

never even seen a tree and know nothing of the bright and beautiful outside world. They receive no education except to do *pūja*, and how best to please their husbands; they have no books, no sewing, very few household duties, no amusements but to make garlands for the idols, braid their hair, and deck themselves with their ornaments. Hindu ladies are very fond of jewels and wear ear and nose rings, ornaments for the hair, necklaces, bracelets, and bangles for the ankles. Their *saris* are often made of beautiful stuffs, spangled with gold and silver, but they are usually too scantily clothed for our ideas of modesty. Little girls are petted by their own mothers, and allowed to run about and play in the court and verandah as much as they please, but when the little wife is taken to her husband's home she becomes the slave of his mother, whose commands she must obey, and who teaches her how to please her husband. If the Burra Bow is kind she may sometimes be allowed to go in a closely covered palanquin to see her mother, but this is a rare treat. Each morning when she first sees the Burra Bow she must prostrate herself on the ground before her, kiss her feet and place one of them on her head for a moment, in token of submission to her authority; she is no longer called by her given name, but only Bow, with a word prefixed to show whether she is the first, second, or third son's wife. She does not see much of her husband, and dare not complain to him if his mother should beat her cruelly. It is not considered decorous for a man to speak to his wife in the daytime, the only opportunity they have for conversation is when they are in their own room at night; they never eat together; she either waits on him as a servant, or sends in his food to him, and gets back from him her own and her children's portion, which is eaten sitting on the floor, and without the aid of knife, fork, or spoon.

A wife must never be seen by, or look at other men, not even her husband's brothers, so if a step is heard all the ladies draw their *saris* close and cover their faces. It is scarcely possible for us to conceive anything more dreary than the life of a Hindu lady, even at her best, but there are worse evils still; her life degrades her, she grows up ignorant and superstitious, often quarrelsome and cruel, and a bigoted idolater. If sick she must suffer without medical aid or kind nursing; if dying she is either taken to the cow house to die, or carried to the banks of the