

INDIA IN  
ENGLISH  
LITERATURE

WITH COMPLIMENTS.

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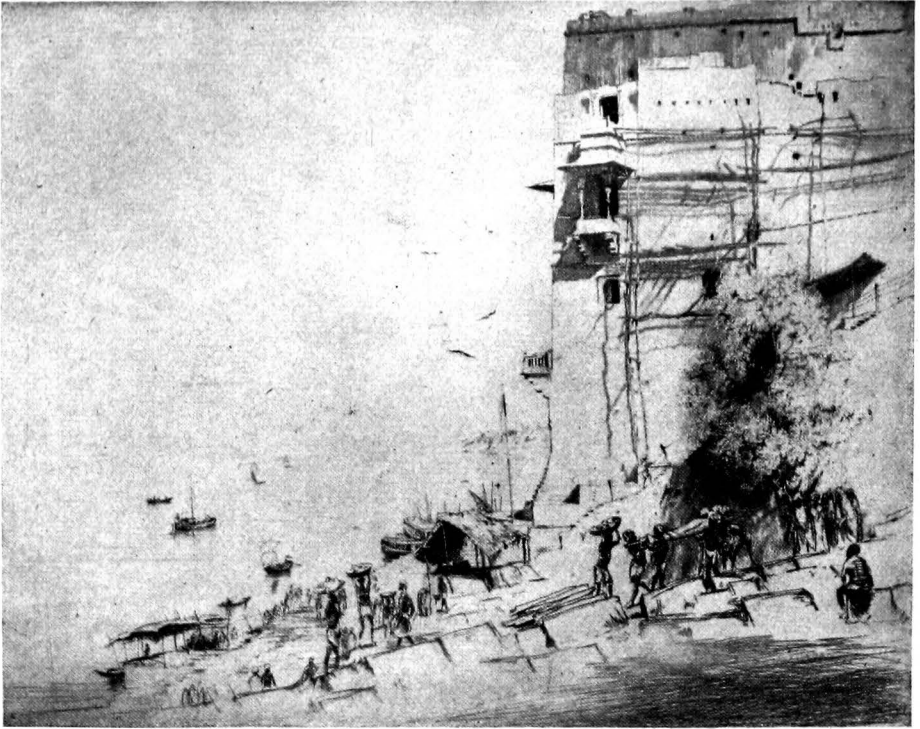
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# INDIA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

There's the secret of the Indies to unravel  
Herbert Trench

TO MY GODMOTHER  
MES. NIMROD CECIL SHAW

with many grateful memories of Mangaohane,  
Otankoro and Omaranni as well as of Bavaria,  
Carinthia and Val'd'Arno.



**THE HOLY RIVER**

**by E. S. Lumsden A. R. S. A. R. E. 42 York Place. Edinburgh.**

INDIA IN  
ENGLISH LITERATURE

By  
ROBERT SENCOURT

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TO MY GODMOTHER

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NEURIPPIN



## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

*In error, the author's final corrections were not made, and the following long list of errata is therefore inevitable:—*

### ERRATA

Page		
3	Line 30	<i>For "group" read "groups"</i>
5	" 13	<i>For "bond" read "bound"</i>
"	" "	<i>For "Grenada" read "Granada"</i>
18	" 4	<i>For "belowed" read "beloved"</i>
22	" 28	<i>For "wordly" read "worldly"</i>
24	" 7	<i>For "influee" read "influence"</i>
33	" 5	<i>For "for" read "far"</i>
46	" 8	<i>Delete comma</i>
74	" 9	<i>For "avorice" read "avarice"</i>
79	" 9	<i>For "Mile" read "Nile"</i>
80	" 26	<i>For "This it," read "This, it"</i>
111	" 1	<i>For "Terry" read "Terry's"</i>
114	" 21	<i>Delete inverted commas</i>
127	" 11	<i>Insert comma after "sailing"</i>
"	" "	<i>Delete comma after "suggestion"</i>
143	" 24	<i>For "retvoric" read "rhetoric"</i>
163	Note	<i>For "Lyallm" read "Lyall's"</i>
168	Line 18	<i>Delete "and"</i>
169	" 9	<i>After "survival" insert "of"</i>
176	" 11	<i>For "stongas" read "stanzas"</i>
213	" 15	<i>For "follows" read "follies"</i>
225	" 15	<i>For "They" read "Thy"</i>
226	" 22	<i>Delete "who"</i>
236	" 23	<i>For "if" read "of"</i>
"	" 26	<i>For "of Hastings" read "to Hastings"</i>
245	" 28	<i>For "only" read "one"</i>
246	" 27	<i>For "the" read "their"</i>
261	" 12	<i>For "exstinction" read "extinction"</i>
265	" 19	<i>After "Burke" insert "did"</i>
271	" last	<i>For "and" read "of"</i>
285	" 11	<i>After "with" insert "the"</i>
287	" 13	<i>For "envelope" read "envelop"</i>
"	" 15	<i>For "shadowy" read "shadow"</i>

Page		
302	Line 12	Delete " against "
308	" 2	For " port " read " poet "
323	" 3	For " guage " read " gauge "
325	" 29	Delete " of "
351	" 6	For " it's " read " its "
360	" 25	For " some things " read " something "
"	" 26	After " Whibley " insert inverted commas and from next line
366	" 1	For " imperfeet " read " imperfect "
367	" 18	For " Indian " read " India "
372	" 5	For " as " read " is "
375	" 16	For " brilant " read " brilliant "
379	" 8	After " of " insert " a "
380	" 8	Delete " cleaning "
381	" 29	For " hat jut " read " had just "
384	" 19	Delete " who "
387	" 15	For " streem " read " stream "
"	" 23	For " altho's " read " altho "
392	" 9	After " lamp " insert " in "
393	" 17	For " declinate " read " delineate "
394	" 8	For " there " read " they "
396	" 10	For " brilliant " read " brilliantly "
398	" 9	For " course " read " coarse "
"	" 12	After " shows " insert " the "
406	" 7	After " is " insert " a "
408	" 5	For " torrens " read " Torrens "
412	" 22	For " cousiderably " read " considerable "
433	" 1, 17	For " Innis " read " Muir "
436	" 21	Delete " Though "
442	" 21	For " An " read " And "
445	" 29	After " topmost " insert " roof "
446	" 23	After " topmost " insert " roof "
"	" 24	For " of England " read " in India "
451	" 15	For " Disreali " read " Disraeli "
452	" 4	For " pictoral " read " pictorial "
453	" 4	For " duzzling " read " dazzling "
454	" 26	For " kiccessful " read " successful "
455	" 1	For " was " read " has "
465	2nd col.	For " Innis " read " Muir "

## PREFACE.

The work which I now present to the judgment firstly of scholars and then of those to whom my subject appeals, is one on which I have been intermittently engaged for seven years. It is the result of a study not only of great names and of books rarely read, and of unearthed manuscripts, but also of India herself. For over three years I lived and travelled in India and saw her life there from the most varied points of view. I saw first the life of one of her Universities for which I lectured and examined. I arrived in Lahore as the brilliant cold weather of the Punjab was ending, and when, after fresh nights, delicious cloudless days followed one after another. I continued there till the temperature was 100 in the shade, and 160 in the sun.

In June I drove to Dharmasala, then I walked, alone but for my Indian retinue, two or three hundred miles through the ridges and valleys of Kulu and the Sutlej to Simla. From there I descended to the plains, and paid a visit to the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad in the Deccan. Before my vacation was over I had travelled on through the Ghats and Rajputana.

