Temple and Tomb in India.

By the Hon. Alfred Dean.
TEMPLE AND TOMB IN INDIA.
JUST PUBLISHED, WITH A MAP.

IRRIGATED INDIA: An Australian View of India and Ceylon, their Irrigation and Agriculture.

By the HON. ALFRED DEAKIN, M.P.
(Formerly Chief Secretary and Minister of Water Supply, Victoria, Australia).


For Press Notices see end of volume.
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PREFACE.

A series of articles in the Age newspaper during 1891–2 embodied the writer's views of India and Indian affairs. The bulk of those papers, dealing with present problems, and specially with the great irrigation schemes of the peninsula, have been republished in London, under the title "Irrigated India"; the remainder, which seek to interpret the architectural remains of the past, and criticise the shrines still venerated by Hindus, are now collected here.

The India of the present is, in most respects, indistinguishable from the India of the past, and not to be understood apart from it. They are one in social texture, political pattern, and religious colour. In all essentials the country appears to have altered little, and the national character less, under British rule. These chapters, therefore, really relate to the present almost as much as to the past.

They originally appeared at intervals amidst a long series chiefly descriptive of irrigation works, in which statistics and estimates, measurements and quantities, were dealt with in
detail. In order to vary the inevitable monotony of tone in such comparatively technical studies, those interspersed upon topics of more general interest were pitched in another key. Now that they are gathered together for the first time they may not improbably appear to err by over-emphasis. Whatever their faults, the aim has been to make them candid, accurate, and sympathetic.

21st May, 1893.
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TEMPLE AND TOMB IN INDIA.

INTRODUCTION.

The "forty centuries" looking down from the Pyramids must needs behold, from their point of vantage, a Manichean character in the development of civilization; since most of its elements of permanency have been evolved, most of its energy kindled, and most of its advances determined by an unceasing struggle between the East and the West. It has been, in truth, a wrestle for the world's supremacy.

Their conflict in arms has resounded across many countries for many ages. Even this has been fruitful in achievements and influences, whether waged under the walls of Troy, on the shores of Salamis, or on the plains of Arbela. The great aggressions of the East, culminating in the seven days' strife at Tours were separated by the successive reprisals of dauntless Crusaders, from the sea fight at Lepanto, and the battle before the walls of Vienna, which secured independence to the western peoples: though still the waning crescent gleams at the Golden Horn. In the intellectual arena the sceptre of authority has been shared. Blended with the mysticisms of Asia in the schools of Alexandria, Constantinople, and Cordova, the Hellenic gifts and graces, themselves begotten in contest with Persia and under the guidance of Egypt, have triumphed in art and science throughout the whole Caucasian realm; but
in metaphysics the disciples of Hegel and Schopenhauer acknowledge the priority of the Brahmans, while in the neighbouring domain of faith the East remains mother and mistress of all. "Europe has never produced a religion"—no influential revelation has ever fallen from Aryan lips. Christianity, as Amiel saw, is an Oriental element in our culture. Matthew Arnold's protest was against the too exclusive Hebraism of our creeds. It is from India that the latest doctrine has appeared, which, under the name of Theosophy, has made some converts among modern-minded men and women. Speaking generally, the study of Sanscrit may be said to have given a new tone and turn to nineteenth century thought. Still real, still vital, and still prolific, the relation between the contrasted types of humanity in Europe and Asia, so potent of old, continues, and and must continue, to make history for the future whenever they clash together like flint and steel.

To inhabitants of the New World the chief countries of East and West alike must always possess irresistible attraction. Some points of special interest between Australia and India have been already noted.* There is much for us to assimilate and much to acclimatize—much, too, for us to acknowledge.

"We say no longer vaguely and poetically, *Ex Oriente lux*, but we know that all the most vital elements of our knowledge and civilization, our languages, our alphabets, our figures, our weights and measures, our art, our religion, our traditions, our very nursery stories, came to us from the East," writes Max Müller, who adds that "but for the rays of eastern light, Europe might have remained for ever a barren and forgotten promontory of the primeval Asiatic continent." The great

* "Irrigated India"—Introduction.
work of Gerald Massey, though performed under conditions of immense difficulty, appears to have established the prior title of Egypt to be considered the nursing mother of human civilization, at whose feet the Babylonians and early Aryans sat in the dawn of history. Still religion, philosophy, literature, and art, if born in Africa, have been reared in Asia, and have there lisped those first lessons which we are still repeating, and slowly seeking to make permanently our own. The claims of India to reverence and homage are nowise abated by such discoveries. Under the influence of its spell the studious, the adventurous, and the aspiring have been attracted thither for many centuries, spending their lives under its burning skies, often amidst terrible privations. The fleets of King Solomon, of Alexander the Great, of Vasco da Gama, of the Arabs, the Portuguese, the French, the Dutch, and the English, have spread their sails in turn to catch its breezes. The greed of gain, an ambition to control the commerce which made the fortunes of Alexandria, Constantinople, the Italian seaports, of the “Honourable Company” and its Nabobs, was the magnet that drew them across the Syrian desert, or round the Cape of Storms, as it drew the Turk, the Afghan, and the Persian down through its mountain passes.

“Scored with the brand of the blinding heat,
And the wrath divine, and the sins of man,
And the fateful tramp of the conquerors’ feet,
It has suffered all since the world began.”

Pilgrimages to its shrines have by no means ceased. European philologists, philosophers and historians, students of its life, traditions and literature, still find it a rich field for their research, “sepulchre and cradle as it is of all the dreams, the speculations, and the memories of man’s knowledge.”
INTRODUCTION.

Even the hasty tourist may be pardoned his enthusiasm, his cursory observations and crude reflections upon scenes which it is impossible to paint, and problems which he is incapable of solving. The attempt in this booklet is to treat some of these, with brevity, from a special point of view. The chief stress has been laid upon the superb remains of ancient edifices—not for their marble's sake, but because of the impressiveness with which they tell the tale of their origins, disclosing the aims, qualities, and times of their creators—also of those who have mutilated or defaced, of those who still profane or neglect them. They are considered because of their human interest, because they are the embodiment of passions and ideas, because their masses and materials have been laid hold upon by the Hindu mind in important epochs, converted to its purposes, and transmuted into its substance as food is by the body. Hence these buildings are unimpeachable witnesses, unbribed, unbiased, and unblenching, whose testimony is to all men's eyes,—documents carved in permanent characters, incapable of being falsified, and placing us at once en rapport with the place and people. Silent yet eloquent, they reveal their past, and repeat its epitaph, from crumbling wall and fallen pillar, from fort and tower, from mosque and palace, from temple and tomb.

Language is poor to translate all their significance or that of their marvellous home. There are words which have been strained to embrace so much that they seem attenuated. What they gain in comprehensiveness they lose in fire and force. They verge upon the abstract, and, however real that which they signify may be, impart to it an air of unreality. There are names which have something of the same vast extensiveness and a kindred atmosphere of mystery, but
which nevertheless retain their concrete character and marked individuality. Upon their utterance eager hosts of associations at once arise, cluster about them, and follow as crowds do in the triumphant train of a conqueror, impeding but magnifying their advance—

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do they come."

They are enriched with historic memories and the reflection of early enthusiasms so that they present themselves before us with a glamour greater than that of romance. Such a magic name is "India," before which the throng of unimpressive words falls back as if outshone by a regal presence "clothed with barbaric pearl and gold." It was, in all probability, the Ophir of the Old Testament, the scene of Sinbad's trials, and certainly the heart and crown of that far "gorgeous East" which stately Venice held in fee.

Nor is it a mere creation of the memory. There are scenes famous in song and story which to-day derive their charm from these and from tradition alone. In Europe, and in the mother country, it needs knowledge and imagination to summon up the past in most of its hallowed spots, but here and now India maintains over the traveller the same indisputable and enthralling fascination as it breathes upon the brooding student in his cell. All is new, and strange, and wonderful. The earth has assumed another garb; our species another dress and another hue; they speak a strange tongue, bow before strange altars, and live a life subordinate to beliefs and customs of which we have never found the key. One seems not only to have travelled a thousand miles, but a thousand years, and to have taken up the human story far back in that dim past from
which we have, so long emerged that we have forgotten its close kinship. At Colombo or Bombay one stands upon the threshold of a new world, beholding the varying types of the Arab, the Hindu, the Malay, or the Sinhalese, united only in their contrast to the Caucasian, and in the brilliant colouring of their garments. In such a scene, with groves of magnificent palms, long stretches of glistening tropical vegetation, and teeming brown nudities, a sense of the commonplace tameness of Anglo-Saxon cities and peoples is ineffaceably present. Here is the wealth, the profusion, the prodigality of life and nature. Even to the blase British adult this parting from all that is familiar, this plunge into the new and unknown, is a delicious pleasure. It is true that the glow diminishes after a period of acquaintance—

"At last the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

But in its first freshness and simplicity it imparts a delightful thrill; it seems like the sudden realization of long-forgotten visions, which maturity has unwillingly and sadly obliterated, but which all ages would recall if they possessed the power. It has the fantastic grace, and the nearness in remoteness, that belong only to dreams.
CHAPTER I.

NATIVE INDIA.

India is the name popularly given to the whole of the British possessions in Southern Asia, though these embrace Burmah to the east, Ceylon to the south, and Beloochistan to the west of the immense peninsula, only the northern portion of which was anciently known as Hindustan. India is therefore in the strictest sense merely a geographical expression. The name does not imply any other unity than that of British rule. There was a time, half a century ago, when Italy and Germany were only geographical expressions to the diplomatists and courts of Europe, though under their differences of political partition there was even then a real national unity of the most vital kind. They were knit together by the ties of race, religion, language, literature, and the historic memory of former union in greatness. None of these ties exist between the peoples of India themselves, or between them and their European masters. By way of bringing home its extent and variety, it has been customary to point to the fact that this combination of Asiatic States is as large as Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Norway, Sweden and Denmark taken together, and that its several peoples differ from one another more than Britons do from the French, or Germans from Spaniards. In short, India is, in the words of Sir W. Hunter, "a continent inhabited by many more races and nations than Europe, in every stage of human development, from the polyandric tribes
and hunting hamlets of the hill jungles to the most complex commercial communities in the world."

We have not only an immense area, and the most striking contrasts between its parts, but also numerical vastness to take into account. The population of India is greater than that of Europe, omitting Russia, and (omitting the Turks) its racial and religious antagonisms are deeper. Its several principalities have never been bound together in political unity, and its inhabitants have never spoken one tongue. Of late years there have been "national" congresses, attended by representatives from most parts of the peninsula, but in order to meet they have been compelled, as the preface to one official report of their proceedings says, "to make long journeys into, to them, unknown provinces, inhabited by populations speaking unknown languages."* Our Indian possessions alone are more extensive than those of Charlemagne; more populous than those of Napoleon when at the summit of his success, and embrace more than twice as many subjects as acknowledged the supremacy of the proudest of the Caesars. They combine with the colonies to render the British Empire more heterogeneous, more opulent, and more world-wide than any State that the sun has ever beheld.

It is not essential to repeat, even in brief, that record of the careers of the few and the catastrophes of the many which formerly passed current as Hindu history. Apart from the comparative worthlessness of such details anywhere, the story of conflicting native States prior to the British era is peculiarly uninteresting. They exhibit little more than a record of feverish ambitions, zenana intrigues, court treacheries and sanguinary usurpations. Unjustifiable war alternates with pre-

* "Problems of Greater Britain," vol. ii., chap. i.
ventable famine. The chronicle exhibits no growth of popular rights, or stable institutions, or the acceptance of political principles, but begins and ends in despotism. Government in India from the earliest times until now, and even to-day beyond the regions of European influence, has meant the enrichment of the rajah and his families at the expense of the masses; and the aggrandizement of adventurers, who are bold and unscrupulous enough to seize the throne or its powers. The long prospect offers a shifting scene of empires and dynasties, beginning and ending in blood, and supported by rapine. The splendid exceptions to this rule, and the conquerors who were men of character as well as power, were few in number and brief in influence. The condition of the country, according to modern ideas, was anarchy. There was an entire absence of permanent security for life or property; of fixed boundaries for state territories, or even obedience to the principle of hereditary monarchy within them for any lengthened period. When Amurath an Amurath succeeded there have been almost invariably assassinations and sometimes butcheries.

The employment of European terms has led, and must lead, to much misunderstanding of the Indian history, to which they are often boldly applied. Up till 1000 A.D. the country was divided among a number of chiefs, dignified with the name of kings, but really not as much entitled to it as the Ameer of Afghanistan, who to-day rules in truly Oriental fashion over great territories inhabited by tribes whose allegiance is sometimes little more than nominal, who are often engaged in wars among themselves, and not infrequently with their lord and master. The population in parts of India, even in that age, was settled, and there were prosperous towns
of industrial and commercial status, but only in an Asiatic sense and in an Asiatic way, without anything of the civic freedom, burgher organization, or influence of European towns in the Middle Ages. For eleven centuries the fierce Muhammadan peoples beyond the Hindu Koosh invaded the country, gradually extending their rule eastward and southward. Seven dynasties are reckoned before Baber the Mughal, a descendant of Timur the Tartar, won Delhi and the northwest province at the battle of Panipat, in 1526. His son, Humayun, driven out of his kingdom by the Afghans, who had ruled before Baber, re-won the crown by another battle at the same place in 1556. Akbar, his son, inherited it, and founded what is called the Mughal Empire, which resembled the ancient Persian or Alexandrian Empires, in that it consisted of a number of conquered peoples, ruled by satraps, more or less independent, and prepared to aim at sovereignty if opportunity offered.

By his valour and tolerance, this contemporary of Queen Elizabeth consolidated his rule over all India north of the Vindhyas. His harem was continually expanded until it embraced 5,000 women, drawn from every part of his wide domains, uniting him by marriage with all the local aristocracies with whom alliance appeared to be diplomatic. His establishment, which even exceeded that of Solomon, was guarded within by women slaves and without by eunuchs and by soldiers. It need occasion no surprise that his household expenses amounted to £800,000 a year, at a time when that sum represented very much more value than in these days, and that the monarch was unable to leave his capital except with a train of elephants, camels, oxen, carts, servants, and soldiers, constituting a host thousands strong. When, as was
often the case, an army and its camp followers were added, the advance resembled an invasion, and created a famine where it rested. As the man who came within sight of the attendants of the harem was certain of insult and injury, if not of death, its progress was not a pleasant one for the country people. At the present day families often include from 50 to 100 persons of all ages, and the establishment of a man of rank or wealth still resembles a small settlement rather than a European home. But the successive Mughal monarchs knew no limitation of their households, or of the burdens which their extravagance in this and in other ways imposed upon their subjects.

Akbar's son, Jehangir, was occupied for the whole of his twenty-two years' reign in the endeavour to retain his throne. Shah Jehan, the grandson, who was in rebellion at the time of his father's death, was himself deposed in his turn by his son Aurungzeb, a fanatical Muhammadan, contemporary with Louis XIV., whose long reign, from 1658 to 1707, saw the subjection of the Southern Kingdoms, and marked the culmination and dissipation of the great empire which for the first time united almost all India under one yoke. There has been no parallel in Europe outside of Turkey to this despotism, in which there was neither nobility, nor parliament, nor institutions, nor charters to control the absolute power of its sultan. Built by the sword and maintained by the sword, it recognized neither popular rights, nor liberties, nor even aristocratic privileges. In order to realize this mighty tyranny of the past, barbaric in splendour, relentless in oppression, one must turn to Darius or Xerxes, to the Sultan, the Khedive, the Ameer, or the Shah, unrestrained by dread of European interference.
The unstable condition of political affairs existing under a government so purely personal, and taking a new shape not only with each successor, but with each whim or mood of a voluptuary enclosed in his palace, almost above counsel and quite above control, would prevent progress even in western states. In Asia it has led to absolute stagnation in public affairs, and almost absolute stagnation in material development. Roads for purposes of war and commerce were, like fortifications, necessities of the time, and in the intervals of peace spasmodic efforts were made to ensure a food supply by means of irrigation. But all such considerations of public utility were subordinated to the pride of rulers whose aims were centred upon pleasure, pomp, and piety of a wholly personal kind. The native princes of India to-day appear to possess in most instances the same selfish and sensual ideals, and would if so permitted allow their dominions to relapse into a similar condition.* The East ages little, and alters never.

* "Irrigated India," chap. viii.—"The Independent States."
CHAPTER II.

HINDU ARCHITECTURE.

There is nothing in India that can be held to vie, even in a rudimentary way, with the wealth of Italy in sculpture, painting, poetry, or indeed in any art except that of architecture. Even in this the masterpieces are few, are not the high expression of an harmonious culture, such as belonged to Greece, and Greece alone, nor are they to be measured as a whole with the complex and changeful Gothic; but they are in the front rank of their own style, almost its solitary exemplars, and offer a small group of edifices of imperishable beauty, one of which, in its perfectness of unity and grace, surpasses everything that has come down to us complete from the wreck of time. Hindu architecture at present there is none; but as it is essential to the comprehension of the condition of the country that some outline of the centuries of which it is the outcome should be furnished, it seems advisable to note in a brief way the nature of these buildings, which remain the legacy of a past, not remote in time, nor yet in character, from the Asia of to-day, but far removed from anything European in style, in sentiment, and in external splendour. They appeal to us both because they illustrate and express in the most faithful manner, and far more eloquently than any records, the exact phase of social and political life of which they were the fruit, and because of their own intrinsic merit as works of genius and taste. They are at once history and art, intellectual
and emotional, blending romance with reality, like the Waverley novels, or "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," their grace and vigour of form instinct with the spirit of imaginative poetry.

All that language can convey of their majestic charm has been transmitted to us by poets, critics, and architects, of many nations and schools of taste. The best single guide to the country as a whole is Caine's "Picturesque India," a most comprehensive book, admirably illustrated. But why pass by Australian authorities? Was not our bright and original "J.H." moved to exalted eloquence by the spectacle of the Taj; and has not the far-travelled James Campbell painted the whole series of edifices, with fervid but faithful brush, in glowing word pictures, wherein a Scotch love of accuracy struggles with overwhelming admiration.

To do justice to them would be beyond the reach, and beyond the space, of this chapter. A brief summary, suggesting the relative importance and general character of the structures of the Mughals, is all that can be essayed. These are clustered in a few great groups, built in the latter years of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries; indeed, over the greater part of the empire there is little that is architecturally notable—Bijapur has the remains of a great city built on a colossal scale, and with one dome surpassing even that of the Pantheon at Rome; Mount Abu possesses Jain shrines of marvellously rich interior; while Sriringam, Madura, and Tanjore have temples of rare interest and enormous size. But of buildings which still remain comparatively intact, deserving to be reckoned as masterpieces, there are none in the whole country north or south which could be compared for a moment with those in Lahore, Delhi,
Agra, and their immediate vicinities. In and about these three capitals the glory of the one great Muhammadan Empire was concentrated, and from them, and them alone, are obtained the evidences of what that mighty sovereignty became at the summit of its power and its pomp, when supreme over almost the whole peninsula.

Delhi, like Rome, is surrounded with ruins, one of them, said to be the remains of a mediæval capital, erected upon the site of the city of Indrapat, founded 4,000 years ago. Other mouldering heaps mark the spots on its great plain where successive dynasties have reigned, in the long interval between the days of Yudisthira, a legendary hero of the Mahabharata, and the British occupation. The oldest and best preserved of the pre-Mughal cities is some miles distant, where dwelt Tughlak Gazi Khan, a slave promoted by his master to a governorship, which enabled him to raise armies, overthrow his benefactor, and seize the throne. He fastened his strong grip upon the country largely by means of his capital, which was also a fortress. A wall all but four miles long enclosed the city, within which at a higher rocky corner rose a fort, and within this again a citadel, with a 90 feet drop from its parapet to an artificial lake below. The stones employed in the fortifications are (many of them) of great size, from 10 to 14 feet in length, and from 3 to 6 tons in weight. The whole is now a roofless and jagged ruin; the narrowness of the streets, the smallness of the houses, the dark cell-like rooms, reminding one of a barbaric Pompeii, while the massiveness of the ramparts, the absence of all ornament, the inward slope of the walls, and of some of the doors, are strangely Egyptian. A bow shot distant stands the Emperor's tomb, which is in style and solidity itself a fort, gloomy and graceless, but dignified.
The whole nature of the rule of the usurper—and many Oriental monarchs have been usurpers—is vividly expressed in these. Even his capital required to be walled against predatory foes, his soldiers were gathered in a fort to overawe the capital, and the tyrant himself, with his immediate myrmidons, was secluded behind his body guard in the citadel. When he died his very dust was secured by a fortification. The almost entire absence of public confidence, or private security, of the chastening influences of art, education, or commerce, are manifest in these relics of an ancient régime, which discover life on a war footing, the strictest martial law, despotism, fanaticism, and oppression. Founded in blood, the dynasty died out in massacre, when citadel, fort, and city proved too feeble to withstand the terrible onset of Tamerlane, in 1398. His Tartars put its people to the sword, and left it, as it now stands, a waste of shattered buildings, rent walls, rugged roadways blocked by heaps of fallen masonry, underground passages, and dungeon cells, half open to the day; its escarpment and bastion are overgrown with grass, the lake dry, the tank all but empty, the thirteen gates destroyed, the towers fallen, the terraces crumbling into dust, where to-day only the darting lizard, the crouching jackal, or the chattering parroquet finds a solitary abiding place.

At Fatehpur Sikri, some miles from Agra, one beholds the Mughal power for the first time rearing its haughty head, and giving promise of its future domination. Here is a poor and dirty mosque, with its defaced ornaments, said to have been erected by the pious in honour of a holy man who made this his residence, sleeping unprotected from the tigers and cobras, then plentiful in the neighbourhood. After his prayers the Emperor Akbar obtained a long-desired son and heir.
Then the spot became famous. The great Buland Darwaza gateway, built in honour of a victorious campaign, is considered the finest in India. It quite overshadows the great square of the new mosque, and the main structure at one side in which services are conducted. This was erected to commemorate the success of the fakir's appeal to heaven on behalf of his monarch's wife. The sceptical may look with disfavour upon the story, inasmuch as the site appears to possess sufficient natural advantages to justify its selection without supernatural events, but there is no disputing with guides. Besides, there are ocular proofs of their story. The modest grave of the six months child, who renounced its life in order that the childless Emperor might be blessed, is still visible, and the splendid tomb of carved marble allotted to the saint is covered in part by hundreds of white threads, tied there by believing wives anxious to obtain male offspring. The child who gave his life gets a simple mound like that of a pauper in our cemeteries, while the saint who gave his prayers obtains a superb mausoleum of the costliest materials. This may be politic, but is scarcely just. It satisfies the native conscience, and judges it.

Fatehpur Sikri is the city of Akbar, and here in a state of perfect preservation are the separate houses of his Portuguese, Christian, Turkish, Muhammadan, and Brahman wives, his own sleeping apartments, record house, and audience chamber. Although himself a devout follower of Islam, he was tolerant of the beliefs of his Hindu subjects, and an admirer of their arts of architecture and ornamentation. As consequence one beholds the carving, for which the people of India have always been famous, in full perfection upon these edifices of ruddy sandstone, which, small as are the majority, are built with
exquisite taste, and covered with fine fret, scroll, and flower work, until every foot of wall, pillar, and roofing invites and requires the minute inspection of a connoisseur. The Panch Mahal is a five-storied open building, diminishing at each stage, carried up pyramid-wise upon pillars, without inner or outer walls, and surmounted by a small cupola pavilion. Every pillar in the first floor is differently carved, so that each capital represents some natural object, and the whole is extremely graceful. The design was apparently favoured, since the mausoleum of Akbar at Sikanderabad is built upon similar lines, the weight of its solid, dungeon-like base detracting somewhat from the lightness and airiness of the upper stories, which rise to the cenotaph. This city and that tomb are not the only memorials of Akbar, but they are in their way characteristic of the large and generous nature of the founder of the Mughal Empire. Fatehpur Sikri was deserted because of an insufficient water supply, but it was never captured, and has never suffered destruction in its public buildings.

"It was a maiden city, bright and free,
No guile seduced, no force could violate."

The town itself has almost gone. From the royal gateway one looks down right into the little patch of it which remains, as close packed as if still at the heart of a great metropolis, but the plain around is bare, the remainder of the place has vanished, and the mosque and palaces alone remain of what was once an Imperial residence, in which the gloomy grandeur of Tughlukabad has been replaced under a more settled régime, where elegance of taste and freedom of fancy have justified themselves by their fruits.

Between Akbar, the great, the tolerant, the warlike, and
Shah Jehan, the magnificent builder, comes Jehangir, the usurious and dissolute emperor, whose mausoleum at Lahore marks the transition from the bold solidity and airy Hindu ornamentation of his father's architecture to the splendid marbles and precious stones favoured by his son. This great tomb is as substantial in its way as that of Tughlukabad, and in style almost as plain. Its roof of tesselated pavement, four square, with minarets at the corners, is 212 feet each way. The whole—surrounded by noble corridors with great pillars, from which four passages paved with marble lead to a sarcophagus in the centre of the mass of sandstone—has a solemn grandeur akin to that of the granite rocks in wild mountain passes, which appear to have remained immovable from the creation of the world. This masterpiece is at some distance from the city, beyond the Ravi River, crossed upon native boats fastened together with heavy iron chain cables, a bridge which in another fashion exhibits the striking combination of simplicity and strength that belong to the lonely, ponderous, but royal tomb, which lies like a giant sleeping in his armour, in the midst of a quiet garden, slowly irrigated by patient oxen from a shallow well.

