INDIAN SKETCHES AND RAMBLES

By

J. BOWLES DALY

J. BOWLES DALY, LL. D.

Author of "Radical Pioneers," "Ireland in the days of Dean Swift," "Ireland in '98," "Glimpses of Irish Industries," "Storm Heroes," &c.

CALCUTTA:
PATRICK PRESS,
28 Convent Road.

1896.

CALCUTTA:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. P. GHOSH,
AT THE PATRICK PRESS,
28, CONVENT ROAD.

DEDICATION.

To

H. H. The GAEKWAR of BARODA, G. C. S. I.

Sir,

The fact that you have sent the smartest lads in your schools to England, France, Germany and America to get a sound technical and Scientific Education; that you have founded an Agricultural College, opened several Technical Schools and finally made Education compulsory in your State, places you in the front rank of Educational reformers. You have also given a splendid example of enlightenment and liberality to all Educationalists in India: to the English Government and to all the Princes and nobles who desire the welfare of the people. I claim the credit of having first sounded the tocsin in this battle and unsparingly condemned the existing system of Education, which is old-fashioned obsolete and absolutely worthless. It withdraws the youth of the country from the fields, the forests and the workshop, and degrades the University by converting it into an

intellectual dram shop for the manufacture of quill-driving machines, who are lost to their country and homes, and whose only Nirvana is a Government pension. The thousands who fail, return to their homes, a useless burden to their families, consuming the Government which encouraged hopes which were never realised. As a true lover of India who feels for and with the youth of the country, I dedicate to you this book containing desultory articles, many of which when first published excited howls of indignation from respectable rascality and cowardly conservatism. These however are the best evidences a man can have, that he has said something it was time to say. I pray that your Highness may have a long and prosperous reign to continue the noble work you have begun. and that the people, through the length and breadth of India, may bless and honour the foremost and most unselfish Prince in the country.

I have the honour to remain, with the profoundest sentiments of admiration and respect

Your Highness's

Very faithful servant

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Most of the articles have appeared in the Indian Press. For permission to reproduce them, I beg to thank the Editors of the "Times of India", the "Statesman" and the "Bee". Some also appeared in the "Indian Daily News" and the "Indian World", while conducted by me. The letter of the students appeared in the "Indian Mirror".

173 Lower Circular Road
Calcutta,
23rd November 1896.

J. BOWLES DALY.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CRAM SYSTEM.

A BRILLIANT journalistic friend of mine was once thrown into prison for threatening the life of his mother-in-law. I happened to call on him when he came out, and while on the point of expressing my commiseration for the hardship he suffered, he checked the current of my sympathy by saying: "It was just the experience I wanted. I have been here and there and everywhere: up in a balloon, down in a thieves' kitchen, gone through an earthquake, written a book, and had the measles. I have gone through all the appointed conditions of a modern man; loved, quarrelled, wrote, travelled, sinned, and repented. I only wanted to see life from behind the bars of a prison to complete my education." My friend made very good use of his experience, for he wrote several articles on p[illegible] life and discipline, and suggested improvements [illegible] were accepted by the Government and proved b[illegible]. He attained his object, including the minor [illegible]vantage of entirely suppressing the objectionable mo[illegible]r-in-law. This trivial incident proves that the world can be made wiser by

the disclosure of any of its members who are not prevented by false modesty or any paltry reason from detailing their experience. I have a tale to unfold which may lead to a useful reform, if our rulers care to profit by the experience of one of their least important subjects.

AN INDIAN PROFESSORSHIP.

It was with a distinct feeling of satisfaction, not unlike that which consoled my friend of prison experience, that I accepted the offer of the Professorship of English Literature in the Metropolitan College, made me by the Hon'ble Surendra Nath Bannerjee, the popular tribune and educational broker of Bengal. Mr. Bannerjee is the proprietor of the *Ripon College*, a large establishment with several branches, and, being an experienced manager, he has lately been entrusted with the charge of the Metropolitan Institute, a typical Indian school and college with about fourteen hundred students. The recent demand for education has called into existence a large number of such training schools, which are extensively patronised by the youth of the town, and also those of the country, who crowd the lanes and slums of Calcutta. The fees usually range from six to twelve rupees a month; but the Metropolitan [illegible]lorously offers a university education, with choice of pro[illegible]s, for the ridiculous sum of three rupees all round! [illegible] the cram system is conducted on entirely commercial p[illegible]ciples, and can be seen in all its naked deformity. The teaching establishments of Calcutta form a mushroom growth of formidable character. My observa-

tions are strictly confined to those of the natives, among whom a strong rivalry exists, not for the acquisition of knowledge, but for getting "passes" and procuring fees. The college authorities are compelled to supply the exact kind of information the students want, and not what is most beneficial. The natural order of affairs is inverted. In Europe the professors set the tasks and the students learn them; in India the students dictate the studies and the professors learn the lessons. If the authorities will not supply the article of knowledge according to the taste of the student, the latter will leave and seek another school. Education is thus reduced to a matter of mere bargaining. These mushroom colleges have no endowments except the elemosynary aid bestowed by a few individuals; they depend for their support on the fees of the pupils.

THE REAL VALUE OF A DEGREE.

The advantages of a college education I give in its correct order. First, it enables a youth to win good matrimonial stakes for himself; for in India it is the son, and not the daughter, who is put up in the market: the M.A., the B.A., and even the plucked B.A., possess a certain monetary value, rising in grades. Next, the degree gratifies personal vanity, serves as a feather in the cap; praise to the Bengalee Baboo is as sweet as blubber to the Esquimaux and reproof, unpalatable to all, is simply nauseous to one who is usually gentle, good-humoured, and of excellent temper. The Baboo will tell a hundred fibs without compunction through mere courtesy; he knows that if a man signs himself "your

obedient servant," the phrase does not necessarily imply that the writer is going to blacken your boots and he pushes this form of politeness to its last entrenchment. If any one carries about with him in Indian Society an implicit faith in mere verbal promises, he deserves all he gets. The Bengalee never says "yes" or "no" distinctly to any proposition, for he knows the subtle spell which lies in courteous delay. In the matter of diplomacy or putting off the fulfilment of a promise he is a match for the Turk. The third object of education is the chance of getting a post under the Government. The smallness of the pay is no drawback; the post is everything, for it means authority, and the ingenious methods of exacting indirect taxation are known to every *chuprassie* in the town. I know the *durwan* of a large business house whose nominal income amounts to the sum of Rs. 15 a month. His wardrobe on taking the post consisted of a string and two inches of cloth: he really had nothing but his skin which he could call his own. That man, however, is worth at present five lakhs.

My duties in the college were to teach for nineteen hours a week. All the subjects were prescribed, and the clerk of the establishment supplied a time-table on which they were entered. An hour was devoted to each subject. The students were nearly all young men, few under nineteen and many over twenty-three. Their conduct was characterised by a species of independence which bordered on insolence. My experience of student life in England, France, and Germany presented me with no parallel. They strode into the class-room at all hours and went out as

they liked, making noise and seriously interrupting the work of the class, while during the lecture they held conversations with each other which made the business of speaking a labour. The number in the classes ranged from one hundred and twenty to a hundred and seventy. There was no attempt at order or discipline, and the business of signing the roll presented the appearance of a free fight, the clerk's voice being hardly audible.

The books for study comprised Shakespeare, Landor, Spenser's Faerie Queene, Sir Philip Sidney's Apology for Poetry, and Frederick Harrison's admirable Life of Cromwell—a fine selection, but very much beyond the comprehension of men unacquainted with the simplest words of English. The ignorance of the students was petrifying; a slight glimmering of mind within just served to render internal darkness visible; their faces did not express any kind of activity beyond that of perspiring. It was my custom to read a sentence or short paragraph out of any of the books which formed the subject of the lecture. Then give the sense, using the simplest Saxon words, and, having finished the explanation, before going to the next sentence, request the students to ask questions.

SAMPLE.

The inquiries propounded revealed the qualities of their mind and the extent of their comprehension, which was appalling. Here is a sample—"Ulvir crimwell brought his wife to Huntingdan: meaning of 'to' in sin-tance explain." The whole passage was run together without inflection,

uttered with jaws set as tight as a rat-trap, and expressed in a villainous cacking tone which sounded like the rinsing of a bottle. As there are no marks for pronunciation or enunciation, the Indian students regard such accessories to the language as beneath contempt. Macbeth, yielding to the wicked prompting of the Weird Sisters, felt the evil suggestions "unfix his hair and make his seated heart knock at his ribs." The majority of the students could not comprehend the mental embarrassment of the Thane of "Coddore," as they called him. Macbeth wanted the throne: nothing was easier than to cut the throat of his kinsman when the king happened to be under his roof? What useless fuss did the poet make of the whole transaction! After an exhaustive explanation, I asked whether they had any questions, whereupon a young man of five and twenty, who had passed the Entrance, inquired, "What's ribs?"

The soul-stirring words of Shakespeare, the cameo-cut sentences of Landor, the organ tones of Milton, and the manly sentiments of Tennyson make about as much impression on the Bengalee mind as the taps of an auctioneer's hammer on a block of granite. "I can't follow you," said one of the students with a dazed look in his eyes, like that of a detective trying to find a clue and thinking that his informant was bent on deceiving him. They were constantly looking for some recondite meaning which the text did not suggest. Among the third and fourth year students were several clever intelligent boys who showed both respect and attention; the rank and file, however, were wanting entirely in foundation knowledge. To make the silk purse

out of this bristly raw material would task the efforts of the wisest. The most glaring defect was the absence of any thirst for knowledge; they evidently regarded words merely as a wheel-barrow to convey thoughts, and not the becoming dress of ideas. During the reading of the most impassioned selection from the great dramatist, there was a tranquillity on their faces which resembled the stillness on the lid of a box, while my explanation occasionally elicited such a smile as one might conceive the antediluvians to have indulged in while listening to the preaching of Noah.

It was, however, in discussing the early life of Cromwell, with his deep searchings of heart and stirring appeals to God, that I perceived the spiritual poverty of these poor boys. The hard Puritan, with his earnest prayers and deep family affection, was a study which they entirely failed to comprehend. They saw, however, that he opposed the Government, murdered the king, and that his name stood high among English worthies. On the parliamentary struggle I have been asked several shrewd questions by the advanced classes, which convinced me that the worst side of the Protector's character made a deep impression on them. No doubt this will bear fruit in time, and young Bengal will assimilate his own views from this period of history which will afford him future guidance, though he will never acquire the vigour or courage of the grim old Ironside.

WHAT THEY WANT.

The main idea of the student under the cram system is to get a "pass," so he wants his information boiled down

and carefully chewed. He cares no more for the quality of the grub given him than a young crow who clamours for sustenance with open beak. Like the bird in question, he does not care to look for his food himself; this he wants the Professor to do for him. The information must be made up in pellets which can be swallowed with as little trouble as possible. The very words must be dictated, that he may enter them in his note-book. The only faculty of his mind exercised is that of memory. He objects to be questioned, and makes answers in noises which sound like words bitten in two and swallowed before they are half out. That venerable divine and eminent scholar, the Rev. Father Lafont told me that in an examination in physiology, a student gave so complete an answer to a paper that the examiners suspected the boy of copying. The youth was summoned to appear before the examiners. He denied the charge and boldly challenged them to set him then and there any question on the subject. A question on the brain was given him, which he answered on paper with great accuracy. The examiners were astounded, but one of the number tested his knowledge by calling the servant to bring up a brain from the museum. As the man was leaving the room to execute the order, the examiner said, "Stop, I'll write down what I want." Instead of brain he wrote, "Send up a heart." When the latter was placed before the student, he could not distinguish between a heart and a brain! Father Lafont deplores with me the outrageous system of 'cram,' and considers its effect most injurious.

AN UNIQUE PETITION.

On several occasions I rebuked, in mild language, the unpunctuality and want of manners of the students, showing them that book-learning was not everything, and that the success of Englishmen was due mainly to their character for uprightness, fidelity to engagements, and perseverance. The advice was taken in mutinous silence, contrary to the slavish subservience enforced by the wretched system of 'cram.' A small section of the students showed their resentment by indicting a complaint to the manager. Mr. Bannerjee forwarded me their petition. The following is an extract which refers to myself: "Our respected professor, Dr. Daly who, you know, is reputed be an accomplished lecturer and man of wide learning, is driving us to desperation. We cannot properly appreciate his lectures, for they are so out of the sphere of discipline obtaining here. So that we have to wile away the hour at some other pursuits. For instance, if we ask him the sum and substance of a passage, he would have some words explained and many unanswered; on other occasions he would not answer, and make us silent with some sarcastic or witty criticism on pronunciation, or such nonsense. Thus, Sir, if you be good enough to make an inquiry into the efficiency into which he encompasses his objects, you will be much dispirited and deprieved. Notice, worshipful Sir, if this humble petition of ours be not taken into the consideration of your worshipful presence, we shall be utterly and sadly neglected and have to plod our weary round, some sad melancholy and vague vision, which fact may at last turn to grinding oppres-

sion and great loss to our civil prospects. In fine the only thing we beg of you is to make sifting inquiry after proceedings, and have yourself freed from future complaints of this nature." I will do the manager justice to say that he perceives the evils of the system, but feels powerless to oppose it. My recommendations are, that the number of subjects for the degree be reduced, and that *viva voce* examinations in English be introduced. In the Government colleges there are a body of cultured English teachers who will make short work of the "cram" system if the opportunity is granted them. If this serious defect is allowed to go on unchecked, the Government will have cause to regret it. I am filled with admiration at the large and generous policy of education granted by our rulers, and this admiration suffers no abatement because of the defects of the system. We all learn by mistakes. But, in the name of common sense, let us give these poor youths a suitable education which will enable them to develop the trade, manufactures, and industries of the country, and check the stream of philosophers in patent leather shoes who are proving a nuisance to themselves and a curse to the country.