The next Christmas I visited Agra, Delhi and Benares, and at Easter Dalhousie in the Himalayas. In the long Vacation I did a month's camping in Kashmir, visited in Central India, the Concan and Ahmedabad. At the beginning of the

autumn I succeeded at last in passing a medical test and became attached to one of the most famous regiments of Indian cavalry, the Central India Horse, with whom I spent a very happy winter. I was entertained the next two Christmases by the Maharajah Scindia at Gwalior and hunted his jungles on an elephant. After a severe illness when with the regiment I became attached to the General Staff at Army Headquarters, first at Simla, then at Delhi. In the autumn I motored into Kashmir through Abbottabad and Garhi Habiullah and then drove up the Khyber, and during the winter visited Allahabad and Calcutta. The next spring I was invalided home. I was later invited by the Secretary of State to take up a post in the India Office, which I held for a year before devoting myself more entirely to this work.

During my three years in India therefore I not only travelled many thousand miles but saw the life of the English administrator and soldier in the Capital and in the remote station, I caught a glimpse of the range of the life of the natives of India. I knew their political leaders and their political enemies. I have followed the tiger through the jungle and sailed on the Narbada, swum in the Ganges and climbed to a height of 14000 feet, galloped through streams along the Concan shore, and followed the polo ball on my pony in Guna. In the same week I had interviews with the Viceroy and Mrs. Besant. And my life in India was a long record of the reception of kindnesses and hospitality and the formation of friendships. It is to such that I owe the knowledge of India which guided me through my hours in the Bodleian, the British Museum, the Vatican and the India Office Library.

I cannot therefore proceed further without an acknowledgment to my Indian and English friends and especially to their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Willingdon, to His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, Sir Farid-ul-Mulk and the Nawab Khusrū Jang, to their Highnesses the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, the Maharajahs of Udaipur and of Jodhpur, and the Begum of Bhopal, to the Nawab Sir Zalfiqar Ali Khan, K. C. I. E., to the Honble. Mrs. Spence, to the late Sir Alexander and to Lady Pinhey, to W. Jardine Esq, C. I. E., to Sir Charles and Lady Chitty, to Sir Patrick Fagan, K. C. S. I., and Lady Fagan, to Sir Alexander and Lady Diack, to the Honble. Mr. Pratt, to Mr. and Mrs. Molony of Agra, to the late Mr. Alcock and to Mrs. Alcock, and my late colleague Mirza Mohammed Said. To all of them I owe many opportunities for the further study of my work, and besides there are those who interested themselves directly in it, the late Sir George Birdwood M. A., K. C. S. I., who wrote me a valuable letter shortly before his death, His Excellency Sir Edward Maclagan, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., who lent me his monograph on the Jesuit missions to Akbar, to Sir George Forrest, C. I. E., who has guided me with letters, information and personal advice and who knew so much more of my subject than any other, to the late Sir Walter Raleigh who began as I have done in India and who has helped me hardly less and whose preliminary essay to his edition of Hakluyt's Voyages was an inspiration to me, to Sir Herbert Warren K. C. V. O., who has been generous to me with all the resources of his powerful friendship, to Professor Edward Farley Oaten, twice winner of the Le Bas prize at Cambridge and the author of a valuable chapter on Anglo-Indian Literature in the Cambridge

History of English Literature, to Douglas Carruthers Esq. who sent me his article in the Geographical Journal on the Desert Route from Aleppo to Baghdad, to Dr. Edwyn Bevan, Fellow of New College, who sent me his account of India's easy intercourse with the Western world before it was published in the Cambridge History of India, and to Mr. P. S. Allen, Fellow of Merton, who brought me in touch with the work of the late Mr. Cuthbert Shields and others, to Mr. Nichol Smith who guided me in my submission of the subject to scholars, to Dr. Thomas of the India Office Library and to Mr. William Foster C.I.E., who keeps the records of the India Office for repeated guidance (he corrected the proofs of my historical passages) also to Mr. E. M. Forster who read me the M. S. of a delightful novel on India on which he is engaged and his papers on Eliza Fay which appeared in an Egyptian newspaper, and to Sir Thomas Arnold C.I.E., Litt.D., who also put me on the track of valuable information, to Miss S. Weitzmann M. A. Faulkner Fellow of Manchester University, who enlightened me on the subject of Francis's relations with Hastings and with Burke, to Percy Simpson Esq. who supplied me with facts about Dr. Johnson's knowledge of India, to Dr. Macdonnell of the Indian Institute and, not least, to the Honble. Mr. Richard Burn who has written to me repeatedly on my subject, and finally to Sir Aurel Stein K. C. I. E., who furnished me with some very recondite and suggestive details. I should like also particularly to acknowledge the pleasure and stimulation in my study of India which I owed to the time spent with my friends Sirdar Jogindra Singh, to Lord Carnegie of the Scots Guards formerly A. D. C., to the Viceroy, and Lieut.

C. R. Watson of the 28th Punjabis who was killed on the Tigris in April 1916.

My reference to the *Courier de l'Orient* of the Abbé Carré has already been printed in the *Geographical Journal*, and my introduction in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Other extracts have appeared in the *Hindustan Review* and *East and West*.

One of my greatest privileges in pursuit of this work has been that it has brought me in touch with the strong, subtle and accurate art of Mr. E. S. Lumsden R. E., A. R. S. A. who has allowed me to use some his work for my illustrations. The picture books of Indian scenes have been to my mind a corollary of my study and I give a list of them in the appendix. I am convinced that no pictures of India have so reproduced the peculiar quality of her scenes as these of Mr. Lumsden. But I am not an art critic. In the words of Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, however, Mr. Lumsden's art has been described with authority. "Discarding the easier convention of high light contrasted with deep shadow" wrote Mr. Salaman of Mr. Lumsden, "his pictorial aim was to interpret the scenes he looked upon in the enchantment of suffused sunlight of the peculiar quality that was locally true. And whether his etching needle has been concerned with some serener spacious view of the river front of the sacred city, or with the temples, the palaces, the bazaars, the bathing ghats, with the actualities of the multifarious life of the natives, his treatment of light has never failed, but has given his plated a distinctive character and beauty . . . .

"What of Lumsden's painting? . . . Spontaneous, rapid, direct studies they are, painted with exquisite translucent

quality and interpreting with a genuine artistic sincerity a vision of delicate refinement and a penetrating sympathy with the thing seen. In these studies the artist has so fused his personality with his subject that the very vitality of the scene is conveyed to us through the emotional impulse of his art. Here is no conventional impulse of oriental colouring, but here is artistic truth of coloured form in exquisite harmonies that the light and atmosphere of India have taught the artist's brush to sing. He revels in sunlight, but, needless to say, never garishly; while after sunset, in such studies as the *Well-Head* and *Twilight Benares*, he paints a lovely poetry of tones."

Fiesole. 1923.

R. S.



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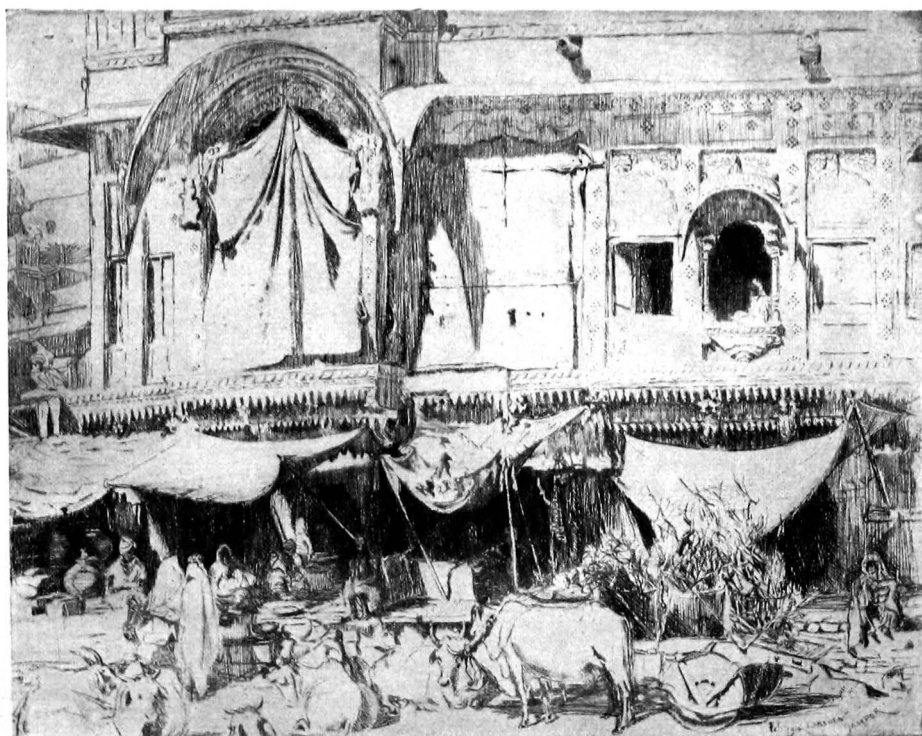
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**THE MARKET-PLACE--JODHPUR**

