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BY

J. D. REES

COMPANION OF THE MOST EMINENT ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, MEMBER OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY
OF PARIS, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
FELLOW OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS, AND SOMETIME
TRANSLATOR TO THE MADRAS GOVERNMENT IN TAMIL, TELUGU, PERSIAN, AND HINDUSTANI
AUTHOR OF 'JOURNEY FROM KAZVEEN TO HAMADAN (ECBATANA)' ETC.

D
DATA ENTERED

WITH

A NARRATIVE OF ELEPHANT-CATCHING IN MYSORE

BY

G. P. SANDERSON

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF KEDDAHs TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL
SUPERINTENDENT OF KEDDAHs TO THE GOVERNMENT OF MYSORE
AUTHOR OF 'TWELVE YEARS AMONG THE WILD BEASTS OF INDIA' ETC.

WITH MAP, PORTRAITS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE



THE following narrative is intended to form a record of the recent visit of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to Southern India, and particularly to give an account of his Royal Highness' visit to Hyderabad, and of his experiences when shooting in Mysore and Travancore. The fourth chapter is written entirely by Mr. SANDERSON, the Superintendent of Keddahs in Mysore, who conducted the elephant-catching operations. It is hoped that this portion of the little book, and that relating to sport in Travancore, may be of some use to sportsmen, who intend to shoot in India. I have, by permission of the editors of 'Macmillan's Magazine' and of the 'Asiatic Quarterly Review,' availed myself of articles I have written for those periodicals in treating of Mysore and Travancore, I have profited by extracts from the mine of information contained in Ball's new edition of 'Tavernier's Travels,' and I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. TALBOYS WHEELER, Mr. JAMES FERGUSON, Mr. FARIDONJEE

JAMSHEDJEE, Mr. WILLMOTT, and Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF for information extracted from their writings, and contributions to various Reviews. I have also made use, in some places, of 'Narratives of Tours in India,' written by myself, and have noticed, as fully as the nature of my subject allowed, the administration of the three great Native States of Hyderabad, Mysore and Travancore, besides endeavouring to give, by the way, some idea of the life of the people of Southern India.

J. D. REES.

CHAPTER V

MYSORE TO TRAVANCORE

THE extremely successful keddah operations over, his Royal Highness and party took leave of the Maharaja, and travelled eighty-five miles by railway over an undulating tableland, past gardens of plantains, the Palm of Paradise, so called because the Mussulmans prettily fable that of its leaves Adam and Eve made their garments, past thickets of close-growing sugar-cane, and groves of graceful areca palm, to Bangalore, where the British resident, Sir Oliver St. John, sometime resident in Hyderabad, Baroda, Cashmere and Kandahar, received the party. The native city and the cantonment of Bangalore, which has been assigned to the British by the Maharaja, are situated at a height of upwards of 3,000 feet above the sea-level on a cool and bracing plateau. Bangalore is consequently one of the most pleasant and popular stations in India, but owing to their inveterate carelessness, our soldiers suffer much from chills, the most deadly and insidious enemy of the Englishman in India. The station is also an excellent site for military operations, which are carried on with full vigour by the British and native cavalry and infantry, and the horse and field artillery which always garrison Bangalore ; and our troops now

fit themselves for actual warfare on the scene of many fights of former days. The peasantry still regard powder and shot with unconcern, the result, however, not of use, but of natural apathy. Some time ago a battery dropped a shot close to a village, and inquiries were at once instituted as to whether by accident anything of the sort had happened before, and whether the people objected to such dangerous practice in their immediate vicinity. The villagers who were examined said: 'O yes! Those gentlemen of the artillery are always *aiming* at us, but as no one gets hurt we have no objection, and don't think any change necessary.' Historians tell us, too, that when the south of India was one big battle-field, the peasants would go on cultivating around the combatants, only pausing to ask which side had won. That *was* an interesting question, for it meant a change of landlords.

A very large Eurasian community resides at Bangalore, near which a small colony has been founded for the purpose of inducing East Indians to settle as farmers on the Mysore plateau. The experiment has met with but little success, partly owing to want of capital and to the fact that the colonists prefer to live in Bangalore itself, and are absentees; but the chief cause of failure is that East Indians cannot compete with the natives as agriculturists. The natives produce more at less cost, and are content with smaller profits. The Whitefield experiment somewhat resembles our 'allotment' system, which works well when land is good and conveniently situated. Unless, however, the soil is rich and the farmer competent, neither 'settlements' nor *petite culture* are likely to succeed when ordinary farming fails.

It goes without saying that his Royal Highness was received

right royally in a great British cantonment. The special features of the reception were arches of fragrant sandalwood, and an aquatic nautch, girls singing and dancing on a float, as the procession passed the big tank near the railway station.

Saturday was devoted to luncheon with that hospitable corps the 21st Hussars, and a fête at the horticultural garden called the Lal Bagh, which was first laid out by Hyder Ali, who, for his military services, was granted the fort and district of Bangalore by the Raja of Mysore, whose kingdom he subsequently usurped. The garden contains a rare collection of tropical and sub-tropical plants.

A curious feature of this entertainment was the exhibition of groups of living Indian characters—Hindu and Mahomedan. The weird and uncouth appearance of some of them was startling. Among the most noticeable were:—

Sivachar Kambis.—Devotees of the temple of Nanjengode, who also collect contributions for its benefit.

Kondalas.—Mahrattas who worship a goddess called Amba Bhavani. They sing the praise of the deity, and their songs are accompanied by the most peculiar music.

Budubudikes.—A set of Mahratta soothsayers, who go about the streets early in the morning and pretend to reveal the future. They are said to pay nocturnal visits to burial-grounds, and to interpret the language of birds. A small drum carried by them is believed to inspire them with the knowledge of the future.

Siddis.—These represent the ferocious unbelievers who went to war against Hussein, grandson of Mahomet. They sing a weird war song.

In another part of the grounds actors were playing a

Hindu drama, which seemed to attract almost all the native gentlemen in the place, and so crowded was the audience in front of it, that it was impossible to see or hear much. The Prince, however, visited it and listened to the following prologue, which the principal actor sang in his praise :

Prince Albert Victor ! son of India's Empress' son !

Accept beloved Prince ! the hearty regards and loyalty of India's sons to the mighty British Crown. We are delighted to welcome you here. May prosperity ever be yours whose kindly qualities endear you to all.

May the righteous Empress long continue to reign over our land, where England's valour has ensured peace, and justice secured love.

This dramatic company, patronised by our generous Maharaja, feels honoured by your royal visit. May you ever be happy !

Roses grow to perfection here, and bungalows in Bangalore are quite commonly half-covered by orange bignonia, and surrounded by pot gardens of roses and Neapolitan violets.

At the Lal Bagh the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the horticultural exhibition building ; in the night he witnessed the illuminations, and after attending Divine service on Sunday, left Bangalore in the evening to pay a visit to his Highness the Maharaja of Travancore.

Before leaving his Royal Highness witnessed a parade of all the troops in the garrison, a very interesting sight. The regimental institutions, and the stable management of the 21st Hussars, under Colonel Hickman, are of extraordinary perfection. Nothing, however, in the great town and cantonment of Bangalore surpasses in interest a visit to the lines of the Madras Sappers and Miners, who are as great in the arts of peace as in those of war.

They make all their own equipments, and are experts as carpenters, coopers, painters, smiths, armourers, gunsmiths, bricklayers, tile-makers, stone-cutters, masons, telegraphists, photographers, printers and surveyors. No man is admitted into the corps unless he knows some trade, and no man enlists who, for caste or other reasons, is above putting his hands to anything. No less than 500 children, too, are educated in these lines, and you may see funny groups of little boys seated on the ground and tracing the figures of the alphabet in the sand. The leader of the tiny class calls out the name of the letter, on which all the others take it up in a king-song chorus, and repeat it, and trace it in the sand, until its shape and name are well impressed in their little memories. We hear and write a vast amount 'about and about' technical education, but here apparently is the actual living thing.

* *Rin nist sarr por na sapu* — nothing comes amiss to the Madras Sapper. He will fight any one in any country, and live anyhow amongst any class or nationality. You may see him on parade, as the Prince did, quite the smart soldier, or you may see him sitting on a rug, as I have, clothed in khakee and wearing medals, being solemnly dragged around a ball-room by a fatigue party of his comrades, to put a superlative polish on a floor he has already made as slippery and ice-like as cocoa-nuts, cloths and energy can make it.

The great want of Bangalore is good water. The place stands higher than the country surrounding it for many miles, isolated rocky hills excepted. Divers schemes have been tried in vain, and a great effort to supply the want is now being made by the Resident and by the Governments of Madras and India. At present the genial manager of the existing works

will offer you a glass of water from different taps, of any colour you like, and he profoundly disbelieves that any colour is unwholesome. Too much indeed is put down to water every day of our lives, but soldiers must have enough to wash in, and the quantity, at any rate, should be sufficient. 'Every death is put down by the doctors to bad water,' says the manager, 'and unless a man is thrown off his horse and dies *on the spot*, he too will hardly be allowed to have met his death from any other cause.'

Apropos of water, a temperance institution has been started by a charitable lady in the place, and the legend over the door runs in the Tamil language: 'Hindus-liquor-avaunt-place,' which is more popularly rendered, by the neighbours, Hindus-not-getting-drunk-house.

A local legend goes to show that in 1815 a temperance man would have found Bangalore a dangerous place of residence. On a tombstone in the Agram cemetery is the following inscription:

This tomb protects the remains of John Wilson, Private 84th Regiment. Urged unhappily to the awful crime of mutiny, he suffered the last sentence of the law with manly fortitude and hope, and the consolation of a Christian. Aged 25. November 1815.

And it is currently reported that John Wilson was shot for refusing his tot of rum!

Another tombstone in the Ulsoor Road cemetery bears, *tout simplement*, the honoured name of 'John Peel.'

It had been arranged that, on the way from Mysore to Travancore, the Prince should halt at Madura, open the new bridge built across the river to commemorate the visit of the

Prince of Wales in 1875, and visit the magnificent temples, the pride of Hinduism and of Southern India. This town of sacred towers and holy quadrangles should be seen by all who pretend to have grasped the present state of religious feeling among the Hindus. The temple is the very social, political and religious heart of the district of Madura. The streets of the town all converge upon it, and supply it day and night with an unending stream of worshippers. Within the corridors are shops and tables of money-changers, without it are spacious rest-houses for the accommodation of visitors. It is always open, always full, and enormous sums of money are being spent from year's end to year's end, in painting in fantastic colours the grotesque images of gods and heroes, which throng and crowd on each successive step of the pyramidal towers. In no city of any country I know is a sacred edifice so manifestly the centre of the life of the community. It may be said, of course, that the adherence of the people to their own religion is conventional, and that they disbelieve it in their hearts. But as we cannot read hearts, we must be content to judge Hindus, as we do Christians, by outward and visible signs.

