

Editor's note:

This is the second increment in the two-part series on the letters of James Alfred Colbeck. While the first part covered the years 1878-1879, the present letters include the years 1885-1888, when Colbeck returned to Upper Burma with British forces and served as both mission priest and as acting chaplain for British forces.

M.W.C.

**Mandalay in 1885-1888: The Letters of James Alfred Colbeck,
Originally Selected and Edited by George H. Colbeck in 1892,
Continued**

December 18th, 1885

On board Steamer Thooreah, bound for Mandalay

I did not join the Expeditionary Force as I had thought it was possible I should do, so put off ideas of Mandalay for some weeks to come, and came to Rangoon last Friday, not at all prepared to leave for the Royal City, having with me only my hand-bag with a change, Bible, Prayer Book, &c. The Diocesan Institution of Native Clergy, Catechists, &c., had to be examined, and the Bishop called me to the work. After the examination was over I expected to return to Maulmain, but things have gone farther than I or anyone else expected. King Thibau was brought down in this steamer after the British troops had taken the forts on the river at Minhlah and Mingyan, and he, his queen, her mother, and some 80 followers, are waiting in a steamer at Rangoon for the decision of the British Government, as to what is to be done with them. They are not allowed to land. The Bishop wished me to go up at once and get possession of the Church, Clergy House, and Schools in Mandalay, so here I am,—Thursday, December 18th, 12-7 noon, the steamer just swinging round in stream.

We have just passed the troopship on which King Thibau and his party are, and also the "Canning," which is getting steam up and is flying the "Blue Peter," so I suppose the Burmese Court will be transferred and packed off to Bombay or a city near it—Rutnaghiri, where they will perhaps be happier than they have been for a long time. Thibau is not so bad as the Press represents him, and most likely the bad advisers he has are mostly responsible for the cruel things which have been done in his name. What the future of Upper Burmah is to be we do not yet know. The Chief Commissioner of British Burmah went up by train to Prome last night, taking with him a number of Civil Officers.

He expects to reach Mandalay about next Sunday or Monday, as he goes single-handed; *i.e.*, has no heavy cargo barges in tow. We have two heavy flats alongside, so we expect to be a week later. The "Thooreah" is the first trading steamer since the outbreak of the war, but we do not expect any opposition from the Burmese, as our troops have taken all the ports along the river, and gunboats patrol the line of communication.

There are a large number of "Dacoits" and Freebooters just on the frontier and round about Mandalay, but I don't expect they will survive long. The fact of Thibau surrendering himself so quietly and not running away to the interior is very fortunate for the British. It will have saved the lives of many brave men.

The column which went by water from Rangoon took possession of Mandalay within 15 days after crossing the frontier above Thayetmyo, and the city is now in the hands of our soldiers. No real set battles have been fought, but two or three smaller fights have occurred, to the great slaughter of the poor Burmese soldiers. I was glad to hear that strict orders were given to our troops not to fire upon the Burmese after they turned to flee.

This no doubt has saved many of their lives, and once in the city the English General (Prendergast) required all arms and war munitions to be given up by Burmans. In spite of this there was looting and rioting for a night or two by half-mad Burmese soldiers.

Just now I believe there are 8,000 or 10,000 of our troops in and about Mandalay, and they have just been trying to settle where the camp or cantonment is to be.

We have no news as to the Church, whether it is safe or in ruins. I rather expect to find all being used as barracks for the soldiers, and if so, cannot say much till other shelter is provided for them.

I am reminded again of my experiences 12 years ago. We have on board the French Consul and several merchants, who have taken this opportunity of making their way to Mandalay. To show the difference between English and native rule, let me tell you the facts regarding this steamer.

Upper Burmah is still in a state of war, but this trading steamer was no sooner advertised than heaps upon heaps of cargo were promised and shipping orders asked for. King Thibau arrived, and ought to have been sent away the next day. Some delay took place, and then the rumour was spread abroad that our Government was going to send him back to Mandalay. This caused shippers to back out of their orders, so we go up with hardly any native passengers and only half cargo.

The French Consul is to be pitied. Perhaps you know the French thought to make something of Upper Burmah. They expected to get a French Bank in Mandalay, and several houses of business, and to exclude British Merchants. They were to make a railway too. One Consul managed badly, and another was sent; but before he reached Rangoon on his way, the war had broken out, and King Thibau and his Court were on their way, deported to Rangoon. The Consul presented his credentials to the local Government, but they declined to receive them as there is now no Court or King of Burmah. He however goes up to Mandalay to see what he will see.

January 2nd, 1886

In camp with Hampshire Regt. E. of Mandalay.

I am here to do the Chaplain's work, as he has gone out for a few days with one of the flying columns. Last Sunday I preached at the parade service in the Palace from the steps of the throne. It was an interesting and novel spectacle. Civil and military officers, gunners and infantry; the soldiers all armed, and standing through the whole service. It seemed singular to find oneself preaching in such a place, and to such a congregation; and yet it did not distract me, all seemed too real for fancy to build up. "Truth stranger than fiction" once more; and what perhaps added to it, was the roar or cry of an elephant somewhere near.

The Palace, or rather Grand Throne Room, is a gorgeous building standing on a high platform of brick, and terraced up, then the room itself is raised step by step to allow gradations of rank to be marked; and just where the soldiers were standing, are a number of splendid teak posts painted vermillion, and gaily ornamented with gold leaf up to the very roof some 40 feet above. This was the place where the highest Ministers of the country, each one at a post, used to lie with their faces to the ground, when the King took his seat upon the throne. The throne itself is more like an altar, and though I spoke of steps of the throne, there is no way of getting up from the Court. The entrance is through golden doors at the back, which slide on wheels to allow the King and Queen to pass in. They sit a man's height above everybody, and have before them a curious collection of little images, representing angels, courtiers, fairies, &c., in the act of worship or reverence.

From the throne, the way is open right through the Court, Palace gate, and City, a clear view right East, till the Shan hills intercept the view. After the parade service we went to a small Golden Pagoda or rather Monastery, outside the Palace itself, where there was a celebration of the Blessed Sacrament. This is a beautiful structure, all of wood, covered with gold leaf, and with silvered glass in regular patterns; here and there round doors, arches, statues, &c., &c., &c., glistening most beautifully as the sun shines upon it. No wonder the Burmans think their Kings almost divine.

It is a copy on a smaller scale of the Monastery in which Thibau received his education, and so was kept particularly sacred in the days just gone by. This morning I have preached and said the service in the open air to such of the Hampshire men and Welsh Fusiliers as are left in camp off duty. Everybody comes fully armed, as this is one of the outposts to guard the city from the rush of the Shans.

The troops were on two sides in the shade of another Grand Golden Monastery, the erection of the late King; and I stood on the steps facing West, with a big drum for a reading desk and pulpit. Again I have simply to say I did not feel it strange. One has got accustomed to curious circumstances now, I suppose.

Just as I write I can hear shots firing in various parts, and a rumble like a distant engagement. Since Thibau left several pretenders have sprung up, who are giving our soldiers a lot of trouble.

There are said to be 15,000 men on three sides of Mandalay advancing towards us, and it is to catch these that three columns of our troops were sent out Friday and yesterday, January 1st and 2nd.

I want the country to become quiet, and hope the British Government will place my little friend Tait Tin Oo Zun on the throne. He is the son of the Nyoung Yan, whom you will remember. The father died in Calcutta last April. The mother and sister of the Nyoung Yan have been saved. They sent for me as soon as they knew I had come up, and I have had a pleasant interview with them.

When I came up to Mandalay this time I lived for a while in the house of a Mussulman gentleman named Moola Ismail. He was collector of taxes under Thibau, and is immensely rich. His house is more like a fort than a dwelling, and he has, I am told, 75 servants living in the place, and 30 wives of his own somewhere.

He is not here just now, and the wives have another house all to themselves, I fancy. The suite of rooms he puts at our disposal are very nice, and grandly furnished, so far as mirrors and carpets go. His cook seems quite up to pleasing European tastes, but I did not stay longer than I could help, as the Church, Clergy House, and School will not get into order unless one is on the spot. They are very little damaged and can soon be put all right, and at little cost. Just now, however, that part of the town has a bad character, and there are no troops quartered close, and it is detached from other European houses, so it was considered hardly safe.

My follower and I got a lot of spears and dahs (swords) from the loot of the palace, and two guns, so we took up our quarters and slept there. We shut up all we could, and laid the arms ready for use close beside us, and after commending ourselves to God the Father's care and protection, lay down to sleep.

What with rats, bugs, and firing guns about us, it was a difficult matter to get off quietly. Once I awoke with a start—a gun was fired off close to us. I jumped up and looked out of the window, but could see nothing.

We soon heard a big scuffle; it was a robbery in the next Compound. Five shots were fired. Two of the bullets came whizzing in our direction, so I thought it better to keep under cover. I could not tell who was firing—friend or foe. At last all was quiet again, and we went off to sleep once more. Without showing cowardice it is a trying time, and one is glad to welcome the morning sun again.

The poor Burman peasantry are having a bad time of it. Our troops on the march disarm everyone they meet, and of course this takes weapons from honest people and leaves them to the mercy of skulking vagabonds, who hide their arms during the day and pillage at night; but so it must be for some time. Any Burmans found pillaging are shot, after a trial; but probably there have been mistakes made in hurry and excitement. It is, however, Burman preying on Burman that is causing the greatest distress in the land.

Last night some of our men in camp here seized about 20 rogues of Burmans, but according to orders did not chain them, and what do you think happened? One big Burman got up in the night and darkness, knocked the sentry over, and made his escape. To-day too, just as the Colonel of the Regiment (Col. Bell-Kingsley) and I were waiting at the temporary Church for Holy Communion, up comes a sergeant and saluted:

"So-and-so has caught a Dacoit—what is to be done with him, Sir?"