The above letter was approved by all the leading Educationalists of Calcutta, while it raised a perfect howl of indignation from the students who were unable to distinguish their friends from their enemies. The answer is a sample of the English taught and a good specimen of the elephantine humour with which they intend to crush the writer whose only intention was to expose and condemn a system frought with the very worst results.

THE RECENT ATTACK ON THE STUDENTS OF THE METROPOLITAN INSTITUTION.

[*To the Editor of the "Indian Mirror".*]

SIR,—The students of Dr. Daly owe a deep debt of gratitude to him for the immense favour he has shown to them by taking the trouble of furnishing them with an inexhaustible fund of amusement in the shape of wholesome advice He is perfectly justified in denouncing, in terms of indignation, the abominable and injurious system of 'cram' But under the pretext of giving us advice to avoid the "cram" system, he has, we are sorry to say, launched into severe invectives against the behaviour and ignorance of the poor students of the Metropolitan Institution. We think, it has not escaped the notice of the readers that he has tried to show "the whole wealth of his wit" in a single article in the *Statesman* (in its issue of the 3rd instant).

We are really at a loss to understand, how such a puerile, impassionate and, above all, an "Asiatic style" has emanated from the pen of a man like Dr. Daly, whose intellectual gifts, scholarly attainments, and, to crown all, whose bland good nature, still command the admiration of the world. We challenge anybody to question the scholarly attainments of this intellectual giant. His knowledge is of an extensive order, and of a transcendental nature. Neither God nor man can appreciate his true worth.

He is an exceptionally fluent speaker, notwithstanding

his constant stammering, and his constant efforts for hunting up fine phrases.

He is one of the most eminent of philosophers, notwithstanding the fact that he forgets the very A.B.C of his philosophy when he has to teach the Bengali students, before whom he becomes extremely nervous. But any one who knows anything about Dr. Daly, knows that he is an out-and-out disciple of Auguste Comte. His knowledge of philosophy is luminous everywhere, excepting in the presence of his pupils.

He is, perhaps, the greatest *literateur* of the age, notwithstanding the fact that he gave us certain curious, quaint and sometimes unearthly interpretations of some of the beautiful passages of those books, which we had the good fortune (?) to read with him. We may well designate him as "the great literary Leviathan of the age." His erudition is of a type which can hardly be found in man. He can be called a great Shakespearian scholar, only ignoring the fact that he interpreted certain passages of *Macbeth* in a curious and fanciful way. This sort of ludicrous interpretations is not due to his ignorance, but to his unfortunate nervousness which he ever feels before the Bengali students, and which he, with all his attempts, we are sure, will never be able to overcome. So we see that it is not *his* fault, but is *Nature's* fault.

We think that there is no harm in supposing that he is also one of the greatest mathematicians of the 19th century. Had he been born in the time of Newton, he would have dimmed the world-wide renown of that great

man. By the by, had he been a contemporary of Newton, then people would surely have thought that it was only from his *gravity* that Newton was able to deduce the *Law of Gravitation*. Such a grave man was our Dr. Daly. He in order "to be dressed in an opinion of wisdom and gravity," will never show his "teeth in the way of smile, though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

Our Lanka-returned (*i. e.* Ceylon-returned) Professor is a man of versatile genius. It is beyond my power to enumerate all the qualities with which Nature has endowed him.

Dr. Daly has published the petition of some young students to cry them down; but fortunately for them, they have no reputation to lose. On the other hand, he has a world-wide reputation; so he should take special care that some slang and objectionable expressions may not belie his mighty pen. There is no doubt that he can write English with as much purity as he can write Latin and Greek.

Dr. Daly has done the duty of a teacher by teaching us the noble art of vituperation. It is, undoubtedly, one of the noblest and the useful of human arts.

To those who do not love to contemplate the fall of human greatness, I do not know a more mortifying spectacle than to see the position to which Dr. Daly is reduced by his savage attack upon the students, who, fools as they are, should have been beneath his notice.

Yours, &c.,

STUDENTS.

THE LAST WORD ON THE CRAM SYSTEM.

[*To the Editor of the "Statesman".*]

SIR,—It is quite fitting that the correspondence elicited by my article should come to a close. I hope, however, to be permitted a last word in reply. The surgeon who opens an ulcer can hardly expect the patient to entertain a superstitious love for the knife, nor can he wonder at the screams which accompany the operation. These are natural consequences which should cause neither surprise nor offence. No one who has abused me need be afraid of an action at law, even should he declare that I murdered my grandmother. I wish, however, to say that the gist of my article has been ignored, and only the unimportant side-issues noticed.

I hasten to add that there are in India, educationists and heads of colleges as qualified and capable of dealing with the admitted defects of the present University system as are to be found in Europe or America. If these will only meet in conference they can easily devise a system better suited to the wants of the country and the character of the Indian youths than the one now in existence. The Government will be wise in listening to their proposals, and, further, our rulers are imperatively called upon to solicit advice on this momentous question. Nero fiddling over the flames of Rome is sympathy itself compared with the present indifference.

Cowper's disquisition on the joys of an English fireside, is not likely to help the Bengalee who never contemplated

a fireplace, nor the imaginary conversations of Landor, one who never read Greek history. Such studies are about as useful to the Indian in his chrysalis condition as a mosquito-curtain to a rhinoceros. Reading a heap of books is not education. It will not inspire courage, integrity, or a high sense of duty; but the sum of thought which remains from it will minister to vanity, conceit, and obstructiveness. A sound education should establish a love of knowledge, a desire for enterprise, self-control co-operation, *esprit de corps*, and a love of country. These are the qualities which enable their possessor to win in the "race which is set before him."

The system of "cram" should be abolished, and a simpler and more elevating curriculum introduced, calculated to benefit the youth of the day and save India from becoming a vast pauper warren, *sans* industries, *sans* manufactures, *sans* handicrafts. The condition of the masses is the truest test of a country's wealth or poverty, and judged by this standard, India is poor, a veritable land of Stygian darkness and ignorance. To her we might fitly apply the words of the poet:

> "Fie on't! O fie!
> 'Tis an unweeded garden that
> Grows to seed: things rank and gross in
> Nature possess it merely."

J. BOWLES DALY, LL. D.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE HOOGHLY.

On Thursday last Mr. Weldon the enterprising proprietor of the Esplanade Hotel arranged a pleasant excursion on the river. At ten o'clock a party of holiday-makers embarked at Chandpal-ghat on board the *Jainti*, a steady, commodious boat. Precaution had been taken to supply an abundance of easy-chairs, tables, and everything to make the guests comfortable, while a band discoursed popular music all the way, which intermingled pleasantly with the conversation. Several ladies were present, and their pretty costumes gave a festive appearance to the gathering, which looked more like a private party than an assemblage of strangers.

THE WEATHER.

The day was lovely, while the air at the start had something of the mild freshness of morning, and was followed by unclouded sunshine. Nature had set every stitch of her bluest canvas over the majestic river, broken only by white fleecy clouds which added intensity to the luminous air into which we seemed to plunge. The shore along the banks

was fringed by a class of craft, half boat, half house, of that flimsy character seen only in the tropics. Quietly we dropped down the river with thoughts coloured by the joyous strains of the music. Many of the men looked tired and harassed from desk and office work; the combination, however, of tempered sunshine, delicious air, and pleasant company soon dispelled the thoughts of the counting-house, the anxiety of the mart, and the constant sense of responsibility which every business man has to encounter. A strong flavour of Scotch dialect inclined one to think that he was going up the Clyde, rather than down the Hooghly.

ARGOSIES OF MAGIC SAILS.

The line of ships, passing the Eden Gardens, was imposing; the strong straight masts, the multiplicity of delicate spars, the deep red hulls standing high in the water, indicative of vessels half empty of their treasures, formed a beautiful picture. The water gurgled round the floating buoys; the steam launches with bow erect and depressed stern shot past, panting with exertion and heedless of obstacles; and from nearly every peak "our banner of England flew," causing pride in the bosom of each English subject. The *Jainti* glided over a sheet of water smooth as glass and bright as molten silver. The surroundings combined to impart to the holiday-makers an exhilaration of spirits which soon broke out into anecdote, reminiscence, song, dance, and a joyous sense of irresponsibility. Men opened newspapers, but paused in the act of reading, their

minds refusing to be chained to the printed record, while Nature kept turning over the pages of her photographic album. One old gentleman, whose earthly paradise seemed to consist in the possession of the knave, the ace, and the king of trumps, sat at a card table, and found congenial companions at a game of whist. Some pretty pale-faced children played about the deck; and all the elements of a pleasant gathering were combined on board.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

We passed by the Kiddeepore Docks, which looked quiet and deserted—a commercial white elephant that has cost millions, and disappointed the projectors. This promising scheme has imposed a heavy charge on the shipping, and is regarded with undisguised contempt by the merchants. The opinion of Captain Allison, and the recent letter of Mr. Apjohn, chief-engineer and vice-chairman of the Port Commissioners, show that the "Liner" steamers suffer from want of accommodation at the jetties, and that the construction of the Docks has in no way lessened the pressure of the import trade. From Garden Reach the shores on both sides appeared gracefully draped with foliage; the branches danced like green flames into the blue of the atmosphere. The Bishop's College has exchanged its ecclesiastical for a social character, and is now known as the Seebpore Engineering Institute. The castellated roof, wide front, and red wings gleamed like terracotta among the trees, resembling an English mansion of the old feudal days. Here Mr. Shaw, a sturdy Scot,

trains European and native youth for the field and the workshop, infusing his own spirit into such of them as prefer the chain and the theodolite to the goose-quill and office-stool.

HISTORICAL MEMORIES.

The long frontage of the palace of the old King of Oudh recalled historic memories now growing thin. The once favourite place of residence is becoming unfashionable, vulgar, and unhealthy. By the edge of the Botanical Gardens the current flows fast and strong, revealing the treacherous character of the river, the bed of which is constantly shifting and upheaving, causing serious damage to shipping. I am informed that the pilots of the Hooghly form an able body of seamen, and that they are recruited from men of talent and culture; they hold a proud and prominent position among the mercantile marine. There is some splendid wood in the Botanical Gardens close by; the tops of lofty palms are seen from the river. The stream expands perceptibly, and the low shores recede as we advance. Nature is a great enchantress if we let her appeal to our hearts. What sane man would trouble himself about the future, when only to breathe the warm elastic air is a kind of physical pleasure, and to look into the dense blue desert of air a dream? Here was a scene on which Winter never stamped his frozen image, never disrobed the wood of its leaves, or sky of its delicate drapery. True, the blast of the cyclone sometimes rages over it, dealing destruction in a lordly manner, but the icy breath of Winter, with

his mean fogs and ruthless destruction of colour, never violates the body of the majestic Hooghly.

LANDMARKS.

On we swept, past the Agra Government brickfields, obelisks, floating buoys, and other sign-posts to avoid destruction, until we faced Melancholy Point, which derives its name from a terrible catastrophe which occurred there a hundred years ago. A flock of vultures were perched on the spot—grim attendants of Death. Now we pass the Empress of India Mills, and Fort Gloster; then those of Bowreah and Budge-Budge. Old Honeymoon House was pointed out, the scene of amorous festivities, which the famous old judge, Sir Barnes Peacock, occupied. His memory is still treasured for his sturdy independence. A man who had the ability and force of character to rise, in the old days of monopoly and patronage, from the position of a clerk to be Chief Justice of the High Court, must be worth honouring. Diamond Harbour presents no striking feature, beyond a vast expanse of water, low-lying banks and an aspect of unqualified solitude.

THE FUTURE.

When will English capitalists wake to the fact that it is wiser to line the shores of the Hooghly with mills and factories and get all their work done here, where labour is cheap and opportunities numerous, than in propping up the dying concerns of Dundee and Lancashire? With a line of rails from Rangoon to the borders of China, a magnificent

market might be opened, which would make France green with jealousy, and fill the pockets of our traders to overflowing. At present from Bhamo, the most northern town in Burmah, goods have to be conveyed on the backs of pack mules at a charge of 525 rupees a ton, which makes the price of woollens and cottons prohibitive on the borders of China. If England does not step in, France will command the whole trade of southern China.

CREATURE COMFORTS.