Besides its temples, Madura possesses, in the palace of Trimul Naik, an architectural fortune. This beautiful edifice, fast falling past repair, was restored by the taste of Lord Napier and Ettrick, and where the deputy of the Hindu Emperor of Vijianagar once sat in state, an English judge, and an English collector, now unpretentiously administer law and justice, in the lofty halls of the palace.

In the bedroom of the great Trimul Naik the judge sits, and on the walls hangs a picture of Sir Philip Hutchins, K.C.S.I.,

now member of the Viceroy's Council, once judge of Madura, where his memory will long be cherished by its grateful and appreciative, but not unexacting, inhabitants.

The great Raft Tank, too, is a work of surpassing merit. In the centre of a large artificial lake is a masonry island, on which among beds of oleanders is built a garden temple, for the god whose turn it may be to have a change of air. With much pomp, the idol is conveyed across the water on a raft, while dancing girls posture and sing around it, and the people make merry on the stone-bound margin of the lake.

The occurrence of cholera prevented his Royal Highness from visiting Madura, no less to his own regret, as I can testify, than to that of the great Zemindars and the people of the district, who had arranged to give him a reception worthy of its past history and present importance.

CHAPTER VI

TRAVANCORE

THE route southwards from the foot of the Mysore plateau past Madura to Tinnevely passes through what, in classic Indian times, was dense forest inhabited by wild beasts and monkeys, whether or not the contemptuous Brahmans who wrote history so described the dark aboriginal races they met upon their march.

Long after classic Indian times, in the seventeenth century, much of what is now well cultivated and thickly populated land was dense jungle, full of monkeys. Tavernier tells us that the monkeys on one side of the road were so hostile to those on the other, that none could venture to pass from side to side without running the risk of being strangled.

Ever so long ago, as the story books say, Rama, prince and hero, exiled from his throne, travelled through this vast forest, whence the demon ruler of Ceylon bore off Sita his ravished wife. The bereaved Rama invoked the aid of the kindly and cunning monkey folk, who recovered Sita unharmed from the demon's clutches.

To allow of the passage of Rama's army to the Golden Isle of Ceylon, a bridge was built across the sea. Animals of all classes assisted the hero, including the squirrel who brought

his acorn. Pleased with the little creature's desire to help, Rama stroked him gently, and to this day all Indian squirrels have three golden stripes down their backs, the marks of the god's fingers. When the military operations were over, the bridge, I suppose, was washed away. At any rate, you cannot cross now by way of Adam's bridge. The Zemindar of Ramnad, who was waiting at Madura to receive the Prince, bears the hereditary title of 'Guardian of the Bridge' or Sethupati. Rama's bridge has disappeared, the wells are no longer filled with milk, and the mark of the god's footstep is no longer seen upon the rock, but the monkey folk still chatter about the temples, and the country folk still call the Zemindar 'The Keeper of the Bridge.'

In these days, you travel through the great forest by rail regardless of the demon of Ceylon, and you halt at intervals of ten miles or so at towns and villages. Yet are the old conditions by no means forgotten. At a station on the way, the book-stall boy offers me a translation of the *Ramayana*, or tale of Rama, the Iliad of the East, just as in England you would be offered the last new 'shilling shocker.' The preface to this work runs: 'Natives of India evince a great aversion to poems. It is hoped this translation will give them a just appreciation of English poetry, whose peculiar melody and comprehensive expression is suited to convey the loftiest and most sublime thought.' What follows is, I dare say, no worse than some of our Latin hexameters at school. For example :

The giant king, when woke from his long sleep,
 Rushed out, forgetting the by-word 'Look ere you leap.'
 At such a scene the monkeys were with panic seized,
 Each fled for life, for fear it would to death be squeezed.

The little train runs along its metre-gauge way through fields of rice, past high, waving crops of sugar cane and castor oil, gilded by the sun by day and silvered by the moon by night; past thickets of copper-coloured croton, clumps of large-feathered bamboos, and groves of little-feathered tamarinds, gold-dropping laburnums, and forests of cocoa-nut and palmyra trees. Not seldom you cross the sandy bed of a big river, beneath which trickles to the sea a rill of living water, which a few hours of rain will convert into a raging torrent. All along the way you are reminded that, 'Here in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm.' Often above the trees rise the tall towers of some temple of Siva, or of Vishnu, who came down upon earth and was made man in the person of the very hero hymned above. Yet more often, in the shady groves, are images of demons, horses, and elephants—the gods of the untaught poor. Beneath a sacred fig tree, the leaves of which no Hindu, wanting fuel, would ever burn, lies the image of a cobra. Upon the trunk of a tamarind a streak of red proclaims the presence of some spirit of the place, whose 'shadowy answers' are waved to worshippers by the graceful boughs of the tree. Before the shrine of one god are strewn rose leaves, the earth before another is wet with the blood of cocks and goats. Everywhere is the dread goddess of evil and of small-pox, feared, propitiated, and approached in prayer. On every side is some tall temple or fantastic fane. The ground whereon you tread is holy, as you are reminded by the name of every other place you pass. Yet these diverse temples are not all of different creeds, as we should say. The professor of the most degraded superstition, when he goes to the town, worships at the temple of the Brahmins, and is welcomed there. He may

have only a little light; the more reason for not casting him out. The Brahmin pantheism is sufficiently comprehensive to include all within its tolerant fold. If the English dominion in India ceased, and the missionaries left with their compatriots, it is not unlikely that the Brahmins would adopt the few low-caste converts to Christianity. Christ they might represent, like Rama, as an avatar or incarnation of one of the great gods, and some of the Roman Catholic missionaries would probably be canonised for their noble and self-sacrificing lives. It is only to Europeans that this toleration seems strange. In the neighbouring empire of China, one and the same man may be a Shintoist, and a follower of Confucius will certainly worship his own ancestors, and will very probably be a bit of a Buddhist into the bargain. When I say that Christians are few, far be it from me to disparage the results of the earnest labours of better men, but the Christians *are* few, for they are but 73 of the population of India, and their Christianity, as I have seen it, too often breathes but little of the spirit of the sermon on the mount. Again, of the fractional total Christian population in India nearly three quarters (74½ per cent.) are found in Madras, Travancore, Hyderabad, Mysore, and Cochin, the territories, with the exception of Cochin, visited by the Prince and referred to in these pages. An officer who has served for fifteen years in Madras and its neighbouring Native States may well be mistaken, but he has at least had exceptional opportunities of forming an opinion. In Travancore and Cochin the great majority of the Christians are Roman Catholics, or adherents to the Syrian Church.

That his Royal Highness did not visit the very interesting State of Cochin was due to no omission on the part of its cour-

teous and enlightened ruler, whose invitation the Prince was regretfully constrained to decline, as the time at his disposal did not allow of further visits in the south. The royal family of Cochin, which comprises a very large number of individuals, is remarkable for the harmonious relations which ever exist between all its members. The peaceful and prosperous villages of the little State are hidden in groves of fruitful cocoa-nut trees, and Catholic churches of considerable architectural pretensions tower above the tree tops on every side.

Enough of religion for the moment, but who can travel through this country without seeing how everywhere

The nations have builded them temples, and in them have imaged their
god.

Of the temples the nature around them has fashioned and moulded the
plan,

And the gods took their life and their being from the visions and long-
ings of man.

A traveller has time to look about him in India. Even from the windows of the train he can see something. It does not hurry. The labourers pause as it passes, and look up to smile and salaam, the station-masters gossip with the more important passengers, and finally the long line of carriages, filled by crowds of profitable natives, and by a few space-occupying and unprofitable Europeans, reaches its destination. As you get further south interminable cotton-fields and tall crops of millet replace the rice, and on your right hand you see the Western Ghauts, and the site of a settlement in which, through the fierce summer days, a cool and balmy air breathes over woods of ilex, eugenia, and rhododendron, another

world than that which here below is winking in the heat of afternoon.

On the evening of the second day his Royal Highness's special train reached Tinnevely, and with him came Sir Edward Bradford, Captains Holford, Harvey, and Edwards, Mr. Vincent and Dr. Jones. On the morning of the third day the party started for Courtallum, a frontier station between British territory and the beautiful and well-governed State of Travancore. As we drive through the town every verandah, window and roof is crowded, and the carriages pass at frequent intervals under arches of plantain leaves and garlands of oleander. The palms and wild tulip trees are girdled with rings of red and white paint, token of welcome, and occasionally we see a pillar of living verdure. This most beautiful of decorations is peculiar, I think, to this part of India. The mortar is sown with seeds, and on the day desired these sprout into seedlings of exquisite new-born greenery.

The natives of India are still unwilling to think of a Prince as one clothed and apparelled like other men, and might have had some difficulty in distinguishing between Prince Albert Victor and the members of his staff, had not his Royal Highness with great tact anticipated their salutations as he passed along.

On the way, by the roadside, stood the venerable Bishop Caldwell, in cap and gown. The Prince halted to speak with him, the school children sang the national anthem, and a dainty little girl, whose brown limbs were swathed in yellow silk, was lifted up to put a garland of roses around his Royal Highness's neck. The missionaries of the Church Mission Society, and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and of the various Roman Catholic Missions, have done much to bring

Timnevelly to its present highly educated state. Missionaries generally in Southern India are great educationists, and while they show but few converts they urge that they are paving the way for the introduction of Christianity by providing the missionary of the future with an educated public of a higher moral and intellectual type, which will be more prone to become Christian. There is no proof that this is at all likely to be the result. Indeed, there is every reason to think that the spread of education in no way promotes the spread of Christianity. It perhaps destroys, in its recipient, his faith in his own religion, but at the same time it makes him none the less sceptical in his attitude towards ours. Too many are like a friend of mine who said: 'Having received an English education my mind is in a perturbed state. Besides, a Government officer has no time for religion.' Again, if in the future converts to Christianity are to come from the upper and educated classes, it is remarkable that, at present, they come with the most insignificant exceptions from the lowest and most uneducated castes. Not long since the conversion of a single pupil in perhaps the greatest missionary college in India led to a rebellion amongst the boys which for a while threatened to seriously imperil its existence. To state a few facts is not to disparage the devoted and distinguished men whose greater faith or credulity makes them hope against hope, and dream of successes that were not possible, no, not to St. Francis himself, could he rise from the silver shrine in which he sleeps at Goa, and triumph again, apostle of the Indies.

We drove beyond the town for thirty miles, through a stony and rather barren country, between avenues of wild tulip trees bright with red and yellow flowers, and under

bowery banyans, till we reached the British Residency at Courtallum.

All along the plain are tall sand-heaps rising to a height of eight or ten feet. The small, but ineffably laborious, ant is the architect of these little hills. As he tunnels out his home below the earth, he tosses up the sand, and at once excavates a subterranean cavern, and erects an aërial hall.