I rather expected the Colonel to say something dreadful, but he said quietly,

"Put him in guard, and let him be examined afterwards."

The General has given strict orders against unnecessary firing, day or night, and none are to be shot unless caught in the act of violent robbery.

It is guerilla warfare that is going on now, and we hear dropping shots all the day long. Very few men are hit, so it is not very likely that the Burmans will hit me. I felt a little bit more safe when I came into camp last night, and enjoyed an unbroken sleep from 10-30 to 6, which is rather more than I have had of late.

It is amusing to see what shifts we have to put up with Regimental messes you know are often grand and showy in time of peace, but when I came in yesterday the Colonel said:

"Mr. Colbeck, have you got a plate, knife, spoon, and fork?"

They have one each, and none over, unless an officer is sent away on duty, and then even he may take his away with him. Only 80 lbs. baggage is allowed to officers on the march. I am glad to be of some use to the soldiers. It is a wild, rough life for them, and does not tend to make them quiet, sober Christians. One very good order has been passed here,—no one is allowed to sell any liquor to either soldiers or officers in the city, and I have not seen a drunken soldier since I came up.

January 5th 1886

Of all the curious situations for writing, my present one is the most curious I have ever had. I am in the cock-loft—I don't know what other name to call it—in the Clergy House, with Mark Doorooosawmy, my faithful companion. The loft is about 12ft. square and 20ft. from the ground, like a belfry chamber, and we have shut up the one door downwards with a heavy trap-door, so as not to be surprised before we know it. I am sitting on the floor legs under me, writing on a chair, note paper on a book propped up by a box of percussion caps, and under me is a spear which used to belong to some sergeant or other non-commissioned officer in Thibau's army, while close at hand is a naked "Dah" or sword, and a loaded gun, also lately the property of one of his braves. We protect ourselves a little in this way, but our surer trust is in our God, to whom we trustfully commit ourselves.

You know the reason, of course. The third Burmese war has come, King Thibau and his capital taken, and the war ought to be ended now, but, alas, it is not. By some mistake we allowed 5,000 Burmans to take their arms away, and they are every now and then attacking our outposts, and being joined by hundreds of bad characters, who are simply on the look out for plunder.

There are, however, two rebel Princes in arms against us, and perhaps as many as 15,000 men to subdue or break up yet, so you see the country is a long way from being pacified. Telegraphic communication is altogether cut off. The Dacoits or rebels know how to cut the wire, and so though expeditions go along the telegraphic line to restore it, their backs are no sooner turned than the line is cut again.

I have left the camp again and come to my own place. It is better so, as I can superintend what is going on. The Church looks just what it did seven years ago, except that all the furniture is gone, and it wants cleaning and renovating owing to the long neglect.

Great destruction of property has been going on in the Palace, beautiful mirrors, lamps, and candelabras smashed, beautiful Mosaic walls and inlaid doors disfigured, partly by accident, partly wilful, partly by our people, partly by Burmans; but of course this is inevitable where there are thousands of soldiers going about for "loot."

I think nights are getting quieter now, patrols of 50 men go about the streets all night, and all Burmans are disarmed and ordered to keep within doors after dark; but last night I could not go to sleep, mosquitoes biting, and rats actually gnawing at my hair and rushing about us like mad. We sleep on the floor, having no cots.

The "last post" bugle has sounded, and the police guards are rapping their sticks in their quarters to shew they are wide awake.

January 7th 1886

This note is written under rather better circumstances, I have a chair and table, and am not cramped up as I was when I last wrote. We have had two quiet nights, awfully quiet in fact.

The Naval Brigade has come back from Bhamo, so we have a few more troops and guards in town, perhaps this will help to keep things quieter.

The Bishop telegraphed to me yesterday, *i.e.*, I got the telegram yesterday. He wants me to open an English school at once. Rather fast, I think, between two fires the Burmese people are shaking for their lives.

Some of them fear the Dacoits, and they also fear the British soldier. I am afraid a lot of mistakes will be made in shooting prisoners. But you will be pleased to hear there is a hospital for the Burmese wounded. The poor fellows could not understand it at first, but they are very grateful now. After the battle of Minhlah a lot of Burmese wounded were put on board the steamers, and as some died on board their bodies were wrapped up in their clothes and beds and put overboard. The terrified survivors thought our people were punishing them by casting them one by one into the water, and trembled lest it should be their turn next. I have been through the hospital and talked with the poor sufferers. I told the English doctors they were doing more good to pacify the country and teach the Burmese what we are, than almost anybody else—perhaps than everybody else.

There has been a proclamation that Upper Burmah is annexed to the British Empire, but I do not think that means that we are to rule it ourselves. I think it only means that the Queen Empress is supreme, here, and she will see that justice is done—it may be by her own officers or by a dependent King and Court. I wish the latter, as I think it, will be the easier and more ready way of getting peace and quietness. I have other reasons of a secondary kind. The new King, if he is sent, will most likely be the little lad Tait Tin Oo Zun, who I befriended in 1878. His grandmother and aunt have now, I hope, reached Rangoon in safety.

The old lady gave me a photo, of herself, but I handed it to a friend near who evidently wanted it, and he took it as a memento of his visit to Mandalay.

January 11th, 1886

I was kept awake last night. Random shots were going off pretty well all about us, and I, as captain of our little cock-loft fort, have some responsibility.

We have taken into our service in one way or another about 10 men of those who live in our Compound, so they get regular pay (sixpence a day), and do what work is to be done in putting the Church to order, &c.

Now mark this, a few nights ago, when suspicious characters were seen near us with arms, my people at once gave me information, and I sent it to the nearest military guard. The suspicious characters knew this and cleared off. On another occasion, when shots were fired close to us, several of *our* men turned out to come to our help, but finding it was not in our Compound, went to sleep again.

It was not anxiety which kept me awake last night so much as excitement at hearing the accounts of two engagements.

On Saturday a party of our soldiers went to reinforce Sagain, a place about 16 miles from Mandalay. They arrived all right; but three officers, strolling down from the fort to the steamer, were surrounded by mounted Burmans. One young lieutenant was shot (Armstrong).

A Dr. Heath took him up in his arms to carry him off, when the Doctor was shot dead, and the enemy cut his head off. Captain Smyth helped Armstrong till our men from the fort came up, and the enemy made off, It was the fighting to punish this deed that caused the firing yesterday.

On Saturday a party of our men from the camp where I was last Sunday, went to clear out dacoits from a village where three Europeans had been lately killed. They did this with loss in wounded—Captain Lloyd and two European soldiers. On their return towards Mandalay the sick convoy was attacked, and might have been cut off but for a brave native officer, who repaired a half-destroyed bridge under heavy fire. The convoy then passed safely to Mandalay. This native officer was mortally wounded, and four other Sepoys wounded.

A pretender Prince has been caught with his mock Court, and some women who were called Princesses. He has been issuing royal orders and pillaging villages, causing loss of life, so that I expect he will be shot. He has no real claim whatever to the name of Prince. Perhaps a year or two in jail with hard labour and a good whipping would be as good, only he might be troublesome when he got out. If we only pension these rebels and take care of them in nice places in India, a large crop of pretenders will soon spring up. Already there are three Princes in the field against us. The poor people of the country are perplexed what to do.

I visited a second Burmese hospital on Saturday, and found a young dacoit shot through the leg by our men. He told me he was compelled to join under fear of death, and had only joined once. What he fears is that when he is cured he will be tried for dacoity and condemned to death,—that will not be, I think. A sadder case was that of a cheery old lady who was shot by Our men through mistake. Dacoits were in the village, and she and her family were escaping, our men not seeing distinctly, fired upon them, and the old lady's arm was shattered, and is now amputated close to the shoulder. She is doing well.

At Minhlah, two poor little children were found clasped in each others arms, shot through by one bullet. Such is war. Does it not make one shudder and cry to God for "Peace in our time, O Lord."

February 7th, 1886

I am in a rather singular position just now, as I am a kind of general visitor of the Buddhist Monasteries. The Chief Civil Officer has given me a letter in Burmese, addressed to all Hpoongyees, Abbots, and "Religious," requesting them to give me information, and in case they have anything to bring to the notice of Government, to send it through me. Of course this is only to prevent their property or persons being illtreated or insulted by the new comers of various nationalities, and for the preservation of Pali MSS., some of which are of great interest to scholars in Europe. I have charge now of the Royal Library in the Palace, and am to set to work cataloguing as soon as possible. There is a Russian Professor here, and it was perhaps partly to take care of him that I was so readily put on by our officers. My dear old teacher, Dr. Rost, of the India Library, London, will doubtless be very glad to hear we have saved the Palace Library. It was being sold bit by bit for Prize Money, but I suggested to General Prendergast that it would be a graceful act on the part of the army to make a present to our Universities at home, instead of making mincemeat of the books. He at once agreed. Whether London India Library, Oxford, or Cambridge, or all three will receive the offer, is not yet settled. Strange as it may seem, the books will be of more value to learning and science in London, than in Mandalay or Rangoon. The old King would not allow even copies to be made of his books. I picked up a pretty gold book,—palm leaves, and written with an iron stylus, and found it was a book of meditation and devotion, belonging to the Princess of May Doo, who became Queen May Doo, one of the wives of King Bah Gye Daw, who fought against us in the 1st Burmese War. The book is dated Burmese Era, 1194, *i.e.*, A.D. 1833. Another book was a part of an illustrated life of Gaudama. The King Min Dohn ordered his Royal artist to paint the pictures; but one day when the King was present in the studio, and the painter lying on the floor painting as usual, a Royal page of 14 years pinched the artist, and at last he got so enraged that he picked up the King's spittoon and brought it with a crash on the page's head. There was a great hullabuloo, and the youngster's head was broken. The King was very angry at this insult to his Majesty, and the painter was at once ordered to jail. He would have been killed, but being a man of genius, and the Burmese Head Hpoongyee begged for his life—so after an imprisonment of five months he was released, but he never got into favour again, and the pictures were never finished. I expect to come across some curious books; two I have already seen are "The Praises of the King," and "The Praises of the Queen Mother." These books were chanted in the presence of those whose names they bear as a sort of soothing lullaby.