About 2 o'clock the party sat down to tiffin. Three tables were full, but we could have accommodated more. There was abundance of everything to tempt the palate: roast fowl, Yorkshire ham, game pie, cheese, pastry, and ice drinks, and some square bottles which did not, I was assured, contain Croft's "Three Elephant Blend." There was not one drawback to our enjoyment. No waiting or confusion, and everything went off as merry as a marriage bell. A gentleman present voiced the feelings of the company in acknowledging the completeness of the excellent arrangements that had been made. Such short trips meet the needs of many who cannot absent themselves for any length of time from their business, and are far more healthful than a week's freezing on the icy peaks of Darjeeling, in houses where the fireplaces are a fraud and a delusion, and where the exorbitant charges make the mountain-retreat prohibitive to all except those with a big purse. On the homeward journey the attention of the company was diverted from scenery to sociability. There was no lack

of material, for many of the gentlemen possessed both histrionic and vocal powers which caused much mirth and good-fellowship. In dropping down the river some of us felt that we had also dropped several years which Time had strapped on our backs, and the sight of some young couples waltzing on the deck brought back the glamour of the past.

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

As we neared home the cloud effects on the western sky were simply dazzling in their variety and grandeur. The white banks of silvery floss caught a ruby tinge as they floated over a background of old gold barred with rich crimson lines, while the glimpses of the sky beyond showed the purest cobalt. The divinity whom the Incas adored sank tired behind a canopy of the richest drapery, diaphanous as the veil of a bride, and no more to be reproduced by the brush of a Claude or a Turner than by the broom of a house sweeper. And so one happy day seemed to have glided by, to the limbo of the mysterious past, like a flower on the water.

CHAPTER III.

THE INDIAN MUSEUM.

Among the many institutions founded by the British Raj in this Land of Regrets, there is none of greater importance than that now located in the palatial structure on the Chowringhee Road. The Museum was created by Sir William Jones in the last century, and was taken over by the Government in 1867. The Board of Works are responsible for the structure and the new wings now being added. Whatever the building cost, it is worthy of the valuable treasure hived up within its walls, and forms a splendid addition to the palaces which adorn the city.

THE KING OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

The director of this princely institute is the famous and learned Dr. Watt. Of his scholarship little need be said; his works speak for him. If any one cherishes a conceit about his own acquaintance with plant life, let him turn to the Dictionary of Economic Products, and a casual glance at this huge testimony of labour, knowledge, and industry will empty him clean of that conceit as quickly as a shell hurries from the muzzle of a mortar. The mind reels

before the mass of knowledge compiled in its pages and set forth in so clear and readable a manner. And yet little practical use has been made of this knowledge in the country which most needs it. Agriculture, manufactures from indigenous products, mining, and industry are all in their infancy in India. Very few of the modern improvements have been either accepted or put into operation, while Dr. Watt and many agricultural experts are crying like John the Baptist in the wilderness.

THE MUSEUM SPECIALITY.

Unlike the British, the Indian Museum aims at being an active and integral force in the life of the people, and not a mere collection of curios, archæological and antiquarian. In seeking to penetrate this vast hive and collection of strange treasures, I sought the queen bee of the establishment, around whom the work centres, and after mounting as many steps as may have gone to make up Jacob's famous ladder, I found this creature, a masculine entity, at the top of the building, in the person of Mr. T. N. Mukherji, F. L. S. The bee is a little dried-up man, closely buttoned in an eri silk coat. The drying process seems to have taken place inwardly as well as outwardly, and has added additional brilliancy to his eyes and further energy to his body. A casual visitor travelling through the bazaars might think the ordinary Indian, apathetic, and so he is. There are, however, brilliant exceptions. Mr. Mukherji is one of them. He is as energetic as two Englishmen, and a Frenchman thrown in. The Museum bee has travelled

in Europe, been presented to the best people, pushed his sharp nose into every doghole of art and industry, written a very readable account of his travels, and, in fact, is as active and nimble as one of his own silkworms, a subject in which he takes a keen delight.

THE WORKING ROOM.

There was nothing luxurious in his study. A couple of bookcases crammed with blue-books, two tables loaded with papers, a few chairs, and a large writing-desk constituted the furniture, while the floor was littered with official documents.

"You seem to have a large correspondence," I remarked, taking the chair offered to me. "Yes, we get letters from all quarters on all kinds of subjects," he answered, jumping nimbly from his chair, and picking up a file on the floor containing recent despatches. His movements reminded me of Mr. Gladstone in the Hawarden Library. The old parliamentary hand would pounce on a blue-book in the middle of a conversation to illustrate the subject with the same jerky alertness.

I examined the letter handed to me, and found that it came from a Swiss merchant, inquiring for a vegetable substance to be used as braid for fancy hats.

"What answer have you given him?" I asked, wondering how a merchant in Switzerland could have thought of the Calcutta Museum.

"We are testing several vegetable products, and have not yet arrived at what is wanted. It is well worth our

while, for about sixty lakhs of material for this is annually consumed. If successful, a great industry will be founded."

"How have they come to refer to you?" I asked. "The merchants generally apply to the Imperial Institute, that founded by the Prince of Wales," explained Mr. Mukharji, "and the authorities there send a requisition to the Indian Museum."

"Your correspondence is varied," I hazarded, glancing at the heap of letters.

"Here is another from Canada on the subject of mica. Canadian mica is now largely used in England, but our Indian product is of better quality."

He took from the drawer of his writing-table some sheets of this beautiful transparent and translucent mineral, resembling sheets of glass. The Indian had a beautiful ruby colour which the Canadian specimen lacked.

"How do you get your samples, I mean the various products you have in your cases?" I inquired.

"All manufacturers send us specimens. We don't buy much. Occasionally when we hear that a native workman possesses some handicraft secret that is likely to die with him, we spend a little. We send him pupils, and try to preserve the secret. Many of the old secrets of the weaver, potter, and medicine dealer have died out. They are very reluctant to part with their knowledge. The supply of cheap goods has almost killed the old high art which the native possessed. It is not worth his while to labour when the demand has fallen off."

Mr. Mukherji said this sadly, for he is one of the few Indian gentlemen whose heart throbs with patriotic feeling, and he bitterly mourns the apathy and want of enterprise in his countrymen. He had to resign his connection with the Indian Industrial Conference, as the members failed to pay their subscriptions and declined to do anything to forward the scheme. Since then he has been trying on his own account to spread a knowledge of the silkworm. He gives the seed free, with instructions, only making a small charge to cover expenses. In this he is greatly assisted by the Directors of Public Instruction in many of the Provinces.

"Is this silk scheme likely to take?" I asked with hesitation, for I now despair of rousing the Indians to any interest in their country. My enthusiasm is pumped dry.

"I think so," was the reply, "The industry is not costly, poor people can take it up I have found that the worm will thrive on the leaves of the castor-oil plant, which grows in abundance. The people use only the seed for oil; the leaves are thrown away. I have found a use for these leaves, which even the cattle won't touch. Since I have explained it, applications for seed are coming in from all parts of the country."

Mr. Mukherji has only a tepid interest in political history, especially when it clashes with his particular hobby. "Fancy," he remarked, "teaching boys all about Cromwell, who is dead, and not making the silkworm an object lesson in the schools—a creature that is alive, and whose

industry would put bread in their mouths, and money in their pockets!"

I gravely admitted that the Protector was dead, and, yielding to the persuasive eloquence of the Museum authority, conceded further, with certain mental reservation, that a live worm was better than a dead statesman.

"Why don't you write about this, and get practical knowledge introduced in the schools?" he suggested.

"The Bengalee does not take kindly to my advice," I answered. "You know the old saying of taking an unwilling horse to the water. But may I ask what is that mysterious compound I see in those bottles?" I asked, changing the subject.

THE GERMICIDE.

"That is a sample of a new kind of oil. We are constantly flooded with such specimens."

The explanation relieved my mind, for I was disquieted by the thought that my energetic host might have meditated suicide through disappointment with his short-sighted countrymen, who resolutely treat the suggestions of a friend as the utterance of an enemy.

"I think you are interested in plants," observed Mr. Mukherji. On giving him an affirmative assurance he produced a bottle carefully labelled Adhatoda Vasica. "The Sanskrit name" he added, "is Basak". "There is a little history attached to it," he remarked, curiously examining the bottle, which he held up to the light. "Dr. Watt while visiting the Punjab happened to stop at a Rajpoot

village, where he found the natives sprinkling the wet paddy fields with the leaves of a certain plant. They assured him that it killed a kind of deadly worm which haunted the rice fields. He brought home some specimens, and submitted them to various experts to ascertain its real properties. The plant is still under consideration. One thing it will do for certain. Place a sprig of it in the foulest water, and it will purify it."

THE GALLERIES.

Mr. Mukherji is a mine of industrial sagacity, a sort of Liebig's extract of the wisdom of the ages; he can also talk with the clear-headedness of a solicitor. But knowing that he is a busy man, I withdrew, thanking him for the interview. I have only given as a sample a teaspoonful of the knowledge imparted.

In the upper rooms of the Museum there is an ethnological collection of great value which is not yet completed. Here may be found typical models of the races of India. First, a photograph of a man or a family; then a clay model, life size, done wonderfully well by a native artist; also models of the houses, specimens of personal ornaments, household articles, agricultural implements, village industry, sport, weapons of warfare, musical instruments, sacred articles, food, and toys. You have only to select your group, and may thus trace the whole family with all their belongings. This plan gives a correct idea of the different races of India; history and geography will fill up the gaps. If the visitor has no such clue, his inspection will only

confuse him; he will wake with a night-mare vision of fishes, birds, tigers, elephants, pots, statues, and brazen ornaments dancing a hornpipe in his brain.

A SUGGESTION.

The authorities should also issue a handy volume of explanation of various sections and the articles they contain, and some smart young students should be appointed to conduct parties over the building, as there are special days set apart for women. I would recommend Miss Bose, of the Bethune College, to have one of her smartest girls trained as a lady guide for her own sex. No father can give his little boy a greater treat than a walk through some of the departments; but the attempt to do the whole building in one day should be avoided.

THE ART SCHOOL.

A branch of the building contains the Art School. Through the courtesy of the headmaster, Mr. A. P. Bagchi, I was permitted to inspect the class-rooms and address the students. From the black-board to the life-class, both order and system prevailed. Over three hundred students get an education here. I noticed with regret an entire absence of anything like enthusiasm; the only ambition was to get "an employment." A few exhibited a desire to become portrait painters. Some passable studies of heads were shown me, but these for the most part were wooden and conventional—a fact not to cause surprise, for both in painting and literature slavish imitation kills originality.

The "light that never was on sea or shore" rarely falls on the amateur. Painting is the most precarious profession. For one success there may be a hundred failures.

RECOMMENDATION.

If the Simla Fine Art Society would communicate their "sweetness and light" by holding their Exhibition in Calcutta, and invite the contributions of the students, much might be done; also a few scholarships of from Rs. 50 to Rs. 100 might be offered for the best work in landscapes, figures, and animal painting, with a trifle for an outfit. The successful candidate might be sent to travel and bring back a portfolio of sketches from nature and life. The Committee of Fine Art might, on exhibition, recommend for an annual scholarship the two best men, and the Government might lawfully endow this travelling scholarship. Three years study in Italy would bring out the best in the student. Ceylon confers an annual scholarship on the best student in England. India might very well adopt this precedent. This alone will dispel the gloom and dejection which now hangs over the art student of Calcutta. The princes and zemindars might help the movement by purchasing pictures of their country, instead of disfiguring their walls with hideous oleographs and worthless daubs from England and Germany. The rivers, plains, and magnificent mountain passes of India should be studied and reproduced on canvas. It is possible to dip the pen and brush in glory, and the Indian student should do it. It is simply preposterous to deny that the races of India

are wanting in genius and talent, after contemplating their delicate carving, the beautiful tracing in wood, stone, and clay, and the exquisite fabrics of their looms, once the wonder of the world. There is little of artistic aptitude in the present race. Granted. The faculties are submerged, not obliterated. Art traditions and hereditary skill die slowly; a more tender and liberal treatment will restore those talents. To do so is the highest and holiest duty of the State.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

All the knowledge worth having is surrounded with a hedge of thorns, be it music, literature, botany, geology, or natural science. To break through this hedge is the first duty. The sweet kernel cannot be attained without smashing the shell, so nothing worth having can be acquired without labour. To this rule there is no exception. Only those who have patience and perseverance will receive the reward which neither money nor rank can purchase, but which often leads to both. This is true with regard to the science of botany, a branch of knowledge which forms an insignificant part of the ordinary school or college curriculum. Its truth was admirably illustrated in a lecture delivered by a talented young doctor at the Hall of Science, Bow Bazar, on Saturday night. Dr. S. B. Mittra received his education in the godless London University, where knowledge unadulterated with spirituality is freely dispensed. Darwin, Tyndal, and Huxley are the gods of the modern pantheon of materialism, and to these he bows the knee with all the idolatry of a convert. The theory of natural selection and

mutton protoplasm found in him an ardent defender. This talented young Indian gentleman is either ignorant of the spiritual conceptions of man and the universe, taught by his ancestors in the Upanishads and Vedas, or he has voluntarily thrown them over for the flippant and flimsy materialism of the West. He has exchanged a faith hoary with antiquity and replete with the highest wisdom for a pinch-beck materialistic creed, Protean in its form, fluid in its character, and as evanescent as a soap bubble. No doubt, all the young men present will take him for their model, for this is an age when everybody is imitating somebody, and the race of sceptics and materialists are on the increase. Such knowledge will prove for India a calamity heavier than the Military Bill, or the dancing rupee; for a nation which has lost its spirituality is on the down grade, with all the brakes up, and no power in heaven or hell can save it from the destructive selfishness which must inevitably follow. Dr. Mittra traced life back to a distant stage, ignoring the fact that from the protoplasm theory the embryos of life can show no difference between an elephant, an eagle, and a man. To make protoplasm the goal instead of the half-way house is a profound mistake, only equalled by the error of resting there, and saying that nothing further can be found beyond. A great deal does exist utterly unknown to modern science. We admit that protoplasm may be a bridge between the world of plants and the world of animals, and in support of this superficial knowledge, it is an advantage to know that there is no essential difference between the structure of a fish and that

of a man, one being only the primitive form of the more complex mechanism seen in the other. It does not however advance knowledge very much to know that a herring is subject to rheumatism, and judging from the number of his bones he must have a lively time of it—still it is a point gained. But to fling our cap in the air, and shout *Eureka!* when we have only discovered the identity of the animal and vegetable kingdom, is but the act of a schoolboy who discovered that two and two make four, but never dreamed of the existence of the Rule of Three. Dr. Mittra has a good deal of conceit to get rid of, and when he has got rid of a good deal, there will be a good deal left; he is however a student and an enthusiast with some capacity, so there is hope for him. But he must be assured that the advanced chapter of life, is not chronicled in the archives of the London University, but it is to be found nearer at hand.

