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IN India, far more than in any part of Europe, even Italy, the life of the present is imposed upon the strata of successive past generations. Vedic, Brahminic, Buddhist, and Muslim civilizations have flourished and decayed on nearly the same spot, and we find a city like Benares surviving all revolutions, and remaining a centre of commercial and religious life. It is impossible to tell when the Hindus began to build temples and tanks and ghats by the broad waters of the Ganges, and Benares became the centre of Hindoo religious life. It was at an early stage in the world's history when men began to worship the fertilising power of a stream and to deify the beneficent gifts of nature. The beautiful goddess Ganga is the heroine of many a Hindu mythological legend. She is intimately connected with Śiva, the chief deity of Benares, and the River Ganga is represented falling from his head. Śiva is Time, the Sun, Fire, the destroyer, the generator. But it is as the generator he is worshipped at Benares. The temple which attracts the most worshippers and receives the highest meed of honour is dedicated to him, and his image is a plain lingam. Before it is the kneeling Bull, Nandin the gladdener. Moore, in his Hindu Pantheon, writes:—"As the God of Justice, which character he shares with Yama, and other deities, he rides a bull, the symbol of divine justice." It is, however, the common symbol of the Phallic worship, as re-
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presented in the legend of Europa. It was for this reason that the Jews regarded the making of a golden calf as a deadly sin. The worship of the Bull was a part of the fetish worship of the Egyptians, and to make a calf was to relapse into the foul rites of their old masters. And the Lord said unto Moses, "Go, get thee down; for thy people which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt have corrupted themselves. They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them; they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, these be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." Serpents are bound in Śiva's hair, are round his neck, wrists, waist, arms, and legs. A crescent on his forehead or his hair is common in images or pictures of him. The male creator has from the earliest times been identified with the Sun, and the female with the crescent Moon; and one of the symbols of this celestial union of the sexes was a Sun lying within the Moon's crescent. The crescent is the prominent symbol in all the lingam temples in India. It was the chief symbol of the Kaaba at Mecca, where the obscene worship of the black stone roused the sensitive mind of Muhammad. The Muhammadans adopted the symbol of the old cult, but against the cult like their founder they have waged ruthless war. Mahmud of Ghazni broke to pieces the lingam at Somnath, one of the most sacred shrines belonging to the worship: Aurangzeb at Benares destroyed the old temple of Śiva, and built upon its site a mosque.

The rays of the setting sun fall on the gilded tower of the temple of Visvesvara, the Lord of all, as we approach the shrine. Over the narrow doorway which leads to the temple is a small figure of Ganeśa, the God of Prudence and Policy, first-born of Śiva and Parvati. "He is represented with an elephant’s head, an emblem of sagacity; and is frequently attended by a rat, sometimes riding on one, the con-
duct of that animal being esteemed by the Hindus as peculiarly marked by wisdom and foresight: he has generally four hands, but sometimes six or eight or only two. He is invoked by a Hindu, I believe, of all sects, in the outset of any business; if he build a house, an image of Ganeśa is previously propitiated and set upon or near the spot; if he write a book, Ganeśa is saluted at its commencement, as he is also at the top of a letter; beginning a journey Ganeśa is implored to protect him, and for the accommoda-

![Golden Temple](image)

...tion of travellers his image is occasionally seen on the roadside, especially where two roads cross; but sometimes it is little else than a stone rudely chiseled into something like an elephant's head, with oil and red ochre daubed over it, decorated perhaps with a chaplet of flowers by some pious neighbour or traveller." Over the shops of bankers and other tradesmen the figure of Ganeśa is often seen. There is no deity so often addressed as the God of Wisdom and Prudence. He bears a resemblance to Janus, "the god who presided over the beginning of all undertakings; the first
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libations of wine and wheat were offered to him and a preface of all prayers was addressed to him.” Passing through the doorway we enter an enclosure, where several shrines are visible. Worshippers, male and female, are paying their devotions at them. A half-naked Brahman, with clear-cut intellectual features and a bearing which denotes the breeding of centuries, pauses a few moments before one of the minor shrines, and then proceeds to the symbol of Śiva, and bows with deep reverence before it. He then rises and gives to the priest his offering, a few pieces of silver, some grain and rice, and he rings one of the bells suspended from the roof to attract the attention of the god. Then comes a woman with a bright graceful robe thrown round her almond-coloured body so as to reveal its graceful contour, her jet black hair is tightly fastened by a roughly ornamented comb, and ornaments of gold and silver are on her wrists. With wonderful grace she carries a large plate containing bright flowers and rice and grain as emblems of fertility. Her whole soul seems overawed as she prostrates herself before the deity and invokes him for the blessing of fruitfulness. The temples of Visvesvara are not attractive from a purely architectural point of view. The carving upon them is poor, but the dome and tower glittering in the sun is effective. Leaving the enclosure we come to a large collection of lingams raised upon a platform, and into the wall are built many small idols. They are supposed to have been taken from the old temple which Aurangzeb destroyed, whose remains form a large portion of the western wall of the mosque. The mosque itself is chiefly interesting on account of the Muhammadans having done what they had so often done in other parts of India—used the pillars of the Hindoo fane for their own shrine.

Between the mosque and the temple of Visvesvar, situated in a quadrangle surrounded by a handsome colonnade is the Gyan Kup, or well of knowledge. Here Śiva is sup-
posed to reside. The quadrangle is filled with mendicants, pilgrims, aristocratic Brahmans, women and children, and cows, all huddled together. There is the Vairagi, with his necklaces and beads, the revolting looking Naga with long curls on his head, a lungoti round the waist, and his body
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coloured to an ashy tint. A crowd is gathered around a sleek looking man in a red dress, who is accompanied by a bull covered with a long shift adorned with shells. A picture of Mahadev on the turban marks the Jokri sect, and he is singing an account of the wars of Mahadev to extract alms from the faithful. Near the platform of the well stands a man, shaven from head to foot, with his body rubbed with ashes. A piece of red cloth is round his waist, and in one hand he carries a vessel with a spout, in the other a bamboo at the top of which a piece of red cloth is tied. This is the danda or one who keeps a dand (bamboo stick) with him. The vessel is his sole possession in the world. He uses it for bathing, drinking, and eating. Silver and gold he scorns. He buys cooked food from Brahmans; for to cook it himself would deprive him of a fragment of time which must be wholly spent in the contemplation of the deity. The well is surrounded by a colonnade with handsome pillars, and crowds of pilgrims are pushing forward in order to throw into the stagnant greenish water offerings of flowers. A Brahman draws a silver goblet full of the liquid, and with a look of rapt ecstasy a woman drains the fluid which exhales a fetid smell. The sight is too much for the nerves; and we move away glad to escape from the greasy men and women and the deafening din of gongs and voices. We come to the figure of a large bull, about seven feet high, cut in stone, dedicated to the God Mahadev, and a little further is a temple dedicated to the same deity. All around are small fanes of no great architectural beauty, but the rich carving, full of life and originality, which adorns them from base to summit well repays study. Leaving these Eastern caskets we come to a small shrine dedicated to Saniscara, or the planet Saturn. The image is a round silver disc, from which hangs an apron to conceal the absence of a body. For seven years Saturn troubles the life of every man who does not worship at his shrine. Near Saturn is a shrine of the
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good Anapurna, who takes care that none suffer from hunger. She is a very common household deity, and in the Deccan most families include her among their Diti Penates. She is represented usually with a ladle in her hand, in the company of Ganeśa, with the lingam of Śiva before him, and the kneeling bull on the other side. The Mahratta matron prays for children to the lingam, to Ganeśa for prudence and propriety of conduct, and to Anapurna for daily bread. Her shrine at Benares was built by one of the Peshwas. It consists of a tower and a dome supported by pillars, between which a bell is hung, which is constantly kept sounding by devout worshippers. The goddess has silver eyes and a necklace of jewels, and wears a mask of gold or burnished copper. The temple stands in the centre of a quadrangle, in each corner of which is a shrine respectively dedicated to the Sun, Ganeśa, Gauri (sankara), and Hanuman, the monkey god; the last being an immediate offspring of the favour of the sun, is regarded as the son of Śiva. The idol representing the sun is seated in a chariot drawn by seven horses, and is surrounded by a halo indicative of the rays of light which he emits from his person in all directions. Near the shrine of Gauri is a stone box meant to contain all the gifts of rice and grain of the pilgrims. Hundreds of the poor are thus daily supplied with food. At the threshold of the temple are seated beggars, with cups in their hands, into which the worshippers, as they enter or depart from the temple, throw small quantities of grain.

Benares is bounded by a road which, though fifty miles in circuit, is never distant from the city more than five kos (1½ miles): hence its name Panch-kos Road. All who die within this boundary, be they Brahman or low caste, Muslim or Christian, be they liars, thieves or murderers, are sure of admittance into Śiva's heaven. 'To tread the Panch-kos Road is one of the great ambitions of a Hindu's life. Even if he be an inhabitant of the sacred
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city he must traverse it once in the year to free himself from the impurities and sins contracted within the holy precincts. Thousands from all parts of India make the pilgrimage every year. By the roadside, lined with noble trees, there are tanks where the pilgrim must perform the sacred ablutions, and there are numerous shrines to which he may offer his prayers. The journey must be made on foot, and the luxury of shoes is not permitted. On the way the pilgrim must not quarrel or use harsh language, and he must not give or receive any gift from a friend—nay, not even a handful of grain nor a cup of water. But along the last stage he scatters barley on the ground in honour of Śiva, the emblem of creation. Arrived at the Manikaranika Ghat, from whence he started, he bathes in the river, makes an offering of money to the priest in attendance, and then goes to the temple of Sakshi-Binark, or the witness-bearing Ganeśa, to have his pilgrimage attested and recorded by the deity. The temple stands in a square, and was built by a Mahāratta a little more than a century ago. Near it is a small shrine dedicated to the planet Venus, or Sukresvara, where persons come to pray who wish to have handsome sons. Even on the barren a fine son is bestowed, and so long as he lives in the sacred city he passes a happy life, and at death he departs to Śiva. Aphrodite also had a similar power of granting beauty. Darkness had begun to fall as we reached the temple of Venus. Lamps are lit in the shrines, and the priests sound the bells, not to invite worshippers, but to inform the world that the deity was about to retire to rest. We, too, are glad to escape from the filthy smells and noises and the weird idols of the dark worship of Śiva. Here are no sensuous charms united to spiritual life, but all is revolting and material.

At the break of dawn we find ourselves at the Observatory by the riverside, the sun has begun to shine brightly
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on the blue waters of the Ganges, and a clear cold wind to blow away the mist which enveloped the city. A broad flight of steps leads to the summit of a huge massive building, a terraced height well suited to the watchers of the stars. The apparatus does credit to the zeal and knowledge of science possessed by the Hindus two centuries ago. There is a mural quadrant, by means of which the sun's greatest declination and the latitude of the place can be ascertained. There is a gigantic gnomon, thirty-six feet long, sloping and pointing to the north pole, which is rightly termed Yantra-Samrat, or prince of instruments. On each side of it are arcs of a circle so divided as to act as a sun-dial. Near to the dial is a small mural quadrant, and to the east is a gigantic equinoctial circle made of stone. Then we come to an instrument called Chakrajantra. It consists of a circle of iron turning on an axis fastened to two walls, and pointing to the north pole. It was intended to show the declination of any star or planet. Not far from it is an azimuth compass, consisting of an outer and inner wall surrounding a broad pillar. The upper part of both walls is graduated into 360 degrees, and shows the points of the compass with iron spikes to mark the cardinal points. The Observatory at Benares has fallen into neglect and disuse, and we could find no one to explain the use of the instruments. At one time the cool cloisters were thronged with sages, who strove to read the destinies of man in the books of the heavens, and calculated the celestial changes on which the Hindu festivals depend. Tavernier has given us a description of the Observatory in its palmy days, when two of the young princes of Jeypore were pupils there, studying astronomy under skilful pundits. He writes:

"I saw two of the children of that prince at school, who had for their masters several Brahmins, who taught them to write and read in a language peculiar to the idolaters' priests, and far different from the speech of the common people."
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ing the court of that Colledge, and casting my eyes up, I discovered two galleries that went round the court, where I saw the two princes sitting, attended by several petty lords and Brahmans, who made several mathematical figures upon the ground with chalk. The two princes, seeing me, sent to know who I was; and understanding I was a Frank, they sent for me up, and asked me several questions touching Europe and particularly touching France. Whereupon there being two globes in the room which the Hollanders had given the Brahmans, I showed the princes where France lay upon one of them."

After leaving the Observatory we entered a boat to float down the stream. We had often read and heard of the delights of seeing Benares from the river, but we had no conception of the beauty and infinite variety of the views which unfold themselves to the eye. We see the large stone azimuth circle towering above the centre of the Observatory, and a lovely balcony overhangs the river. With wonderful skill the projection is covered, as the height increases, with massive ornaments, and so all sense of instability is avoided. The sun lights up a long, red sandstone frontage with a massive gateway flanked by flowers. Near is a picturesque old temple with a tamarind tree hanging overhead, and a priest in yellow is seated near telling his beads. Then we float by a ghat crowded with women and children. How picturesque they look in their close bodices and pink, purple, and yellow robes? The clinging garments reveal their supple charms as they emerge from the waters, but with wonderful dexterity their wet garments are swiftly changed under a large wrapper. It is only the fat and forty who are awkward. The garments changed, the Brahman priest fixes the frontal mark, and pronounces a mantra, or sacred text, for his spiritual daughters. Then we slowly drop by a long ghat backed by a picturesque terrace, which is crowded with priests, old and young, dressed in green and yellow, seated under kiosks and parasols, all busily engaged retailing chaplets and armlets, and certificates of purifica-
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tion to the throngs of pilgrims which crowd the steps. We watch father, wife and little boy being led by two contending priests to the river's brink. The woman throws off the greater part of her clothing as she approaches the water's edge, and hands it to the sleek young Brahman who has got the better of his rival. Then she plunges into the sacred stream. The fat copper urchin is stripped of his gaudy clothes by his stern parent, and handed to the dame, who plunges him, unwilling to be cleansed of his sins, in the sacred waters. Then with considerable dignity the head of the house enters the stream. After thoroughly washing away the sins of years, the family return to the sleek Brahman, who marks their foreheads. The father returns to the water's edge and fills a bottle, which he carries to an aged priest dressed in bright green, seated near, and he, with great solemnity, sets a seal to mark its genuineness. The great object of hope is realized. The pilgrimage to Benares has been made. In some remote village will that bottle be carefully preserved; and round the fire at night will often be told the tale of the wondrous sights seen in the sacred city. Happy is he who makes a pilgrimage to Benares, but thrice happy is he whose soul ebbs away at its sacred stream, and whose body becomes a prey to the flames at the sacred ghat. As we pass it we see the funeral piles and a body by the water's edge ready to be placed on one of them. The rays of the sun light up the graceful spire of the golden temple, and glitter on the stream, and fill the white sails of the small shallops which are swiftly skimming over the water. At the Manikaranika, one of the most sacred of all the ghats, our water pilgrimage comes to an end.

We mount the steps and watch the women bathing in the sacred tank: its fetid water is regarded as a healing balm which will wash away all the sins of the soul. A poor creature whose leprous limbs are fast falling away totts
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down the steps. Then he descends into the water and laves his head and body with the liquid. By the tank are lying two or three other stricken creatures. Then across the mind rises a vision of that scene enacted nineteen centuries ago at the pool of Bethesda. In a niche upon the stairs is a figure of Vishnu, the preserver—the second person of the Hindu Trimurti or Triad. Legend states:

"The god Vishnu dug this well with his discus, and in the place of water filled it with perspiration from his own body, and gave it the name of chakra pushkarini. He then proceeded to its north side and began to practise asceticism. In the meantime, the god Mahadeva arrived, and looking into the well beheld in it the beauty of a hundred millions of suns, with which he was so enraptured that he at once broke out into loud praise of Vishnu; and in his joy declared that whatever gifts he might ask of him he would grant. Gratified at the offer Vishnu replied that his request was that Mahadeva should always reside with him. Mahadeva, hearing this, felt greatly flattered by it, and his body shook with delight. From the violence of the motion, an earring, called, manikarnika, fell from his ear into the well. From this circumstance Mahadeva gave the well the name of Manikaranaka, and endowed it with two properties—the first, muktikshetra (salvation field), that of bestowing salvation on its worshippers; and the second, turansubhakarni, that of granting accomplishment to every good work; and commanded that it should be the chief and most efficacious of pilgrimages."

In front of the tank is the temple of Tarkeshwar, or the god of salvation. If this deity has been propitiated, he can pour into the ear of the dying Hindu a charm of such efficacy that it delivers him from misery, and secures for him an eternity of happiness and joy. The idol is invisible because it is kept in a cistern filled with water. Above this temple is a large round slab, called charan-paduka, which projects slightly from the pavement, and in the middle of it stands a stone pedestal, the top of which is inlaid with marble. In the centre of the marble are two small flat
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objects which are supposed to represent the two feet of Vishnu, and mark the exact spot where he

"Down right into the world's first region threw
His flight precipitant."