At the Residency the Maharaja of Travancore and the Resident, Mr. Hannynghton, await the Prince's arrival. His Highness, a fair and courteous prince of thirty-three years, was clothed in dark-blue velvet, and wore the light blue ribbon and star of a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India. He received his Royal guest with great cordiality, and proposed his health after that of the Queen at dinner, through part of which he sat, eating and drinking, of course, none of the good things provided for his guests. In proposing the Prince's health, his Highness said :

This is the first occasion on which any ruler of Travancore has been privileged to receive and to entertain a member of the Royal Family of England, and I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to do so. I thank your Royal Highness most cordially for doing me this honour, and we welcome you with all the heartiness which springs from the deep loyalty and devotion we bear to your revered grandmother and your illustrious parents. I hope that your Royal Highness's tour will be enjoyable, and that you will find good sport in Travancore. I wish your Royal Highness health, success, and every happiness.

The Maharaja of Travancore is a Kshatriya by caste, though his family adopt the customs of the Malabar Coast, as indeed, to a great extent, even Mahommedans do who dwell thereon. He speaks and writes English perfectly, and takes a great personal interest in the administration of his territories.

This place is called Kuttalam, or Courtallum, which is, being interpreted, the washing away of sin. A sacred river rushes down a holy hill and falls in foaming cataracts over a black and dripping precipice, into a pool beside the temple walls. The contours of the hillside to the right and left were marked out at nightfall by little oil lamps, and the rushing waters took the varying tints of the pyrotechnist, the luxuriant vegetation of the hillside looking weird and unreal in these unaccustomed lights. Around the temple were dense crowds of natives and bands of dancing girls, laden with jewels and redolent of saffron and jasmine, who wished to march before the Prince. At every turn, by every tree, at every rock, by every name, we are reminded of the sanctity of the place, and of the reverent attitude of the people. What is the evidence on which they rely who say of Hinduism what was said of Paganism when it made its last stand against Christianity, who hold that it has reached—

that last drear mood
Of envious sloth and proud decreptitude,
While . . . whining for dead gods that cannot save
The toothless systems shiver to their grave?

Surely of such it may be said that having eyes they see not. Since the Prince's visit a dispute arose as to the right of Europeans to bathe in the sacred waterfall, which, but for tactful treatment on the part of the Government, might have given trouble. The claims to exclusive possession on the part of the Hindus were based solely on religious grounds.

The area of the kingdom of Travancore is 6,730 square miles, and its population is about two and a half millions. According to tradition, which, in the only history of the

country I know, is treated as authentic, the strip of coast, of which the low country of Malabar consists, was reclaimed from the sea by the god Parasurama, and colonised by the Brahmins, who certainly enjoy in the country even more than their usual pre-eminence. The succession in the royal family of Travancore devolves upon the eldest male member in the female line, that is to say, the heir of the present Maharaja, in the absence of brothers, is his sister's eldest son, and his own children have no claim to succeed him. The kings of Travancore ordinarily perform two great ceremonies, in the case of the first of which a weight, equal to that of the king's body, in gold is distributed amongst the Brahmins, while in the case of the second the Maharaja enters a huge golden tub, which also is subsequently made over to the Brahmins. Until lately men of low caste were not allowed to walk in the same street as the members of the priestly caste, and I myself have seen low-caste labourers shouting aloud in the rice-fields, to let a distant Brahmin know that they were there, and that to escape pollution he would have to alter his course. Till 1830 low-caste women, by the custom of the country, were not allowed to cover their bosoms, and though the Government of Travancore passed an enactment in which it was clearly laid down that low-caste female converts to Christianity were at liberty to cover their bosoms with jackets, they were forbidden to adopt the customs of high-caste Hindu women. The missionaries of the London Mission Society objected to this prohibition, which was subsequently removed in 1859. Caste customs and prejudices are so strong amongst the Hindus in the country, that it requires no little tact to exercise the universal toleration which the administration does, without offending the

Hindus who form 73 per cent. of the people. With the exception of this dispute, the relations of the Government of Travancore with the Christians, who form upwards of 20 per cent. of the people, have ever been remarkably amicable. The earliest Christian Mission is supposed to have been that of St. Thomas, who in A.D. 52 visited the Malabar Coast, and the descendants of the converts made by him now profess allegiance to the Patriarch of Antioch. It will give a better idea of the country than can be gained by a long description to simply state the fact that it contains upwards of 9,000 Hindu pagodas and 840 Christian churches; and it must not be forgotten that of a total area of 6,730 square miles, two-thirds are occupied by jungle, forest and backwater, so that churches and temples are crowded together upon the remaining third, which is occupied by towns, villages and cultivation. Truly the Hindus *are* 'a temple-building race.'

When the Prince returned the Maharaja's visit, we saw a very striking oil painting by a Travancore artist, representing a Nair lady of that country, clad in white muslin, and playing the vina, a kind of compromise between the harp and violin in sound and shape.

The Nair ladies, and, indeed, the women of the upper classes in general on the Western Coast, are well-favoured, and often extremely beautiful. I may quote what I have said of them elsewhere. The Nairs are the land-holding class. They are commonly described as polyandrous, but if polyandry implies, as I understand, the existence of more than one husband *at a time*, they are not polyandrous. The fact is rather that marriages are easily made and easily unmade. The Nair lady is very independent. Some one offers a cloth.

That is the proposal. If she accepts it, that is the marriage. If she gets tired of her husband she dismisses him and engages another, but she does not entertain two at a time. Again, the Nair lady, who leads a life of ease, even of self-indulgence, is religious. Any morning you may see her walking around the sacred fig-tree outside the temple yard, her hair black and glossy as the raven's wing, her skin a light bamboo colour with a dash of lemon in its tint, her linen ample and spotless, yet displaying no little of her shapely limbs. In her ears are solid wheels of gold, and around her neck a massive golden necklace. Over her head she holds an umbrella of palmyra leaf, and while she mutters her prayers a babe, perchance, sits astride one hip, supported by a hand. There is probably no country in the world where women occupy so independent a position as they do in Malabar, and it is not superfluous to add that, though the marriage customs of perhaps half of the people, in some respects, resemble a system of free love, women are chaste, and the informal bonds which bind them to their partners are seldom broken. The manners and customs of the Malabar Coast will greatly astonish the average English reader, who believes that the majority of Indian women, and not, as is the case, only a very small proportion, languish in zenanas. The Malabar Coast is altogether exceptional, but the seclusion of women nowhere obtains to the extent generally believed in England. There is no rule of seclusion among Hindus, though the upper classes, particularly in Northern India, adopted the custom from their conquerors during the Mussulman supremacy. The fact is that as soon as any Indian becomes rich, respectable and ambitious, he proceeds to some extent to adopt the Mahomedan custom of seclusion of women,

and probably altogether to adopt the purely Brahminic customs of early marriage and enforced widowhood. These customs stamp those who follow them as people occupying a good position in society, and it is amongst the best born, the best educated and the best respected classes, that those social habits are most prevalent which reformers ascribe to ignorance and wish the British Government to abolish by law. The striking resemblance the customs of Malabar bear in many respects to those of Plato's ideal Republic has been noticed by previous writers.

The Maharaja had made every preparation that kind forethought could devise to obtain for the Prince a week's good shooting in his territories. Our hopes were high, but not even good administration can ensure good shooting. Long ago, in a great Indian zemindari, I went out after a tiger and failed to find him. Next day I told the *dewan*, or minister, by no means meaning to complain; but he called up the local official, and, addressing him with the grave and courteous manner, and doubtful English, of the old school said, 'Amildar, Amildar, what administration this? No tiger for gentlemen.' This happened far from Tinnevely, but here, too, the people are impressed with the importance attached to sport by Europeans. Nearly a thousand years ago there ruled over this land a race of kings called the Pandians, and a petty landholder, held to be of their blood, still lives in the district. Bishop Caldwell once asked a hill-man who governed the country now, and he answered, 'The Pandian.' 'But what about the English?' suggested the Bishop. 'Oh, they don't govern; they shoot,' said he. I have told this story elsewhere, but it will bear repetition.

It is quite in accordance with the hill-man's idea of the fitness of things that the Queen's grandson should be a good shot and a keen sportsman. Possibly, he may now even give up the Pandyan and finally adopt the English dominion.

We drove on thirty miles to our camp in the forest. Words fail me to describe the lovely scenery. Tall, upright standards of huge timber trees, palms of every kind, including the exquisitely graceful areca, tree ferns, creepers, ferns and flowers, all spring from a tangled undergrowth of iral reed. The pepper-vine clings to the large timber trees, and ropes of rattan, and giant branches hidden in creepers, combine to construct an ever-varying but unending bower. The arches are not of cedar in these sylvan aisles, but the whole scene irresistibly calls to recollection the Laureate's lovely and little-known Alcaic lines :

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse, and cedarn arches
Charm.

As you travel in the chequered shade, you would say that every reach of the road had been designed by nature, to show what wealth of vegetation can be presented at once to the astonished and delighted eye.

We crossed, after twenty miles, the river which till then had rushed alongside the road. It is hoped that a railway will soon run from Tinnevelly through this, the Ariankao Pass, to Quilon and thence to Trevandrum, the capital of Travancore, which the Prince, to his great regret, was unable to visit. The Madras Government, true to its forward railway



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policy, is prepared to construct that portion of the line which will pass through its own territories, and the Government of the Maharaja is not less anxious that Travancore should no longer be isolated as it now is, and cut off from the railway system of British India by the Western Ghats, which rise to a height of 4,000 feet, the highest point in the Ariankao Pass being, however, but 1,100 feet above sea level.

At midday we reached the camp, entrenched around by a deep ditch to keep off elephants. Half a dozen little houses, built of bamboo matting, surrounded a central house for the Prince; a dining-room of bamboo was hung around with pictures of sport, and the white ensign, and the conch or sacred shell of Travancore, were flying from a flagstaff in the centre of the camp. The dining-room was constructed of jungle trees and grasses, a dado of elephant grass ran round it, and a corridor of creepers led from it to the Prince's room. On the walls were photographs taken by Mr. Hannyngton of various great beasts he had shot.

After breakfast we all started off for a beat. In the dense jungle here this is a very difficult undertaking. The beaters were divided into small parties of ten, more or less, each of which was under the command of a mountaineer, who lives among the beasts of the forest, and is thoroughly conversant with their ways. Each of these captains of ten carried a bow, and a quiver full of arrows. Six small clearings had been made, for gun-stations, by cutting and removing the perfumed lemon-grass. When the Resident fired off his gun as a signal, demoniac noises disturbed the silent woods, parrakeets fled screeching before voices more hideous than their own, dead leaves fell in torrents rustling and creaking through the trees,

and now and again a more concentrated and vigorous symphony of discord raised the hopes of the silent and attentive guns. But not a shot was fired. A wild boar passed within a few yards of me, unseen by all in the long grass, and that was all that came our way. In the fulness of time the beaters came through, and sat down to pick leeches off their legs and thorns from their feet. The fresh tracks of a tiger had been discovered inside, deer had broken back, and several pigs had been seen by beaters, but nothing was bagged.

