

alize the position in which they now stand; make them understand that it is sought by the opposition to put them into bondage, to make serfs of them, and when this is apparent the vote of every lover of liberty will be cast for the People's ticket (applause) and for the Hon. John T. Caine. (Applause). In separating to-day, we separate as friends, as political brethren, and we should be united as one man in rolling up such a majority for our candidate as will make us all proud of our achievements and command for him the increased respect of his colleagues in the council of the nation.

A vote of thanks was offered the chairman and other officers, to those who had control of the houses in which the conventions had been held and the convention adjourned *sine die*.

[NOTE.—The earlier proceedings of the Convention appear on page 561.]

FROM INDIA.

The physical geography of India is certainly not as bold as that of the Rocky Mountains, if we except the five mile high peaks of the Himalays (which I have not seen). Still, if we behold the expanse of the sacred Ganges, to whose yellow waves the dead were consigned not many years ago, we stop, awestruck, wondering if a river can be found greater in size. A burial in this sacred river is as great a desideratum to the idolators of India as a burial lot near the walls of Jerusalem is to the pious Jew.

The Indian peninsula is not unlike South America with regards to water, mountains, table lands and relative altitudes, if we measure that continent from the equator southwards; ever bearing in mind that India is several times smaller in every proportion.

In South America a narrow strip of land beginning at the Pacific ocean, rises abruptly as we ascend eastwards to the Andes, and at every gradation of altitude the vegetation becomes more and more like that of temperate climes. So it is in leaving Bombay, climbing eastwards to the Ghauts. This ascent is so steep that the train has to reverse completely on a 'Y' in the heart of the mountains. I will give a hasty description, and revert to my subject. Within the 8 or 10 miles which preceded this Y switch we rushed in and out of 20 or 22 tunnels. How grand! The sun was all ablaze. The atmosphere seemed shiny and glistening. Like a writhing snake we feel the long train pitched right and left in a swinging motion, windlug here and there around escarped cliffs; seeming at times almost to leap over deep, ugly chasms and precipices where a score of cascades seemed with headlong fury to pursue each other over algae covered rocks, scattering spray and rainbows all over, while rushing together to form larger waterfalls below. In this profusion of sunlight it was painful for the eye to behold the sparkling silver threads of water, the snow-white clouds of spray and the gorgeous red and yel-

low flowers which here and there, like gems, shone through the brilliant bands of many rainbows. With a loud snort and many echoes the engine plunges into a black ragged, shaggy hole. We soon follow and notice that instead of a fantastic cave, it is a regular, well built tunnel, the mouth of which, however, is so overhung with great ferns, peudulous air plants, mosses and hanging grasses, that it looks like a breach in the bowels of the earth, a cavern for tigers. The train rumbles loudly in this great mountain, and though the minutes are few, the time seems long. Now and again the smoke in the tunnel seems aglow like the cloudy panache above Vesuvius' or Etna's crater at night time.

A dim light appears, and again we see a dark, irregular outline as if looking from the inside of a grotto outwards, but, very strange to say, the entrance seems barred with crystals and sheets of glass, which seem to turn spirally and vibrate. We are in the midst of the rainy season. As we passed through the tunnel a cloud burst on the ridge. We were deluged by torrents of water. It is like diving through a water fall. Vibrating sheets of water bar the entrances, while the ferns, long grasses and mosses entwined to let down pillars of water, and even each one of the thick, broad leaves of the plantain, bauana and other gigantic endogens spout the fluid like so many eaves of a great cathedral. Verily the windows of heaven seem open. No wonder the soil of India is so shallow, and the rocks crop out all over. As the land now is, if these rains ceased a decade, India would be a more barren and fiery desert than that of Lybia or Arabia. Thus we go through a score of tunnels, amid rain and shine, some minutes of blazing sun and it rains again, and so on. Below us are terraced rice fields, and broad pools in which languidly float black, shiny, hairless water-bullocks, hardly to be distinguished from the dark, wet boulders around them in the water.

Islam says God sent 200,000 prophets to men on earth. Mortal man disregarded them all. Even Noah, Abraham, Ishmael, Moses and Christ the greatest *but one* (!) were mocked. As none of these could establish peace in the habitations of wickedness, Mohammed, the last and greatest prophet was sent with the sword. This statement may surprise some, but what of 3,300,000 Hindu gods? Is not that more puzzling? I do not suppose the reader admits the statement as expressing the truth. I don't think it correct, at any rate. Yet the East India school text books say that the Indian Gods amount to "33 crores." (A crore equals 100,000.) It is true that those text books are published by a society for the propagation of "Christianity." That makes the statement suspicious. Much as we respect Gentile "Christians," we have all noticed how some reverend people villify the heathens. Many heathens are black, but why make them blacker? If I had to estimate the

likelihood of the existence at any time of 3,300,000 gods in India, and had to estimate it by the truthfulness of statements now made in India by "reverends" concerning the Latter-day Saints; I should reject it all, except here and there a salient name and a few obscure though solid facts. Let us investigate Hindoo theogony.

In the face of these 3,300,000 gods the book tells us that India had originally but one God called Dyauas Pitar. Pitar is perhaps the latin *pater* and the English "father" and is so used here to this day. Dyauas recalls the Greek *theos*, the *deus* of the Latins and Portuguesee and the Spanish *dios*. The Celtic names for God, are also nearly identical. In short it means God the Father, or Father God. He is generally represented as a triune person. Hindu scripture and carving is often grotesque and ill proportioned, yet, when I think of this Dyauas Pitar, as represented, I always remember a Greek oil portrait of the Trinity which I once saw. It was not a bad conception of "one in three and three but one."

The Great Hindu god is often represented in three separate persons. Besides this we find in Hindu theogony a great serpent, dragons, winged beings of various sorts, genii, good and evil, and last of all insignificant images of fat, leau, pretty or horrid men or women (hieroglyphics), *Lares*, as it were, or household gods.

There is some resemblance between the Bible doctrines and the mythology of the Hindus. Brahma, for instance, obtained from one lord (Vishnu) the promise that the lord (Vishnu) should go down among men, be conceived of a virgin, preserve the earth and restore the race or earth from the ravages of Satan (the demon-king). This is literally the history of Boudधा, in Indian theology. Boudधा means the wise.

There are different kinds hieroglyphics. Many a reader could not distinguish between a row of Sanscrit letters, purely alphabetical, and as many Chinese characters, chiefly ideographic. Most alphabets are made up of remnants of hieroglyphic systems of notation or writing.

The Hindu hieroglyphics are seldom disfigured, purposely, to fit into the cartouche. In Hindu carvings the cartouche is a depression in the stone, neither oval as the Egyptian, nor squared like the ancient American. It is square at the bottom and vaulted or arched at the top. In these appear human figures with heads of birds, elephants, ibises, rhinoceroses, alligators, hawks, cats, etc.; very much like the Egyptian; but the style, though less stereotyped and less proportioned, is more free, easy, and not so much carved or gauged as sculptured. Being more like sculpture or high-relief, Hindu hieroglyphics do not look so stiff and deficient in perspective as the Egyptian. For all this I claim neither grace, grandeur or precision in favor of Hindu architecture or carving, whether ancient or modern, as compared to Egyptian. Hindu