It is sheer waste of time to devote exclusive study to examining the house we live in, laboriously searching the quarry from which the stones were carted, when we care nothing about discovering the spiritual ancestry of the Ego which resides in the tenament and through which it feebly and clumsily tries to gesticulate its meaning. A half-an-hour alone with the corpse of the dearest friend will convince the most sceptical that the body of clay is not the friend we loved; but an imperfect adjunct of the Ego who used it as a glove, a pair of boots, or a suit of clothes. Where then is the comfort of protoplasm? Of the lecture itself, we have nothing but praise. The subject was attractive—

Carnivorous Plants and their Scientific Significance, the *Drosera*, *Dionæa*, *Aldrovanda*, and *Nepenthes* or *Pitcher Plants* were cited as samples. The lecturer showed with praise-worthy skill the construction of those villainous plants the pirates and cannibals of the vegetable world. Many believe that all the beautiful and delicate flowers, which we love and cherish, are innocent and harmless, that their beauty makes us glad; but, like human nature they frequently are, not what they seem. Some have potentialities of mischief and can prove themselves as heartless as the Calcutta Municipality, where life is concerned, and as remorseless as a Thug, when the opportunity for destruction presents itself. There are several members of this tribe which the lecturer might have mentioned, with even more startling qualities of a hurtful character. One plant found in the jungles of Ceylon, is very curious. The leaves fold together at night, and the twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig. If the foliage is stroked, it exhibits emotion, and when touched, the leaves will stand up like the fur on the back of an angry cat. Then the whole plant gets into a feverish quiver of excitement, giving out a sickening pungent odour like a rattlesnake when disturbed, while a trained ear will distinguish a hoarse raucous sound like the hiss of a serpent, and if observations are taken in a darkened room, sparks of red and green light will be seen to spring from it. Such is its antagonism to the human touch. When this plant is taken into the house both doors and windows must be opened to let out the offensive smell.

In an hour or so it calms down, and folds its leaves. There are several species of this plant, one of the most remarkable being the Aristolochia Jigas, the carrion fly-trap, a native of Brazil which also flourishes in India. There is another of the Loranthus order, a horrid parasite, whose vital essence is so strong that it will fuse fractured bones like metals, and judiciously used will effect a cure in half-an-hour which the ablest surgeon cannot encompass in forty-eight. The number of interesting plants is not yet rendered by any of our botanists. Their qualities cannot be ascertained by scalpel or crucible, but their properties, when known, will produce a revolution in medical science. The crass bigotry of the medical faculty prevents an examination from the right standpoint.

The Indian public is vastly indebted to Dr. Mohindro Lall Sircar for his indefatigable efforts to found a College of Science, which at present is only a monument of unfulfilled wishes, a veritable palace of indolence on which a vast amount of money has been spent with absolutely nothing to show for the expenditure. The presence of this gentleman was a striking picture at the meeting; clothed in white flowing robes, his grand shaped head, with the lofty brow deeply seamed with lines of thought, while his bowed figure showed the advance of years, yet when he stood up and spoke, old age dropped from him like a garment. There was not a younger man in the house. The glowing fiery heart of the Indian enthusiast burst forth in a torrent of well-selected words which rang through the hall sounding like the crash of Roman swords on the helmets of

barbarians. He harangued the youth on his favourite subject, while a minor note ran through his eloquent words, a lament over the five and twenty years he laboured among them with such small results. India had some noble men in the past, Sages and Rishis, but she is not without some great men to-day. Dr. Mohindro Lall Sircar is undoubtedly one of them.

Dr. King, the distinguished and well-known botanist, presided. We cannot readily forgive this gentleman for the humiliation he has caused us. His speech was brief, but every syllable-bit like *aqua fortis*, while the right words dropped from him as naturally as a stone falls from the hand to the ground. Every literary man present must have felt how poor their attempts at language were in comparison with his well-selected words. Before taking the chair, Dr. King glanced mournfully at the diagrams, then with a feeling of shame for the scandalous conduct of the sweet pets to whom he had given his life, he frankly confessed that the inhabitants of the world of plants were not all vegetarians living on simple food such as air, salts, and other harmless products. Though the Heaven might fall, truth should be spoken. Some were flesh-eaters with such diabolical proclivities as would match the worst products of our advanced civilisation. This confession was wrung from him, but he added by way of comfort that their number was insignificant.

A word in behalf of the Indian youths who have sadly neglected this science. Perhaps they are not so guilty; when technical schools are developed and industries planted,

when the people give up hoarding and perceive the wisdom of investing their money in productive works, then and only then, will they see the value of cultivating science. If the rulers, who have laboured here to open out the country and introduce law, order, and a higher morality, help to initiate this movement, they will be recognised as the great benefactors of India. The education of a country should not be left to the direction of heartless creatures, whose interest is mainly confined to the splendid income they draw, without caring to introduce any of the modern improvements which would benefit the country.

That the rulers will have a long and arduous task before them there is no denying, but a beginning must be made to prevent the tide of starvation. India, like ancient Britain when the Roman forces were withdrawn, has sunk into apathy. The truth is that there is no more elasticity in the Indian people than in a feather bed, and the education hitherto given has only developed the most mischievous qualities of the tongue.

CHAPTER V.

THE VIRTUE OF OLD SHOES.

Lucknow is a historic town, a city of roses, but even the perfume of those delicious things has not produced that sweet odour and contentment which Nature would seem to suggest, when she allows the fairest of her gifts to bloom in that lovely place. It frequently happens that in a country, like Ceylon, where Nature lavishes her noblest gifts on the physical features, that the endowment of moral principles is proportionately slender. The same law applies to the individual; when Nature accumulates in a great man *the force* ordinarily distributed through several generations, she generally recoups herself by a scanty allowance to his immediate successors. That discontent reigns in beautiful Lucknow is beyond doubt, for the "Secretariat Lion" of the province has issued an order so strange and wonderful, that the thoughtful Englishman at home will rub his eyes and exclaim, "Bless me, what is the meaning of this?" Here is the order framed by the authorities: *"Accused persons under trial should always be required to leave their shoes outside the Court before being called before a Magistrate."* Now, there is no denying that the Civil

Service comprises men of perspicuity and ability, but it is equally certain that there are several selected, to grace the network of Indian Government, who are both unfit and unqualified for the duty they are paid to perform. When the system of "cram" and hot-bed examination is considered, it is no wonder that the authorities, in their efforts to manufacture the silken fabric out of the pig's ear, only succeed in producing a bristly raw material of doubtful quality. In the latter case, there should be as little delay as possible in rectifying the mistake, by reducing to their level those who have proved themselves incompetent to fill the offices allotted to them; chartered incompetence should not be forced into the public service, either by privilege or patent. To shelter or defend such men is only to perpetuate the evil and expose the Government to contempt. The whims or blunders of those in high stations cause grave results. France and Germany are indebted to the caprice of the Empress of the French for a war, which brought desolation into thousands of homes and fearful loss of life. In India there are magistrates and officials who would be a discredit to the republican states of South America.

The origin of the singular restriction issued by the authorities and presented above requires an explanation, which we hasten to offer; but in passing, we are bound to state plainly and without hesitation that the Government of the N. W. Provinces have no personal hostility to shoes as a matter of clothing, nor are they desirous of abolishing such articles of use or ornament, with the view of reducing the hardy race of the kingdom of Oudh to the primitive

barbarity of a shoeless condition. Nothing of the kind. The British Government must be entirely exonerated from even harbouring a suspicion on this head. In the case of Indian minors, we were only too glad to be able to bestow credit on the Government for its wise action in protecting and fostering the interests of the Indian wards; here we are equally desirous of preventing misconception and calumny. The British Government have absolutely no desire to strip the Indian of his shoes, or otherwise degrade him. A sense of abstract justice wrings from us this confession, and we humbly hope it will be scored in our favour whenever we may have the misfortune to differ from those titled and untitled rulers, for whom, in the language of our beautiful Litany, we pray "that they may be gifted with grace, wisdom, and understanding." As a matter of fact, we are bound to say that the petition has not yet been answered, though thirty seven million English folk are imploring its fulfilment for a longer period than we care to mention. This, however, is a digression. The order to wear no shoes on going into Court is simply *a measure of protection for the benefit of unpopular Magistrates*, issued by a beneficent paternal Government. The people of Lucknow are evidently gifted with an original turn of mind, when they discovered a new use for shoes, which has perplexed and grieved the minds of the authorities. Mrs. Partington, with her mop, ordering off the Atlantic, it seems, imported a large number of her family to India, hence these futile regulations. Is it Huxley or some of the "infallibles" of the day, who stated that dirt was only matter in the wrong place?

The authorities in Lucknow seem to take a similar view of the article shoe. The people of the province of Oudh with extraordinary inventiveness employ those homely articles not only for use but as a handy missile to express their discontent. Differing with the presiding magistrate in the administration of justice, they selected this new method of accentuating their discontent by flinging their shoes at the head of the unpopular functionary of justice. The Government in consequence issued special instructions to protect its officials. Now, people who are addicted to the pastime of throwing shoes at magistrates are generally old offenders, with, no doubt, a deep sense of humour and a considerable amount of craft, for the objectionable missile must have been concealed on their person before entering the court. It is evident that the Magistrate in Lucknow is not a respected guardian of the rights of the people; neither is the government well advised in issuing such instructions, when the simple plan of ordering the persons to be searched before being placed on their trial might have answered the purpose.

Trifling as this circumstance may seem, yet it contains a moral which we respectfully commend to the notice of our own respected Lieutenant-Governor, a gentleman whose genuine interest in the welfare of the people is undoubted, and whose earnestness and indefatigable efforts to bring about reforms, always an unpopular task, command our deepest respect. Sir Charles Elliott has more than once given way to the dictates of a warm heart, in opposition to the high sense of justice which ordinarily rules his con-

duct while exercising the lofty powers with which he is vested. Mr. Phillips, of Mymensing, Mr. Beatson-Bell, of Khulna, and others whom we could mention, have flagrantly abused the powers entrusted to them without reproof. Magistrates, who box the ears of witnesses, or clear the court with a big stick, or lash an unfortunate man to fainting for not bringing him a cup of milk, are not types of men to deserve much consideration at the hands of a superior: yet these are the men honoured by the Lieut.-Governor. Mr. Philips's act of degrading one of the princes of the country was perhaps the gravest offence of all. Nothing creates a deeper feeling of discontent in the Indian mind than those wanton acts of tyranny. Our policy towards the people should be that of conciliation and justice, and even large allowances should be made for the foibles of a proud, sensitive people, who feel acutely any indignity at the hands of the rulers. Where confidence is placed in the people, they often bravely act up and beyond the ordinary standard. Sir Charles Elliott is too ready to protect with the ægis of his authority, men who forget they are gentlemen, dealing with men of an ancient race, having a civilization at their back compared to which the civilisation of England is as Brummagem paste to the monuments of Egypt. We hold no brief for either side, but we venture to suggest more firmness on the part of Sir Charles Elliott in dealing with such cases, else his own reputation will suffer, and the authority of an English *Saheb* will be shorn of that lofty sense of justice we are supposed to possess and for which we are all so justly proud.