**by E. S. Lumsden A. R. S. A. R. E. 42 York Place. Edinburgh.**

# INDIA IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## INTRODUCTION.

It is true that all have not seen Everest, but if in the Oriental world there is a peak or salience which has been known to Western minds as more remarkable, it is in the wealth of strange impressions by which the Orient has enhanced those minds' imaginative life. And what is romance itself but the imagination aroused by strangeness to life and adventure? Now, though the faculties may in any matter fail to reach the height they look towards, their very hope and effort draw to them something of what they lacked of inspiration; and not as a vain indulgence, but in fulfilment of the purpose that they might have life, and have it more abundantly, have Western peoples carried on the tradition of the romance and glamour of the East. Through the ages they have sought to enrich their life from Arabia, Syria and Egypt, and in later days the English have travelled yet further into the splendour of the morning; for there is a country in the East more visited than the precincts of Arabia, a country which has laid her claim, not only upon the allegiance of her own, but upon the feelings of travellers from the most alien horizons. The spirit of place can kindle as personal an admiration as a lovely human creature, and so India has fascinated, fascinated because in her most gracious aspects

she is most elusive, and the familiar in her runs with the most strange.

Not only are the meditative and discerning minds the complement of one another, but they draw together with the scholarly. The true observer looks out upon the order of diverse created things, he looks in upon himself and interprets what he sees in each, not only by the other but by the literary record. "Studies," said Bacon, "perfect nature and are perfected by experience." Those who love the purlieus of the East may heighten their admiration and explore their secrets in looking back over the written word which has endured. Those who wish to understand their books by grasping the conceptions of their authors, must know something of the nature of that country whose very name has been as an incantation to their poets, and which has furnished abundant themes for eloquent and weighty sentences.

And what is India? It has been said that as soon as one touches its shores one scents a prevailing odour which is in one's nostrils until one sets sail again; yet really in India there are a hundred odours from champak to assafoetida, from the grainy incense of the bazaar to the fumes from the dead bodies which burn beside the sacred river; though the sense, or the interpreting intelligence, detects an atmospheric resemblance in them all. And so though all India can give a distinctive impression which we recognise as national, yet there are a hundred Indias, Indias with such deep and wide varieties of meaning that they produce a chaos of ideas and remain a medley until they are described.

And indeed, what unity is it reasonable to expect of a country which stretches, over plain and plateau and desert,

from the cool shadows of the Himalayan deodar and the rocky bareness of the Khyber Pass, or the half Afghan Tochi Valley, to the luxuriant growths, which, beneath the Ghats and Nilgiris, give gorgeousness to the margin of tropic seas? In an exacter sense, perhaps, than first the fabler meant it, the saying put in the mouth of Mandeville is still true that "In Ind there be full many divers countries". The name of India, used at first to comprehend the greatest reaches of the Orient, still remains a symbol of abbreviation to denote a stretch of continent bounded on the North by the mountains which limit Central Asia there and on the South by the sea. It has come to embrace on the East Burma, and a tract of land best known as Indo-China, and, fifteen hundred miles from its Eastern boundary, it marches on its West with Persia. By the name Continent, Sir Thomas Holderness thinks that it is best described. Into this Continent, first inhabited by a low and primitive people, have swept down conquerors, the early Aryans and later the Greek, the Mongol, the Tartar. Each has left his influence but the Tartar in his Mogul descendants dominated almost as widely as the British influence does to-day. The Greek influence was slight, and except at Taxilla in the Punjab and again, according to legend, at Shahdara where the date palms grow more thickly along the banks of the River Ravi which delayed the Greek army before Lahore, and which was strewn with the stones of the dates eaten by Alexander's men, — except for this it is only in scattered figures of stone decorated with classic drapings that one can discern any signs of the Greek King's conquests. Around Lahore too is the first of those great group of architecture, — fort and tomb, mosque and palace, — in which the Mogul Emperor

Shah Jehan delighted to express the magnificence of his race and dynasty. The buildings which arose under his direction are the triumph of Indian art. His conceptions, however, were not limited to the confines of his own Empire: the name he chose for himself signifies no less than "The Emperor of the World" and he called the tomb of his favourite wife "The Crown of Palaces", and indeed it would be difficult to find in the whole world a more impressive architectural conception. So deeply awed were the people of the Middle Ages by the proportions and design of the Cathedral at Cologne that the story came to be believed that that great House of God was not completed before the architect had lost his soul in a wager with the devil. No such sinister story has been told of him who built the Taj Mahal, but it can hardly be said that the building of Shah Jehan impresses the traveller less deeply than any of the great Gothic cathedrals. Within his forts at Agra and Delhi, he built himself lordly pleasure houses where he might retire to the society of his queens, or, emerging, direct his affairs as he sat on his peacock throne in the centre of imperial pageantry. In his character, no doubt, was much that was vicious and debased, but some of his conceptions passed, as Marlowe said of those of Tamburlaine, beyond "the wondrous architecture of this world"; he grasped the truth that majesty and love are qualities of the Infinite, and he expressed it in the beauty of two splendid memorials. Those who know the serene atmosphere of the spacious serai outside Jehangir's tomb at Shahdara, as it may be felt when the sun leaves the purple masses of bougainvillea on its walls in the mellow air of a late October afternoon, those who have seen the dazzling marble outlines of the Taj Mahal against

the blaze of a June morning in Hindustan, and waited for all their faculties to merge in their admiration of its faultless proportions, or the harmony of its intricate detail, can hardly fail to realise the dignity with which the Mogul builders clothed the traditional subtlety of the Indian mind when they celebrated the conquest of love and majesty over death. As an observer enters, awed, into the mysterious and unsullied sanctity pervading that still court before the marble mosque at Agra which its designer called "The Pearl" he may realise that the dominant inspiration was still distinctively religious;—for it is a striking fact, though Mussulman architecture is no peculiarity of India, and though in Southern Spain, the farthest bond of Oriental conquest, the Alhambra at Grenada and the garden of the Generalife above it, which the Moors built during their occupation of the country, are severally in close relationship to the Palace in Agra Fort, and to the Shalamar gardens, whether beside Lahore or on the Dal Lake in Kashmir,—though the designs of the Mohammadans in palaces and gardens and to a large extent in mosque as well rose on the same broad lines everywhere,—the Indian of to-day, the Hindu equally with the Moslem, hastens to claim the great Mogul buildings for his own nation. His pride and pleasure in them are not less because they were the work of an alien dynasty. Indeed, he forgets that there was a foreign element in their composition, and we, with them, must accept them as a product of the country's genius.

It is doubtful, however, if India can be said to have adopted the bequests of the Mongolian and the Briton with the same thoroughness as she has adopted those. But for Kashmir the former are restricted to her Eastern territory—



There along the Valley of the Brahmaputra, or where the pagodas of the Buddhists rise among the subtler and sweeter colours of Burma, they maintain their peculiar tradition. But what is to be said of the Imperium Britannicum? It has not built, and it is not likely to build gorgeous monuments in stone to draw the wonder and admiration of future travellers; it has felt but little of the passion for artistic beauty; its administrators in general have maintained themselves more apart from the indigenous communities than the strictest rules of caste, or the extremest religious exclusiveness, could have demanded. And yet their influence is everywhere. Not least, nor least significant, among the mysteries of India is its position in the British Empire. Illusive always, yet profoundly real, the bond between England and India is a tangle of intertwisting growths. It is the object of this book to trace the twinings of a few of them, to survey one aspect of India's influence on England.