Lahore, Delhi, and Agra were the later centres of the Mughal empire, in its prime and in its decline, and there is a certain degree of similarity between them. In each of the three there is a great fort, enclosing palatial buildings, and at least one mosque. There is a greater mosque immediately adjoining each, and each is situated close to a river, those of Delhi and Agra being built upon the very bank of the Jumna, as the Tower of London is upon that of the Thames. They were all real strongholds, and would be still in the absence of artillery. That of Lahore has the finest natural position from
a military point of view, its great gateways, high as four-storied houses, surmounted by towers, being very imposing, and its site, on a ridge of rock, reminding one a little of Edinburgh Castle, though without the exquisite valley and surrounding crags which adorn the Scottish city. It is entered by a winding road, ascending between high walls, loopholed at every foot or two near the crest, so that the hapless foemen who penetrated so far would be exposed at every step to a galling and deadly fire, which it would be impossible to return effectively. When one emerges through this deep cutting upon the crown of the ramparted hill, it is to find a very spacious area, containing a number of buildings, ancient and modern.

Something, no doubt, has to be said for the martial necessities which have compelled the British Government to seize and hold all well-fortified places in such a way as to protect the small bodies of garrison troops stationed in them. When condemned to face the fierce and continuous heat of an Indian summer the regiments must be suitably housed, fed, and provided. Admitting these extenuating circumstances, it has still to be confessed that it must be reckoned little short of sacrilege to have destroyed the character of the interior of these forts by lines of hideous barracks, as bald, bare, tame, and monotonous as modern utilitarianism can make them. The magazines and armories are simply masonry packing cases of the poorest exterior, while the offices and bungalows, however convenient, are in themselves graceless, and appear abortions by contrast with the resplendent beauty and magnificence of the adjoining treasures of antiquity.

Each fort contains a palace, that of Lahore being by far the least imposing of the three. The Shish Mahal is a
pretty loggia, looking upon a court yard, having at its side one
or two exquisite pavilions in white marble. It is historically
interesting, because here the Sikh surrender was consummated
and British sovereignty proclaimed; but it is of no great size.
The decoration of the walls by letting pieces of mirror into
the plaster has a rather tawdry effect, and what with British
building, and British whitewash, the effect of everything except
the superb view from the upper stories is much impaired.
Outside the main stronghold, but adjoining it, and enclosed
with a wall, is a garden, as there are gardens in the forts of
Delhi and Agra, and just beyond this, within a stone's throw,
is the Jama Masjid, much the same in design as well as in
position in all three cities.

Nothing could be less like a cathedral of Europe than the
cloister and court yard which constitute a mosque, its true
roof the sky, and its whole extent perfectly bare and plain,
without statue, window, picture, pew, or altar. An immense
quadrangle, walled, and often corridored, has on one side a
colonnade of three or four arches in depth, built of solid sand-
stone, decorated with marble, carried up to a great height, and
flanked by tall minarets of the same stone. Over the centre
of this colonnade rise three large marble domes, that in the
middle considerably larger than the others. Such is the in-
variable type of mosque in India—an extensive open enclosure,
of which the portion roofed is but shallow and at the narrower
end. This appears to be resorted to for preaching or hearing
the Koran, and is often spacious enough to cover a congregation
of hundreds, but is small when compared with the whole area.
Its lines of arches have a fine effect. Even under them there
is always an out-of-door feeling. There are no rooms and no
chapels, so that the whole of the main arcade is visible to every-
HINDU ARCHITECTURE.

one, except so far as the pillars, which are massive, may cover a strip from a particular point of view. Worshippers, when offering their prayers alone, are almost always to be seen kneeling or standing in the court, in open air. The tank in the centre, and loggia at one end with three domes, are stereotyped features of these great uncovered oblongs, differing in the large proportion of court to building from the Islamite places of worship in the kindred climate of Egypt, and also from those in Constantinople. There is no such towering and many-chambered mass of masonry as in the Gami Sultan Hasan, Cairo, and no such interior of gloom and grandeur as in the Gâmi Muhammad Ali of its citadel, built upon the plan of St. Sophia, to be found among the Hindu sanctuaries, which are scattered in many degrees of size and of squalor all over the northern provinces. The entrance gate opposite to the loggia is always a fine structure; that at Agra was thrown down during the mutiny, and the whole structure there is smaller than those of the other cities. That of Delhi is the largest and best placed, but Lahore is scarcely less taking. Largeness and simplicity of design, a majestic dignity of dome and portal, solemnity without mystery, a partnership with sun and atmosphere, are the prevailing characteristics of these mosques, whose grand façades crown and dominate the wide piazzas, dedicated with them to the worship of Allah.

It is by no mere accident that in each capital the minarets of the mosque blend at a little distance with the towers of the forts. In this they express the spirit of their time. The Muhammadan Church and State were created and maintained by the sword; dynasty and creed were alike in that, though dominant, they remained foreign to the great bulk of the people; the monarch's scimitar was rarely in its sheath, for he
was periodically challenged to try conclusions either with foreign invasion, a domestic insurrection, or both. Government was wholly personal; a viceroy was a king in all but name: the proofs of his allegiance were his obedience to certain commands, and payment of tribute to his suzerain. It was, therefore, impossible to prevent daring and successful provincial rulers from aspiring to reverse the position which they held in regard to their chief, or to assert their independence. There does not appear to have been at any time a determined effort on the part of the Hindus to uproot the Muhammadan faith, but for all that Islam was by its very articles militant and aggressive, making its converts by bow and spear, and breaking out against local superstitions in frequent flashes of fanaticism. The alliance between king and priest, in which, here as elsewhere, the priest was on the whole and as a rule the master, was maintained amidst all political mutations, and counts for a chief factor amid the shifting phases of faction and policy. Hence they made their home together under the shelter of the same stronghold.

Of the two great fortresses, that of Agra presents the finest front, reminding one in its majestic gateway, deep moat, antique drawbridges, and successive lines of wall and turret, of "the proud keep of Windsor with its triple belt of kindred and coeval towers." Upon the other side it faces the river, and stands, as seen from the Jumna, with lofty parapets, surmounted by the domes of its mosques, a splendid mass of building. The walls of the Delhi stronghold are also high and strong, making a rich red belt of sandstone, like that of Agra, but are relieved by a stretch of open park, from the Jama Masjid and the city wall. Excepting the Taj Mahal, and the Kutb Minar, the jewels of Mughal architecture
HINDU ARCHITECTURE.

are to be found within the shelter of these two castles of the East.

Three emperors made their home in the fortress of Agra, and each of them reared his own palace along the river face. There is first the residence of Akbar, Hindu in style and ornament; then that of his son, Jehangir, in which the type is less pronounced; and finally that of Shah Jehan, assuming the distinctive Indo-Saracenic character which his lavishness has made famous. To describe these in detail would require a small volume, so extensive and so various are the designs. The private apartments of each zenana are as a rule small and comparatively plain, the general halls, courtyards, and emperor's apartments of all rich and imposing. Akbar built in his favourite red sandstone, indulging in carved capitals, pendants, and lintels, as at Fatehpur Sikri. Jehangir's palace, given to him by his father, partakes of the same qualities, but Shah Jehan was never satisfied with anything less than white marble surfaces inlaid with precious stones. Leaving the recesses of the harem, its baths, its gardens, its many chambers, he appeared before his courtiers in a private hall of audience of the most exquisite loveliness, consisting of double corridors, open in their sides like the main portion of a mosque, but unlike the mosque since it had two chambers at its rear, where sprays and flowers are traced with gems in exquisite outline over the pure and shining walls. Beyond this, and across a court where large marble screens are carved with the fineness of lacework, stands the Jessamine tower, also of white marble, like the poetry of porcelain, its dainty cupola jewelled to profusion, and with niches every few inches in which coloured lamps were wont to burn.

At Delhi the same monarch has repeated this class of work
upon a larger scale, and with a beauty which defies eulogy. The hall of private audience here is open on all four sides, though that towards the river is panelled with pierced marble, and even in parts with glass. The gorgeous roof, glowing with gold and colour, is supported by large square pillars, where the same marvellous jewel work is inlaid upon polished marble. Richness and variety of hue, purity of material, elegance of form, are blended in this superb building to the extreme of sensuous splendour. The combination of opulence with simplicity, and of extravagance with good taste, beggars admiration. Hard by is a tiny mosque, used as a private oratory, where the whole quadrangle, walls, and pavement are of white marble, the main portion carved in delicate relief, with a soft tracery of leaf and spray. In Agra a similar mosque appears, on a far grander scale, without a tint of colour, the perfection of chastity and calm, its soft creamy petal-like purityrivalling that of the white peony. “Only two colours are needed by the artist who would endeavour to depict it—the blue of the enroofing sky and the silvery white of the surrounding alabaster. All is sapphire and snow.” Rash, indeed, will be the painter who essays that. It should require neither superstition nor admonition to induce the devotee to put off his shoes when standing upon this holy ground. No where in the world, not even in Rome or Venice, in the magnificence of St. Peter’s, or the wealth of St. Paul’s outside the walls, or the glory of St. Mark’s, with its superb effusion of patrician sumptuousness, is there a sanctuary of religion more beautiful than these, while the court suites of Versailles, the Vatican, or St. James’s are barren and tawdry beside the magnificence of the halls of audience adjoining.

The indescribable charm possessed by these buildings—all
of them works of art—belongs in part to their surroundings and to their harmony with them. Against the clear azure of these Indian skies, and in the full flood of its dazzling sunshine, they acquire a luminous nimbus which multiplies their brilliancy. Altogether out of place in any wintry clime of cloud and showers, they possess delicacies of decoration, and an *al fresco* grace, possible only in a land of almost perpetual brightness. Their cool depths of shade have no hint of gloom or secrecy. Lofty and airy, the marvellous lightness of their lines, and the clearness of their marble surfaces, melts their massiveness, and softens their regularity to a sweet and fanciful serenity. They are tropic in their adaptation to heat, and in the splendour of their array, imperial in wealth, yet artistic in the manner in which it is at once lavished and temperately restrained. Flowers of prayer and fruits of pride, they combine to reveal, as in a vision, all that was loftiest in their designers, pure and severe in their creed, royal and gracious in their reign, profoundest in faith, or in empery haughtiest and most débonnaire.

It must be remembered that as the tourist sees them to-day they are but the shells—the husks—of the glory that has departed. He beholds them bare and empty, in parts yielding to inevitable decay, disfigured by rapine, by the unsightliness of modern buildings, and by surroundings which are out of tone with them and their time. India has always been famous for her stuffs, her embroideries, her silks, her jewels of resplendent hues, all of which were once combined to furnish and adorn these now deserted chambers. The finest carpets, from the most skilful looms in the world, were stretched upon these floors, the most delicate tapestries, of purfled gold, drooped against the walls, curtains and hangings upon which
the labour of years had been squandered fell athwart each portal, lamps burned in each recess, perfumes floated upon the air. The ladies of the harem had but one object in life, to adorn their fair persons to the utmost of their powers; the attendants and guards of the palace were clad like nobles, its princes surrounded with the state and appanage of kings. The court that once thronged these halls, with light-hearted, indolent merriment, passing its idle hours by tanks of gold and silver fish, witnessing the combats of elephants or tigers, or playing chess with living figures upon chequered marble court yards, displayed a sumptuous magnificence of habit and ornament rich with the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind.

The throne of the Mughals, 6 feet by 4, was composed of solid gold, glittering with sapphires, rubies and emeralds, covered with a canopy emblazoned with gems, having on either side of it artificial figures, peacocks wrought in precious stones, and behind it a great umbrella of crimson velvet, fringed with pearls, its golden handle, 8 ft. long, set in diamonds. The value of these appanages of the despot was many millions sterling. Such baubles were no token of national prosperity or of a thriving populace, but the reverse. The secret of his profusion lies in the fact that his exchequer was replenished by the pillage of his foes, and the plunder of his subjects, in scarcely distinguishable proportions. The whole wealth of the country flowed through his hands, or those of his Ministers; and one needs no reminder of the tyranny and taxation which this implied; of the absolutism of the monarch, the debasement of even his ablest and noblest servants, bowed in his presence with their foreheads to the dust, and equally abject before his caprices; of the tragic medley of coarseness, corruption, and intrigue which honey-
combed court and harem, or of the web of favouritism and injustice which overspread the country, and made the misery of the millions who toiled, suffered, and died that their masters might indulge debauch and extravagance to the height, and might rear memorials of their unscrupulous and relentless domination, so lovely that in their contemplation it should be impossible not to rejoice.
CHAPTER III.

KUTB MINAR AND TAJ MAHAL.

It is not merely the religious temper or political condition of the country that are illustrated in its ruins, but also an artistic capacity, which may be matched, without apprehension, against anything in its own sphere. The purpose of this sketch does not require, nor will its limits permit, any references to the wealth of its literature in poetry and metaphysics; but, in continuation of the preceding line of illustration, and as a measure of the high water mark of its achievement, it is but just to take native taste at its best.

Amidst all the wealth of its architecture there stand forth two perfect expressions of the genius of its people, which sum up their ideas of structural beauty, and, by analogy, their national characteristics. The Hindu type, massive yet delicate, regular though bizarre, rejoicing in red-brown hues, warm as the complexion of its maidens, profuse in fantastic ornamentation, and the quaintness of grotesque or abnormal shapes of animal and serpent life, reflects in its variegated phases the pride, poetry, and superstition of the race. The Saracenic influence, at once bolder and more graceful, with the chaste and severe dignity of a style befitting a lofty monotheism, added the Roman arch, and a Greek simplicity and unity of outline, to the original richness of indigenous design, blossoming under these combined influences into a Byzantine wealth of
surface adornment. When the types first blended, Hindu art predominating, they culminated in the Kutb Minar, a tower of Gothic boldness and aspiration. When completely united, the Arab imagination in the ascendant, the fruit was an unapproachable and indescribable temple-tomb, the Taj Mahal. If the Græco-Bactrian kingdoms had left a perfect expression of their art, it might, perhaps, have rivalled these; the giant-gated temples of the south still remain, to attest at once the originality and inferiority of the untutored Tamil mind. But all the architectural glories of the Empire take second rank beside the supreme achievements, one in the great plain beyond Delhi, and one on the river border just outside the walls of Agra, where, without reference to use, or regard to cost, or to aught but the promptings of creative art, have been reared two of the most precious masterpieces of monumental art.

The Kutb Minar is a carved column of coloured stone, 240 feet in height, more than six centuries old, standing amidst a handful of ruins in a great plain. Around it are the shattered walls of deserted mosques, the crumbling remains of anterior temples, the gorgeous gateway of Ala-ud-din, and the ragged foundation core of another Minar, intended to be greater still. Its purpose is obscure, its crest was mutilated and has been imperfectly restored, it is just large enough to contain an interior winding staircase of 375 steps, and that is all. There were originally seven distinct stories, and there are still five, each marked upon the slim stateliness of its height by a separate shade and shape, as well as by a projecting balcony. Mainly composed of blocks of sandstone, of varying hues carefully blended, the prevailing tints are soft browns with yellow bands, intermixed with tones of cedar and chocolate; the last two stories, belted with white marble, cresting and lighting the
whole as with a plume. There is nothing in this statement of details which conveys the impression produced by their totality, and there is nothing to which it can be likened. It has the regularity of the Norfolk Island pine, and a fairy-like finish akin to that of its feathery branches, but without its severity, and without its pyramidal outline.

The Minar tapers gradually upward, like the Washington column, but is incomparably more beautiful. The colouring of the stone, marvellously enhanced by its chiselling, imparts a character of affluent and original grace to the whole and every part of it. Each story is longitudinally relieved. The lowest consists alternately of rounded and sharp-edged flutings; those of the next story are all rounded, the third all edged, the fourth plain, and the fifth partly fluted. The first balcony alternates in its carving between round and angled, the second is round, the third angled, and the fourth and fifth plain, the lines of all of them exquisitely graceful. There are also, at intervals, inlaid inscriptions encircling its bulk, perpetuating verses of the Koran and the names of its builders, which, in Arabic text, have the effect of daintiest decorations. The lightness, richness, glowing variety, and happy harmony of the Minar constitute it a something between column and tower, girdled by its jutting circlets, like a stately hollyhock in the fulness of its bloom. Its charm is admitted by critics to surpass anything of the kind in Europe. Giotto's campanile is its only rival, yet the two are so dissimilar as scarcely to sustain comparison. If the windows of the Italian painter be admitted to be unsurpassed and unsurpassable, it will be granted in return that, what with its colour, site, and symmetry, the Minar, as a whole, is without a rival.

It is with other feelings that one approaches the more
famous fellow flower of Indian architecture, reared above the ashes of the queen of Shah Jehan.

All who have been about to visit any of the world's wonders—a picture, statue, building or landscape—which has gathered to itself a long chorus of approbation from the gifted, and has taken a place among the treasures of the globe, must have experienced the Wordsworthian mood of doubt as to whether it is not sometimes better to cherish the ideal—hallowed by long recollections, early associations, solitary musings, imaginatively beheld by means of eloquent poem pictures, under "the light that never was on sea or land"—rather than run a risk of being disillusioned by the discovery that expectation has been reared so high as to overtop the actuality, and leave us with a memory the less, instead of a glory the more.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown;
   It must, or we shall rue it.
We have a dream; 'tis all our own.
   Oh! why should we undo it?"

For this fear there is one antidote too often forgotten. Only what is second or third class can ever be depicted. The best will always be indescribable, for it is best because it embodies in some special and unrivalled way a truth or an ideal. The poet's verse, if of the first quality, must be quoted, it cannot be paraphrased or translated without being destroyed; and so of the imperial beauties of the earth, or its supreme achievements; they can never be appreciated fully until they are seen. This is true of the Taj Mahal; the descriptions one has read, many and admirable as they are, far from impairing its influence, do not even affect it. It is too lofty to be reduced to any such standard. It is beyond praise. Of course it is
possible to catalogue its measurements and materials, define its style, and criticise its proportions, but the result would be lamentably like a specification. There have been many panegyrics. Those who desire the finest may turn again to Bayard Taylor's prose and Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, "Saadi in the Garden," never likely to be equalled in the English tongue. One need only seek to set down those elements in its appearance which occasioned astonishment in the actual observation. Possibly others may have received a similar "shock of mild surprise," not from the fault of the eulogists, but owing to their want of adequate experiences to answer to the words, and the want of words adequate to the representation of its dazzling effect.

In the first place it might be asked as a preliminary how much honour belongs to the prince or plutocrat who orders, pays for, and perhaps to some extent selects, the design for a building or a picture, as compared with that properly attaching to the mind that conceived and the hands that executed it. It is conceivable that the emperor himself had little voice in the choice or execution of the plan which has brought him so much renown. At this date it is impossible to say; but for most of the buildings, if not all, which have been raised by rank or wealth, it is the architect's name that will be inquired for by posterity. Of the instability of fortune Shah Jehan had some proof. The Taj, as it stands, is but one memorial with which he proposed to defy time, and proclaim his love to all mankind. Upon the opposite bank of the river there are still the lines of a ruined foundation, upon which he desired to erect a mausoleum for himself, to equal, if not surpass, that of his favourite wife. The possibility of the project may well be questioned, though, in view of the other achievements of his
reign, questioned less confidently than if it had been formed by any other man. The two buildings were then to be connected by a silver bridge, and though his subjects might be ruined, his workmen robbed, and his kingdom overthrown, he and she were to be honoured with a magnificence of monument unequalled in all the world.

The plan was princely in its pride, in its display, and in its haughty confidence in the undiminishing regard to be retained by all future generations for the decrees of a dead king. Such an illusion of power is akin to those of passionate youth, in which the name of eternity is so often taken in vain, without the experience of life, or reflection upon its vicissitudes, required for the realization of its meaning. Princely in his designs, Shah Jehan was also princely in his practice of not paying for their execution by hands that were more skilful than his own. Many of the workmen whose lives were spent in this great enterprise were never remunerated for their toil. Was it because of or in spite of this that some of them cut their signatures into its pavement? as if thus to seize part of the reward due to them, or to assert their claims against those of the man who sacrificed nothing of his own to its construction. “Alas! the hungry generations tread them down,” and they are as forgotten now as they were unthanked then. The emperor's fame lingers, but their consolation, if they need any, should lie in the knowledge that his epitaph is cut only an inch deeper than theirs, and that though his reputation lives and may last for a few centuries to come, it is comparatively but the flicker of a candle, beginning to die, even before his decease, into the ultimate forgetfulness that awaits the monarch as well as the ryot, and the master as much as the slave.

Shah Jehan eventually became a prisoner in a corner of his
own palace at Agra, where is still to be seen the narrow stairway by which he climbed to the wall from whence he could behold his wife's tomb. The great fort in which he was confined stands at the next bend of the river below the Taj, facing its flow, with a far-spreading mass of wall, palace and mosque, so that each enjoys an uninterrupted view, and adds to the attraction of the other. There he died, and here he was buried, guessing nothing, even in his misfortune, of the speedy fall of his dynasty, of the ruin of his empire, or of the coming of the British Raj. The tomb he reared has already been plundered more than once, and owes its preservation to its own beauty, instead of to the awe or esteem in which his name is held. Some day it must crumble into dust, and meanwhile, so long as it stands, his robbery of its artificers, and oppression of his subjects, will be testified to by history, and remain as a brand upon his memory, until both he and his race, and all their monuments, have disappeared in the fathomless gulf of time.

The part European labour played in the Taj Mahal is matter of argument, but it is certain that Austin de Bordeaux, a discredited Frenchman, who fled to India, and certain Italians, contributed greatly to the jewel work. Of this Europe may be proud, but the chief glory remains with Asia, for it is the blending of Arabic with Hindu taste that produced this marvel. The natives take great interest in the building, and constantly visit it, though they must not be censured as callous if they evince no admiration in manner or gesture, since they are not effusive by habit. As usual they add to the interest of the scene by their presence. Their bare feet seem far more appropriate to marble floors than heavy, noisy soles of leather; and with their gay-coloured garments relieved by the sunlit pallor of its walls, they appear at a distance like groups of
variegated insects. Near to them, the tinkle of toe-rings and bangles, and the sonorous murmer of male voices, produce a not unpleasant accompaniment. The contrast between them and this national emblem of theirs is as marked as it was between the emperor and his people, and as it still is between them and the wealthy or powerful even of their own kin. Ornaments worth a few rupees, a garment of much less value, composed of one or two cheap stuffs wound about the body, their home a hovel, their living just above starvation, and their future in this world nil, they tread upon marbles and point to precious stones purchased from the taxes they have paid. If it seems strange to associate these dark-skinned, illiterate, undeveloped, impoverished people with so exquisite a work of art, it must be remembered that it is to consecrate the memory of one of these, that it was built by command of another, with the spoils of the millions over whom he reigned.

One's conceptions and recollections both err because they omit some of the many features of the Taj Mahal, and thus tend to dwarf its impressiveness and variety. To recapitulate them, however baldly, becomes necessary, so that a suggestion of the number, variety, contrast, and harmony of the elements which go to compose the perfect whole may be conveyed to the stranger. It embraces a garden a third of a mile in superficial measurement, a sandstone platform 1,000 feet square, upon which is a marble plinth 100 yards across, and as much in width, sustaining the building and its immense dome, which lift the Muhammadan crescent 250 feet into the sky. Yet there is no sense of size, and these great proportions, far from obtruding themselves, are sure to be overlooked in the opulence of the main edifice, in the delicacy of its tones, and in the tenderness which they express. Realize its dimensions and it
appears vast, dwell upon the fineness of its finish and it might almost be deemed diminutive.

The Taj is not merely a building, nor yet a building and a garden only—it is both, and more; a tree-filled oblong of great length enclosed by a high parapet on three sides, with, on the fourth side, a retaining wall, rising to the level of its lower platform, protecting it from the River Jumna. Around and about it stretches a monotonous expanse of neglected waste. The oblong is approached from the land end by three massive masonry gates opening upon an external quadrangle, on the outer side of which are two fine pavilions, and on the inner side two large squares, surrounded by corridors and buildings for the accommodation of a bazaar. The gate at the extremity of this opens immediately into a small native town. On the opposite side of the town gate is the gate, in itself a splendid building of sandstone, inlaid with marble, and towering to a height of 140 feet. From under its dome, or upon its crest, whence an excellent bird's-eye view of the whole is obtainable, the central edifice is first beheld in its entrancing loveliness.

One is still separated from the mausoleum by a long, straight, narrow strip of artificial water, whose ethereal reflections are heightened by its white marble borders, and belts of grass and flowers. This sky-mirroring pathway, interspersed with fountains, leads through a superb garden, where orange trees, pomegranates, pepuls and roses are mingled with cypresses, that spring sadly here and there, as if to touch and repeat a recurring note of grief, insidiously charmed away again amid the paved walks, flowered arbours, and blossoming bushes of this cloistered shrubbery. Pillared corridors follow the wall all round, and half-way down rise on each side to minareted gates, which are apparently not practicable as such. Near the river, however, the
walls end in two handsome mosques, either of which will bear comparison with any, not wholly built of marble, in the country. They are neither so grand as the Jama Masjid of Lahore, nor so imposing as that of Delhi, but in the same style and upon the same scale. These beautiful buildings look straight upon the Taj, which stands between them, fearing no rival and no comparison. The oblong is terminated on each side at the bank of the river by graceful circular pavilions crowned with cupolas. The Taj therefore requires to be conceived with these princely surroundings, enriched by the verdure of a royal garden, walls, mosques, domes, and cupolas, all of red sandstone, and all splendid, sufficient in themselves for an imperial shrine, and neglected only because of its supreme fascination.