The spot is held in great veneration, and multitudes flock to the feet of Vishnu, in the sure hope that it will give them a certain introduction into heaven. Near the sacred spot is a temple containing a hideous figure of Ganeśa, having three eyes, a silver-plated scalp ornamented with a garland of flowers, and an elephant's trunk partially concealed behind a cloth. At the foot of the idol is the figure of a rat, and a small fountain. Leaving this temple we proceed to tread our way homewards through the narrow streets. It is a difficult task on account of the men, women, children, beggars, and bulls sacred to Śiva, which throng the narrow way. The lofty houses richly embellished with galleries, projecting oriel windows, and broad and overhanging eaves keep out the rays of the sun. Under the shadow of the houses, and at the angles of the streets, are shrines covered with flowers, animals, and palm branches, all wrought with sharpness and delicacy, and displaying a wealth of imagination. They were evidently done by men who enjoyed giving play to their genius. Wide spaces of the houses are covered with deep and rich colour; no attempt is made at design; but the pleasure must be derived from the hues alone. The whole street is life, movement, and colour. The shops are bright with brass and copper vessels of all kinds and shapes, some intended for domestic use and others for that of the temple. From the shops of the dyers hang cloths of all colours: brilliant green and rich blue, deep red, and superb yellow. In the cloth merchant's we gaze at bales of costly tissues, and scarves of gold and silver stuff with deep fringed borders beautifully wrought. A little urchin with yellow silk trousers and scarlet coat is trying

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on a velvet cap largely ornamented with tinsel. After much haggling it is purchased, and the proud parents carry him away. Then a halt is made at a confectioner's. In the front the senior partner is engaged in selling the delicacies, at the back a very greasy assistant with a black cloth round him is engaged in pouring from huge ladles upon an iron plate a very black mixture, upon which the flies are sitting in myriads. One more dream of life is dispelled. The dainty cookshops, of which one as a boy used to read with hungry delight in the "Arabian Nights," do not exist. Thus observing, we pass through the most unique city in the East.

At evening we drove to the Ashi Ghat and were slowly towed up the river, past the palace of Rammagar, which crowns the water's edge. Then we set sail and tacked across the stream, narrowly escaping collision with a cotton boat which was swiftly sailing down the stream with her wide saffron sail full set. At the wharf we were courteously met by the secretary of the Maharaja, who escorted us to the Castle. In a fine room paved with marble we met the son of the rajah, who was most courteous. He led us to a marble balcony, which commands a view of surpassing beauty. Below us are the broad blue waters of the Ganges, opposite are the green corn-fields and groves of trees of the most luxuriant kind. Down the stream we see the temples overhanging the waters glowing in the sunlight, and the graceful minarets of the mosque towering to the sky. The sun had set when we re-embarked; and a thick mist had fallen over the river, but through the mist shone the lights on the Ghats, and seen through the veil of night the houses looked dark and grim. Then suddenly we turn a bend of the stream, and we see vast tongues of fire shooting forth from a pyre. The crackling of the wood breaks the stillness around, and through the red light, perched on some steps are seen the mourners. And

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"I felt the wind soft from the land of souls;
The old miraculous mountains heaved in sight
One straining past another, along the shore,
The way of grand dull Odyssean ghosts
A thirst to drink the cool blue wine of the seas
And stare on voyagers."

At dawn we left Benares and drove across a vast green plain of corn covered with fine groves of trees, to Sarnath, to see the old Buddhist relics. This small insignificant village, with its brick houses and squalid huts, is one of the most sacred spots in the world. It is the Jerusalem of millions of beings, for the great tower which rises near it marks the spot where Buddha for the first time "turned the wheel of the law"—that is, where he first preached the doctrines which have supplied spiritual life to millions. "Be pure, be good; this is the foundation of wisdom; to restrain desire, to be satisfied with little. He is a holy man who doeth this. Knowledge follows this." Here is the essence of Buddhism, here is its power: and Buddha added: "Go into all lands and preach this gospel; tell them that the poor and lowly, the rich and high, are all one, and that all castes unite in this religion, as unite the rivers to the sea."¹ Thus the lowest Sudvas or aboriginal was placed on an equal rank and received equal rank with the Brahman and Kshatriya, and the teaching of Buddha, like the teaching of Christ, won the hearts of the people. But as the author of The Religions of India points out, the significance of the Church organization in the development of Buddhism should not be under-estimated. "Contrasted with the lack of an organized ecclesiastical corporation among the Brahmins, the Buddhistic Synod, or congregation Sangha exerted a great influence. In different places there would be a spot set apart for the Buddhist Monks. Here they had their monastery buildings, here they lived during the rainy season, from out this place as a

¹ The Religions of India. By Edward Washburn Hopkins, 319.

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centre the monks radiated through the country, not as lone mendicants, but as members of a powerful fraternity.” At Sarnath existed a monastery which Hionen-Thsang, the

Chinese traveller, who visited India about the middle of the seventh century, has described. He writes:
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"To the north-east of the river Varana about ten li or so, we come to the Sangharama or Lu-ye (stag-desert). Its precincts are divided into eight portions (sections) connected by a surrounding wall. The storied towers with projecting eaves and the balconies are of very superior work. There are fifteen hundred priests in this convent. In the great enclosure is a vihara (monastery), about 200 feet high; above the roof is a golden covered figure of the Amra (An-mo-lo-mango) fruit. The foundations of the buildings are of stone, and the stairs also; but the towers and niches are of brick. The niches are arranged in the four sides in a hundred successive lines, and in each niche is a golden figure of Buddha. In the middle of the vihara is a figure of Buddha made of native copper. It is the size of life, and he is represented as turning the wheel of the law (preaching)."

Hiouen-Thsang proceeds to tell us that to the south-west of the monastery was a stone stupa or tope, and in front of it a lofty pillar. "The stone is altogether as bright as jade. It is glistening, and sparkles like light; and all those who pray fervently before it see from time to time, according to their petitions, figures with good and bad signs. It was here that Tathágata, having arrived at enlightenment, began to turn the wheel of the law." A vast tower, called Dhamek, a hundred and ten feet high and ninety feet in diameter at its base, still marks the spot where Buddha first turned the wheel of the law. The lower part up to a height of about forty-three feet, is built of enormous blocks of sandstone, connected together by cramp-irons; but the remainder of the tower is a massive cylinder of brick, which in former times was probably encased in a layer of stucco or stone. The lower part has eight projecting faces, in each of which is a small niche, evidently intended to hold a figure of Buddha. Each niche is encircled with exquisitely carved flowering foliage.¹ Below the niches a triple band of ornament encircles the tower. The broad middle band consists

¹ History of Indian and Eastern Architecture. By James Fergusson, p. 67.
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entirely of various geometrical figures, the main lines being finely and deeply cut, and the intervening spaces filled with various patterns. The upper band consists of a richly wrought scroll of the lotus plant with only leaves and buds, but the lower bands contain the full-blown flowers, as well as the buds. On one side in the middle of the ornament there is a human figure seated on a lotus flower, and holding two branches of the lotus in his hand. "On each side of him there are three lotus flowers, of which the four nearer ones support pairs of Bahmani geese, while the two farther ones carry only single birds. Over the nearest pair of geese on the right hand of the figure there is a frog. The attitudes of the birds are all good, and even that of the human figure is easy, although formal. The lotus scroll, with its glowing lines of graceful stalk, mingled with tender buds and full blown flowers and delicate leaves, is very rich and very beautiful." \(^1\)

South of the great tower of Dhamak is a lofty ruined mound of solid brickwork. This is the ruin of the stupa described by Hsienn-THSANG as "being about three hundred feet high. The foundations are broad, and the buildings high and adorned with all sorts of carved work and with precious substances." Round the tower are small mounds in which excavations made according to the indications of Hsienn-THSANG led to the discovery of the ruin of the celebrated monastery. The excavations also revealed the similarity between the plans of the viharas which were erected and those hewn in the rock as at Ajanta. In the former, however, the cells and chapels were arranged round a square court, while in the caves they surrounded a chamber of the same form. It was also discovered that the monastery must have been pulled down after the lapse of several centuries, and rebuilt on the ruins. The final destruction of the large monastery, which took place towards

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\(^1\) Archaeological Survey of India. Vol. i. p. 110.

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the ninth or tenth century, was, no doubt, sudden and unexpected, for among the calcined beams of the roofs and beneath the ashes have been found, as in Pompeii, household utensils, corn, and remains of wheaten cakes. The monks must have been surprised by their foes, and the conflagration so swift that they had to fly for life as they were preparing their daily food. Many must have perished in the flames. The old tower is all that remains to remind the traveller of the former greatness of the monastery."

The rapid growth and untimely disappearance of Buddhism is a startling religious fact: It lingered in India till the twelfth or thirteenth century and then it vanished from its old home. Just as the faith of Jesus now meets with bare toleration in the sacred city of his Passion, so in nearly every district of India which once the disciples of Sakya Muni visited with the most intense devotion, his very name is now forgotten. At the very spot where he first preached his purer faith, his title the "best Lord," Sárnath, is applied to the God Mahadeva, whose symbol, the lingam, is enshrined in the small temple on the bank of the lake, where the Master used to come to wash his beggar's bowl. The cause of its extinction, writes the author of The Religions of India, is obvious. "The Buddhist victorious was not the modest and devout mendicant of the early church. The fire of hate, lighted if at all by Buddhism, smouldered till Brahminism, in the form of Hinduism, had begotten a religion as popular as Buddhism, or rather far more popular, for two reasons. Buddhism had no such picturesque tales as those that enveloped with poetry the history of the man-god Krishna. . . . Again, Buddhism in its monastic development had separated itself more and more from the people. Not mendicant monks, urging to a purer life, but opulent churches with fat priests; not simple discourses calculated to awaken the moral and religious consciousness, but subtle arguments on discipline and metaphysics were now what Buddhism represented."
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The love of man, the spirit of Buddhism, was dead, and Buddhism crumbled to pieces.

As we drive back to Benares, we skirt the Mrigalava, or Deer Park, which is connected with a poetic legend concerning the great teacher. When Buddha was passing through the innumerable existences which were preparing him for the conditions of human life, he was alone on earth as a king of a herd of deer. The Raja of Benares, who was fond of sport, slaughtered so many of them that Buddha, the king of the deer, remonstrated with him, and engaged to provide the Raja with an antelope daily for his table. The Raja agreed to the proposal, and chance daily decided which animal should be sacrificed for the public good. The lot one day fell upon a hind big with young, but she refused to yield herself to her fate, protesting that her offspring's hour to die could not in common justice have come before it had seen the light of day. She told her sorrow to Buddha. He replied, "Sad indeed; the heart of the loving mother grieves (is moved) for that which is not yet alive (has no body). I to-day will take your place and die." Going to the Royal gate (i.e. the palace), the people who travelled along the road passed the news along, and said in a loud voice, "That great king of the deer is going now towards the town." The people of the capital, the magistrates and others, hastened to see. The king, hearing of it, was unwilling to believe the news; but when the gate-keeper assured him of the truth then the king believed it. Then, addressing the deer-king, he said, "Why have you come here?" The deer-(king) replied, "There is a female in the herd big with young, whose turn it was to die; but my heart could not bear to think that the young, not yet born, should perish so. I have therefore come in her place." The king, hearing it, sighed and said, "I have indeed the body of a man, but I am as a deer. You have the body of a deer, but are as a man." Then for pity's sake he released the deer, and no longer
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required a daily sacrifice. Then he gave up that forest for the use of the deer, and so it was called "the forest given to the deer," and hence its name the "deer-plain" (or, wild).

The story of Buddha being the king of the deer represents the spirit of gentleness and love which ran like a golden web through the teaching of the Master "who was so kind." Buddha died in the fifth century. When life was fast ebbing away he said to his disciples weeping around him: "Behold, brethren, I exhort you, saying, transitory are all component things: toil without ceasing." And these were the last words of Buddha. Though dead he yet speaketh. "Better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all the world is the reward of entering the stream of holiness." Great is the contrast between Benares with its shrines dedicated to gods endowed with human lusts and passions, and the ruined mound at Sârnath around which lingers the memory of a pure and noble life, and the echo of sweet and earnest words.
THREE days after leaving Madras, about dusk, we came to a low bank running into the sea—such a place as that to which the wounded Arthur was borne in his rent armour.

"A dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full."

We anchored for the night off the Sunderbunds—those dreary swamps where malaria and tigers reign supreme. Lord Valentia, who visited India at the beginning of last century, wrote:

"To these Sunderbunds the Hindoos resort at this season in immense numbers to perform their ablutions in the Ganges, and many to sacrifice themselves to the alligators, which they effect by walking into the river and waiting till the ferocious animals approach and draw them under; others perish by the tigers every season, yet the powerful influence of superstition still draws them to the spot."

The next morning we resume our voyage. The low shore stretches before us, steaming and glistening in the rising sun; and the vast inland sea, covered with native boats whose broad brown sails are filling with light and breeze as they swiftly skim over the waters. The river narrows as we go steaming up it, guided and directed along our tortuous and difficult course by the experienced hand and eye of one of the famous Hooghly pilots. It was in the year
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1675 that the Worshipful East India Company wrote to Fort St. George, at Madras, as follows:

"We enorder you to write effectually to your Chief and Councell at the Bay to provide careful young men of about twenty years of age, out of any of the ships in the Companies' Service, with the consent of the comandants, to be trained up as pylotts, but not to be imployed as writers, or on any other mercantile affairs, that whereby the Companies' shipping may with safety be carryed up the River Ganges, and send news yearly what you doe therein, and an account of their proficiency and their journalls."

In considerable respect was the Hooghly pilot held, for it was ordered that he "should rank next to our covenanted servants."

Much interest is excited on board as we approach the famous shoal, "James and Mary," so dreaded by mariners in days of old. A good deal of literary and philological ingenuity has been spent in accounting for the name, and many subtle derivations have lost their value by Sir George Birdwood discovering a few years ago, among the ancient records of the India Office, the following entry:

"The Royal James and Mary (James II. and Mary of Modena) arrived in Balasore Roads, from the West Coast, in August, with a cargo of red wood, candy, and pepper, which she had taken up in Madras. Coming up the river Hooghly on September 24, 1692, she fell on a bank on this side Tumbolie Point, and was unfortunately lost, being immediately overset and broke her back, with the loss of four or five men's lives." "This shipwreck"—writes Sir George Birdwood—"of The Royal James and Mary is the origin of the name which I believe, is still a puzzle to some in Calcutta, of the James and Mary Sands."

After leaving the "James and Mary" we steer close to the shore, and pass the fortification of Fulta. A little more than a century ago, when the French fleet was hourly expected at Calcutta, orders were given that at Fulta the chain should every evening be laid across the river—a delightfully
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primitive state of existence. In the present day large sums of money have to be spent on batteries, heavy guns, and torpedoes, and when the fortifications have been completed, military experts of a new school arise and prove that the whole plan of defence is worthless. It was on December 15, 1756, that Clive arrived at Fulta from Madras, and found Drake and his fellow-fugitives in the ships on board which they had taken refuge when Suraja Dowla besieged and took Fort William.

After leaving Fulta the river again broadens till we come to a broad expanse of water, with some large vessels anchored by the river’s bank. This is Budge-Budge, or Buz-Buzia, as it was called in the old days. Those who have studied Orme’s great History—the favourite work of that good and brave soldier, Colonel Newcombe—will remember how the English force was surprised at night at Buz-Buzia, and how it was saved from destruction by the gallantry and presence of mind of Clive.

As we advance up the river we find huge mills erected on the river banks—witnesses of the growing prosperity of Calcutta, and we pass some of the stately mansions at Garden Reach, which used, in bygone times, before they were shorn of their splendour, to surprise and delight the eye of the stranger, as he approached the “City of Palaces.” When these country seats were first erected it is difficult to decide. Mrs. Fay, whose letters throw much light on Calcutta in the olden days, writes (May 22, 1786) as follows:

“As you enter Garden Reach, which extends about nine miles below the town, the most interesting views that can possibly be imagined greet the eye. The banks of the river are, as one may say, absolutely studded with elegant mansions, called here, as at Madras, ‘garden-houses.’ These houses are surrounded by groves and lawns, which descend to the water’s edge, and present a constant succession of whatever can delight the eye, or bespeak wealth and elegance in the owners. The noble
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appearance of the river also, which is much wider than the Thames at London Bridge, together with the amazing variety of vessels continually passing along its surface, add to the beauty of the scene."

When the ex-Nawab of Oude was allowed to settle at Garden Reach, the wealthy owners deserted their noble mansions, and Garden Reach ceased to be a fashionable suburb. The fantastic palace, which that monarch erected on the river side, is fast being pulled down by the syndicate which purchased it, and the land is to be let as sites for mills. Opposite the King of Oude’s palace is that lovely park of lawns and walks and noble trees—the Botanical Gardens of Calcutta. A century ago they were founded by Colonel Alexander Kyd, for “the collection of plants indigenous to the country, and for the introduction and acclimatisation of plants from foreign parts.” The object of the founder has been fully realized. Trees of the rarest kinds, from Nepal and the Cape, Brazil and Penang, Java and Sumatra, are gathered together in that spot. The mahogany towers there, and the Cuba palms form an avenue like the aisle of some lofty cathedral. Noble mango trees and tamarinds are dotted about the grassy lawns; and there are stately casuarinas around whose stems are trained climbing plants. There are plantains of vast size and beauty from the Malay Archipelago, and giant creepers from South America. The crimson hibiscus and scarlet passion-flower dazzle the eye, and the odour of the charpak and innumerable jessamines float upon the breeze. As Bishop Heber remarked, “The Botanic Gardens would perfectly answer to Milton’s idea of Paradise, if they were on a hill instead of a dead flat.”