CHAPTER VI.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THERE is not a more pressing subject of our day than the technical education of the masses. Now, owing to the fact that India, like a spendthrift, has exceeded her income, and plunged into debt, the necessity of retrenchment is imperative. There is no use disguising the fact that the cause of India's indebtedness is to be ascribed to the heedless extravagance of the government. The rupee has nothing, or next to nothing, to do with it: the fault rests mainly with the rulers; while the apathy and indifference of the people is a matter of profound regret. There is absolutely no public opinion in India. Rulers in every country require to be watched, their actions criticised, and every shred of information, calculated to throw light on the administration, should be contributed. The rulers of the land are mortal; they have their faults, vices, and virtues, but they are not intentionally vicious; they are not slave-drivers; they have given abundant proofs by scores of action that they are humane, generous, and well-disposed towards the people among whom their lives are thrown. But what have the

Indian people done to arrest the country in its downward journey towards bankruptcy? Absolutely nothing. Now, as there is no use weeping over spilt milk, let us see what ought to be done to place the country in a better position. What was done in England only very lately, when it dawned upon the rulers that the trade was going out of the country, and the people in danger of starvation. Conferences were held to discuss the situation, and prompt measures were adopted to meet the difficulty. If the Indian people will stop and consider the situation, they too will see a way out. Twenty years ago, in England, there was hardly any talk of science, and absolutely nothing known of its application to the various industries or handicrafts. A few special schools existed, but they bore no proportion to the number or the wants of the population. The Conferences which afterwards met to discuss the matter, decided that it was no longer advisable to carry on education in a rule-of-three manner. In 1889 the first step was taken by the passing of the Technical Education Act. But following this, the most important proceeding was setting aside a sum of £750,000 for scientific and technical education. This should be the policy which the Indian people should follow. A large sum of money ought to be devoted to the cultivation of the soil. No industry in the world requires such varied knowledge and skill as the agricultural interest. The soil of India must be put under examination—not only to ascertain what grows on it, but what is found in it. India is fertile in every product which goes to make a great country, but her knowledge of these

products and the present use made of them is entirely behind the age. The English Parliament contributed a matter of £8,000—a niggardly sum, for agricultural purposes. The poorest canton of Switzerland gave three times that amount. But the Swiss are alive to the advantages of a sound education for a period of more than forty years. Switzerland put in practice the principles of co-operation, and founded a landed system utterly beyond the present conception of the wisest English legislators.

In England there are wealthy colleges and aristocratic centres for the education of youth. There a fellowship is given to a man for life—a prize for a single battle—and frequently a clever man becomes a veritable drone; instead of being equipped for the battle of life, and qualified to teach others, he is kept in cloisters, forbidden to marry, and about as useful to his fellow men as a postage stamp without gum. Now, colleges should not be erected to make drones or pedants, they should help to make men useful citizens, men of wisdom able to guide and help the nation in the field, the factory, the farm, and the workshop. Knowledge should ennoble and beautify all the relations of life. What the world wants is not a body of men skilled in twisting words, fomenting quarrels, teaching poor, simple folk to give false evidence, and bolster up cases for heavy lawsuits. There are no doubt plenty of conscientious, upright lawyers, who defend the weak and protect the innocent from false charges, and as long as the world is constituted as it is, the services of these men will be necessary, but the Indian system of education has fostered an

increasing army of lawyers who foment litigation, and confer little benefit on the country beyond increasing the stamp revenue. If the principles of honesty and sound moral teaching were more universally infused, there would be less occasion for the services of the law, a view of the question which has entirely escaped the notice of the Indian Legislator. Sam Weller sagely inquired—if it were not for corpses, what would become of undertakers? What India wants to-day, is not an army of lawyers, but a large body of skilled and educated workingmen who know the nature of the products of the earth, and the best uses to apply them to. Can anything be more nonsensical than for India to send to England the raw material for buttons, and get back the finished article, paying over three hundred per cent for the manufacture, or to send to Japan for matches which could be made here. These are only a small sample of numerous defects which shows the gross neglect of education in this country, where the people possess the keenest intelligence and highest intellectual power. India, with its cheap labour, enormous territory, infinite climate, magnificent mountain ranges, splendid valleys, and flowing rivers, abounding in all the varied wealth that the world can exhibit—a country capable of supporting itself without asking a shilling's worth from any other country—is practically undeveloped. Every village should have its school, and every school its garden and workshop. All the large towns should possess museums and picture galleries, with a town hall, and lecture-room erected in every centre. The laws of sanitation should form the curriculum of public instruction;

prizes and honours should be bestowed liberally on all who exhibit good work in art, horticulture, and construction of articles of beauty; a knowledge of music should be widely diffused, and spirited games encouraged to make the people happy. The hiving of human beings in large cities should be regarded as a doubtful speculation, a source of profit to a few, but a curse and a temptation to the many. Perhaps a time will come when the pace will become slower, and men will find out that much of this fretting and fuming for amassing large fortunes, a waste of strength, detrimental to the mental, physical, and moral nature, and not worth the high price we pay for it.

CHAPTER VII.

JAIL LABOUR.

THERE is a pathetic appeal in the *Bangabasi* against the manner in which the English Government has trifled with and suppressed many of the native industries. Owing to the import of Europe-made articles, all indigenous arts are well nigh destroyed The writer is evidently influenced by a true patriotic sentiment, desirous of rousing his countrymen from their apathy, and apparently not actuated by any disloyalty towards the ruling power. He calls on his countrymen to resist the current of destruction that has overtaken them, to give free play to their own powers, and urges them to rise and make an effort to save themselves from the impending danger. He forcibly points out that it is owing to their own negligence and carelessness, that articles manufactured in Europe are finding an increasing market in this country, and that, owing to this foreign competition, they are losing their work, and are being turned into beggars and thieves. He points, as an example, to the weavers of Bengal, reduced from their once flourishing condition to the present state of indigence, in consequence

of the competition with Lancashire ; also at the smiths, oil-millars, potters, and even the Brahmin pundit—all swept aside by the encroach of English trade and knowledge. Of course he does not perceive that the improvement in machinery and the advance of new methods tell equally hard on the petty artisans of Europe. It cannot be denied that our rule, benevolent as it is, has much to do with the downfall of many of the arts and industries of India. It is equally true that it is not the policy of the Government to extend its protecting ægis over Indian industries neither is it to oppose them. But is it not throwing its strength in the opposite scale when it sets jail labour to compete with purely native industry? They have gone even further by sending out of Agra a bagman to advertise this sin-polluted labour. When jail-made goods are purchased by public departments above the market price, then the intention of the rulers is unmistakable. Some little time ago, in Burmah, the clamour of the carpenter and artisan class put a stop to jail competition with local industries. Up to the present, Government has made a very bad use of that splendid territory. The jails in the country are the legalised technical schools ; a man must qualify as a criminal before he gets instructed.

The Burmese are a bright, good humoured, clever people, and the women are as charming and attractive as Japs. What have we done for them? Why, we have filled the offices in Burma with the sweepings of Madras. Married men from India went there, contracted temporary unions with Burmese, begot children, made money, and

retired, deserting their helpless offspring. The country wants opening out, and yet capitalists and miners are driven away. That is the story of Burma, and a dirty story it is.

There is, no doubt, a difficulty in selecting suitable and remunerative labour for prisoners. But should the work of this class be made remunerative is a point worth considering, and what may be the consequences if such a line of conduct is steadily pursued. It will lead to a serious and terrible complication which will ultimately prove hurtful both to the community and the Government. A sample of this evil may be seen in the matter of blankets supplied to the Police and the Native Army manufactured in the jails. The manufacture is superior, and the cost less than that produced by the people who have been spinning wool and weaving blankets for centuries. These ancient weavers were glad to sell blankets to anyone for less than the jails sell to the Police and Military; the fine wool they were also able to turn into shawls, which were eagerly purchased by the well-to-do natives for prices varying from Rs 80 to 100. It is a serious loss that this industry should be checked.

The native artisan is hustled out of the field, his primitive but genuine work superseded by the perpetrators of shoddy of the worst description, its only merit being cheapness which is invariably allied to badness. The poor weaver class has to struggle under disadvantages, until he finally sinks into penury. There is no law to protect him, but it is a trifle hard to think that, in addition to his many disadvantages, he is obliged to compete with bounty-fed

articles. The pity of it is that these poor simple people with their innate aptitude and skill, bred of centuries of early associations and hereditary work, should be crowded out to satisfy the devouring maw of a greedy class of traders, who are flooding the world with a cheap article, which to know is to despise. Nor is the work of thievish hands and enforced labour in jails to be set against those primitive industrious artisans who are being converted into beggars and thieves, as the *Bangabasi* remarks. Let the jail department purchase blankets from the weavers at the market price, and sell them to the Police and Military. The jails would not then ruin the trade, the poor weavers would not be suppressed, while the jail-birds might be found something else to do.

There are other arguments which might be employed to enforce this recommendation, but will have no weight with a hard-headed materialistic people. From those living not merely a criminal but a selfish life, there proceeds an atmosphere of evil, and everything that comes from their hands has a deleterious effect. Many of the unaccountable crimes committed, which neither the Law nor the Police can account for, is owing to the malign influence exercised unconsciously by others. Some people, by nature or training, have become so sensitive as to perceive this subtle influence though unable to exhibit it to others. Perhaps the day is not far distant when the knowledge will be more generally acquired; then no one will have any difficulty in perceiving the necessity of avoiding contact with any object which comes from the criminal and debased. But without having

recourse to any supersensual reasons, the plain grounds are enough. Are we governing India for the benefit of the Indian people? If so, why pauperise the masses, and stifle their little industries, or are we holding the country with the grasp of iron to benefit the hungry sharks of Lancashire, who would sell their grandmother's bones to a surgeon for the smallest worldly gain, and who are utterly indifferent to the welfare and interest of the people concerned? We pray that the nobler instincts of Englishmen may be roused on this question, and believe that if the appeal is heard, there will be no doubt of the decision.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

THE heavy rains have refreshed the trees and parched grass of our beautiful *maidan*, one of the finest parks in the world. Here the sports of the Calcutta youth are conducted, and this open space testifies to the exuberant vitality of the city; the gentry take the air on horse-back or in carriages by the stately Hooghly, with its forest of trim spars etched sharply on an evening sky of crimson and gold; tired barristers and officials after toil in close chambers snatch a brief respite on the Secretary's walk, or saunter over the smooth glades that surround the Fort, whose grim fortifications accentuate a distant period of military history. From the *maidan* is only a step to the Eden Gardens, laid out with exquisite taste and kept in the best order by the Department of Public Works. Here is to be found landscape gardening which gladdens the eye and forms an oasis of rest after the congested lanes and choked bazaars of the city. The municipality rules supreme over those unsavoury streets, muddy lanes, evil-smelling drains, and habitations freighted with disease, which would

not be tolerated even in Constantinople. This body is a law unto itself, removed far beyond any appeals from the most patient and long-enduring citizens. It is high time to cease making useless remonstrances to men who have taken six years to discuss the propriety of constructing a road in the suburbs, without even arriving at a conclusion. Some day, in the distant future, the citizens will perhaps wake up and dismiss these unprofitable servants; in the meantime let us speak softly, lest we disturb the Lethean sleep of our townsfolk, or trouble the pool of stagnant vested interests.

A QUIET RETREAT.

The Eden Gardens now command our attention, and undoubtedly a gleam of Paradise has crept into this sweet artificial solitude. Its luxuriant shade, its abundant clusters of crimson and lilac blossoms mirrored in the still waters, its miniature bridges over lotus-grown ponds, its trim walks and green mounds, are a delight; while the dark grotesque temple of Buddha, with its sprawling semi-human statuary and many-cornered roof, lends an air of antique religion and historical colouring to this lovely retreat. It is pleasant after the blazing sunshine, with the thermometer at 95°, to wander through these grounds, and thank God, one is not on the frowning heights of Darjeeling, with teeth chattering, where even the memory of the nightly bed is a cold horror. Here the sun never seems too hot, nor his golden arrows ever unwelcome. In the Gardens one can listen with pleasure to the cawing of the crows, the screams of the

myna, the chatter of the sparrows, and the plaintive whistle of the kite as he sails supreme in the azure depths by mere will-power hardly moving a feather. There is a rollicking exuberance in the tiny snake as he swims round in circles in the water, leaving a miniature trail behind him, previous to one of those mysterious plunges to the bottom. There is beauty in all these objects, down to the cicada among the leaves and grass. When the day with its fierce glories is dead, the soft pulsations of evening with its flickering shades come in, bringing balm to jaded nerves. Squalor, drudgery, and the carking cares of life melt into brief oblivion, and the holy stillness of Nature steps in as a relief.

FOR WE ALL LOVE JACK.

The Band from another part of the grounds sends up strains of haunting music. The Baboos sit in a row, shop assistants occupy chairs, and the carriage-folk loll on their cushions. A few care-worn sailors lounge on the benches looking "homeless, ragged, and tanned." I never choose to withdraw myself from the labour and common burden of life—my nature tempts me to go shares with the unlucky. I in consequence sit among this class and listen to their tales of sorrow. We treat this poor mercantile marine in a shameful manner. The popular view of Jack is very different from the reality, ashore he is like an overgrown school-boy, the most guileless, harmless creature on earth, full of frolic, till his pockets are empty. Afloat, his breast seems the permanent abode of settled melancholy. Jack is

no more fit to encounter the multiplied villainies of big cities than a five-year-old child. No one is more easily imposed upon or less able to protect himself. The captains, owners, and police in Calcutta seem to be his natural enemies. He is allowed to wander at his own sweet will when he steps on shore, and is easily inveigled into the ginshops, where his pockets are soon emptied, and, when lying drunk and incapable in the streets, he is at once pounced on by the police, who simply lie in wait to trade on his helplessness. I have heard it said that the constable receives from the owners eight rupees a head for every arrest he makes when they want to ship a crew; this sum is afterwards deducted from the poor sailor's pay. True, Jack is improvident and often vicious, but after being cooped up for months in a dirty ship, and fed on coarse diet, he is hardly responsible for his conduct on shore. His one idea of excitement is getting drunk—a delusion shared, unfortunately, by many of his better-informed brothers. This excitement enables him to purchase a brief oblivion from the monotonous toil of his daily life.