It has been hurled at the English as a gibe that they came first to the Orient as traffickers, and that they spread their power in India from sordid and selfish motives. It is true that whilst St. Francis Xavier was moved to do for his religion what merchants from the Mediterranean had already done for their own gain, among the first English travellers, there were few missionaries. Few, if any, had intentions which were consciously even altruistic. But despising travellers because they are not missionaries or saints or reformers is not the way to read history. In travel and in commerce, as in war and empire, projects may be seldom free from selfishness; human nature is strangely mixed; motives are seldom clear; not seldom vice or weakness on one side

of the character is compensated by something admirable on another; (and nowhere does this need to be more clearly remembered than in considering Indians and English in their mutual relations). Thus adventurers have been inspired by patriotic enthusiasm and have themselves inspired it. "To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely." Homes and nations need not be less attractive for the signs of prosperity; money, well spent, produces and enhances beauty. So, therefore, the quest for wealth and power, leading to the love of adventure has stirred men from the sordid to the romantic, from the paltry to the great. As the Englishman in India to-day looks back to the beginnings of the East India Company, he has no cause to be ashamed.

What was the immediate historic cause why it was founded? It was the unification of the Iberian peninsula under Philip II of Spain. Lisbon had been since the voyage of Vasco da Gama the first and last European port. Philip annexed Portugal in 1580. And being the enemy of the Protestant nations of the North, he made a stoppage in the trading of the world. The Dutch were in despair. But they recovered their equanimity and for a few hundred years threw into ventures of their own an enterprise rewarded by unprecedented prosperity. The English followed them,—slowly, but their hand is on the plough share still. Much as the Indies meant to Holland, the connection was but temporary. England took them into herself and nourished her life on them. On the greatest trading nation in history, commerce with the Indies has left its splendid stigma for ever. If we survey with a discriminating eye the ranges of our literature, we will see that that Company enriched and enlarged the national mind and did great things to it for good.

It is common knowledge how soon trade demanded a more complex body of Englishmen, and the history of British influence in India from 1600 to 1858 shows how the enterprise of the trader gave way to the dominance of the soldier and the administrator: it is still in commerce, in administration and in the things of war that the Briton finds his work in India. It is those which even now determine the habits of his mind. Often need has brought him; he has come to the country not because he likes her, or the work she gives him, but only because in her spacious households he has a refuge from the sordidness of poverty; because, as Sir Alfred Lyall said, he wants to save himself from growing old in a commonplace way. To such a man, and perhaps he is the prevailing type amongst the English in India, the country is hateful and dull, or he likes to pretend that it is so, in an attempt, generally a vain attempt, to cover the traces of a much more ordinary life in England. Or again, since the country and the work he does are a necessity, his pleasure in India is confined only to his sport. Yet not least as soldier and sportsman has the Englishman been a gain to India, nor least accorded with the spirit of the more actively adventurous of her people. It is with joy that he remembers the great open spaces and the game, the duck he got among the jhils, the bear he tracked out in a Kashmir valley, the privileged adventure of the hunting of big game. Or again, less the hunter than the idler at the bar, he finds his pleasure in the clubs, the game played rather well, and the drinks afterwards, the steady flow of conventional talk in which poverty of mind need never prevent him from feeling at his ease: for he rests comfortably in that comradeship, which exists by "the link

between dull people consisting in the fraternal agreement that something is too clever for them", the rupture of which is not to be regarded lightly. Though disturbed, generally for several months in the year, by the heat, such are his satisfactions, — his drinks and buoying him with a sense of his superiority to the world at large, prominent in the natives who serve beneath him. Such interests, it is obvious, however much they dominate in each large civil, or even military, station, have nothing to do with literature, with an art which conquers time by the force and delicacy of feeling or of wit, by which it arouses the mind to image life at least by its sprightly, if not, in its grand and intense aspects. Such was the power of the immortal song which a wondrous bird sang to the monk Felix as he listened to it, following through the woods, that a hundred years seemed to him as an hour. So likewise, the surprise and wonder of the art of letters draw those constrained in the enclosures of the earth to plunge afield, till they measure by other standards of life and time.

Not then by the studying of the banal is the mind emancipated after such a fashion. It must seek rather for the witty, the strange, the immense. Yet, though foiled in the club, the literary searcher will find quite ample spaces for his interest in the tradition of British adventure, enterprise and administration which broadens and sustains the life and mind of the elect among merchants and officials, and ampler still in the India of tradition, ample and varied spaces, quaint, rich in romance. Changes in the East itself may still distract him, but even if his interest stretches further back than the voyages of Vasco da Gama, he will find in the India of to-day the majority of traditions unbroken. "In the East

they are constant in all things," said Sir John Chardin in 1686, and it is true to-day. Still the millions of India cling to the ancient avocation of the tiller of the soil, and follow it under the same primitive conditions. They still plough with the simplest of wooden ploughshares, and (all but in the jungles of the South) the same bright, dry air vibrates with the groanings of the machine wheel or the splash of the leather water bags as their oxen draw water from the well to irrigate the cultivated ground till the monsoon breaks on the parched surface. They still live in collections of huts, generally made of clay; a few rupees a month sufficing for the upkeep of a whole family. Their thoughts are seldom drawn beyond the routine of the day even when at dawn the cry of the muezzin, or the ding dong of the temple bell, remind them of the supernatural world to which they give an unquestioning belief. So they have lived their lives even as the mustard has filled their field year by year with its green and yellow growth, and the palm and the pipal have extended their outlines and their shade. Such is the life of the millions of India, and the passing of centuries could not change it. Still over her enormous stretches the land is divided by one broad distinction into the khet and the jungle, that is to say, into the cultivated and the wild. In that, there may grow cotton, wheat or millet, or, in great ordered gardens, the small tea shrub. The wild is the jungle: it is but seldom as ordinary Englishmen have understood the word, a dense tropic forest in which some beast of prey hides crouching or emerges in its awful symmetry. The precipitous declivities beneath the Himalayas, rocky valleys near the snows, a breezy hill top above the rhododendrons, the great even flat expanses

bare but for the scattered tamarinds, varied and lovely stretches of plain and hill, the green parklike slopes walnut-shaded of an upland valley in Kashmir. All these are jungle. But no matter in what variety of natural environment, or on what crop he depends to sustain him, the life of the peasant cultivator moves still along the same broad lines. Even his village community is completed by those pursuing such ancient avocations as of the smith, the carpenter, the leather worker, the weaver, the potter and the priest.

It is not a general thing to come on the small town in India; one may move for hundreds of miles, and find nothing more than the villages till one comes to the city. Even there, however, the traditions of the centuries have remained unbroken. And indeed the ancient modes of oriental life are even more strikingly and picturesquely displayed in the succinct environment of the bazaar than they could be in the open fields, or amongst the mud huts of a village. Even to the present day, a traveller when he enters the gates of an Indian city receives a startling revelation of the gorgeous strangeness which the East has laid up for them that love her. It is there most of all that he comes in touch with the traditional fascination by which Western observers have been so deeply influenced. There is found in another form the same exotic stimulus to imagination as in the palm-groves of Malabar, and in the oasis round a shrine in the deserts of Arabia. Such is the fascination which an Indian poetess and reformer of the present day, the eloquent Sarojine Nayadu, has conveyed so cunningly in her verses on 'Nightfall in the City of Hyderabad'.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pigeon's throat  
 Jewelled with embers of opal and peridote.  
 See the white river that flashes and scintillates  
 Curved like a tusk from the mouth of the city gates.  
 Mark, from the minaret, how the muezzin's call  
 Floats like a battle flag over the city wall.  
 From trellised balconies, languid and luminous  
 Faces gleam, veiled in a splendour voluminous.  
 Leisurely elephants wind through the winding lanes  
 Swinging their silver bells hanging from silver chains.  
 Round the high Charminar sounds of gay cavalcades  
 Blend with the music of cymbals and serenades.  
 Over the city bridge Night comes majestic  
 Borne like a queen to a sumptuous festival<sup>1</sup>.