North of the gardens lies Bishop’s College, and its smooth green lawns and Gothic buildings recall to mind bright days spent on the banks of the Cam. The college was founded by Bishop Middleton, the first of the Metropolitans of India
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—prelates who, by their learning, their devotion and their zeal, would do credit to any Church in the world. The object of this institution was “the education of Christian youth in sacred knowledge, in sound learning, and in the principal language used in the country, in habits of piety and devotion to their calling, that they may be qualified to preach among the heathen.”

The College owes its Gothic style to William Jones, one of the most remarkable men who ever came to India, and who, by the discovery of coal in Burdwan, has done more than any other man to develop the material wealth of the land. In 1800 he landed at Calcutta, and for ten years followed the trade of a working mechanic. He then became the proprietor of a canvas manufactory at Howrah, and was the founder of that prosperous suburb. In 1811, when an expedition was about to start for Java, the Government found themselves in want of cartridges, and Jones exercised his mechanical skill in establishing a small paper manufactory from which he supplied the Government with all the paper they required. When the expedition was over the factory was closed. Jones was not only a mechanic, but a successful builder. He contracted for the building of the College, because he had a great desire to erect the first Gothic edifice in India. But he was not destined to see the fulfilment of his great ambition. While superintending the erection of the building he caught a fever, which proved fatal in three days.

As we steam past Bishop’s College a forest of masts bursts upon our view, and before us, enveloped in a grey mist, lies the port of Calcutta. After passing the entrance of the new docks, the eye is arrested by the vast outlines of the parapets of Fort William, the picturesque gateways and a long row of white barracks half visible above the green fortifications. In 1775, shortly after the battle of Plassey, the fort was commenced by Clive. Captain John Brohier was
brought over from Madras to design it. At a consultation held on July 25, 1757—two months before Plassey was fought—a letter was read from Captain Brohier, in which he states:

"The works I propose to erect, with your Honour's approbation, are to form an hexagon, as a citadel to the town from the old dock southwards, as the bank of the river projects in this part, and admits that three of the sides of this citadel flank the current of the river, which I propose to strengthen with proper outworks before them, to multiply the defences of these fronts; for, as the channel is on this side, a naval force will thereby be exposed to the fire of 100 pieces of cannon, which I conceive must effectually prevent any squadron from passing further up."

In order to "accomplish this great undertaking with all the frugality and diligence which the present state of the Company's affairs and that of Europe demands," Captain Brohier requests that he should employ his own overseers and be allowed to keep the accounts of the expense. But there was neither frugality nor diligence displayed in the erection of Fort William, and it cost two millions of money—of which fifty thousand pounds were spent in keeping off the encroachments of the river. At the south-west angle of the fort stands an ugly yellow structure, which, the makers of guide-books are pleased to state, is in the "Grecian Ionic style of architecture." It was erected by the citizens of Calcutta—European and Native—to perpetuate the memory of James Prinsep, who founded the science of Indian numismatics and chronology, and who rescued from the dark oblivion of two thousand years the name and history of the great Buddhist Emperor, Asoka, the Constantine of the East. It was the genius of Prinsep which brought to light the long-hidden secrets of the inscriptions incised on pillars and rocks. Like most Anglo-Indian workers in the field of knowledge he was a busy official, and the periods during which he won his laurels were stolen from repose earned by long and
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monotonous drudgery in the Assay Master's office at the Calcutta Mint. "My whole day," wrote Prinsep, "is consumed at the scales. What a waste of precious moments!" His short life comprised in all but forty years, and five of these sufficed for all his splendid discoveries. A road now separates the building from the river, and as it can no longer be used as a landing-stage it might be pulled down and a more suitable monument erected in honour of James Prinsep.

As we pass Prinsep's Ghat we notice a Muslim shrine, whose copper dome glistens in the sun. It is, however, no shrine, but the monument erected by Lord Ellenborough in memory of the battles of Maharajpoor and Punniar, which crushed the rebellion of the overgrown Gwalior army. On December 28, 1843, at Maharajpoor, the English once more encountered the Mahrattas. They fought with all their ancient valour, but had, after a desperate resistance, to yield to British bayonets. Three thousand of the enemy lay dead upon the field, and fifty-six superb bronze guns were the spoils of the victors, and it is these guns which supplied the metal for the cupola and the pillars which support it. The same day another British force encountered another portion of the Mahratta army at Punniar, twelve miles from Gwalior, and gained a complete victory. Lord Ellenborough, whose vanity prevented his great energy and undoubted ability being sufficiently appreciated, was present at Maharajpoor, and showed much humane attention to the wounded. His prompt action regarding the mutinous army of Gwalior was one of the most creditable events in his administration, but owing to his love of theatrical display he could not help detracting from its merit by issuing high-sounding proclamations about the glory of British arms on the Plains of Scindia.

Leaving the Gwalior monument we pass Rajchunder Das Ghat, almost abreast of the Eden Gardens, which Calcutta owes to the generosity of the sisters of Lord Auckland;
and then we come to the Chandpal Ghat, where in old days governors-general, commanders-in-chief, judges, and bishops used to land in state. Soon after passing Chandpal Ghat, we are anchored at a jetty, not far from the spot where stood the old fort, and where "the illustrious Job Charnock, the first conspicuous Englishman on this side of the world," established the English factory.

Captain Hamilton, who "left England before King William came into it as king," in his New Account of the East Indies, states:

"The English settled there about the year 1690, after the Moghul had pardoned all the robberies and murders committed on his subjects. Mr. Job Charnock being then the Company's agent in Bengal, he had liberty to settle an emporium in any part on the river's side below Hooghly, and for the sake of a large shady tree chose that place, though he could not have chosen a more unhealthful spot on the whole river."

Hamilton proceeds to relate:

"One year he was there, and there were reckoned in August about twelve hundred English, some military, some servants to the Company, some private merchants residing in the town, and some seamen belonging to shipping lying at the town, and before the beginning of January there were four hundred and fifty burials registered in the clerk's book of mortality."

He adds:

"The Company has a pretty good hospital at Calcutta, where many go in to undergo the penance of physic, but few come out to give an account of its operations."

It is Captain Hamilton who relates the story how the founder of Calcutta rescued his wife from a funeral pyre. He writes:

"The country being overspread with paganism, the custom of wives burning with their deceased husbands is also practised here. Before the Moghul's war Mr. Channock went one time with his ordinary guard of soldiers to see a young widow at that
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tragical catastrophe; but he was so smitten with the widow's beauty that he sent his guards to take her by force from her executioners and conduct her to his own lodgings. They lived lovingly many years, and had several children. At length she died, after he had settled in Calcutta: but instead of converting her to Christianity she made him a proselyte to paganism, and the only part of Christianity that was remarkable in him was burying her decently; and he built a tomb over her, where all his life after her death he kept the anniversary day of her death by sacrificing a cock on her tomb after the pagan manner. This was and is the common report, and I have been credibly informed, both by Christians and pagans who lived at Calcutta under his agency, that the story was really matter of fact."

In spite, however, of Christian and pagan testimony, it would, as Colonel Yule points out, be hard to reconcile with "the pagan manner" or Hindu rites the sacrifice of an unclean bird. In the churchyard of St. John's beneath a massive mausoleum, octagonal in form with a double dome, lies the body of Job Charnock, or Channock, as Hamilton calls him. An inscription on a black slab informs us that he died January 10, 1693—three years before the original Fort William was erected.

Calcutta, when Hamilton visited it, consisted of a group of European buildings which clustered round the park—now Dalhousie Square—about the midst of which was the great tank called the "Lall Dighi." North of the park, and immediately fronting the fort, stood the old church, whose lofty spire formed a conspicuous object in the view. Hamilton writes:—"About fifty yards from Fort William stands the church, built by the pious charity of merchants residing there, and the Christian benevolence of sea-faring men whose affairs called them to trade there; but ministers of the Gospel being subject to mortality, very often young merchants are obliged to officiate, and have a salary of £50 per annum, added to what the Company allows them for their pains in reading prayers and a sermon on Sundays."
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Within the fort there was an official residence for the Governor, and convenient lodgings for factors and writers. On Sunday the Governor and Council and the civil servants and the military off duty walked in procession to the church. The Governor had applied for a state carriage for church-going, but his frugal masters at home informed him that "if he wanted a chaise and pair he must pay for them himself!"

From Hamilton we get a glimpse of the social life of Calcutta in the days of old. He writes:

"Most gentlemen and ladies in Bengal live both splendidly and pleasantly, the forenoons being dedicated to business and after dinner to rest, and in the evening recreate themselves in chaises or palanquins in the fields, or to gardens, or by water in their budgeroes, which is a convenient boat that goes swiftly with the force of oars. On the river, sometimes, there is the diversion of fishing, or fowling, or both; and before night they make friendly visits to one another, when pride or contention do not spoil society, which too often they do among the ladies as discord and faction do among men."

The old church was destroyed during the famous siege by Suraj-ud-Dowlah. The Portuguese church at the time being vacant, it was taken for English services; but three years afterwards the Council, "taking into consideration the unwholesomeness and dampness of the church now in use, as well as the injustice of detaining it from the Portuguese," ordered their surveyor to examine the remains of the gateway in the old fort, "and report to us what it will cost to put it in tolerable repair and make it fit for a chapel, till such time as the chapel designed to be built in the new fort be erected." The new chapel was built inside the ruined fort immediately north of the great east gateway, and it is described as a ground floor. It soon proved too small for its purpose, and in 1768 the old or mission church was erected by the well-known Swedish missionary Kieran-
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order. He gave towards its building fifty thousand pounds, and the proceeds of the sale of his deceased wife's jewels. In *The Genuine Memoirs of Asiaticus*, published in London in 1785, we are told:

"It was not until the year 1782, under the auspices of the princely and munificent Hastings, that the inhabitants of Calcutta seriously determined to erect an edifice for the celebration of public worship suitable to the exercise of the ministerial functions, and to such a numerous auditory as might be expected in the capital of our Indian Empire." "On the eighteenth day of December, 1783, the new Church Committee first met, and the meeting was attended by Governor Hastings and his Council. As the sum of thirty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty rupees had been subscribed already, the Committee determined to commence the building."

The first stone of the new church was laid on Tuesday, April 6, 1784, "on the morning of which Mr. Wheler, Acting President, gave a public breakfast at the old Court-house, whence he proceeded, attended by the great officers of State and the principal inhabitants of Calcutta, to the ground upon which the sacred edifice was to be erected. The first stone was laid by Mr. Wheler with the usual ceremonies." Three years afterwards the church was opened with considerable pomp and state by the Earl of Cornwallis, who was at the time Governor-General.

The old Court-house, from which Mr. Wheler and his Council walked to lay the foundation of St. John's Church, occupied the site on which St. Andrew's Kirk is now erected. It was originally a charity school-house built by subscription. A portion was held by the Mayor's Court for their records, and when it ceased to be used as a school the portion not occupied by the Corporation was let for assemblies, lotteries, and balls. "Asiaticus" informs us that Anglo-Indian ladies were as fond of dancing in the beginning of the eighteenth century as they are at the present time, but he did not consider it a pastime suited to a hot climate. He writes:
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"For my own part I already begin to think the dazzling brightness of a copper-coloured face infinitely preferable to the pallid and sickly hue which banishes the roses from the cheeks of the European fair, and reminds me of the death-struck countenance of Lazarus risen from the grave. The English ladies are immoderately fond of dancing, an exercise ill calculated for the burning climate of Bengal; and, in my opinion, however admissible in cooler latitudes, not a little indelicate in a country where the inhabitants are covered with no more clothes than what decency absolutely requires. Imagine to yourself the lovely object of your affections ready to expire with heat, every limb trembling, and every feature distorted with fatigue, and her partner with a muslin handkerchief in each hand employed in the delightful office of wiping down her face, while the tiny drops stand impearled on her forehead!"

In 1792 the old Court-house, being in a ruinous condition, was pulled down by order of Government: and, as it had been used as a town hall, a public meeting was held to raise a building worthy of the city and its Corporation, which had a quarter of a century previously—August 26, 1777—been founded by Royal Charter. It consisted of a Mayor and nine Aldermen, with power of holding a Court whose jurisdiction extended to all causes—civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical—in which an Englishman might be concerned—high treason excepted. All purely native suits, however, continued to be tried by an official called the Jemindar, who was also responsible for collecting the local revenues from fees, farms and ground rents. We find from a volume of records, which was one of those thrown into the boats when the English abandoned Fort William, and which alone has escaped the ravages of time and the white ants, that in 1748 Mr. Cruttenden was Jemindar. The following list of officers enables us to realize the small beginning from which the Indian Empire had arisen and its mercantile origin:"

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MR. FEAKE, Accomptant.
MR. BELLAMY, Export Warehouse-keeper, and to take charge of the books till Mr. Feake's arrival.
MR. FYTCHER Import Warehouse-keeper.
MR. DRAKE, Buxey, and to continue Military Store-keeper till Mr. Blackford's arrival.
MR. CRUTTENDEN, Jemindar.
MR. HOOPER, Store-keeper.
MR. BLACKFORD, Military Secretary.
MR. WATTS, Collector of Consulage.
MR. BURROW, to continue Sub-Treasurer till an employ is vacant.

The Jemindar has become the Home Minister of a vast empire, and the Buxey holds the portfolio of Finance. The Mayor and nine Aldermen have long since vanished and their place is taken by a Chairman appointed by Government, and seventy-five Commissioners, the larger portion of whom are elected by the ratepayers. They hold their meetings in a substantial building of their own, and the Town Hall is now chiefly used for concerts, balls, and public meetings, held to further some noble work of charity like the Dufferin Fund, or to criticise some act of Government which has aroused public attention. The non-official European to whose pluck and enterprise India owes her tea gardens, her jute industry, her coal mines, is not given to politics. Occupied much with his business, he is the most conservative and least revolutionary of the Queen’s subjects; but he is tenacious of his birthright. The Ilbert Bill or the Jury Question brings out the English character true to its old traditions, and at the Town Hall, with no uncertain voice, the Englishman declares his resolution to maintain his town.

In the old Court-house the Supreme Court, when it was first established by Royal Charter, held its sittings; but when the buildings became unsafe, another more substantial and handsome edifice was erected on the site of the present High Court. In the
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Supreme Court Nuncomar was tried for forgery, not by Sir Elijah Impey, as Macaulay states, but by the Chief Justice, two of his colleagues and a jury, and after a long and patient trial was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. A full report of the trial was published at the time, and Macaulay might have ascertained the facts if he had referred to the Bar Library, where a copy exists. But he preferred rhetoric to accurate research.

When Impey's son, in an ill-constructed book full of interesting and instructive matter, pointed out how cruelly his father had been libelled, Macaulay refused to retract the slander. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, in a book which is a model of sound workmanship and research, has cleared the character of Impey with regard to the foul charge of judicial murder brought against him by the Whig historian; but sufficient credit has not been given to the first Chief Justice of Bengal for the independence he showed in maintaining the dignity and liberty of the Court over which he presided. Mrs. Fay mentions how her able but worthless husband was under an apprehension that, having come to India without the permission of the Honourable East India Company, obstacles might be raised as to his admission to the Local Bar. On expressing his doubts to the Chief Justice, Impey indignantly exclaimed, "No, sir; had you dropped from the clouds with such documents we would admit you. The Supreme Court is independent, and will never endure to be dictated to by any body of men whose claims are not enforced by supreme authority. It is nothing to us whether you had or had not permission from the Court of Directors to proceed to this settlement. You came to us as an authenticated English barrister, and as such we shall on the first day of the next term admit you to our Bar."

Thus was dealt the first great blow to the most valuable patronage which the East India Company possessed—the right of appointing its own lawyers, who were limited to
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twelve in number. A golden harvest must the twelve have reaped, for Calcutta has always been an El Dorado for lawyers and doctors. Mrs. Fay writes:—"A man of abilities and good address in this line, if he has the firmness to resist the fashionable contagion—gambling—need only pass one seven years of his life at Calcutta, to return home in affluent circumstances; but the very nature of their profession leads them into gay connections, and, having for a time complied with the humour of their company from prudential motives, may become tainted and prosecute their bane from the impulses of inclination." The writer of Hartley Hall—a novel which under the thin guise of fiction describes the persons and social life of the day—states:—"Physic, as well as law, is a gold mine to its professors, to work it at will. The medical gentlemen at Calcutta make their visits, in palanquins, and receive a gold mohur from each patient for every ordinary attendance—extras are enormous." The doctors, however, seem to have been considerate in not interfering with the profits of the undertakers, for a member of that fraternity about to sail for Europe asked twenty thousand rupees for the good-will of his business for the months of August and September.

