

poor part of the inhabitants. In the pettah, or town of Bangalore, it is said, there were 12,000 weaving families, and we found great quantities of cotton;—he had introduced the manufacture of silk;—his southern countries, where soil and water would admit of great cultivation, are every where full of inhabitants, and every where cultivated. Mysore proper is rather a poor country; but a great deal had even been done there since the time of General Smith, so that three immense Indian armies have every where found water, and hitherto provisions, which was not before thought possible. We have frequent reports of peace, but the Mahrattas are too inveterate against Tippoo, for his treatment of the brahmins, to be satisfied with less than his extirpation. If every thing is amicably settled, it is likely that India will enjoy peace for a long time; but Lord C. has a difficult card to play with his allies, they are a very powerful, enterprising people, and the Mahrattas, though they cannot fight us, may harass and ruin our countries by their multitudes of horse.

While the military gentleman in India, are thus contriving destruction to a great many unhappy wretches, who have no knowledge of them nor their concerns, one gentle-

man in India, Dr James Anderson physician, at Madras, is exerting himself to the utmost of his power to provide some remedy for these evils; not by trying only to heal the wounded, in the way of his profession; but by devising means for procuring a subsistence for the people after the devastations of war shall cease. He has kindled a generous ardour in pursuit of useful knowledge, and a general desire to provide employment for the people in peace, throughout the whole peninsula of India, the effects of which will be felt, long after he shall for ever cease from his labours\*! The rearing of cochineal, of indigo, of silk, of vines, and spiceries, not yet known there, are the objects of his successful pursuits; an account of which we shall take an early opportunity to lay before our readers. May the time soon arrive, when the sword shall be beat into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning hook; when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the child shall lay its hand on the cockatrice den; when every

\* Mr T. Towns writes thus from Vizagapatnam, 19th May 1791: Certain I am that this country is not cultivated to one half of its value, where it is in best order; and it is an obvious and deplorable truth, that upwards of 5000 inhabitants have died this year from the want of employment, and that several villages are destitute of people which used to be fully inhabited.