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THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER.

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The War in India.

BOMBAY, India, Aug. 25.—The black cloud of the plague has given place to the electric flashes that portend the coming storm of war. Never since the days of the Sepoy rebellion have the conditions existed in India that are apparent today. The British government must face that most dreaded of conflicts, a religious war, for the native agitators have spread the sentiment broadcast among the populace that the English have violated their dearest shrines and that the future contains only such ruthless treatment should British rule continue to prevail.

The storm is not that of a day nor a month's brewing, but of years' preparation. The mutterings were low at first, but with the coming of the plague and the indefatigable perseverance of the British authorities in ferreting out hidden foes, the murmured discontent broke into a roar of wrath, and the native of India, mild mannered though he is ordinarily, almost speechless with rage, shook his fist in the face of the European and defied him.

It has gone from bad to worse, until now all across this broad land, as far as California, there is open and avowed hostility to the British and an expressed determination to restore the rule of the ancient powers of the country. While it is true that the source of the feeling is of quite early origin, the fact remains that the disaffection has been greatly strengthened by the intrigue with the natives by the ameer of Afghanistan.

A well-known authority declares that in Rajpootana country, as well as the Punjab, is rather inclined to favor the British. The reason for this is simple enough. The Sikh soldiery all come from the Punjab. They are born fighters, have been the flower of the native army for many generations, and were the last to break away from the rule of civilization during the Sepoy rebellion. The Rajpoots are very high class natives, particularly when is progressive ideas, and for that reason not nearly so inimical to association with the whites and to adaptation to their customs as their countrymen who live in the southern portion of India. The Rajpoot is thoroughly reliable and honest, of gentle disposition and high minded.

Cashmere, although an independent Indian state and not directly subject to British rule, is inclined to favor the cause. If it came to open hostilities, the chances are that Cashmere would give to Great Britain its moral support, for it would really be not in the quarrel, the natives of that province by no means considering themselves British subjects. To be sure, the ameer of Afghanistan is a potent power in their eyes, but even that cunning official cannot pursuade the Cashmere natives that a quarrel with the British would benefit them. Their customs have not been disturbed, and their ancient traditions are still thoroughly respected and lived up to.

In this section of India all through Deccan, Gundwana, and Bengal, clear back to the borders of the independent states of Nepal and Bhotan, there is cry for war and death. As far south as were the uttermost limits of Carnatic and upon distant Ceylon, the blood fever is up. Bombay itself is in the throes of incipient rebellion, and before the words here written reach the eyes of the public the fires of carnage may be lighted in the streets of the city. It is only a short distance from here to Poonah, where open hostilities began with the murder of the British health officers, and it is safe to say that in every village between the two places the ravings of the mad mullah are household words.

The rising of the Swats, the Peshawur and the Molokand disturbance, and a dozen other events of a similar nature, indicate only too well that the flood tide is at hand that no man knows when the ebb will set. Never since the British gained supremacy of India have they been confronted with such a crisis as exists today.

Despite the fact that it is a very long time since Queen Victoria became empress of India, the majority of the people here consider her of less importance than one of their own gods. To them her name is an empty one, always thrown at them by men in red uniforms or civilians who claim to believe that the native is no better than a dog, and in India nothing more degrading can be said of a man than that. The natives say the British have violated their most sacred rights. No resident of England itself believes more firmly that every man's house is his castle than does the Hindoo. In fact, the latter is almost a monomaniac on the subject, and no one can offer a worse insult than to force his way unbidden into the native's home.

It was this sentiment and nothing else which caused the tragedy at Poonah. The plague raged with virulence, and it was borne to the ears of the government health officers that the natives, resenting the regulations and restrictions of the Poonah board of health, not only hid cases of the plague from them, but concealed the pestiferous dead in their homes, in order that their bodies might not be degraded by the touch af the infidel. I suppose the stories of what the health officers found have been retailed far and wide. Certainly nothing could be more horrible than the reality; far worse than tongue may describe or artist depict.