When the Supreme Court of the East India Company (known as the Sudder Dewani Adalat) was amalgamated with the High Court, it was considered necessary that both should have a common habitation, and the present building was erected on the site of the old Supreme Court. It is designed after the model of the Town Hall at Ypres, but the architecture has suffered from transplantation. In the centre is a tower which the guide books, all "massive," but which has cracked and begun to sink on account of the muddy foundation. From the top of the tower can be had a splendid birds'-eye view of the "City of Palaces." Below is a broad stretch of green sward covered with stately trees, and beyond are the lawn and walks of the Eden Gardens,
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winding among trees and shrubs of endless variety. In the far distance are the gleaming white barracks of Fort William, and the broad river with vessels of all sizes and descriptions gliding over its waters. Stately ships lie at anchor by the river bank, and their lofty spars tower up black into the air. On the left is the Town Hall; beyond is a vast ugly square pile of buildings—the Imperial Secretariat—where the administration of the Empire is conducted during the winter months. At the end of the road is a lofty gateway which leads into the spacious gardens of Government House. The great Marquis, who first attempted to carry out the Imperial policy which the daring genius of Hastings commenced, pulled down the old small house in which the Governors used to reside, and erected the present building. He told his mercantile masters that "India should be governed from a palace, not from a counting-house; with the ideas of a prince, not with those of a retail dealer in muslin and indigo." The palace cost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and the furniture fifty thousand pounds; and the merchants of the East India Company expressed their strong disapproval—but the place was built. It was opened with considerable state and pomp to celebrate the Peace of Amiens. Lord Valentia, who was present, has given an interesting and graphic description of the ceremony.

"The State rooms," his lordship writes, "were for the first time lighted up. At the upper end of the largest was placed a very rich Persian carpet, and in the centre of that a musnud of crimson and gold—formerly composing part of the ornaments of Tippoo Sultan's throne. On this side was a rich chair and stool of state for Lord Wellesley: on each side three chairs for the members of Council and Judges. Down to the door, on both sides of the room, were seats for the ladies, in which they were placed according to the strict rules of precedence, which is here regulated by the seniority of the husband in the Company's service. About ten Lord Wellesley arrived, attended by a large
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body of aides-de-camp, etc., and, after receiving in the northern verandah the compliments of some of the native princes and the vakeels of the others, took his seat. The dancing then commenced, and continued till supper. The room was not sufficiently lighted up, yet still the effect was beautiful. The row of Chunam pillars, which supported each side, together with the rest of the room, were of a shining white, that gave a contrast to the different dresses of the company. Lord Wellesley wore the Orders of St. Patrick and the Crescent in diamonds. Many of the European ladies were also richly ornamented with jewels. The black dress of the male Armenians was pleasing from the variety, and the costly, though unbecoming, habits of their females, together with the appearance of officers, nabobs, Persians and natives, resembled a masquerade. It excelled it in one respect—the characters were well supported, and the costume violated by no one. About eight hundred people were present, who found sufficient room at supper in the marble hall below; thence they were summoned about one o'clock to the different verandahs to see the fireworks and illuminations. The side of the citadel facing the palace was covered with a blaze of light, and all the approaches were lined with lamps suspended from bamboos. The populace stole much of the oil, and, as it was impossible to light so great a range at one time, the effect was inferior to what it ought to have been. The fireworks were indifferent, except the rockets, which were superior to any I ever beheld. They were discharged from mortars on the ramparts of the citadel. The colours also of several of the pieces were excellent; and the merit of singularity at least might be attributed to a battle between two elephants of fire, which, by rollers, were driven against each other. The night was very damp, and gave very severe colds to many. We returned to our home much pleased with our evening's entertainment."

The Marquis of Hastings, a magnificent nobleman of the grand old school, who completed the Imperial work which Hastings conceived, and Wellesley commenced, had even a more exalted notion of Viceregal magnificence than the great Marquis himself, and transplanted to India the state forms and ceremonies of an European Court. The minuteness of the Court regulations, and the etiquette to be ob-
served, would do credit to some petty German State. "The first aide-de-camp and chamberlain"—an old Official Gazette informs us—"had the management of all processions," and a Viceregal procession must then have been a very brave show. At a Levée a procession formed in one of the corridors of Government House in the following order: "The Chamberlain with his wand; Captain of the Body guard; the Lieutenant of ditto; Aides-de-camp, two and two; the Governor-General; Master of the Horse; Aide-de-camp in Waiting; Chaplain, Secretaries, etc., etc., and the rest of the suite." "During the Levée," we are told, "a captain's guard of Grenadiers was on duty, and a lieutenant's guard or half-squadron of Dragoons." The avenues to the Presence Chamber were lined with the Body Guard, dismounted; servants, all in State liveries; and State trumpets and kettle-drums. A band of music, of course, attends the Grenadier Guards.

The programme for the Drawing Room was even more elaborate and minute than the programme for the Levée, and illustrates the extent to which State etiquette was carried in those days.

METHOD OF OPENING THE DRAWING ROOM.

"The Governor-General having taken his station—as at the Levée—the Countess follows in the procession, handed by the Lord Chamberlain, and her train borne by two pages. She takes her place upon the left of the Governor-General, under the throne. The Chamberlain presents the person who requires that ceremony. The person presented makes a sliding bow of courtesy, and passes on, unless detained by the Countess addressing him or her. The presentation being over, their Excellencies converse, going round the circle. They then retire to the card-room, where two commerce tables are placed. Lady Louden plays at one, His Excellency, the Governor-General, at the other: the Chamberlain and Masters of the Ceremonies selecting persons of the highest rank in the room to form the party. They play at guinea pool. If their Excellencies are successful, it is the perquisite of the
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pages. When it is over they retire to their apartments, in the same order they came in; and the suite observe the same conduct as at the close of the Levée."

The Lord Chamberlain with his wand, the Chaplain, and the Master of the Horse have disappeared in these prosaic and economic days. The Viceroy and his consort stand before Tippoo’s throne, supported on either side by the leading officials, who have the right of private entrée; and the Military Secretary to the Viceroy reads the name of the lady as she advances. The fair dame—the men are no longer presented at the Drawing Room—makes a "sliding bow of courtesy," and passes on to the ball-room upstairs, where she is received by her friends of the other sex. The vast room, with its double line of noble white pillars, lighted by innumerable wax candles, in rows of glittering chandeliers taken from a French ship in the good old times, presents a fine spectacle. Bright-coloured uniforms of every regiment in the army mingle with the rich dresses of stately, handsome women, who would adorn any Court in Europe. It is a representative party. Bengali ladies in graceful white robes mingle with their English sisters; and, standing by an English warrior who has won his knighthood in frontier battle, is an Indian prince, one blaze of diamonds. As the band strikes up the National Anthem the many-coloured wave divides into two. The Viceregal procession—a mass of scarlet—enters and slowly proceeds down the room, their Excellencies stopping to be introduced to the strangers who are present—and every year the number of strangers who flock from all quarters of the globe to Calcutta for the winter season increases. A winter at Calcutta promises soon to become as popular as a winter at Cairo. The Drawing Room marks the opening of the winter season, and balls, picnics, dances, paper-chasses, follow each other in rapid succession till the first day of Lent. Society at Calcutta is the only cosmopolitan society in India. To the stranger within the gates it is
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difficult to comprehend the different social sets—their laws of procedure, their jealousies, and their relations to each other. There is the Official set, consisting of military men and civilians who hold high office. As their position is by Royal enactment assured, their wives view from a slight eminence the Mercantile circle. Calcutta is, however, a great leveller—high officials become ordinary by mere force of numbers. It is a terrible revelation to the wife of a civilian, who has been a king in his own district, to find that at the capital he only counts as an ordinary citizen. The Mercantile circle consists of those who, thanks to tea, indigo and jute, are in a position to keep up a palace at Chowringhee. They are generous and hospitable in a degree not common in other lands. The third circle is the Lawyer set—and lawyers are good company all over the world. They have a larger experience of life than officials, and therefore, as a rule, take a wider view of affairs. If they are apt to be cynical, it must be borne in mind that their lives are mainly occupied with the worst side of Bengali human nature.

North-east of Government House runs Old Court-house Street—so called from the old Court-house which, as we have stated, stood at or near the site of St. Andrew's Church. The broad street, with its lofty row of houses and splendid shops, would do credit to any European capital. In fact, it is a Continental street transplanted to the East. Far different is the Burra Bazaar, with its old and shabby native houses, whose wooden verandahs face the street, and the marvellous dens on the ground floor filled with goods of every class and description. Here are to be found rich shawls from Cashmere, and piece goods of every vulgar colour from Manchester. Jewellers are sitting cross-legged before their charcoal pans, making silver bracelets and earrings, and loud is the din from the hammers of the workers in brass. There are stands for crockery, and there are stalls at which are sold drugs of every description. There are
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dens filled with pulse and grain, and sweet-meat shops send forth a savoury smell. A strange tide of life ebbs through the street; the sleek and calm money-lender from Marwar; the mendicant who begs from door to door; the vendors of fruit and vegetables, with heavy basket-loads on their heads; the bustling Bengali broker who fills the air with the voice of cheap bargains. It is a scene for a painter, but words can convey no accurate impression of an Oriental street.

Great is the transition from the Burra Bazaar to the Chowringhee Road, whose eastern side is bounded by a row of lofty white houses elaborately porticoed and colonnaded. Each stands in its own bright garden, trimly kept, and faces the Maidan, or wide plain, which is the characteristic feature of Calcutta. It is from these houses, designed by Italian architects in the days when the pagoda tree flourished, that Calcutta derives its popular name, "The City of Palaces." It was Lord Macaulay who gave currency to the flattering but somewhat inaccurate title; but he stole the epithet from Lord Valentia, and, as was his wont, slightly disguised the theft. Lord Valentia wrote:—"On a line with this edifice (Government House) is a range of excellent houses, chunamed and ornamented with verandahs. Chowringhee, an entire village of palaces, runs for a considerable length at right angles with it, and altogether forms the finest view I ever beheld in my life."

When Lord Valentia wrote, Chowringhee had just begun to cease to be a village on the outskirts of Calcutta. Ten years before he visited the city there were only twenty-four houses in the locality. In 1792 was advertised for private sale at 1,500 Sicca rupees, "A neat, compact, and new built garden-house, pleasantly situated at Chowringhee, and from its contiguity to Fort William, peculiarly well calculated for an officer. It would," continues the advertisement, "likewise be a handsome provision for a native lady, or a child," which throws light on the morals of the day. Eng-
lish ladies were few in number, and men took unto themselves savage women to rear their dusky race.

Sir Elijah Impey was one of the first to erect a spacious garden-house at Chowringhee, and Park Street was so called because it bordered his wide domain. Here the Chief Justice—who besides being an able and learned lawyer was an accomplished scholar—devoted his leisure moments to the study of Persian, of which he acquired an extensive and accurate knowledge, and Bengali, which he soon learned to speak fluently. At Chowringhee also resided his accuser, Thomas Babington Macaulay. In one of his letters he writes—"I have a house almost as large as Lord Dudley's in Park Lane, or rather larger." The residence of the Whig historian now forms the main building of the Bengal Club, an institution known to all the dwellers of the East. Some of its past glory has departed, owing to the depreciated rupee, but it still remains one of the most comfortable and hospitable clubs in Asia. Travellers who bring proper credentials are freely elected as honorary members, and they can have a bedroom in the club if one be vacant. Besides the Bengal Club, Calcutta has the United Service Club, whose doors are closed to all who do not belong to the army or one of the civil departments of the State. Like the Bengal Club, the United Service Club is situated on Chowringhee Road and faces the Maidan. Next to it are the rooms of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, founded by Sir William Jones, aided by the sympathy and active co-operation of Warren Hastings. "As the first liberal promoter of useful knowledge in Bengal," to use the words of the address, "and especially as the great encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature," Hastings was requested to accept the title of President; but he refused the proffered honour, and William Jones was appointed President. The pages of the early volumes of The Asiatic Journal were enriched by his eloquent discourses, which even now, though almost a century
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has elapsed since they were delivered, are well worth reading, on account of their eloquence and the wide scholarship displayed in them. Sir William Jones may have been lacking in the accuracy of the German School of Oriental Scholarship, but he was undoubtedly a man of genius.

Nearly opposite the United Service Club rises the fine bronze statue of Outram: "faithful servant of England; large-minded and kingly ruler of her subjects; doing nought through vain-glory, but ever esteeming others better than himself; valiant, uncorrupt, self-denying, magnanimous: in all the true knight." It was the poet-Viceroy who spoke of Calcutta as the "City of Statues"; and few capitals in Europe contain finer examples of the sculptor's art. Facing the south entrance of Government House is a full-length bronze statue of John Lawrence, and it conveys the dignity and power of the saviour of the Punjab. Near him is the statue of Canning, who steered the Empire through the tempestuous waves of mutiny into the calm waters of material and moral progress. At the south-east of Government House is a splendid equestrian statue of the "young soldier with the eye of a general and the soul of a hero." An inscription on the pedestal informs us that "The statue was erected by the inhabitants of British India, of various races and creeds, to Henry Viscount Hardinge, in grateful commemoration of a Governor who, trained in war, sought by the acts of peace to elevate and improve the various nations committed to his charge." It was well said of him that he had crowded into one short administration all the services of the highest order, both civil and military. Not far from the statue raised to perpetuate his memory rises a lofty minaret, erected to commemorate the services of David Ochterlony: "for fifty years a soldier, he had served in every Indian war from the time of Hyder downwards." The monument is a bad imitation of the London Monument, and the future historian of the Empire will note
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that the Moghuls erected the Kutub Minar at Delhi, and the English erected the Ochterlony monument. The gulf which separates the artistic instincts of the two races will be illustrated by these two structures.

From Lord Hardinge's statue to Kidderpore Bridge extends "the Course, the oldest road in the Maidan, so called from being two miles in length." It is described in 1768 as being "out of town in a sort of angle made to take the air in"; though an old song states that those who frequented it "swallowed ten mouthfuls of dust for one of fresh air." On the east side of the road runs a broad gravelled walk known as the Secretary's walk, so called—a sarcastic pamphleteer informs us—from being the place where secretaries and their sycophants discuss the news of an evening. At the south end of the Secretary's Walk, standing in the centre of the spot where four roads meet, rises the statue of Frederick Temple, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. It is meretricious, like much of Boehm's latter work; but the sculptor has caught the striking air and manner which distinguished the statesman who, with conspicuous tact and energy, governed our Indian Empire.

Some little distance south of the Dufferin statue is the racecourse. At a very early period the English transplanted to the East their national sport. On January 2, 1794, there appeared in a Calcutta paper the following advertisement:

"The Stewards present their compliments to the subscribers to the races, and take this opportunity to inform them, that a breakfast with music will be provided in tents on the course after the races on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th, 17th and 18th of January, and a ball and supper at the theatre on Wednesday, the 18th, when they hope for the honour of their company."

The races run for were for (1) the Plate, (2) the Hunters' Plate, (3) the Ladies' Plate. "After the race of each morning," to use the words of the chronicler of the day, "the
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company of upwards of one hundred and fifty sat down to a public breakfast," and "after breakfast the company adjourned to an adjoining tent of very capacious dimensions, handsomely fitted up and boarded, for the purpose of dancing. Country dances commenced in two sets, and were kept up with the utmost gaiety till two in the afternoon."

A century elapses, and a very different spectacle presents itself at the Calcutta races. It is two in the afternoon, and the grand stand is filled with noble dames from England, from America, and all parts of the world, who have come with their spouses to visit the Indian Empire. In the paddock is a noble duke, a few lords, one or two millionaires from America, and some serious politicians, who have visited the land to study the Opium Question, and feel ashamed of being seen at a racecourse. The air resounds with the cries of the bookmaker, and an eager crowd surges around the totalisator—for on the Viceroy's Cup day even the most cautious bank manager feels bound to have one bet. Beyond the grand stand, on the other side of the course, the wide plain is covered with beings dressed in brilliant garments—crimson, blue and orange are mingled together. Men, women and children have walked many a mile to see the tamasha, or show. They are all so happy and good-tempered, and to purchase some bright piece of cloth for the ebony dot by their side is the sum of happiness. A few sweetmeats and a little handful of grain is to them a handsome lunch. All of a sudden the hum of voices ceases and all eyes are turned to a corner of the racecourse. A cavalcade approaches. At a fair trot come the troopers of the Body Guard in scarlet uniforms—magnificent men on splendid horses; a carriage and four containing the Viceroy and the Vice-Queen follows. "Wah! wah!" exclaims the native crowd. Loud cheers burst forth as the carriage draws up opposite the grand stand, for no man is more respected than the Marquis of Lansdowne, and no woman more popu-
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ar than the noble lady by his side. When the Viceregal party are settled in their box, the horses about to run for the Cup, given every year by the reigning Viceroy, are paraded before them. Some have been victors at Melbourne, some on an English course. After the preliminary canters they are marshalled before the starter, and after one or two attempts the cry rises. "They are off!" and they thunder by the grand stand.

Leaving the racecourse and proceeding south, we come to a bridge leading to the Zoological Gardens, which Calcutta owes to the great energy of Sir Richard Temple, a strong administrator and a man of genius. He found a swamp, with a few native huts on it, and converted it into a garden with lawns, flower-beds, and wide walks, lined by the endless variety of shrubs and plants to be found in the East. The waters of the swamp have been converted into an artificial lake, by whose banks palms are growing in the greatest luxuriance.

A short distance beyond the Zoo stands Belvedere, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in large grounds of its own, with trees which, in shape and foliage, would do credit to an English park. At the west entrance of Belvedere was fought the famous duel between Warren Hastings and Francis. On September 27, 1780, Mrs. Fay writes:

"The bad news I hinted at some time ago is already avenged, and a much more serious affair has happened since; but for the present I must relate what has occupied a good deal of attention for some days past—no less than a duel between the Governor-General and the first in Council, Mr. Francis. There were two shots fired, and the Governor's second fire took effect. He immediately ran up to his antagonist and expressed his sorrow for what had happened, which I daresay was sincere, for he is said to be a very amiable man. Happily the ball was soon extracted, and if he escape fever, there is no doubt of his speedy recovery. What gave occasion to the quarrel is said to have
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been an offensive minute entered on the Council books by Mr. Francis, which he refused to rescind; but being unacquainted with the particulars, I have as little right as inclination to make any comments on the subject. It always vexes me to hear of such things."