Then again, the central edifice is not a simple structure. From each mosque stretches a red and white diamond tiled pavement, which ceases at the tessalated marble path running round the Taj. From this upward all is white marble. The lowest story, a solid platform 313 feet square and 18 feet high, is faced, staired, and covered with it. This plinth having at each corner a lofty minaret, plain and severe in style, and yet most graceful, forms an elevated court, in the centre of which stands the octagonal mausoleum itself, its lofty marbles resting on marble. In shape it is a square in which severity and solidity are banished by the number, greatness and grace of its deep vaulted openings, and the airy lightness of its crown of domes. The corners are cut back into two stories of deep recessed archways opening into windows of pierced marble, a great arched entrance filling and ennobling each main side. Above rise four small cupolas, within a line of floral pillars, and in the centre of the whole a great dome, exceptional in size, beautiful in form, like all the rest snow white in colour,
soaring high to where a golden crescent shines in place of a vane.

The building consists of a circle of outer and empty chambers, having walls of enormous thickness. Through these, as through a series of empty side chapels, the light passes into the heart of the whole—a circular sanctuary lifting through two stories of arches to a coronet of carvings, and thence into the spacious concave of the great dome, open above it. In the middle of the floor is a many-sided screen of white pierced marble of rarest workmanship, and within that two marble cenotaphs, their rectilinear shape adorned and disguised by bevel and slope. This lofty oratory, otherwise empty, and rounded every way, possesses some of the qualities of a whispering gallery. It does not merely echo sounds, but repeats them, transmuted and made melodious, in notes of bell-like cadence, dying as they soar, and soaring as they die away, higher and higher, until the silence which befits the place descends and envelops it, the odours of the garden penetrating, and the streaming glory of the outside sun enshrining the quiet twilight within.

It only remains to add that without and within there are light, trailing, unrolled wreaths of flowers, leaves, and berries, deftly carved into the large blocks of polished marble, that the ornamentation climbs in similar style above the great doors, where the wonderful sinuous Arabic characters (chapters of the Koran in black letter) make most graceful tracery all around them, and wind all within. The final feature is that the perfect whiteness of the whole is emphasized by the inlaying of thousands of precious stones, which represent all the colours of all the flowers that are twined about all the lower outer face, the upper lintels, the inner wall,
the inner and outer sides of the screen, and cover the tombs themselves; rubies, emeralds, jasper, lapis lazuli, cornelian, bloodstone, scattered by the hundred and the thousand, with the most finished skill, under the guidance of the most refined taste. Such is the Taj Mahal in its reality; a domed pavilion of polished marble, white as a bridal veil, its inner and outer faces encrusted in parts with small jewels. It consists ideally of casket within casket, enclosing and enclosed, earth and sky, wall and tower, river and garden, mosque and gate, platform and minaret, arch and cupola, dome and shrine, screen and tomb, cenotaph and shroud, clasping within their many folded harmonies the dust of a departed queen.

And is this Death's? or Death's remembrancer? this not inappropriate nor unworthy bridge between two worlds—the one whose natural graces it sums up in brief and the Muham-madan Paradise beyond, also beautified with flower, tree, and stream, and consecrated to conjugal felicity? The kingly confidence in the future life and its fortunes, thus portrayed, is as truly oriental as is the sumptuousness of its manifestation. But it is quite foreign to the average Caucasian, whose sleepless energies are concentrated upon the practical conquest of the earth instead of upon superb memorials to those who have left it, and it is equally foreign to the Christian, who shrinks from a personal tribute which comes so near idolatry. His creed, based upon resurrection, but solemnized by an abiding sense of sin, of human frailty, separation from the divine, and spiritual peril, renders his ecclesiastical and sepulchral architecture gloomy, even among its grandeurs. An heroic sadness has soared in Milan Cathedral, in Notre Dame, and in Westminster Abbey, to types of exalted aspiration, in which the fear of death has been trodden under foot; but, neverthe-
less, the prevailing symbols of the tomb, in them as in all European countries, are almost invariably sombre, breathing, at best, a passionate desolation or a troubled trust. To minds familiar with such lugubrious imagery, the Taj must be pagan—in all except its solitude. Its purpose would scarcely have been guessed by them if it had stood without a history. For it is bright and beautiful amidst brightness and beauty, soars skyward with calm assurance, and proclaims its happy faith without humility or apprehension. It may be matched with the most glorious elegies, with the rich but sober dignity of "Lycidas," or the passionate resignation of "In Memoriam," though it is with the triumphant transports of "Adonais" that it is most closely allied. What renders it to all religious amidst its pomp, and royal in spite of its history, is the imperial affection and unconquerable tenderness of the monarch who reared it, above the body of the mother of his eight children. "Much shall be forgiven him," for, even in a harem, "he loved much."

The Kutb Minar, owing nothing to its surroundings, yet not scorning them, without mate or pride, and enigmatical as lovely, points its spire, above crumbling ruins in a level tract, like a pillar of smouldering flame, or a shaft from a saffron sunset—while this white wonder, brooding by the river's brim, strong enough to resist earthquakes, and large enough to contain a regiment, is withal as delicate in its beauty as a budding moss-rose. The sheen of its surfaces imparts a semi-transparence which assists to destroy all suggestion of stone, of hardness, or rigidity. If it were moulded of moonlight it could not poise itself more buoyantly in the ether—like a summer cloud, fleecy, aërial, its great dome, bubble-like in lightness, lifting and floating the whole—
"That hearkeneth to the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether, if it move at all."

A line of birds in flight through the clear air above show black and solid by contrast with its melting creaminess. The upper coves of its arches, subtly shaped, and rippled within by lace-like fineness of line, akin to the wrinkles upon scalded milk, need but iridescence to be taken for gigantic shells of mother-of-pearl. The intense light of the Indian sun steeps the Taj in a dazzling lustre, or under the silvery radiance of its satellite mellows its blanched brilliancy, until it seems as soft as almond blossoms in the early spring, and as mysterious as an ivory castle in a poet's phantasy; an enchanted palace between gardens of pleasance and places of prayer.

Such fancies are fostered by its perfect preservation, in which there is no hint of time, no trace of age, no vestige of decay. "Fresh as the foam, new bathed in Paphian wells," it is equally free from the garish newness of the works of yesterday. Like no other building in its style and character, it does not appear to be a building, or to have been built, but to have unfolded like the fabled city that "rose slowly to a music slowly breathed." The daintiness and profusion of its decorations are veiled in a serenity of unconscious charm like that of a child. Fairy-like as a mirage, resplendent as the creation of an ecstasy, with a witchery "of imagination all compact;" shaped from "such stuff as dreams are made of," this sublime conception, caught by inspired art, and wrought with imperishable glory into almost imperishable stone, retains in the maturity and plenitude of its powers, something which blends with them the magic of "those first affections, those shadowy recollections," which are "the fountain light of all our day."
If it be true that—

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone,
And morning hastes to ope its lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids,"

then the Taj Mahal must receive an equal regard from the planet and its parent luminary. Classic in its repose and simplicity, Oriental in lavishness of decoration, it is, if less masculine than the superb work which crowns the Acropolis, at least worthy to be its mate, and may perhaps claim, as the sex would then entitle it, that it is the more beautiful. The polished substance looks light as swan's-down, the flowing outline soft as the curve of a dove's breast; its majestic proportions are harmonized by necromantic skill, until the great structure appears gem-like in its setting of gate and garden, "Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray," beaoning above the bank of a dark winding river like the heavenly city of pilgrims' dreams.

Its chord of colour runs from ruddy tinted mosques and walls, the greens of spraying palm fronds, of many-tendrilled creepers, of luscious foliaged fruit trees, and of sombre ranks of scattered cypresses, bathed in golden sunshine, upon a background of brown plain, to illimitable depths of azure, overarching a core of melting whiteness. Colour has close relation to sound, and so has form, as the ancients knew when they declared architecture to be a frozen music. This becomes the more sensible where, as here, Nature unites her mighty undertones to the human theme. Like the poet's woodland bird, whose carol was echoed by

"River and sky,
He sang to the ear, they sing to the eye,"
the Taj itself sings to the eye, and all its surroundings as well as its stream, sing too—not in the tones wherewith Abt Vogler built his rampired palace, glittering with starry lights, nor in those wherefrom Beethoven reared his Gothic cathedral, out of impenetrable profundities of prayer, up to towering heights of Promethean aspiration—translated to the hearing, the Taj would pour forth its romance of faith and fidelity, with graceful lightness, in the crystal clearness and lark-like melody of Mozart.

White as poppies are, when their pale petals fleck the ryot's fenceless fields, like flocks of fairy butterflies; white as the lotus is, floating upon the sacred pools of the south, as the camellia is, but free from its formality; white within and without, as the incomparable lily is, and like the lily itself a "plant and flower of light," the wealth and witchery of this marvellous mausoleum are artistically transmuted to forms and hues, suggesting purity and chastity alone; "As if a rose should shut and be a bud again." It images innocence and breathes peace, representing grief without pain, regret idealized, an apotheosis of tenderness, wherein "sorrow has made beauty more beautiful than beauty's self." A shrine rather than a tomb, in which the stone of despair is rolled from the sepulchre, and its gloom irradiated as with the glory of a shining presence, this peerless pearl of visionary loveliness, fascinating the eye, satisfying the mind, and ravishing the memory, also seeks, finds, and subdues the heart. Standing on the brink of the changeful river—an emblem of calm supernal constancy—it glows revealed against the depths of a cloudless sky, whose very clearness mocks all questioning, like a profile of Hope, in cameo, carved upon amethyst.
CHAPTER IV.

BRAHMANISM.

It must be remembered that all the edifices criticised in the preceding pages have been the special product of one brief modern period, reared while a masterful race of invaders kept their strong hands upon Northern Hindustan. As the ruling classes they honoured by their works the fiery faith of Islam—that sublime monotheism born in Arabia some centuries after the Christianity which it scourged. The whole term of their domination constitutes but an epoch, and that a brief epoch, in the history of the country whose citadels they stormed and whose temples they overthrew. The main growth of Indian thought had slowly ripened and slowly decayed ages before this irruption, and long anterior to the first Christmas morning. It is to the traces of this antique indigenous development that we now turn back, though naturally the relics of times so remote are much more rare and ruined than those of the Mughals. All has perished that belonged to that first epoch of the intellectual dawn above the Himalayas, save a collection of pious chants and a few strong sanctuaries, which survive because they were hewn by the patient chisels of the devout out of the rocky heart of the “everlasting hills.” It is much to be able to read a letter or a syllable of the tale of those distant and immeasurable eras, now that the peoples by whom it was unfolded, with the ideals they cherished and the cities they reared, have passed into the void.
Such testimony as is afforded of the earliest times relates almost wholly to the religious beliefs then current rather than to the social state or political conditions. Of course the one suggests the other. Audacious Voltaire, turning a comment of Aristotle into a witticism, said that whether or not God had created man in His own image, man had certainly shaped his deities in his own likeness. There are many of them worshipped in India, and in some aspects they all belong to the same family. Marked resemblances have arisen even between hostile and contending creeds, Muhammadanism itself departing from its severity, and, by the adoption of Saints, coming close to Hinduism and its Fakirs. All the popular faiths bear a strong imprint from the country and climate in which they flourish, testify to the ferocity of the struggle for existence among its masses, to the violent contrasts and instability of its social order, and also to the intellectual but unregulated ardour of its people.

The race may fairly claim to be the most religious people in the world. They are still in the stage when even sanitary observances, culinary practices, household customs, and racial relations are made part of a ritual. The whole of their social and political life is embraced within its sphere. No study of any people would be even partially complete that omitted from notice its belief as to its relations with the invisible, which, especially in Asia, often overshadows its interest in the visible universe, and always powerfully modifies it. Parodying Ste. Beuve, one may say—"Tell me what you worship and I will tell you what you are." To understand India to-day it is therefore imperative to have some outline of what its religion has been and has become: to interpret that religion correctly all Christian preconceptions must be as far
as possible laid aside. Neither in substance nor in form do Indian creeds resemble those with which we are familiar; they consist of survivals from primitive periods, which the Anglo-Saxon race has long outgrown; but at the same time it must never be forgotten that to the Hindu they are real and vital still.

"A very strange thing, this Paganism; almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods, and absurdities, covering the whole field of life. . . . It is not easy to understand that sane men could ever calmly, with their eyes open, believe and live by such a set of doctrines. . . . Nevertheless, it is a clear fact that they did it. . . . Such things were and are in man; in all men, in us too. . . . Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion; mere quackery, dupery, and priestcraft, say they. . . . I here protest against it," says Carlyle. "They have all had a truth in them, or men would not have taken them up. Quackery and dupery do abound. . . . In the more advanced decaying stages of religions they have fearfully abounded; but quackery was never the originating influence in such things, was not the health and life of such things, but their disease, the sure precursor of their being about to die. . . . We shall begin to have a chance of understanding Paganism when we first admit that to its followers it was, at one time, earnestly true. Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men made altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed in it." Millions in the East believe in it to-day, disdaining the imputations of quackery or dupery, as Emerson did when he wrote—
“Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bibles old.”

Certainly the peoples of India have given, and still give, the most irrefragable evidences of the sincerity of their belief, by a zeal in its honour and a homage to their priesthood to which civilization offers no parallel. Putting aside for the time the Muhammadans—whose habits and practices differ little in reality from those of their neighbours, though their faith, degenerate as it is, remains purer—the whole of the enormous population are of one faith, for the exceptions are so few that a qualification of the phrase would be misleading. That faith is only now becoming intelligible in any degree to Europeans, content until lately to scornfully stigmatize it as an effete superstition which must soon pass away. We may hope that all false doctrine will be sloughed off by humanity in course of time, but there appears to be no more immediate prospect of the accomplishment of that desirable ideal in Asia than out of it.

There are at the present moment 240,000,000 human beings who accept this particular Paganism which embodies for them the highest, deepest, and most important truths. It should be unnecessary to add that there are probably almost as many versions of the faith as there are worshippers, for this in a sense would be true of any creed. Setting aside such over-refinement, however, we require to realize at the outset that what is now known as Hinduism is not simply a complicated, but is emphatically a contradictory system, and that it is almost too sprawling and too fluid to merit the name of creed. It is a vast body of beliefs about an innumerable host
of spiritual agencies; some of its tenets arose before history, others were added yesterday, and the processes of accretion and demission are still going on. There is no precise harmony among these, and they rarely assume any definite form, but flow day by day into the channel of events, shaping and being shaped by them to such a degree as to render all but the most general permanency of character impossible. There are no settled Thirty-nine Articles, but are probably as many hundred versions of dogmas, often subtle and often gross. Realizing this absence of fixity, one requires to realize also that the doctrines and practices are to some degree peculiar in each locality, and that the geographical position always needs to be allowed for when criticising any of them. We have therefore to scan a vast conglomerate whose separate faces present very contrasted aspects. The utmost that can be done is to disengage the traits common to all, or nearly all, the chief bodies of believers, remembering always that there is a vast background of superstitions, undefined and undefinable, inconsistent and constantly changing, which cannot be brought into any orderly presentation, and yet must not be left out of mind.

Hinduism has been aptly termed an inorganic religion, because of its want of either clear outlines or internal structure. In point of fact it consists of the débris of a multitude of aboriginal myths and deities, linked into one inharmonious, ever-varying whole by the art of the Brahmans. There are transformations made whenever necessary, in order to bring in fresh tribes who will not come unless their ancestral gods are also provided for in the capacious Pantheon, which has been growing for the last 3,000 years, until it has come to embrace 330,000,000 deities or powers of one kind and another—
"Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and gray."

This gives more than one supernatural being apiece for every man, woman and child in the country, and is assuredly a sufficiently liberal allowance, even for the prolific East. Then there are the permutations, by which these invisible hosts are more or less consolidated, and represented as different forms of a few older divinities, so that the final result is the worship of only a handful of supreme beings, and the propitiation of many minor powers in a less formal way. Through this theological tangle gleams of splendid insight occasionally strike, until the whole appears, in its violence of contrast, in its labyrinths of mystery, and in its profusion of rapid growths, like one of those dank tropical jungles, which are almost hemmed in by impenetrable thickets, where delicate flower and poisonous berry spring side by side, the home of exquisite birds and the haunt of beasts of prey, its recesses dark in the noonday, its open spaces bright in the sun, its soil of inexhaustible richness and fertility for the future cultivator, but now barren and idle, while over it and in it hovers the rank moist smell of decay.

Brilliant essayists like Max Müller who have not visited India, and charming poets like Sir Edwin Arnold who have, are agreed in dwelling upon the higher phases of its faith, upon its historic growth, its immense versatility, its profound philosophy, and its marvellous subtlety. By this method a misleading conception of its average quality is unintentionally conveyed to their readers. Even Sir Monier Williams, whose candid, temperate, and exhaustive works are, on the whole, by far the fullest and fairest treatises dealing with these questions, allows himself to be a little biassed by his lifelong
BRAHMANISM.

association with Sanscrit literature and his frequent visits to the country. What these critics commend is the Brahmanism and Buddhism which were the original elements of the religion, two thousand years ago, but are now almost lost to sight in the motley mass of degenerate and degraded beliefs, grouped in modern times under the name of Hinduism.

The facts are that the philosophy and poetry of their far-off ancestors exist for most Hindus in a lesser degree than Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Kant exist for dwellers in the back lanes of our cities or the average sundowner of the bush. They have little or no leisure for extras of this kind, when they have the aspiration, and for the most part are content to accept a secondhand judgment and knowledge of them, in the crudest forms, and from incompetent exponents. A creed which has grown to such an extent as to overwhelm its most learned devotees with its intricacy and magnitude must remain a sealed book for ever to the masses, whose only inkling of it is gained from the lips of a village priest, the sum of whose spiritual lore is the knowledge by rote of a few passages from the Vedas, and of certain rituals of a childish kind. The condition of peasant and tradesman alike is that of utter ignorance of any more than the barest outline of the local tenets of the little denomination in which they have been bred.

The Vedas, undoubtedly, contain some splendid passages. Their highest praise is that they resemble an earlier and more barbaric edition of the Psalms; and that, considering their antiquity, Europeans are proud to reckon themselves of the same race as their authors, whom Max Müller styles "our nearest intellectual relatives, the Aryans of India, the framers of the most wonderful language—the Sanskrit—the fellow-workers in the construction of our fundamental concepts, the
fathers of the most natural of natural religions, the makers of the most transparent of mythologies, the inventors of the most subtle philosophy, and the givers of the most elaborate laws." Some few of their sacred songs might be used to-day as Unitarian invocations, for although they evince a childlike adoration of natural forces, deified under different names, the tendency is to regard the god who happens to be honoured at the moment as in some sense including or representing all the rest. Consisting of more than 1,000 poems, containing 10,580 verses, 153,806 words, and 432,000 syllables, the Vedas have been transmitted by word of mouth from teacher to pupil for nearly 3,000 years. The oldest MS. in existence dates from the ninth or tenth century of our era; still the oral system is maintained, and many pupils to-day are spending the eight weary years necessary to get the whole text faithfully by heart. But the Vedas are without practical influence, and far beyond popular knowledge. The comparatively pure faith which they teach had been expanded long before history into the marvellous philosophic system, of uncertain origin, which continues to be even now the fountain head of whatever organized teaching there is in India.

Brahmanism, as this is styled, is not a religion so much as a metaphysical basis upon which a creed has been reared. Its main doctrine is a spiritual Pantheism. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole," and Nature herself but a manifestation of the one Supreme from whence all things appear to come, and unto which all things appear to return, although in reality they are never separated from, and never cease to be part of, its being. One school has taught the independent existence of the soul, but the more orthodox doctrine is that which declares that Brahma is all, as in the Vedic hymn which says—
"He is himself this very universe;  
He is whatever is, has been, and shall be;  
He is the lord of immortality;  
All creatures are one-fourth of him, three-fourths  
Are that which is immortal in the sky."

Brahmanism upon these lines would have remained a philosophy had it not been brought down to the masses by the admission that there were embodiments of the impersonal Supreme, meriting homage as gods, who could be worshipped in their images, and had the power of conferring benefits. The esoteric theory justifying this concession is that the Divine is equally present in all substances, "As full as perfect in a hair as heart," and that therefore worship may be offered at choice to anything in the material or spiritual universe. The exoteric result of its adoption was to tighten the bondage of superstition upon the people by encouraging the multiplication of idols. In addition to this, meditation upon the abstract principles of their creed convinced intelligent Brahmins that there was nothing in these to prevent them from making the best of this world, and their present incarnation. Accordingly, they diverted their faith into a means for the exaltation of their own caste, and after a fierce struggle with those who were most nearly equal to them in education and position succeeded in rivetting, once and for all, upon the idolatrous Indian people the fetters of the most arrogant sacerdotalism that the world has ever beheld. Brahmanism from this time forward has simply meant to most of them the worship, not of Brahma, the distant, nor of his subordinates, the later gods, whose reign is necessarily nominal too, but of the Brahman, who was, and is, his and their sole representative and interpreter, to whom all the fruits of worship and actual enjoyment of pious offerings and privileges belong: it has thus become Hinduism.
Once fairly seated in the saddle, the Brahman has not for­
gotten to take advantage of his authority to stamp his main
metaphysical doctrines ineffaceably upon the minds of his
devotees. He has succeeded so well that they now seem
ineradicable. Diverse as are the sects, creeds, and sub-creeds
of modern Hinduism, they have as their base a common
doctrine, the knowledge of which is preliminary to compre­
hension of all or any of them. Rich as is their literature of
theological speculation, it rests upon certain principles which
are accepted by the most opposite schools, and even by
sceptics as well as by believers. For instance, though the
doctrine of the transmigration of souls is not to be found in the
Vedas, it is, nevertheless, the first postulate of every local
religious teaching. The western mind must submit itself to a
severe strain if it endeavours to realize the periods of Hindu
cosmogony, one of the days of which not only exceeds those of
Genesis, but, stretching to 4,320,000,000 solar years, leaves
Darwinian epochs hopelessly in the rear. Another effort is
required to realize the dogma that during this “day” each soul
undergoes 8,400,000 successive births, interspersed with resi­
dences in hells or heavens after each death, according to the
moral value of each immediately antecedent life, until at last
it is absorbed in the Supreme Being. The attainment of this
final rest, which is practically annihilation, is the *summum
bonum* of aspiration. Some believe that separate existence is
possible for indefinite periods, but all infer at last a cessation
of conscious individuality. The consequent judgment upon
life, therefore, “The sooner it’s over the sooner to sleep,” is by
no means exhilarating. It is owing to the fact that this theory
is the first feature of every Hindu faith which renders its limited
hopefulness, and its ambition for eternal peace, so character-
istic of all its phases. The exaltation and golden expectation of the Christian offer a marked contrast to the sober, and even sad, longing to escape from the chain of existence, which is the highest hope of Brahmanism.

A further consequence of this reading of the universe is an obvious severance of morality from religion. The Infinite Being—Brahma—can scarcely be dignified by the name of God, since in the last resort it knows neither justice nor affection, but responds indifferently to certain impulses, without regard to the character of their source. It can scarcely be termed a First Cause, because will and purpose are not predicated of its action. The one appeal to which it answers is that of asceticism; it was by self-mortification that the present gods of Hinduism are believed to have gained their immortality; but by the same means demons can attain and have attained to godlike powers, to the imminent peril of the universe. It appears, in fact, an open race between saints and devils as to which can surpass the other in austerities so as to get the upper hand. Brahma, the original source of all things, is profoundly indifferent to the struggle; his only action is that of mechanically endowing the victor with the power which is his prize. It is not surprising, therefore, that the gods who do directly interfere in human affairs are often equally devoid of moral principle, and use the power they have attained in mere caprice. Virtue is recognized, it is true, but chiefly because it involves self-sacrifice, and though the fundamental maxim that every deed inevitably begets its certain consequence is reiterated in every manual, yet its whole effect is destroyed by the accompanying popular teaching as to sin and pardon. The innocent and pure may be plunged into the most horrible purgatories because of their neglect of
some trifling ceremonial, or their unconscious annoyance of some minor deity, while the most vicious and depraved can be cleansed of all their sins by gifts to the Brahmans. The culprit may be ordered to perform pilgrimages, assist at ceremonies, or drink of a particular river; but these are collateral only—it is the bribes to the Brahmans which are essential in all cases. By making them sufficiently large unpleasant penances may always be avoided.