The Viceroy is to be here next Friday, if all be well, and will stay for a few days. If you wish to tell him anything particular you had better telegraph, or cable-graph, or heliograph, or semigraph; we do all the graphs here except cablegraphs. There is nag-wagging-on all the hills to the troops in the valleys, and they flash signals at night with powerful lanterns, and so keep themselves well informed of all that goes on round about. A lot of troops are out to-day again, and more go out to-morrow; they want to catch two or three of the rebel princes, then the country will be quieter, I hope. The Burmese officer who fought hardest is to come to see me on Tuesday morning. He is called the "Royal Hand," because he has such a tremendously big palm and strong hand, and once killed a prisoner with a slap from his open hand. He was Governor of Minhlah, where the first big fights took place, and now Thibau has gone he wants to be put into work again under the British Government.

Lady Dufferin comes with the Viceroy, and two or three other ladies, of the Palace is undergoing great alterations for them, though they are to be here only

three or four days. But it is right to shew respect to our Empress in the person of the Viceroy; the Burmese will think all the more of him, of the Empress, and of us, if we do the grand now.

February 11th, 1886

I am not at present going to say much about the Viceroy's State Entry, unless the ceremonial is so grand that I get let off in a flowing mood and cannot stop; as our good Doctor would say, "*cacoethes scribendi*," but the military authorities have issued a programme which is a pattern and model to all ceremonialists, ecclesiastical, civil, or otherwise. It regulates dress, position, action, time, order, everything that can be thought of, and is so clear that any *contretemps* ought to be impossible, and time enough is given to everybody concerned to learn his part thoroughly, and pace over the ground so as to know where he is to be at the right moment.

The preparations will have an excellent effect upon the Burman mind, and the Viceroy will doubtless worthily fulfil his honourable office as representative of our Queen Empress, whom God preserve long to us. I remember Min-dohn-Min's and Thibau Min's "Twet-daw-moo-thee," (State functions, &c.) but the Viceroy and Governor General will surpass them, and one grand benefit conferred upon the town and city will be the possession of an excellent road right from the Strand to the south gate of the city. The road was there before but in inferior condition, and the bridges were narrow and sometimes impassable. Now the road is wide, bridges enlarged, strengthened, dust laid, graveled and rolled, so that should it be my lot to return to Maulmain and stand again for the Municipality, I shall have in mind the *beau ideal* of excellence, so far as roads go, and provided funds are forthcoming, may expect to earn the grateful thanks of future generations, as they save the tongues, heads, and ribs, and their gharry springs and temper by travelling in comfort and safety.

Now let me tell you of two or three little discoveries in the Palace.

Considering all things it was singular to find a portrait of our Queen. This was sent, I forget whether in 1866 or 1871, with an autograph letter. Both letter and portrait are now taken good care of. The Queen's portrait is a very good one, handsomely framed in very heavy wood, with purple velvet and gold fittings. Col. Sladen was against the presentation, and most people think he was right. There were also portraits of other European Sovereigns, but none of them so well got up as our Queen's picture. I hope none of them will be sold.

Another interesting piece of spoil came into my hands on Tuesday, February 9th. I opened an old box, looking for Pali books again, and found a lot of rice pot covers and "Kun thee nyat," *i.e.*, betel nut cutters; and what seemed to be like a lady's writing case and blotting book. It was rather pretty, glass backs, with floriated gold borders, and a water fountain in Mother of Pearl. Opening it, inside was crimson silk; then, ah then!—What do you think? A Burmese document on stiff paper with gold margin, signed "Dalhousie." This made me look eagerly, and I found it was the State despatch which settled the British boundary after the 2nd Burmese war. It is worth giving a copy. Don't think I am translating. After finishing the Burmese I turned over two leaves and found the English copy. Here it is:—

To His Majesty the King of Ava,

A.C.—In the letter which the Governor General in Council has had the honour of receiving, your Majesty expresses a hope that territory may not be taken, but only the expenses of the War. Your Majesty further declares your desire that a treaty of peace should be concluded between the States.

The Governor General in Council reminds your Majesty, that when hostilities were first commenced he declared his readiness to renew relations of friendship, on payment being made of the expenses of the war.

The Court of Ava refused to listen to that offer. The Court of Ava refused all reparation for the wrong it had done, for its violation of public treaties. For many months the Court of Ava waged war against the British Government, in maintenance of acts which your Majesty admits to have been unlawful and unjust.

Wherefore the Government of India has found it necessary for its own interests, and for the security of its subjects, to deprive the Court of Ava of the power thus to injure and do it wrong. To that end, the British Government having conquered the Southern Provinces of the Burman Kingdom, established its frontier to the northward of Meaday. When the Envoy, whom your Majesty had authorised to negotiate for peace declared his readiness to sign a Treaty in conformity with the Proclamation, the Governor General in Council, sincerely desirous that peace should be restored, consented to accept a frontier in the neighbourhood of Prome. But your Majesty's Envoy then faithlessly receding from the declarations he had previously made, refused to sign a Treaty of Peace. Whereby the British Boundary should be fixed at Prome. Accordingly he was informed that the Government of India had finally fixed the Boundary of the British Territories at six miles to the north of Meaday, as described in the document which was delivered to him.

From this Boundary the Governor General in Council is resolved never again to recede. If your Majesty desires that peace should be restored between the two great nations, your Majesty will forthwith cause a Treaty to be signed whereby each State shall retain the Territories which it now holds, and which have already been described, while peace and friendship shall be again restored.

If your Majesty shall refuse to sign such Treaty, and shall seek to molest the British Government, either by your own acts or by those of your subjects in the peaceable possession of the Territories it has conquered, the Governor General in Council again declares to your Majesty, that while sincerely desirous of peace, he is fully prepared for war.

The consequence of such renewal of war, your Majesty cannot fail to anticipate.

The Governor General in Council therefore expects that for the sake of your own interests, and for the safety of your State, your Majesty will direct the immediate execution of a Treaty of Peace accordance with the terms which were offered to your Envoy, the Egga-maha-na-pe-dee, at his first conference with the British Commissioners.

These, and these only are the terms which the Governor General in Council will now consent to grant or to accept.

May 21st, 1853.

"DALHOUSIE."

The English copy is nearly in pieces/but has not been pasted together. It has a cross mark at the fatal "six miles." The Burmese copy has been worn to pieces, but it has been pasted over at the back and gummed to a stouter piece of paper, with an additional piece where the pages fold together.

The English, as you can see, reads well, as though Lord Dalhousie were saying to himself "We'll have no more nonsense." The Burmese reads as though the writer were about to burst into a passion, but made a violent effort and restrained himself.

The despatch got to Ava at a very unfortunate time for the Burmese Government. I handed the document to Colonel Bengough, who will give it to the Viceroy I suppose.

All the Pali books are now gathered together in one place, the old Royal Library, and after the Viceroy has gone, steps must be taken to catalogue them. The Hpoongyees of various monasteries have buried their books and will keep them so, for risk of fire, thieves, dacoits, &c., till quieter times. This accounts for the small number of books in some of the libraries.

February 21st, 1886

The day after the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin entered Mandalay there was a State Council held at the Shore. The Viceroy sat on the throne, and asked the ministers of King Thibau all kinds of questions;—how they ruled the country under the King. He gave them a piece of warning, and said the British Government would reward those who served the Queen-Empress faithfully and loyally, but would be quick to punish those who offended, broke their promises, or misused their power.

On Saturday, February 13th, Lady Dufferin received the wives and daughters of the Burmese Mingyees (Ministers) and other ladies of Mandalay. They were not obliged to lie on the floor on their knees and elbows like frogs (that was the old custom in the palace), but were treated like ladies should be. This scene you will find in the *Illustrated London News*.

On Monday, February 15th, there was a grand sight. All the officers and gentlemen, English, French, Italian, German, and American, and a number of the native gentry, Burmese, Chinese, and Mussulmans, went in procession before the Viceroy, each as his name was called out, passed before the Governor General, and made a bow which the Governor General returned.

Some of the Burmans seemed frightened, and some went past without paying any salute (not from unwillingness, but from bewilderment); but they were quickly called back again. I thought some would have liked better to be sitting down in their old style, but that is not our English custom. The Chinese did their bowing very well, all their heads were nicely shaved, and their cues (or pigtails) were let down behind their backs, their mark of respect.

When the native officers of the Indian army came forward there was a very interesting little ceremony—the English Officer commanding each regiment introduced his native officers—Subadars and Jemadars—each marched up to the Viceroy, with turban on, saluted with the right hand in military style, and held his sword so as to let the Viceroy touch the hilt with his right hand. This custom, as you know, means that the officer will serve the Viceroy faithfully, and only bear and wield

the sword in his cause. Lord Dufferin had a very grand uniform: a helmet with gold ornaments and white plumes; scarlet tunic, with sparkling stars, crosses, orders, and decorations. He looked and stood like a king, smiling upon his many visitors and subjects.

Next day the Viceroy gave back to the Burmese Head Hpoongyee—the Tha-tha-na-baing—the images of Gaudama, which the Kings of Burmah have for generations been setting up one after another in the Palace. Some of them are like rough blocks of stone covered with gold, with barely any shape for their eyes, ears, and mouths. Some were said to be all gold, others had rubies and diamonds set about them. The Viceroy gave them all back to the Tha-tha-na-baing to show that our Government will not oppress or persecute the Buddhist religion, and anyone who likes to follow it may. After this event we all got ready to say good-bye to the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin. The band played "God save the Queen." The procession of carriages, officers, and cavalry, formed and went out of the east gate of the Palace, through two long lines of soldiers with glittering bayonets, right down to the shore, where the Viceroy went at once on board the steamer "Mindoon." There was a salute of 31 guns as the Viceroy stepped on board that evening, and another at 6-30 on Friday morning as the ship left the shore.