Not far from the spot where the duel took place stands Hastings' House. It is fast crumbling into ruin, but it should be purchased by Government, repaired and converted into a public institution. It was the favourite residence of the man whose far sight first saw, and whose brave and confident patience realized, the romantic idea of his country founding an empire in the East. When he returned to England he always remembered with fond affection the house at Alipore, the paddocks in which he bred his Arab horses, and the grounds which he planted with rare trees from all parts of Asia. On the bank of the Thames he erected a house after the model of his home at Alipore, and when he retired to Daylesford he laid out the grounds after the fashion of his Indian country seat.

Alipore was dear to him because there he spent the best years of his life, with the woman for whom he had an unbounded love and admiration. There was not such another being in the world. As long as she was by his side, nothing could come amiss to him: the cares and fatigues of the day made no impression on his spirits. When the state of her health had laid him under the stern necessity of sending her to England, he wrote: "I miss you in every instant and incident of my life, and everything seems to wear a dead stillness around me. I come home as to a solitude." After she had gone he cared not to dwell at Alipore, and he determined to sell the property.

Mrs. Fary thus describes the woman who won the great heart of Hastings:

"Mrs. H—— herself," she writes, "it is easy to perceive at the first glance, is far superior to the generality of her sex.
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though her appearance is rather eccentric, owing to the circumstance of her beautiful auburn hair being disposed in ringlets, throwing an air of elegant, nay, almost infantine simplicity over the countenance, most admirably adapted to heighten the effect intended to be produced. Her whole dress, too, though studiously becoming, is at variance with our present modes, which are certainly not so: perhaps for that reason she has chosen to depart from them—as a foreigner, you know, she may be excused for not strictly conforming to our fashions; besides,

her rank in the settlement sets her above the necessity of studying anything but the whim of the moment. It is easy to perceive how fully sensible she is of her own consequence. She is, indeed, raised to a 'giddy height,' and expects to be treated with the most profound respect and deference."

Driving through what Macaulay, with considerable poetic latitude, calls "the rosy lanes of Alipore," we come across a primitive cabin, little more than a roof of grass to keep the sun and rain out, for this is all that is needed. At the door is a woman grinding corn; about her are a group
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of scantily-clad men discussing the state of the crops and
the hardness of the heart of the village money-lender. The
carman, carrying a load of timber to the great town, leaves
the bullocks by the roadside and joins in the conversation.
A stalwart peasant who is walking with his son—who's
graceful olive-brown figure is marred by no clothes—has
also stopped for a few seconds to exchange greetings. It is
a picturesque and peaceful scene. The people are both
blithe and gentle. The passions of the Oriental, like those
of children, are on the surface. But the combination of
passion and softness in the Indian peasant has a great charm,
when one has learned by the observation of twenty years
that their lives are laborious and frugal, and that their
vigour is hardly less than their kindness to the old and the
young. Happy are they, and happy they will remain till
their minds are poisoned against their rulers by a seditious
press. Then athwart the mind of the Indian ryot may arise,
as it arose in the mind of the French peasant, the idea that
he is one of a multitude, starved and fleeced; and then he
may in his wrath do what the French peasant did. Let us
never forget that when reverence for authority perishes
among the masses, it will be an almost superhuman task to
keep peace in India. "It is a noble empire," said that dis-
tinguished traveller and diplomat, Baron Hubner, to me the
day he left India, "and it is well worth keeping; but do not
lose it by introducing what you please to call Liberal ideas."

As we leave the hamlet the lane grows narrower, and lofty
bamboos and tall palms line its sides, and great banian trees
spread a green roof over all. By a graceful palm is a well.
A bullock cart drawn by oxen with wide-spreading horns
has halted by its side. The driver with his shaven head, and
his spouse in her scarlet cotton robe, gaze at us with curiosity
as we drive past. Waves of conquerors have swept by and
been forgotten, but the bullock cart continues a symbol of
the immortal East.
MADRAS

FROM the deck of a steamer in the grey dawn of the morning Madras rising from a long stretch of bright sandy beach beyond the dark green sea has the appearance of a continental city. Madras has, however, kept to a large extent an early individuality, and the past is a living presence in the old town. The fine storehouses which line the surf-beaten shore with colonnades to the upper stories, belong to a former generation, and the old roadstead of Fort St. George recalls to mind stirring events of a bygone age.

Madras is a town with a history, as all know who have read their Orme. There was a time when it ranked higher than Calcutta, and it was from Madras, then a flourishing settlement, that Job Charnock went to found on a swamp by the banks of the Hugly, the City of Palaces.

The foundation of Fort St. George was due to the struggle between the Portuguese, the Dutch and the English as to who should enjoy the trade between India and the Spice Islands. In 1611 (eleven years after Elizabeth had granted the first charter of "the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading with the East Indies") Captain Heppon, of the Globe, touched at Pulicat, then the chief port on the Eastern or Coromandal Coast. The Dutch had established a factory and built a fort there, and the Dutch’Governor, Van Wezik, refused to allow the English to trade. Taking with him two merchants who had been in
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the Dutch Service, Heppon left Pulicat, and coasted up the
Bay of Bengal until he reached Masulipatam, at the mouth
of the Kistna, then the principal mart of that part of India.
Here they managed to establish a small agency, which
was put under a chief, and a council was chosen from the
merchants. Twelve years later a factory was established
and fortified at Armagon, a roadstead south of Masulipatam,
and forty miles north of Pulicat. It was the first fortifi-
cation erected by the English in India. In the year
1628–29 Armagon is described as being defended by twelve
pieces of cannon mounted round the factory, and by a guard
of twenty-three factors and soldiers. To it the same year,
owing to the oppression of the native Governor, the factory
at Masulipatam was transferred, but Armagon was not a
good entrepôt for the supply of the "white cloths," and two
years later the agency was again established at Masulipatam.
But when the chief and merchants of Masulipatam were at
Armagon they sent Francis Day, one of the Consuls, to ex-
amine the country in the vicinity of the station which the
Portuguese who were then friendly to us had established at
St. Thomas. Day "was ordered to go towards St. Thomay
to see what paintings those parts doth afford; as also to
see whether any place were fit to fortify upon." In August
1639, three years before the outbreak of the Civil War, Day
"having dispatched what he was sent about," returned
to Masulipatam and told his colleagues what he had done.

"And first he makes it appear to us that, at a place called
Madraspatam, near St. Thomay, the best paintings are made,
or as good as anywhere on this coast; likewise excellent
Long cloth, Morrees, and Percalla; of which we have seen
Musters—and better, cheap by 20 per cent. than any-
where else. The Naque of that place is very desirous of
our residence there; for he hath made us very fair proffers
to that effect; for first he proffers to build a Fort, in what
manner we please, upon a high plot of ground adjoining

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to the Sea, where a ship of any burthen may ride within musket shot close by a River, which is capable of a vessel of fifty tons; and upon possession given us by him and not before, to pay what charges he shall have disbursed."

Day was sent back to Madraspatam, and so important was the new acquisition considered that the agency at Masulipatam directed him to begin building the fort without waiting for the orders of the Court of Directors. But the Native Governor was "as good as his word" in all things, except "the forte exactions (the main thing of all), but in that thing he excuseth himselfe." Day offered "to pay the interest of all the moneys that should be expended till the fort was finished," but their Worships at home refused "to allow of any charges at all neither in building or payinge of garrisone." For in their first letter, dated 20th September, 1612, "The Agent and Factors on the Coast of Coromandel write:

"When wee doe (as that wee doe often) fall into Consideration how much your Worships are displeased with vs, for proceedinge on this worke, it euen breaks some of our hearts. 'Tis now to late to wish it vndone, and yett wee may not but tell you that if soe bee your Worships will follow this Coast Trade (or rather the Karnatt) this place may prove as good as the best, but all things must have its growth and tyme, but on the Contrary if your Worships will not Contineu it, you may doe it away to proffett, and not hazard the loss of a man, if you Resolve vpon the latter, after advice given once within 12 mo, it may with ease be effected, vnless the Moores Conquer the Country before."

Madras proved "as good as the best." A large number of natives seeking the protection of the English, a prosperous settlement arose outside the English bounds, which port was styled the Black Town. The original settlement where none but Europeans were allowed to reside being known as the White Town. Owing to the trade from England to the coast of Coromandel, to the great return it makes in calicoes anc
MADRAS

muslin, "to its considerable trade with China, Persia and Mocha," and to its "not being a great way from the diamond mines of Golconda," Madras rose "to a degree of opulence and reputation which rendered it inferior to none of the European establishments in India except Goa and Batavia."

The fort, as first erected, was but a small place, not a quarter of a mile long and only a hundred yards wide from east to west, and was situated at the north-east corner of the present fort. Five years after its first erection, its total cost had been only Rs. 28,000, and the highest estimate of a sufficient garrison was one hundred soldiers. In 1652, thirteen years after its foundation, it was considered safe with a garrison of twenty-six men. No great change was made in it for a century.

When La Bourdonnais laid siege to Fort St. George, it was surrounded with a slender wall, defended with four bastions, and as many batteries; but these were very slight and defective in their construction, nor had they any outworks to defend them. The principal buildings inside were fifty good houses in which the chief Europeans resided, and an English and a Roman Catholic Church, the warehouse of the Company, and the factory in which their servants resided. On the morning of September 12, 1746, the French fleet having on board the troops, artillery, and stores intended for the siege of Madras, sailed from Pondicherry. A letter from Madras, dated October 27, states: "They came in sight the 2nd nine sail, and landed 800 Europeans at Covalong, marched to St. Thome, there landed more." The neighbourhood covered with country houses was given up to pillage, and the French Commissary-General states that La Bourdonnais and his brother La Villebague harassed the town of St. Thomas, for loot. On the 17th September the French "began to play their mortars, being fifteen in number, from behind the garden house, to and 5 from Cross the Bar; the strength on shore I compute
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2,000 Europeans, Seapians, and 3,000 Coffrees; they have when all on board about 3,000 Europeans, 600 of which were Pondicherry troops, their intent was to have stormed us by escalade, which we were in no condition to prevent, 1,000 bombs having prevented our sleeping for 3 days and nights. Yet we had more to dread from our own disorder within and want of Government and Council than from the enemy without." In the afternoon of September 21, La Bourdonnais, at the head of a large body of troops marched to the gates of the fort, where he received the keys from the Governor. The French flag was immediately hoisted, and the boats of the French squadron took possession of the Company's ships. Three years later (1749) the news of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle restored Madras to the English in exchange for the restitution of Louisburg, in North America, to the French. The honourable Board, in their letter to the East India Court, complain of the condition in which it was given back to the English.

"Your Honours have been already informed in an address we made you overland, the 30th August, that your Settlement of Fort St. George was restored to us on the 21st of that month. We have, therefore, here only to acquaint you that the condition in which it was delivered was so extremely bad that we apprehend it will require to be entirely new fortified, all the walls and bastions being undermined in such a manner that they must, in all probability, fall down in the ensuing monsoon, and it is represented by His Majesty's Engineers and all the bricklayers that they are no ways to be repaired, neither are they in the least capable of bearing any cannon upon them, on which last circumstances we have been obliged, so far to deviate from your directions, as to permit a platform that was begun by the French to be finished, as we are informed it tends greatly to the present security of the place; and we hope, your Honours will not be displeased thereat, as we conceived it to be absolutely necessary. As our engineer is gone, we cannot at this time send you a plan thereof, but will endeavour to get one prepared with an estimate of the expense in readiness to send by the January ship."
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The Board then proceed to refer to the efforts they had made to improve the fortifications of the fort: "We have completed the stonework on the north side of the fort and about half finished the Lunette to the east and west, the latter of which is now proceeding on in a gradual manner, and we judge the completing of them and filling up the covered way will be sufficient to employ our workmen till we have the pleasure to receive your further commands on this head, and in the interim have only to assure you that the constant and sincere regard we have always had for your Honour's interest will oblige us still to continue our utmost care and industry to prevent putting you to the least unnecessary expense in all the progress we may make therein." The further commands on this head could not have been satisfactory, for Orme, who was in 1756 a member of the Madras Council, informs us that, "the English let the place remain in the state they received it from the French in 1751 until the beginning of the year 1756, when the expectation of another war with that nation, and the reports of the great preparations making in France against India, dictated the necessity of rendering it completely defensible." An addition had been projected many years before, the plan having been approved by Mr. Benjamin Robins, who had come to Madras as Engineer-General of all the Company's fortifications in India. Robins was a close friend of Orme, who described him as a man of great science and an honour to his country. Robins was the real narrator of Lord Anson's Voyage Round the World, though the title page carries another name, and he also wrote A Discourse concerning the Nature and Certainty of Sir Isaac Newton's Method of Fluxions. His works were edited by Nourse, who himself was a good mathematician and the friend of Newton. The new fortifications had only been erected a short time, when the fort was again attacked by the French under Lally, who, though a hot-headed
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martinet, was a soldier of great courage and rare unselfishness. We find from the old records that at a consultation held on December 12, 1758, present:

George Pigot, Esq., Governor, President.
Henry Powney.
Stringer Lawrence.
William Percival.
John Smith.
Charles Broucher.
John Pylves.
Henry Vansittart.
Mr. Norris, indisposed.

"The enemy having marched this morning from the Mount, and appeared about daybreak upon Choultry Plain, our army, after about two hours' cannonading, returned into garrison, and the enemy encamped upon the spot where our troops were last night, about a mile and a half to the southward of the Fort. At the same time their advanced guards were seen at the Garden House and Chebawk, the village just on the other side of the Bar. From these motions it appeared to be the enemy's design to form immediately the siege of Madras, and the Board being of opinion that the necessary orders for conducting the defence cannot, without great inconvenience and delay, be debated on and issued by the whole Council, it is therefore unanimously agreed to leave the conduct of the defence to the Governor, who, with Colonel Lawrence, is desired to take the assistance of the other Field-officers and the Engineer as often as maybe requisite, and immediately to issue the necessary orders."

Among the ancient archives in the Record office at Madras there is a Journal of Transactions during the Siege of Fort St. George, began 12th December, 1758, that has never been printed. It gives a brief, but clear and precise account of a siege which the Gibbon of our Indian Empire describes as "being without doubt the most strenuous and regular that had ever been carried on in India; and we have detailed it in hopes that it may remain an example or incitement."

"In order to dispose the garrison with spirits and as a Reward
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for the Bravery, it is resolved to publish to them in case the enemy shall be either defeated or compelled to raise the siege, the sum of fifty thousand rupees shall be divided amongst them five days after their defeat or retreat, following in this promise of reward the example of the Honourable Company, who have thought two thousand pounds not too large a recompence to the seamen of any of their ships who shall make a good defence when attacked, and repel the enemy."

Wednesday, the 20th.—"This being the day appointed by the Charter for Mayor and Sheriff annually elected to enter on their respective offices, the Council assembled as usual, and a message being brought that the Mayor elect and Sheriff are ready to take the oath, they are introduced with the other members and officers of the Mayor's Court, and the oaths of allegiance and office are first administered by the President to Charles Turner, Esq., who was chosen the 5th instant, and then to Mr. Henry Eustace Johnstone, who was the same day elected Sheriff, both for the year ensuing.

"It having been always usual upon this occasion to salute the new Mayor with nine guns, nine guns were shotted upon the Royal Bastion and pointed at the enemy's quarters and works, and discharged in honour of the new Mayor, and it is hoped with good effect on the enemy."

Thursday the 21st.—"By this sortie the enemy has been thrown into a general commotion, besides the good effects such sallies may have on our sepoys, by enduring them to danger; the enemy's people are harassed and fatigued, and their works retarded."

Saturday, the 23rd.—"The firing was kept up last night very briskly, as for some nights past, upon the enemy's parallel, as well as upon the other parts where we were informed they are at work. Their parallel seems to be but little advanced, but the French dispersed.

"As it is reasonable to think that public demonstrations of joy upon occasion of victory gained by Colonel Ford might have a good effect by raising the spirits of our people and producing the contrary on the enemy, it was therefore resolved to put the whole garrison under arms and to march them into the covered way, which it was supposed would alarm the enemy and bring them to their front post, and so expose them the more to our shot, and then to fire twenty-one guns into different parts of their
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quarters and works, and give three running fires from the covered way of the whole garrison, which was executed accordingly."

Sunday, the 24th.—"Yesterday a soldier was tried by a general court martial for cocking his piece at his serjeant and threatening to kill him, and received sentence of death, which was executed this day. Severe examples being thought absolutely necessary at this time to prevent disorders at the garrison, which might prove fatal."

Tuesday, the 2nd.—"The French cannonading during the day. Most of the shells were directed at the houses, and a great many at the Governor's quarters in the Fort House; two fell in it and broke through the first terrace, and twelve or thirteen others fell in or upon the building of the Inner Fort."