Such is Hyderabad, the greatest inland city of India, the metropolis of England's faithful ally His Exalted Highness the Nizam, the capital of dominions as large as France and supporting a population of eleven million people, one of the great rendezvous of the scholars, the politicians and the merchants not only of India, but of Persia and Afghanistan; but as Hyderabad, so many other cities, each in its own distinct and individual fashion, manifest the strangeness and beauty of the Indian Empire. Another great centre of the southern expansion of Mogul power is Ahmedabad, the chief city of Gujerat, a collection of crowded bazaars where the women walk, with their waists bare, in drappings of rich and heavy colour, past many an antique gateway and past mosques built so long ago that their style was hardly affected by the great Persian architects of the 16th and 17th centuries, and

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<sup>1</sup> Sarojini Nayadu: *The Golden Threshold*.

express rather the intricate, but sometimes formless, and occasionally hideous, fantasies in which the mind of the mediæval Hindu so often indulged. But the mosques of Ahmedabad are not the less interesting for that reason, and many are beautiful: among these the small mosque of Sidi Said is unique in charm. Behind the simple pillars, one looks into the light through eleven panels of fretted stone, seven carved in a conventional design of small squares, the central four expressing the growth of palms and trees in a rich and harmonious intricacy of proportioned curves. The city is famous not only for the mosques within its walls, but for the magnificent memorials around it. "On every side, nodding minarets, decaying palaces and mouldering aqueducts indicate the former magnificence of Ahmedabad<sup>1</sup>." On the south are the tomb and mosque of Shah Alum, the tomb in its pavilion of fretted stone, the mosque rising vast beside with lofty minarets and a roof of congregated domes. Or again leaving the city by the Ganesh Gate, one may find at a distance of seven miles the ruins of Sarkhej, surrounding a lake with many varieties of graceful architecture, pillars of almost Grecian form, cupolas, minarets, and the more massive mausoleum of the Sheik Ahmed and Mahmud Shah, all dating from the middle of the 15th century.

Sarkhej is situated in the midst of the rich terrain around Ahmedabad and the generous growth of trees and crops, giving shelter to monkey, *waraba* and peacock, emphasises the romantic seclusion of the ruins. The traveller returns to the city on a road sheltered by tamarinds. Not the least

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<sup>1</sup> Forbes: *Oriental Memoirs*.



of the attractions of Ahmedabad is the view of the city which awaits him on his return, its walls varied with embowering greenery rising above the bed of the River Sabarmati; the river-bed itself is all oriental animation, the inhabitants of the city approaching the water for the purification of soul and body, the washermen slapping their clothes against the stones, children playing in the sand. The eye is fascinated by a moving picture of life and colour.

It is the great charm of the rivers of India that their brown waters take on, and with a more metallic brilliancy, the dazzling light and colour of the sky. For it is seldom indeed that Indian streams are clear: not like the Duddon do they linger among flower enamelled banks, nor sparkle like the rippling Thames up towards Lechlade; they are not made up of brooks bubbling in silvery water-breaks over golden gravel. Swollen by mountain snow, they run past bare hills, or through mighty gorges; one may see them in the Himalayas, as the Sutlej is below Luri, brown, swirling murderous; reaching the plains they flow sluggish or turbid through the great beds of sand and stones which they have taken for themselves in their more voracious moods. Around the jungle glistens in the blaze; or the vivid greens of a more profuse growth, as beside the lower reaches of the Narbada, accentuate the lilac tinge by which their muddied waters reflect empurpled skies. But to those who dare the crocodile and sail or swim them, they reveal their beauty; it is so with the Sabarmati as it flows down to the city of Ahmedabad and laves the terraces below, the charming terraces of the Shah-i-Bagh, the palace which was built by Shah Jehan when, as the Sultan Khurram, he went there as viceroy

for his father Jehangir. It is eloquently described by Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*:—"Everything" he says "appears to have been elegant and splendid. . everything indicates the taste and judgment of Shah Jehan in planning this lovely retreat from the cares of royalty."

Ahmedabad and Hyderabad are with Bijapur the chief cities of the sweep of Mogul dominion to the South.

Untouched by that great extension of Mussulman power are the four famous cities of the Rajput princes, Jodhpur, Udaipur, Jaipur and Bundi, and few could be more picturesque. Jaipur is unique among the cities of India for the symmetry with which it has been laid out: broad bazaars leading to the great gates run parallel, or intersect at right angles, and to add to the symmetry of the plan, the Maharajah has decreed that all buildings but his own palace shall be coloured a pale terra-cotta; indeed Jaipur has seemed to many a toy creation, a feeble and undignified contrast to the State's ancient capital Ajmer; but in the evening light, as the sinking sun tinges the day to gorgeousness, we seem indeed to have come upon a "rose-red city half as old as time"; the crowd is thickest where countless doves are cooing around the wells and fountains at the intersection of the streets; through the glowing bazaars there moves on foot the silent crowd, and among them pass the bullock carts, the loaded camels, the eccas, the elephants, of typical India; turbaned riders clothed in white add to the scene something which is Jaipur's own.

Three hundred miles over the Rajputana desert is Jodhpur, a city of red sandstone, built on the lower slopes of a towering rock. Gateway, palaces and balconies give in almost every street a study subject to the painter, but

infinitely more striking are the dark purple outlines of the fort rising immense upon the rock above to fill the evening sky. Nowhere in the world has a builder so combined the greatness of his own conceptions with the remarkable in nature. The fort of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, the noble castles of Edinburgh, Salzburg and Stirling rise on mighty rocks, but nothing in Europe can compare with the scale of India. It is by the vastness of their proportions that the outlines of Jodhpur Fort defy comparison, and they look out into the far horizon of the desert.

Udaipur, the City of the Sunrise, remote in the Aravalla jungles, raises its white beauty on the hilly borders of a lake, and itself looks down on two famous island palaces. Those who know the Lago Maggiore will remember the charm of the churches and villas which decorate the Borromean Isles; and on the Lake of Geneva is the Ile de Trois Arbres with its *maison blanche*, the beauty of which appeared in Byron's poem so enticing to the Prisoner of Chillon; not less alluring are the Jagmandr and Jagniwas rising from the water of the Lake Peshola; "Parterres of flowers, orange and lemon groves intervene to dispel the monotony of the buildings, shaded by the wide spreading tamarind and the magnificent evergreen cheenee; while the graceful palmyra and coco wave their plumelike branches over the dark cyprus or the cooling plantain<sup>1</sup>." Art has taken the loveliest of natural additions to crown the chastely ornamented delicacy of the marble palaces on the islands. They are worthy of the City of the Sunrise, a treasure jealously guarded by the descendant of

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<sup>1</sup> Tod's *Rajast'han* edn. 1827 p. 373.

the Sesodias from any despoiling influence from the West. The main bazaar winds from the Gate of Elephants to the crest of the hill above the lake; the crowd in their crimson and saffron moves brilliant against the white buildings, the balconies of which, with their indented arches, give even a hovel the dignity of a palace and make the humblest place of merchandise as attractive as a mansion. And indeed in all Indian cities, the houses of the great and of the lowly are side by side. In Udaipur, as in other Rajput cities, "a noble cupola often overshadows hovels of mud; small windows, old-fashioned doors and dirty cells are introduced under a superb portico. The gilded temples are a favourite rendezvous of the people. The Maharana's palace crowns the hill.