THE VULTURES OF THE SEA.

The sailor takes it amiss to be asked to work on deck during the midday sun on the river, the heat being almost unbearable. The severity he undergoes prompts him to desert, and he cheerfully thanks the magistrate for sending him to jail, as a respite from the hardships imposed on him by his captain. When sent back he is treated to low diet, lashes, irons, and occasionally shot at like a wolf.

as we had lately an example. The tyranny practised by a brutal captain is rarely reported, but it exists as a palpable fact even in our day. Now, admitting the justice of the sentence, for discipline must be maintained, why is it the tax-payers, and not the ship-owners, are called upon to pay! I would give Jack only the range of the *maidan*, the Eden Gardens, and would stop the license of the keeper of any public-house where intoxication is discovered. The Sailors' Home in Calcutta is not popular, I have nothing to say in its favour. Instructions might also be given to our able-bodied police to prevent Jack from falling into temptation, and the bonus to policemen for making arrests, might well be abolished. The expense of Jack's imprisonment should fall entirely on those who employ his services, and not on the over-burdened tax-payer. The testimony of the Governor of the Presidency Jail is on my side, and it also shows that the captains and owners are not the immaculate body which one of the newspapers has endeavoured to prove. Thank Heaven! there are gentlemen on the Bench—English gentlemen to whom the traditions of their country are still dear, and who know to whom England is most indebted. To these I appeal on behalf of the mercantile-marine: stop the sailor from being dragged by the publican, disgraced by the police, starved by the captain, and legally plundered by the owners. Have pity on these poor Britons, away from their country, who drink and swear and are flung into prison—who carry the flag of England into every land, who have made her name glorious.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL

A PALE mist overshadowed the *maidan*, making the distant spires of the High Court and the masts of the ships seem like a landscape in sepia. The soft green foliage breathed a sense of repose, and the grass looked refreshed after the late heavy downpour, which was only a modest sip to the parched plain. The air was close, for the sun went on burning monotonously behind the thin coating of mist. To-morrow King Sol will blaze out in all his fierceness, as if starting for a journey through Equatorial Africa. Far behind, on the borders of the Eden Gardens, the inevitable football players continue their sport—seven games a day for seven days a week does not abate the zeal of the athletes; on the other side Whiteaway and Laidlaw, in a fever of commercial activity, have plastered their windows with crockery to tempt purchasers, while cheap sales all over the town mark the close of the summer season.

ON THE WAY.

The drive to the General Hospital is straight across the *maidan*. Between a fine avenue of trees, over a thick green

sward, the old Cathedral lifts a single finger pointing to heaven and saying. "Blessed be the Lord for His bounty! Come hither and give thanks beside me." The scene reminds me of one of the avenues of Hampton Court, that ghost-haunted aristocratic union, now devoted to decayed sprigs of the nobility—the once magnificent present to royalty of the haughty Cardinal whom Shakespeare reproached with serving the earthly with more fervour than the heavenly master. Not far from the Cathedral stand the brown walls of the Presidency Jail. A prisoner in heavy irons, guarded by a turbaned soldier armed to the teeth, is in evidence. The manacled figure accentuates the situation, as a solitary angler on the bend of a river gives a human aspect to a country scene. Close to the jail are three blocks of building fronting the magnificent park, with the race-stand like a spider's web in the distance. The grounds on which these three blocks stand, once formed the site of the garden-house of some rich dweller in Calcutta, but were purchased by the Government for the General Hospital in the last century.

ADMISSION.

I have gone over the hospital, talked to the patients, and inspected the place. I will trace the successive steps by which a person may become an inmate of this useful institution. Admission is sought at the gate of the central building, where the assistant surgeon questions the applicant, and fills up a ticket. Payments are made for ten days in advance, the ward-master giving a receipt for the money. The patient is then handed over to a bearer, who pilots him

to the quarters assigned him by the nurse. The charges are Rs. 5 a day for a double room, down to Rs. 3 and Rs. 2 respectively for single rooms, according to accomodation. There are also special quarters for infectious diseases. The hospital is open to Europeans of all classes.

THE SICK WARD.

These formalities complied with, the patient makes himself as comfortable as he can in his new quarters. His room is supplied with a spring bed, a punkah, a small cupboard surmounted by a looking-glass, a table with jug and basin, a towel-horse, and water-bottle; while in the corner, up to its ankles in insulators filled with water, and looking proud of its position, stands a tall meat-safe. This formidable and unexpected article of social economy completes the furniture of the room.

Outside the door of the apartment, extending the whole length of the building, is a spacious verandah, the most valuable feature of the house. Here the punkah-wallah plies his monotonous calling, or lies prone on the floor; his spare, swarthy figure is found all over the corridors and passages, as if poured out of a jug. Through the rooms and halls are cheap specimens of art, horrid German chromos that are reeled off by the thousand. I have found them everywhere, in a Buddhist vihara and in the hall of a Kandyan chief.

WHITE-ROBED ANGELS.

There are four sisters of the community of S. John the Baptist connected with the hospital. Their work is simply

invaluable. Not only do they see that the nurses do their duty, but they come and cheer the patients with loving words of sympathy. It is due to their untiring exertions that many of the rooms are furnished and made comfortable; the Government supplies medicine, cheap diet, and nothing else. What a blessing to afflicted humanity are these sisters of various orders! Often have I seen a poor soldier, whose eyes were glazing in death, brighten up like the flicker of a candle and bless them with his dying breath. I am old enough also to remember the hired nurse of Mrs Gamp class. During the weary hours of night she used to refresh herself from a black bottle, draw the pillow from under my head, and prop herself up with it in an easy chair before going to sleep; and next day, when I complained to the doctor, she used to exclaim, with audacious effrontery, "Dear me, how the young gentleman wanders!" All that has passed away, and the refined women who elect this work are the truest angels of this world.

THE ROUTINE.

I must ask the reader to step back with me to the patient just settled in his room. His first visitor is the assistant surgeon, who has studied his card and made himself acquainted with his complaint. He is followed by the contractor, who inquires what food has been ordered, and supplies the necessaries as stated on the card. The patient, of course, can bring his servant and supply his own wants. Any time between 11 and 2 he may expect a

visit from the surgeon superintendent. The arrival of this great man, the autocrat of the house, constitutes the event of the day. As soon as he approaches, all the patients who are able to get about, scuttle back to bed like a set of schoolboys, and assume a gravity befitting their disorder. The doctor is accompanied by the assistant-surgeon, dresser, nurse, sweeper, and occasionally, by a sister. After making the usual inquiry, in the blandest of voices, "How are we to-day?" with an occasional examination, he passes on to the next room, and the train follows. After this the patient is left in peace for another twenty-four hours. The chief having visited the wards, writes certificates in the office, looks into the operating-room, and then gets into his carriage, and drives off. His departure is the signal for a general relaxation of all the official staff.

THE AFTER-HOURS.

At 2 o'clock dinner is served. The patient then rests for a while under the punkah, to the frill of which he has ingeniously attached a towel, in order to create a larger current of air. At 5 o'clock those who can sit up repair to the south verandah to lounge in long chairs, and see friends, who generally drop in at this hour for a chat. The gas-lamps are all lowered at 8-30, and the patients retire for the night.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

For the first hour or two the punkah goes on steadily fanning the fevered brow of the invalid. Gradually the movement becomes intermittent, and finally ceases, while

shouts, and angry complaints arise. It will be remembered that the hospital stands adjacent to the Lunatic Asylum, Jail, and Zoological Garden. When night throws her black sheet over the world, the period of strange sounds and noises come in, and the sense of hearing becomes abnormally acute. It is then that the vital energies are at their lowest, the time when Death gathers in his human harvest more abundantly. Often at this period the roar of the lion, the shriek of the lunatic, and the groan of the dying pierces the silence of the sick ward. India is the land of sounds and strange noises, where perfect silence is never found. The punkah-wallah, like the cicada, silent through the day, at night allows his tongue to go on in a ceaseless babble, often crooning some dismal chant which produces in the European, symptoms akin to sea-sickness. Night is the heaviest time to the invalid, but, like other disagreeables, it is at last got through, and a new day is born, when the same routine is repeated.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

The nurses and sisters have a separate block to live in, joined to the main building by a covered passage. Opposite this causeway is a square ivy-clad box called the chapel, and behind it, muffled in thick ever-greens, is a pretty little building, holding back unobtrusively, as if apologising for its presence. This is known as the Dead House, where patients who have no further use for luggage or tickets are removed quietly at all hours by a couple of men with a stretcher. The funeral takes place immediately

winding slowly before the verandah, and throwing an unnecessary gloom over the poor patients. I would strongly recommend the authorities to open a passage at the back, so as to save the sick from being shocked by the ghastly procession. The dead man's room is whitewashed up to six feet from the floor; and after this the preparation for the next occupant is complete.

THE ASSISTANT-SURGEON.

Just as one of the patients was sounding his praise Mr. Allison came up, and I was introduced. A tall, spare man, with full beard and kindly grey eyes. There were marks of obstinate labour and patient thought on every line of his somewhat delicate face, which long years and struggle with adverse circumstances had ploughed across his massive forehead. A slight glance was enough to show that the assistant surgeon deserved his popularity, for his kingdom "is not of this world." In the open ward were a lot of time-gnawed old fellows, who assured me that they were content with their treatment. There were also, if my eyes don't deceive me several of the genius loafer, men who have slipped down in the race and whom angels or Gods can never raise. While paying my respects to the sister in charge I asked what I could do for her. "I want Rs. 200 very badly," she replied, "I have two poor people who have spent all their little earnings. I want to send them away." This sweet-souled woman has no thought for herself, but for those who have fallen. Will any of my Indian readers send her a cheque? This is the season of

lavish expenditure and hospitality. I don't much believe in subscribing to charities, which is like paying a priest to say your prayers for you. Better go yourself with the silver pill in your hand and get all the good you can out of the transaction. Your words will sound glorious; if not, trust the sister with the money. Let me remind my affluent Christian brothers and sisters of a passage from that old book which stands at the head of the library: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." And there is a promise attached. Well, you see the condition of the loan, and if you are satisfied with the security, down with the rupees.

CHAPTER X.

THE MUNICIPAL MARKET.

The City of Palaces, despite its splendid park and stately river, unlike any of the great European capitals, has but few places of importance to interest the visitor. The bacillus hunter, the microbe catcher, and the connoisseur in smells finds Calcutta a rich field for observation and experiment—so much so that learned doctors and scientists from England and Russia come here to lecture. Calcutta is growing proud of its capacity to inflict humanity with a crop of diseases which no other city in the world can furnish. As a healthy object of interest the Municipal Market holds the first place. For this institution, the town is indebted to the late Sir Stuart Hogg, Chairman of the former Justices of the Peace, who, in course of time, were converted into Municipal Commissioners.

THE OLD MARKET.

The ground on which the present market stands was formerly covered with a crop of *kintals*, *bustees*, shoemakers' stalls, and stables for goats and horses. Samples of this

growth are still to be found liberally scattered over the city, and jealously preserved to assist medical investigation. The present market was opened in 1872, and the site, including that of the Municipal Buildings, was purchased at a cost of seven lakhs of rupees. The old market was situated in Dhurrumtollah, on the site of the Parsee Theatre, and the premises of Messrs. Leslie and Co., and Sir Stuart first endeavoured to supplant it by opening a market on the ground now occupied by the Campbell Hospital at Sealdah; but this locality was found to be too far way from the centres of Europeans, and the market was closed when the present one was opened.

A BENGALEE NOT WITHOUT GUILE.

The Dhurrumtollah market belonged to a private owner, who had a keen eye for a bargain. As soon as he ascertained that a new market was in contemplation, he obtained long leases from his tenants, and those who disregarded these engagements and went to the new market were sold up. Eventually, to secure stall-keepers for the new market, the Justices bought out the private owner for the trifling sum of seven lakhs. Consequently, to secure the new market, the Municipality was heavily burdened by the sum of fourteen lakhs. The move, however, was in the right direction, the market has proved a convenience to the public, a distinct advantage to the industrious stall-keepers, and a property which, even in the dull months of the year, yields an income of Rs. 11,000 per mensem. The intention is not to rack-rent or charge the highest sum for a stall, but

to get those who have anything to sell, to come in. In the hardware and dry-goods department a vacant stall is put up to the highest bidder, but this rule does not apply to meat, fish, or perishable commodities. The Commissioners fix a reasonable and moderate charge, enough to create a healthy competition. All stalls in the buildings are assessed every day, Sundays and holidays excepted, and the money is sent into the Municipal Office. There are about 800 stalls, besides 115 godowns or shops, the market being a general focus for trade.