Sunday, the 7th January.—"The enemy threw many shells in the night, and at daybreak began to batter with their cannon; their shells all this day continued, as before, to be directed chiefly at the houses, by which many are already in ruin. Their fire from Lally's Battery was from seven cannons and seven mortars, and from the Lorrain Battery from seven cannons and one howitz; as yesterday, they also opened another battery this morning to the left of the Burying Ground, from whence they fired with two pieces on the left face of the North Lunette. The damage done to our works by the enemy's fire is not very great. The embrasures and platforms are more impaired by our own cannon than by their shot or shells, the greater part of which flew into or over the Town. A working party of 100 men are ordered to repair in the night with sand-bags the damaged embrasures on the old North-East, the Demy, the Royal and Pigot Bastion, and 100 sepoys to get up two twenty-four pounders in the place of two which have had their muzzles knocked off on the North-East Bastion. The enemy's works appeared to be much disordered by our fire. They ceased firing about six this evening, and our working party in the covered way can plainly hear them repairing their embrasures and platforms. We have had one European, one Coffree, and one sepoy killed this day, and two Europeans and three sepoys wounded."

Monday, the 8th.—"The enemy ceased firing last night about sunset, and began to throw shells again between eleven and twelve, and continued so all night; they also began to fire from some cannon about two o'clock in the morning, and at daylight they began to play with the same guns and mortars and in the
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same direction as yesterday, with the addition of two guns more from the Burying Ground, so that their battery at that place now consists of four guns. The damage done to the works this day is much more considerable than yesterday; the enemy have lowered their embrasures, having probably observed that many of their shots flew over. A working party of 100 Europeans and two companies of sepoys are ordered to repair the damage done to the works."

Friday, January 12th.—"Pursuant to the Resolution taken yesterday, a sortie was made this morning to the southward. Major Cholmondely Brerefon, who commanded the sortie, reports that half an hour after four o'clock this morning he marched from the covered way with one company of Grenadiers and a detachment consisting of three officers, three serjeants and eighty-three privates with four hundred sepoys. When his advance party arrived near the Bar they were fired at by some sepoys the enemy had placed behind a trench, who then retired immediately. He then advanced through the topes into a lane which leads to the Governor's house, and there a trooper, who was advanced before the party, brought him word that the enemy were posted at the end of the lane, and had one gun pointed the way our party was marching up; he thereupon gave orders for the advanced party of Grenadiers to move up briskly, which they did, and gave their fire at about thirty yards' distance from the enemy. The enemy then fired their gun, which was charged with grape, and then abandoned it, and we took possession; the enemy being quite dispersed, our people were drawing off the gun when the Commandant of sepoys brought word that there was another gun pointed towards the bridge leading to the Island, and desired leave to draw it off, which they did. The number killed and wounded of the enemy's not known. We took prisoners one officer (the Chevalier de ———, a Lieutenant of Lally's Regiment) and four private men. Our loss will appear by the report hereunder."

January 13th.—"Lieutenant Charles Todd, Commandant of Sepoys, reports that the sepoys' arms and ammunition are in very bad order, and in general their officers so ignorant of anything relative to military affairs, and so totally unacquainted with discipline, that there is great difficulty in making them understand the most simple occasional orders."

January 19th.—"It being judged from this intelligence that
the enemy's design to make some attempt this night, the intended sally was countermanded, and all the garrison ordered to lay under arms at their several alarm posts."

February 14th.—"Before the moon rose the enemy advanced a galronade about thirty feet in front of the stockade under cover of the bank of the glacis; and formed a traversé with a direct communication behind it to the stockade. This work was discovered by the light of the moon about 9 o'clock, and a constant fire of musketry, round and grape, was kept upon that part the whole night, and at daybreak the old guards of the demi-place of arms and Facing Battery sallyed out and entirely destroyed the work the enemy had done in the night without any other accident on our part than two men slightly wounded."

February 16th.—"As soon as it grew dark three lights were hoisted at the flag-staff as a mark for the ships to come in; by about eight o'clock at night the six ships anchored in the road, and to the great joy of the garrison, proved to be His Majesty's Ship Queenborough, Captain Kemperfelt, and the Company's frigate Revenge, with the Tilbury, Winchelsea, Prince of Wales, and Britannia, having on board six companies of Colonel Draper's Regiment. Mr. Pybus, one of the Council, went off with a letter from the Governor to Captain Kemperfelt to compliment him on his arrival, and to desire him to land as many of the soldiers as he can to-night; and Colonel Draper wrote off to Major Monson to the same effect, it being apprehended that if Mr. Lally does intend to make any rush, he will do it this night before our succours can come to our assistance. All the garrison, the Company's servants and inhabitants, were therefore ordered under arms, and continued so the whole night at their several alarm posts, and about two companies were landed from the ships in the night. A constant fire was kept upon the enemy's trenches, which they sometimes returned, and threw a few shells in the beginning of the night, but none after 11 o'clock. About midnight three deserters came in separately from St. Thome, and report that the French entirely abandoned that place, and left several mortars and some stores behind, which were sent there to be embarked in boats and sent to Pondicherry. That their outposts have been ordered to join at the powder mill, and that the enemy intend to raise the siege and march off before daybreak."
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February 17th.—"About three in the morning the enemy set fire to several large piles of wood in the rear of their guard battery, and as soon as the day broke it appeared that the enemy had abandoned their trenches and batteries, and were retreating, and about nine o'clock in the morning they blew up the powder mill at Egmore.

"In the enemy's hospital were found 44 sick and wounded soldiers without one person to attend them. Mr. Lally's sudden march may account for his leaving these people behind, but nothing can justify abandoning them without leaving a line to recommend them to our care. They, however, found humanity in their enemy, which was denied them by their General; immediate orders were given that the same care should be taken of them as of our own people, and the greatest part have since recovered. The enemy's precipitate retreat prevented the destruction of the Black Town, which was fully intended, as appears by Mr. Lally's letter of the 14th February. The houses in general have suffered, notwithstanding, considerable damage, as well by the loss of doors, windows, etc., which were useful to the enemy, as by our shot and shells. The Company's garden house and the houses belonging to the European inhabitants in the environs and at the Mount have suffered a severe fate; all of them are greatly damaged; some have only the walls left, and nothing but want of time prevented the total demolition of every one."

So ended the memorable siege of Madras. Time has wrought but little change in the old fort. In An Account of the War in India, between the English and French, on the Coast of Coromandel, by Richard Owen Cambridge, 1761, we have A view of Fort St. George as it appeared after the Siege in 1759; and the old fort presents very much the same appearance at the present hour. The glacis, the ditch, the basement, all seem familiar to us. Threading a narrow passage, we come to a quaint, rude square, which takes the memory back a century. On one side of it is the statue of Lord Cornwallis, under a stone canopy. Murray informs us that the statue is by Chantrey. But in
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Bacon's First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindustan we have the following:

"This figure was executed in London by the late Thomas Banks, R.A., whose genius won him just celebrity; though he was peculiar in some of his sentiments, an example of which was exhibited in his design of this statue. Those who were acquainted personally with the late noble Marquis need not be told that he had a cast outwards of one eye. While the work in question was in the model, Banks received a visit from a brother Royal Academician, who expressed his astonishment on observing that Banks had thought proper to make the statue commemorate this obliquity of vision. Banks, however, contested the point on these grounds: 'If,' said he, 'the cast had been inwards, it would, I conceive, have conveyed the impression of a contracted character, and I would have corrected it; but as eyes looking to the right and left at the same moment would impart the idea of an enlarged and comprehensive mind, I have thought it due to the illustrious Governor-General to convey to posterity this natural indication of mental greatness, which I am convinced all must be sensible of, on observing the peculiarity referred to.' Had I been in possession of this anecdote before I went out to India, I should have been particular in ascertaining if Banks really persisted in this notion, so far as to transfer the defect from the model to the marble; but having been in ignorance of this story while at Madras, I must leave others who may hereafter visit the statue to make observation. Be this as it may, for the fact above stated I have excellent authority, since the artist who remonstrated with Banks was my grandfather, and he related the circumstance to my father on his return from Banks' studio."

The Editor of a charming little work called Pickings from old Indian Books, published a. Madras some years ago, adds:

"The marble confirms that it was carved, but Banks laboured under a mistake in supposing the cast was a natural one. While at Eton, Cornwallis received, by a sad mischance, from a schoolfellow, such a severe blow on the eye from a hockey stick, that for a time his sight was considered in danger; it, however, only
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produced 'a slight, but permanent obliquity of vision.' The boy who struck the blow was Shute Barrington, afterwards Bishop successively of Llandaff, Salisbury, and Durham.'

From the Cornwallis statue we proceed to the small church which stands near, and is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Protestant church in India. It was on Easter Monday, April 1, 1678, when Charles II was on the throne, and the madness of the Popish Plot was raging in England, that "the foundation of the English Church (to be built with the contributions of the English in these parts) was begun to be laid, and in respect that it was lined out, and the ground first broken up, upon Lady-day last—'tis intended to be called St. Mary's, and will be eighty feet long, fifty-six feet broad within the walls, and built with aisles arched with brick and stone." The church took a year to build, for it is entered in the Consultation of the 28th October, 1679:

"The new Church was dedicated by virtue of Commissions directed to the Governor, and Mr. Richard Portman, the Minister, from his Lordship ye Bishop of London, the solemnity was performed in very good order, and concluded with volys of small shott fired by the whole Garrison drawne out and the cannon round the Fort, the Church named St. Mary's as first intended, and from this day forward all public divine service to be there performed."

The interior of the church is picturesque and full of interest to Englishmen, for it contains many memorials of the brave, wise and good, who have helped to make the Empire. One of the most striking of the sepulchral monuments is the statue of that fine soldier, Conway, "the father of the Madras army." Few men saw more active service than he did. On the pedestal are engraved these words: "The Soldier's Friend," and no nobler epitaph could a soldier desire. Not far from the statue of Conway is the bas-relief which represents the death-bed of one of
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the noblest soldiers of the Cross—Christian Frederick Schwartz. Schwartz is surrounded by his friends, and an angel is seen in the clouds, holding up a cross to his view. True-hearted, truly loving, devout, the poor loved him and the powerful respected him. "Do not send me," said the warrior Hyder, "any of your agents, for I do not trust their views or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals send to me the missionary of whose character I hear so much from every one: him I will receive and trust." Schwartz, at the earnest request of the Madras Government, accepted the office of English Envoy. For three months he lived with Hyder, won his confidence, and did his best to promote peace. But war was inevitable. When it broke out Hyder showed his respect for Schwartz by issuing an order to his officers "to permit the venerable padre to pass unmolested, and to show him respect and kindness; for he is a holy man, and means no harm to my Government." The memory of that noble soul still dwells in the heart of the heathen, and a crowd of primitive native men and women comes yearly to visit his tomb.

There is a good deal to be seen in Madras. There is a Government House with a detached banqueting hall, which was built to commemorate the capture of Seringapatam. It contains the portrait of the great Marquess, who crushed the power of Tippu, of Harris, the curate's son, who took his capital, of Stringer Lawrence, who trained Clive to be a soldier, and there is the famous picture of Eyre Coote, which Wilks informs us the sepoys of old used always to salute.

Madras has a cathedral which is built after the Italian or "Jesuit" style of architecture, of which we have so many examples in Rome, and was evidently designed by some one who was familiar with the old churches at Goa. The interior is striking on account of its fine proportions, its handsome ceilings, and its noble pillars glistening as
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if they were made of the purest marble. The chief object of interest in the cathedral is the fine statue of Bishop Heber. The face is refined, fastidious, and suggestive of the finer insight which his Journal displays. In the figure of the girl kneeling before him we have the unconscious grace and sweetness of girlhood. The face of Sir James Anderson by the same artist conveys the expression of powerful thought, and the whole figure has the appearance of calmness and repose. In the statue of Dr. Corrie the eye is attracted and the grace of the composition destroyed by the figure of a native with an obtrusive rope of hair. The monument to Broadfoot, the gallant defender of Jellalabad, is also marred by the figures of the two sepoys. An inscription informs us that he was the last of three brothers who died for their country in the battlefield of Asia. Of him Lord Hardinge said, and it is no small praise coming from the soldier that turned the tide in the battle at Albuera, "He was as brave as he was able, and second to none in all the great qualities of a soldier."

Madras has a Museum which has a name among scientific men all over the world for its many unknown forms of animal life. It has also a fine collection of coins. Among them is the Aureus of Claudius, which was struck to commemorate the conquest of Britain, and found in the Madura District. Strange that its last resting-place should be in a museum in one of the capitals of an Empire greater than the colossal dominion of Rome. Our Oriental Empire is only a century old, and therefore young compared to the long leadership of Rome. We seldom realize how thoroughly the Romans had established themselves in Britain, and that their occupation of it lasted for nearly four hundred years. They had anticipated in many important features our administration of India. They had their collectors and their judges and they, too, built magnificent roads and enjoyed the expensive luxury of a Public Works Department.

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Forum was the cutchery and something more—it was the centre of business. The Roman magnate lived in his villa in the country, as the collector and judge live in their bungalows. But the villas were adorned with rare marble and mosaics. All was peaceful and quiet. Then came the time when Rome needed all her soldiers at home, and the departure of the Roman legions left Britain defenceless. The Britons knew nothing of self-government. All authority had been centralised at Rome and all local vigour had been repressed and crushed. Patriotism had died by foreign conquest, and no one was ready to defend his country. The savage horde marched through the land and the grand buildings of the Romans were given to the flames. When the enemy arrives at our northern gate the stability of our Indian Empire will, let all men bear in mind, depend mainly on the loyalty and contentment of the people.

Madras has also another institution whose work has won it an European reputation—her Observatory. A century ago the East India Company, who were more generous patrons of literature, science and art than the Imperial Government which has succeeded them, resolved to establish an observatory at Madras "for promoting the knowledge of astronomy, geography, and navigation in India." Sir Charles Oakely, feeling certain that his liberal-minded masters would sanction the proposal, sent home to build an observatory, had it erected and supplied with instruments before the orders of the Court reached Madras. But he would not have been able to accomplish this good work except for the liberality of William Petrie, Member of Council. Two years previously William Petrie (1787) had built an observatory at his own expense, and collected in it the instruments which the Company had sent out from time to time, which were scattered over the country. At his own expense William Petrie added a small, but excellent
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transit instrument. When he went to Europe he presented this observatory and instruments to the public.

Oh the south wall of the observatory we find a slab bearing the following inscription:

Astronomiae Consecratum
Sumptibus Societatis Anglicanae
in India mercature faciendae
favente Carolo Oakeley Barto:
Præfecto Præsidii Sancti Georgi
A.D. MDCCXCII.

A translation in Tamil, Telugu, and Hindustani is carved on the granite pier that bore Petrie's transit instrument, in order that "Posterity may be informed a thousand years hence of the period when the mathematical sciences were first planted by British liberality in Asia." After noticing with profound respect the old astronomical clock, which for a century has proved "a most excellent timekeeper," we take our departure, wondering whether there were many things manufactured in the present day which would so rule and stand the test of time.
XIV

PONDICHERY

It was a fresh morning in September when we left Madras for Pondicherry. The recent rain had refreshed the atmosphere and made the trees green and fresh. For the first fifty miles we passed through stretches of land covered with scrub, dotted here and there with patches of cultivation. From the carriage window we saw scenes which Homer had seen and painted many centuries ago. The ploughman had turned his team of sleek oxen at the end of the furrow, and with his wife and children was enjoying his morning meal of cakes and corn. The bright scarlet dresses of the women and children contrasted well with the rich green of the shrubs. Then we went by patches of broad green rice fields, covered with water, in which men and women were reaping. In the distance were the blue Arcot hills, reminding us of the Deccan; but the frequent groves of palm trees bore testimony to our being not far from the sea. The further we proceeded the richer grew the soil, and the country spread out into broad fields of red and yellow corn ripe for the sickle. As we neared a village we fled past many a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, and the daughter of Zion was standing at the door. At noon we arrived at Villupuram junction, where we had to change carriages for Pondicherry; and after a run of a couple of hours the train drew up at a platform, where a band of dark savages addressed us in French. They took possession of us and
our luggage, and soon we found ourselves rolling rapidly down the main street of Pondicherry in a pousse-pousse. A pousse-pousse is an enlarged perambulator, and a man of mature years finds it a little incongruous to be wheeled down the street as in the days of childhood. But the place of the dainty nursemaid is taken by a stalwart, well-built, coal-black savage, whose dress has not troubled the sewing-machine. Another savage pushes the vehicle from behind. The pousse-pousse is, however, a decidedly comfortable conveyance, it makes no noise, and though the progress is rapid, is safe. The pousse-pousse man neither shies, nor kicks, nor jibs. Carriages and horses are almost unknown in Pondicherry, and the absence of noise is one of the charms of the French capital. After a drive of twenty minutes, we found ourselves at the entrance of the Hôtel de Londres et Paris, and a landlady from Paris received us. A room clean and neat, facing the sea, is secured at the modest cost of Rs. 4 a day. For this sum we are fed far better than at the majority of Indian hotels. Pondicherry is a paradise for a poor man. A large house built on the model of a mansion in a French country town costs Rs. 60 a month, and smaller villas can be had for Rs. 20 to Rs. 40. The balconies that project from the windows give a continental and picturesque aspect to the streets. There is not the slightest trace of the genius of ugliness, which our Public Works Department possesses, and which is imparted by them with such considerable success to the buildings they erect. The cost of maintaining these houses is as moderate as the rent. It has to be small, because the incomes of those who occupy them are small. The pay of a High Court Judge is about Rs. 250 a month. He is a man who has been carefully taught the science of jurisprudence at a French university, and has had some practical experience of the law courts in France before appointment. The salaries of the other French officials are on the same modest scale.
as those paid to the Judicial Department. The French, when they founded their settlements, introduced into them the habits of thrift, which are characteristic of the nation. The Englishman unfortunately imitated the luxurious splendour of the nobles of the Moghul Empire, and a luxurious style of living came to be regarded as a necessity. In the days of the pagoda tree the factor and merchant considered it enhanced their importance if they took no heed of what they paid for their ordinary articles of daily consumption, and the natives have continued to charge their unfortunate successors fifty per cent. more than the market price for all they have. The day is, however, not far distant when English officials and English merchants will have to study economy, and there is no reason why the sons of merchants, squires, and vicars should, in India, live as luxuriously as English noblemen. But a truce to digression. After a short rest, we leave the hotel, and a walk of a few yards brings us to the Place de la République, at the head of the pier, where, arranged in a semi-circle, are the lofty carved monoliths, which tradition says Dupleix had brought from Gingee, the great mountain fortress sixty miles from Pondicherry. Of the many heroic deeds by which the French attempted to found an empire in the East few equal and none surpass the storming of Gingee. "This place," writes Orme, "was formerly the residence of a race of Morratoe Kings, whose dominion extended from hence to the borders of the kingdom of Tangore: these princes were the ancestors of the famous Sevajee, who became king over all the Morratoe nations, and Sevajee himself, it is said, was born at Gingee." When Orme wrote his great work little was known regarding the history of the Mahrattas: Shivaji was born many hundred miles away from Gingee, but the fortress was captured by him when it was in the possession of the Bijapur kingdom, and it remained in the possession of the Mahrattas for twenty-two
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years, when it fell' into the hands of the Moghuls. Orme, who gives a good plan of the town and surrounding mountain, writes:

"A strong wall, flanked with towers, and extending near three miles, incloses three mountains, which form nearly an equilateral triangle; they are steep and craggy, and on the top of each are built large and strong forts: besides there are many other fortifications upon the declivities: On the plain between the three mountains is a large town. The Indians, who esteem no fortifications very strong unless placed upon high and difficult eminences, have always regarded Gingee as the strongest fortress in the Carnatic."