That there were brighter sides to Brahmanism cannot be denied. It harmonized wonderfully in parts with the modern doctrine of evolution, and taught a morality of consequence as unflinching as science in its physical laws. Moreover, its decline into the corrupt faith of the present has not been without protests and episodes of higher inspiration. There is no aberration of the Hindu mind, no degrading superstition enshrined in its creed, and no exaggeration of its dogmas which has not been denounced by some local religious reformer. Amidst the weltering heap of decomposing credulity, which constitutes the orthodoxy of the bulk of the people, there have arisen purer elements, which have disengaged themselves, and thus indicated the possibility of higher things. Were one to make selections with an eye only to the refined, tender, and profound in its voluminous literature, one could find very many pearls such as those already culled in "Indian Wisdom."

Probably the misrule to which the Hindus have been subject for ages determined by degrees their ideas of divine government. Living at the mercy of despots, whose lightest whims were gratified without regard to the sacrifice of the life or happiness of their subjects, the unhappy peasant has rudely interpreted droughts and pestilences as the mani-
festations of similar wilfulness on the part of those having authority in the invisible world. His attitude to both lords has been that of meek propitiation and trembling submission. All that he has dared to ask of either has been for permission to escape out of existence as soon as possible. He has paid the penalty of his cowardice by finding the list of his taskmasters always lengthening, both on earth and in heaven. Mercy and justice have customarily been, in India, the names of impossible ideals. The Brahman required his fee day by day, and what the Brahman left the Rajah appropriated as tribute. Noble as well as peasant was under the universal yoke, and paid to the Brahman too. Occasion was never wanting. To the great majority of the people earth, air, and sea were and are full of spiritual presences and forms, friendly or hostile, or capable of being either one or the other, according to their humour. The dead are there, helping or hindering, with hordes of incredible demons, who seek to tempt mortals to destruction. Hence Hinduism was and is a religion of fear—of timorous, trembling, often frantic, always helpless, fear. Its aim was and is merely propitiation, the purchase of a safe conduct, and its brightest hope of blessedness is that of release, by means of sacrifice, from this haunted, hunted world of strife, wherein crouch invisible hosts, lying in ambush on every hand, to surprise the unwary creature and hound him to an awful doom.

The steady operation of good government and contact with western civilization should hasten a spiritual enfranchisement for which there is evidently some indigenous preparation here and there. The difficulty is that ordinarily the effect of a European training upon the native mind is to destroy, with
the hereditary belief, the capacity for belief of any kind. The high intelligence, calm wisdom, and splendid tolerance of Rammohun Roy and Keshub Chunder Sen, leaders of the Brahma Samaj, in their attempt to revert to the higher faith of their forefathers, and to extract a pure theism from the Vedas, have so far met with but a narrow response even from the educated. But just as India is noted for its conservatism, it is also noted for its capacity for sudden and widespread change, and it is always possible that at any moment a new Buddha, or a new incarnation of Vishnu, may appear, who shall sweep away many of the abuses of the present creed, while he preaches the new with the electric power of inspiration.

For an adequate evidence and symbol of what Brahmanism was, after being modified by Buddhism, but before it was degraded to its present level, we must turn to the cave temple of Elephanta, begun perhaps ages ago, and probably finished some ten or twelve centuries since. This stands upon a little palm-fledged island in the great outer harbour of Bombay, a few miles from the city, and close to the mainland, whence it is overlooked by the Western Ghats. A climb up the hill side is rendered easy, since the footway is paved and stepped with stone, until one reaches a plateau in front of an excavation of large dimensions, which looks forth upon a wide sweep of rippling blue water, bathing the islands and the long land line, and the far-off island promontory upon which the metropolis stands. The great entrance, hewn into a face of the hill out of a rock resembling porphyry, has a pagan appearance, presenting a wide, open, pillared front, with a flat-roofed, spacious interior like that of a basilica. There is first the main temple, having within itself on the right, between
columns, an inner shrine, containing a large linga; then there is a cleft in the rock, across which, cut out of another stratum at right angles to the larger, and facing the inner shrine, is a second small temple, and under a ledge between the two a pool of water. On the opposite side of the great hall is another and larger cleft, and a third small temple in line with the first, but a little further into the hill.

The chief dogma of Brahmanism in the age when this work was executed was that of the coequal trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, creator, preserver, and destroyer. Hence the three temples united in one, and hence the remarkable sculptures which face the chief entrance in three alcoves, cut in relief upon the solid rock wall within. In the middle one of these, looking down the great aisle, and the centre of the whole of the excavations, like a gigantic medallion, is a colossal head with three faces, or rather three heads conjoined, representative of the same trinity in unity. The artistic power and feeling displayed in this work are distinctly superior to anything accomplished in connection with modern Hinduism. There is an entire absence of the grotesque and unnatural, which play so large a part in most of their idols. The faces are intellectual, dignified, and serene, their sphinxlike gaze in accord with the mystery of their imposing surroundings and of the worship by which they were inspired. The remaining sculptures are large, and fine in execution, but less effective, since they partake of the common fault—exhibiting Siva with his many arms in various forms of terror rather than of beauty. The small temple to the left has two lions sculptured upon steps, and some elaborate carving, though unhappily this is a good deal mutilated. The right is less important. In the chief temple there are two rows of seven pillars, regal in their
stateliness and elaborate ornamentation, whose several pedi­ments, capitals, and flutings have provoked, and deservedly, much admiration from competent critics. They might be Roman from the ordered richness of their decoration, or Egyptian from their strength and size—they are worthy of any race or any faith of the past. The character of the main ex­cavation, 150 feet square, is imposing and solemn; there is perfect harmony between its parts, and an admirable pro­portion in their arrangement. The whole exhibits order, serenity, and spaciousness, and is more classic in feeling than any similar shrine that has been preserved. The work of many minds, and, perhaps, of many generations, it was a true temple to its founders—and remains in its repose a temple still—a visible abiding place for the Invisible, wrought from the heart in all sincerity by the eager humanity of far-off times.

The older religion of the Vedas has left no trace or record other than its hymns. They are the splendid base upon which what seems to have been a lofty and simple faith was founded many eons ago. Its outlines can still be discerned under the ecclesiasticism which priestcraft here, as elsewhere, to serve the ends of ambitious and sensual men, relentlessly imposed upon the most sublime truths. Even the later Brahmanism displays a freedom and boldness of design, as in this cave temple, asserting the intellectual sovereignty and greatness of aim of those who slowly unfolded its propor­tions in this lovely island solitude. Its cruder sculptures, fine as they are in execution, are evidences of the beginning of its long decline. Compared with the dark, narrow, and noisome little dens which usually contain the “holy of holies” in modern Hindu temples, there is here the emphatic and
unmistakable testimony to a higher ideal, once cherished and not yet wholly obliterated. Shattered as are several of its columns, and rifted as is its rugged mountain brow, the silence and seclusion of Elephanta are far more appropriate than would be the twanging noise, the tawdry ornaments, and greedy servants of the modern shrine. As it remains, there is nothing to prevent a rapid passage of the imagination across intervening eras to the stronger and more sober revelation of a remote antiquity, that realized, with solemn reverence and pious awe, the dignity of its triune Divinity.
CHAPTER V.

KARLI.

'Tis a moot point whether cave temples were first designed by Brahmans or Buddhists; but it is certain that those constructed or acquired by the followers of Gautama speedily assumed a new style and distinctive character. For prelude to a sketch of the system of the great Hindu reformer, and as a contrast to the beauties of Elephanta, let us now turn to one of the most famous excavations which bear witness to their art and piety. The relics discovered in northern Dagobas, and the sculptures of the Panjab, both bear eloquent witness to the truth, beauty and vigour animating the conceptions of his followers for several centuries after his death. The Museum at Lahore is rich in bas-relief and figure work bearing a most curious likeness to similar carving of the early Christian Church. It is elevated in aim and noble in feeling, much of it beautiful and all of it notable, suggesting many curious analogies and possible relationships; but their most remarkable work is that exhibited in the cave temples, which are still ranked among the chief treasures of Indian art. Buddhists claim to have been the earliest to conceive the idea of hewing out of the solid rock their churches (Chaityas), and their monasteries (Viharas), the residence of those who devoted themselves to a life of poverty, good works, and contemplation. At first the latter were mere collections of narrow cells without any attempt
at decoration, but the church was always rendered as spacious and as impressive as possible. When the faith of their monks degenerated they commenced to beautify their own residences, and at last rendered them more palatial than the Chaityas. Doubtless ecclesiastical historians vaguely allude to this transformation under the general heading of religious progress.

The Jains and the Hindus excavated temples sometimes side by side with those of the Buddhists, as at Elura, or independently, as at Elephanta, discovering a like aptitude for the execution of this class of work. The chief group of Buddhist caves is at Ajanta, where there are 27 still accessible, dating from B.C. 200 to A.D. 600. At Elura the traveller beholds one of the most remarkable sights in the world—more than two miles of mountain penetrated at short intervals by excavations of a sacred character, placed (as they all are) high up in a semicircle of hills, and thus commanding an extensive outlook. Ferguson, whose splendid work on architecture remains the standard of this branch of literature, and who possessed an unrivalled personal knowledge of the religious remains of the whole peninsula, states that "the great cave of Karli is, without exception, the largest and finest Chaitya cave in India, and was excavated at a time when the style was in its greatest purity, and is fortunately the best preserved. It is probably antecedent to the Christian era, and at the same time it cannot possibly have been excavated more than 200 years before that era." Dr. Stevenson and Mr. Burgess, two authorities upon such questions, substantially endorse his chronology, which may therefore be adopted with confidence, though it is not improbable that the spot had been selected by the Brahmans prior to the birth of Buddha.

Karli from Bombay as Kandy from Colombo is reached by
a mountain railway, which ranks as an engineering achievement. It has but one zig-zag against the three in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, but that one is considerably longer, and the height gained by it much greater. To put the figures simply, the line climbs 1,831 feet in less than 16 miles by means of more than twenty tunnels, involving altogether nearly a mile and a half of rock boring; cuttings, some of which are 80 feet deep; embankments rising to 74 feet in height; the building of eight viaducts, together more than half a mile in length, and two of them 168 feet high, of 18 bridges and of 58 culverts. In parts the line is half a side cutting, and half resting upon masonry arches, while in other places its banks are sustained by great walls. Elsewhere the long slopes of the hill above have required to be pitched from top to bottom to protect them during the torrents of the monsoons. The Mont Cenis and San Gothard lines have since surpassed the Bhar Ghat in length of tunnel; and judging by appearances the Denver and Rio Grande railway where it climbs the Rocky Mountains to the Marshall Pass has a much heavier grade. There are also other routes of recent selection which may challenge comparison with it; but having regard to solidity of construction and boldness of design, the penetration of the Western Ghats by the great Indian Peninsula railway remains a feat of which its promoters and designers may well be proud, especially when it is recollected that it was performed through a wild country, in Asia, thirty years ago. Such a costly conquest of physical difficulties would have appeared idle and profitless, because merely material, to the contemplative Buddhist monks, whose secluded mountain cells are now rapidly reached by its means.

The tourist who leaves by an evening and returns by an
afternoon train may have the advantage of beholding the Ghats by moonlight and by sunlight, and so of multiplying the effects, which succeed each other with dazzling rapidity as the train rushes from steep to steep, or winds along the edges of precipitous gulls. The night journey, which possesses charms of its own, suppresses the bright greens of tropical foliage, and thus renders many of the aspects strikingly Australian. To have gone to Mount Victoria by the Dubbo express, wound about Mount Lofty, or taken the direct route between Bacchus Marsh and Ballan by moonlight, is to have had glimpses which might be mistaken for some of those presented in the turns of the Indian hills. There is one marked difference in character, since the Ghats constitute the rough fringe of a great table land which comes to an abrupt conclusion at Lanauli, and falls almost sheer 1,400 feet towards the coast plain. This plateau generally ends in a precipice several hundred feet in depth, prolonged by a deep slope for about a similar distance until it drops again in cliffs for the last third of its height right to a stream that leaps among boulders under thick underwood at the bottom of the ravine.

The greater amount of the climb upward is taken in two long pulls up the same side of the range, the engine changing ends at a centre rest, but the remainder of the journey, except when now and then a saddle is crossed with great sweeps of valley and flat spread out on both sides, consists of dashes into the hearts of the hills, the train emerging first on one side of the slope and then on the other. As one ascends by daylight the lines of the irrigating plots melt away in the fields; the tree tops cluster together in a mass below, and dwindle until they are indistinguishable, the village becomes a blotch and disappears, the minor hills draw together into groupings
and change their shape as seen from above; the gorge is lost to view and becomes a blackness; a large reservoir in the plain, which shone like silver in the sunlight, is dulled and fades; the buttresses of the table land loom up larger and larger, splintered peaks divide and soar higher into the sky; scarped cliffs almost bare of vegetation open their frowning bastions, until at last with quickened speed the double-engined train springs up easier gradients and rushes through valleys that at this season resemble the Wainui in summer, but are narrower and steeper. Below the winter sunbeams pour themselves through the mist upon a heaving ocean of verdurous hills with a faint purple setting that reminds one of the rich Australian haze.

It was Christmas eve as I made the ascent, and the one or two bungalows on the way occupied by English people were bright with flags and lights. It is Christmas morning as I wake to find the silver moonlight streaming in at the open woodwork of the lattice, which supplies the place of glass in this country, and so the plunge in the cool bath has to be taken by lamplight. By the time an early half breakfast, or chotah hazrah, of tea and toast is disposed of the whole eastern sky burns with a flush of intense rose and orange. The west is still filled with a mild radiance, but of diminished brightness, as (in Shelley's fine phrase) "the pale white moon lies withering there." Having resisted an attempt at blackmail, supported on the plea that the tongas in the village are all engaged, nothing has remained but to accept the alternative, offered as a challenge, and agree to ride. One's humanity protests against such a proceeding, because as a rule the so-called horse is generally a decrepit pony of disreputable expression and caparison, who is apparently in the last stages of
starvation, and in the next place because the owner and guide usually accompanies one on foot, and though perhaps on the whole there is less effort required of him than of the rider, it seems an unchristian thing to keep a human being running afoot beside a horseman. Experience dissipates many of these sentiments. There comes familiarity with the practice among whites and natives, while the further and more satisfying knowledge is gained gradually that the pace of the Indian hired horse is never likely to seriously outrun any average pedestrian.

This morning there are two tongas already under way laden with gaily dressed Parsis, who make it rather too evident that they cherish high expectations concerning my progress. If they anticipate any intention

“To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship,”

they are doomed to early and utter disappointment. My particular Pegasus, though he is a little bigger and somewhat better fed than most of his tribe, has no more ambition than his rider. The utmost extent of his abilities is soon learned. It is an irregular canter, with a stiff prop in the middle. Beyond this no persuasion can move him, and indeed it is not easy to rouse him to this point until the secret of his progress is discovered. After reasonable evidence of a determination on the part of his rider not to be contented with a walk which every passer-by outstrips, he is prepared, so long as his owner is in front of him, to distribute his legs in a kind of broken trot; but no sooner does he come up to his master than he stops as if shot, and prefers to jib altogether rather than accelerate his speed, if his achievement at any time could be
dignified by such a word. The secret discovered, and the noble proprietor in his dingy sheet kept well ahead, we make better headway.

The morning is chill, and every native carries his cloak across his mouth to prevent the sharp air from entering his lungs. Some are rousing themselves in their little drays, in which they have slept, while other teams are on the road. The bullocks, the drays, and the drivers are all diminutive and rude. Then come strings of placidly chattering women, their robes of many colours tightly wound about them, bearing loads upon their heads. Men shake themselves and rise from under the banyans, where they have taken their rest. The roadside village is astir, naked children yawning in the roadway, a mother sweeping her doorstep with a handful of reeds, the father opening a shop as big as a trunk, and displaying with the greatest care a stock-in-trade of grains that might be bought retail for half-a-crown—unless dust were charged for, in which case it would realize a fabulous price.

After a further level stretch of well-made valley road we turn a shoulder of the hills and cross cultivation, passing the perhaps temporary mia-mias of the peasants, hardly sufficient in some cases to shield them from the dew, and certainly not from rain. The worst of them are not more than three feet high, while the majority, smaller than a two-roomed cottage, are built of mud and thatched with straw. The clothing of the inmates is of the coarsest and barest. This is the theatre of their life and labour; a level valley in which every available inch between the rocks is cultivated and irrigated. The marvellous capacity of the climate is proved by the fact that in one plot ploughing is proceeding, in another the young crop is springing, close by the stubble is scarcely dry, and near the huts threshing is going
on. A rude, low dam in the tiny stream, one or two tanks, and a diversion higher up point to the means by which a hundred or two of human beings gain their bread. To judge from appearances they gain very little more.

The foot of the hill reached, my Arab steed is left, and a climb of about a quarter of a mile reminds one of the last pinch up the Camel's Hump at Macedon, or the slope of Mount Wellington just before reaching the Ploughed Field. Thanks to the projected visit of the Czarewitch the path has been smoothed, and the fact that his Imperial Highness has changed his mind and altered his route has conduced to keep it in good order. Rather more than half-way up a clump of trees in a sloping cleft marks the Chaitya plateau, from which a bell chimes slowly now and then, whose sound floats softly overhead until we attain the spot. Ages ago it sounded as now, while the gentle brotherhood looked forth upon a prospect perhaps even more beautiful than it is to-day. The opposite hills were steeped in full sunlight; the valley beneath was irrigated as now, by the same class of people and with the same implements and methods; but the richer plain upon which it opens, now sparsely tenanted and tilled, then stretched away populous and prosperous to its other verge, where swept the same range of hills, completing the same charmed circle of vision.

Turn now to the face of the mountain. An ugly little Hindu building dedicated to Siva must be removed in imagination. On the left are three long low clefts hewn in the basalt, only the upper one of which has two or three pillars as supports. These apparently natural rifts contain the cells of the ancient monks, which are as plain as the side cuts in a quartz mine. To the right of this Vihara is the front of the Chaitya, hewn
in the hill as Elephanta is, but without its splendid basaltic breadth, and by comparison almost Gothic, high arched, narrow and cathedral like. On one side a superb sixteen-sided pillar, upon the capital of which are four sculptured lions, still stands, while its fellow has disappeared. Beyond is a wide shallow porch, having on either side of it a square doorway so small and plain as to be scarcely noticeable; these open into the great excavation, but are not its chief entrances. This is in the centre, a splendid portal, disclosing a fine plain interior exactly like that of a church without pews, with a row of fifteen splendid columns on each side, leaving between them and the walls two dark and narrow aisles. The nave leads the eye directly to a large conical mass called a Dagoba, which fills its further end and rises bell-shaped to a wooden pinnacle and parachute, two-thirds towards the cupola-shaped ceiling. Although the whole Chaitya is hewn out of rock, there remain against the solid roof about eighty curved wooden rafters, probably of teak, looking like the ribs of a ship. These are all that have survived of what were once in all likelihood elaborate carved finishings within and upon the façade. Over the great door is a fine horse-shoe shaped window, rising to the roof, and casting its stream of light full upon the Dagoba. It is said by the authorities that worshippers were only permitted to look through the door, and not to pass it; so that while the wood work lasted, and before the front screen was broken, they would see its graceful shape solemnly surrounded by and revealed upon a background of darkness. The same effect, however, could have been obtained within, and by a far larger congregation, for whose entrance and exit doubtless the side aisles and doors were provided. This appears to have been the intention of the builders, since
the seven pillars out of sight behind the Dagoba are perfectly plain, while those on view in the church are all richly carved.

The whole effect of this artificial cave is strikingly ecclesiastical. It is 124 feet in length, 46 feet high to the apex, its nave 25 feet, and the whole, with its aisles, 45 feet wide, admirably proportioned, and of an excellent simplicity—a place of worship, not a place to be worshipped, and perfectly in harmony with the creed to which it was devoted. Yet it is by no means unadorned. Its entrance is extremely tasteful and noble. Its octagonal rows of columns are symmetrically bold, while both in the porch and upon the crown of each capital are sculptures which unite freedom of conception to firmness of execution. They all breathe one spirit and disclose one motive; the panels to the right and left of the vestibule at its ends give in bas-relief the heads and trunks of elephants, most powerfully and faithfully rendered; the figures of their riders are male and female; those on the capitals of the columns within are similar in some cases, but more frequently portray two women, always upon elephants, and always embracing each other. The attitude and expression in each group is elevated, affectionate, and pure. Buddha appears above the outer panels of the porch in the place of honour, but not as an idol or object of adoration; he is revered rather than deified. Even such a tribute would have been distasteful to the sweet reasonableness of the gentle ascetic, and is in itself an evidence that the date of the Chaitya is considerably later than his. The character of its architecture and sculpture is refined, its feeling pious, and its sentiment humanitarian. It is an eloquent exposition of a lofty faith when in the full flower of its youth, in perfect
concord with the aspect of the scene in which its site was selected, and of which it seems a part.

It is a far cry from Karli to Kandy, where stands one of the most famous modern shrines of the same faith, and hard to believe that both are dedicated to the same belief. It is still more difficult to realize that this flourishes in Ceylon while it has faded from India. Yet such is the truth: Buddhism as a separate religion has no abiding place, no followers here. As the soft chime again falls upon the ear, and dies gently in the recesses of the aisles, it might be deemed the passing bell of this once potent revelation of a high ideal. And why? The landscape is as fair to-day as when eager and earnest pilgrims climbed this mountain side to seek a momentary respite from their cares, a higher impulse for their daily living, a brighter prospect for eyes wearied with the selfishness and cruelty of their time. Is the need less keen now, or less heavy the burden than that of those who came to find a haven from its storms, an abiding place in which, forerunning their future, they could bid its discords cease in a life of charity and prayer? The bells' cadence still gives greeting to those that climb, but while long ago it called them from a grosser, cruder and more idolatrous teaching, blinded in a wilderness of mythology, harsh in social rigours, and coarse in tedious and meaningless ritual, to-day the Chaitya itself is silent and empty, and—deepest degradation of all—the summoning peal swells from the small, tawdry, plaster shrine of the terrible and hideous Siva, lord of the linga and the blood-filled skull.

Other faiths have faded, and more will fade, as the restless intelligence of man profanes or outgrows the highest he has previously attained. But the Dagobas of Buddha can never
be entirely deserted. There will always be some to whom
the grace and peace of this lofty inspiration of the past will
appeal more deeply than the idols fashioned in the fevered
present, half in doubt and half in dread. This sacred ideal,
which has been the comfort and stay of millions, bringing
them light, relief, and peace, has a claim upon the reverence
even of those outside its pale. The bell note echoes and dies
plaintively, as if thrilled and filled with an eternal regret. Is
that regret for those who have wandered so far from its timid
call, or for its own departed glory? Its own peoples have
deserted it. And we strangers?—

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has passed away."
CHAPTER VI.

BUDDHISM.

BRAHMANISM, in its earlier and brighter phases, can only be surmised. When we first come to know it a period of decay has far advanced, and it is being vigorously assaulted by the great spiritual revival and development known as Buddhism—its critic and complement, sprung from within the reigning orthodoxy, as Protestantism arose in Catholicism. At the present day the two are, to a very large extent, merged, and have been from times prior to history closely intertwined. It is necessary, therefore, to treat them together, and to examine each in its connection with the other.

Their sacred places are rarely far apart. Close to Benares are the remains of Sarnath, a city situated on the banks of the Ganges, where Buddha, some 500 years before Christ, first proclaimed to the people a gospel, which was the outcome of his meditations upon the miseries of life. The spot in the deer park from which he spoke is still marked by a great Dagoba or Stupa, 128 feet high and nearly 300 feet in circumference, built about a thousand years ago. The river has changed its course, the city has disappeared, and only the memorial remains, shaped like an immense beehive—the lower part, of stone, partly stripped, and the upper, of brick, falling to decay. Once ranking among the most holy places, it attracted Buddhist pilgrims from far beyond the bounds of India,
though rarely, if ever, visited by them to-day. For all that, it is not entirely neglected. Any spot once sanctified to any faith in India is certain to retain a reputation, even after the creed which created it has passed away. Consequently, although the Dagoba stands on a cultivated plain, amidst fragments of its own carving, and capitals which once adorned other structures, and where an ancient city is only suggested by a few shapeless mounds, it is not alone. Beside it is a walled garden to which pious Brahman-conducted crowds resort at certain seasons; just beyond it is one of their temples; adjoining is the tomb of a Muhammadan saint, which attracts devout believers; a little farther off is a brick tower, erected by their forefathers three or four centuries back, and in the distance, half hidden by the trees, are several small Jain chapels. Thus side by side throughout northern India are gathered the remains of many antique faiths which have been first hostile, then more or less blended, and finally overpassed. Here the medley of eras is rendered more conspicuous; since around us crops of barley and sugarcane stretch to a prosaic indigo factory, and away to intermingled clumps of trees and fields. Even in its loneliness and decay the Dagoba is by far the most imposing feature of the scene, and may, without undue violence, be taken to typify the present position of the faith to which it testifies, since, though now unrecognized and unrevered, its message has been appropriated, in a mutilated form and under other names, by sects to which it has imparted much of their influence and prestige.