Now the Viceroy has come and gone. All Burmans are British subjects, right up to Mogoung, and I hope they will soon be peaceful and prosperous.

March 7th, 1886

There is a good joke (too rough) about the Viceroys speech here on Feb. 17th. It was telegraphed down, and arrived in Rangoon in two parts, the second before the first, two days after the Viceroy got there.

I cannot write much to-day, as I have got a sty in my left eye, which bothers me, and it was made worse by a terrible dust storm we had last. Friday—a regular Simoon, except that it was from the north, and blew dust instead of sand. It was fearful. I was at the shore half the day, waiting for the Bishop, having gone down on a false alarm of his arrival. I stayed in camp with the 1st Madras Pioneers till dusk, and then made up my mind to return. Just as I ordered my bullock cart out, smoke was seen, and I thought I would wait to, see the Bishop, though he would not go up to town that night. I strolled down to the beach with three or four of the officers, when we noticed a peculiar cloud to the north, and I recognised the signs of a little cyclone, such as we often had at Mandalay in old days. I thought it would burst and have done in half an hour, but did not reckon on the dust. The "Dowoon," the Bishop's steamer, got within half a mile or so when down came the storm, with a peculiar, tremulous rattle, and we were all half-blinded at once by the dust. We were half-suffocated, and had to grope our way. Major Fenwick and I stuck close together till we were blown apart. Then he took shelter on the ground under a huge log, and I sat under a stone heap, expecting to be covered with stones. When the wind shifted a little the noise among the broken stones was horrible. It sounded as though 100 boys were pitching boulders into a pit. I cleared out sideways, and got under the lee of a bamboo fence, which cut the wind and gave me breathing. I tried many a time to face the tempest, but it was no use, so I remained there an hour and a half. Major Fenwick got up, and, knowing the geography of the place, staggered backwards about 100 yards into the Commissariat Godowns, where he found some of our late companions sheltering. He kindly sallied out to find me, and, having done so, we linked arm in arm and backed against the wind into the Commissariat Godowns, and stayed till the storm abated. The dust was frightful,—eyes, ears, noses, hair, full as full could be. We got

dinner with the Pioneers at nine instead of seven, and, with a martial cloak wrapped round me, I went on board the "Sir William Peel" for the night. The wreckage piled up around the bows of the steamer was extraordinary—logs, bamboos, mats, &c., &c., piled one on top of another, extending yards in front of her bows, and chains like drift ice in the Arctic regions, and the Calassies were standing far out on it, hacking and chopping away *to* free the cables from the extra strain. I felt queer and full of sand, but soon got to sleep, and went early the next morning to meet the Bishop, in a cassock not fit to be seen. I lost my cart, bullocks, driver, and boy, they had been a few yards away from me, but the wind and dust had hid them and they could not find me, so they made the best of their way home, and got to the Clergy House, at 9-30 p.m.

APRIL 18TH, 1886

A gun was fired on Monday morning, April 12th, at five minutes past seven o'clock, to tell when the Burmese new year began, but there was not so much water throwing as usual. I did see a few girls dripping wet and like drowned ducks, and some of them drenched Col. Lowndes, Mr. Moylan, and other gentlemen passing by. Most of the people had no mind for such fun, and I am sorry to say that a wicked few were even then plotting to burn down the whole city.

We had been warned that there would be a "rising" at the new year, but nobody attached much importance to the warning. On Wednesday night, April 14th, some well known dacoits came into the city, and during the night and early next morning, they set the City, Palace, and Town on fire in six different places.

Men with white flags, on which were stitched red ogres (Beloos), planted these flags close to the King's Bazaar, and told the people about that they had come in front of the Burmese army, which would shortly advance and drive all the British out. A number of desperate men got over the city wall and set fire to the houses near the south gate. They burned the Treasury, the Palace, Post office, and the Commissariat stores, and set fire to the place where the artillery keep their bombshells and ammunition; our soldiers had to take the shells and cartridges out of the burning building or there might have been worse mischief. The rebels also tried to fire the beautiful Pagoda Chapel, which I described before. One of the sentries saw a man under the chapel with a lighted torch, chased after him, and caught him and saved the building. I am sorry to say that several of our soldiers were killed and wounded in the confusion.

When the rebels outside Mandalay saw the fire and smoke, they took it as a signal, and prepared to attack the east side of the city and Palace. Three hundred of them attacked our military post of Yankintoung, about three miles east. They killed two or three native soldiers in a sudden attack, but were very soon driven back, leaving twelve of their men dead. The men who planted the Beloo flags were mostly captured, and the party at the south gate was chased after it had got over the wall and moat. The cavalry followed up the pursuit past Amerapoora, and brought back several prisoners. So except destroying the property of their own people, the dacoits did very little damage.

I am sorry the Palace suffered, because discontented Burmans will say, "They cannot even take care of the place their soldiers live in; how then can they govern the whole Kingdom."

Of course that is nonsense, really, for any wicked fellow might cause more mischief than a thousand wise and good men could set right.

Another extraordinary and absurd thing during the day, was the attempt of three young Burmans in the city to frighten a postman, and cut his letter bag from him. He had a spear in his hand and a soldier was passing by, so they drove off two of the Burmans and took the third prisoner; he seemed only about 18 years of age, and had evidently been eating opium. In the fight he had got roughly handled, and was covered with blood when I saw him handed over to the military authorities in the Palace.

On Tuesday night, April 15th, we had an alarm on our side. There is a regiment of Madras soldiers close to us, some of them even in our own Compound. The dacoits were reported coming, so all in the Clergy House were armed, and a watch was kept by one or another of us all the night. At 10 o'clock there was a great rushing, yelling, and howling of dogs and men.

The Sepoys gave the alarm and we all got ready, but it was only a false alarm. An hour after this the dacoits attacked a house to the south of us; some of our soldiers went and drove them off, killing two, and wounding several, and taking some prisoners; we kept ready all night, for the firing was close upon us, but there was nothing more to be done. On Friday, there were two alarms of fire, but not very serious; and to-day, as far as I know the town has been perfectly quiet.

No Burmans are allowed inside the Palace without passes now. Where the people have gone to who lived in the part of the city which has been destroyed, I cannot tell. I measured one place which had just been turned out, the embers still smoking, and people raking them about, to find, if possible, little bits of unconsumed property. This place measured 600 ft. by 300 ft., and had been covered with houses. This was one fire out of six the same day. It is hard to say how *many* houses were destroyed; lots of people took out bundles of their property and carried them away, so we hope many of them have saved what they valued most. No people were burned to death in these fires; but a medical man attached to the native army, who was passing by, was cut down by the dacoits and killed. An hour afterwards a friend and I were at the spot, and some officers rode up to see if we were armed, saying no Europeans ought to be without arms. We had none, but when we got into the Palace, I picked up an old carbine, unloaded, and as we drove back, stuck the muzzle out of the Gharry door, to satisfy our kind warners and others that we were armed.

We had another fire on April 30th, even more dreadful and destructive than the fires earlier in the month, and much nearer to us. The fire broke out about midnight, and was so bright that it lighted up the whole country for miles around. We thought it was steadily sweeping in our direction, and all Government stores, ammunition, &c., were taken out of the School-room the soldiers use as a barrack. Showers of burning embers came over us, and a great canopy of smoke, but we were providentially saved from fire, and were most thankful. In the suburbs of the city, a place a mile and a half in length, and from half a mile to three quarters in breadth, was devastated by the fire, and it was calculated that over 4,000 houses were burned down. This was not, I believe, the work of dacoits, but an accidental fire. You may imagine how the people suffered.

May 30th, 1886

The rains have now come, and so we are cooler and happier. The cholera came, but only attacked two new bodies of men, and probably they brought it with them from Assam or Bengal, their last station.

I have just had made over to me one of the old King's sons, Pyimmana Mintha, a nice little lad of 13 years. His mother, the Kyay Myin Queen, is a very nice lady of 35, and begs me to take great care of her boy—her only child. The Prince's grandfather is one of the old Burmese ministers, 83 years of age, and spared by Thibau, I suppose, because he was so old. This boy is the only Prince allowed to stay in Mandalay. Of course he is only a Prince in name now; but if he does well in school, and is a gentlemanly youth, our Government will do a good deal for him, I am sure. He was formally made over on Thursday last, but brought yesterday by his mother, who had despatched half-a-dozen servants some hours before to put his little room into proper order,—white and yellow silk bed curtains, tied with green velvet; white mattresses and sheets, with velvet pillow, water goblets, and triple-faced mirror, and other pretty nic-nacs to fit him up. To-day three loads of food have come for him, morning, noon, and evening, and his mother did not forget me either.

I hope some of this state will be dropped soon—it must be. But he is decidedly a little gentleman,—lecturing his attendants in a strange, kind, old-fashioned style. I had only two chairs for the old grandfather (the Mingyee), the Queen, and the Prince. I wanted the mother to sit on one chair; the old man sat on one, of course. The little Prince would not sit on the chair till his mother told him, and she sat more comfortably on a fine carpet I have on the floor. His mother smelt (not kissed) him very lovingly twice before she left, and I was pleased to see him go on his knees and bow to the ground before her as she was going away. I don't think he will give me any trouble. The old minister said "Check him, reprove him, beat him, to make him a wise, good man." His mother says when he has passed his English examination, let him be a Doctor.

Our Government would be delighted at this, for Burmans fight shy of learning surgery and anatomy, and he might lead the way to a change.

May 31st, 1886

The little Prince is in school, and seems to like it. It was a very proper answer he gave me the other day.

I said, "Can you read?"