Dupleix thought the capture of Gingee would make him master of southern India, and he sent Bussy with a small detachment to take it by surprise. By petarding one of the gates the young French General gained possession of the town at sunset, and proceeded to erect a barricade of baggage wagons in the streets. But his position was one of great peril, for from the heights above the enemy poured down a deadly shower of shot and grape. The French returned their fire with the mortars and guns till the moon set, which was the signal to storm the fortifications. "None but the Europeans were destined to this hardy enterprize, who attacked all the three mountains at the same time, and found on each redoubts above redoubts, which they carried successively sword in hand, until they came to the summits, where the fortifications were stronger than those they had surmounted. They nevertheless pushed on and petarded the gates, and by daybreak were in possession of them all."

On a pedestal constructed from old fragments of temples brought from Gingee stands the statue of Dupleix. He is represented in Court dress, with long riding boots, and there is considerable originality and life in the attitude of the figure. The sculptor has also succeeded in giving the
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magnificent head, lofty and wide forehead, and the intellectual face full of energy and penetration of the great French administrator. After a century of neglect, France determined to erect this monument of one of the most famous of her sons. With much pomp and ceremony the statue was unveiled on July 16, 1870. The Pondicherry paper, which gave a glowing account of the fête that took place that day also announced that the Prussians had crossed the French frontier and occupied the first French village.

A few yards from the statue of Dupleix is the Place du Gouvernement, on the right of which is Government House, or La Gouvernement—a fine substantial building. In the centre of the Place is a curious rectangular stone building, which, on approaching, we discovered to be a fountain. A quaint Latin inscription records that here, in olden times, stood a dancing girl's house. A King and his minister were passing in the dusk of the evening when they saw a light burning in it, and mistaking it for a shrine they worshipped at it. But when the mistake was discovered the king was so wroth that he ordered it to be levelled to the ground, and a fountain mysteriously sprung up at the spot. The King and his minister mistaking at night a dancing girl's house for a shrine might create a suspicion in a vulgar mind. The origin of the legend is, however, probably due to the fact that two miles from Pondicherry is a tank which was dug at the expense of a dancing girl, and from this tank comes the water of the fountain. Another inscription informs us that on this spot stood the original citadel built by François Martin, the founder of Pondicherry. François had lent the Governor of Gingee money which he could not repay, and in return he bestowed on him a village near the coast and gave him permission to fortify a strip of land by the sea. The fortification that Martin erected could not have been of any great extent, seeing
that it cost only the modest sum of seven hundred crowns. Beneath the shelter of the slender walls, he however proceeded to lay out streets and to build houses for the native weavers, whom he wished to attract to his new settlement. The aim of his policy was to gather at Pondicherry a thrifty, loyal population, and he was wise enough to see that the best way of doing this was by respecting the manners, customs and religion of the people, and so winning their love and confidence. His policy proved eminently successful. However, just as Martin's little colony began to rise and flourish, a grave danger menaced it. Shivaji seized
Gingee and threatened an attack on the new settlement. But Martin pacified the great Freebooter by a present of 500 pagodas, and he obtained from him a grant for the French to reside at Pondicherry in perpetuity, on condition they did not interfere in the wars of the neighbouring States. Shivaji, however, insisted that the French should pay him a heavy tax on the imports and exports of the little colony which continued to grow in wealth and importance. To protect it still further Martin now threw around the town a wall which was flanked by four towers, each of which mounted six guns. Martin had hardly finished the new fortifications when war broke out between France and Holland, and in 1693 Pondicherry was attacked by a Dutch fleet consisting of nineteen ships of war. Martin, who had only forty European soldiers to defend the place, was compelled to surrender. The Dutch fully realised the value of their new possession and proceeded to improve the town and fortification to make it the capital of their Indian possessions. But five years after it had come into their hands, the treaty of Ryswick restored Pondicherry to the French. Martin hastened from France, again to take possession of the city which he had founded, but the Dutch refused to restore it until they had been handsomely compensated for the improvements they had made. A French writer, with patriotic indignation, states: "The sale, characteristic of a nation of traders, took place on the 17th September, 1699, when Martin paid 16,000 pagodas to the Director of the Dutch Company as the price of the improvements and fortifications they had made." Under the wise and vigorous administrations of Martin the town rapidly grew in prosperity. He mapped out new streets on the lines of an important European capital, erected substantial houses, warehouses and shops, and built a palace for the Governor. When the English had only a small factory at Calcutta, and Chowringhee was a malarious
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swamp, Pondicherry was a flourishing town with fifty thousand inhabitants. For the greater protection of the city Martin proceeded to construct a citadel after the model of Tournay. When finished, the new fortress was consecrated with great pomp and ceremony. On the 25th August, 1706, a stately procession of laymen and priests, chanting the Te Deum and Exaudiatur, wended its way around the town, and as it reached a bastion the cannons sent forth a roar of triumph and joy. This was the crowning day of François Martin's life. A few months later the patriot's manly heart ceased to beat. The priest who buried him wrote:

"Aujourd'hui, 31 Décembre, 1706, j'ai enterré dans la forteresse de Fort-Louis, M. François Martin, Chevalier, général et gouverneur de Pondichery, après avoir reçu les sacraments à l'église. Pondichery lui a obligation de ce qu'il est aujourd'hui. Signé Fr. Laurent de Angoulême, Capuc. Miss. Apostolique, et custode indigne."

Near the fountain, according to local tradition, he buried the remains of François Martin, a man worthy to rank with Hastings, Munro, Elphinstone. Like all men who have been great and successful administrators in India, he possessed the intuitive knowledge that kindness and sympathy are potent factors in governing Orientals.

Leaving the fountain, we walk to the end of the square opposite to Government House, and take the street which leads by the cathedral called Notre Dame des Anges. It is built after the modern Italian style of architecture, which the Portuguese have so frequently employed at Goa, and which lends itself to the use of white chunam. From an architectural point of view there is nothing to admire, but there is nothing positively ugly or offensive, as is the case with the majority of churches built by the English in India. It has been said that the fanes for prayer erected by a people
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express in stone their highest aspirations. A cynic has remarked that the churches erected by Anglo-Indians at the beginning of last century are a striking example of the truth of the statement. The square body of the church represents a beer case, and the short ugly steeple the beer bottle.

Going from the Cathedral we enter a narrow street, and coming to a gateway with the door open we enter a courtyard which contains some old tombs. Among them we find a plain substantial one, on which is inscribed the name of Bussy. Here lies at rest, after a stormy career, the great French general, whose sagacity and address was equal to that of Warren Hastings, and whose courage and genius were hardly inferior to Clive's. It is strange that no French writer has given us a satisfactory memoir of Bussy. It is the English historian who, in stately prose, worthy of his theme, has given an account of the campaign in which Bussy played so prominent a part, that has paid the best tribute to his memory. When Orme, after the publication of the first volume of his history, visited France, Bussy asked him to visit him at his château because he considered himself under an obligation to the historian for the precision and impartiality with which he had recorded his actions. The French general presented his guest with several important documents, including a narrative of his career in India, which unfortunately was never printed. He also gave him a draft of the routes of his various marches. As Orme states: "Bussy was the only man of distinguished capacity who served under Dupleix, and Dupleix's conduct to this officer showed that he knew the value of merit, and was capable of employing it to the utmost advantage, for although M. Bussy had by his expedition to the northward acquired much reputation and a great fortune, he beheld his successor without the least envy, and implicitly followed his advice in all affairs of which M. Bussy by his situation
might be a better judge than himself." Far different was the behaviour of Lally. Arrogant and vain, he was jealous of Bussy and dispensed with the Indian experience of the sepoy general. "The practice of European warfare," writes Colonel Wilkes, "was with him the bed of Procrustes to which all Indian habits and prejudices must be forcibly accommodated." If Lally had taken the advice of Bussy all hopes of French dominion in the East would not have perished at the fatal field of Wandewash. Bussy was among the prisoners, and Colonel Coote did homage to his character by immediately complying with his request for a passport to Pondicherry. The Madras Government were wroth when they heard that Eyre Coote had allowed Bussy to depart, for in those days paroles were frequently broken, and they requested that Coote should ask Bussy to return to camp, according to his promise to surrender himself when requested. Bussy was ill and some delay took place in complying with the request. Lally, when too late, realised the value of Bussy's experience and knowledge of war, and attempted to ransom him. The fiery Eyre Coote, ever ready to take offence, wrote to the Madras Government:

"Here is a letter come down from Mr. Lally to you with a bag of pagodas, which I suppose is for the ransom of Brigadier-General Bussy, and the other two who have broken their honour with me. I shall send the man to you the first opportunity who brought it. I have had the rope about his neck, and threatened to hang him, but shall do it in reality to pretended men of honour if I chance to meet with them. I beg, Sir, you will return the pagodas, and let Mr. Lally know that though he is General of the French Army, he has no pretentions to regulate the English town. I have hardly philosophy enough to have patience when I enter upon the subject."

But Eyre Coote did an injustice to Bussy, who wrote him an indignant manly letter, warmly repudiating the
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insigniation that he was capable of breaking his word, and stating that he would return to camp as soon as his health would permit. He kept his promise, and after staying a short time at Madras, he returned to France. After an absence of twenty-four years, Bussy returned to India, but standing by his grave we forget the Bussy, incompetent from age and disease, and think of the brave and gallant leader who led the storming party at Gingee.

Leaving the tomb of Bussy, we go to the State Library, which contains twelve thousand books, neatly arranged and catalogued. Amongst them are many rare histories, memoirs, and travels. When the old Brahman Librarian discovered we did not visit the library merely for the vulgar pleasure of reading books, but that we loved their sight, their touch, he brought forth from hidden recesses his treasures. The keen intellectual face of the old man lighted up with pride and joy as he showed us old folios of travels, and dainty classics in their original morocco. His special pride was a Polyglot Bible printed more than two centuries ago, and one enjoyed the exquisite pleasure which only the lover of books can feel in turning over its leaves, of hand-made paper and in gazing on its clear-cut types. In a room adjoining the library are kept the ancient records. Among them are many memoirs written by French adventurers regarding the state of the country, when the death struggle was taking place between the English and the French dominion in the East. These memoirs, while they throw fresh light on the subject, also confirm the marvellous accuracy of the historian who wrote A History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Hindustan.

One evening, taking a volume of Orme with us, we walked into the country to see if we could discover any traces of the old fortification of the town, for in its great siege we had always taken the deepest interest. Thirty years have passed
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since we first discovered in a library Orme's History, three folio volumes, bound in leather, with mouldy backs. We remember the days we spent in reading about the battles and sieges, and the delight with which we used to look at the maps and plans. De Quincey tells us of the effect produced on his imagination by the study of Livy. At the sound of the words Populus Romanus old Rome was revealed to him, he saw the array of the lictors with their fasces, and he heard the tramp of the Legions and the shouting of the crowd that lined the Sacred Way. A feeling akin to this possessed our boyish imagination when we read in Orme's "picted page" the closing scene of the siege of Pondicherry. We saw "the garrison drawn up under arms on the passage before the citadel and the English troops facing them." We looked with pity on the grenadiers of Lorrain and Lally, who "once the ablest-bodied men in the army, appeared the most impaired, having constantly put themselves forward to every service, and it was recollected that from their first landing throughout all the services of the field and all the distresses of the blockade, not a man of them had ever deserted to the English colours." We shared the "victor soldier's sigh to this solemn contemplation of the fate of war, which might have been his own," and deep was our sympathy for French troops, who "after they were reviewed, marched into the citadel, where they deposited their arms in heaps and were then conducted to their prisons." Sorrow was, however, tempered with patriotic pride when we read:

"The next morning the English flag was hoisted in the town and its display was received by the salute of a thousand pieces of cannons from every gun of every ship in the road, in all the English posts and batteries, the field artillery of the time, and on the ramparts and defences of Pondicherry."

The English treated Pondicherry as the French had treated Fort St. David and Madras: the fortifications were blown
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down, and in the *Madras Record* there is the following grim entry:

"That notice was given to the inhabitants of Pondicherry that they are permitted to pull down their houses, provided they carry materials to Madras, Cuddalore, or Fort St. David."

Orme in hand, we wander over the fields attempting to settle where was the bleaching town and the North Redoubt and follow in the theatre of its actions the great siege until the sun sets a golden ball beneath the ocean, the sky for a few seconds grows blood-red, and darkness falls on the land.
TWELVE miles south of Pondicherry is situated Fort St. David at Cuddalore, which, owing to its association with the great names of Stringer Lawrence, and Clive, must always be to Englishmen who take pride in the brave deeds of their forefathers, one of the most memorable places in the Empire.

One morning at dawn we manage to squeeze ourselves into a jutka, which is to take us to Cuddalore. The operation requires considerable skill and agility, for the jutka is a small box on two wheels. A small pony drags the box, and a large naked black savage drives it. At full gallop we proceed through the streets of Pondicherry. Our body sways to and fro, and our knees, being in our mouth, threaten to dislocate our jaws. When we reach the suburb we pray for mercy and implore the driver to stop. We prefer to walk, and with some difficulty we extricate our bruised and battered bodies. Delightful was it to enjoy once more the use of our limbs. The morning was fresh and the sea was golden with the rising sun. The peasants were coming to market. The men looked fine robust fellows, and many of the young women were handsome, and one was struck with the free grace that distinguished their movements as they went by, carrying huge baskets on their heads. Men and women laughed and chatted, and the children trotted by their side, looking solemn and grave, as only Oriental children can. But they are always picturesque.
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with their naked legs and their short bright jackets of orange and yellow. Large carts laden with vegetables rolled by, and we were struck with the size of the oxen, their delicate skins, and long stately horns. The road, lined with large trees, passes through a fertile country, dotted with populous villages. The ryots are working in the fields, and from a broad tank close by comes a creaking sound. It is due to the water buckets which the men are raising with their feet as they have done from time immemorial in the east. "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, where thou sowest thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven."

The sun now grows too powerful for us to continue our walk, and we have again to resort to the jutka. Deeply rejoiced are we when, after driving through a stately avenue, we reach the porch of a fine upper-storied house. It is the official residence of the Collector, and with the wide and generous hospitality, which is a special characteristic of the Madras Presidency, he had kindly placed it at our disposal, and sent servants to attend to our wants. The house has many historic associations, for it is the garden house so often mentioned in the old Madras records, and was built one hundred and sixty years ago. Orme writes:

"At the distance of a mile and a half to the north-west of Fort St. David was a country house, appointed for the residency of the Governor, behind which, to the north, was a large garden, inclosed with a brick wall, and, before the house to the south, a court with buildings on each side of it."

The garden, with its old trees, still exists, and the buildings on each side of the court have been converted into offices for the Collector. In two rooms are neatly arranged the old monuments. Turning over their leaves we realize more fully than we did before that the founders of the Empire
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were factors and merchants. It is the price of mulmuls and taftas which occupied their minds, and they devoted their days to drawing up charter-parties and bills of lading. They ask their masters to send them writers and workmen, and they are greatly pleased when they receive a letter from Madras advising that "they had sent us one John Dyer, a bricklayer, whom our honourable masters have entertained to serve for five years at the rate of ninety pounds sterling per annum, to commence from July 18, the day of his arrival." But these factors were not mere money-making merchants, for the old records bear witness that they were endowed with a strong sense of duty to God and their country, whose honour and interests they were always ready to defend, and many a street fight and many a signal deed of valour did the old fort witness.