Owing to the poetic gifts of Sir Edwin Arnold one version of the life of Buddha has attained a wide popularity in all English-speaking countries. Fascinating as the story is, it requires to
be regarded as poetry and not as history. There is no contemporary or early biography of Buddha extant which can be taken as trustworthy (indeed, there are no biographies or histories of any kind in the early literature of India), and our knowledge of the facts of his life is derived from traditions, in which the profusion of supernatural interventions and meaningless miracles make it evident that they are the work of non-critical minds in a much later age. Buddha wrote nothing himself, and what was written about him, strange to say, does not affect to be inspired. The earliest canon was not composed till probably two or three centuries after his death, the general judgment being that he died about 400 B.C., and that the first MSS. date to about 100 B.C. The inscriptions of Asoka are considerably earlier; of the highest importance in their indication of doctrine, but throwing no light upon the life of the Master. Seeing that the sentence in which Steevens sums up our knowledge of our greatest national poet is generally received as true, when he wrote that "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married, and had children there, went to London, where he commenced acting, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried," we need express no surprise if we have but little more acquaintance with the details of the life of a religious teacher who lived in Asia 2,000 years before. Having Shakespeare's works intact, the question as to his education and experiences becomes less urgent: the man can in large measure be known from them. The difficulty as to Buddha is that we are left in doubt not only as to his life, but in a lesser degree as to his exact teaching.

It appears clear that Gautama, as he is properly called, was
the son of a rich aristocratic landowner in Oudh, owning a territory nearly as large as Yorkshire, who, though belonging to the soldier caste, neglected military exercises and gave himself up to contemplation; that he had a wife, and at least one son, whom he left to enter upon a life of self-mortification under the Brahmans; that he discarded their cruel penances, and arriving independently at what he felt was a clear vision of the true way of life, preached, and practised what he preached, indefatigably for more than forty years. M. Senart would resolve him into a solar myth, but his individuality, like that of Homer, promises to survive the attack, and on these cardinal points, at all events, appears to be reasonably authenticated. The careful inquiries of Sir Monier Williams point to such a conclusion, with the additional declaration that "intense individuality, fervid earnestness and severe simplicity of character, combined with singular beauty of countenance, calm dignity of bearing, and above all, almost superhuman persuasiveness of speech, were conspicuous in the great teacher." High as this commendation is, it lacks the essential element which established his authority, and distinguished his career. It was an all-pervading pity, an infinite tenderness, and boundless compassion, which winged the words of Gautama and made him a sovereign of souls. The Bishop of Colombo, in a work drawn from the Sinhalese records, dwells upon the fact that there is no authentic record of any acts of his which rise to the level of these sentiments, but it may safely be taken for granted that his conquest of men's minds and hearts was achieved by example as well as precept, and that he effected his conversions not by mere eloquence or verbal dexterity, but by the proof of the sincerity of his sympathy with his kind in daily sacrifices and labours. These
may be unrecorded, but not on that account the less credible, since they belong to

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

It is not necessary to the reputation of Gautama to conceal his indebtedness to his time and people. The sacrifice he made in leaving his home was common, marking, indeed, an essential stage of every Brahman's progress. He was content to allow himself to be surpassed in penances by the ascetics with whom he first associated, and to adopt as he found it a general basis of belief in metempsychosis, as the material upon which to embroider his own theory. India is in some senses a miniature of the world, and in its religious history embraces just the same controversies as have agitated the schools of Amsterdam, the colleges of Rome, and the lecture rooms of German universities. Excessive credulity has been counterbalanced by outbursts of aggressive scepticism, and polytheism had found itself face to face with atheism in more than one struggle. The result of the meditations of Gautama led him to take the side of the doubters, and as far as doctrine went he was a positivist, or agnostic, knowing no personal God, and banishing all except human agencies from the realm of his philosophy. He had as great a dislike to metaphysics as Comte or G. H. Lewes. He accepted the universe as a reality without further inquiry, admitted that it was in a constant condition of evolution and dissolution alternately, and faced the familiar problem of Brahmanism, how the individual might escape from his inevitable chain of conscious existences, in an even sadder spirit than his teachers. It is possible, he taught, to avoid the hells and win the heavens, for the spaces
which intervened between death and rebirth, by means of virtuous living; but this after all was only a temporary avoidance of temptation, and his chief discovery was of a new means by which the cycle of lives might be finally broken, so that the soul, avoiding all other re-incarnations, could leap at once to permanent and absolute rest in Nirvana. This rest was either entirely unconscious, or almost so, and contained nothing which could satisfy the desire for immortality in a European breast. Practically, too, there was no rebirth of the same soul, since its previous existences were always blotted from memory, and only recurred at last just before its final absorption. A temporary heaven or a temporary hell were all that he offered to the individual after each death, with ultimate loss of personality as a final goal, to be attained, without divine help or spiritual sympathy, by a self-conquest comprising an uprooting of every animal and every human desire. His method was as uncompromisingly drastic as that of the Stoics, taught with a sweetness akin to that of Epictetus, and a sadness such as long afterwards possessed the imperial sage, Marcus Aurelius.

His gospel certainly contains in itself little that could have been very attractive to the masses. It was commended to the Hindus of his time largely by local considerations. Although discarding the deities of the Brahmans, as unable to save anyone, Gautama did not deny their existence, and although he set aside the need for sacrificial offerings or the intervention of Brahman priests in any way, he did not openly break with them, but rather treated them with ceremonious politeness. Tolerance of opinion was part of their creed, of which he took full advantage, and also made it part of his. He preached celibacy and retirement from the world, establishing a body of disciples drawn from all classes and castes, thus creating
democratic communities in the midst of a feudal society, just as the Catholic Church did in the middle ages. These monks, as they are usually termed, in no sense constituted a priesthood; they had no sanctity or sacred organization, acknowledged nothing supernatural, offered no prayers, performed no rites, and accomplished no propitiation or mediation of any kind. They joined together to win their own release from the burden of rebirth, and profited nothing by association, except from mutual example and emulation. Their task was to preserve the law, which their master had given them, and serve as models to the lay world, which could never attain to freedom until its members adopted the prescribed method, the discovery of which led Gautama to claim for himself the title of Buddha, or "the enlightened."

One real weight which he lifted from the shoulders of the Hindus by this far from inspiring creed was sacerdotal and ceremonial. Burdens of this kind had been developed to such a degree as to oppress the whole people. For a parallel we may look to the religious shackles of the Hebrews at the time of Christ. Josephus says:—"The giver of the law has left nothing in suspense; beginning from the earliest infancy and the details of family life of everyone, he left nothing even of the very smallest consequence to the disposal of those for whom he gave laws." The giver of the ritual of the later Vedas was just as comprehensive. The sixth section of the Mishna, or text of the Talmud, has 126 chapters occupied with the prescription of rites of purification, no fewer than four chapters being required to deal discriminatingly and fully with the washing of hands. There are elaborate discussions of the vexed question of Sabbath observance, indicating a refinement of obligations worthy of the closest attention from that portion
of the Victorian public which keeps its stuffed animals under lock and key on Sunday, while its throws open the gates of its gardens, where live animals are exhibited, to public inspection, free, on that day only, to encourage their visitation. The Brahmans are still prolific in prohibitions of this kind, coupled with equally inconsistent self-indulgences. The shadow of a Christian suffices to irretrievably pollute any of their food upon which it falls, yet the alcoholic liquors prepared by his sacrilegious hands are occasionally consumed by many of their number.

In Judea, as Clodd observes, a pious Pharisee would carry a locust's egg, or a fox's tooth, or the nail of a crucified man on Sunday, because they figured in his Pharmacopoeia as antidotes for earache, sleeplessness, and ague, but he could not be the bearer of a dried fig, set a broken bone, or walk on the grass under any circumstances. The Brahmans were at least as scrupulous, for they dictated to their votaries their food, their dress, and even their manner of breathing. It was theirs to make selection of the god to be worshipped—by no means an easy task amongst so multitudinous an assemblage—and to determine the sacrifice requisite for his propitiation. Browning depicts an atrabilious monk gloating over the spiritual risks of one of his enemies, as he remembers that

"There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations—
One sure if another fails."

Such pleasant prospects lay plentifully before the unassisted Hindu worshipper, since an error in pronunciation, or a blunder about the length of the ladle in which clarified butter was offered, was sufficient to hurl him to everlasting destruc-
tion. The Brahman and the Brahman alone could ensure salvation, and under such circumstances did not fail to make his premiums regular and heavy, and to multiply, for the unfortunate flock who followed him, those pious observances which, at the same time, increased his authority, his dignity, and his income.

The mental and moral miasma arising from the gross superstitions which thickened the intellectual atmosphere breathed by the Hindus was greatly purified by the mild iconoclasm of Buddha, and in the glad sense of freedom and self-dependence which he inculcated, so strange to the people of that day, they overlooked for a time the fact that he left their ultimate future as gloomy as before. At his coming they staggered under a despair born of national decadence and corruption.

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell,
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell."

To believers he brought some respite and hope of ultimate relief. What first endeared the new faith to the masses was the tenderness which it breathed, its mildness, its equality, its spiritual democracy. The sacrifice of animals to the gods was forbidden, and the taking of life for any purpose condemned. This at once blended all living things in a wider brotherhood than that of the cloister, and struck a chord in the popular heart and conscience which has not ceased to vibrate to this day. Pity replaced piety, and for a time the people prospered in its practice.

But the crowning personal grace of Gautama in the eyes of his followers, which deepened their sense of his loving kindness, was that his soul, having after many painful previous
existences attained the height at which escape from existence was within his grasp, when he was freed from all earthly cares and obligations, when he had reached the goal of human aspiration, yet delayed the consummation of his liberty, was reborn of his own will, and re-incarnated as Gautama to teach others the way of salvation, without any possible advantage to himself. It is this supreme sacrifice which has been overlooked by even favourable critics. He was in Hindu eyes a true Saviour and Redeemer, who reached the apotheosis of unselfishness, setting up an ideal, the beauty and grace of which uplifted him to be the "Light of Asia" for many hundred years.

To the masses Buddhism offered no opportunity for exhibiting similar nobility. It was only in monasteries that caste was definitely abolished, though the tendency of the teaching went to modify its rigours elsewhere. While family life was commended, it was not reckoned highest, and there is in some of the reported comments of Gautama the same dread of females and their influence which exhibited itself in Muhammadanism, in Brahmanism, and in the early Christian Church. He had apparently a somewhat humorous sense of masculine infirmities, since he is reported to have said that departures from the truth during courtship or early matrimony were only venial offences. He placed his nunneries under monkish supervision, and taught that no woman could attain Buddhahood as such. She must be reborn a man before that elevation was possible. He recommended the wise to avoid married life, declaring that it was "full of hindrances," and although other sayings are cited of a less severe character, it is evident that he appreciated the female element just as little as St. Paul. Indeed, those who look for the emancipation of
women will find scanty encouragement from any of the saints. Perhaps this is because "all religions are oriental, and, with the exception of the Christian, their sacred books are all written in oriental languages." On the other hand, it is to be remembered to the credit of Gautama that he raised the status of women higher than either the Brahmanism that went before or the Muhammadanism that comes twelve centuries after him, teaching that "the succouring of mother and father, the cherishing of child and wife, and the following of a peaceful calling—this is the greatest blessing." It was such sentiments that have placed and kept the Burmese woman upon her pedestal of superiority up to the present day, and that many centuries since swept the millions of Asia into his fold, enriching them with a gospel born in meditation and glorifying it, while it breathed pity and passivity.

It would require a volume to depict what Buddhism has now become. Arising out of Brahmanism, appealing to instincts which that faith had ignored, and expressing a popular revolt against its sacerdotalism and ceremonialism in a tolerant manner, it may be said to have achieved its purpose by accomplishing certain reforms in that creed in which it has been again absorbed. Modern Hinduism contains Buddhism among its incongruous elements, and hence in India it has no longer a distinct existence. Abroad, the teaching has taken root, but, under somewhat similar conditions, has become almost a form of Brahmanism. The scepticism and agnosticism of Buddha, with his hope of a final cessation of being, have been wholly abandoned by the masses, while his remaining doctrines have been blended with Hindu mythology as well as with the mythology of the countries to which they have been transplanted.
The creed that now bears his name, though little of his likeness, is divided into two great branches. The Southern or Sinhalese retains most resemblance to the original faith, but superadds demon worship, snake worship, and certain of the deities of the mainland. Its sacred books, the Tripitaka, are about four times as long as the Bible, containing 275,000 stanzas of teaching and 361,000 stanzas of commentary. In Siam they consist of 402 works in 3,683 volumes. The Northern or Tibetan sacred books, on the other hand, embrace 1,083 distinct works, filling 225 folio volumes, special copies of which have fetched as much as £2,000. In this country Buddhism has become ecclesiastical in the highest degree, and bears an extraordinary resemblance in its externals to Roman Catholicism. We find in both "the worship of saints, confession, fasting, obsessions, holy water, bells, rosaries, mitres, croziers," as well as penances, exorcism, psalmody, litanies, benedictions, sacred images and pictures, and censers closely allied to those of the Greek Catholics. Nor has the relationship been disavowed in Europe, since St. John of Damascus, a pious monk of the eighth century, wrote a history of Buddha under the name of Josaphat. As a consequence he was duly canonized at Rome, and according to Sir Henry Yule a church was dedicated to him at Palermo. It has been said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, and it is at least evident that Catholicism has sometimes known but little accurately even of those whom it has most exalted.

Buddhist worship to-day—if it can be honoured with that name—consists of deafening noise, meaningless repetitions of formulas, and offerings of flowers and food: at least this is all that is obvious to the stranger. Its hells surpass in their number and their horror all that the most zealous revivalist has
ever pictured, thus disproving the saying that Calvinism and cocoanuts cannot thrive together. But it would be impossible to convey in any short space the absolute reversal by modern Buddhists, in the name of Gautama, of all his distinctive precepts. One or two typical illustrations must suffice. While he ignored or expelled the supernatural, they have welcomed it back in all its forms, created a mythology, and a hierarchy of saintly deities, almost as complex as that of the Hindus, indulging as well in magic, witchcraft, and demonology to an unlimited extent. As he discarded prayers altogether, they have come to attach such sanctity to them that the northern sects print them upon little flags, whose flutterings are supposed to count to their individual credit, and carry praying wheels like children's rattles, containing written supplications, the twirling of which is believed to be of great efficacy. Large cylinders are worked on this plan in temples and monasteries, and in Tibet they have assumed the shape of praying mills run by water power, whose mechanical revolutions are supposed to be of the greatest assistance to the souls who pay for them. The American company which proposes to utilize Niagara ought to be able to take up a Tibetan contract on reasonable terms, and with Mr. Edison's assistance could no doubt relieve the present population of all its merely supplicatory exertion, to the great saving of human time and energy in that most backward country. In fine, ancient and modern Buddhism agree only in theory, and in their utter antagonism to the modern Caucasian spirit and civilization, its religion, politics, social energy, and literature. There are many elements in these last of which there is no occasion for pride or gratulation, but at least they exhibit a movement, an energy, a research, and accumulating heritages of
Buddhism.

Why Buddhism, after becoming master of India and Southern Asia, should have died in the one, and have become utterly transformed in the other, is perfectly clear. A revelation may elevate a people, but they of necessity popularize the revelation. It is inevitable that the wider it spreads, and the greater its success, the more it will lower its average, conforming by degrees to the wants and character of the average worshipper. Bourgeois Christianity tacitly repeals a large proportion of the Sermon on the Mount, and the Sinhalee and Tibetan have been able by the nature of things to take even greater liberties with the original Buddhist creed, which they still affect to profess without adulteration. When the Hindus obtained from the Brahmans an acceptance of the tenets of Buddhism which had most appealed to them—its humanity, its mercifulness, and its relative freedom—they had lost their chief motive for remaining apart from the hereditary creed with which they had never violently broken. Providing the peasantry accepted their domination and maintained the laws of caste, the Brahmans for their part were equally contented, and gradually yoked them in their old ceremonial observances again. While thus retaining what they prized in Buddhism, the masses were enabled to get rid of its unpalatable doctrines. Nirvana offered no attraction to them until it was interpreted to mean personal immortality; they were unable to live contentedly under a blank heaven, and gladly seized the first opportunity of peopling it again with potent celestial powers. Hinduism better supplied these and other needs. The belief in demons appears never to have been eradicated, even in the earliest times, and it was inevitable, therefore, that the power which are unknown in those countries where Gautama is nominally the divine exemplar.
powers of evil should be propitiated by the timorous Buddhist, who not unnaturally argued that if there were none his offering could do no harm. All were not anxious for a monastic life; religious festivals offered the chief occasions of recreation to the poor, and thus the traditions of the past were slowly revitalized, and the old rivets fastened upon the native mind.

Buddhism is unable to offer any real opposition to these or similar invading forces. Its agnostic negatives leave the realm of the invisible at the mercy of affirmative doctrine. Men were Buddhists and Hindus at the same time, just as at the present time in Tibet they are Buddhists and Shamans, in Japan Buddhists and Shintos, in China Buddhists and Confucians or Taoists. By this means the number of its votaries has been greatly exaggerated, until they have often been reckoned more numerous than the adherents of any other creed. Of those who are Buddhists only the number is very small, and even those who adopt the modern corruptions of Gautama's teachings are certainly not as numerous as Hindus or Christians. As a matter of fact, everywhere Buddhism is losing its identity, and its followers are being merged in other stronger, coarser, and more stimulating creeds. This is doubtless because it was in its origin almost as much a doubt as a belief—a philosophy rather than a creed. "Religion," says De Tocqueville, "is simply another form of hope; it is no less natural to the human heart than hope itself. . . . Unbelief is an accident, and faith is the only permanent state of mankind." Events certainly seem to point that way in the history of Buddhism. It offers no sufficient hope to the masses, and is therefore steadily forsaken in Asia. For the same reason it can find no considerable welcome in Europe. The end which it sets before its followers is that of
ultimate absorption, and ultimate absorption will undoubtedly be its fate as a faith.

The merits of Buddhism are thrown into strong relief if the condition of Brahmanism at its first coming is correctly conceived. It lifted the crushing burden of the ceremonial law. For the monstrous, grotesque, and repulsive idols of orthodoxy it substituted another idol, in the simple and natural figure of a pure-minded man, under whose guise it breathed into the dead forms of a barren ritual a true humanitarianism. The spirit of the new belief, if regarded apart from its theory of things, was divinely pure and elevated. "Religion," said Gautama, "is nothing but the faculty of love," thus supplying an earlier version of the great Christian maxim. The motive of its sacrifices, and the end which it sought to gain by their means, cannot command unreserved commendation, for both are pervaded by the mild melancholy of submissive despair. In point of judgment Gautama takes his place close to the pessimists of all time. When Lucretius cried, "Religion does not consist in raising the hands before the habitations of the gods, nor deluging the temples with the blood of beasts, nor in heaping vows upon vows, but in beholding all with a peaceful soul," he was unconsciously repeating Buddhistic teaching.

The most faithful disciples of the great teacher to-day are not necessarily those of his own race or country. To many Siamese and Sinhalese Nirvana is still unacceptable, unless interpreted so as to ensure conscious personal existence to the blest. When Schopenhauer said, "It is more than doubtful that life is preferable to nothing—I should say that if experience and reflection would lift up their voices they would recommend to us the nothing," he was more truly a disciple
of Gautama than they are. Northern Buddhists have even brought back the four-armed images of the Hindus to represent some of the Buddhas, past and future, whom they have deified. One of these appears with from eleven to fifteen heads ranged pyramidwise upon his shoulders. The distance travelled by these devotees from their founder, who permitted no idols, or even from their early church, which honoured only the human form, can be measured by this abnormal creation. And yet the legend accounting for this appearance strikes its roots back through all the centuries to the very heart of the creed and life of its founder. According to tradition, this Bodhisattva devoted himself by vow to a meditation which should free all suffering souls from the hells, and succeeded at last in his beneficent purpose, only to find Gehenna fast filling again with new victims. His despair shattered his skull, though through divine grace each fragment became a separate head, enabling him to survive and continue his loving care of the race. The spirit of Gautama's gospel lingers here, and elsewhere, under strange forms and inconsistent disguises, which need not be too severely reprehended. Surely to a creed so gentle and good in its aspirations much extravagance and much failure may be forgiven, and from it there may be much learned by those who, like the great apostle, become debtors both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, closing no door of the mind to Divine Light, and welcoming all that witnesses to Divine Love, without narrowing too jealously the channels by which these reach us.
CHAPTER VII.

THE DALADA OF KANDY.

THROUGHOUT all India Buddhism is a faith, not of the present, but of the past; yet to seize it in the moment of its early force and freshness the traveller must still look to the great peninsula, where it attained the perfection of its architecture and art, and the height of its religious influence, nearly 2,000 years ago. There one may now say of it, as Heine said of Uhland's Pegasus, that "like the celebrated horse Bayard, it possesses all possible virtues and only one fault—it is dead." In Ceylon, on the contrary, it has at least an appearance of vitality, though evidently but a languid pulse. Assuredly it is not now the pure faith of its founder that is taught or practised, though in this respect it has only followed the process of degeneration common to the creeds. It presents to-day an open admixture of the supernaturalism which their great teacher ignored and the covert practice of a devil worship which he would have sternly reprobated. Still, as the island is an acknowledged shrine of those who worship in his name, its ancient capital demands some reference.

The scenery from the coast to Kandy more than fulfils the romantic promise of Colombo; and forms a fitting approach to the sacred places of what was a gospel of pity bred in contemplation. While there is ample space and breadth of view, combined with richness of colour, there is nothing terrific,
nothing appalling, and the grandeur of the vistas is almost forgotten in their beauty. Yosemite is far more sublime, its pine and cedar-clad sierras more magnificent; the sweep of the watershed to the great Salt Lake is far more immense, and the valley of Mexico, with volcanic peaks of eternal snow, glistening lakes, and its ancient city girdled by a wide expanse of verdure, exceeds it in dimensions and in strength of contrast as much as in historic interest. The line climbing the Western Ghats to Poona reveals bolder and more imposing outlines, but not an equal wealth of charm or such happy harmonies of hue and contour. The island of Ovalau from the sea or the Swiss lakes on the Italian border are its rivals, but not its superiors, in graceful effect. One seeks in vain for a comparison.

The main features of the ascent are simple, though infinitely varied. A long, red road, winding among tumbling streams and at the edge of steep cliffs, is followed and overlooked by a railway which, without claiming rank to-day among the marvels of engineering, is a really admirable piece of work. At first traversing rice fields interspersed with marshy pools, where patient buffaloes wallow contentedly, and then passing through belts and oases of palms, it rises by rapid grades to the tea and coffee plantations on the hillsides. To suit their surroundings, the railway stations here are decked with flowering plants and creepers until, to the astonishment of the Australian, he finds that even the hideous structures to which he is accustomed can be made "things of beauty," by the union of a good deal of taste and a little perseverance. The line swiftly climbing at every curve to higher levels, the eye rests everywhere upon an invading and transforming wealth of luscious foliage, proclaiming the espousal of heat and moisture in a tropic zone.
Vignettes of native life present themselves at every turn—the elephant, with rolling gait, slowly swinging and curling his trunk as he moves at the bidding of a rider astride his neck, whose legs are hidden behind his enormous ears; the gig, with its pair of tiny humped bullocks and its three or four Sinhalese, in coloured garments, squeezed into a vehicle which with us would seem a toy; the tiled village of low one or two-roomed dwellings, with its little knots of lightly and gaily clad dealers and customers, none too eager in their business to refuse a lingering glance at the rushing train; the naked brown-skinned children tumbling in the sun; and far up the solitary thatched hut, with its little family quietly engaged in some simple task in their patch of natural clearing, backed by a wall of impene-trable jungle. It is not simply the number of the trees nor the density of the undergrowth which makes this appear so massy, but lianas, the giant creepers that run like halliards to the very tops of the trees, strangling some in their embraces and covering others with curtains of greenery.

As the train rises the scene changes every moment, opening and varying from gorge to valley and from thicket to glade, disclosing an ever-widening panorama of hill and slope, of peak and glen, of precipice and plain, clothed for the most part with rich green foliage, tipped here and there with the scarlet of the ironwood, starred with the blue of the convolvulus, and diademed with the sculpturesque foliage of the palm. From the pink and purple of the murutu below to the glowing splendour of the rhododendron, become a forest tree and crowning with flame the highest ridges of the hills above, the island offers in profusion those floral tributes which are alone acceptable at the altars of Gautama. The Hindu legend declares that this was the Garden of Eden, the earthly
paradise of early innocence, and certainly the picturesque grace of its landscapes might have originally suggested a tradition, upon which, now that it is current, Nature appears to have set her seal.

It cannot be alleged that the work of human hands by which Buddha is honoured in Kandy bears any proportion to its natural vestibule. The town itself is well situated, following with its rows of red-tiled native cottages the undulations of a spacious valley basin in which it lies, encompassed with a circle of steep hills, and adorned at its upper end with an artificial lake, gardens, and ascending drives of delightful loveliness. The temples are close to the water, and the newer possesses a wide moat. They are separated by a road, and each occupies a considerable area. It is necessary at the outset to guard against a misconception likely to arise from the use of the word temple, which carries with it certain Greek associations that would be entirely misleading here. There is first, and oldest, a large quadrangular piece of ground enclosed by a long brick wall, containing several small insignificant one-storied buildings, one or two Dagobas (dome-like mounds of earth covered with masonry), a few scarcely noticeable shrines, and some old trees scattered irregularly about it. The new building, containing the sacred tooth of Gautama, which stands on a smaller area facing the older, and has some architectural pretensions, though there is little harmony between the two edifices of which it is composed, has much better claims to the title. Neither of these is one temple, and neither belongs to the original type of construction evolved by the disciples of Gautama in the centuries immediately preceding and succeeding the Christian era.
All Sinhalese Buddhistic structures are built very much upon the plan followed in Hindu pagodas, from some of which, indeed, they are almost indistinguishable. They thus proclaim at the outset the composite character of the belief of those who erected and of those who frequent them. Whatever else may be disputable as to the revelation which they profess to accept, it is certain that Buddha theoretically and practically ignored the deities of his people. Walt Whitman exactly repeats his dictum when he wrote—

"Nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is . . .
And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
For I who am curious about each am not curious about God."