Thus, when it is considered that in taking the action they do and assuming their present position, the natives are as firmly convinced that they are doing only that which is right as it is possible for men to be, the gravity of the situation is apparent. That is why the mad mullah's proclamation, summing the natives to rise in a holy war, has had so tremendous an effect. The proclamation was just the one spark needed to fire the train, and it was scattered broadcast throughout the Bajour, Swat, Black Mountain, Indus, Kohistan and Khyber districts, and among the Afridis and Ozakzarais. While the mullah's emissaries did their very best they were aided much by the agents of the ameer of Afghanistan.

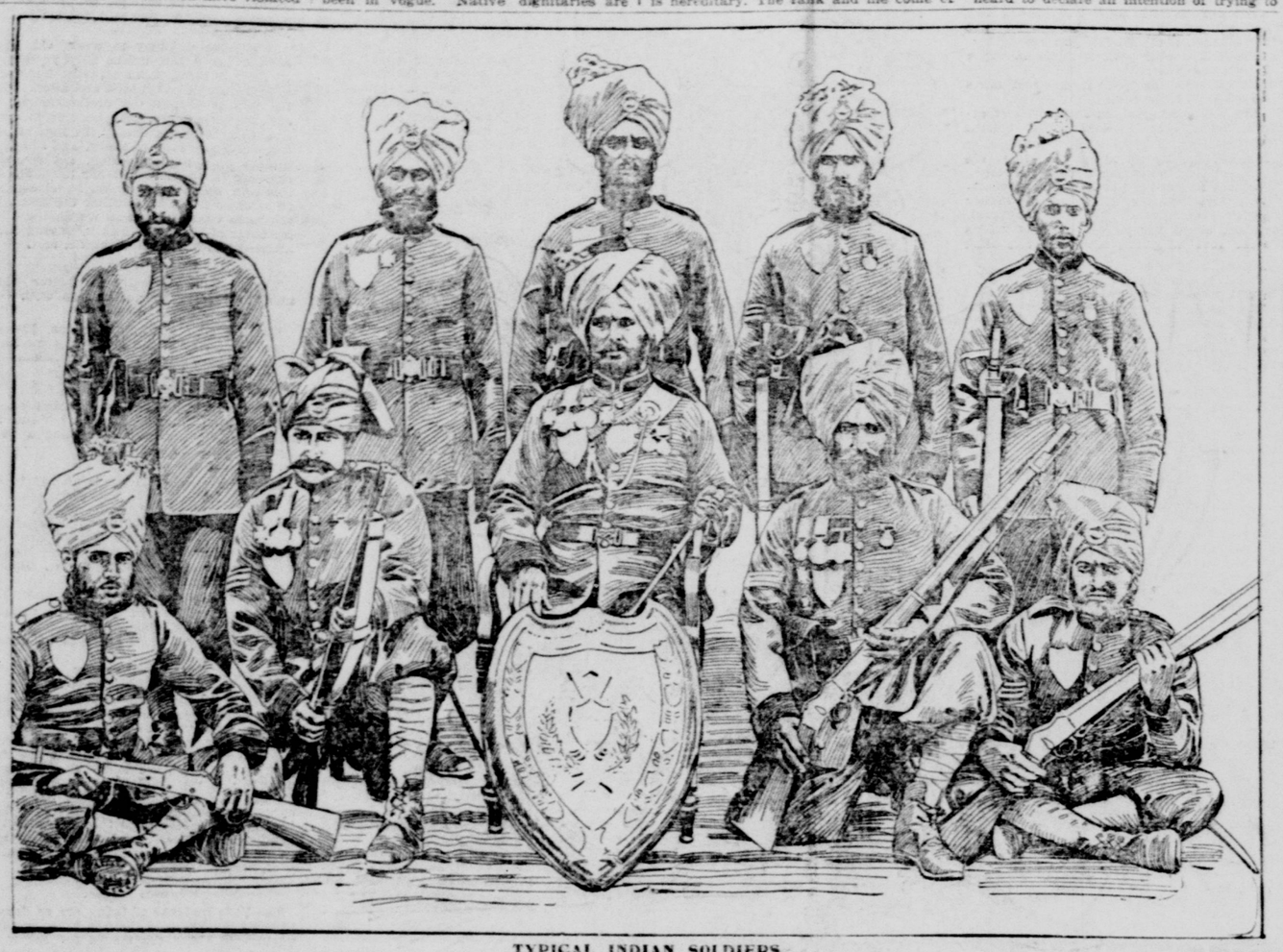
Today arrests are being made on all sides. Never before, since the French government inaugurated its lettre de cachet, have such high-handed measures been in vogue. Native dignitaries are seized at night without the slightest warning, and hurried away to places where no one knows except the British officials. Time and again it has been reported that these men were murdered, so sudden has been their disappearance, and yet the British government is trying to make these same natives believe that it is their guide, philosopher and friend.