It was in the year 1690 we purchased it from the Mah- rattas, and Mr. Hatsell was ordered "to go to receive possession of the fort and pay the money," and with him were to be sent "some factors to be of council there, also a Lieutenant; two Ensigns, gunners, etc., officers, one hundred soldiers, twenty matrosses, twenty laskars, thirty great guns, one hundred barrels of powder, two hundred musquets, one hundred cartouches, one hundred swords, and ammunition, etc., necessary for such a garrison and settlement," and it was resolved "that the guns, stores, and household stuff be removed from Conimeer and the southern factories thither."

The cession included not only the fort but the adjacent towns and villages "within ye randome shott of a piece of ordnance." The best brass gun at Madras was sent with Hatsell, and he was informed that it "lyes in the gunners art to load and fire it to the best advantage." The gunner was evidently skilled in his art, for on September 23, 1690, at the time when Dutch William was busy establishing his power in Ireland, the "randome shott" was fired and it fell beyond Cuddalore. And to this day the villages in-
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cluded within the range of “that randome shott” are known as the “Gundu Gramam” or “Cannon Ball Villages.”

The English proceeded at once to introduce law and order into their new possession. Mr. Haynes, Mr. Watts, and Macudum Nina were appointed justices of the Choultry “to try and determine causes Civill and Criminal, and to execute according to sentence, lyfe only excepted, which must be done by another court of judicature.” “All tryalls of moment” were to be registered by “an English Clark of said coart,” “and the differences amongst black merchants” be decided by “Arbitrators of their own cast.” It was also proposed that a mint should be established, but the mint for coining silver and gold was not formed till the beginning of 1747, when the capture of Madras by the French made Fort St. David the chief settlement on the coast.

All, and their name is legion, who have read Macaulay’s brilliant essay on Clive, know that he was one of the prisoners who escaped from Madras to Fort St. David. It was at Fort St. David he gained, by the daring courage which he displayed, his first commission. In a despatch to the court of Directors, dated May 2, 1747, we read:

“Mr. Robert Clive, writer in the service, being of martial disposition, and having acted as a volunteer in our late engagements, we have granted him an Ensign’s commission, upon his application for the same.”

An old writer, in English worthy of the great lexicographer, informs us:

“As Ensign he served under Admiral Boscawen at the siege of Pondicherry, September, 1748; his gallant conduct in the defence of the advanced breach gave the first prognostic of that high military spirit, which was the spring of his future actions and the principal source of the decisive intrepidity and elevation of mind which were his characteristic endowments.”
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Three years later, in the expedition against Devi-Cotah, Clive, then holding the rank of Lieutenant, volunteered to lead the attack at the breach. His small platoon of thirty-four Europeans became separated from the sepoys, and was attacked by a large body of the enemy's horse in the rear. They had no time to face about and defend themselves, and in an instant twenty-six of the platoon were cut to pieces. "A horseman had his sword uplifted to strike at Lieutenant Clive, who escaped the blow by stepping on one side whilst the horse passed him: he then ran towards the sepoys, whom he had the good fortune to join, being one of four who were all that escaped from the slaughter." Thus narrowly did England escape losing the man who by his courage and statesmanship laid the foundation of her Oriental Empire. Shortly after the capture of Devi-Cotah Clive resigned his commission and was appointed steward. But when prospects of active service again opened before him, he returned to the ranks, and in the old records we read:

"Mr. Robert Clive, who has lately been very serviceable in conducting several parties to camp, offering to go without any consideration to pay, provided we will give him a Brevet to entitle him to the rank of a Captain, as he was an officer at the siege of Pondicherry almost the whole time of the war, and distinguished himself on many occasions, it is conceived that this officer may be of some service, and, therefore, now ordered that a Brevet be drawn out and given him."

As a brevet Captain, Clive started from Fort St. David on the expedition for the relief of Arcot. He was then only twenty-five, and he returned to England at the age of twenty-seven, having earned the reputation of being one of the first soldiers of the age. Six years later he came back to Fort St. David as Governor, but had held the office only a few weeks when he was summoned to Madras, to command the troops which were being sent to Bengal to recover our lost possession, and to revenge a foul massacre.
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Early in the afternoon we set forth from the garden house to visit the old fort. To reach it we had once again to submit to the tortures of a jutka, but our miseries were, to some degree, mitigated by the companionship of a retired native official. He had the good manners which distinguished the Indian gentlemen of the old school, and thirty years of Government service had not dulled his keen intellect. Vigorous in body and mind, it was difficult at first to determine to what race he belonged. However, after a few moments' conversation we asked him if he were not a Deccan Brahmin. Then he told us, with obvious pride, how his grandfather had commanded a squadron, under Shivaji, and for his services had been rewarded with a grant of land, and the family had been settled in these parts from that day. We became fast friends on our telling him that many happy years of our life had been spent in the capital of the Deccan, and that we took an interest in the tales of wild Mahratta battle. The old man grew eloquent as he discoursed about the brave deeds of his forefathers, for a lifetime spent in official harness had not destroyed the love and pride of race which the Mahratta has in common with the Celt. A staunch conservative, he did not seem to have much respect for the modern native official, the product of our higher education. He considered they wanted backbone. But what were you to expect if you destroyed the belief in the old gods, and sapped the force of customs which had existed for ages? It required delicate handling, and the expression of tolerant views, to extract from him his opinion regarding the administration in which he had played a part. But it was the same tale we had heard in the Deccan and Bengal.

He did not consider the people had grown more prosperous by our rule, and though, no doubt, the British Government was a very perfect and good Government, and meant well, it had not made the people happier. There was considerable distress amongst the poorer classes, and the old grain-pits...
now lay empty. After having had to study for many years the optimistic opinions of official scribes, the pessimism of the old man was both interesting and instructive.

Time passed swiftly in discussing social, religious, and political problems with the old Mahratta, and we felt sad when the conversation was interrupted by the carriage halting at the gate of a small bungalow. Here we had to alight to see all that remains of the old ramparts of Fort St. David. Entering the garden we could trace, by means of a broken wall, the position of one of the old bastions facing the river. The view from it was noble. Below, the river spread itself out, full and broad, between low banks covered with palms. Large boats, furnished with brown sails, were dropping lazily to the sea, and in the far distance, beyond the wide expanse of waters, could be seen the red and white houses of the old city of Cuddalore. After enjoying the fair prospect for a little time, we proceeded to examine some of the subterranean "Roman ways," to which Orme alludes in his history. They seem to have gone completely round the Fort, under the glacis, and to have formed means of communication for the garrison. The greater part of the site of the old Fort is now covered with tall Casuarina trees and at the edge of the grove we found a bench where, deserting our companions, we sat for some time, and conjured up spirits of the past. We see the "writer" come forth after a busy day at the ledger, and the factor enjoying with his wife and children the freshness of the evening air. A stout, hale man, of about fifty, dressed in scarlet coat, with a rapier by his side, and a three-cornered hat under his arm, is engaged in earnest conversation with a slim stripling. Major Stringer Lawrence, commandant of all the Company's troops in the East Indies, is relating his experiences with Clayton's own regiment, to Clive. He tells him about Gibraltar and its siege, in which he took part, when serving in the ranks, and he gives him an account of his adventures.
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with Wager's fleet on the coast of Italy. He describes how he column, headed by the King's son, broke the heart of the French line at Fontenoy, and how they would have won the day if they had not been deserted by the Dutch. The lad's heart beats fast as Lawrence describes the gallant charge of the French guards, and how, with a wild yell, the Highlanders broke our ranks at Culloden. They eagerly discuss the news from Trichinopoly, which Lawrence considers, from all accounts, must be very like Gibraltar, and Clive with eagerness assures him that if he could get together a small force, he might, by a rapid dash on Arcot, save the rock from falling into the hands of the French. Time is precious. News has reached them of a large convoy of French ships having left Mauritius, and they scan the horizon with anxious eyes, to see if they can catch the first glimpse of the English fleet, which is expected from Madras. Their conversation is interrupted by a messenger, who comes in hot haste to inform them that the Mahratta horsemen have attacked "the Bounds," and two of their small band of officers have fallen, fighting gallantly to the last. Lawrence orders the call to arms to be sounded, and sends Clive to see that the gates are securely guarded. The evil tidings swiftly spread, and the men and women hasten away from the rampart. No sound breaks the stillness of the air, except the tramp of the sentry, and the roar of the ocean, as it breaks on the bar.

A voice interrupts our reverie. It is the old Mahratta, who has come to remind us that it is growing dark, and we must hasten home, for the road is not very good.

At break of day we start with our Mahratta friend to visit the city of Cuddalore. A more enjoyable drive it would be difficult to imagine. The air is fresh, the road is lined with noble trees, and the country is rich with maize, corn, and rice, spreading as far as the eye can scan. Before we reach the town, we skirt the broad river, lit with the scarlet
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shafts of sunrise, and here nature grows even more rich and lavish. But man has not been lavish in his bounties on the city of Cuddalore. The streets are extremely narrow and dirty, and with some difficult we thread our way through them, in order to reach the old factory. We pass through a lofty gateway and enter a wide courtyard, where a large number of women are busy in packing ground-nuts, which are exported in large quantities to Europe for the manufacture of "olive oil." The rapid growth of this export has done much to increase the prosperity of Southern India, but my conservative friend refused to regard it as a blessing. Men, he stated, had begun to cease to grow corn and rice in order to cultivate the ground-nut, and when there was no corn grown the people would starve. In fact the good old man displayed as much ignorance of economics as a cabinet minister. Passing through the courtyard we come to a fine massive building which was once the old factory. For some years it had been used as a gaol. On the ground floor are spacious vaults, in which the factors stored the piece-goods, the cinnamon, the pepper, meant for Europe; above is a spacious lofty room which used to be the common dining-room, and adjoining it is the chamber which, by order of their masters, was fitted up as a chapel, for the directors of the East India Company were as solicitous for the welfare of the souls of their servants as of their bodies. They not only sent arms and ammunition for the Fort, but also a supply of Bibles and catechisms for distribution, and "when any shall be able to repeat the catechism by heart, you may give to each of them two rupees for their encouragement." In the present day we fear there is not a single Member of Council or Secretary to Government who could earn two rupees by repeating the catechism. It was ordered that "whosoever shall be guilty of lying shall pay four farsangs." "Whosoever shall profane the name of God by swearing or cursing he shall pay twelve pence to the use of ye poore
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for every oath or curse, and in case of non-payment after demand, the said sume shall be levied by distress, and in default of such distress the offender shall sett in the stocks three hours." The penalty for remaining out of the house all night (without license from the chief), or being found absent at the time of shutting the gates after nine at night (without reasonable excuse), was "ten rupees to the use of ye poore, or sett one whole day publikely in the stocks." But whosoever committed the offence of having "appeared to be drunk," had to pay five shillings for the use of the poor for every offence, and in case of non-payment after demand, "the said sume shall be levied by distress, and in defect of such distress, the offender shall sett in the stocks six hours." Every Protestant that lodged "within the house" who was absent from the publike prayers morning and evening on week days, "without lawful excuse," had to pay twelve pence for the poore, or be confined one whole weke within the house for every such default; but whatsoever Christian in the Hon'ble Company's service that was absent from the publike prayers morning and evening on the Lord's Day, without a lawful excuse, had also to pay twelve pence for the poore for every such offence, but in case of default the offender had to suffer imprisonment "until payment of said sume so forfeited by law." It was also commanded "that these orders shall be read publikely to the factory twice in the yeare, that is, upon the Sunday next after Christmas day, and upon the Sunday next after Midsummer day in the forenoone, after Divine service, that none may pretend ignorance thereof; and all persons concerned therein are hereby strictly charged and commanded to give due observance and not contrary to the same, upon paine of undergoing the penaltys appointed, and suffering further displeasure." These orders were made by "the Agents and Council for affairs of the Hon'ble the English East India Company upon the coast of Chormandef, and in the Bay of
CITIES OF INDIA

Bengal (for advancing the Glory of God, upholding the honour of the English nation, and the preventing of disorders) to be observed by all persons employed in the Hon’ble Company’s service in the Factorys in the Bay of Bengal.” They were issued the 12th day of December, Anno Domini, 1679, and in the one and thirtieth yeare of the raigne of Our Soveraigne Lord Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.,” and they show that the wild orgy of the Restoration had not reached India, but that the factors were what Puritanism had made them, serious, earnest, sober in life and conduct.

After wandering over the old factory we proceeded to the church, a small neat building, which is believed to be the identical building taken from the Jesuit priests in 1749, on their expulsion from Cuddalore as French spies. In the churchyard there are some interesting old tombs. Here lies Agnes Macdonald, “who died on the 7th July, 1732, of a broken heart, aged 20”; her husband had been “murdered by an infuriated noble of Muslem” a fortnight before. Leaving the churchyard we found our way with some difficulty to the old cemetery. With proud and pensive thought we wander among the tombs and read the inscriptions carved upon them. It is only when we visit these old cemeteries scattered about the land, we realize the courage and self-devotion, the suffering and woe, by which England’s Empire has been bought. These old tombs are sacred trusts, and it is gratifying that in future they are to be carefully preserved by the State. The cost of saving them from ruin ought, not to be great, for, though the illustrious living are many, the illustrious dead are few.
WORKS BY G. W. FORREST, C.I.E.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.


"Mr. Forrest, the Director of Records to the Government of India, has issued a volume of Military Selections of great interest. It consists of the Mutiny papers preserved in the Military Department in Calcutta. We hope to notice adequately this carefully prepared work at an early date. Although Mr. Forrest travels over well-trodden ground, his patience and accuracy have succeeded in presenting, in a new light, several important facts connected with the Mutiny. His introductory chapter is, as usual with him, an admirable piece of impartial historical narrative. At present we have only space to welcome his work without attempting even to summarise its contents."—Times' first notice.

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the graphic narrative of the editor, but in the contemporary dispatches of
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one turns with renewed admiration to the documents on which it is based,
only to find ourselves called upon to admire afresh the stern simplicity of
these records, the conspicuous absence of anything like self-praise or
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The reader will, therefore, be grateful to Professor Forrest for the vivid
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covered by the Selections. In performing this task it was impossible for him to avoid constant reference to the attacks made both at the time and afterwards on every act of Hastings’ career. He is careful, however, not to allow the personality of that much-badgered ruler to overshadow the exciting incidents of his times. With rare skill and perfect fairness he views the whole period, and while showing the relation of the men to events, it is to the events rather than to the men that he directs our attention. It is this attitude that constitutes the special value of the not a single selection. For after all, what concerns us moderns in these selections is the character of the men as that of the measures by which the British Empire in India was established.”—*Pioneer.*

It is these proceedings that supply the vindication of the illustrious He who was so much maligned while these papers remained unpublished. He himself said that if these official documents were given to the world his it would be strengthened. The Directors at that time did not think Hastings to grant this request. But now the work has been done, and will hasten it being made complete. Every future historian has, have to take account of these volumes, and to them Professor Forrest the can. Editor prefixed an valuable introduction, in which he clearly states in these, and refutes the charges with the aid of the documents published in the body of the work.”—*Times of India.*

Bus. G. W. Forrest has made another valuable and interesting contribution to the store of material on Indian history in the Hastings’ papers, which he has just been published at Calcutta by authority of the Government of India. The papers extend from 1772, the year in which Warren Hastings became Governor of Bengal, to the 1st of February, 1785, the cover which he resigned the office of Governor-General. They thus abound in momentous period in the history of British rule in India—a period Council in wars and negotiations and intrigues, and in conflicts in story more embittered even than those in the open field. Here the embittered Rohilla Campaign, which Macaulay has told with highly original and vindictiveness, may be read in the dispassionate simplicity of official documents. More light—if more light were needed after Sir James Stephen’s elaborate investigation of the whole affair— is thrown upon the story of Nundomar and of Hastings’ relation to that high-bred malefactor. Hastings’ conflicts and misunderstandings with the Governments of Bombay and Madras are represented in the dry light of papers for the most part new even to the historical student. The story of the Benares rebellion, as well as that story of the Begums of Oudh, upon which Burke lavished all the resources of his brilliant but cruel rhetoric, are told at length, not as lucidly perhaps as Macaulay had told them, but in a way nevertheless which carries with it all the living interest of first-hand testimony, and which will mislead no one who knows how to weigh historical evidence. They are all official papers, it is true, but all of them relate to events by which modern India has been moulded and built up, and they are eminently readable. Of Mr. Forrest’s performance of the duty entrusted to him by Government, nothing but praise need be said. So far as we have seen in a necessarily rapid survey of the three volumes, the selection has been made with great care and judgment, the whole of the papers printed having a direct and important bearing upon the leading events of Hastings’ administration. And there are few of them which will not make themselves excellent reading apart from their value as *mémoires pour servir.* In an introduction of just one hundred pages Mr. Forrest surveys the whole of the field covered by his three volumes. The *Introduction* is all that it ought to be. It is a piece of clear, crisp, and concise writing, in which the Editor keeps closely to his subject, avoiding the temptation which must often have been strong, to tell himself the story which could properly be told only by the papers with which he was dealing.”—*Bombay Gazette.*

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