He said, "Yes."

"What do you read?"

He answered quite naturally, "The Books of the History of the Kings, and the Affairs of State."

Very proper reading for a young princeling.

Our Government promises a general amnesty to all rebels, insurgents, or dacoits, who give themselves up and bring in their arms for the next few days,—really June 1st is stated, but the period will be extended, so I hope lots of deluded

creatures will come to terms and save their lives. They must have a bad time of it in the forests now, for like Robin Hood and his men, they have to shift from place to place, and if ever they seem to make a settlement anywhere, our troops are at them at once. There has been, and will be fighting with the wild Kachyins, near Bhamo, with losses on our side, officers and men, and we are just expecting to hear of heavy fighting on the Assam frontier, where last week a party of dacoits drove an escort of 100 men of ours back, wounding two officers, and killing and wounding some fifteen men. Nothing has occurred of this sort near Mandalay for some time. You will be glad to hear that I am again able to help sufferers. Lots of old Queens and Princesses were badly treated by Thibau, and ill-provided for by our Government. I have taken the trouble to find out and represent several cases to Government with good effect, and the ladies, so long as they remain unmarried, will get pensions of from 50 to 150 a year, which is at least better than nothing. The young Princes will get a good education if they care for it, and government appointments afterwards if they work for and deserve them. Old Ministers of State under Mindohn and Thibau will get pensions too, I suppose.

The confusion as to property here" is of course very great, sometimes half-a-dozen claimants for the same piece of property, house or land. I don't "know what our officers will do. Happily for us the Church Compound has not been encroached upon, and we have only to put up our fences and hold on, hands, claws, and teeth, against all comers.

The Prince's servant or guardian is his uncle. He was a Royal Herald under Thibau, and second in command of the Burmese troops who fought against us at Myingyan, as the fleet came up. He says none of them imagined they could beat us, but the King would fight, and the Ministers had to talk as though they would quickly annihilate our army.

July 3rd, 1886
In Sagain Fort

This is the place where the big fight was expected, when our troops came up in November last, and where the disarmament of the Burmese soldiers took place. Just across the river, which here is 2,500 yards wide, is the fort of Ava, and between the two the Burmese had sunk a lot of boats, steamers, &c., to block up the passage for our transports, but there was no fighting at all then.

The fort is now occupied by about 200 of our troops, 120 Europeans, and about the same number of Madras Sepoys. I came down yesterday from Mandalay, and am staying over Sunday to hold services, and also intend crossing over to Ava fort. This evening, we, *i.e.*, the officers, got up a kind of entertainment for the men, who have very little amusement, and are not allowed far from the fort. The officer commanding the fort gave a recitation; I gave some account of the History of Burmah and my adventures in Mandalay. I think the men will come all the readier to the parade services if they hear from the *padre* first that he can do something besides preach to them. There are very few sick men here, no very bad cases, and no deaths from sickness have taken place either among British or Madras troops since the fort was occupied. Just outside the gates are three nicely kept graves, one of young Lieut. Cockeram, killed in action some miles away; another, that of Surgeon Heath, who was shot dead while trying to carry off a wounded comrade, Lieutenant Armstrong, when they were attacked by dacoits between the fort and the ships, only half-a-mile apart then. The dacoits were hiding in the jungle, and rushed out upon a small party of officers leisurely walking down to the shore.

Things are very quiet here now, there are no bands of dacoits within 12 miles, but we made a longer ride than we ought to have done this morning, into the country, without arms, the officers thought so too, so next time they will go better prepared.

I have left them alone at Mandalay this trip, so I hope they will show well when I return, and give me confidence in leaving them again on duty like this. It is awkward when we clergymen leave our posts, even for one Sunday. We cannot say to the next Vicar or Rector "Please take my duty on Sunday," because everybody is generally so full of work, and lives so far from his neighbouring priest. We missionaries can take Chaplain's duties sometimes, but they cannot help us much in our Burmese work. Last Sunday I had six services and four sermons by myself, with two celebrations,—8, 9-30, 11, 12, 4, and 5-45.

September 18th, 1886

I am quite anxious to know what sort of a story you have heard about the inundation. The *Times* Correspondent here maintained that hundreds of lives were lost, but I stick to the smaller number, and I have got into hot water in consequence. The local correspondents have sent fearful accounts, putting the loss of life at 1,000 or even 2,000. The Official Government Report puts down the loss at 13, or a few over that. My report was sent in first—"Loss of life under 25." The Burmese Tha-tha-na-baing has reported later much as I reported; so we have the Government and clericals on one side, and the newspaper correspondents on the other in a drawn battle. Some will believe one, some the other.

We did expect a regular outburst of fever, dysentery, and perhaps cholera, as the water subsided, but up to the present in our compound nothing of the kind has taken place; nor, so far as I can hear, is there anything uncommon in the health of the city and town in general. You see that both in its immediate and after results the flood has been much less of a calamity than we feared it would be.

The water has risen again, and is rising, but it rises very slowly now, so there is no fear of much damage being done.

September 27th, 1886

Our Government has been giving rice and three-farthings a day to about 5,000 people drowned out by the water. One day, when the people were assembled in great numbers, the rain came on heavily, and the people, crowded together, rushed through a gate just then thrown open. The front ranks, old men, women, and children, were thrown down, and the multitude behind streamed over them, not knowing what had happened. Two old men, two children, and eight women were killed outright; two more died from the trampling on them within an hour or two; and six more were hurt, but are better again. It was the sudden panic and rush to get food and to get out of the way of the rain. This morning I was in a crowd of the poor people, giving them little notes or tickets to entitle them to relief, and they got uncomfortably pertinacious; but we made them all sit down quietly on the ground, and then there was no danger. Until a few days ago relief was given to all who asked, but now the ticket system has come into force there will not be so many people applying. But is it not hard? A rumour has been spread about that the rice is being distributed by order of King Thibau. It is very annoying. Another rumour was that he had sent 65lbs of gold to rebuild a grand Pagoda near Mandalay, the fact being that our Government had

captured some Rs.6,000 value of gold, but, as it belonged to the said Pagoda, they professed willingness to give it up into the hands of the Trustees of the Pagoda, to be spent on the Pagoda. Our Government, as you know, is very careful not to interfere in the matter of religion, unless it is a cover for treason, disloyalty, or vice.

I will in another letter give you little bits of my experience lately in another kind of work—helping the distressed—but I fear I shall come in for knocks and reproof from some people, who will say I am interfering in things that do not concern me.

October 11th, 1886

I would tell you how the poor Queens have found me out, and how I sometimes help them. There were some 30 or 40 Queens, great and small. So long as the old King lived they were well cared for, and had each of them State allowances, and a larger or smaller retinue of servants—in fact, were royally cared for. From time to time they received large presents from the King, who seems to have been very good to them, as they all speak very affectionately about him still, and the wise among them saved up these presents till they had quite a little treasure chest.

When the King's illness became very severe several of them, to provide for the future, quietly committed their savings into the hands of persons they thought they could trust; and when, after the long, hard time of imprisonment in Thibau's reign, the British Government was established here, and the Royal ladies set at liberty and granted small pensions, they plucked up courage to ask the persons to whom they had intrusted their property to give it back again, but with little good result. I am no lawyer, but lots of the Queens and

Princesses came to me for advice and help, for several of them I have helped to get back their landed property, and just now have helped one—a nice lady of 53—to make her case in court for Rs.20,000, in one quarter, and Rs.90,000 in another. I believe you know a little what lawyers' fees are, and really it does not seem to need a lawyer's skill to see where justice lies in these cases, so I have advised them, too, without lawyers' fees. The pleas set up by some of these trustees are as follows:—

“I acknowledge I received the money, or jewels from you, but I gave it to your mother while you were in prison.” (The mother is dead.)

Another says: “Yes, I got your gold, jewels, and other property to the value of Rs. 10,000, but I gave it back to your daughter, the Princess So-and-so, one day when she was by herself in the Palace, and I do not know what she did with it.”

These are fine excuses indeed. They might be true; but are probably not true in the least. Our Government officials have a fine task before them in searching out all the truth in these cases. You may imagine what lying and perjury goes on in the Courts, and all the more if the Judge does not know the language in which the parties are being examined.

I have had several presents offered to me or to the Church, but I have declined them. One man for whom I had written a letter, came after his release from prison, bringing a roll of Rs. 150 in his hand. Another, a woman whose husband was released after bail was given, offered me a cart and two bullocks.

This morning I had a present sent from one of the Queens of a beautiful silver box, with a Burmese string of beads of sandal wood most delicately perfumed; “a

pretty present for your table." But I could not take it, it would be too much like bribery and corruption, and in helping them for pity's sake my own hands must be kept clean.

If any one finds fault with a Missionary for helping in this way, I shall answer, "Consider the topsy-turviness of Mandalay just now,—the people hardly know whether they are Burmese or British subjects,—and whether they are on their heads or their feet; and in particular, these Queens and Princesses are not more accustomed to the ways of the world than a flock of good sisters of charity from a convent would be."

To-day I am asked to do another strange thing, *i.e.*, to dacoits last December. The bones have just been brought in from the place where he was shot. Some are missing. His mother and sister have got a coffin made, and want to have all the bones they can find buried in consecrated ground. It is natural they should wish this. The poor lad was one of our choir boys here in 1874. He went out with several European companions last December; they were met by some 200 or 300 Burmans, and had a fight for three hours, when all were shot down except one, who was afterwards killed. The bodies were thrown into a river and floated towards a Monastery, the Hpoongyee of which got George Calogreedy's body buried, till the floods washed open the grave, and now the bones are being picked up and sent into Mandalay.

November 22nd, 1886

Reports have got about that we are to be attacked in the Clergy House, and that the design is to hurt me. I don't know what I have done to cause this, perhaps it is all nonsense. We had a guard two nights last week but nothing happened, we sleep a little more wakefully perhaps, but cannot, of course, keep awake the whole of every night. This sort of thing is, of course, a little bit trying and anxious.

