasurer*:—Babu Ram Gopaul Ghose. *Members of Committee*:—Messrs. G. F. Remfry, G. T. F. Speede, M. Crow, Babus Hurry Mohan Sen, Tarachand Chuckerbutty, Gobind Chunder Sen, Chunder Sekhar Deb, Dukhina Ranjan

Mukerjee, Brojonath Dhur, Rev. Krishna Mohan Banerjee, Shama Charan Sen and Sautcouri Dutt.

At subsequent meetings, Mr. G. F. Remfry and Babu Ram Gopaul Ghose were appointed Vice-Presidents to the Society.

The Society was in fact the nursery of a band of young politicians who, sensible of their duty, gave vent to their thoughts and feelings with a freedom of speech which shook the nerves of the most impassionate Englishman both in India and England. Week after week there was a rush to that political arena where its President, Mr. Thompson, and members delighted their audience with the most pleasing visions about the future of India. In the midst of all these works, Mr. Thompson left Calcutta* for Delhi on the 8th June.

At a meeting of the Committee held on the 6th June their regret for his departure was recorded. All its business devolved upon its worthy Secretary. All the "current coins of the day" (e.g., the appointment of Deputy Magistrates, reforms in the Registration Department) were discussed, and many reforms in the country were introduced. The Society used to correspond regularly with the British Indian Society in London. After Mr. Thompson, Mr. W. Theobald was elected President, who was followed by Ram Gopaul Ghose in December 1845. But gradually the interests of the objects of the Society began to wane and the Society lingered slowly for some years till it was renovated again with a new nomenclature. The Charter of 1833 expired in 1853 and it was thought by the educated Bengalees to unite the

* Mr. Thompson came again in India in 1857 and put up with the late Hon'ble Prosonno Coomar Tagore and Babu Kissory Chand Mittra. He took an active part in the *Non-Exemption* Meeting held on 6th April 1857. Mr. Thompson died in October 1878.

two political associations, the one representing the patricians and the other the plebeians. The two Associations, the Landholders' Association and the British Indian Society were therefore united on the 29th October 1851 under the designation of the British Indian Association. The objects of the Association, as stated in the prospectus, were "to promote the improvement and efficiency of the British Indian Government by every legitimate means in its power, and thereby to advance the common interests of Great Britain and India and ameliorate the condition of the native inhabitants of the subject territory." The following gentlemen were the first officers of the newly-formed Association. *President* :—Raja Radha Kant Deb. *Vice-President* :—Raja Kali Krishna Deb. *Honorary Secretary* :—Babu Debendra Nath Tagore. *Assistant Secretary* :—Babu Digumbar Mitter. *Members of the Committee* :—Raja Satya Saran Ghosal, Babus Hara Kumar Tagore, Prosonno Kumar Tagore, Rama Nath Tagore, Ram Gopaul Ghose, Peary Chand Mittra, Joy Kissen Mukerjee, Sambhoo Nath Pandit, Krishna Kisser Ghose, Ashutosh Deb, Hari Mohan Sen, Jagadananda Mukerjee and Woomesh Chandra Dutt.

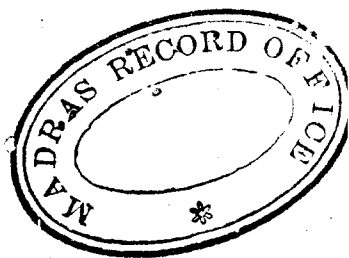
The British Indian Association represents the premier political institution in Bengal. Seeing the good work done by the British Indian Association, other political institutions came to be established in different parts of India.

The Friend of India used to compare ironically the roarings of Mr. Thompson at Balakhana with those of Balahissar in the West, but the reader will see how the seed germinated by Mr. Thompson developed into a stately tree.

It is now more than sixty years past that Mr.

Thompson laid the foundation of these political propagandas, and it is now more than sixty years that he is gratefully venerated by every Indian for the great interest and zeal he evinced in rousing the attention of the Indian Community to ameliorate the condition of their country, the sound judicious advice he imparted from time to time as to their mode of procedure and the means they should employ in furtherance of that end, his repeated assurances for the warm advocacy of their cause, his liberal contribution to the *conversazioni* and to the British Indian Society and the assistance rendered by him in the formation of the latter institution.