Next we tried another jungle or portion of a jungle, each gun being posted this time on a little platform, in order to see over the long grass. After half an hour's anxious waiting the beat began, and soon there came a shot from the Prince's station next my own, and then a crashing through the long grass of something which, before it reached me, and before I could make out what it was, fell heavily in the grass. Then the beaters came through, and passed over the place where I supposed the carcase was. They were sent back again to this spot, and soon loud screams of triumph from a hundred throats proclaimed the fact that the Prince had shot a stag—the only blood so far. The sambur runs far bigger than the red deer, and a dozen coolies carried the kill off to camp staggering under its weight, instead of galloping it on the spot. A little mouse deer not bigger than a rabbit also came out, but was let off by the guns.

On the way home the Prince shot three couple of snipe in a little swamp by the roadside, so he did most of the shooting that day. The stag was dropped by a well-directed ball in the shoulder, but ran a hundred yards or so before he fell. A



third beat produced nothing, so a march of thirty miles, three beats, a deer, and a few snipe made up the tale of the first day. In these jungles it is just as possible to shoot an elephant, catch a *mahseer* (*Barbus mosael*), and shoot a snipe on the same day, as it is in the highlands of Scotland to kill a stag, catch a salmon and shoot a grouse. But in Travancore it must be a very lucky day, and you must get up early.

On the morning of the second day we rose at five, and dressing presented some unusual features in the shape of leech-stockings and salted garters. Each old *shikari* has his own pet protection. Mr. Hannyngton recommended an arrangement of ordinary socks which might almost invite a leech inside; but the folds are so fixed that when the intruder enters he is seduced into a *cul-de-sac* (or sock), and cannot satisfy his sanguinary instincts. Large garters, first steeped in salt and then tied below the knee, find much favour with the party, notwithstanding the surgical savour of the plan. Dressing over, we proceeded to march ten miles, through jungle more open than that of the previous day. There were the same great trees festooned with profuse and luxuriant creepers, the same wealth of reed, of flower and fern; but here were plots and beds of sensitive plant, open glades and broken grassy uplands dotted with frequent but not continuous trees. At the tenth mile the party divided; the Prince, Mr. Hannyngton, and Captain Harvey going after an elephant the mountaineers reported to have been seen, but alas! seen two days ago. This beast had lost one of his tusks. Another elephant, well known to the hill-men, is blind, and always travels with a wide-awake companion. The engineer in charge of this road met him one day, while the seeing partner was absent. The animal stood

still and gazed with sightless eyes on the unarmed road-maker till warned off by his returning companion. An elephant does not take road-makers and road-making on trust. A herd has been observed in these hills, when approaching a newly made bridge, to send its lightest member over first. Intended for men it often gives way, whereon the elephants express their sense of its inefficiency by destroying it. The hill-men give us no encouraging reports of elephant or bison, and they know their business. It is wonderful to see them track a wounded animal. They hurry along very quickly, but nothing escapes their eyes. They will hold a brief board of speechless inquiry on a fugitive foam flake, investigate a down-trodden blade of grass, and wax silently eloquent over a single hair.

The second camp, thirty-four miles from Courtallum and 650 feet above sea level, was as beautifully arranged as the first. The Prince's two rooms were lined with white calico, and matted with fine plaited grasses, and all around the platform, on which the cottage stood, were planted ferns from the jungle. On the tree, in the centre of the square, beautiful white orchids were growing. Around the camp was a trench nine feet deep and twenty feet broad, a very necessary protection against elephants.

In the morning the Prince and his party were unsuccessful, and saw nothing. Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley followed a track from 7 A.M. till 2 P.M., and twice got within fifteen yards of a big tusker without getting a shot at him. They caught glimpses of every part of his huge body except the small space between eye and ear, where alone he is vulnerable. So cramped and dense is the jungle, and so considerable in consequence is the chance of being charged if you wound your

elephant without disabling him, that no sportsman fires at a distance of more than twenty yards, so essential is it to make sure of hitting in the right place. A friend who once lived with me studied elephants' heads in diagrams before starting in pursuit of them. He had anatomical plans all over his table—'let x be the vital spot.' The house was full of canisters and powder-flasks, and saucers of mutton-fat and beef-fat, and other fats that suited particular classes of cartridges. Wads marked with various hieroglyphics littered the tables, and he dated his cartridges as other people do their new-laid eggs. He was very particular, but he held straight, worked hard, and made excellent bags.

At luncheon-time we were all rather cast down, and trying to take an interest in the English papers, when news came in suddenly of two elephants, both tuskers. The party I joined, however, saw nothing bigger than a black monkey, which I would not, and a Malabar squirrel, which I could not, shoot. On the road home we met a millipede, three-quarters of a foot, and a blue worm a foot and a half long. So local is the rainfall here that, walking back with the dust on our boots, we came upon the first flood of a roadside torrent running down its hitherto dry bed, skirted it at the full, and passed beyond its source, all within half a mile. Two hill-men were with us, short, black, and aboriginal, with their top-knots worn forward over the forehead, like a lady's fringe, Malabar fashion, and not on the top of their shaven heads, as other Hindus use. In their villages, if villages they can be called, are always two or three houses in trees, in which they can take refuge from elephants, who often revenge themselves upon their fellow-dwellers in the forests for helping the sportsmen to destroy

them. These men know the way about the dense jungles, and their assistance is needed; but an elephant track is not difficult to follow. The big beast, as he moves along, engineers a road to his own destruction. By the way we passed one of the wasteful clearings of our beaters. It had yielded the harvest of two or three short years, and now the once luxuriant wood was changed into a dark and sullen pool of stagnant water, in which the calcined stems of the burnt trees were mirrored like blanched phantoms of their former green and smiling selves. It is impossible to view unmoved the destruction of those glorious forests, which would be an earthly paradise if, with the vegetation, they had not also been endowed with the atmosphere of a forcing-house.

The others had bad luck again. They tracked three elephants for some miles, and, failing to come up with them, the beaters tried to drive them past the Prince. The rain, however, which had not sufficed to damp our clothes, had well-nigh washed his Royal Highness and the British Resident off their stations on the rocks, and the noise of the falling drops on the broad leaves and dried *débris* of the jungle had made it impossible for the beaters, without risk to their lives, to go in and drive the elephants out. The great gouts of thunderous tropical rain strike the broad receptive leaves of the forest reeds and trees with incredible force and noise. Again we were unavoidably disappointed.

The gorgeous butterflies that had spread their green, purple, and yellow wings in the sunlight now disappeared, and bounteous nature provided creatures of another kind. Specimens were brought in of flying lizards possessing elementary wings, and long pouches or dewlaps. These rep-

tiles can fly a short distance, generally with a downward tendency.

At dinner plans were made for next day's march of twenty miles, and the head servant announced that 'the sheep, which had gone on as mutton, had died in fits.' After dinner the conversation turned on snakes, and Mr. Ferguson told us that the natives here speak of an eight-foot, four-foot, or six-foot snake. Naturally, we interpreted this to refer to length, but, in fact, it relates to the distance a person, bitten by the snake so described, can walk before he drops down dead. Fortunately, few of the snakes are as bad as they are painted, and oddly enough, after this conversation, crossing the square to the sleeping huts, a snake was viewed. Mr. Ferguson took to pieces with his hands a heap of stones, into which the reptile was marked down in the moonlight. I went for a lantern, and soon the snake was despatched. While he was measured, and found to be three feet six inches in length, a Sikh orderly brought up another of the same species, killed in the inclosure, measuring five feet six inches, and marked, as the first one was, with poisonous-looking rings.

The first news in the morning, when we rose again at five o'clock, was that another snake had been killed in camp, and a fourth one marked down in Sir Edward Bradford's hut. After a cup of tea, the Prince and Captain Holford started with Mr. Hannyngton for a third camp twenty miles off, up in the hills, at a height of four thousand feet. The whole party could not go on owing to difficulty of transport and accommodation, so Captain Edwards and I, who were among those who stayed behind, went out to look for the tracks of elephants. We saw marks of their flat round feet on either

side of the road, at one spot by the riverside, but as we were the first out, and as there were no marks on the road itself corresponding with the others, we were bound to conclude the tracks were old, as our black and bow-and-arrowed guide assured us they were. We had to trust him, for the only eye-witness was the golden-rayed cotton flower, whose dark brown orbs had been trampled under foot by the huge beast in his passage. The country here was more open. When Captain Holford and Captain Edwards got up to an elephant yesterday, they were completely hung up in eeral reed, and had they got a shot, and failed to drop the elephant, they would have been in great danger. Just as it is almost useless to fire at a greater distance than twenty, so again is it most dangerous to fire at a less distance than eight yards, for the elephant generally falls to the shot, and may very well crush his enemy to death in his fall. They are not naturally cruel beasts, but one near our camp, some time ago, took to killing wayfarers for the sake, it is supposed, of the loads of coarse sugar which they often carry. A timely sacrifice will appease the rage of the great beast, and if the load of sugar be cast down the bearer can escape. Unhappily, something to sacrifice is not always at hand, and life is lost. The Emperor Shah Jehan and his son were once seated on a hunting elephant, which suddenly became enraged beyond control. The driver turned to the Emperor saying, 'Asylum of the world, he needs a sacrifice. Protect my widow and orphaned children.' Then he flung himself before the angry animal, who rent the faithful driver's body, and spared the lives of his royal masters.

Not far hence, a few days after our visit, a tusker strolling

casually along the road encountered some men splitting shingles. He turned into the jungle to avoid them, but again struck the road a little higher up, and continued his journey, apparently to a bungalow in course of erection. Meeting on his way some ducks, he flung one out of his path with his trunk. He then appears to have been frightened by a man at work near the bungalow, and, turning off the road, dashed through the shed erected as a workshop for the carpenters. Lifting the roof off its support, and charging through a corrugated iron partition, he emerged on the other side with a window-frame round his trunk. One unfortunate carpenter was quietly drilling holes at the time inside, and was badly hurt. The men who carry the post-bags from Courtallum to Trevandrum have to carry torches and bells, to scare off elephants and other wild beasts they may meet on the way.

In the afternoon our small party in the lower camp divided, one section going in search of bison some five miles off, while I lay in wait near a thicket of young reeds, off which an elephant was said to make his daily meal. He went elsewhere, however, that day, and though the others came on bison, they did not get a shot, but only heard a snort, and a stampede through the long grass, and saw the tracks of the beasts when they got up to the place where they had been. After dinner we had a long talk with two hill-men, who sat on the floor and smoked cigars the while, occasionally taking nips of whiskey, beloved of stalkers in every clime.

It is very hard to be in the midst of big game and not to get any, but the fact that game does exist to this extent is due to the impenetrable nature and wide extent of the forest, which makes it most difficult to get a shot at anything.

Ordinarily it takes months perhaps to get one tusker, and his Royal Highness is limited to six days, of which three have gone.

