

most memorable defences in history—

“ ‘Hold it for fifteen days!’ We held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof, the old banner of England blew,”

and of the massacre of Cawnpore, Dr. Tiffany continues: “Three ineffaceable memories will always linger in my mind as interpreters of these tragic scenes. The first, the Hindu temple which stands on the top of the ghat descending to the Ganges, and from the banks beside which the murderous fire was poured into the boats. The temple itself is carved and painted with obscenities so hideously revolting as to seem fit shrine to inspire such atrocities. The second will be that of the inscription over the gate of the cemetery, where beneath palms and feathery acacias, sleep the majority of those who perished in the siege. The words are simply, ‘Tread softly.’ The third, the pathetic fitness of the Scripture passage chosen for the monument over the well into which were thrown the butchered women and children. It is from a verse of the Psalms, the startling realism of whose imagery of the wood-chopper and his chips had a thousand times impressed me, and which now seemed to revive its literal sense: ‘Our bones are scattered at the grave’s mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth.’”

Immense, however, as was the cost of the reconquest, and terrible as were the passions let loose, every day one spends in India convinces him more profoundly of the infinite boon it is to this vast population to be held in subjection by a power at once so strong, enlightened, and humane as that of Great Britain. To leave once again to themselves these people of such diverse races and fanaticisms would be like opening all the cages in a menagerie, and letting jaguar,

leopard, lion, rhinoceros, fight out the question of supremacy among themselves. The beast that would end off king would be the tiger; and, as has significantly been added, the tiger would be the Moham-medan.

Taking a survey of Britain’s vast Indian Empire, another broad-minded American, Dr. Joseph Cook, remarks as follows: India, from north to south,—that is, from



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the top of Cashmere to Cape Comorin,—is as long as a line from Boston to Pike’s Peak. A line of similar length on a map of Europe extends from Gibraltar to Constantinople. The breadth of India, from the westernmost mouth of the Indus, to the easternmost mouth of the Ganges, is slightly more than the distance from Boston to