

"INDIA."

(From the Ottawa Times.)

LECTURE BY THE REV. MR. GREENFIELD.

On Friday evening last, the Rev. Mr. Greenfield delivered a lecture in the Bank street Presbyterian Church, on "India," which proved to be exceedingly interesting. The attendance was small, and in consequence, there was a very general desire that it should be published, so that the public might have the benefit of it. We have been favoured by Mr. Greenfield with his manuscript, and this morning present it to our readers in full, assured that it will prove highly interesting and well worthy of careful perusal:

Rev. Mr. Greenfield said:—Ladies and gentlemen, in the short space allowed for a lecture after eight o'clock in the evening, I can only hope to pick up occasional points in so vast a subject as India, and therefore I will endeavour to select such points as may connect the past with the present, and enlist your devout sympathies with the prospect projected before us of the future by such a review.

The ancient history of India is a record of political storms and tornadoes more wonderful perhaps in their effects and consequences than any that the students of history can find elsewhere. Here few aboriginal inhabitants were disturbed from their peaceful and happy tranquillity, first, about the time that Nimrod was a mighty hunter in Assyria, and the shepherd kings reduced Egypt to their will, now more than 4,000 years since. This is a long period to look back upon, and it takes up a large space in the world's history. Great and mighty events have transpired all the world over within that period, but the descendants of those poor aborigines exist still, and they exist as a separate people—they live by themselves, and they hate the descendants of the Bactrian intruders just as bitterly as their fathers did. Pressed upon the northern frontier by the Brahman invaders, they sought in the Central Mountains the tranquillity they had lost in the plains. There in those mountains, and speeding out to the Eastern and Western States, they have perched themselves ever since, and ogrelike, they have looked down with contempt upon the soft and political intruders in the plains. Clouds and storms have frequently distracted their conquerors, contending armies have rolled, to and fro beneath them like the tempest maddened waves of the sea; they have passed off again and when the storm has cleared away, they have looked out from their eyeries and enjoyed the prospect of the wreck, and have beheld with savage delight new races of rulers appear upon the scene ignorant of even their existence. And amid all these changes they have remained the same, and there in those hills they exist now under the names of their ancient classes: *Conds, Coles, Dhauges, Massotax, Santals, Tanids, Thoroos* and others.

The British rulers, unlike all their predecessors, look into every nook and corner of their Empire, and they have set themselves the noble task to raise India from north to south, from east to west, in plain, mountain and desert, in civilization and religion, and they have not passed by these children of the Hills. Our merchants, aided by the iron horse, have effectually tempted them from their huts in the hills to partake of the golden treasures of commerce, and of the pleasures of a more social existence, and our devoted missionaries of all the denominations of Christians in India have lent a

hand in planting the standard of the cross in their hills. And one grand feature of the Christian enterprise has made it unique in the East, for where the Church has grown, it has enclosed the whole territory, and a well defined line separates between the Christian and Heathen portions. The Aborigines have no religious system of their own, but they have invented a sacrificial system to meet their savage ideas. The Coles have a system of human sacrifices, to meet great and trying emergencies, and it was this which brought us into contact with them. They came down and carried off the young children from our villages at the foot of their hills, and we learnt that the object was to feed and to fatten the little victims for sacrifice. This we could not allow, and we put a stop to the whole system. These various clans from our best labourers, and as they have no caste institution among them, we get on well together. But when we are once thrown off our guard, we are likely to suffer from the completeness with which they imitate the duplicity of the people of the plains. A whole colony of them will run off in a night without any warning, and leave not a trace behind, as to which way they have gone. The traveller, too, at times is likely to find his palanquin set down, and he left alone in storm or other danger till it suits their convenience to emerge from their shelter and go on again. This with a bear or a leopard prowling around you is not pleasant. The sort of life led by the sons of the forest makes them strong and courageous. Mountains are the natural home of the brave when the plains cease to be held by them all the world over. You look in vain for noble stock whence Britons have come, except in the mountains of Wales, Cornwall, Cumberland, and Switzerland, and so on the more noble, honest Santal and Thoroos must be sought in their huts stowed away in the hills. The people depend upon their own strong arm for subsistence, and they use the Bamboo bow and arrow and replenish their larder with such varieties as the bear, the wild boar, the deer, partridge and quail, from those mountain preserves. Time is of no account with them. A morrow comes to the living, and the dead don't want one. What cannot be done to-day may be taken up to-morrow, and their patience in watching and waiting is not surpassed by the leopard and the tiger. The game must fall if the arrow goes straight, and if it don't it is because the devil sits astride the arrow; and then, as all the devils they know are open to a bribe, the bribe him by a sacrifice not to sit on another arrow from that bow. Fate otherwise settles all questions of life and death. Their cultivation of the hill sides is ingenious; they can only grow rice where they get plenty of water. The Santal some 20 years ago gave us some trouble, for as he suffered from the sharp acts of produce dealers from the plains, and could not distinguish between such men and their rulers, they found their cup of misery so full that they broke out in open rebellion against us. The prospect of a few thousand people, with no weapons better than bows and arrows, standing before British artillery and the Minnie rifle; was so ludicrous that as little severity as possible was used, and they soon came to their senses, and have ever since been on good terms with us. All authentic history is connected with the people of the plains, and in these people the natives of the West have always taken great interest. Much of this interest has arisen from India's fabled wealth, and has caused much misery. To look upon the perpetual snow of the Himalayas, that mighty Northern fortress would indicate the