Keddah operations are not carried on here as in Mysore and Assam, but anyone may dig an elephant pit, provided he reports a capture immediately it takes place to the Maharaja's authorities, when he has nothing more to say to it after receiving the prescribed reward, which he gets provided only that the animal is uninjured. The pit is so dug that the elephant's forelegs hang down in it, while his forehead is pressed up against its wall before him. Tame elephants are then brought up, who speak to him and try to make him feel at home in this uncomfortable position, and gradually the pit is filled up till his forelegs are supported, and he walks out between his tame companions, who chastise him if he gives trouble. His hind legs are hobbled, and to the hobbles are tied ropes, which again are fastened around trees, so that at every rush he makes he is pulled up with a painful jerk. Finally, he is led off to a strong house built of the teak of his native forest, where he is pestered and punished and beaten by tame elephants, till at last he becomes fit for use as a timber-carrier, road-maker, and beast of burden, and, if docile and well favoured, he may live to carry a silver howdah, and swell the triumphal or religious processions of the Maharaja of Travancore. The mouths of elephant-pits are, of course, carefully hidden with boughs, earth and leaves, and they are never placed on a track, where the huge beast may suspect a trap. Given a tree near a path, against which an elephant will probably stop to rub his body, and there, where in the ecstasy of friction he may for a moment be off his guard,

yawns before him the destructive pit. It is, however, young ones only that are generally caught.

The jeweller-traveller of the seventeenth century tells us that an elephant, which had once been caught and had escaped, never moved along the forest without testing the ground before it with a large branch, carried in its trunk, before putting down its feet.

On the last day of our stay at the second camp, Captain Edwards and I went out after bison, and Captain Harvey after elephant. We got on the track of forest oxen, as the people here call them, and followed it through a dense undergrowth of forest, which only an occasional shaft of sunlight penetrated. We walked upon moss and damp heaps of leaves and mould, trampled upon ferns and caladiums, were hung up in elephant-reed and bamboo, and frequently held by thorns. After a couple of miles of this, we came out into tall two-edged lemon grass, which cuts and rasps the skin of hand and face, like knife and file combined. Here we lost the trail, and our tracker who carried the knife went off on a cast, and soon came back to say he had heard the bison in the long grass. We followed this time the bow-and-arrow-armed tracker, and finding wet leaves, where a beast had brushed the reeds on the other side of a little jungle stream, we knew we were near, and immediately afterwards had the disappointment to hear a loud snort, and a stampede, and to know we had lost the bison we had never seen. The grass was over six feet high, and we were on them before we knew it. The trackers were not so keen as they might have been, and several times lost the trail. The one with the knife would sometimes use his weapon to clear the road, sometimes like a diviner's rod to point out the

way, and sometimes strigil-fashion to scrape thick thorns and profuse perspiration from his back.

However, it went far to compensate us for our disappointment to see, on returning to camp, the tusks and feet of an elephant Captain Harvey had shot. He had followed a track for some distance till he heard his elephant pulling down branches, when he went on alone with his gun-bearer, and getting within twenty yards waited the course of events. Soon a black monkey in a neighbouring tree gave the alarm, whereon the elephant moved backwards with his trunk in the air, giving Captain Harvey the opportunity he wanted, and the next moment the big beast was dead. All this is not nearly so simple as it sounds, but a thing that is well done always seems to be easily done. Soon better news still came down from the upper camp, that the Prince had shot a big bull bison. The conversation at dinner naturally took an exclusively sporting turn. I knew that the bone in a tiger's neck was a potent charm, and that, unless you mount guard over his carcase, his head will certainly lack whiskers, when you have it set up; but I was surprised to learn that a regulation of the Travancore State, now of course obsolete, prescribed that when a tiger was shot, his tongue should be taken for destruction to the nearest magistrate, being too dangerous a poison to be left at large. One day I shot a tiger on the Nilgiri Hills, and, under my very eyes, the detached bone in the neck disappeared. It was suggested by the artless gun-bearer, that in some cases the bone was missing. However, there really was something uncanny and unusual about that tiger and its two companions, the whole story of which I have told in the pages of the

‘Nineteenth Century.’ Tiger lore is quite a branch of study, and much there is to learn about the great cat and his ways.

The morrow was Sunday, and we started to spend a quiet day at the first of our camps, where the Prince and his companions from the hill-top were to join us. They arrived at two o’clock, and then we learnt what had happened to them up above. When they first got on their ground prospects looked bad, for a tiger had killed a small cow bison, and frightened away the herd. On the morning of the second day, however, the Prince, with Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley, found the track of a bison, and, after following it for about a mile, came on a huge solitary bull.

One Iyappen, the head man among the hill-men, acted as chief tracker. He led the way along this fresh trail, followed closely by the Prince, with rifle in hand, Captain Holford and Mr. Bensley bringing up the rear. Having followed up the track for about half a mile, through almost impenetrable forest, the tracker came on the bull, which he pointed out to the Prince, who slowly crept up to within ten yards of the animal and fired. The bison was hit below the shoulder, and immediately fell. The Prince then fired a second barrel, as the beast lay on the ground, inflicting a mortal wound. Then Mr. Hannington at once proceeded to the spot with the necessary apparatus, and photographed the party. The bison proved to be a grand beast, standing nineteen hands from wither to forefoot, and possessing horns measuring thirty-five inches.

No animal, tiger and elephant not excepted, is more dangerous to track than the bison. Nothing illustrates a proposition like a concrete case, so I transcribe below an

account by Mr. Edward Tennant of an experience he and Mr. Baillie, of Doehfour, had with a bison in these jungles a few weeks later.

Baillie and I were away at 6 A.M., to look for the herd of bison we had seen late the previous night. When we got to the top of the hill the mist was so thick we had to stop for half an hour. Going on we made a detour to examine the salt lick, and as we found no fresh tracks there we opened the luncheon basket, and had breakfast while we watched the most wonderful variety of gorgeous butterflies settling on the black mud. About ten o'clock we started again, and soon struck the fresh track of a solitary bull. Following it I suddenly came on him, standing among the cardamom trees about fifty yards off. He was facing me, but did not see me. Baillie was behind, so beckoning to him I took a few steps forward, and fearing that any moment he might see me, took a hurried shot at the top of his shoulder with the ten-bore. He immediately rushed off down the hill, and Baillie gave him both barrels. Away we went after him, and found blood on his tracks to the delight of the hill-men. We soon came up with him, again standing among the cardamoms. I got down to get a clear view of him. Whisking round he went off, and I gave him a stern shot. We then tracked him for about two miles through thick jungles, very slow work, but the blood encouraged us to go on; at last we found he had gone into a patch of (cetah or iral), the very thickest stuff it is possible to make way through—in most places we had to crawl absolutely. Suddenly, the leading hill-men pointed out the bull lying down close by. Baillie was in front, and had his rifle ready; seizing mine I motioned him to fire. Bang! a cloud of impenetrable smoke, then crash! the hill-men and coolies were up a tree, the only one near, in a second—he was coming straight on us we knew, but could see nothing. Hardly able to move, I pulled myself out of the path with my back to it, clinging to the cetah like grim death and balancing myself in it. Crashing through a second later came the great bull, almost brushing my legs with his huge body. There was nothing to hide me. I thought he must see me, but he passed on out of sight. It was the narrowest of narrow escapes. I was unfortunately on the wrong side of the tree. Baillie had tucked himself on the other

and right side, but he was equally unable to move, even to raise his rifle, while he could have smacked the brute's back, as he passed, with ease. We neither of us could fire as we were cramped up for dear life, and only thought of escaping the monster's charge. My hat had fallen at my feet, and was trampled flat, a fate which would have been ours had we not jumped aside in time. While we were debating what was best to be done we heard crash again close by, and at once the hill-men and coolies resumed their former positions in the tree. Luckily he went the other way, but he had evidently been waiting for us.

On Sunday afternoon we went to a temple in the forest, a solitary fane surrounded by an elephant-trench, and situated in dense forest on the banks of a river. The carp near the temple are sacred to the god, and are fed daily with boiled rice by his worshippers. Many thousands congregate in shallow pools alongside the rocky margin of the stream, and fight and struggle when rice is thrown in, leaping on one another's backs, and on to the rock, in the effort each to get more rice than the other. They are dark green in colour, with a red scale under the eye, and wide yawning mouths. I had never seen fish fighting in a dense crowd, and think this even a more remarkable sight than the daily consignment of fish from Canton to Hong Kong, where you see a glittering stream of scaly, slimy, squirming, struggling fish life spouting from the side of the steamer, and falling into water-tanks in boats below. No one molests these fish. It is said that if a man kills one a tiger kills him, though there is a saving clause to the effect that this doom may be averted by the deposit of a fish of pure gold of equal weight in the temple. Some worshippers there assured me the fishes were the god's children. You cross the river here in a dug-out, worked by a paddle like a garden spade, and holding on to a single rattan

which goes across the stream and back. The dug-out is very crank, and the stream deep and dangerous. It swayed ominously as we crossed, and two fat and pious Bralmins a few days before had been upset out of it, into the pool below the overhanging reeds. The rope of rattan is three hundred feet long, but single strands of six hundred feet are found in these forests. The temple is, like others on the Malabar Coast, built of wood, with high gables and deep eaves and verandahs, suggestive of the abundance everywhere of valuable timber.

An iguana four feet long was brought into camp this evening. The monstrous lizard is fabled to help thieves up walls, and there is a story of a fort being taken by the help of one in old Mahratta days. Its prehensile power is extraordinary, and *said* to be sufficient to enable it to hold on to a wall, and support a man hanging by a rope tied to its body. I do not know its classical name, but it should be called *Lacerta Poliorcetes*.

On Monday morning we beat three patches of jungle. It was pleasant, before the yells and shrieks of the beaters disturbed the still calm of morning in a tropical forest, to hear the jungle fowl calling, the monkeys booming, and the twitter and chirp of innumerable birds and insects; but we got no shooting, and the Prince, thinking that a bird in the hand was worth much big game that refused to leave the bush, went off to a snipe ground where he had shot before, and took me with him. A road, flanked by a bridge on either side, ran between two rice-fields, through which beaters walked bare-foot up to their ankles in mud and water. As the birds rose they generally flew across the road, and in three-quarters of

an hour eight couple were put together, six couple falling to the Prince's gun. The snipe were hard to hit, dodging in and out of the thick high hedge like woodcock, and sailing down wind with the velocity of a driven grouse, and only a fraction of its vulnerable area.

Then we all met again, had breakfast for the last time in the charming camp, and marched back to Tinnevelly, whence we took train to Madras, where the Prince was to spend a few more days before leaving for Burma. All were sorry to leave Travancore, and agreed with Webster, the Prince's excellent valet, who said, 'Well! for my part I like this *nomadic* life.' Never, I should think, was nomadic life combined with such luxury and comfort as in the dominions of the Maharaja of Travancore. The journey we made from Travancore to Tinnevelly was accomplished in 1653 under very different circumstances, by a Provençal soldier and his five companions, who fled from Cochin to escape the severity of the Dutch Governor. They were tormented by leeches, lived on charity, and were nearly starved when traversing the forests. The traveller Tavernier, a shrewd old trader, whom I have often quoted, tells the story, and says that he himself got along very well by invariably obliging the Governors and contributing, as far as possible, to the entertainment of their ladies. These, perhaps, would be fair working principles for all time.