That the British appreciate the terrible gravity of the situation is apparent. Throughout the country there is a general military activity. A concentration of troops on the northwestern frontier shows that the officials are very apprehensive of a movement by the ameer of Afghanistan in aid of the native uprising. Not before in the history of India has there been such a concentration of troops as there is today in the section referred to. All leaves of absence have been stopped, and every man connected with the British army in India has been ordered to report for duty regardless of what his capacity may be. War is in the air. You can feel it, just as you can the wind when it is damp.

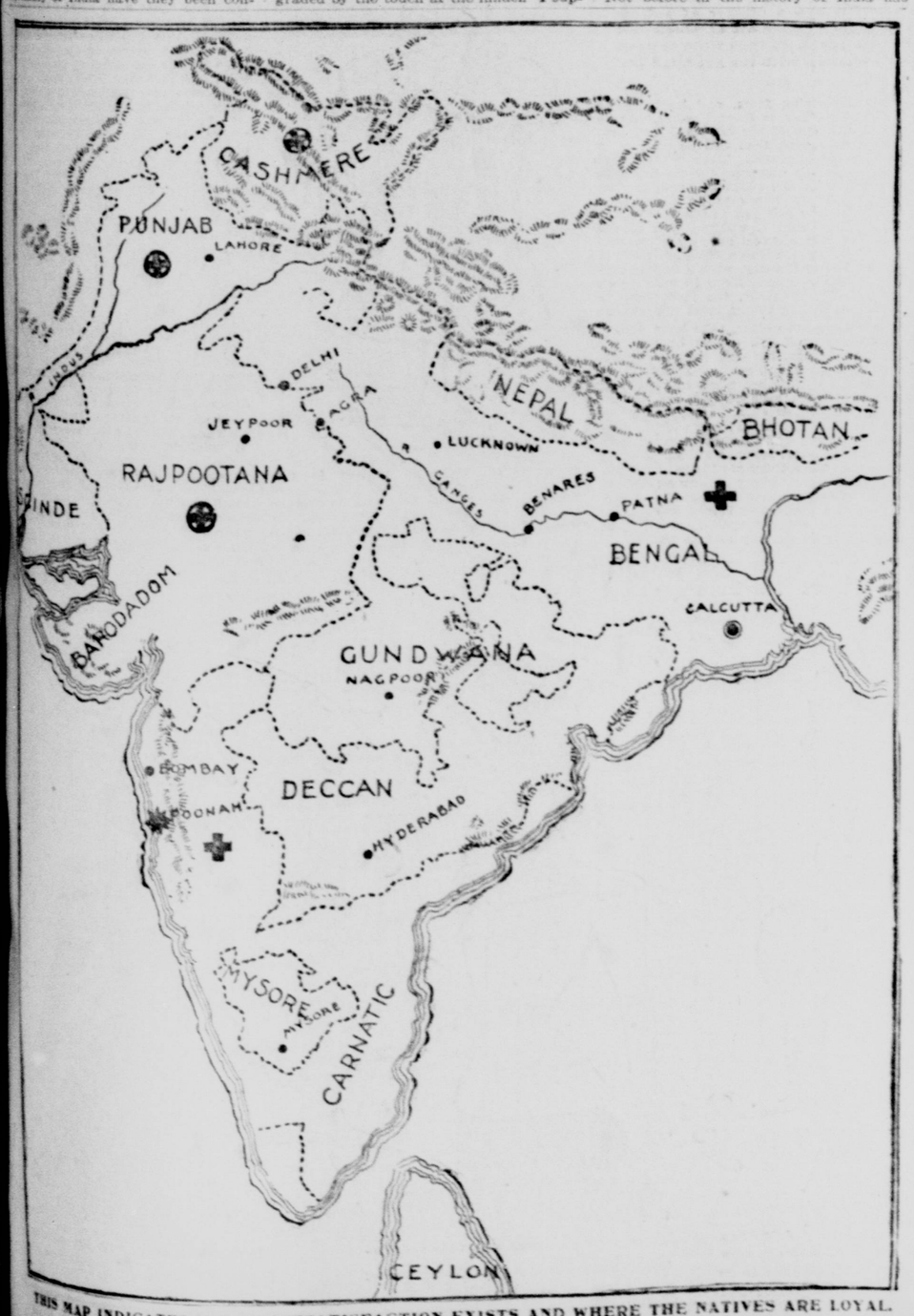
The great question that confronts the Queen's representatives here is: In the event of an uprising, what of the native troops will remain faithful to the British cause? Those who claim to know say that the troops that are in the territory governed by the nizam of Hyderabad, 40,000 in number, will probably act with the British. Eight thousand of the troops mentioned are under British officers. The nizam has always been a friend of the British, as have his ancestors. He is now surrounded by the very officers whose pictures are shown in an accompanying illustration.