Yet here we find honours to several gods. One small plain building of two stories, above an arch of entrance to the old temple, is dedicated to Vishnu, to whom, according to the statement accepted here, Gautama committed the care of his doctrine on his departure. There is, of course, no historic warrant for any such assertion, which is merely put forward as an excuse to cover the re-introduction of popular Hindu idols. Of course, strictly there is as little justification anywhere for the worship of Buddha himself or of his relics, but these very natural developments of devotion occurred soon after his decease, and were not in the same sense antagonistic to his teachings. It is very questionable whether he would have permitted, under any conditions, the establishment of a priesthood, or of set places of worship. Time, the materializer, has added to and altered the master's gospel, until his modern representatives accept a ritual, and a belief, for which there is as little support in his own authentic precepts as there is in the New Testament for most of the
differing dogmas of the Greek, Catholic, and Protestant churches.

The older group of shrines is probably more than an acre and a half in extent. It contains a small temple, which might pass for a plain plastered cottage without windows, except that it is entered by a long portico, sustained by finely carved wooden pillars. Hard by is a Bo tree, a slip of that at Anuradhapura, which in its turn was taken in the same way nearly 2,000 years since from the identical tree at Gya, in Hindustan, under which Gautama attained his vision. Beneath its shade, in a masonry cupboard, is an image of Buddha, in his customary attitude, seated with crossed legs, the soles of his feet upward, and his open palms displayed. On the other side, in a small brick building not much larger than a bathroom, is another image, and a painting of Vishnu. On the third side of the tree a similar cabin contains the copy of a footprint at Adam’s Peak, revered by the Buddhists as that of their master, by the Muhammadans as that of their prophet, and by the Hindus as that of one of their deities. It is not often that one footprint can serve so many persons, and the reverence paid to it is a strong evidence of the persistent determination of each of these sects to worship any remarkable natural object first and find a reason for it afterwards. If Robinson Crusoe had discovered this footprint, the probabilities are that it would have occasioned him no alarm. Only the outline bears any resemblance to a human foot; the toes are all the same size and all rectangular. There is no ball, no instep, and no spread to the foot, while the imprint is at least two feet and a half in length. Possibly these details, which prove that it could not be human, help to convince the native mind that it must be divine.
There are within the enclosure one or two more rude altars, some rough priests' dwellings, and in a modern building a school conducted under the auspices of the Theosophists. The education appears to be that of our primaries, plus some recognition of Buddhism. It is said to be maintained as a rival to the missionary institutions. All schools receive grants in aid from the Government, without regard to denomination, and thus the island realizes the ideal of the opponents of our State system. An agitation is now on foot to prevent new schools from being opened within two miles of any already existing, and it is plain that there will be much sectarian bitterness whatever decision upon this point is arrived at by the Government. Close by is a Dagoba, recently opened, under State supervision, and found to contain, as usual, silver and other relics, which were examined, replaced, and the whole carefully restored. A small carefully closed house is said to contain cobras, which are fed and worshipped in this very miscellaneous collection of curiosities. Such is the older sanctuary. Nothing in its construction, arrangement, or contents awakens any feeling of admiration or adoration. Yet the site has been preserved for several hundred years, and is much revered by the faithful.

The morning we visited it had followed a night of festival, and a band of some 30 women, dressed all in white, were there at sunrise repeating their orisons. Standing before the Buddha under the Bo tree, in front of whom were scattered some beautiful flowers, one of these village priestesses half said and half chanted a prayer, to which now and then, as if with one impulse, the others added a moaning refrain, and at what seemed to be the conclusion of the psalm all lifted their hands in supplication and bowed their heads with a prolonged cry as
if of salutation. Then one turned to the temple with the pillared portico, which is dedicated to the next Buddha, who is due to arrive on earth some three or four thousand years hence, and uttered an invocation of a like character, supported by the chorus in the same manner. This was reiterated several times, when the women, who were mostly of middle age, relapsed at once into what seemed to be ordinary gossip, and filed away, well contented with themselves. To worship is so much easier than to imitate, and to observe the forms of ritual than to obey the moral law.

The Dalada Maligawa, or tooth temple, stands upon higher ground and is walled by massive masonry, low on the nearer and high on the further side of its moat, so that it presents a dignified appearance. It is entered under a lofty and imposing doorway of arched stone, on each side of which is an elephant carved in bas-relief. Steps at right angles rise to right and left on the other side of the causeway. The façade above the white battlement is well proportioned, with a projecting bow-windowed wing nearest the lake. Modern in style, it is certainly the best built and most imposing as well as the most sacred shrine dedicated to the great reformer. The general character of its appearance would be appropriate to the residence of a great Sinhalee noble, or to an important public institution. Its secularity, no doubt, is, in a sense, in keeping with the creed of its votaries. In an upper corridor are images of Buddha of various sizes and shapes, none of them remarkable. In the wing is a library rich in Pali MSS., bound and looking like closed fans, of the same size in all their length. Lifting the outer cover—a straight slip of wood or metal, sometimes richly decorated—one finds a number of narrow strips of the
taliput palm, closely written upon, retained in their places by means of two laces, which are carried through leaves and covers, and tie up the volume. On the wall of this room is a leaf of the Bo tree, bearing the signature of Sir Edwin Arnold, offered by him as a tribute to Buddha. From the bow window is a charming view of the lake and hills. In the lower corridor is an ever-burning lamp before a shrine, and close by pretty platters of champak blossoms are sold to devotees for offerings. This portion of the edifice consists, as a whole, of a corridor carried at right angles, with a pagoda-roofed chamber at the angle, around a much older separate structure standing in a small court.

This is the real sanctuary, a two-storied windowless building painted without in mythological panelling of staring colours, and ornamented by wooden carved pillars upon a narrow platform surrounding it. Hindu in its barbarous hues, cramped spaces, dark interior, hideous images, elaborate ornamentation and childish gaudiness, it offers a strong contrast to the stately masonry of the protecting outer edifice. Here are a lower and an upper shrine, the latter reached through pairs of doors of considerable thickness, covered in brass and with locks of portentous size and complexity. Climbing a narrow stone stair one faces the last portal, which is ornamented with silver and ivory. It opens upon a room lighted only by a dim lamp, and divided into two parts by a strong iron grating. On the further side is a silver table, said to be worth £4,000, upon which stands a high gold conical cover inlaid with a profusion of small jewels in antique pattern. Under this cover are several others of a like kind, growing smaller and smaller until, when the last is lifted, it discovers the Dalada, a white piece of bone about two inches
long, said by the sceptical to have grown in the jaw of a crocodile, but believed by Buddhists to be the tooth of their master. In size it certainly matches the footprint.

This most precious relic of the whole Buddhist world, the highest possible object of veneration to the natives, and a special care of the British Government, is believed to have been deposited originally at the Kenheri cave temples in the island of Salsette, but on the invasion of that country by the Muhammadans was transferred to Ceylon for safety, and retained at first in the ancient capital. The Portuguese in the course of their successes carried off what they declared to be the tooth to Goa, creating such dismay in the Buddhist world that £60,000 is said to have been offered to them for its restitution by the King of Siam. Naturally the civil authorities considered this an excellent business proposition, and would have closed with it at once. But the Catholic Church was all-powerful, and at the instigation of Don Gaspar, Bishop of Cochin, that tooth was publicly ground to powder in 1617. This was perhaps a pious but certainly an injudicious as well as costly display. A little more knowledge of human nature and its superstitions might have been expected from such a dignitary in those days, who should not have needed further experience to convince him that unreasoning reverence will always find its fetishes, and can readily manufacture any number of them to supply its own demand. No sooner was that precious tooth said to be destroyed than the Buddhist priests produced the existing Dalada, and declared that the Portuguese had been deceived by an imitation. So it would be again if ever the present relic perished. The credulous will always be satisfied. The sceptical have no legal redress. There are no patent rights appertaining to this kind of inven-
tion. Bone is destructible; superstition is not. But the cash loss on this transaction probably embittered the reflections of the prelate to the end of his days.

A Buddha carved out of solid crystal, ten inches high and six broad, is among the other treasures of the place, but for the most part the jewellery is as tawdry as the interior of the buildings is untidy and neglected. The best art work is to be found beyond the temple, in the old audience chamber of the kings, an elegant open structure, oblong in shape, the roof of which is supported by splendidly carved wooden pillars, reputed to be 400 years old. Their design as a whole is graceful and yet strong. The capitals, like those of Madura and Amber in India, throw a projecting arm downwards on each of their four sides, with a suggestion of tree growth and floral finish, the rest of the columns displaying throughout equally admirable handiwork. In this, and this alone, the Kandyan temples are really rich. The façade of the newer is certainly fine, and its outer walls majestic, but its interiors are all poor, and its treasures, as such, not to be mentioned with those of the Cathedral of Mexico, where a gold lamp, 23 feet high, was valued at £400,000, where a censer of gold was set with 5,872 diamonds, and where the altar railings contained several tons of silver. At the Kandyan festival, the day before our arrival, there had been offerings of some 6,000 lbs. of rice and large quantities of betel made to Buddha. In such matters, however, he has less to say than even a constitutional sovereign, and the gifts accepted in his name find their way into mouths better able to enjoy them. The priests, with shaven heads and yellow robes, preserve a dignified demeanour, but their reputation with Europeans is not high. One youth of scarcely 12 years conducted a special service for the benefit
and at the expense of one poor peasant woman, who repeated the responses, evidently absorbed in devotion, while the indifferent boy chanted his lesson in mechanical fashion, and without the faintest exhibition of reverence or sympathy. However, she was oblivious of this, as well as of the prying eye of the stranger. She was rapt in worship. She had her reward.

In the front corridor of the temple the local religious artist has sought the reformation of the impressionable by means of a series of pictures, presenting the different tortures to which breaches of the supposed commands of Buddha might doom them. There is a strong brimstone flavour about many of these which would have given great satisfaction to our own orthodoxy a generation or two ago. Others have a Dantesque flavour, and exhibit the impaling, slaughtering, and scarifying of sinners, in great detail and with much gusto. It is uncertain whether the fact that the great majority of the condemned, as depicted, are women is to be ascribed to the insight of the artist, or merely to his sex prejudice. He is certainly modern, for side by side with a delineation, perfectly Buddhistic in its motive, of the punishment of those guilty of cruelty to animals, we find another depicting the torture of low caste people who have dared to forget their station, than which nothing more antagonistic to the teaching and practice of Buddha himself could have been conceived.

Leaving this disappointing temple by the great stairway, one sees against the massive masonry of the fine old front some hideous sheets of tin roughly tacked on as a verandah, and recalling the tons of offerings one wonders why the resources of the faithful could not have avoided such an unsightly excrescence. There is the same hopeless incongruity and
discord in modern Buddhism as in its temple—the same apparently impassable gulf between the high revelation of the past and its desecration in the present. It is in vain for poets or sophists in search of a new faith to endeavour to conceal these facts under fine phrases and smooth metaphors. Whatever it was in its origin, it is now, in all its popular forms and public manifestations, as gross in its superstitions and as feeble in its spiritual ideals as the other half-savage creeds of half-civilized Asia. Contrasting the ancient gospel, pure, pitiful, and loving, with its modern manifestations, such as the worship of a piece of bone, one is irresistibly reminded of Bacon's bitter reflection that "Time seemeth to be of the nature of a river, or stream, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and drowneth that which is weighty and solid." We may even add that not infrequently, especially in the transmission of lofty ideals, the stream gathers sediment and scum by the way.
CHAPTER VIII.

HINDUISM.

Brahmanism and Buddhism have been absorbed in India into a third faith, created by a change parallel to some of those familiar in chemistry, since Vedism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and many other elements have been transformed in course of time into Hinduism—a still changing creed, which bears no distinct likeness to any of them. Indeed, it can now be compared to nothing unless to the contents of the still bubbling witches' cauldron beheld by Macbeth in their unholy cave temple.

Modern Hinduism consists of two chief sects, Saivas and Vaishnaivas. There is a very small body of educated Brahmans, who retain the old belief in the trinity—Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu—as manifestations of the Supreme Being, but are not numerous enough to maintain any separate worship, and may accordingly be omitted from calculation. Both Saivas and Vaishnaivas theoretically admit the trinitarian doctrine still, but the characteristic of each is the exaltation of his own deity to the chief position, and the reduction of the others to subordinate or dependent relations. They bear strong traces still of the greater faiths which they have absorbed from time to time. For instance, the main body of Buddhists became worshippers of Vishnu, of whom Gautama is alleged to have been an incarnation, and accordingly a tenderness for all living things,
and a democratic spirit, are to be found in most of his sects. On the other hand, the meditative and ascetic side of Buddhism was more attracted by the Saivas, whose priests willingly emphasized this side of their teaching, so as to secure their share of the new adherents. There was a prehistoric time when Siva and Vishnu were almost interchangeable names, and one can still see in the temple of Parvati, the wife of Siva, at Poona, a shrine to Vishnu, and at Madura a representation of the two deities in one. There are now distinctions between them, which Sir Monier Williams has admirably disentangled, and which have become more and more marked. Not only each god, but also the members of his family, are worshipped, and the tendency of modern times has been to exalt the wives in native esteem by crediting them with the more terrible qualities of the husband. To this extent the woman's rights movement may be said to be lately recognized even in the Indian Pantheon.

An outline of these two great religious parties may enable us to better comprehend the composite and complex whole of Indian orthodoxy. To the traveller it seems that Siva possesses a far greater number of worshippers than Vishnu, though authorities declare the contrary. One explanation is that many of his followers pay a secondary homage to Vishnu—doubtless due to his popular Buddhistic tendencies. It is the more remarkable that Siva should be in the minority, since, as he is a more vindictive deity than his rival, the general tendency would be to accord him greater honour. The judicious Hindu does not waste his offerings upon good spirits, whose aid he counts upon gratis, but devotes his substance to mollifying those whom he suspects of an intention to do him harm. Then, again, the worship of Siva needs a smaller stock-
in-trade, and can be carried on more cheaply than that of his rival, so that the number of his shrines is easily comprehensible, if the fact that he is less popular is rather puzzling. His images do not give him a prepossessing appearance, for he has always three eyes and eight arms, and often five faces; his body is generally covered with ashes, while he wears a serpent about his neck, and sometimes a necklace of skulls. He is generally worshipped, however, under the form of the linga, which more or less rudely represents the male organ. This emblem is met with everywhere as an amulet and as an idol. A recent estimate is that there are 30,000,000 of these delicate reminders in the country.

Siva has several distinct characters, appearing sometimes as an ascetic, at others as a dancer, sometimes as the reproducer and then as the destroyer of life. His worshippers are not divided into sects, although there are small bodies, such as the Agora Panthis, who seek to win his favour by making a most revolting diet, including unclean animals and disgusting insects. Theophile Gautier has vividly described the orgies of a similar Muhammadan sect in Algiers. In the present day Saivas lean rather to self-mortification, and though the average fakir generally manages to spend his life as pleasantly, on the whole, as did the mendicant monks of the middle ages, whose vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience were notoriously liberally interpreted, there are many of his followers whose penances are of the most ghastly severity, and who survive in triumph amid filth and relentless self-torture. On the other hand, under cover of the worship of Parvati, his wife, the grossest sexual excesses are promoted in the name of religion at certain festivals. She it is to whom annual sacrifices are offered, and whose altars, even in Calcutta, are often stained with blood.
Their sons, Ganesa and Su-brah-manya, are popular minor deities, the latter in the south of India, and the former as lord of the demons everywhere. It is in the northern provinces that Saivaism appears to exercise most sway. Benares is especially Siva's city, and his temples in villages and towns alike seem far more numerous than any other. The learned are attached to him because in one of his characters he is depicted as a philosopher, and they have imparted a decidedly Unitarian flavour to the teaching given in his name. He is also a favourite with the Brahmans and identified with their supremacy. Combining as he does the grotesque, the horrible, the studious, the painful, and the abnormal, he is perhaps the most typical god of the Hindus.

Vishnu represents on the whole a more popular movement, which Brahmanism has had to adopt in its own interest; it is less allied to caste, to the priesthood, and to the severe aspects of nature than Saivasim. It is more human, and therefore more tender. Vishnu in his own person is very popular in the south, but it is in his incarnations as the heroes Krishna and Rama that he is loved and revered all over India. The chief source of the renown of these mythic chieftains is in the Mahabharata and Ramayana, the two colossal epic poems, of which Sir Edwin Arnold says:—"The stories, songs and ballads, the histories and genealogies, the nursery tales and religious discoveries, the art, the learning, the philosophy, the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought, the very phrases, sayings, turns of expression and daily ideas of the Hindu people, are taken from these poems. Their children and their wives are named out of them, so are their cities, temples, streets, and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible, generation after generation, to all
the succeeding and countless millions of Indian people." The Mahabharata, containing 220,000 lines, is seven times as long as the Iliad and Odyssey together; the Ramayana depicts a later and higher state of society and morals. The two together are not simply read, but are actually personified and worshipped. Telling the tale of the rebirths of Vishnu, they are thus in a sense the holy writ of his followers, though the Puranas constitute the actual scriptures to which both Saivas and Vaishnaivas appeal. Tradition ascribes a number of personalities to Vishnu in his various descents upon earth, sometimes incarnating only a fractional portion of his spirit, and sometimes the whole, thus offering a ready means, which is employed to this day, of increasing the number of Vaishnaivas by the deifying of any hero or saint who may gather a sufficiently large company of devout followers to be worth acquiring.

There are some legends which depict Siva in a benevolent mood saving the world from destruction, or from demons, but there are none of the class in which Vishnu is described as conquering hate by love and exhibiting a Buddhistic tenderness. Among the many sects into which his worshippers are divided it would be easy to find teachings of great beauty and glimpses of divine charity. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that there are many traditions which exhibit both deities a prey to the basest and meanest passions, indulging childish spites, malignant antipathies, and unpardonable lusts. From this it happens that a Hindu makes choice, not only between the rivals, but between the different manifestations of his chosen one. His relation to his deities is rarely one of trust, confidence, or devout affection in any considerable degree. The more intellectual accept them as reigning powers
whom it is idle to criticise or oppose, while the masses bow before them merely from self-interest, to secure their personal safety, and to use them to gain the material good things of this life.

There are even darker sides to the picture, upon which it is needless to dwell. Nothing is too small, too poor, too gross or too vile to escape the unreasoning reverence of the lower castes, who exhibit in their persistent relapse into old habits and savage superstitions the patient pertinacity of the fly. The cow is the most sacred of animals to all Hindus—so sacred that even its excrement is hallowed, and its urine devoutly imbibed; to kill one, or to eat its flesh, is to commit an unpardonable offence, and the belief that the cartridges served out to the Sepoys had been greased with beef or swine fat was made a chief means of precipitating the mutiny. Monkeys are sacred also, and are thus enabled to pillage the peasant’s house or fields with impunity, and the death-dealing cobra is sacred also, though thousands perish yearly by its fangs. There is not only animal worship of all kinds, but the most childish teachings in connection with them. Every incident is an omen, and every sound a warning to some ears. The flight, and notes, and numbers of birds are eagerly watched, and are believed to contain warnings of most serious import to all. The enterprising Australian who would introduce half a dozen of our giant kingfishers would probably paralyze the intellects of the crowd in parts of Ceylon or of India, and lead to an immense increase of income to local sorcerers or interpreters, if not, indeed, to a great orthodox revival under the auspices of the priests. The satirical and cynical laugh of our well-known native bird might, indeed, shake down a whole edifice of theology, and become a new avatar in the East.
Cow, monkey, and snake by no means conclude the list of living deities. These are all insignificant beside the Brahman, who claims and receives adoration of the most practical kind, as an embodiment of the divine, thus rendering himself able to gratify his appetites and lusts at the expense of those who revere him. In parts of the West Coast and of Bengal full advantage is taken of the superstitious reverence with which he is regarded by women. Elsewhere his rule of life is stricter, but everywhere he is the tyrant of native society. Born in the ecclesiastical purple, he looks down from ineffable heights upon the masses, who can never by any purity or perfection of life attain to his level.

Pursuing the policy of the Roman empire, this most subtle class, who maintain caste in all its severity, and who are more exclusive than the proudest aristocracy, in order to multiply their servants and their revenues, throw open the gates of their mythology to all comers without restriction. They admit all gods into their Pantheon, and their flocks go further still in the frequency of their canonizations. In one part of India the Queen has been worshipped; in another part Sir Arthur Cotton, the eminent irrigation engineer. General Nicholson was accustomed to horsewhip the little sect who made him their deity, thinking it doubtless little compliment to receive divine honours which were granted by the same people to the small-pox, as they were in ancient Rome to fever. In one district, where a certain choleric Briton had struck terror into the people by his rule, it was for some time the practice of these poor creatures to place upon his tomb dearly purchased offerings of brandy, soda water, and cigars.

All such rites are connived at, if not encouraged, by the Brahmans, who have the one end in view of maintaining their
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absolute supremacy under any and every religious development. Their Pantheism is broad enough to cover all possible contingencies, and by their cleverness in discovering incarnations, or in identifying new deities with old, they display an elasticity of conscience and shrewd worldly wisdom which bids fair to conserve their authority over the people for an indefinite period. The multiplicity of their deities and the pettiness of their characteristics remind one irresistibly of the calendar of gods under the decaying Roman empire, so bitterly satirized by St. Augustine in his "Civitas Dei." In his day one ministering deity, Vaticanus, presided over infants when they screamed; another, Potina, when they drank; Cumina when in their cradles, Levana when lifted, and Rumina or Educa when fed, not to speak of such adult "goddesses" as Cloacina, Volupia, and Libentina. The Indian hosts exceed the Italian in number as in functions, without even the grace of being human in shape.

"The Ethiop gods have Ethiop lips,
Bronze cheeks and woolly hair;
The Grecian gods are like the Greeks,
As keen-eyed, cold, and fair."

The Brahman gods, on the contrary, appear to be the products of nightmare, abortions in their form, and often criminal in character.

Notwithstanding these repulsive and childish characteristics, there can be no question but that Hinduism is a living faith. Indeed, the causes which originally created it, and have made it what it is, are still in active operation today. The Brahman merely colours and moulds the material which is presented to his hand by the continuous and persistent seeking of the people for objects of worship. In
addition to the minor local genii already alluded to, we have
Sir Alfred Lyell showing from his own experience how new
deities are made. Minaci, a wife of Siva, was a Pandyan
princess; Krishna and Rama, the two most popular forms of
Vishnu, were confessedly human and mortal, and the list might
be indefinitely extended were it necessary to prove that many
names in the Hindu Pantheon are those of glorified ancestors.
To this day any ascetic who undergoes exceptional austerities
and issues a new message to the crowd, is not only followed, but
worshipped. There are Vaishnaiva sects in which the priests
are adored, and it is not unusual to find devotees contending
for the dust upon which a supposed saint has trod, or the
water in which he has washed his feet. The instinct of
fetichism may well be deemed ineradicable in such races, for
whom there is no line of demarcation between science and
fable, and who look upon many natural objects as endowed
with special spiritual and miraculous potencies.

Temples are by no means the only holy places. The main
tide of native reverence runs undiscriminating at far lower
levels than the poorest of these. A stone of curious shape, a
rock on which the likeness of an animal can be traced, a tree
with rustling leaves, the bird that makes its nest or the
monkey that springs within its branches—a fish, a cave, a pool,
a river or a spring—each and all are made objects of prayer
and propitiation. No building need be raised; a circle of
pebbles, with an upright stone in the centre, having perhaps
a dash of red paint upon it, is a comparatively important
memorial, since strips of rag tied to a shrub, or a small
pile of rocks, often suffice. One sees plaster horses of life
size set up by the roadsides for local deities to ride by night.
A niche in the wall with a doll in it, a cupboard or cabin with
a larger image, serve as shrines in the houses of the well-to-do, or in the centre of a village. The tombs of sacred persons are visited and often honoured by a small rude chapel. All wear charms and amulets. The ordinary temples are mere dwelling-houses in size, and vary little in style, though occasionally, as in that dedicated to Parvati in Poona, their site renders them picturesque. The service offered in them consists either of much reckless noise and the chatter of texts by rote, or in the more elaborate ceremonials of dressing, undressing, washing, feeding and painting an idol, as children do their dolls, with sometimes an accompaniment of half-relevant citations from sacred writings. The daily family ritual is of an even less ceremonious character, and consists chiefly of the pouring of water, small offerings, and the repetition of a few vague phrases, as much an incantation as a prayer.