It is hardly possible to leave this most interesting and beautiful country, where every prospect pleases, and man too is prosperous and happy, without wondering if Travancore also is one of those misgoverned Native States of whose parlous condition we have heard and read of late. Surely,

Sir Lepel Griffin can hardly have included the land of peace, plenty, and charity in his wholesale condemnation? We will not believe he did, especially as he knew not Travancore. The truth is, that perhaps never has prosperity gone hand in hand with conservatism as it has here. The manners, customs, dress, habits, and life of the people are probably much what they were when ships from Tyre and Tarshish called for purple and for peacocks, and gold was exported for the adornment of Solomon's temple. The bulk of the people are the strictest of Hindus; caste lines are rigidly observed, and succession runs through females, not males; men and women marry, without binding themselves by oaths and penalties not to yield to a desire to part, which is at once anticipated and deprecated by such engagements; in spite of this, the marriage tie is as well observed as elsewhere, and the fabric of society as well maintained. In the midst of this ancient Hindu world exist large Christian communities, some dating from the days of St. Thomas, some disciples of the Pope, others of the Patriarchs of Antioch and Babylon, while in the neighbouring and kindred State of Cochin is a colony of White Jews, who pretend to have settled there when Titus destroyed their temple. Perfect religious toleration has for ages characterised, and does now characterise, the policy of the kings of Travancore and Cochin, themselves in some senses the religious heads of a Hindu theocracy, in every sense the social heads of the most Hindu of Hindu communities.

On this favoured coast the sun ever shines, except when rain falls; the rain in its appointed seasons never fails, and the clouds return not after rain. Consequently crops never wither, and the inhabitants are strong and well fed, while the

women of the upper classes are remarkably good-looking, and in many cases even beautiful. It is a striking illustration of the manner in which population presses upon the margin of subsistence in India, that even here, where agriculture forms the sole occupation of the bulk of the people, and where soil and climate afford every facility for its prosecution, rice to the value of 145,000*l.* is yearly imported. The administration, seeing in this anomalous state of things the probable need of capital, and desirous of making the country entirely self-dependent for its food supply, has introduced a system of State loans for agricultural improvement, whereby poor cultivators can borrow from the Government, upon very favourable terms, sums proportionate to the extent of their holdings.

The government of Travancore, and also that of Cochin, is racy of the soil, and native—with few exceptions—in its *personnel*. In Hyderabad the Mahomedan lieutenant of the Great Mogul became a hereditary ruler of Hindu subjects; in Mysore, Hindus, Mahomedans, English, and Hindus again, have in turns held sway; but in Travancore and Cochin we have indigenious houses ruling over people who for ages have been independent and subject to no foreign rule.

In the last fifty years, the revenue of Travancore has increased from 380,000*l.* to 776,000*l.*, and its expenditure from 425,000*l.* to 700,000*l.*, the larger revenue being due not to taxation, but to improved trade, and agriculture, and to the prevention of smuggling. In 1886 the Government of Madras congratulated the last Maharaja on the prosperity of the State; in 1887 the same Government recorded its opinion that the present minister's report generally indicated the wish of the administration to promote the happiness and material welfare of the people. In 1888 Lord Commemara, accompanied by

Captain Wingfield and myself, travelled through the country, and carefully inquired for himself into its condition, with the result that his Government congratulated his Highness the present Maharaja and his minister on a prosperous and successful year, and said no fear for the continued prosperity of the State need be entertained so long as its ruler and his minister were, as was shown by their wise and enlightened administration, heartily anxious for the public weal. The year 1889 was also one of continued progress and prosperity, the value of the registered trade of the country having touched 2,030,000*l.* as against 1,700,000*l.* in 1888. That education is not neglected is evidenced by the fact that 38 per cent. of boys and 8 per cent. of girls, of a school-going age, are actually going to school. These are high percentages for boys, and, in India, for girls. In reviewing the progress of the State in 1890 the Government of Madras congratulated the Maharaja and his able minister, Mr. Rama Row, on their increasing revenue and the improvements effected in public works, education, and judicial administration, and in the provision of medical aid for the people.

The great improvements effected in recent years in the condition of Travancore are due in no small measure to Raja Sir T. Madava Row, one of the most distinguished of its ministers, during whose terms of office every department of the administration was reformed and reorganised, while roads and canals were constructed in every direction. Sir Madava Row, whose recent decease all friends of India deplore, has found a worthy successor in his kinsman, the present Dewan, Mr. Rama Row, who labours with an honesty of purpose, which has made him some enemies among wrongdoers, to advance the prosperity of Travancore and the well-being of its people.

CHAPTER VII

TRAVANCORE—MADRAS

It had been arranged that, after visiting Travancore, the Prince should see Trichinopoly on his return journey, and pay another short visit at Madras, before embarking for Burma.

A halt was accordingly made at Trichinopoly on the 11th of November—by an odd coincidence the anniversary of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1875—and a programme was drawn up, which included fourteen events in twelve hours. Immense crowds awaited the arrival of the train. The Prince alighted in a room hung with countless strings of oleander flowers of exquisite beauty, and the streets were thronged as he drove to the rock and the town of temples called Srirungum, situated on an island in the sacred river Cauvery. The rock of Trichinopoly is perhaps the most striking of all the natural forts or *droogs* with which nature has provided the south of India—forts which were well nigh impregnable before the use of 'villainous saltpetre' was brought to such a pitch of destructive perfection. Winding steps are cut in a rock, which rises upwards of 270 feet above the streets below, and the stone stairs pass through one temple sacred to Siva—

The god of the sensuous fire
That moulds all nature in forms divine—

and lead you to another, sacred to the divine remover of obstacles—commonly known, from the shape of his figure, as the Belly-God—on the top of the monolith mountain, whence a lovely view is obtained of the surrounding country. On either bank of the Cauvery, spread, as far as the eye can reach, green fields of rice and groves of palms, cocoa-nuts, and plantains glittering in the sun-light, while blue hills bound the range of vision on every side and melt away into the horizon. At our feet lies the town of Trichinopoly; and immediately below us the little artificial lake surrounded by stone steps, on the bank of which stands the house said to have been once occupied by Lord Clive, whose military genius first saw in this fort the key to the Carnatic. A little farther on the towers of Srirungum rise from the forest of cocoa-nut trees, which thickly clothe the sacred isle, whither our route lay on descending the rock. In Madura, the temple is the centre of the town, but in Srirungum the temples are the town. The street, as you pass down it, merges into a corridor, which is the entrance to a temple, and a few more steps land you in a thousand-pillared hall. Meanwhile, buying and selling, talking and shouting, go on just as they did in the street outside. The womb of the temple, of course, you do not enter, but just outside it the treasures and jewels and the god's table service, consisting of a quantity of huge golden bowls, were spread for the Prince's inspection. There were aigrettes, and anklets, and gauntlets, encrusted with rubies, and emeralds, and diamonds, but the stones were uncut, and looked like glass that had been lately breathed upon, and the great golden

images of cows and peacocks, the silver cars, and the golden canopies, are all in fact of very moderate merit, and designed in the meretricious style of Hindu art, known in England chiefly by that hideous product called 'swami jewellery.' Most beautiful work is done in India. Alas! that so much that is far from beautiful should be encouraged by the bad taste of European patrons. A Hindu god looks well in a Hindu temple, but on an Englishwoman's neck or wrist he is ludicrously out of place, and thoroughly exhausts, at her expense, even a divine appetite for vengeance.

As the world grows older, and communications increase, and distances are annihilated, the universe becomes one great market, and the cheapest products that will serve the purpose alone survive. The decline of particular arts and manufactures synchronises with the introduction of others which ultimately, at any rate, pay better than those which have been abandoned. At the same time, from an artistic point of view, it is impossible to look upon the establishment, for instance, of cotton-mills at Bangalore and Tinnevely, as a compensation for the destruction of the lace manufactures of Madura, of the palampores of Trichinopoly, and of the 'flowing water' muslins of Masulipatam. In olden times in India, as in Japan before the Revolution, a famous artist or artisan was generally attached to a local chief, and maintained for life, while he fashioned some masterpiece, which might redound not less to his patron's glory than to his own. At the present day we see the wood carving and brasswork of Madura, the lacquer and inlaid work of Kurnool, and the beautiful mat manufactures of Tinnevely, dying under our eyes; the few remaining handicrafts being maintained by orders given them

by individual Europeans. Southern India was once famous for carpets, but few worth having are now made outside the jails. Malignant magenta dyes replace the fast native colours, and it is now exceptional, even in an Indian house, to see an Indian-made carpet. The introduction of kerosene oil has put a stop to the manufacture of the branched brazen candlesticks, —beautiful works of art, and a striking contrast to English lamps, which as a rule are only tolerable when entirely hidden by a silken shade. If Europeans in India, instead of forcing their own patterns and designs upon Indian artisans, would give them unfettered orders for those products in which they really excel, much might yet be accomplished; but to frequent want of taste must be added general want of money. The Hindu artisan is a slow workman, and time must be paid for; and Englishmen in India have less and less money to spend as every year goes by. Much of the decadence of art is due to what I have ventured to describe, somewhere else in this little book, as the cardinal sin of educationists in India—the omission of all that is Oriental from the curriculum laid down in Oriental schools for Oriental children. Mr. Natesa Sastri, an accomplished gentleman who has commendably Oriental leanings and is proud of them, has made the excellent suggestion that art associations and societies should be started in India, and that Government should aid such undertakings. He also suggests that influential native associations, which generally confine themselves to political reform, might with advantage give attention to this subject.

In the afternoon of the Trichinopoly day, Mr. Fawcett, the representative of Government there, gave a garden party, one of the features of which was a tale and tinsel palace, in

gorgeous colours. The Tondiman, or Raja of Puthucotta, was present. This Prince is the descendant of a chief who materially helped the English, under Clive and Lawrence, in their early struggles with the French. In recognition of his aid a large measure of independence has always been allowed to the Puthucotta State, which, during the minority of the Raja, is now most efficiently administered by the Dewan Regent, Sir Shashia Shastri, C.S.I., one of the very ablest of the band of native statesmen who have gone forth from Madras, that *officina proconsulum*, to govern Native States all over India. The area of Puthucotta amounts to 1,100 square miles, and it is situated in the centre of the Maravar and Kallar country, the inhabitants of which were tribes of hereditary robbers till British rule rendered their profession contraband. To enable the law to deal adequately with such an exceptional state of affairs, a special and technical offence, punishable with extraordinary penalties, has been created. It is called 'Dacoity,' that is to say, robbery accompanied with violence, committed by more than five persons, in pursuance of a common aim.