Two more Chaplains have come, so my calls to outside work are less, and likely to be less. I shall be more of a stay-at-home bird so far as military are concerned, and until the country is more quiet, we shall not do much far away from the head-quarters of the mission. The Commissioner of Mandalay, Mr. Burgess, has just made the offer of a treat to our boys, so we shall have it (D.V.) next week.

November 28th, 1886

G. H. arrived here on the 27th, two days late, so we were not able to meet him in grand style as arranged. Is it not strange and nice that Dean Gott's kind present of a Communion Case came into, use the very day after it got here, and for the purpose of ministering to the dying. We shall have our second service of Intercession at 4-30, and feel brave and strong, knowing how many faithful ones are praying for us and other workers for God, throughout the world.

December 13th, 1886

I have a nice piece of duty to do here to-day, that is, to distribute a number of Christmas puddings. The Bishop and Mrs. Strachan have had 100 made in Rangoon, and are sending them about to young officers on detachment duty, far away from the regimental messes, so that these young fellows will not feel utterly forgotten on Christmas Day.

It is very kind and thoughtful on the part of the Bishop and Mrs. Strachan, is it not?

December 19th, 1886

Everything is livelier and better just now, tending towards peace. The troops are better in health, and are more able to march about. Dacoits have been attacked successfully in many places, and in one affair 200 of them out of 700 were killed, Dacoit leaders in various places are giving themselves up and bringing in men and arms. The two chief rebels still at large are likely to be brought in soon. One, who is a brave old chief, and who has not shown cruelty to his enemies, will probably be pardoned when captured, and put into authority to hunt down the rest. The other, if caught, will probably be shot or transported for life, as he has been so cruel and wicked.

The Christmas watchword is "Peace." So may it be.

January 1st, 1887

We had a fine affair the other day, close to us. The Commander-in-Chief (Sir Frederic Roberts), now in Mandalay paid a State visit to the Buddhist Tha-tha-na-baing (or Archbishop). There were six Generals and 100 or more other officers present, the Tha-tha-na-baing and 13 Sadaws (or Bishops), and scores of Hpoongyees.

The two great men complimented each other, of course, and then they got to business. The Tha-tha-na-baing said the country was much quieter since General Roberts had taken rule in hand, and if he would stay a little longer all would be quiet. He wanted the British to be careful not to injure the Buddhist faith, but to cause it to be stronger than ever, and begged Government Officials to prohibit sale or destruction of Monastic property. The assembled Sadaws said they wished to have the Commander-in-Chief's authority for a proposed proclamation. If they got the authority they would send out Hpoongyees to preach submission and quietness all over the country, and so bring the people round. The General said he hoped the Tha-tha-na-baing would do all, he could for peace and quietness.

I am not writing a newspaper letter, so you must not think you have got hold of the *Times* newspaper. I expect the *Times* will contain a full description of the whole affair.

The Burmese Interpreter got fogged in his head, and could not get on properly. General White came and asked me to interpret for the Commander - in - Chief, which of course I did with pleasure; and I translated the address presented by the Tha-tha-na-baing and the proposed proclamation. I do not know whether our Government will sanction the issue of the proclamation, as it gives power to the Tha-tha-na-baing to correct and punish all Buddhist Ecclesiastical persons, and to dispose of all questions affecting religious property.

The Tha-tha-na-baing is a nice old man of 63 years, and gave the Commander-in-chief a good homily on his duty as a ruler. He said: "I have four words to say, and wish you to take them as principles of your government. They are Myitta, Garuna, Mudita, and Upayka.

MYIT-TA is love—the love and kindness you should show to all people under you.

GA-RU-NA is mercy—regard all people as your own flesh and blood, your own children.

MU-DI-TA is beneficence—that which causes gladness to those about and subject to you.

U-PAY-KA is discrimination and moderation in dealing with those who offend, remembering that they are fated to be bad, so do not punish them as though they could help it.”

The General received all this excellently, and answered suitably, so the old man said he and the Sadaws would pray that he might live to a good age, have abundant honours, and freedom from all sickness. We were all photographed immediately after the interview, and I translated the letters presented, and took them to the General at Tiffin next day.

The Tha-tha-na-baing is coming to see me here to-day at 3 o'clock. He has had another interview with the Commander-in-chief since the State interview, and I believe the Commander-in-chief is anxious to be good friends with him, so as to get spiritual authority on the British side. I was glad to be of some service to the Commander-in-chief, it will all stand to the credit of the Church and. S.P.G., I hope. It will show that Missionaries do come in useful sometimes. I should say from what I have seen of Sir Frederic Roberts that he would be polite and courteous to anyone, not merely because he had got service rendered by them.

January 9th, 1887

On the Feast of the Epiphany we had an interesting event—we had six or eight Queens and a host of Princesses in the Clergy House.

I pitied the poor ladies, and so invited them, and more came than we expected. It was a pretty sight. All the ladies were well dressed, and the chief Queen directed the movements of the rest. All sat on the floor, on carpets we had laid for the purpose. That was their custom in the Palace. Besides a magic lantern exhibition we had music and singing. They seemed to like it, but took all in a very ladylike way no gush or effusiveness. I know a-good many of them, but one of the elder Princesses, the Sa-beh-nago Min-tha-mee, brought up many of the younger ladies, and formally presented them, making them shake hands.

Thibau's two sisters were very nice ladies, and I am very glad I said nothing about their brother before the whole company, as it might have hurt their feelings.

February 6th, 1887

I must tell you about our welcome to the Bishop. We made our arrangements beforehand, and drilled the boys into order. Telegram at 9 o'clock, Friday morning, February 4th, told that the Bishop's steamer was near, so off H—— trotted, and our mounted boys, some 35 or 40 in number, under the command of their teachers, forming quite a bright cavalcade. I expected to have to drive the Bishop up, so I

borrowed a horse and trap, one of the few in the station at present, and with a smartly dressed footman—livery black, with scarlet facings and slashes—hurried down to the shore, startling the people on the road, who looked a bit astonished to see the quiet English Hpoongyee driving so furiously at the head of a mounted troop of dashing young Burmans.

We got to the steamer, met the Bishop and Mrs. Strachan, who looked, very well, and glad to visit Mandalay; then I took off the Bishop in the trap, and the Chief Commissioner's son, Mr. Bernard, put Mrs. Strachan and two other ladies into carriages, and they drove off to the Palace. The Bishop was amused, astonished, and pleased with his novel bodyguard, and said he had never heard of the like to meet a Bishop before. Part of the boys were to have gone ahead, but as it was very dusty we altered that part of the scheme, and they all fell behind us. The pony I was driving had good mettle and raced away as for a wager, so that I had to hold him in tightly, and he foamed again.

People on the roads looked admiringly on the brightly dressed lads and prancing steeds, and I dare say with their long hair streaming down their backs, and their gay turbans flying back in the wind, they would look many more than they really were. When we got near the Church Compound a lot of the escort broke off and reached the Compound before us; we came over the bridge near the Clergy House, and saw the whole of the boys of the school drawn up in two files along the front road, with banners and flags at the gates, on the trees of the Compound, and on the high Church tower. The finest banner of all was the School Lion banner, it sparkles and glitters like gold in the sunshine; it is really a remarkably fine piece of work. The boys saluted as we dismounted and walked through the files, and then when we had got right through, at the word of command followed the banner up to the school, fell into their places there, and the Bishop came over and made a brief inspection. We then formed into line again and marched to the Church, everybody. Choir and clergy vested. The Bishop sat in his throne to the north side of the Altar, and we sang "All people that on earth do dwell," said the Lord's Prayer, and sang again, "God Save the Queen," all in Burmese. The boys formed outside the Church, gave three cheers, then at the word the riding boys mounted again and followed us in the trap to the Palace, where the Bishop thanked them for their courtesy, and they saluted and returned.

February 27th, 1887
Bhamo

We are here now, as far north and east as our post can carry letters. There is no Church here, but a big barrack-room was cleared and benches provided. Drums made a prayer desk. Everybody came fully armed, as there was a rumour the place was to be attacked by some 8,000 Chinese and Burmans. It was attacked some nights ago, and part of the buildings destroyed, but greater precautions have been taken since.

I was here with the Bishop a year ago. Since then the place has become busier and fuller. Curious Shan and Kachyin people throng the streets, all dressed in blue cloth, with leggings round their fat calves; and the better class of women with silver and gold buckles at the throat, and round-bullet silver buttons on their jackets.

Not very handsome people, but very merry.

Not very clean, but very honest.

At least, if they do plunder, it is by force, not by craft. We have no Mission here, and I don't want the Bishop to establish one here, as there are so many Missionaries either begun or ready to begin. Two R. C. Priests here now two Baptists and others coming. I want the Bishop to send our Missionaries to places where there are no journey from Mandalay, so that we may be able to strengthen each other and often meet. Bhamo and Mandalay are too far apart. We, for instance, left Mandalay February 12th, and got to Bhamo, February 24th, at great cost and difficulty.

To-morrow (D.V.) the Bishop will consecrate the Cemetery here, where 27 British officers and men lie buried, all since we left here last time.

On Friday night last I showed our magic lantern to about one hundred Kachyins and Shans in the American Missionary's house. They had never seen the like, and were, of course, greatly delighted. Though it is almost the end of February, the cold in a morning is very great here; very great as we think, but I dare say you would laugh at our "cold" and say: "What nice mild weather!"

March 6th, 1887
Shwebo

I don't know whether you can find this place on the map, but I dare say you can. It is about 60 miles north of Mandalay, on the right or west side of the river Irrawaddy, about 17 miles from that river, and is the head-quarter station of a brigade of troops. It was in days gone by the Royal city of Aloungpayah the founder of Thibau's dynasty, and we are now in the stockade just outside the walls of the ancient city. I have not been in the city yet, duty has kept me to camp, but I must go through the place before we leave on Tuesday for Kyouk Myoung.