THE STRUCTURE.

The building is of red brick, with a picturesque number of gables and towers. There is a wide open space in front for cars and carriages, a fountain which plays languidly, and a number of crows and kites who wheel and circle round the building on duty. The kite is the only creature in India that is indifferent to rain; during the heaviest downpour, each of the towers has its kite who stretches his wings, and actually shrieks with delight in a thin trickling voice. Fronting the streets are stalls offering a miscellaneous collection of whips, helmets, toys, and second hand books, from the immortal verse of Milton to the mortal prose of the railway novel. Here a little cleanliness would be a decided advantage.

FISH.

If the reader will now follow me, I shall do myself the honour of taking him over the market. In those large brown jars of various sizes you will find butter, from pale

gold up to what has a suspicious resemblance to candle grease. Poor purchasers take away small quantities wrapped in plantain leaves. No cleaner vehicle can be employed. It is much better than paper. I have eaten many a meal out of a plantain dish in Ceylon. It is said that beer tastes best out of pewter. I affirm that rice and broiled fish taste best from plantain leaves. The fastidious purchaser may object to the scanty costume of the butter vendor. This is entirely a matter of taste. Leaving the butter stalls, you get a glimpse of crisp beautiful loaves that recall a school-boy's appetite, pink balls of Dutch cheese and huge wedges of the same, the colour of soap, flanked by chutnies and pickles in bottles. Advancing further the fish vendors of both sexes shout and roar with an energy and impudence that would do credit to Billingsgate. The women are draped in white, with gold bracelets on their fine arms, and bed curtain rings of the same metal in their noses. Fancy, kissing a woman with such an impediment; but women in the East never kiss even their children. The fish does not look inviting, nor are their colours as attractive as in Ceylon, where the fishes cover themselves with all the hues of the rainbow. Here they are exhibited in creels, their heads arranged in a row round the rim with mouths open. This may be an expression of open-mouthed amazement at being drenched with water to make them look young. Or, perhaps, the open mouth indicated an unspoken speech to certain uninviting shrimps on the next stall, horrid creatures who look as if they came straight from the bottom of the Black Sea.

MEAT.

The stalls on one side are labelled Mutton and Goat, and on the other Beef. The latter is excellent in quality, especially during the cold months. No stall-fed animals come to the shambles in Calcutta; the beef is the flesh of cows which have run dry of milk, these animals having in life been well-fed to give the milk a greater consistency, which helps adulteration. But after the abominable *phooka* process, the interior of the cow gets so injured that she ceases to bear a calf. As soon as the cow gives no milk she is sent to be solid, and eagerly bought up by the butchers. There are over a hundred tables for meat in the market.

FRUIT.

This is not the best season, but the display is really excellent, differing vastly from that of Covent Garden or any of the French markets. A glance down the stalls presents a mass of picturesque colour. On benches are deposited a number of baskets of brown nuts of all sizes and shapes, walnuts, almonds, Brazilian nuts, currants and raisins, with a cloud of metallic flies. Interspersed on those heaps are small baskets of oranges, limes, pomegranates, and fruits resembling yellow plums, the whole presenting a choice array of colour, from rich gold to Vandyke brown. The Oriental is tolerant of dirt, but keenly alive to artistic effects. On the other side of this long bench of dainties is to be seen a profusion of green and yellow fruit. Long poles are suspended over the stalls, festooned with plantains,

pale green and dead gold. There are also hampers of dark oranges, and monster pumaloes in heaps, labelled with the names of the vendor, and bearing the announcement that "tickets will be torn off on taste"—a wise provision, lest any one might incur indigestion by rashly swallowing the labels. I noticed some very white-looking apples. Neither the apple nor the English girl suits the blazing sun of the tropics. Both get white and fade rapidly. Here is a case in evidence. A lovely English girl, tall, graceful and fair; her cheeks are as pale as a wax statue, but her eyes are liquid and lustrous like water in starlight, the windows of a soul full of innocence and gaiety; her white teeth are like a flash of surprise as she talked to her companion. There is a fine athletic young Englishman watching her movements with evident admiration. She has shot one glance at him which touches him like fire. And he follows her with his gaze dumbly soliciting another glance as a man holds out his glass to be refilled. What poor fellow could resist those eyes?

The fruit and vegetable are lying about in heaps: cucumbers, beans, brinjals, glistening purple like new shot from Woolwich, pumkins, yams, sweet potatoes, hampers of rusty brown onions, and white ones resembling Spanish garlic. There are other esculents, pink, saffron, and umber, together with various curry-stuffs, rose, pink, and parrot-green. One counter was loaded with small bags of flour, the vendors looking pale and ashy, as if manufactured out of their own material. At the end of the passage was a fowl range, cramped and deficient in space. Here were all sorts

of birds, the tiny wax-bill, pigeon, guinea-fowl, parrot, down to the domestic rooster and clacking duck; while poor little singing birds chattered mournfully in their exile, dreaming of the woods and forests they will never see again.

FLOWERS.

At the head of the fruit market stand the flower stalls. Here are some lovely roses, pink, yellow, and red, while the magnificent white lotus holds the place of honour. This is the noblest flower in the East; its snowy purity conveys a sense of repose like a benediction, while its hallowed sweetness is enhanced by sprigs of green intermingled with the delicate fronds of maidenhair fern. Tiny sunflowers, with black and yellow faces, looked mirthfully from pots of water where they were reposing. A boy perched on his heels is doing what the sun in the heavens failed to do—ripening the closed leaves of a brilliant red lotus. With deft fingers the act is done. How sweet are all these fragile delicate things! What memories, sad but sweet, do they recall! In truth their beauty makes one glad.

VISITORS.

The market is the resort of purchasers, and also one of the clustering spots where men and women recreate themselves, especially on Sundays. The types are various. Among the fowls, I notice the tired boarding-house-keeper with a face like a battered stage on which the scenery is always shifting; here she is in her element, cheapening articles. Among the cheese and curries is a middle-aged bachelor, face close-shaved, red, and nose slightly purple;

this, as everybody knows, is caused by early rising and close attention to the desk, and has absolutely no connection with the mixture called "pegs." He evidently does his own marketing, and drinks nothing but cold grog without sugar. There is an old lady buying eggs. Look at her. She has a bag in one hand, and a fan in the other; her spectacles are blue-tinted: her skirt is carefully pruned back for convenience; and she has a good deal of small affability which she squanders in smiles; yet she is as knowing as a young cat, and in astuteness would be a match for the Commissioner of Police. At a flower-stall, selecting something for his button-hole, is a warrior hard as nails and extremely gallant. His eyes are fastened on a bevy of pretty Eurasian girls, chirpy as the sparrows the Lord feeds, and no less restless of movement and tongue. There goes a handsome young Armenian lady, with a round fresh face of great delicacy and beauty, her fingers covered with valuable rings. Look how she touches the balloon-like expansion on either side of her *corsage* which *la mode* calls sleeves. They give her the appearance of a grenadier. The human vegetables add considerably to the interest of the market.

THE GENIUS LOCI.

For much of all this information I am indebted to Mr. Jones, the *genius loci* of the market. Its well-being is largely due to his care, judgment, and good sense. The stall-keepers, especially the poor, regard him as a father and sympathetic friend. Mr. Jones requested me not to mention his name, but in justice to himself and the public

I cannot comply with his request. For nearly twenty-five years he has served the public faithfully and with credit. He will shortly be claiming his pension and retiring. I hope the Commissioners will mark their sense of approval by giving him a liberal pension and handsome testimonial. If we are to secure the best man for any post, we ought to convince the public that we know how to part with and reward, those who have done their work. There is no other way to raise the moral currency, and to this both the individual and the corporate body are bound to contribute their share.

CHAPTER XI.

CEYLON AND ITS GEMS.

TRADITION has it that the gemming industry was first established by a peculiar people called "Mookars," who were probably a race of Malabarese. They were under the control and guidance of a woman, called Mookery, and their efforts were so successful that within a short space of time they accumulated a large quantity of treasure, with which they loaded a ship and departed from the Island. But they were not destined to reap the fruits of their toil, for, having incurred the anger of an evil demon, their ship was, by his influence, totally wrecked, and the treasures were washed ashore and deposited anew in various directions. To this the natives attribute the fact that gems are occasionally found in the most unlikely places.

THE GEM DISTRICT.

The most valuable gems found in Ceylon, and, particularly in the Sabaragamúwa District, are the ruby, the the sapphire, and the cats' eye—this last being much prized by Asiatics and especially by the Malays. Stones of little

value, such as the garnet, moonstone, tourmaline, topaz, spinel and amethyst are to be had in abundance. The zircoon, in rich shades of brown, violet and green, with its members the grayish white and white jargoon, and the red hyacinth, is found in greater quantities than in any other country. It is in Ceylon that the unwary globe-trotter has to be on his guard, as with the desire of becoming the envied possessor of a fine diamond or ruby, he not unoften becomes the prey of the designing "Tamby" or Moorman, who palms off as a diamond of the purest water a valueless zircoon, or as a ruby a worthless spinel, garnet, hyacinth or even quartz. It may be noted that a true ruby will scratch any of these counterfeits. Notwithstanding this abundance, it is not possible owing to the system under which the industry has been worked, to fix with any degree of accuracy, the annul value of the gems unearthed. The Customs' registers are not reliable, for out of the many valuable gems found, some are retained in the Island, and others are purchased for nominal sums by private persons and speculators, the real values of which are not, if ever, known until they are disposed of in Europe or to some of the wealthy princes in India. A rough calculation, however, based on the best available data, gives the value of the precious stones found at about £15,000 to 20,000 annually.

THE MOST VALUABLE.

The ruby is of most value, and has at times secured the highest prices. Rejecting as a traveller's tale the assertion of Marco Polo, that he saw a Ceylon ruby the size of a

man's arm, it may be interesting to recall what is related of another Ceylon ruby, in connection with the part played unwittingly, in the rise of a family that was of note in a subsequent period in the history of the Dutch Republic. A "Chetty" physician became the owner of a large ruby, said to have been the size of a small curry-stuff grinding stone. Cutting it into pieces, and retaining the larger portions, he presented the Dutch Governor of Colombo, Imhoff, with eighteen buttons set with the smaller pieces. Imhoff, not unmindful of gratitude, promptly exalted the donor to the proud position of first Malabar Mudaiyar of the Gate, a title of honour still retained, and about equivalent to a Lord Lieutenancy of a county in England. This rise in rank, however, stirred into restless action the dormant energies of the Chetty. The Governor was at last glad to get rid of his protégé by transforming him into a dignitary learned in the law, and presenting him with a seat as Judge of the Supreme Court in Java. This gentleman was grandfather to Dr. Quint Ondaatjee, alluded to in Allison's "History of Europe," as the "Great Democratic Leader," of his day. Whatever, might have been the value attached to the Ceylon rubies in the past or the present, it should be noted that really valuable ones have always been scarce, and they cannot vie in comparison with some Burmese specimens.

Two of the latter were sent to London in 1875, 37 and 47 1-16 carats. These were reduced after recutting to 32 5-16 and 39 9-16 carats, respectively, and the former of them was sold for £10,000. What become of them eventually it would be interesting to ascertain, as possibly

no single regalia in Europe contains two such fine rubies. Originally they belonged to the King of Burmah, but impecuniosity and the chronic state of "hard-up-edness" prevailing at that court led to their disposal. This was not an easy matter to achieve, for the people were proud of their possession, and resented the idea of their being sent out of the country. Strategy and military force were brought into play, and with a strong guard and amidst intense excitement they were conveyed to the vessel that was to bear them away to their destination.

THE SAPPHIRE.

In Ceylon, while really valuable rubies are rare, and sapphires common, the converse prevails in Burma. Still, of the sapphires a few splendid specimens have been unearthed, and mention might be made of one in the collection that was sent by the Colony to the Paris Exhibition in 1855, which was valued at £5,000. Notwithstanding the hardness of its nature, the sapphire can be beautifully engraved, and in the Cabinet of Strossi in Rome, may be seen one, with profile of Hercules, the work of Cenelus. The cat's-eye, too, is occasionally of some value, as instance, the one that was in the collection of the last King of Kandy, which sold in London in 1820 for more than £400. This specimen measured two inches in diameter.

Though tradition speaks of the "Mookars" as the pioneers of the gemming industry in Ceylon, it is silent as to their methods of work. How far it resembled the

practice adopted by the natives at the present time, of which an account is here furnished. cannot be known. The sites selected for prospecting are either the beds of streams or the dry land in their vicinity, and as the gemmer needs but few appliances, he is not handicapped by much initial outlay. These appliances consist of a few crowbars, a mamotee, a long iron sounding rod, "Illankoora," and a close basket made of split bamboo reeds.

METHOD OF WORK.