The Indian contingent, as it is called, is composed of exceedingly well drilled men. With some of these men military service is hereditary. The rank and file come of the best fighting stock in the east, the soldiers being made up of Sikhs, Dogras, and Pathans. Those who have had to face them during the British wars and in Afghanistan and in Burmah, have had good cause to know their capabilities in this respect. The champion shooting team of the Twenty-sixth Punjab regiment of Bengal infantry, shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, is fairly representative of the soldiery of the Indian contingent.

Whether it is war or not, British power in India lies trembling in the balance. Only the exercise of the greatest sagacity and the most rigorous discipline can save this country from plunging into a war that will certainly be one of the most sanguinary of the century.



TYPICAL INDIAN SOLDIERS.



THIS MAP INDICATES WHERE DISSATISFACTION EXISTS AND WHERE THE NATIVES ARE LOYAL.

OUR NATIONAL GREATNESS.

Some Statistics About the United States Not Generally Known.

Atlanta Constitution.

Though Great Britain boasts that the sun never sets on her dominion, the United States also enjoys that distinction. When it is 6 o'clock p. m. in Alaska it is 9:26 a. m. of the next day in Maine. Our area, including Alaska, is equal to the extent of all Europe, with Italy and Turkey excepted.

Texas is 212 times the size of Rhode Island, and might ask every man, woman and child in the world to reside inside its borders, offering each individual a plot of ground 49x100 feet—four times the space taken by each person in New York city. Texas could hold England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Italy and Portugal, and still have room for a promenade around this section of transported Europe.

California is our second largest state, and in two of her counties—San Bernardino and San Diego—could be packed Egypt, Switzerland, Porto Rico, West Indies, Montenegro and forty-eight cities the size of Paris.

Our forests surpass those of any other nation, covering 500,000,000 acres, or one-quarter of the entire territory. The value of the timber cut every year is over $1,000,000,000—double the value of the output of the mines.