This is Hinduism as it is to the masses, and not as it has been painted. Its abstract principles, known only to the few, seem to be hoarded by them apart from the vulgar. The popular worship, open to the eye and ear of the visitor, consists of the coarsest and shallowest idolatry—a ritual bald and unimpressive, before shrines which are gaudy and poor: some of them are filthy, most of them are unclean and in bad repair, their worshippers apparently bent chiefly upon the purchase of absolution from future ills, and their priestly attendants mercenary and fanatic. The monkeys that swing from neighbouring branches by the wretched temple which they haunt in Benares, or the sacred bulls whose droppings befoul the pavement of its rival in dirtiness near the heart of the same city, find no delicate religious susceptibilities offended by their presence. The moral development of the people has been
briefly indicated elsewhere.* On the whole it is better than the visible religious standard would lead one to expect; but it is to be remembered that indecent orgies, horrible practices, and even human sacrifices, have occurred in recent times in parts of India, where old survivals of barbarous rites have not been entirely suppressed by the strong arm of British law.

Muhammadan mosques are no more orderly or impressive than Hindu temples, though their bareness, and the absence of animal life, renders them less objectionable. Their devotees are evidently more earnest, and become more absorbed in their devotions. Numbering as they do 40,000,000 of the prouder and fiercer tribes, they compose a formidable body of true believers, whose prejudices and political leanings require to be carefully weighed by the Government. Their assimilation of Hindu superstitions as to relics and tombs of saints, and their credulous acceptance of the divine claims of wonder-workers, reduces them, in spite of their faith, almost to the same religious level as that of the unlettered multitudes of their many-idoled neighbours, and renders it unnecessary to refer to them at length. The Sikhs represent a blending of Islamism and Brahmanism and are gradually declining into a Hindu sect again. The Jains, representing an early offshoot of Buddhistic tendency, and the Parsis, or fire-worshippers, of the West Coast are too few to call for special mention; they, too, feel the almost irresistible attraction of the faith of the enormous mass of their countrymen, and may not improbably succumb to it.

Hinduism, the triumphant creed of India, embraces all its revelations. It includes that of Brahmanism, whose lofty

teachings, closely akin to those of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" in the lines—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness"—

are dignified to some extent by the

"Shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all its day,"

derived from its early inspiration. Hinduism also possesses a precious freight of Buddhistic precepts of love and mercy, borne with it across more than twenty centuries. But beyond these superb heritages it has little to boast. Its shrines are visited only by hordes of undisciplined and inconsiderate believers. True, Christian missionary enterprise has as yet made no inroads upon its congregations, though the Catholic Church and the Salvation Army are challenging it in its own garb and tongue—the only possible way in which active proselytism can be successful. True, its members increase year by year, and there is no sign of their diminishing regard; but its faith, for all its wonderful fecundity and elasticity, has been dwarfed and materialized until it rules but feebly over a vast and undefined realm of undigested doctrine. All the elements of dissolution are present. Western knowledge supplies a ferment, and though this only reaches a handful at present, and though still

"The brooding East with awe beholds
Her impious younger world,"
the immense changes now occurring in the political and commercial condition of the country must sooner or later affect, and deeply affect, its beliefs, and with its beliefs the marvellous social and religious organization sprung from, welded together, and maintained by them for ages. Its present is a problem; its future defies speculation.
CHAPTER IX.

HINDU TEMPLES.

The modern Hindu temple, never a thing of beauty, is rarely of even notable size. The iconoclastic hammer of the Muhammadan may have smitten many a fine structure to the dust, but the fact remains that after a century of peace there is not a building dedicated to Siva or Vishnu in Northern or Central India which could win the admiration of either architect or artist. To find buildings worthy of the creed one must seek the south of the peninsula, where there are several upon a scale which would command respect even if placed among the gigantic memorials of Egypt, of Rome, or of Assyria. They represent the creed and people at their best—the indigenous art of the country free from all foreign influence, and in the fullest stage of development, responding with adequate forms to the triumphant spirit of the national creed.

Claiming to equal Jerusalem in antiquity, Madura enjoys a history and reputation far higher than that of most Indian cities. It was for generations the centre of an independent state, and at the same time a seat of learning whose influence was acknowledged far and near. “It was the seat of a university long before Cambridge or Oxford had come into existence, a university which united in itself the functions of an academy and a royal society of letters, which dispensed fame to poets and conferred immortality on works of genius,”
and which is credited with having given its first regular form to the still living and growing Tamil language. The town itself to-day consists for the most part of one-story huts and two-story shops, built of brick and mud, with thatched and tiled roofs, crowded together, and packed with a dense population of cheerful, patient, and indolent citizens. Its situation is flat, upon a river plain, from which by means of many meandering canals the people derive their food supply. Almost in the midst is its glory and its pride—a magnificent temple, covering an area of upwards of 14 acres, nearly half as large again as the block between Collins, Bourke, Swanston, and Elizabeth streets, Melbourne. This is bounded by a great wall, 30 feet high, of solid masonry, with an entrance in the centre of each of its sides at the four points of the compass.

The characteristic of the temples here and elsewhere is that these entrances contain the finest architectural work in the whole structure. Probably the origin of their prominence was the necessity in early days of protecting the shrines, which were accordingly surrounded by a high wall, having its gates exceptionally fortified so as to resist assault. The need of armed resistance has departed, but the occasion for ornamentation has preserved their old dimensions. Thus it comes that the gateways are perhaps the most remarkable in the world for their size, shape, and the novelty of the art employed in their decoration. The walls are massive, but absolutely plain, as they were in the eras when required as fortification, running high and smooth and without a break to the several entrances. Each of these consists of a substantial building, having a passage way below, over which is uplifted a broad tapering wedge-shaped tower, rising far above the wall, above the temple itself, and above all surrounding buildings, at Madura nine
HINDU TEMPLES.

stories high. This is covered with carved figures of great size, tier above tier on each façade, crowded with mythological imagery—Siva and his bull, his wife, his children, the hosts of spirits who serve him, and the monsters or demons whom he has conquered, appear in their multifarious grotesqueness, rank above rank to the enormous shell-shaped hood of the cobra crowning the whole. The mere mass of sculpture is amazing, but this is not all, for the figures are tastefully painted green, yellow, or pink, and picked out with tints which give the "gopura," as such a gateway tower is called, the appearance of a Titanic piece of Dresden china in a rather loud style, but blended by an immense complexity, vast proportions, and harmony of hues, into a whole which represents with grace and fidelity the bewildering character of the faith of those who frequent its courts. From afar the four great gopuras rise as landmarks, towering over the city, and adorning it with their bizarre but imposing magnitude, repeated on a smaller scale by five others within. In their strangeness, in the great area over which they mount guard, in their pride of colour, wealth of detail, and weight of mass, they exhibit at its best the unbridled imagination of the gorgeous East.

On the inner side of the outer wall are the houses of some attendant Brahmans, facing an open space about 100 feet wide, which forms a kind of roadway around the inner square in which the temple stands, surrounded by another massive wall, having in its turn four smaller gopuras, only one of which gives access to the shrines. The simple circuit of this road is reckoned an act of great merit, and is undertaken by crowds of old and young. At the chief entrance it is crossed by an arcade of shops, near which, under its far-spreading roof, the sacred elephants are lazily feeding. To the right stands
what is called the hall of the thousand pillars, consisting of a roof supported by some hundreds of carved stone columns, the capitals of which have the floral decoration noticed at Kandy. Those towards the entrance are fronted by a number of statues, carved with great force and spirit, representing Siva in various forms—one of them admirable in its gruesome glee. There are also eight figures of the Indian Venus, whose abnormally inflated busts, contracted waists, and expanded hips, indicate the fashion long ago of a type of female form favoured in recent years, but very different from that which has been glorified for ever by Greek art. The inner quadrangle consists of a mass of building open only over a spacious sacred reservoir of stagnant water, large as a courtyard, covered with green scum, and entitled “tank of the golden lilies,” in which worshippers are bathing, and out of which they are drinking with pious expectations of profit. One of the sacred bulls, about the size of an Australian yearling, is compelled to take his plunge in it as we pass. The sides of the wall facing the tank are covered with grotesque coloured pictures of the achievements of the gods. The rest of the vast edifice has within its recesses two chief shrines, one dedicated to Siva, containing the linga, and another consecrated to Minaci, his wife, the deified daughter of a local king, united and surrounded by labyrinths of passages and galleries containing minor holy places.

“The dearest child of faith is miracle,” says Goethe, and no temple would be complete without its stones and wells where diseases are cured and sins washed away. The legends here lie very thick, but not too thick for the popular appetite, which evidently grows by what it feeds on. The shrines themselves we may not enter, but it is evident that they are dark,
lamp-lit rooms of no great size, containing hideous idols, before which incense is burned, while the faithful prostrate themselves many times. Just as we pass one of them the priests emerge with a little palanquin, containing an image, and encircle a rude linga with their march, amid a good deal of bell ringing, horn blowing, and native fiddle scraping. The motive appears to be to let the god know that he is being waited upon, for even a Hindu could scarcely be superstitious enough to believe that such a din could give him any pleasure. The whole performance is mechanical, lasts but a few moments, and is repeated, with others equally meaningless, with monotonous regularity at fixed intervals. That Saivaism is not dead is manifested by the recent completion of a new hall at a cost to a rich devotee of between £6,000 and £7,000, and by the continuous throng of those who enter to perform their devotions in a temple which is as huge in plan, as confused in arrangement, and as pitiful in its symbols as is Hinduism itself.

Madura is a chief shrine of the Saivas, and almost every passer bears upon his forehead the three horizontal chalk lines which are the outward symbol of his sect. The followers of Vishnu, on the other hand, have an upright mark, supposed to resemble the footmark of their deity, drawn down the forehead between the eyebrows. Brahma is relegated to obscurity, remaining without temple, priest, or caste to do him honour, although the wives, children, and allies of the two other gods are widely worshipped. To catalogue them in their holy places is impossible in these pages. The most extensive temple in India, the only rival to Madura, and that which, to the Vaishnaivas, possesses the greatest sanctity, is that of Srirangam situated upon an island in the Kaveri, several miles in length,
which also contains a Saiva temple of more ancient date. Here, again, the imagination is powerfully affected by the colossal scale upon which this marvellous testimony to the vitality and influence of Hinduism has been reared and is still maintained. Srirangam is built upon the plan of Kailasa, the heaven of Vishnu, and is, indeed, in itself, a city rather than a temple, containing within its borders no less than 12,000 inhabitants. The holy of holies is supposed to contain a golden image of the god of immense antiquity, and an outer court does contain the tomb of Ramanuja, one of the greatest saints and teachers of the sect. The two inner quadrangles are never penetrated by Europeans, but from a gopura in the third wall one gains a sufficiently correct idea of the arrangement, which much resembles that of Madura. The spectacle as I see it from this height is never to be forgotten. The great annual "mela" or festival is beginning, and already worshippers are commencing to arrive. The temple itself, a great mass of flat-roofed building, broken only by the opening above its tank and the pagodas above its shrine, is the centre of seven enormous quadrangles, progressively increasing in extent, one beyond the other, each bounded by its own lofty wall, and each with its four gopuras. Between the second and third is the hall of a thousand pillars, decorated by carvings of horses and chariots, in vigour almost equal to those at Madura; in the further quadrangle are the houses of the Brahmans, street on street; beyond them those of the traders, with their lines of shops pressing right to the outermost gate of all. The whole island and the country beyond the river is flat, and covered with a forest of palm trees, which furnish a royal setting for the immense enclosure.

There are 15 great gopuras in view, one of them 200
feet high, all of them built in their bases with monoliths of stone, and covered with painted stucco imagery, serving to mark the extent and define the divisions of the seven-fold city. Through the central gates are pouring a vast crowd of brown-skinned men, women, and children in bright-coloured vestments; and along the road rise clouds of dust where an army of marching pilgrims comes, thousands on foot and hundreds in their little vehicles. The Brahman with his three-plied thread across his shoulder, the scantily clad father leading his wife and family, widows in white robes without a single ornament, the rich merchant in his carriage, the poor mendicant on foot, shambling along by help of a staff, the naked children, the laughing girls, and troops of young men gaily chattering, the lame, the halt, and the blind are all pouring on to the great festival. Below us a new hall is being built on bamboo supports, and many artificers are busy preparing images of the gods, in whose composition dried grass, pasted over with gilt paper, is to play an important part. The traders are as busy as they can be supplying the miscellaneous wants of the crowd. Trinkets are purchased for the little ones, with whom this is a great occasion; there are amulets and charms for the elders, and food of some sort for all. The treasures within the sanctuary are valued at thousands of pounds, but the temple itself must have cost millions of rupees, and still exacts immense contributions from its visitants.

Pilgrimages play an important part in Hindu religion, and probably numbers of the crowd pouring under these gopuras have travelled scores and some of them hundreds of miles for the occasion. Those who can afford it have availed themselves of the railways to shorten their journeys; but many of the very poor, in order to acquire holiness, have wandered
hither in gipsy fashion hundreds of miles, sometimes bringing their children with them. To drink foul water from a particular oozing well in which masses of flower offerings are rotting, to squeeze with a dense crowd through a small doorway on a special day, to be present at the annual unveiling of a noted image, are the objects of these toilsome travels to Srirangam and other sacred places. This pious pedestrianism may be healthy on the whole, but assuredly involves an enormous waste of time, in addition to the waste in the offerings to the priests, without which the object of none of these visitations can be achieved. Everything religious has its price in India.

The art of the Brahman has enabled him, without a throne or a parliament, without an army or a tax collector, without legal right or personal merit, to complete a conquest of the whole people more absolute than that of Mughal or Briton, and to wring from them with ease a greater contribution than is paid in taxation under compulsion, reluctantly, and with groans. The State gives in return for taxes its present protection, its visible courts, its speedy redress of wrongs, its productive public works and fruitful irrigation schemes. The Brahman gives merely promises of future spiritual privileges, incapable either of being examined, enforced, or assured. Such is the lot of the Hindus—enduring, in addition to the beneficent political yoke of an alien race, the sacrifices, the penances, the theories and commands of the grasping priests of its threatening creed. The sense of superiority arising in the native breast from a certainty of salvation may be prized, perhaps, and certainly offers some counterpoise to the general feeling of subordination impressed upon all their races in the secular world. The haughty Anglo-
Indian sees himself shrunk from by the poorest member of a savage caste, excluded from his place of prayer, shunned as unclean in food, and dreaded as defiled. No bribe, however liberal, can bring a Caucasian beyond the third gopura, on which we stand looking down upon the throng of dark-skinned, white and red sheeted pagans, entering as of right and without hindrance. Admission merely leads to prostration before a hideous idol, but in this exclusiveness is asserted, once and for all, the undying and indelible pride of orthodoxy, with its forecasting of the time when they shall reign in glory with Siva, while the arrogant white sahibs who rule them now will be suffering to all eternity an unutterable doom.

To appreciate the strength of the hold which Hinduism has upon its votaries, its enduring popularity, and its vigorous vitality, one needs to behold the magnetic attraction which it exercises upon them either in their sacred cities such as Benares or Allahabad, or from a gopura such as that of Srirangam. During the war between the French and English in the south of the peninsula this great temple was more than once used as a fortress, for which employment, indeed, its strength and extent most admirably prepared it. It remains a fortress still, in which superstition defies, so far, every invading advance. Neither cross nor crescent have yet infringed upon its sovereignty, or diminished the area of its mighty sway. It stands impregnable, like the rock of Trichinopoli, upon which it looks, and to which it is rival in height and haughtiness, both of them proudly crowned with the symbols of triumphant idolatry.

Lordlier and more defiant still Hinduism flaunts its wealth and influence in Benares, which is at once the Jerusalem and Mecca, the Oxford and the Rome of India. Finely situated
upon a steep bank overlooking the sacred Ganges, this proud fanatical city has its banks bordered for two or three miles with long stone "ghats," landing and bathing stages, from which broad flights of steps arise, making a continuous stairway up from the water-line. These are surmounted by a line of palatial buildings, erected by princes and millionaires, possessing more even merit and a higher architectural quality than can be found in the great capitals of the country. The minarets of a mosque remain to mark the transience of a faith submerged, like that of Buddha, by the ever-encroaching arts of the Brahmans and superstitions of their credulous servitors. Along the graceful curve of the stream, crowned by this imposing terrace of masonry, various in the style of its several structures but extremely handsome in its towering mass and splendid in its proportions, the way is thronged with shifting shoals of eager worshippers, who wander to and fro, rest on the brink, or stand in the river—men, women, and children alike—their wet cloths hanging to them, and resembling so many Oriental bronzes as they mutter their prayers. Troops of beggars, itinerant vendors, and strangers swell the crowd. Lines of native boats or junks, some of them of considerable size, swing beside or sail slowly up and down the stream. There is smoke from the burning funeral pyres at the water's edge, where knots of mourners are quietly, in unconcerned fashion, paying the last dues to the dead; while near them are the sick and dying, brought in palanquins or carts for long distances to breathe their last in the holy place. Steadily renewed copper-hued battalions of pilgrims and penitents, travel worn and road stained, like a swarm of variegated insects, press eagerly down to the sacred flood, where, under broad fixed umbrellas, white-robed priests perform pro-
propitiatory and expiatory functions. The whole constitutes a picture unrivalled in any clime for its brilliancy of life and colour, and its testimony to the living faith of the Hindus.

For some distance back from the river the buildings are lofty and solid, almost as high as those of Naples, and only separated by narrow footways, such as are seen in Venice. Without a vestige of the charm of either of those lovely cities, Benares is rendered imposing by the density of its population and the fervour of their faith. It is filled with fakirs and overflowing with Brahmans. An inextricable tangle of winding lanes, opened upon by innumerable tiny shops, and overhung by many stories of workrooms and dwelling flats, is packed with an indolent multitude of residents and visitors, circulating lethargically from sanctuary to sanctuary. In every den and in every stall is a tiny shrine. There are over 2,000 temples and more than 500,000 idols in this city of nearly a quarter of a million of inhabitants. The host of buildings dedicated to the gods occupy, as a rule, little more space individually than a lawn tennis ground; are all dirty and devoid of taste, and contain idols that are grotesque and hideous. The fakir who crouches on the ground calling "Mahadeva," "Mahadeva," hour after hour, would be incarcerated as a lunatic in any other land; the ascetic whose arm has been held straight from the shoulder until it has withered and the hand has shrunk to a claw, and the fat friar beside him with the sensual jowl, his body whitened all over with ash, are not so absorbed in their contemplations as to fail to watch with keen eye for the expected alms. The cripples and the deformed, physically or intellectually, seem to find here a congenial abiding place. The pious wash themselves and their clothes in the Ganges, throw
into it offerings of food and flowers, and the ashes of their dead, pour into it the drainage of the town, and then drink it in the hope of heaven. The sacred wells are foul and evil-smelling, and the prescribed rites barbarous or childish mummeries. Attendants of the holy places pursue every stranger with begging importunity, while the Brahmans barter away salvation and condone the sins of thousands of the temporarily penitent who voyage to the sacred city from the farthest confines of India. These hasten to dip in its waters because they are believed to transform the greatest sinners into purest saints; they seek to die in sight of the Ganges, because this suffices to protect the departing spirit from the messengers of the terrible Yama, eager to drag them to hell. To draw the last breath within the bounds of Benares ensures to all, to Christian, Muhammadan, or malefactor alike, immediate transition to the paradise of Siva.

It would be rash to assert that there is no reverence or aspiration among these gibbering worshippers, and the placid, if not indifferent, priests who are guiding and superintending their ablutions, but while their sincerity may be perfect, their righteousness seems questionable, their repentance ephemeral, and their ideal degraded. "Two things I abhor," said Muhammad, "the learned in his infidelities, and the fool in his devotions." Judging by outward appearances there must be many of both classes worthy of his condemnation in the sacred city of Hinduism, where the grossest superstition, the coarsest priestcraft, and the blindest fanaticism of millions of worshippers display the fruits of that ancient faith, which for thousands of years has held the peoples of the peninsula in its inflexible grip, and which still maintains its absolute ascendancy in the full light of day, in the nineteenth century, and under the British Crown.
CHAPTER X.

THE MUTINY.

The rule of the Briton in India has been strictly utilitarian, and his monuments are in no way remarkable for their artistic quality. What is seen in the way of building is invariably substantial, but rarely graceful. The courts and public offices of Calcutta and Madras represent the customary type—commodious, but not comely; on the other hand, those that fringe the sea-face of Bombay are individually handsome, and together compose as stately a series of edifices as is to be seen in any European capital. Even the railway station in that town is a work of great taste and distinction. Outside British territory, in the Albert Hall of Jaipur the tourist will find a most exquisite adaptation of Hindu-Saracenic art to a modern building, whose brightness, lightness, and symmetry, crowned with fairy-like cupolas, exhibit the inexhaustible potencies of this lovely style. Beyond these few exceptional instances the most significant and suggestive bricks and mortar of the British period are to be found in the lonely tower and shattered halls that are crumbling slowly upon the little rising ground just outside the city of Lucknow. They give the pith of Anglo-Indian history, and point to its essential character, reminding us dramatically and emphatically that the country has been won by the sword, is still held by the sword, and can only be retained by the sword.
The comparative insignificance in numbers of the garrison of whites who rule India, conduct its commerce, and control its public works, is patent to the most cursory observation.*

No doubt the wisdom and justice with which on the whole the Government is now conducted has in many quarters and to a considerable degree created an appreciation of the advantages of English supremacy. But what is certain is not only that there must always be a supremacy in India, but that it must be the supremacy of arms. In Asiatic politics might and right are largely synonymous. The Hindu character idolizes force, and alike in this respect in hardy war-like tribes or timid gasconading Bengalis, really reverences nothing deeply except force. From the earliest ages to the present moment power is the one test and touchstone of sovereignty. The mutiny of thirty-four years ago has settled the title for some time to come, though the contending parties confront each other still in much the same proportions. On the one side an enormous, ill-organized, irresolute but inflammable population, including ambitious peoples of fine fighting quality and high intelligence, chafing at all restraint, with ineradicable tendencies to revolt, and yet responsive to a strong control. On the other side are a handful of daring whites, with their backs to the sea, the source of their supplies, and their faces set stedfastly inland, determined by indomitable courage, inexhaustible resource, and superhuman energy to dominate the mighty empire and master its innumerable hordes. That was the situation in India a hundred years since, and that is the situation to-day.

It is not necessary to repeat the heroic story of 1857–58,

* "Irrigated India," chap. i.—"The British in India."
but it is impossible to present a coherent outline of the country without reference to it. The struggle between the two races was not of long duration, but sudden in outburst, terrible in intensity, desperate in fury, and lasting in results. Optimists declare that since the rebellion reforms have been accomplished which have won the hearts of the natives and rendered the English raj a permanency for all time. Pessimists protest that the time is ripening for another wrestle, in which supremacy will require to be again asserted by force of arms. All agree that the relation between whites and Hindus has been altered for ever by the grim memory of that death-grapple. Its story, as told by Kaye, Mollison, or Holmes, is familiar to readers of English far and wide; but what reader or dweller in India is acquainted with the version repeated by groups under the banyans, hissed in anger at secret meetings of savage sectaries, or whispered under the breath in the recesses of the bazaar? To comprehend the mutiny one must realize modern India. To comprehend British India one must realize the mutiny.

It is so easy to find causes for the outbreak that there is some risk of the groundwork of all of them being lost to sight. India was a conquered country. Its people of spirit needed nothing to remind them of the fact. They might enjoy greater liberty and receive more justice from white masters, but this did not alter the humiliation of being governed by an alien race, which reserved to itself all the chief offices of honour and profit. This was the first great cause, and those who sympathize with the Algerians, Bulgarians, or Poles must remember the justification. The second great cause, perhaps even more operative than the first, and closely allied to it, arose from a fierce fanatical hatred of infidels whose overlordship insulted not only the patriotism but the piety of the people,
impairing their pride in themselves and in their gods. Nor is
this religious resentment in human affairs so irrational as some­
times supposed; for, although the true believer would admit
that his deities were perfectly able to protect themselves against
the neglect or insults of mortals, the faithful desire to turn
the occasion to their own profit by exhibiting a zeal on behalf
of the Divine Invisible greater than that which it displays for
itself. The ambition to throw off a galling political yoke, or
to secure salvation by expelling an impious creed, are natural
enough anywhere, and their combination in Upper India suffices
of itself to account for the rising, of which it determined the
conduct and character.

The minor contributing causes may be briefly summarized.
There was the natural desire of the classes to regain their lost
authority, and of the masses to seize any excuse for plunder.
The local version of the Crimean war was unflattering to the
British army, which at that time in India was but 45,000
strong—a garrison quite overshadowed by its auxiliary force of
233,000 natives, armed with the same weapons and trained
in the same school. The successes of the British in the Pan­
jab and in Burmah were credited to the Sepoys by themselves
and their countrymen. While they were permitted to remain
under real grievances the British force was depleted, its best
men being attracted by the superior emoluments of civil
employ. An undue centralization had deprived the regimental
officers of much of their power and prestige with the native
soldiery, who, often recruited from special castes, were banded
together by the closest ties of birth and belief. There were
some injudicious attempts at proselytizing among pious
English officers, and the legalization of the remarriage of
widows by the Government had helped to occasion alarm for
cherished institutions. Annexations of territory had been made with great rapidity, while railways and telegraph lines were being authorized as fast as possible. It seemed clear that the British were tightening their hold upon the country in such a way as to render its freedom more and more difficult to regain, so that all those more intelligent and far-seeing men who nourished any dream of independence were brought face to face with the fact, that, unless immediate action was taken, the possibility of a successful revolt might be gone for ever.