Though good administration and severe punishments have reduced the occurrence of this serious crime to a minimum, the spirit that inspires such deeds is not dead but dormant. It would revive in a moment, as it did all over Burma, were the bonds of law and order relaxed. Human nature is ever paradoxical, but surely Hindu human nature is a paradox of paradoxes. I know the Maravar well, and have lived in his country for upwards of two years. He is an excellent fellow and a good sportsman, fond of shooting and hawking, good tempered, manly, and, as I have found him, endowed with a

positive preference for truth. But once let a band of Maravars, animated with a common purpose, start on a plundering expedition, and they become fiends incarnate. Rape, murder and torture are ordinary incidents of their outing. They will cut off a woman's finger, or tear off her ear, rather than wait to remove the ring. They will wrap oiled cloths around her tender hands, and set fire to them in the hope of extracting, from intolerable torture, information as to the whereabouts of treasure. A Maravar who came to me with a complaint one day, was shot dead, within sight of my tent, by the opposite faction who resented an appeal to an outsider! For this outrage, however, they paid dearly, and the capture and subsequent execution of the ringleaders of the gang are now sung in a local epic in the Tinnevelly district, the leader being treated as a hero, while great glory is given to myself for having overcome him! Not long since, after a visit to the great irrigation works of the Godaveri, I had occasion to mention that Sir Arthur Cotton, who was chiefly concerned in their construction, was almost *worshipped* by the people. And here is another instance how any event the least out of the common seizes on the Hindu imagination and is commemorated in their folklore. I have continually heard lyrics sung in Tinnevelly in honour of Mr. Puckle, who left it only the other day, but is fast becoming a mythological character. Before anything strong and masterful the Asiatics are ready to bow down and worship, but everything weak and wavering they at once despise. Now, if Mr. Puckle was known to want anything done, the people of Tinnevelly always volunteered to do it.

On our return from the south we found the Governor in

residence at Guindy Park. This charming house is situated at a distance of seven miles from Madras. It consists of three garden houses, each of two storeys, connected by corridors so arranged that every breath of air that stirs comes through the open verandahs and into the spacious rooms. The walls of this airy palace are faced with a material compounded of mortar and sea-shells, locally known as chunam. It takes a very high polish, and in a clear atmosphere untainted by smoke maintains the most perfect whiteness, a purity equal to that of the Pearl mosque at Delhi, and infinitely greater than that of the Duomo at Milan, or the Taj at Agra. It is the whitest house in the world. The gardens abound with endless varieties of beautiful creepers, bignonia, thumbergias of many sorts, yellow allamandas, pink antigonum, passion flowers, clematis, stephanotis, and blazes of bougainvillier.

Beyond the lawns, across a terrace and sunken ditch, stretches a spacious park of five miles and three-quarters in circumference, well wooded, and rather overstocked with spotted deer and antelope, and also containing hares, quail and snipe. The late Mr. Adam, whose death after a short residence of six months among them was so much regretted by the people of Madras, used to say, 'you have a charming house, out of which you can walk and shoot snipe; you have a swimming-bath outside your door, a racecourse at your gates, and a pack of foxhounds meets close to you twice a week. What more can a man want?' In fact, Guindy is an ideal residence—for six weeks in the year *bien entendu*. For a longer period one cannot commend a climate which saps the strength and sicklies everything o'er with the pale cast of enervating languor.

At Guindy, under the Governor's hospitable roof, were gathered together, to meet his Royal Highness, the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, better known in India as 'Lord William's mother,' Sir Charles and Lady Arbuthnot, Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle, Lord Claud Hamilton, and others.

In the evening the town was illuminated, and the Governor drove the Prince some eight miles, across the river Adyar and past the temple of Mylapore, a place of some note in ecclesiastical history, and now the headquarters of one of the three Bishoprics, nominations to which are reserved to the king of Portugal under the recent Concordat entered into with the Pope. The ancient church of St. Thomas is believed to have been at the Little Mount, but whether 'Messer St. Thomas the apostle,' as Marco Polo calls him, met his death there, or at Mylapore, is doubtful. The Venetian traveller says, 'an idolater of the country, having gone with his bow and arrow to shoot peafowl, not seeing the Saint, let fly an arrow at a peacock, and this arrow struck the holy man in the right side, insomuch that he died of the wound, sweetly addressing himself to his Creator.' Sir H. Yule appears to be of opinion that this happened at Mylapore, or Peacock's Town, and not at the Little Mount.

The trustees of the old Hindu temple are all men of mark. One of them is Raja Sir T. Madava Row, K.C.S.I., erewhile Minister of Travancore, Indore and Baroda—a native statesman of whom the Madras Presidency may well be proud, and one whose views and opinions on Indian subjects carry equal weight in England and in India. The complete accord in which Sir Madava Row has ever been with men of light and leading in Madras, has of late been somewhat broken on



account of his having disapproved the scheme drawn up by the Madras Congress Committee, for the introduction of representative institutions into India. Sir Madava is entirely content with Lord Cross's bill, and thinks that the proposed increases to the existing Councils, the right to put questions, and the right of discussion of the budgets, are most important concessions. The scheme drawn up by the Madras Standing Congress Committee in May 1889, was virtually adopted by the fifth Indian National Congress, which met at Bombay. It provided that the Legislative Councils of the Government of India, and of Local Governments, should consist of a number of members largely in excess of those of the present Councils, not less than half of whom should be elected. It provided that all male British subjects above twenty-one years of age should, subject to certain conditions, have votes, and that representatives, at the rate of twelve per million, should be elected by these voters to an electoral body, which body in turn should elect members to the Legislative Council of the Government of India, at the rate of one per five millions of the population, and to their own Provincial Legislatures at the rate of one per million of the said population, certain provisions being made for the due representation of minorities. All elections were to be by ballot. The Indian National Congress, then following the lead of the Madras Standing Committee, unanimously rejected the provision of Mr. Bradlaugh's bill, that the electorate should consist of representatives of Municipalities, Local Boards, Chambers of Commerce, and other such associations. The Madras Committee considered the question of the constitution of the electorate one of principle, and held that the electorate proposed by Mr.

Bradlaugh was not popular, nor, in the main, elected; further, that it was subject to undue influence and, in certain cases, even to extinction at the hands of the executive Government. In an able report on Mr. Bradlaugh's bill, the Madras Committee explained that his proposed electorate, which originated with the Calcutta branch of the Congress, would naturally be preferred by Europeans and the European Press, inasmuch as it would place the power, nominally conceded, in the hands of bodies of men apparently independent, but virtually in the hands of Government. Sir Madava Row, in his recently published 'Political Opinions,' says :

Several European politicians express approval of the National Congress, but most of these approvals may be of the polite or cursory sort ;

and, referring to Mr. Bradlaugh's draft as one more likely to be accepted than that of the Madras Committee, he counsels the acceptance of any measure which would make the Legislative Councils better than they are at present. He advises the Congress not to endeavour to explain away the abstention of Mahommedans and Parsees from the movement, and not to assert that all India is panting for what the Congress wants. At the same time, he wholly approves of the extension of the Legislative Councils, and of the discussion of budgets by such extended Councils. Criticising Lord Cross's bill, Sir Madava said :

I do not care much about the non-concession of popular election, because careful observation and experience convince me that popular extension at present would have ensured the failure of the extended Councils, whereas nomination would probably be their success. Non-representation is better than misrepresentation, and who is to represent

the mute millions of India? I put the question earnestly and emphatically, and not without grave anxiety in relation to the solid interest of the great majority. There is reason to fear that they will not be adequately or faithfully represented by those few abnormally developed natives who clamour to enter those Councils. It seems to me that the real protection of the mute millions in respect of their religion, morals, education, industry, property, social and civil usages, and economical interests must mainly devolve on the general (that is, non-elected) members of those Councils, and on the Government as a whole. It is an immense and awful responsibility. I trust it will be borne honourably and beneficially, as it has hitherto been.

The great majority of the people who retain their religious beliefs and social usages would decidedly prefer their *non*-representation, to their *mis*-representation by those who have given up those beliefs and those usages.

Sir Madava Row concluded his most interesting little volume, which should be widely known and studied, by an eloquent eulogy on British Administration, as compared with its predecessors in India. His secession was a serious blow to the Madras Congress Committee, the more particularly because his independence and honesty of opinion *vis à vis* of the Government, were known and recognised by all, as was the fact that, at his age and in his position, he had nothing to hope, and nothing to wish for, at the hands of the Government. By his recent death India and England have been deprived of an honest friend and a fearless critic. His place will not readily be filled again. Reformers who, in spite of the recent weighty and statesman-like utterances of Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords, are not unwilling to introduce modified representation into India, should take counsel with those who know the country, and should ascertain the opinions of men who are familiar with the agriculturist, who knows and

cares nothing about Legislative Councils, and would consider the franchise a hardship and nuisance. Such reformers should consult those who have had some experience of the mercantile classes, who are indifferently educated and take no sort of interest in politics. And they should know the views of those who have had dealings with the working classes, the most illiterate of all, who are absolutely incapable of comprehending what the franchise is, and would look upon its grant as an elaborate piece of mockery perpetrated by an absolute Government. The lawyers, officials and schoolmasters—and of these classes the Congress Committees are composed—are, in fact, those who are least interested in the stability of the Government of the country, and who have the smallest stake in it. I have quoted Sir Madava Row's opinion, that the masses would rather be non-represented than misrepresented by men who, whether for good or for bad, have given up those beliefs and usages, which are their own household gods. An Indian official, who held one of the highest appointments in the country, said that the substance of all the petitions he had ever received might be abstracted in three words: *takus maaf karo*, that is to say, remit the taxes; and if any candidate could persuade any electorate that he would bring about such exemption, he would doubtless beat any other candidate, irrespective of any other consideration. Congress petitions have been largely signed, and Congress meetings have been largely attended by cultivators, under the impression that such petitions and meetings solely tended to the abolition of taxes. A Government official myself, I cannot assert that Governments have always been happy in their nominations, but of late years, broader and more liberal principles have prevailed,

and, generally speaking, the nominees of Government on the Legislative Councils are now in every respect representative men. If there is any class which is over-represented, it is that which fills the ranks of the Congress committees—a class which Sir Madava Row says misrepresents the masses of the people. As a proof of the soundness of Sir Madava's views I would mention that I think that two bills only have originated with non-official Hindu members of the Madras Legislative Council. At any rate, I know that such members have introduced two bills recently, one to 'provide a form of marriage' for the inhabitants of Malabar, who have possessed one since the world was young, another to introduce a radical change into the system of Hindu inheritance. The first of these bills certainly is, the second probably will, if persevered with, prove to be, extremely unpopular with the Hindu community.

Another trustee of the Mylapore temple is Mr. Justice Muthuswami Iyer, C.I.E., the first Native who was appointed a High Court Judge in India, not more distinguished for his ability as a lawyer than for a command^o of English possessed by few of the English themselves. Mr. Justice Muthuswami's judgments are drawn up in a style that recalls those written in the days of Lord Eldon, before the storm and stress of ever-increasing judicial labour had brought about a divorce between literary elegance and law. The third trustee is Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Row, who twice has administered the State of Indore for Maharaja Holkar, and now chiefly concerns himself with promoting widow re-marriage and other reforms.