We lead the world in manufactures. The capital invested is $6,500,000,000. Our coal fields are as large as France in area; we produce every metal and mineral valuable in the arts, and in our domestic trade we surpass the world.

If Uncle Sam's 4,564,641 farms could be brought together they would form one large farm sixteen times the size of the New England states. This farm would contain more than one-eighth of our population, and with its buildings and fences would be worth over $13,000,000,000, or one-fifth of our national wealth. First among nations in agriculture is the United States, and the shipments of American farm products to Europe are so great that the people of the continent could not maintain themselves in their present condition if cut off from the product of our fields.

Nearly half of the world's Sunday school scholars are in the United States, the number being 9,718,422, out of the world's total of 20,268,953. Great Britain and Ireland come second with 6,979,911. If Uncle Sam gathered his Sunday school scholars together for a procession and had them march at a five-mile gait, four abreast, fifteen inches apart, they would take 115 hours, or day and night for four days and nineteen hours, to pass a point.

A Sea in Flames.

Probably none of you has ever seen a sea in flames. A few years ago some Russian grand dukes went to visit a town called Baker, on the Caspian sea. The governor of the place wanted to do something original in the way of entertaining, so he poured naphtha over the surface of the sea for a long distance out. About 9 o'clock the substance on top of the water was set on fire and the bluish flame made a weird sight. To add to the grandeur, the wind came up and made the waves high so that the fire fairly danced on the water. Finally the sea of flame became broken and there were only patches of fire here and there. In about an hour the sea was again dark.

The pursuit of the devil fish is one of the most exciting sports of the South, and those who have taken part in it say they have caught all but the fish.—Boston Transcript.

A FOREIGNER'S VIEW.

THE DANGERS WHICH THREATEN THE ADVENTURESOME.

Hard Facts About Placer Mining—A Belief That the Land of Snow and Ice Will Become a Great and Powerful Country—Cogent Reasons for the Rush—History Shows, the European Declares, That the Day of the Placer Miner Is Necessarily Brief.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—The Klondike fever has broken out in England and all through Europe. One hears of the gold fields everywhere, and hundreds of voices are heard to declare an intention of trying to win from fortune when the coming spring arrives.

Not even the diamond fields of Africa or the anterior gold discoveries created the excitement throughout Britain and Europe that the Klondike finds have aroused. In the first place, it is definitely settled now that the Klondike region is all British soil. That in itself stirs the average Englishman to vigor, for he feels that if he makes the journey there he is still under the protection of his own flag, and subject to laws which his natural prejudice causes him to believe are entirely just. Say it softly, but it is true also that the Britisher feels he will not be at the mercy of what he terms the "Yankee prospector," and that under the laws of the Dominion government will have a distinct advantage.

The general impression here is that the Klondike region is bound to be developed. It is held, and very logically, too, it seems, that where such wealth of mineral deposit is clearly apparent, civilization will force thick settlement. Conservative men here believe that within the next quarter of a century, a great city will spring up in the Klondike region, to which numerous smaller cities will pay tribute, and that here will be found what comes nearer being the fabled Eldorado than anything else upon which the eye of man has yet rested. This may almost be said to be the national opinion, and such being the case it requires no logician to determine how intense the national feeling on the subject must be.

I notice the general sentiment as expressed in the London newspapers, which fairly teem with Klondike tales and advices. The London newspaper is not so quick to reflect public opinion as the newspaper of the United States, but when any one subject attracts the attention of all the newspapers in sufficient degree to warrant plenty of space being given to it, then it may safely be reckoned that the public is as one man interested therein. The discussion is intelligent and conservative. For instance, here is what one newspaper says:

"There seems little reason to doubt that in the newly discovered gold fields we are face to face with one of those unexpected happenings, which at least thrice already within the present century, have sufficed to change the character and direct the development of a continent. In a few years' time, in all human probability, the country that is now ice and snow will be transformed by the magic influence of gold.