S. M.



CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE HEART OF INDIA.—By L. D. Barnett, M.A., Litt. D., Professor of Sanskrit at University College, London. John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

THIS most recent addition to The Wisdom of the East Series will be found most fascinating, written as it is in an attractive style and, with an interest wholly apart from the heaviness to be expected from so uninteresting a subject. The author in the opening chapter compares the trains of thought of two great nations—the Greeks and Indians—and therein he dwells on an absorbing description of the gods of the Rig Veda, proceeding in the third to dilate on the unknown god; Brahma or the World-Idea is the subject of the fourth chapter and a description of the Brāhmanas and Upanishads occupies the fifth, while the principles of the Upanishads naturally occupy the next. A chapter from the Mahabharata on the words of the Preacher leads to one from the same source on the Heavenly way, after which follows one on the Religion of Sankara and Rāmāṇja the religion of Philosophers. The worship of Vishnu, Rama and Krishna as dealt with by the author will be found not the least interesting chapter in a group of interesting ones. Tulsī Dās, the Vishnuite reformer, receives full treatment, as does Nanak, Tukā Rām and Māyā. Short chapters follow on the worship of Siva, Sivaite Theology in the South, two Tamil votaries of Siva, Sivaite Puritans, “Kapilas” and the Anti Brāhmanas and others help to complete in small compass a work on which the author and publisher alike are to be congratulated.

SKETCHES OF THE RULERS OF INDIA.—Vol. III. By G. D. Oswell, M.A., Oxon., Principal of Rajkumar College, Raipur, Central Provinces, India. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

THIS volume of what will prove a most valuable historical record shows the depth of research the author has indulged in.

An instructive introduction is followed by chapters on the Consolidation of British Rule and the Marquess of Cornwallis; the development of the Company into the Supreme Power of India and on the Marquess of Wellesley. The Final overthrow of the Mahratta Power is dealt with in chapter III, which also deals with the period of the Marquess of Hastings' rule. This is followed by a record of events during the Governorship of the Earl of Amherst including the British advance eastwards to Burma. The remaining chapters record the time and principal happenings during the period when Lord William Bentinck and Viscount Hardinge ruled the destinies of the country, the final chapter dealing with the struggle for India by the European nations and also with Duplex and the French, 1741-1809.

BUDDHIST ESSAYS.—By Paul Dahlke. Translated from the German by Bhikku Silacara. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.

THROUGHOUT this work the author shows how deep he has delved into the study of the life of Buddha and how intimately he is acquainted with Buddhism. The opening chapter deals with the life of Buddha and describes his ancestry and realisation of what he believed to be the acquisition of the truth. He then deals briefly with the leading doctrines of Buddhism and some characteristics of Buddhism. Morality in Buddhism receives careful and enlightened treatment, while an intensely interesting chapter on "After death" shows the care with which the author has dwelt on and studied his subject. There are chapters on Asceticism, Women and Beginning and End—the two riddles of the world. Not the least interesting will be found the two concluding chapters on a Brief Historical Development of Buddhism and the World Mission of Buddhism. The work of translation gives evidence of painstaking effort, and for those interested in the subject the work will be found not only of absorbing interest but, a source of considerable information.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Present Anarchy, by Haji Mohammed Ismail Khan, Agra. The Abdul Ullai Press, Agra.

An Indian Study of Love and Death, by Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. Longmans, Green and Co., London, New York, Bombay and Calcutta.

Report on Inland Emigration during the year ending 30th June 1908, by C. Banks, Esq., M.D., C.M., D.P.H., Superintendent of Emigration, Calcutta. Bengal Secretariat Press.

Report on the Administration of the Department of Agriculture of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh for the year ending 30th June 1908. Allahabad Government Press.

Indian Antiquary, September and October 1908.

The Heart of India. Sketches in the History of Hindu Religion and Morals, by L. D. Barnett, M.D., Litt. D. Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, W.

Sketches of Rulers of India, Vols. III and IV, by G. D. Oswell, M.A., Oxon. The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

The Quarterly Indian Army List for 1st January, 1909. Government Printing Office, India.

The Quarterly Civil List for Bengal for October 1908. Bengal Secretariat Press, Calcutta.

THE FAUNA OF BRITISH INDIA, including Ceylon and Burma. Published under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council. Medium 8vo., with numerous illustrations. MOLLUSCA: one vol. Price 10s. RHYNCHOTA, Vol. IV. P. 2. Price 10s.

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