A passing word on this subject may be allowed to one who has studied it with great interest, and endeavoured to ascer

tain what the feeling of the people really is on the subject. In the first place, early marriages and prohibition of the remarriage of widows are by no means universal customs, as is too generally supposed. In Madras it is confined to a comparatively small proportion, say 20 per cent., of the gross population, viz., the Brahmins and those who follow Brahminical customs. In Bengal and the North-Western Province a larger, but in the Punjab a lesser proportion, I believe, follow this practice. At the same time it must be allowed that these customs are looked on as meritorious, and that those who are rich, and aspire to raise their social position, are ever prone to adopt them. But is there any proof that the resulting evils are as great as they are represented? The movement for widow remarriage was started at Rajahmundry, but on a recent visit to that enlightened town I made every inquiry I could, and carried away the impression that the people did not support the movement, and regarded its promoter with suspicion, if not dislike. Nowhere in the Madras Presidency have I found any earnest or widespread desire for such a change except among a few individuals in Madras itself, and it must ever be remembered that the 450,000 people of Madras do not represent the 35,600,000 living in the Presidency, as the 3,800,000 of London do the 35,000,000 of the United Kingdom; if, indeed, London does represent them, for we have frequent proof that, politically at any rate, it does not.

Everywhere from English men and women you will hear that the Hindu widow is habitually ill-treated, that woman generally occupies a degraded position in a Hindu house. As to the treatment of the widow, no doubt her lot is in some respects a hard one, but her hardships, I believe, as the result

of patient inquiry and not of ready assertion, are habitually and grossly exaggerated. As to women generally occupying a degraded position, it is absolutely untrue and contrary to all reason. Why should the Hindu, who is admitted by all who know him to be a good father, good son, and good husband, be unkind to his daughter, his mother and his wife? The fact is that he is admirable in all the domestic relations of life, and that woman has her full share of influence in a Hindu house, is satisfied with her lot, and would consign all reformers to the crows. Under the present system every girl gets married, and, again as the result of inquiry and not of assertion, I believe that Hindu marriages on the whole turn out as well as those of Europeans. I am far indeed from subscribing to the doctrines of the Kreutzer Sonata, but who will deny that the results of the earnest and anxious choice of parents among their own relations and caste-fellows are likely to turn out more satisfactory than those of the hasty unions of strangers, in which, from the very necessity of the case, the eye and the heart, for a season, overrule the judgment and the head? Who shall compare the marriages of the ordinary crowd with the rare unions of choice spirits? Mrs. Fawcett has accused me, in the 'Contemporary Review,' of advising Hindu women to try their husbands, as if a husband were olco-margarine, or tenpenny claret. I acknowledge the wit and reason of her criticism, in this behalf, of my recent article on meddling with Hindu marriages published in the 'Nineteenth Century' for last October. But I must rejoin, that those Hindu women who do try to live with their husbands generally succeed in hitting off a working compromise, and I do believe that the less romantic love runs riot in a Hindu home the better. It is

different in the bountiful isles of the West, where generations of culture, a temperate climate, and Christian chivalry have produced the perfect woman, of which type every Englishman may hope to meet one example in his life. It is believed, however, that in fact English maidens, more or less approximating to this type, are not unusually to some extent guided by their parents' wishes in regard to the most important event of their lives. However that may be, my clients have feet of clay, and it is well for them, in the circumstances in which they find themselves, that they should carry out engagements solemnly made on their behalf by their lawful guardians.

Again, is it true that girls undertake the duties of domesticity and maternity at so unripe an age as is represented? My inquiries show that those who marry young do not, as a rule, in Southern India, join their husbands before the age of fourteen or fifteen. In Northern India they often go to their husband's homes earlier, but consummation, it is believed, very rarely takes place until that age. Occasionally we hear of some case of brutality; one or two have lately come to light, and immediately following the last an agitation is set on foot to raise the age of consent in the case of wives, but what are laws without morals, and what law can restrain an unbridled brute of a husband in this behalf? Now, in England, girls marry at eighteen, some at sixteen, and among the peasantry they marry, I believe, earlier than in the middle and upper classes. 'The cold in clime are cold in blood,' but in India a girl of fourteen is as much grown up as an English girl of eighteen years. We hear a great deal of the head-shaving question, and it is sad to see a young woman shorn of her raven tresses. But if the local law of womankind sanctions

and prescribes this, why interfere? We shall hear next of an attempt to prevent Japanese ladies from blackening their teeth, or Chinese women from squeezing their feet. It is said that pressure is brought to bear on the younger widows. Moral pressure no doubt is, and it will be a bad day when moral pressure counts for nothing with young girls, be they wives or widows, English or Hindu.

I hope the census, which has just been held, will assist in showing with what intemperate exaggeration the whole question has been treated, and to what extent the evils, to which the reformers call attention, granting that they are evils, do really exist. Meanwhile, the Madras newspapers complain that the reformers themselves at the metropolis cannot be got together to discuss the question, in which they are—and of course the country is—so interested.

Looking at the native newspapers for the last week, I see the majority in Bengal and Bombay are averse to any change in the marriage laws, and protest against legislation. The 'Mahratta' says:

That irrepressible reformer, Mr. Malabari, is again to the front. The London 'Times,' as was to be expected, has lent its helping hand, and coolly assures us that a stigma rests on the fair name of British rule in consequence of the inaction of the Government of India. This shows once more how foreigners, however wide their experience, and however broad their sympathies, are, from the very circumstances of their position, incapable of gaining a true insight into our domestic economy.

I quote the 'Mahratta,' because it is the exponent of the views and opinions of the educated classes of the Deccan. As to the London 'Times,' it has climbed down very considerably, but its earlier leading articles exhibited a deplorable lack of

appreciation of the difficulties attending any legislative interference with the marriage laws of India, and of the great danger that results from taking seriously the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality.

Leaving the three trustees and their temple, the procession passed on to the Victoria Public Hall, where nautch girls entertained his Royal Highness. Now that every other person you meet has either just come back from, or is just starting for, India, time and type would be wasted in describing a nautch.

Next day, the Prince again went snipe-shooting to Chingleput, where the party, consisting of three guns, accounted for fifty-three couple, and in the evening five hundred guests were asked by the Governor to meet his Royal Highness at a ball at Guindy Park. I have already attempted to describe this beautiful house, but to see it aright you must visit it as the Governor's guests did that night, 'by the pale moonlight.' Then the house looks a marvel of airy architectural purity, and the lawns and gardens discover new beauties in the soft uncertain light.

On Saturday, the Prince received a private visit from the Prince of Arcot, which he returned the same day. The Prince of Arcot is the representative of the Nawabs of the Carnatic who were lieutenants of the Nizam, just as the Nizam was the lieutenant of the Great Mogul—lieutenants who became, however, more or less independent of their master, as he did of his. In the beginning of the century, Lord Wellesley deprived the Nawab of the Carnatic of his independence, as a punishment for having assisted Tippoo Sultan in his hostilities with the English. In 1872 the title of Amir-i-Arcot was bestowed

on the family in lieu of that of Nawab of the Carnatic. The sanad, or grant, translates the title 'Amir-i-Arcot, that is to say Prince of Arcot.' Now, Amir is an Arabic word meaning 'noble.' It is the title of the ruler of Afghanistan, and in Walter Scott's novels every Arab (or Saracen) Chief is called Emir, that is Amir. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that a wholly unnecessary and very unsuccessful attempt was made to translate the title into English, which has resulted in the use, in the case of the Amir of Arcot, of a title not used by the English, except in the case of the heir to the throne.

After returning the Amir of Arcot's visit the Prince proceeded to the Leper Hospital. His Royal Highness, like his illustrious father, takes a great interest in these institutions, and made a point of visiting them. Of the 168 inmates of the Madras hospital, thirty-two were Europeans. The unfortunate inmates sang the national anthem, and seemed much gratified by the visit. The Madras Government has been constant in endeavours to improve the condition of the lepers at Cochin and Madras, and the Roman Catholic and Protestant chaplains have spared no pains and sympathy to alleviate their sad lot. It has, however, I venture to think, been too hastily taken for granted, so far as India is concerned, that this dread disease is on the increase. During the last few months, in the many contributions on the subject to periodical literature, a general increase is assumed. Whatever may be the case in Scandinavia and the South Pacific, there is no proof of other than the normal conditions in India. Such statistics as are available show no doubt that there have been more admissions than formerly into Government hospitals, but this can be explained by the greater interest and sympathy exhibited in

regard to lepers, and by the fact that greater care, naturally leading to an increase in their numbers, is, in consequence of the movement started by the Prince of Wales, now bestowed on inmates of our hospitals. Possibly, the increase in the numbers of lepers within hospitals may coincide with a decrease in the number of sufferers without, for if the disease is contagious, as is widely but not universally held, it must be the more propagated in proportion as more of those affected by it are at large. In Madras the hospital possesses gardens and lawns for gardening and exercise, the lepers have animal pets, and are provided with books and musical instruments. The local paper with unconscious irreverence states that their religious scruples are respected, 'the Hindus having a Swami house containing deities, *drums*, and other necessities; the Catholics, a nice chapel in which are a reredos, a picture of the Blessed Virgin and *candlesticks*; while the members of the Church of England are provided with a *nice* chancel and a *harmonium*.' The 'Madras Times,' reviewing the native press on the subject, says, 'there appears among the leading native papers to be more disposition to commend the moderation of the Government's proposals, than to accuse the authorities of half-heartedness.' This refers to the determination of the Government of India to await the results of further investigation before taking legislative action to bring about the compulsory segregation of lepers. Meanwhile, the Government of Bombay, taking advantage of a local enactment, has grasped the nettle, and no one interested in this painful subject should omit to visit the Leper Hospital without the city, where I think as many as two hundred unfortunates are most carefully tended and comfortably housed by the solicitous regard of

Lord Harris, and are prevented from mixing with their fellow creatures, who have escaped the curse which has fallen upon themselves.

Saturday, December 14, the anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and the Princess Alice, was spent by Prince Albert Victor in retirement at Guindy.

Sunday was devoted to church, and to a drive on the magnificent Marina, which, with the Chepauk Park and other improvements which have transformed the foreshore, Madras owes to her late Governor, Sir Mounstuart Grant Duff, and his lieutenant, General Sankey.

It is doubtful if there is a finer Marina in the world than this, which stretches from the picturesque and ancient Portuguese village of St. Thomó, past the old palace of the Nawabs of the Carnatic, a beautiful building restored by Lord Napier and Ettrick, past other modern and less beautiful edifices, to Fort St. George. Beyond comes the new High Court now in course of erection, the offices of Messrs. Arbuthnot, and other great merchants of the city, and then the harbour, whence, on the morning of Monday, December 16, his Royal Highness embarked for Burma after a visit too brief to satisfy his hosts, but not too brief, they hope, to have convinced him of the pleasure it gave the Governor, and the people of the Presidency, to entertain the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, whose visit is yet well remembered, and the eldest grandson of the Sovereign.

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