"But it is almost certain that it will be at the cost of an army corps or so of human lives. 'Twas ever thus. Sutter's discovery of gold in California in the autumn of 1847 was followed by the mad rush of '49, when in one single week 100,000 people set out from the eastern states to cross the great plains, of whom not more than a third ever returned to their homes.

"Four years later, when gold was first found in Australia, a similar scene was re-enacted; again in South Africa, at a comparatively recent date. In each case the dicovery of the precious metal has resulted primarily in a deplorable loss of life, and in each case, too, it has given birth to great cities—San Francisco, Melbourne, Johannesburg, to-wit.

"There is no reason to doubt, nay, it is almost absolute certainty, that the history of the past in California, in Australia and in South Africa, will be the history of the future in British Columbia. Only, probably, there will be far greater loss of life. Nature is very stern in these icy solitudes, and altogether pitiless. It may well be that the year 1897, the year of the opening up of the Klondike mines, will be a year forever rendered hideous to all English speaking posterity by the memory of an unparalleled tragedy.

"Already the authorities are viewing with ill concealed dismay the influx of tens of thousands of men, mad with the lust for gold, and reckless, because ignorant, of the terrible vengeance nature invariably exacts from those rash enough to venture unasked and unprepared into the regions she has seen fit to dedicate to the reign of the frost king. And the worst of it is nothing can apparently be done to save them from themselves. The gold fever has laid hold upon these armies of immigrants, and they rush blindly to evils they know not of. Death is a bogey that loses its power of fright when gold is to be won.

"And what sort of country is this, into which men are pouring at this present moment at the rate of hundreds per day? It is a bleak, terribly inhospitable land, inhabited until lately by a few semibarbaric people, many of whom have long known the royal metal, yet have despised it except, perhaps, as a means of personal adornment. Vegetation struggles out to bluff upon bluff of stunted pines, with patches of white moss, which weary the eye with unending monotony.

"Rocks and crags, which have to be surmounted by the intrepid traveler, increase in size, making the shortest land journey precarious and difficult. There is no break to the monotony of the scene, so one night's camping place differs scarcely at all from the last. The climate is arctic; for a short period the sun has considerable power; but for the greater part of the year the land is plunged in the horrors of that winter which may not be described; frozen up by a cold which cannot be imagined, save by those who have undergone it."

While it is true that the average Briton has a very dim idea of the geographical features of the United States, the Klondike excitement has made it clearly apparent that when it comes to English possessions the Englishman is thoroughly up to date. He knows all about Alaska and how England "ought to have had it" instead of Uncle Sam, and is thoroughly familiar with the climatic condition of that portion of British Columbia which contains the Klondike. I quote from a London newspaper, the statements given being those made by a correspondent who signs himself "Subscriber":

"The gold bearing alluvial deposits lie in the basin of the Yukon river. It is a mighty stream, 3,000 miles long at least. Eighteen hundred miles from its mouth its turbid waters are swollen by those of the Klondike, and it is precisely at the juncture of the two streams that the richest finds have been made. Until recently, the only dwellers in the district were roving bands of flat-head Indians, a few Esquimaux and halfbreeds, and perhaps twenty score of white prospectors and trappers.

"Today we hear of hotels and banks, telegraphs and telephones, newspaper offices and theaters. Only most, if not all of these edifices, are like those other famous buildings in the 'Garden of Eden', immortalized by Dickens in 'Martin Chuzzlewit'; they exist but in the imagination of the land agent and the steamship company's tout. The ground is frozen hard until the middle of June. The winter ice begins to form early in September. In midwinter the sun disappears altogether. These be stubborn facts and ought to convince the most skeptical that mining in the Klondike is no child's play.