The palace is a most imposing pile, of a regular form built of granite and marble, rising at least a hundred feet from the ground, and flanked with octagonal towers, crowned with cupolas. Although built at various periods, uniformity of design has been very well preserved; nor is there in the East a more striking or more majestic structure. It stands upon the very crest of a ridge running parallel to, but considerably elevated above, the margin of the lake. The terrace which is at the East chief front of the palace, extends throughout its length, and is supported by a triple row of arches from the declivity of the ridge. The height of this arcaded wall is fully fifty feet; and although all is hollow beneath, yet it is so admirably constructed that an entire range of stables is built on the extreme verge of the terrace on which the whole personal force of the Rana, elephants, horse and foot, are often assembled. From this terrace the city and the valley lay before the spectator whose vision is

bounded only by the hills shutting out the plain; while from the summit of the palace nothing obstructs his range over lake and mountain<sup>1</sup>."

Such is Tod's description of the palace of his beloved Mewar, but he reserves the extreme of his enthusiasm for Bundi;—"the coup d'oeil of the castellated palace of Boondi, from whichever side you approach it, is perhaps the most striking in India; but it would require a drawing on an extremely large scale to comprehend either its picturesque beauties or its grandeur. Throughout Rajwarra, which boasts many fine palaces, the Boondi-ca-mahl is allowed to boast the first rank: for which it is indebted to situation not less than to the splendid additions which it has continually received; for it is an aggregate of palaces each having the name of its founder; and yet the whole so well harmonises, and the character of the architecture is so uniform, that its breaks or fantasies appear to arise from the peculiarity of the position and serve to diversify its beauties . . . gardens are intermingled with palaces raised on gigantic terraces . . . . . whoever has seen the palace of Boondi can easily picture to himself the hanging gardens of Semiramis." As for the remainder of the city, remoteness has kept unspoilt the completeness of its antique charm. Careful observation may play upon the striking scene by which the eye was first arrested and feel no tinge of disappointment. Seen from afar, smaller palaces and walls and towers crown the summit of a hill over whose side is thrown the ghostly covering of the Prince's Palace rising in its harmonious but irregular mass. Beneath,

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<sup>1</sup> Tod, 1829, p. 474.

the city fills the valley with its rough white twisting streets. The traveller, as on a vision of long ago, looks down over the crimson velvet coverings of his elephant on the elusive but brilliant colours of the life of the streets swaying in that mingling of movement with silence, of tireless activity with unfathomable concentration, to which the bazaars of India owe their essential fascination. He sees the weaver and the money-changer and the orange-seller staring in their stalls, the jeweller leaning over bangles and anklets and belts of beaten silver, sees the open barrels of grain, the orange and scarlet stuffs of the cloth merchant, the glittering show of brass in the metal shop; and level with his eyes are the idlers gazing from the balconies and families living on the roofs. And he passes through it all by ancient gateways and dilapidated mansions, meeting at every few yards a temple, seeing ancient buildings decaying into hovels with cow-yards at their very doors: yet he remains enchanted with it all. Inside those walls mediaeval barbarity is undisturbed; there more than in any city in India, the magic of old associations is renewed as in a dream; even sordidness itself has put off all its vileness, and is seen superinvested in beauty.

But if Bundi in its antique picturesqueness bears thus a comparison with Rothenburg, it must be said that at Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, we find the Nuremberg of the Orient, for the same mediaeval quaintness which gives romance and charm to the views along the Pegnitz is what attracts us to the wooden palaces and bridges of this unique city in which the colours of India are exchanged for soft rich browns in wood and water. Around the greens of meadow and orchard and chenar, a fortress and high hills

in the background and beyond the blue distance the beauty of the snows. As for the city the architecture of India generally either majestic or fantastic is exchanged for a mild and homely curiousness, into which the spirit of China and Thibet has found its way. Kashmir indeed is not India, but it was overrun and inhabited by Indian conquerors; its restful beauty and its mild summer temperature so charmed Western travellers after the intensity of Indian colours and the cruel extremes of the climate of the Indian plains four to five thousand feet below, that the beauty of Kashmir became associated with the stories of India and seemed a convenient background for the fancies of at least one English, or rather Irish poet. It is to Kashmir that Moore takes Lalla Rookh.

Seldom indeed, if ever, has any place been the direct subject of good writing. If we take even romantic description, which English writers hardly attempted till the 18th century, it is because it is romance rather than because it is description that we value it. As in all art the objective must be clothed with individuality; eloquence, to be itself, must draw upon qualities outside it. The writer must at once both see and feel: the place must mingle with its life and life's own secret joy; he must still see clear before him not only in the light of the sun or moon or stars but with the bodily eye. The gleam envelopes the scene itself in the luminous cloud which issues from his soul: the description must be saturated with high experience, or at the very least with the distinctive qualities of the writer's mind. On the height of that experience, on the distinction of those qualities, will depend the excellence of the achievement, not upon the scene itself, except in so far as it affects them. Among

landscape painters, Corot attracts because he reproduces on his canvas the stately and soft deliciousness, the almost sensuous attraction he felt in the trees which grow in the green pastures and beside the still waters of his beloved France; Turner saturates the eye and mind and heart of his admirers with the inward glory he beheld as his outward eye rested on the splendours of the evening sky illumining fair hills and ancient palaces and reflecting themselves ever more gorgeously in the level surface of sea and river. The method is not otherwise in literature. In Taine's *Voyage aux Pyrenées* or Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*, accounts of places have become literary masterpieces; in the one case because description has been decorated with splendid and tireless phantasy, in the other by the force which the admiring mind has given words the exhilarating power which the writer owed to detailed observation of strange and beautiful and barbaric scenes. This is the rarer art. In it Kinglake, alternating the lively with the passionate in his style, has done a wonderful thing in *Eothen*: but the pictures are framed in adventure. Among poets, Byron has essayed the same method in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*; the value of that poem, however, is in the passages where Byron breaks away from his systematic description to raptures of admiration, or to some congenial theme of personal emotion or passionate reflection; poets are happier in simpler and more vivid touches as in Tennyson's recollections of Italian travel in *The Daisy*, picturing Milan Cathedral in exclamatory phrases,

O Milan, O the chanting choirs,  
The giant window's blazoned fires,  
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!  
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!



Prose writers, however, prefer to beguile their readers by personal reminiscence or invention when they attempt an account of travel. Dickens has indeed been moderately successful in the final paragraphs of description in his *Pictures from Italy*, in the earlier ones he only ludicrously exhibits the parochialism of the untravelled islander. Such was Thackeray's method in his reminiscences of Cairo and the Rhine. Even Stevenson, so felicitous in his account of Fontainebleau and Barbizon, did not attempt anything of greater length without the free diversion of incident as in his *Travels in the Cevennes*. Maria Graham, a Scotch lady who was in India in 1810, summed up the matter with Johnsonian finality: "The scenes of nature, however charming to the eye, must tire in description, for want of a sufficient variety and precision in the language we must use."<sup>1</sup>

These reflections must temper any considerations of those who have written of India from direct observation; as for those great writers in England itself to whom the East provided inspiration, only one had seen the East. Place is to them not even the environment of a personal spiritual experience, as the Euganean Hills touched upon Shelley's tragic memories and ideal dreams, or as the coast between Venice and Ravenna gave its melancholy tone to the conversation between Maddalo and Julian. For at first the literary world was content to take the name of India as hardly more than a symbol of bountiful opulence, a hint of something exceeding European experience in wealth and wordly gorgeousness; it made more concrete in suggestiveness, or in the imagination,

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<sup>1</sup> *Narrative*, p. 78.

those qualities of experience which are suggested by such words as portentous, brilliant, exotic. Gradually an essence was distilled from the accounts of the travellers which nourished more definite conceptions. The colouring demanded in political or religious ceremonials was here thrown upon a distant cloud with tints not less splendid, and supplemented the casual, but sometimes surprising, details, which the great writers had picked up from the narratives of the voyagers. So all along when not distracted by the grotesquely luxurious tastes of the Britisher, or the unintelligible ways of the native potentate, the hardier literary interest of all our great writers in the country was concentrated upon the dazzling strangeness both of the natural and supernatural environment of her swathed myriads of people. That too is constant to this day; and it is that which even now makes the morning view of the Ghats at Benares one of the most wonderful in the world. From the Maharajah's palace at Ramnagar, the river, laden with supernatural virtue, sweeps with its even, irresistible, gleaming flow to lave the succession of steps where the faithful descend towards the water to consummate the holiest pilgrimage of Hindustan. The steps are occupied by a multitude concentrated in one intention, ever ascending and descending, in garbs where the crimson, orange and scarlet mingle with pink and pale green and white, — all in the intense Indian light — in a phantasmagoria made ever more brilliant by the shining of the brass and copper vessels, in which the women carry away on their heads the holy water, and by the glitter of the brown bodies washed in the stream below to the enthusiastic recitation of the sacred formularies. Contrasted with this animation are the traffickers who sit

beneath enormous flax umbrellas to cater to the needs of the worshippers moving up and down the steps. Dignity is added to the animation beside the river by the succession of palaces and temples which fill the background of the Ghats,

"old palaces and towers

Quivering within the wave's intenser day".