We arrived in Kyouk Myoung *i.e.*, the river station for Shwebo, on Friday last, at about 1 o'clock, having previously telegraphed our movements from the station Katha, higher up the river. I hurried ashore to make certain that transport animals and an escort were ready, but found no saddles had been provided. At last we got a Burmese saddle and bridle for the Bishop's pony, and he mounted pretty comfortably, though not in very grand trim, as the saddle was old and worn, and the stirrups held up by somewhat rotton string. I was less fortunate, and with a blanket over the pony's back, his halter for a bridle gagging his mouth, and my legs dangling down on each side without stirrups, off we set, at about three. Our baggage went in a cart, and our boys walked, or rode in the cart; our escort of three Sepoys stayed with the baggage. After four miles some Burmese riders overtook us and wished us to press on with them, we were half-a-mile ahead of our escort, but we thought it better to decline. I got one of the Burmans to exchange ponies with me and give me his with a decent saddle and bridle, and then I felt much more comfortable.

We went slowly, as our escort was slow, and at dusk had only got some seven miles, when we came to a Police stockade and made our stay there for the night, making the best dinner we could without knives, forks or spoons. I drank my soup out of the manufacturer's soup tin, but it was just as nice, and our sleep in the head and face; then on to our original steeds again our first escort left us, and we had now three Sowars, or Hyderabad cavalry men, well mounted, with shining lances. It looked as though we were a couple of ecclesiastical prisoners being

brought in, our mounts were so poor and our escort so grand. However, five miles further on we were met by another Hyderabad lancer and syce with two beautiful ponies, properly saddled, which the Colonel in command at Shwebo had kindly sent on to meet us; so after another four miles we entered Shwebo in pretty decent order and condition.

The road was very wild and solitary, there were only two villages in the 17 miles, and in one cutting of the new road we met a gang of prisoners being marched in under a guard of soldiers. All the wounded, sick, or convoys of stores or provisions, or mail bags, have to be sent under escort of troops.

We were kindly received to breakfast, and after a good rest went round to the mess houses of the South Yorkshire Regiment, the 1st Bengal Infantry, the Hyderabad Cavalry, and the Station mess. Later on I visited the hospital and found some "Leeds Loiners," and Kirkgate men; some "Leeds Irishmen" too. We had choir practice with band instruments helping, and it did us all good to hear the Yorkshire voices singing the old familiar hymns once more. A medical man of the Indian service said, "Hearing those hymns has given me six months more life, I have not heard a hymn or a prayer for so long." We were glad to find so few serious cases of sickness in the hospital, but there has been a great deal of sickness of one sort or another in this station from time to time; and one little cemetery, just outside the stockade in which, we live, is quite full of graves; not South Yorkshire men, but men of regiments who were here last year. There are only about 100 men of the South Yorkshire Regiment in Shwebo just now, we met 300 of them just as we were leaving Bhamo, and several hundred others are scattered about at small military posts to the north and west of the place, keeping the country in order, and ready to suppress any attempt at-rebellion or dacoity. Colonel Burnaby is in command of; the regiment, and the Adjutant is Captain Sir E. Johnson. They tell me the chief recruiting ground for the regiment is Leeds, Bradford, Batley, and Dewsbury, and the Depot at Pontefract; so I have no doubt friends of the men would be glad to hear that they are doing well, and keeping on the whole very free from sickness; here at present. Till now the heat has not been great, but the thermometer got up to 95° in the hospital yesterday, and the latter part of this month and beginning of April will shew much greater heat no doubt.

To-morrow, D.V., the Bishop will consecrate the full cemetery, and on Monday, at 5 o'clock in the morning, we intend to set off on our return journey, rest for the great heat of the day in the Police stockade midway, and then press on to get to Kyouk Myoung before dusk.

A ride of 17 miles is not much, but when you have to keep with your baggage cart on very bad roads it is a little tiring. Police stockades do not provide any food, crockery, or beds; you have to take with you what you want, or do without. I don't think tired men know much difference between feather beds and teak planks; but if you can have dinner after a tiring ride you feel more comfortable and content as a rule.

The Police stockades are thus constructed:—A central hut or house, made of thick bullet proof planks, loop-holed for rifles, and then at a short distance on all sides a strong fence of bamboo stakes, forming a defence through which an enemy cannot break; this is often protected on the outside by a fringe of sharp pointed bamboos, which effectually prevent anyone scaling the stockade from the outside. The garrison is about 40 men, military police, fully armed with Snider rifles, and able to hold the post, at all events for a few hours, against any force the dacoits are likely to be able to bring against it. The purpose of the stockade at Ohn-bouk, at which we stayed, is

to protect the line of communication and telegraphic route between Shwebo and Kyouk Myoung, and to be a halfway house for convoys which cannot get through, in one day.

The walls of the ancient city here are very extensive, and the old moat is still filled with water in some parts. A line drawn outside the moat and city is said to be about 12 miles. I fancy that is an exaggeration, but will, as far as I can, test it for myself to-morrow.

The country just about Shwebo is very flat and good for cavalry operations, that is why the Hyderabad 3rd Cavalry are stationed here; they have done good service, and broken up many dacoit bands; their charge with the deadly lance terrifies the dacoit, and he usually bolts for his life directly he sees them charging on him.

We shall soon have been a month away from Mandalay, and the Bishop is anxious to get back to Rangoon now, but happy that we had last Sunday in Bhamo, and to-day here at Shwebo among the troops.

March 9th, 1887

On the Steamer Okpo, Kyouk Myoung

We had the consecration of the cemetery on Monday last, and in the evening subscribed for sports for the men. There was some splendid riding and "tent pegging." Small flat pieces of wood, say 12 inches by three inches, chalked over, one end pointed, are stuck in the ground; a lancer comes up at full gallop and picks this peg up by sending the point of his lance right through it, and carries it off in triumph. There was also a fine charge of a small Squadron of cavalry on an imaginary battery, and a lot of men (mounted bare-back) at the word of command made their horses lie down flat and fired over their backs. A practical result of this training was shewn in an engagement near Kaulin, some 40 miles north-east of us, the other day. It is horrible to think of—the lancers charged a lot of poor foolish Burmans, and six of them could not wrest their lances back again, the points had gone right through the poor wretches, and they clung on in their death agony to the poles of the lances, and had to be shot through the head before the lances could be pulled back. This is war, or one of the horrible realities of war.

A Roman Catholic Chaplain (Rev. Father Wallace) has joined us, and we marched more or less together to the half-way house, the police stockade at "Ohn-bouk;" that is the proper way of pronouncing it, though our people have changed it into the sound "Am-boak."

We stayed there during the heat of the day, and started again at 3-30, getting into Kyouk Myoung at 5-30. We walked our ponies, but this time more comfortably, with good English saddles lent by the officers. We expected a somewhat rough night's lodging, but were pleased to see in the distance a big steamer coming down. I had wished to engage a Burman boat and drop down the 40 miles to Mandalay during the night, but of course the steamer was preferable; and here we are still, not knowing when we get off, but very comfortable. Bath and dinner is refreshing after hot journeys, and really it is hot again, 105° in buildings at Shwebo, one day. I do not fancy it was so hot yesterday, but we felt it a little as we jogged on with the sun at our backs, from 3-30 to 5 o'clock.

We have got no pilot, and we -hear there are five steamers stuck aground on the place we stuck three-and-a-half days as we came up, so perhaps we shall stick fast too. If we do I shall have to get the boat I thought of and drop down. There is one objection, and that is there are some dacoits still lurking about, and they might give us trouble. The Bishop is disposed to start a Mission at Shwebo, and I think it will be a good place.

We went into the old city. Hardly anything left of the grandeur of the palace and city, except the walls. It was, however, interesting to see the grave of Aloungpayah, the founder of the late dynasty. There was a grand feast held in Shwebo every year after the Buddhist Lent, and its centre was the celebration of the glory of Aloungpayah at his grave. I suppose that is a thing of the past now.

The Police Officer gave me (for the Bishop) two fire-arms, captured from dacoits—one a flint-lock carbine, which we found loaded and crammed with one big bullet and four slugs; the other was an old horse pistol, also flint-lock. Just imagine the Burmans with these rubbishy weapons trying to resist our soldiers with rifled guns and Martini-Henry rifles. Of course some of the dacoits have better weapons, but hundreds of them have only such guns as I have described above, which I should be very sorry to have to fire off, even without bullets. I should think friends would suffer more than enemies.

August 25th, 1887

I have this week got some big statistics of the Buddhist religion, or rather of the Buddhist monks. In Mandalay there are:—

| | | |
|---|-------|-------|
| Tha-tha-na-baing, or Pope | 1 | |
| Sadaws, or Royal Chaplains | 76 | |
| Rahans, or Monks, of over 10 years' standing | 3,447 | |
| Thamanes, or Monks, of less than 10 years' standing | | 2,444 |
| Total | 5,968 | |

Monastic Communities, 121; Monastic Houses, 985; and the population of the city is about 175,000.

In the whole of Upper Burmah, outside Mandalay, and not including the Shan States, which are semi-independent, there are:—

| | | |
|------------------------------|--------|-----|
| Gaing-chokes, or Archbishops | 13 | |
| Gaing-okes, or Bishops | 133 | |
| Gaing-douks, or Archdeacons | | 383 |
| Kyoung-a-chokes, or Abbots | 16,825 | |

So that in all there are, I suppose, at least 50,000 monks wearing the yellow robe. Is not our task a great one to fight against this host? What but Divine help could give us even the faintest prospect of eventual success or present advantage? Yet the hugeness of the system is one of the reasons why we can attack it here and there with success. I suppose really until Christianity is felt more as a social power—I mean among the Burmans—they will not care much to interfere, and we have the advantage of position now. We are rising; they have begun to feel that they have fallen in power and in public estimation. The Monarchy was the greatest stand-by of the Buddhist religion here, and now not a shadow of Royalty is left to the nation.