The conviction deepened and deepened for many months, until the ferment in the Hindu mind manifested itself in a score of ways. Yet not the slightest warning was conveyed to the Anglo-Indian official world. If the winning of India had been conditional upon a sympathetic comprehension of its people it is safe to say that it would never have been subject to Englishmen. Impartial foreigners who praise the present administration are astounded at its cold and haughty character, its want of touch with native aspirations, its almost contemptuous indifference to their prejudices and ideals. Much more effort is now made to bridge the gulf which separates the two races than in the fifties, when the possibility of an outbreak had never suggested itself except to a very few keen observers. Indeed, the breadth of that gulf was never realized until it was seen by the red light of war, its edges slippery with innocent blood, its depths echoing with the ghastly wail of victims and the savage yell of thousands sacrificed to their memory by a swift and unsparing revenge.

Nothing in connection with the mutiny is intelligible unless the conditions under which it arose are kept clearly in view. An Asiatic territory of vast distances, with a short line or two of railway; an immense hostile population, with a handful of
whites scattered among them; a small British army stationed here and there in cantonments, never pitched or prepared with any prevision of attack or defence, and associated with them in adjoining barracks regiments of picked natives, disciplined and equipped in the same manner, their companions upon hard-fought fields, outnumbering them five to one. In the neighbourhood of the cantonments were great cities swarming with fierce fanatics, only too eager to sell a life for a white man's life; beyond these lay provinces whose wild tribes till lately had lived by the sword, and who cursed the foreigner for the establishment of order and peace. White women and children were with the troops or in the cities dispersed throughout the country, where their husbands and brothers, dwelling far apart, were engaged in routine duties. Officialdom made minutes upon native discontent, and having carefully rounded its sentences, stiffened its phrases, and accurately addressed its superior by his full titles, had the honour to subscribe itself most obediently and perfunctorily content. There was eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the very day of judgment dawned, in the beginning of the hot weather, and when the chiefs of the forces were already retired for refreshment to the distant heights of the hills. Plot and conspiracy of a kind there no doubt had been, but the strength of the upheaval came from the widespread sense of hate fed from a hundred sources.

Subtle and treacherous by inheritance, those among the Hindus who were most prepared for murder met their European masters with the grave, placid, impenetrable face of innocence and submission. The bolder might scowl openly, or more often utter unintelligible words of insult in their vernacular, cloaked behind an obsequious smile. So the white
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collector left his office scarcely annoyed at hints of ill-will, or his wife cantered her horse and was out of sight of the gleaming eyes which roused her instinctive fear. To appreciate the situation one must realize the incapacity of a Caucasian bending over his despatches in the cool and quiet of his bungalow to fathom the purposes of the alien thousands who swarm without in the blinding heat. What does he understand of the gatherings by night in the jungle, in which his servants are supposed to be engaged in religious exercises? Hence it happened that while the authorities slumbered, at peace with themselves, and, as they thought, with all the world, villages were wakened by breathless runners on the highway, speeding from place to place with the fiery cross of resentment. Densely peopled cities resounded with the frenzied appeals of zealots preaching a holy war. The sepoy camps were sullen and spiteful, as the men repeated to each other the plot to defile them and destroy at once their caste, creed, and hope of salvation by means of cartridges containing the grease of cows, which they were to be compelled to bite. The credulous Oriental mind fermented with prophecies and omens, mysterious warnings and insensate libels of rancorous malice, until at last it blazed up into the fires of open rebellion.

In the North-west Provinces, then only recently brought under the Crown, almost the whole of the population took an active part in the rising. Elsewhere, while certain classes openly sympathized with it, and assisted to swell its forces, many of the commercial and more educated adhered to the British, while the peasants looked on with the placid indifference of men to whom life had no prospect of respite under either Hindu rajah or white collector. The ambitious
Brahmans and warlike Muhammadans ranged themselves among the mutineers, but were unable to arouse their fellows, either in the peninsula, in the Panjab, or in Bengal proper. Madras and Bombay gave evidence of sympathy with their brethren, but made no overt step towards them. The great State of Hyderabad, though agitated, remained loyal. The Panjab was saved by the decision of its officers, though as the months wore on the tension became greater and greater, until its fidelity was a question of days, if not of hours. In Bengal there were several flashes of revolt, but the feeble courage of the people and the resolution of a handful of strong Englishmen suppressed them as soon as they appeared. In every part of India there was danger; in every part there was reliance only upon the strong hand and firm will of a few Britons surrounded by hordes of stealthy foes; but the main struggle was confined to Delhi, the kingdom of Oudh, Rohilcund, and the Central Provinces. Here some 50,000,000 people, supporting a regular army of over 100,000 men, abundantly supplied with all the munitions of war, and captained by officers of long service and experience, together with hordes of daring irregular forces, offered a determined resistance to the small bodies of British troops which were hurried against them. The odds were fearful, and all the circumstances of the contest contributed to its horror.

The history of the campaigns may be given in a few lines. A series of mutinies placed Delhi in the hands of the rebels and shut up the English forces in Cawnpore and Lucknow. Barnard forced his way by means of three victories to the famous ridge outside the walls of Delhi, a centre of furious fighting for weeks to come. Havelock set out for Cawnpore, but before he arrived its garrison had been foully massacred,
and his force was too small to reach Lucknow, having to face incessant fighting at every march. His second attempt enabled him to reach the Residency, and reinforce it so as to secure its safety. Delhi fell by assault, when a third expedition, under Sir Colin Campbell, relieved Lucknow, and finally subdued the province. A brilliant campaign of Sir Hugh Rose in Central India hunted Tantia Tope, the best general of the rebels, and his forces, to death. A series of minor expeditionary wars were carried on in other parts, but Cawnpore, Delhi, and Lucknow were the three objective points of the struggle.

Cawnpore to-day is distinguished only by its memorials of shame and sorrow. All other traces of its infamous butchery have disappeared. At Lucknow the ruins of the Residency and adjoining buildings mark one of the most glorious sites in modern English story, where 1,600 men, in a group of brick buildings upon a slight ridge, bounded by a hastily constructed rampart, overlooked all along one side by native houses filled with sharpshooters, and attacked by thousands of rebels well equipped with artillery and skilled in engineering, held out for three months, although Henry Lawrence, who prepared it, reckoned it fit for only a fortnight's siege. Façades pitted with bullets and walls torn with shot still attest the severity of that terrible trial and the magnificent courage of its defenders. At Delhi there remains the breach in the wall by the Cashmere gate, and many rude gashes about it from a cannonade, after which six dauntless Britons, under a rain of bullets, blew in its iron studded doors. But nothing now exists to show where the streets where carried by hand to hand fighting, where house after house was stormed at the sword's point, its garrison spitted like vermin, and then fire opened upon its neighbour, until another bayonet charge was possible, and the hoarse
curses and cries of the defenders died into a deadly silence. Bloodiest scene of all was that enacted at the Sikandara Bagh, a palace built for a prince's favourite at Lucknow. It has a court yard 120 yards square, surrounded by a high wall intended to keep out the prying eyes of the world from the sanctity of the harem, but which served to keep in 1,643 Sepoys who retreated there, and were caught like rats in a trap. The 93rd Highlanders and 4th Panjab Rifles were at their heels; for some time there was clash of steel and cry of agony; and then the Scots and Sikhs marched out again leaving 1,643 Sepoy corpses to attest the thoroughness of their handiwork.

The mutiny by its very nature excluded hope of mercy. False to their oaths, and false to their flag, those who engaged in it staked their lives upon its success. Retreat or pardon were impossible. Still, having regard to their patriotism, it might have been excusable to have sympathized with them to some extent, even in the betrayal of their trust, had they not wantonly added murder and outrage to the list of their offences. In every instance their revolts were accompanied by the butchery of their officers, most of whom trusted them implicitly, and with some of whom they had been associated for years, the murder of unoffending civilians, of mothers in whose households they had lived, and of children whom they had nursed and fondled. In some few cases consideration was exhibited, but in most the unhappy maidens and matrons who fell into their hands were only permitted to die after having suffered the last outrages from the ruffians of the rebel camp. The deliberate perfidy by which Nana Sahib decoyed the English from their entrenchments at Cawnpore under a written pledge of safe conduct to fire upon them when
exposed and helpless on the river, and afterwards to massacre
the bereaved wives and children in cold blood by the hands
of slaughtermen from the bazaar, filled the cup of iniquity to
the brim, and imparted to the war its desperate character. So
far as the Sepoys were concerned it became a war of exter­
mination. Quarter was rarely asked, and never given. If
occasionally men flung down their arms, and were brought to
the lines, the reply of the officers to the intimation was simply,
"We take no prisoners," and there were none an hour after.
The march of the army was marked by bodies swinging from
the trees. Every morning in the captured cities the gallows
were loaded afresh, and even when hospitals were captured
the helpless inmates were soon relieved of their pain. Many
of the British soldiers carried with them tokens of those they
had lost. A tress of child's hair has had its hecatomb of
victims; a lady's glove or trinket has steeled hearts against
mercy. The Sepoy crimes were visited by awful retribution.

It would be a mistake to imagine that the reconquest of
the insurgent provinces was accomplished by whites alone.
If left to themselves, they might never have regained the
country, or regained it only after a prolonged struggle,
extending over years. Had the Panjab risen, as it was upon
the point of doing, or had Hyderabad and the independent
States taken the field, the reconquest of the North-West
could not have been attempted. India would have been lost,
and probably for ever. As it was, its fortune trembled in the
balance for weeks. The chief determining factors in the
British success were the abstention of the independent princes,
and the surprise when John Lawrence not only held the Panjab,
but poured down reinforcements of Sikhs to the army before
Delhi. Three or four battalions of Goorkhas fought for us
with a valour and constancy that were the admiration of Europeans; twelve regiments of Sikh infantry and five of cavalry formed the backbone of the native loyalists. A few years before, by the help of the Sepoys, the British had conquered the Sikhs; now, with the aid of the Sikhs, they were to annihilate the Sepoys. Nearly one-half of the gallant band which held the Residency of Lucknow for months against enormous odds consisted of natives, while there were before Delhi, in all, seven battalions of native infantry, three regiments of cavalry, a corps of sappers and miners, and 8,000 auxiliaries from the Panjab. The policy of Clive succeeded in the mutiny as it had succeeded a century before. Led by their white officers the native troops proved capable of splendid service, and it was by the aid of Sikhs and Goorkhas that the mutinous Hindus and Muhammadans were held in check and then vanquished. The sternness of the reprisals practised occasioned no alarm or regret in the ranks of these loyalists, who willingly adopted a ruthless and barbarous code congenial to their own notions of savage war.

The Clive policy, which required individual heroism of all Europeans as a matter of course, appealed to the natives upon another side, and they followed with enthusiasm their splendid leaders, who never seemed to know a fear. Yet their presence in white camps added a new peril to the mutiny, which it is difficult for us to picture to ourselves to-day in all its imminent danger. Troop after troop of Sepoys, at the outset loyal, yielded to the irresistible attraction of racial and patriotic feeling, and white officers who boasted of the loyalty of their men under the first temptations died by their hands when afterwards in a sudden burst of frenzy they threw in their lot with their countrymen. No man could foresee what regiments
of allies might not be the next to go. The Panjab hesitated and was agitated; if it went the Sikhs must go with it, and with them all would be gone in Northern India. As time rolled on and Delhi remained unsubdued, its rising became inevitable, and passed from a question of weeks to a question of days, almost a question of hours, ere the city was stormed. Stern and decisive action was necessary in some instances to deal with wavering bodies of Sepoys. The loyal battalions were not loyal to a man, and gallant Englishmen who fell leading them on into action were found to have been shot from behind. If this condition of things be realized, and there be added the terrible doubts and uncertainties of a time when the whole country appeared to be in revolt, intelligence of the small besieged garrisons was fitful, the allies in our midst were gravely suspected, and alarming rumors as to new outbreaks and movements in the independent States ran from town to town; the burden of the Lawrences, of Havelock, Neill, Taylor, and Campbell may be better conceived.

Notwithstanding native support, the brunt of the whole struggle, and of every battle in it, rested upon British troops. It was theirs to lead the way, to head the forlorn hope, to make the last charge, or to cover the reluctant retreat. Generals June, July, and August were among their worst enemies. The sun helmets and light clothing of to-day were unknown in '57, when raw recruits were pushed to the front with no protection to the head except that afforded by round caps or shakos, and with heavy accoutrements. Deaths from sunstroke and dysentery were almost as numerous as in battle, and more men were incapacitated or weakened by them. Transport arrangements were bad, the commissariat poor, the country covered with hostile villages, the bivouac was often
upon wet ground, and much of the fighting under a blazing tropical summer sun. The forces were altogether inadequate. Havelock's first relief was undertaken with less than one effective regiment, while the second and successful expedition only consisted of 3,000 men. At no time did the army before Delhi consist of 8,000 men, while the rebel strength exceeded 30,000. Sir Colin Campbell, in the third and final relief of Lucknow, only mustered 3,400 men, including natives. Always outnumbered, the British suffered the serious disadvantage of being faced each day by a fresh native army unaffected by the climate, acquainted with the country, assisted by its inhabitants, and fighting often with distinguished bravery. In six months Havelock fought and won nine victories over forces superior to his own, and having the choice of positions of vantage. In six weeks the British before Delhi fought twenty battles, for as fast as fresh troops arrived in the city they were marched out and hurled against the besiegers before they could become discouraged by learning the reverses of their comrades. The close of the war made the same incessant demands upon the victors, for the rebels, afraid to face the avenging army in the field, sought the shelter of almost inaccessible hills, or of impenetrable jungle, sallying forth for food or plunder, and flying as soon as faced. Interminable marches and counter marches over arid burning plains, and through country flooded up to the horses' girths, brought at last the final result—the foe at bay, worn with flight and despair, determined to die hard, sword in hand, routed out of his den, or charging madly upon the bayonets of the inexorable whites.

The mutiny made scores of heroes, but it also discovered the personal weakness of some among the highest in command.
If the first outbreak at Meerut had been promptly suppressed, or even Delhi seized immediately upon its occurrence, the whole insurrection might have been nipped in the bud. The inaction that followed there, in the hills, and at Cawnpore were responsible for the most serious reverses. The seniors seemed utterly incapable of coping with the crisis until Have-lok, Outram, Colin Campbell, and Sir Hugh Ross came to the front. But the juniors were more than equal to the emergency, and it was Herbert Edwards and Nicholson, in the Panjab, under John Lawrence; Gubbins and Inglis, in Lucknow, under Henry Lawrence; Moore, in Cawnpore; Chamberlain, Cotton, Baird Smith, and Taylor, in Delhi, who form the vanguard of the glorious band of the earlier days of strife and anxiety. Neill, the Cromwellian soldier, whose grim piety struck terror into the insurgents by remorseless executions, and Taylor, who saved Bengal, are among the giants of the time. The brilliant Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, who with his own hand shot the princes in Delhi, has a more chequered reputation. Sir Henry Norman, the present Governor of Queensland, was in the struggle from the commencement, and took part in many of its most striking events. The Empire, almost lost by the supineness and feebleness of those placed highest in authority, was saved by the galaxy of heroes who sprang into the arena to retrieve the day.

Hindus capable of reflection would do well to make a careful study of the condition of things that prevailed in the districts from which the British were driven in the earlier part of the mutiny. The native troops, by their habits of discipline, at first imparted a certain order to the rebel administration where they were stationed. Throughout the war they preserved their military organization to some extent, and obeyed their office.
as a rule. In Delhi, however, they plundered their fellow-citizens and debauched their households, insulted the king, and engaged in intestine quarrels. In the country there was open anarchy; armed bands travelled in the name of the rebellion, pillaging and destroying without compunction. There was no authority except that of the strong arm—the good old rule that

"He should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can,"

was in force everywhere outside of the British lines. The unhappy peasant, robbed of his scanty possessions, and liable to be outraged without redress, came gradually to appreciate the security he had enjoyed before he lost his European and refound his native master.

The prospects of another mutiny are canvassed still, and though there is now little indeed that could be urged in justification of an insurrection, the ignorance and prejudice of the masses is such that it is not impossible. The reasonable, or well informed, are comparatively few, and the multitude are still liable to be led by the designing into another upheaval. It is generally admitted that any serious reverse to the British arms would probably lead to an immediate revolt. In such an event the altered circumstances of the country will count for a great deal. There are now half as many white troops as native, and they hold all important positions in a strong grip. There is no longer any native artillery, so that the whole of this important arm is in British hands. The railway system is complete enough, so long as it can be maintained, to provide for a rapid concentration, while the telegraph extends to every corner of the country. The native regiments are composed of men drawn in certain proportions from various
districts and various creeds; have less cause of complaint, and are kept more tightly in hand. Reinforcements could in time of peace abroad be much more rapidly landed in the country, while the transport and commissariat arrangements are immensely improved. In brief, it appears to the observer that, except on the occurrence of a disastrous or prolonged foreign war, there is little fear of a successful mutiny. If the native forces remain loyal the great improvement in modern weapons will go far towards rendering any rising of irregulars futile. Setting aside the prospects of Russian invasion, India appears safe for the time.

In 1857–58 the Empire hung upon a thread, and for months its fate trembled in the balance. It was so often in danger that it was saved many times; but the chief cause of its ultimate triumph was the marvellous individual heroism which it evoked. In India the Anglo-Saxon, left to himself, and with tremendous responsibilities imposed upon him, has always risen to the height of the occasion, and exhibited his inherent qualities of dauntless courage and inexhaustible endurance upon the most splendid scale, and on the most picturesque theatre in the world. The days of chivalry could not furnish a longer list of glorious achievements than the mutiny, nor the Crusades a more brilliant episode in the conflict between East and West. To take one illustration among many, turn to the siege of Arrah, when 18 whites and 50 Sikhs bricked themselves up in a billiard room, under the leadership of Vicars Boyle, a railway engineer, and Herwald Wake, a magistrate. An effort to relieve them by a force of 400 men was led into an ambuscade and defeated. For a week they had to endure constant assault, the attempt to drive them out by suffocation with smoke and by the stench of rotting horses piled against
the walls, and the fire of two small pieces of artillery, fortunately ill supplied with projectiles. They were saved from hunger by a successful raid upon the enemy, and from thirst by digging a well down through the floor. They cast their own bullets and repelled the enemies' mines by counter mines, until at last 200 men, under the gallant Vincent Eyre, relieved them, accomplishing by their aid the overthrow of 5,000 Sepoys and the pacification of a large district. Such deeds as these deserve to be set beside the great victories which history has hallowed, and in heroism if not in consequences, even beside that memorable defence of a seaside defile in Greece, where the Asiatic hordes of Xerxes received their first check, and the world its great model of patriotic valor, at Thermopylæ.
CONCLUSION.

INDIA.

"Empire of myths and marvels, tropic, frore,
Weird image, gold on iron, brass with clay,
Ill-welded, reared by might; ever the prey
Of the strong stranger; prone as prize of war
To brutish idols, tigerish, grim with gore.
A history of holocaust. How long
Deep-brooding thought, bright art, and stirring song
Fail to breed freemen, or establish law.
Europe, on her own bed of torture, groans,
Drugged with deceitful dreams—expatriate,
Enfranchises, exploits her ancient mate,
Barbaric Asia, who in nightmare moans,
Crushed by an awe-full sense of adverse Fate,
Fanatic faiths, and blood-anointed thrones."

Sir Alfred Lyall, a philosophic historian, has a calm and lucid insight into the religious and political past of the country in which he held high office for many years. But he carries into his verses, as Sir Charles Dilke noted when comparing Anglo-Indian with Australian poetry, the note of pessimism inevitably echoed in every criticism of India. The gloomy prospect presented by the ever-increasing pressure of its population upon subsistence, with the degradation thus involved,* or a contemplation such as De Quincey's of its "monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions . . . . the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart and refused to mix through im-

memorial tracts of time . . . . and of the vast empires in which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast,” transient in state and tragic in end, deepens the sadness of the picture from every point of view. The relation of East and West in itself offers little ground for optimism. Those who regard what is termed “civilization” in Europe with very mixed feelings, in which repulsion to its materialism and to the condition of its masses is blended with unconquerable suspicion of the system that permits such sacrifices of human possibilities, naturally approach any examination of the influence of a “civilized” invasion upon a weaker people with their expectations pitched in a very minor key. The result in this instance is, therefore, the more encouraging, since, measured by a strictly relative standard, it is demonstrable that, so far as India is concerned, the Hindus, in recent times, have been greatly the gainers by British rule.

Lovely and splendid as are the marble memorials of the Mughals, spacious and mighty as are the giant-gated temples of the South, they cannot be compared for an instant, even in costliness or in size, with the great engineering works of the white invader—not clustered as those are upon a few special sites, but scattered with a liberal hand throughout the whole peninsula; no tokens of idle pride, but gauges of permanent prosperity; not private or personal in their purposes, but devoted to the public weal; not merely ornamental or venerable, but of the widest and most fruitful utility. Indeed, so numerous are they, and so various, that they can only be summed up in general categories.

One great testimony to the British epoch is furnished by the splendid railways, roads, and telegraphs crossing and recrossing the country from end to end, which, with local
river and coast services, compose a complete system of com­munication, conquering the immense distances and diversities of India, and knitting them into one national whole. These agencies of business and travel, almost unknown to the rest of Asia, can, of course, be seen in even greater perfection in parts of Europe and America, though they have a peculiar value here, in the fierce and interminable fight against famine. But the immense areas, watered by diversified irrigation schemes, which maintain the food supply of millions, in all seasons, by the most ingenious and often colossal groups of dams, aqueducts, super-passages, weirs, and other works, offer a greater and more striking testimony still, to which there is no parallel in the world.

Taken together with the State ownership of much of the land of the country and most of its railways, its planting of settlements on waste areas, and advances to individual farmers for improvements on their holdings, the State control of the opium traffic, of the timber trade of the admirable Forestry Department, its frequent re-adjustments of rents and taxes to local circumstances, and its unceasing efforts to cope with starvation and pestilence, one finds that the industrial development of the country, of which irrigation is the first and most prominent feature, is the achievement of an alien Government, more than paternal in wise and bold provision for the peoples whom it has subdued.

And yet perhaps the greatest of all the testimonies to British control is the invisible atmosphere of peace which enfolds the whole of the Indian races, tribes, castes, and classes, nearly three hundred million strong, insuring them a security for life and property everywhere such as was unknown in their most advanced kingdoms prior to the white man's coming, and is
yet unknown in those remaining under native mastery. Law, as Dr. Hearn impressively reminded us, is of distinctively modern and European growth, and its transplantation into Asia, where ancestral custom reigns supreme, is of itself a memorable feat, all the fruits of which cannot yet be foreseen.

It need not be pretended that the present régime of State initiative is perfect in all its manifold spheres. It is not perfect within much narrower bounds in London, Paris, or New York; but the unquestionable improvement—palpable and impalpable—upon the previous condition of the country is immense. The life of the people has been rendered freer, safer, fuller, and happier by unceasing efforts of their Caucasian conquerors, who, amidst their many blunders and many faults, selfish aims and narrow sympathies, have, on the whole and in the end, conferred upon their subjects a degree of material well-being, and opportunities for self-development, which probably fall not far short of the total of gifts which one race and nation can hope to confer upon another, under such circumstances.

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If the "hopeless insularity" of the Briton is ever to be dissolved, it will surely be in an era when, blending with Frenchmen in Canada and Mauritius, with the Dutch at the Cape, and facing new conditions of life with men of all European types in the United States and in Australia, he at the same time lays his armed hands upon India and Egypt, the two most ancient, conservative, intellectually rich and historically attractive of the great nations of the East. What may be the effect of this relation upon the subject races it would be idle to conjecture, but the contact with them and with abler
rivals in other quarters of the globe must necessarily call forth whatever originality or receptivity the Anglo-Saxon possesses. In numbers those in the mother country are already outstripped by their offspring oversea. Well may Kipling ask—"What should they know of England who only England know?"

Or what can we know of Australia if we limit our inquiries within our borders, to the neglect of our relations far and near, and of those Asiatic empires which lie closest to us, with whose future our own tropical lands may yet be partially identified? A people of yesterday, sprung from a Western race, we find ourselves settled under the shadow of the antique Orient, and its swarming myriads of coloured peoples. Some are already adjoining our northern coasts; the distance which separates us from those upon the mainland is being steadily diminished year by year. Far away as at first the Hindus appear in origin, foreign in blood, strange in practices, and remote in aims, they are not in reality without kinship to us. Politically and intellectually, as well as geographically, we are already allied.

There are other ties between us which we share in common with all the world. To say, with Terence, "Humani nihil a me alienum puto," is to repeat a truth, confirmed by the rippest experience, and to which modern science attaches the profoundest significance. The superstitions and politics of Brahmanized races are not without their analogies in our midst to-day. There are warnings to us from pagan temples and monitions from Muhammadan tombs.

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PRESS NOTICES

OF

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"The author's views of India are fresh and striking. . . . It is of great interest to hear the view which one of the most colonial of colonial statesmen takes of British rule in India. . . . No European traveller has ever shown a higher appreciation of the beauties of the Indian cities." —The Right Honourable Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P., in the Fortnightly Review.

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