All are dominated by the influence of the Ganges, even as they in return beautify her waters with their reflection. Above the ghats is the bazaar Macaulay has so vividly pictured, a labyrinth of lofty alleys rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels. There are the press of holy mendicants, there the sacred bulls, and overhead the sacred apes leap from roof to tree or hang by their tails from the branches. There the muslins of Bengal, though no longer the sabres of Oudh, still mingle with the fine shawls of Kashmir. There still shine jewels as from Golconda.

If India is stored with such a power of fascination, why is it that so many have turned from her in listlessness or disgust? As she has charmed, so has she repelled. One reason is the conditions of the life which Europeans have been forced to live. They have abandoned their early associations, they can make no permanent home, and they can never depend on seeing again even the closest friends that they may find; they may expect at a few days' notice to move to places and communities they have never known and even the unity of the family is broken by the exigencies of climate and education. Further the young man, who has already given up his home and his early friends, has often found his days occupied in a routine absolutely divorced from his interests and education, and which leaves him bored as

well as lonely, and it is more than likely that his sympathies will fail to comprehend both Indians and Anglo-Indians. To this must be added the trials of a climate which has wracked many to pieces; hence the reflections of the Englishman, the outpouring of his afflictions: "My sinews take no rest . . . I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls. My skin is black upon me, and my bones are burned with heat. My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ to the voice of them that weep."<sup>1</sup> And what of India herself. In her long stretches of plain, there is monotony and her typical landscapes are seldom without a suggestion of melancholy; her dust, which often beautifies, might also choke; even the luxuriance of her tropic growth in the south may nauseate, her brilliant light become a glare; mists hide her mountains; her picturesque bazaars are often filthy, and her airs fling out the odours not only of orange blossoms but of undrained gutters and of sweating crowds; for their strangeness can sometimes fail in its attraction. Dusty and hideous India has often seemed. Melancholy is her garment. She offers no home to the Northerner: on the European she must always exert her repulsion as well as her charm. The stranger within her gates is a wanderer in an enchanted land, or such an exile as sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon, unable to sing in such a land. The secret of the matter is her strong individuality. The characteristics of the country are so marked, the atmosphere is so strong, that they act upon the foreigner as the presence of a strong personality might act upon him in a room. They

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<sup>1</sup> Job XXX.

are before his consciousness as a continual source of either pleasure or vexation. They make India an object of personal love or hate. A Brandenburger in Denmark, a Spaniard in California, an Australian in Gallipoli might or might not pass his days unconscious of the influence of the country around him, oblivious of what it was working upon his soul. With the European in India such a case would be impossible. In his youth,

"From the East came the breath of its odours  
And its heat melted soft in the haze  
While he dimly descried thy pagodas,  
O Cybele, ancient of days,  
Heard the hum of thy mystic processions,  
The echo of myriads who cry,  
And the wail of their vain intercessions  
Through the bare empty vault of the sky."

In the early dreams of ambition when he was caught by the chinking of gold, the country drew him away in the chains of her vague splendours, later to inflict on him the bitterness of slavery for such a tyrant.

"Thou hast racked him with duns and diseases  
And he lies, as thy scorching winds blow  
Recollecting old England's sea breezes  
On his back in a lone bungalow;  
At the slow coming darkness repining  
How he girds at the sun till it sets,  
As he marks the long shadows declining  
O'er the Land of Regrets."

But this "Land of Regrets" loves to give a yet more signal exhibition of her mesmeric power. As her hold over her own people is so strong that many of them believe that

even to take ship and leave her is a defilement and that they resent a gibe at her as a husband might resent an insult to his wife, so likewise is her influence over the stranger. He whom she has enticed in his youth, and whom she has shown she can torture in his later age, has gone back to the West to spread the story he heard echoed in his first eager fancy. The memories of their old importance associate themselves with the scenes in which they exhibited it, and the Anglo-Indians' new regret is turned into a final praise of the country they have abandoned. "In the idleness and obscurity of home" wrote Mountstuart Elphinstone in 1816<sup>1</sup> "they look back with fondness to the country where they have been useful and distinguished like the ghosts of Homer's heroes who prefer the exertions of a labourer on earth to all the listless enjoyments of Elysium." Still the voyagers from India maintain the ancient traditions of the traders. They roused the avarice and enthusiasm of the West by their account of the country's wealth and the commodities with which she could indulge the luxurious tastes of the wealthy either in Asia or in Europe. They maintain it in their stories of the snake and tiger, of the spacious bungalow and attentive servants, of their polo and their dinners and the round of official life, and still the imagination of England looks back over the prosaic to romantic pictures, sees the glitter of snowy crags through the branches of deodars, sees the mosque and the temple, the flames of the poinciana regia<sup>2</sup> flaunting to the height of houses its unrelieved mass

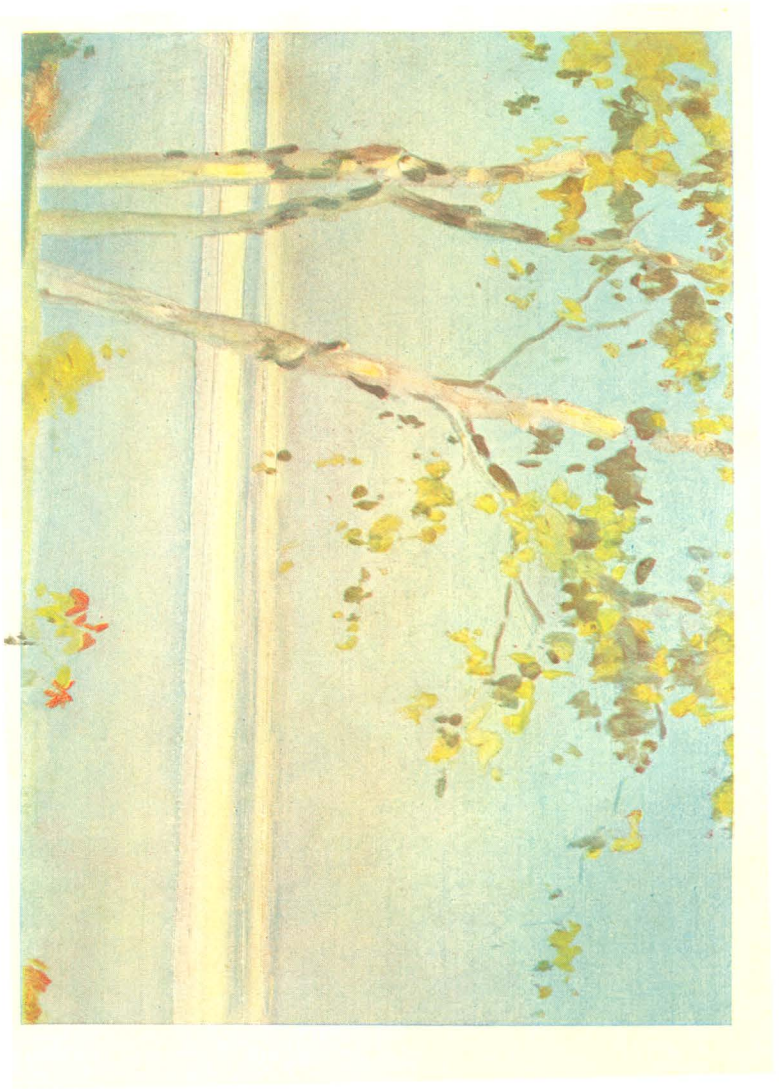
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<sup>1</sup> *Life*. I, 367.