impossibility of invasion. But Sesostres, Semmerimus, Darius and Alexander led their armies into the plains from that side, and the Tartar hordes endured its difficulties to repay themselves out of the riches of the plains. Commercial intercourse always excited a legitimate interest in the plains as far back as Solomon and perhaps as early as Joseph. The Ishmaelite merchants and Arab traders brought over the desert the spices and scents, the Doccamashus, the Benores, Kirkobs and the Cashmere shawls. The riches of Solomon, brought by his fleet to Eziongeber were doubtless the productions of India, and the merchandise which enriched Tyre, as recorded in XVII Ezekiel could only be obtained in India. And in modern times that city which has had the run with the Indian trade has been the richest, as Venice and other cities on that line of road. And as soon as trade was lost this declined. Italy was always prone to mourn over the discoveries of Vasco de Gama, which made London the entrepot of the world. The Hindoos have steady commercial instincts and are a gentle and peace-loving people. Their religion is essentially a domestic institution; free of all aggressive impulses, incapable of any addition from without, tolerant of all other religions, it only desires to be let alone. But India's fabled riches has been too great a temptation for despots. When the Prophet of Mecca electrified Central Asia with the war cry of *One Law, One Empire, and One Prophet*, India so near and so rich a neighbor could not hope to escape his disciples and generals. The *Caabo* was to be the rallying point of the universe, and all nations were to be made to accept the new dogma. On and on flowed the tide of conquest; Spain bared her neck to the sword of the Saracen and Egypt was laid low in the dust. The East saw India prostrate, and her riches of gold, silver, precious stones, ivory, silks, muslins and shawls of unmatched beauty, become the booty of many a warrior thief. Still patient, indolent, peaceful India again thought to rise, when her aspirations were checked by Gerghis Khan who drove on his murderous hordes to the base of the Himalayas, and his descendants, the savage chiefs of Chugnie, planted the standard of the prophet permanently on the plains of India, and now until the Gospel stops it, the morning and evening stillness will be disturbed by the impious sound of the Munzin's cry.

British intercourse with India was a modest aspiration of commerce. In the closing year of the sixteenth century, a few merchants met together in London, and clubbed together the sum of £30,133 6s. 8d. to start in trade with the East. This was the humble embryo of the Hon. East India Company. It had a poor prospect to start with, for the French, Portuguese and Dutch were in the field before it, and it was no bold or daring event which gave them their first foothold upon the empire. A devoted surgeon, Mr. Broughton, was called from Madras to prescribe for an advanced member of the Imperial Zenana of Delhi, and when he had accomplished his mission, the Emperor desired him to name his reward. He asked for some of his employees to make them to build a factory. This was granted, and they then got a free trade permit, and for eighty years thus they remained. But in 1689 they resolved on a bolder stand, and bought the neighbouring estates, and built Calcutta, the capital of British India. The Mogul Empire now began to break up, and of this crisis the Company took advantage, and bought the Empire with all its belongings. The break up had induced the provincial rulers to extend their power, and make themselves more or less independent. This imposed upon us the task of an