"'But,' say the gold seekers, 'it is placer mining,' and think they have answered the croakers. For placer mining is, of all forms of gold hunting, the most exciting, and, provided luck be with the seeker, the most remunerative. A man may go out to work one morning, hit on a rich 'pocket' and wash out by dinner time enough gold to keep him in comfort for the remainder of his natural life.

"In the early days of the Californian and Australian placer mining, men have been known to earn £20,000 and £30,000 in a single week. In the summer of 1849, within a half a dozen miles of where San Francisco now stands, two men, named Ayres and Thomassen, unearthed, in the space of three hours, thirteen nuggets of nearly pure gold, aggregating 750 pounds weight troy. At Ballaret, in the summer of 1857, a 'new chum' stumbled across a nugget weighing 146 pounds avoirdupois. It is stories such as these that spur on the Klondike gold seekers. It is all a gamble, and the gamblers in most instances stake their lives.

"'But why all the hurry?' asks the uninitiated, in surprise. 'Why not wait until the country has been opened up a bit, trails cut over the mountains and the initial roughnesses of camp life in the wilderness toned down?' Ah, there's the rub. Placer mining cannot, in the very nature of things, last for long. 'Pay gravel' is very soon exhausted and 'bed rock' reached. Then commences the era of scientific mining of the capitalist; of expensive crushing and separating machinery; of true fissure veins; of high and low grade ores; of shafts sunk, at incredible cost, in money and labor, deep down through the virgin rock.

"All of which tends, necessarily and inevitably, to the extinction of the placer miner, with his slouch hat, red shirt, jack boots, and his belt filled wih gold dust. Therefore this unprecedented rush to the banks of the Yukon, to share in the glories of a boom that must necessarily be as brief as up to now it has been brilliant."

What sort of a prophet this correspondent will prove of course no one knows, but I, from my own experience in various parts of the world in mining camps, am inclined to think that he knows whereof he writes. In any event, his view of the case is worth considering.

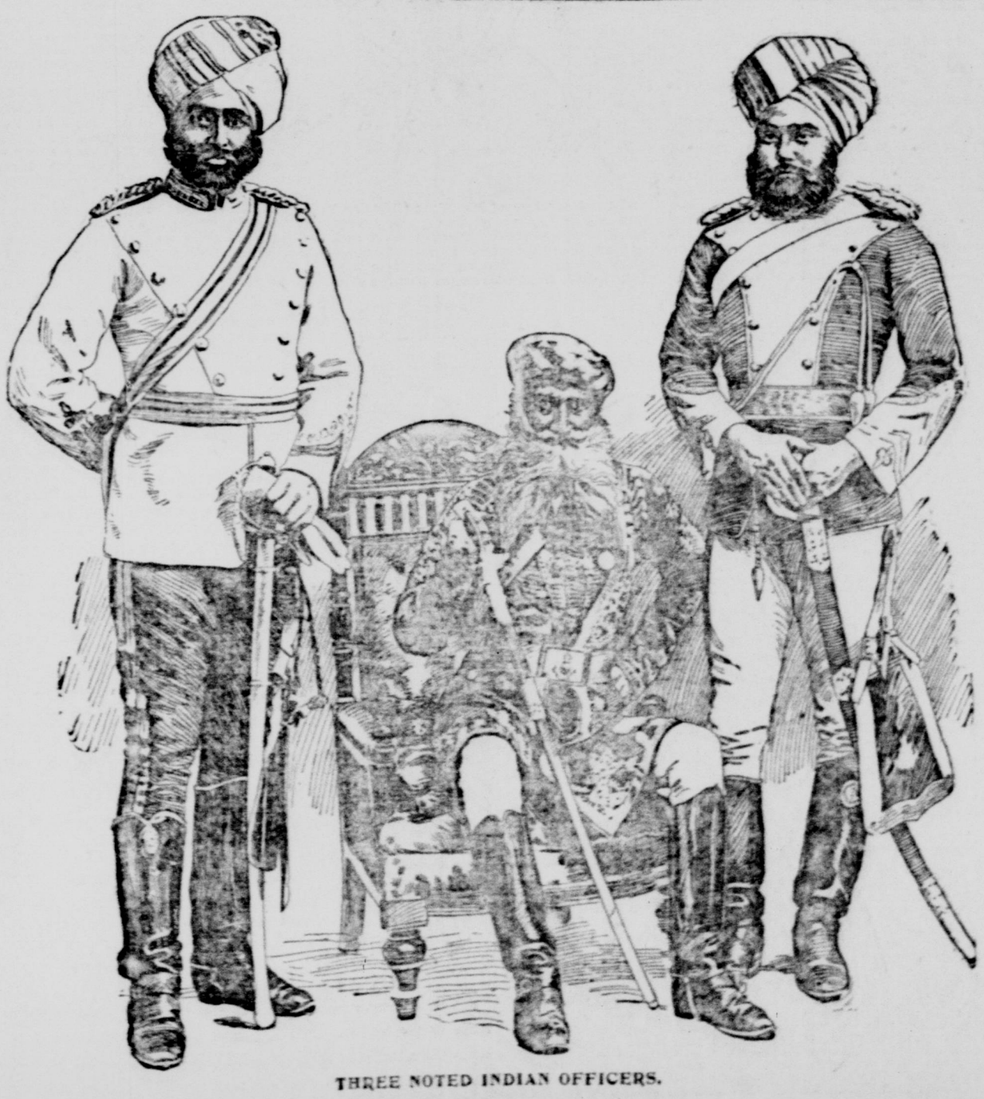
The most intelligent feature of the attitude of the British public in the matter of the Klondike, however, is their realization of the necessity of providing means of existence and of gaining a knowledge of detail as to what they will be forced to endure before they set out for this new Eldorado. I have seen nothing in the way of Klondike information in the papers of the United States more cogent and logical than the following I quote from one of the leading newspapers of England:

"Readers in this country have already been led to wonder, from the accounts flashed over the cable from the other side of the Atlantic, how men will manage to exist in the new Eldorado during the coming winter. So far as a residence is concerned, there need be little difficulty. In a few hours a couple of men can easily run up a shanty of pine logs, or scrape what is technically known as a 'dug-out,' which is nothing more pretentious than a hole in the side of some hill, with a few bushes in front for a door, and a hole at the side to assist the departure of the smoke.

"So far as provisions go, the government is making every effort to ship supplies up the coast from Victoria, which, it must be remembered, is one of the great shipping ports of the Pacific. Then there are always numbers of enterprising individuals, who suddenly appear upon the scene of a mining camp with a load of provisions, for which they naturally demand and obtain a most exorbitant figure. Moreover, the winter in Northern Canada comes on with awful suddenness, and this year must inevitably catch hundreds from the warm south totally unprepared. Gold will give nearly everything to a man when he is in civilization, but it will avail him little in the great Northwest when the sun goes out and the aurora rises for the long Arctic night.

"It is never too early to offer advice, and a little here, the fruit of experience in that land, may not be out of place. Doubtless there are many in England who, having read the highly colored reports of the resources of the Northwest, will feel a strong desire to go out and try their luck. They must perforce know that all gold mining is speculation, but they may be reminded that gold mining in Klondike settlement, or at any point beyond the sixtieth parallel, is speculation, added to daring. This, and the knowledge that the scum of all nations, made more desperate than ever by the lust of gold, drifts with the tide to every Eldorado, should make any one pause before sailing for the Yukon river."

I feel that I am not exaggerating in the least in stating that next spring fully 5,000 Britons will start from here to the Klondike. That may be an under-estimate—certainly it is not an over-estimate. One thing is absolutely certain, however. The English seem to think it is their right to control that country in combination with their Canadian brethren, and they will go out there with that idea in view.



THREE NOTED INDIAN OFFICERS.