<sup>2</sup> *Caesalpinia pulcherrima* is the name Hobson Jobson gives it.

of gold and scarlet, the elephant and the palm, the fakir naked in the sun, the royal pageantry and the rajah in durbar; and through these the clearness of the air, and the power of the sun and of the moon, and the shining of the blue unclouded weather. And with it all comes that breath of odours, and the ear hears in memory the tap-tap of the gold beaters, and the cry of the vendors in their stalls, the cicalas and the crickets, the murmur of the wind among the pines, and the immense silences and the roar of tropic storms. O magical India, wonderful in the heat and dust and colour of the plains, and her mountains are the courts of the Lord where the lover's heart rejoices in contenting the desire and longing which it had to enter into them. O wonderful India, land of oppression, and sickness, and starvation, and pride. Can we see what India means to Europe by seeing what it has meant?

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**ON THE GANGES**

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## APPENDIX.

### PICTURE BOOKS OF INDIA.

Among the very few first studies of the East Indies is a German one, Heydt's *Schau-Platz*, 1744, dealing with various localities settled by the Dutch Company. But there had been interesting engravings in Herbert's, Fryer's and Picart's works.

*William Hodges* was, however, the first British painter of note to visit India. He had already been to the South Seas as draughtsman to the second expedition of Captain Cook and had produced 78 views of New Zealand and Tahiti. He went out in 1780, under the auspices of Warren Hastings and remained there for four years. He made extensive journeys in Bengal, Bihar and the United Provinces and brought out a large collection of aquatints in quarto. Though his reproductions are not of the highest quality Hodges made some very effective though not always accurate compositions and succeeded in 1786 in giving the eye of the untravelled Englishman its first real acquaintance with the magnificence of India's architecture and natural scenery.

*Zoffany* was in India from 1783 to 1790.

*Thomas Daniell*, born 1749, R. A. 1799 with his nephew *William Daniell*, was in India 1784—1794 at work on *Oriental Scenery* produced from 1795—1808. He produced

also "Hindu Excavations at Ellora". "His works are characterised by great oriental truth and beauty; the customs and manners of India are well rendered. His painting was firm but sometimes thin; his colouring agreeable."<sup>1</sup>

*William Daniell* (1769—1837) produced a Panorama of Madras, City of Lucknow and the Mode of Taming Wild Elephants.

They are beautiful aquatints, singularly free from hysterical convention, portraying every kind of Indian scenery except the bazaar. His view of Gya is a singularly charming composition. It is a prospect across the Ganges from the bank above the river. A group in brilliant garments, one holding an umbrella, watching the flowing of the stream, from the foreground, on the left palms and pipals crowd a little vale. The white flat roofs and temples shelter beneath a hill in the centre of the opening bank: a dunga and canoes float down the river. The sharp contours of a group of hills vary the sky line marked out against a faint evening glow. Trees rise above a palm to the left of the foreground.

An impressive picture is his Cape Comorin, rising lofty above the clouds with a foreground of water and palms, a group of palms behind a temple, a group of oxen, of human figures, admirably composed to give an effect of impressive loftiness and wildness; no false effects. His Treatment of colours is like early Turner. The natural scenery of India receives ample justice.

A picturesque voyage to India by the way of China, by Thomas Daniell R. A. and William Daniell A. R. A. 1810,

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<sup>1</sup> 1808, says D.N.B. Sub-title page, 1795.

is a book of smaller coloured engravings describing the whole Eastern voyage by the Cape. 1810.

Of India itself there are only a few views.

The popular idea of India at this time is suggested in Satirical Prints, I. O. L., 29 G 18, a very amusing series of cartoons on the Hastings trial.

*George Chinnery* R. H. A., described in W. G. Strickland's *Dictionnary of Irish Artists*. Born London 1774. Exhibited in R. A. 1791. Went to Madras 1802 and from Madras to Calcutta in 1807. He was in Calcutta from 1807 to 1825 and went to China in 1825. He is referred to in "The Newcomes" and by Sir Charles D'Oyley in "Tom Raw".

In the British Museum Print Room there is a series of rough sketches of oriental hands by T. Nashe. (1839, 1840.)

*Select Views in Mysore*, the country of Tippoo Sultan from Drawings taken on the spot by Mr Home (Letterpress by T. Bensley), 1794, purports really to be a History of the War with Haidar Ali and Tipu with illustrations. These though on a smaller scale than those of Daniell are often almost as happy, and are rather more delicately reproduced as aquatints.

*Views in Bombay and Ceylon*, London 1826, is a collection of fine rather Turneresque aquatints by Grindlay, Stanfield, Roberts, Copley Fielding, Purser and W. Westall, some of superb mountain scenery in the Ghats and other remote scenes in Rajputana, such as Bundi and Abu and Tonk and a very fine one of the Residency at Hyderabad.

A beautiful book of engravings is Sir Charles D'Oyley's *Antiquities of Dacca*, engraved by J. Landseer, 1827.

These pictures have the same delicate quality as those in Tod's Rajputana which was almost contemporary. They emphasise the richness of the Bengal scenery in arresting combinations of architecture and vegetation.

*Views in the East*; comprising India, Canton and the shores of the Red Sea, with historical and descriptive illustrations by Captain Robert Elliott R. N., London 1833, is a very pleasing book of engravings each with a few pages of adequate description. The pictures are all most effective compositions and show a very true feeling for India's intense lights and romantic dignity.

*Oriental Field Sports*: being a complete and accurate description of the wild sport of the East: exhibiting the Natural History of the Elephant, the Rhinoceros, the Tiger, the Leopard, the Bear, the Deer, the Buffalo, the Wolf, the Wild Hog, the Jackall, the Wild Dog, the Civet and other undomesticated animals — interpressed with a variety of original, authentic and curious anecdotes, which render the work replete with information and amusement. Forty coloured engravings. The whole taken from the MS. and designs of Captain Thomas Williamson who served upwards of 72 years in Bengal, the drawings of Samuel Howett, made uniform in size and engraved by the first artists under the direction of Edward Orme.<sup>1</sup>

It is indeed a most amusing book, and vivid and reliable, though not uninterspersed with remarks for which the author often inserts elaborately reasoned apologies. Pig sticking, big game shooting etc. are his themes. It is a book worth ample

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<sup>1</sup> London, Sir Edward Orme, Engraver, 1807.

study, the style is sententious enough always to be amusing and will bear many extracts. Cf. Daniell etc.

Lieutenant Whyte, who dedicated his book to Queen Adelaide added to the productions of Princep and Sir Charles D'Oyley, of Grindley, Luard and Elliot with his *Views in India, Chiefly among the Himalayan Mountains*, 1836, calling attention by his beautiful engravings to the unsurpassed grandeur of India's mountain scenery: in their striking composition as well as in their sense of the splendours of hazes and light, they show the return of influence which *Gelée* and *Lorraine* were exercising through the work of *Turner*.

By 1860 photography had been developed and a series of Indian scenes in quarto plate came out.

*Select Views in Mysore*, R. Bowyer, 1794.

*Sketches of India* by an Officer, 1821.

*Captain Lundy, Pen and Pencil Sketches*, 1832.

*Hindustan: Its Landscapes and Palaces*, by Emma Roberts, 1845.

*Picturesque Views*, General Boileau, 1859.

*Simpson's Illustration in India Ancient and Modern*: Letterpress by Sir John Kaye, are flamboyant chromo-lithograph, but give a very good idea of the brilliance of the Indian scene.

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