November 21st, 1887

I have just returned from a visit to Madaya, where we are building a small Mission House and House for native Catechist. The house is up and roof on, it only wants the walls now.

Perhaps you wonder how they can build houses without walls. They put the posts up and add mat walls made of split bamboos. The house is entirely of bamboo, except perhaps the upright posts. Sometimes not a nail or bit of iron in the whole structure, the parts are firmly tied together by cane ties,—but we shall have nails in ours for more firmness and stability. The floor is raised perhaps three feet from the ground, to give dryness and ventilation; made of split bamboos, quite springy, like a cane chair, not so finely woven of course. All frame work round doors, windows, roof, &c., of bamboo, covered with bamboo tiles. Yes, you can call them so, for they are split bamboos placed one over the other to keep the rain out. We shall have ordinary thatch—grass thatch—like old farm houses in England. When floor and roof are finished, the workmen make the walls of bamboo, strip, by strip, and weave fancy designs in their work, so that if well done the house looks quite pretty. The bamboo is a wonderful tree palm. At Madaya I saw a vegetable-like thing in the market and asked what it was—young roots of bamboo for cooking purposes. The bucket for drawing water is probably made of bamboo, and bamboo oil, bottles with bamboo leaf stoppers are often used on rough journeys. Goads for the oxen of course, and sticks for tickling up the boys are very common. I suppose we could find 101 uses of the graceful bamboo palm. It is sometimes as high as a hundred feet, and then the six inch diameter shoots are capital for masts and spars of the native craft, as light and as strong as you could wish.

At Madaya, about 17 miles from Mandalay, there are sometimes two or three young Englishmen. I have visited lots of young Englishmen in out of the way places, and find that those, who though far away from civilization and society still keep to refined and gentlemanly habits, are the best for doing good work, not only as servants of Government, but as Christians. A man who can afford it, and has the opportunity of doing it, yet neglects to wear collars and a decent coat, or that dispenses with the bath or table cloth, I look upon with some degree of suspicion. "Anything will do here" is a fatal maxim. You have no idea what a lot of difference clean, tidy habits make in the respect earned from Burmans. Untidy houses or offices mean confusion and disorder, arrears of work, and give opportunities to subordinates to make much mischief, perhaps to run away with Government money. In this case the officer in charge of course is responsible.

I have been now for more than a year one of the Government examiners, at the central board in Mandalay. All the young officers, in fact everybody entering Government Service for Revenue, Law, Police, or Forest Service, has to come before the committee at least twice. This has given me a good insight into what is required for the examinations, and I have determined to bring out a book to help the candidates. If it had been done a year ago hundreds of copies would have been sold, which would no doubt have proved helpful. It would also perhaps open the way for a bigger book on the Burmese language to be done when I return (D.V.) from furlough.

January 9th, 1888

We have had a grand and glorious Christmas—beautiful weather, numbers of friends, plenty of work, feasting: and playing, and, above all, most happy Church services and Sacraments.

Perhaps we have told you how people have been flocking in to us, not to be kept out, and how the Catechumens were increasing. All the regular Catechumens were brought together in one class, for the week before Christmas, and had morning and evening instructions in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments, as usual; and a very happy time it was, though very hard work, as the school examination was going on at the same time.

Christmas Eve came, and the Church decorations were very pretty. We have heaps of youngsters about us who will do what we tell them, so they helped in the Church, and very successfully too. On Christmas Eve, 4 p.m., we were ready, and formed our choir for Processional. The Military Chaplain, and a number of his steady soldiers, guildsmen, and Bible-class men joined us, and we had a very hearty service. The baptisms, 31 in number (20 men and 11 women—the eldest 67 years and the youngest 16 years), were, of course, by immersion in the baptismal tank, which is let down into the floor of the Church.

It was an affecting sight to see the people ranged round the font, and to hear them repeat altogether the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments, and to hear their general and individual answers to the questions of the service. Both H—— and I felt it very much, and at times were likely to break down in the service out of pure joy and gladness. The Chaplain said the service was most impressive, and so did a Baptist. Missionary who was in Church during the service. I hope all came from the right motives, and that they have found a blessing. It was indeed a day of joy to us, and so was the next day. We had no mid-night service here. We thought it best not to have it though some English people wanted it. Our work of the week before had been very hard and close, and the baptismal service was a long one, as it had added to it full Evensong with Processionals, and was not over till after six o'clock.

Christmas Day.—Mattins and sermon (English) at 8 a.m., followed by celebration in English and Burmese. Just at the end of Mattins I left the choir, put on the vestments, and then the choir went round the Church singing "O come, all ye faithful." The Burmese Christians took this as a sign, and trooped in to make a very big congregation—such indeed as had never been seen in Mandalay Church, I suppose, since it was built.

There was no sermon in this service, so it did not appear long. There were 56 communicants, and the offertory amounted to Rs.252, but with other offerings of the day and season, we had more than Rs.650 for the Church and work this Christmas season, I do not like to keep Christmas offerings in the place where they are offered, so we are sending Rs.76 to Lady Dufferin's Medical Fund for the women of India, and Rs.76 to the Shwebo Medical Mission. Other amounts we are bound to keep as they are specially offered for local work.

Burmese Mattins came at 11-30, and there were 130 Burmans and Shans present. It was a grand and enjoyable service, and what is more the people seemed to feel it so. We have now, thank God, a real Burmese congregation, and by God's blessing it will go on increasing.

In the afternoon we rushed off to get a little rest at the house of Colonel and Mrs. Laughton—very Dear people, and most helpful and kind to us—and returned just in time for the boys' dinner, then for English and Burmese mixed Evensong—nice, warm, happy service again—after that to dinner at Mr. Burgess', the chief local authority here under the Chief Commissioner, and after dinner we were glad to sing and play all the Christmas hymns and carols we could lay hands upon.

Such was our happy Christmas. I have said, and say again, that it was the most Christian and Christmas-like Christmas that I have ever spent out of England, and it was as easy as could be to imagine oneself back again in a grandly decorated and crowded English Church at home among dear friends.

At the New Year came the School Feast, It was simply grand, astonishingly grand, for Mandalay. Our English visitors could hardly believe Burmese boys capable of doing what they did. Order, attention, behaviour, singing, &c., all excellent. The Burmese Christians, of course, came to the feast, and must have felt, more than ever, that they have found a home and a strong organization in the Christian faith.

Is not this cheering! It would make a Missionary of the dullest Christian, I should think. But you know all this joyful work tends to keep me back till H—is more competent to take up all the threads and reins, or until another Missionary is sent to help him in it.

There is more than we two can do, and if I go away how will the half get done? I should like two young Missionaries to come out and be with me for this year; then I could leave them to do the work and take my furlough in peace, for I really want it at last. I am in my 15th year of expatriation now.

February 26th, 1888

I have just got my war medal, clasp and ribbon, and have worn it to the great admiration of our lads. The clasp bears the inscription, "Burmah, 1885-7." The medal has the Queen's head on one side, and on the other, Victory with wings, crowning a Greek or Roman warrior with laurel. He is seated on spoils of armour, and holds a drawn sword in one hand and the scabbard or sheath in the other.

I am off to Madaya to-night, to inspect and arrange our new purchase of houses and land there, and to set the Catechist to his work in the village. We shall, I hope, have the first Celebration there on Tuesday morning, when probably there will be some 12 or 15 Christians gathered together from the villages about, who are to make Madaya their centre of gathering for the present.

Madaya ought to be an important station for us soon, and we will do our best to make it so. Neither H—or I have been good for much this week, what with a pony kick, sunstroke and fever,—but we are better. I go at night to avoid the heat, which just now is great. It is a very slow journey up by boat, the men have to pole up all the way.

February 27th, 1888

Mission of the Holy Spirit, Madaya

Here I am, after an easy journey, only it was a disturbed one, as we now and bumped up against a bridge or another boat. I had two blankets with me, so was beautifully warm, and made my cassock and Communion Case into a pillow; when I awoke we were nowhere in particular, but I heard the "Reveille" sounding from the bugles of some military post.

We were resting under the bushes, and my boatman had laid himself on the deck for a sleep as well, so the boat was in the possession of two sleepers. I got to Madaya Mission House at about 6-30 a.m., and to my surprise found 70 Shan dacoits or ex-dacoits in possession of our new house; this was not very pleasant as they are a dirty, untidy set of men. Hereon hangs a tale. A large party of police was ordered to go and capture a gang of 200 Shan dacoits who were said to be prowling about. They came upon the gang, and surrounded a village by night. A little firing took place. One poor woman was shot right -through the body as she was running away, and these 200 men were captured with 43 guns and a full number of dahs and spears; But it turns out they were not dacoits at all, but are soldiers of the Tsawbwa of Thibau, whose sons are in our school at Mandalay, and had been sent by him to take possession of a village which our Government had told him to- keep order in. Our police have made a mistake, and invaded Shan territory, so these men have to be set at liberty, their arms .restored to them, some compensation paid, and the whole thing patched up.

What of the poor woman?

I am afraid you must try to make up your minds not to see me this year. It is not that I wish to stay and disappoint you, but because the work here is just now so active, and requires the presence of a fully-qualified Missionary, otherwise it will greatly suffer and be checked. If things go on as they are doing now we shall want a bigger Church before long, or have to split up the day for more services. My longing for a real genuine Burmese congregation is satisfied. We 'have it, and now want another, and yet another.

Please look on all our work here as your own, and rejoice that it has been permitted me to see it so develop before I go home.

How very different from the aspect in 1874 or 1879!

Note: Four days after writing this letter the writer entered his rest.