Thus equipped, the gemmer, if the site selected is the bed of a stream, commences operations in the dry season (December to March), when the water is low and sluggish. He first clears the sand away, and from time to time uses the sounding rod to see whether the gravel or "illan," hence the name of the rod, is accessible. In getting to this "illan," the matrix in which the gems are found, his efforts are sometimes retarded by impediments in the form of blocks of rock, and invariably by a sort of crust, called, "Caboon" which has to be penetrated, as it is commonly under this crust that the "illan" lies. On reaching this stage, and when the gravel is exposed, the coolies, who have hitherto been assisting the gemmers, are promptly sent away, as none but the initiated and those vitally interested in the success of the undertaking, are allowed to be present at the further development of the search. The gravel is now scooped out by means of the mamotees, and is deposited in the wicker basket, held under water with the feet. The basket thus secured, the "illan" in it

is rotated with a quick motion, by which means the clay is dissolved and the lighter particles of stone, and, from time to time, the larger ones, if after due inspection they are worthless, are thrown out. The whole is thus reduced to what is termed "naboon," a thin heavy sand, mostly composed of particles of precious stones, which on careful scrutiny are secured.

Much similar to this is the process when the site for search is on dry land near a stream, the season for work being the same. Here the earth is removed to the level of the water, and when it becomes soft, the sounding rod is brought into requisition. So deftly is this used in the hands of an experienced worker, that he is seldom misled as to whether the "illan" is within practicable depth. The result being satisfactory, an anxious moment ensues, for the gemmer has to guard, with redoubled vigour, against an influx of water. The soft sand being removed, the "illan" is readily come upon, should there be no "caboon" to break through, and, by means of the crowbar, it is detached and heaped up for washing, either in the pit itself, if there is not much water in it, or in the adjacent shallow stream. To facilitate labour, the whole of the pit is not gemmed at once. Only one-half of the earth is removed, a flight of steps being constructed in the other half to expedite the removal of the earth and the baling out of the water. This half being exhausted, room is afforded for the earth on its removal from the remaining half, which is then in its turn operated on. The "illan" on being heaped up undergoes the process already described.

A DOUBTFUL INDUSTRY.

Simple and primitive as the process of gemming appears, it is in the majority of instances disappointing in the extreme, when the tangible benefits derived are compared with the great amount of labour involved. The sites and directions in which gems are imbedded are very uncertain and quite unknown, and though in some cases pits are workable in a few days, in others, days, months, and sometimes years, elapse before the matrix which contains the precious stones is discovered. But the reward of toil may not be here, for the matrix may not yield a sufficiency of gems, even of the smallest value, to show a profit or even to cover the expenses. From enquiries the writer has instituted, it may be taken as substantiated, that of every ten pits sunk only one is found to pay. That notwithstanding these facts, the industry should have been engaged in by the poorer class of natives, shows how hard a struggle for life they have to encounter.

During the reign of the Kandyan Kings, caste prevailed and was rigidly observed, once a barber always a barber, was the rule; the inhabitants of certain villages were exclusively devoted to gemming. A body of hereditary gem men, with two headmen, also hereditary, to superintend the establishment, was thus formed. This practice died out on the advent of the British Government, and the gemming industry became open to all sorts and conditions of men.

A CRUEL LAW.

For the past fifty years, the industry has been pursued by a number of poor people whose sole subsistence depended

on this precarious industry. Others again, mostly agriculturists, resorted to gemming to eke out what the cultivation of "paddy" did not always afford them, so as to save themselves from absolute starvation. While thus affording relief, a system of joint-stock on a small scale, between expert gemmers and landowners, introducing speculation, gradually crept in. In course of time the attention of European speculators, forming themselves into companies, was drawn to it, leading to the investment of larger capital.

Up to the time of the formation of these companies, the natives were unrestricted in their efforts at gemming, the only places they were not allowed to exploit without licenses being Crown waste lands. The advent of European capital caused the Government to step in, in the early part of last year, with the enactment of an ordinance, that with one fell swoop did away with all the privileges hitherto enjoyed by the indigenous population. The features of this ordinance may be briefly summarised. It enacts that a fee of Rs. 5 is payable, a license for every pit opened, in *whatever locality*, the number of men employed on each pit being fixed, for each of whom a sum of 75 cents, or 12 annas, for a term of three months is charged. The specially hard feature lies here, if the number of persons when the license is issued should be 26, and then more happen to be added, the license can be cancelled by Government, and each extra man so employed fined Rs. 50, or in default undergo six months' imprisonment.

This is a most unreasonable clause and its execution has had the effect of preventing the poor people to the number

of 20,000 from in any way devoting their attention to gemming. It not unfrequently happens that with a sudden influx of water into the pit an increased strength of labour is absolutely necessary for baling purposes, if all the efforts already put forth are not to be frustrated. As has been shown, any excess of labour involves a heavy penalty, unless it has been duly applied for and a fresh license obtained, a matter involving a delay of, say, four days, if not more, as a number of formalities have to be undergone, including the drawing up of a report as to the altered circumstances of the pit, by the village headman, an *unpaid* native official.

The ordinance appears to have been drafted on the assumption that the Crown, as successors to the Kandyan Kings, has a prerogative right to gems, *even on private lands*. That such a right was ever exercised by those sovereigns is doubtful, and is not clearly established. The claim now made has been lost sight of for years, and is only lately put forward.

But not content with these rights, the Government goes further and seeks to establish similar claim on lands which it itself previously *sold expressly as gem lands* for high and fancy prices. These lands were sold outright to the present owners, and that they should be called upon to render to Government a share of the gems found is opposed to every sense of morality.

Another objection to the ordinance, and a potent one too, as it involves a clear breach of faith, is that the tax is enforced on lands belonging to Buddhist temples, and on the villages of Kandyan Chiefs, who assisted the British

power in taking the Kandyan province, whereas by law these lands were declared *free* of all tax.

That the ordinance is felt as an extreme hardship by the people, leading them to transmit a temperately worded memorial to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, detailing their grievances, is not to be wondered at, and sympathy cannot be withheld from them in their attempts to gain redress. The ordinance as it stands has practically killed the *native* industry, and leaves it for the present in the hands of the European speculators who have come on the scene. The *raison d'être* of it really appears to be, that if capital can be invested freely by foreigners, there must be something enormous to be made out of the industry, and so the Government thinks fit to have a share. But the question remains to be solved whether the introduction of European capital, aided by the most improved appliances and the latest methods for working gem mines, will develop it into a remunerative business. There is nothing in the past to warrant such a belief, and when it is remembered that gemming has been openly carried on for years, and immediately under the eye of shrewd British business men, its success, handicapped as it is by an initial tax of 10 per cent. under the newer auspices, is, to say the least, highly problematic.

THE MOUNTAIN QUARRY.

Ratnapura and Rakwana are the places where the best gems are found, though along the road I remarked several excavations where gemming had been conducted. Some

very pretty moonstones were shown me, which however were of little value. From Palmadula to Rakwana is a distance of sixteen miles up among mountains. At one side is a deep valley heavily timbered and matted with luxuriant creepers. I noticed some curious orchids, with strange pendulous flowers, hanging from the angles of branches: there stems were covered with fungi of the most gaudy colours—bright red, yellow, and purple. The scarlet shoots of the iron wood tree seemed like flowers in their blood-red hue. Part of the hill side was literally a blaze of crimson, looking as if the wood was strewn with vermillion. This jungle abounds with game, wild boar, elk, red deer, black faced monkeys; and the whir of copper wings indicated flocks of parroquets without number. Rakwana is a mining village, consisting of one long street, looking absurdly small owing to the presence of some massive iron wood trees and tall palms which dwarf the little huts at their base. No more than 250 families reside here under the shadow of a big brown mountain with huge irregular spurs. Down the side of this mountain trickled a stream which fell over a rough bed of stones in a succession of small cataracts, until it got down to the valley when it slipped along in a placid stream. The river looked like a frayed string of braid lacing the side of the huge mountain. One side of the hill was covered with matted jungle and the other placed under cultivation. The view higher up among the glens was very fine. The twin wooden shanty of the planter stood out on the hill side, while the green tufts of tea hardly showed on the red brown earth. Down in the

valley, the hills appeared like miniature hay cocks, under an amethyst sky of the loveliest hue. The beauty of this scene viewed from the glen where the mining operations take place was lovely, and pathetic in its loveliness. The plaintive note of a bulbul, who is supposed to have a passion for the rose and regrets seeing it plucked, communicated a feeling of sadness to my mind as I looked down from those lofty peaks on the distant plains. A finer view than the one before me I never beheld.

The miners are an improvident lot. Tunnel-diggers get an average of Rs. 2 and a half a day. I had a talk with Mr. Bradley, the Superintendent of the Ceylon Gem Company, and was courteously led round the pits by Mr. W. H. Smart, his assistant, a pleasant and highly informed gentleman. Gemming in Ceylon does not seem a profitable speculation. It is hardly worth while investing money in such a lottery concern.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEARL FISHERIES OF CEYLON.

The fishing grounds are reached by steamer from Colombo, which conveys the visitor to the northern parts of the island. All the luxuriant foliage, the leafy lanes, the wonderful growth of palms, creepers and gorgeous flowers are left behind. The home of the pearl oyster is off a flat low-lying coast of barren sand. For miles inward towards the interior, the country is sterile and repulsive; the only wood that thrives here are the umbrella plant, the cruel prickly buffalo thorn, and the monstrous "boabab" tree, whose short-stunted growth and ragged branches can withstand the strong gusts of wind which sweep over the desolate sand. This tree was mysteriously imported from the West Coast of Africa in distant days—a huge shapeless mass of wood from twenty to thirty feet in circumference, and very little more in height. The long sweep of desolate shore has a dreary appearance, and seems a fitting abode for great crabs, tortoises, and snakes. On those sands, where the sea-turtle basks in peace, and the solitude is only broken by the wild cry of the seafowl, crowds assemble as soon as the pearl fisheries begin, and the dreary waste becomes enlivened by numbers who congregate from the most

distant parts of India. The shore is raised in many parts to the height of several feet, by enormous mounds of shell, the accumulation of ages. Here millions of oyster shells, robbed of their pearls, have been year after year flung into heaps that extend a distance of miles. These heaps shining bright on the beach add to the glare, while the burning heat of the sand under a noonday sun is almost unsupportable. The flat shore all round is riddled with holes by a large ocypodian, who must be terribly surprised at the invasion of his territory. These huge creatures suffer from the general barrenness; their food is scant, for if one of their number is killed and left on the shore, his fellow-creatures promptly carry him away into a burrow and doubtless devour him.

PEARL HUNTERS.

The only inhabitants are a few fishermen, who obtain a modest living by curing sharks and other bony fishes, finding a market for their poor stock in the forlorn peninsula of Jaffna. Hope is kept alive in their breasts by washing out the forsaken "Kottus," in search for pearls, lost by the gleaners of other days. The inhospitable shore is further haunted by sharks, sea-eagles, and black and yellow snakes that frequently dot the surface of the water over the oyster banks. A pitiless Sun flings down burning rays on the shifting sands, and over its surface swoop clouds of big, red-eyed, blue-bottle flies, helping the process of putrefaction: the pearl is not removed till after the fish has decayed. At Mavicchа Khadi I found hundreds of half-naked Arabs,

yellow skinned Moors, Afghans, Malays, Tamils, and Singhalese divers, traders, pedlars, *fakeers*, conjurers, a heterogeneous mixture of thousands of different colours, castes and occupations. On the shore, a large town had sprung up, consisting of tents, cadjan huts, bazaars, and the rudest edifices. The roofs of these temporary dwellings presented an unusual spectacle, every imaginable article of clothing was spread thereon to dry: cloths, turbans and jackets of every possible shape and colour. In front of the huts were mats, on which were heaps of black-looking earth. Watching these carefully, were seated greasy Chetties with massive bed curtain rings of gold in their ears, and sleek Moors, with cold calculating eyes, almost nude; the attention of all observers were directed to the operations going on before them. This work was being undertaken by women and children, who were busy sifting the heaps consisting of shells, sand, and all the filth that remained after washing the putrid flesh of the oysters on their removal from the shells, in search of any of the remaining precious pearls. The pestilential smell of putrefying fish poisoned the air and became most offensive when the wind blew from the south. The putrefaction of millions of oysters generates an immense amount of worms, flies, mosquitoes and vermin of all sorts. To guard against disease, a hospital and medical men were provided, and a rigid scrutiny is made of all the arrivals to guard against infection. Every precaution to prevent cholera or small-pox patients coming from other parts of the island is also adopted, for Ceylon at present has not a clean bill of health.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

The divers are mostly Moormen and Tamils, with a few Arabs from the Persian Gulf, a brave hardy race of men, of a speculative turn, who betake themselves year after year to this hazardous occupation. They usually come in common lighters, eight or ten tons in burden, such as commonly convey cargo to ships, using both sails and oars; each boat has a complement generally of twenty-one men, with five diving stones for ten divers. The usual equipment is very simple; an open scaffolding to each boat from which the tackle is suspended, and pine-shaped stones of coarse granite, from 30 to 50 lbs. in weight, with a loop attached to each for receiving the foot; some divers use half-moon stones to bind round their waists that the feet may be free. The diver is also provided with a small basket, or bag, woven like a net, which he takes down to the bottom and fills with the oysters as he collects them; the rope is attached to his body, the end of which is held by the men in the boat. This rope he jerks when he wishes to be drawn up. While five divers are coming up, five are preparing to go down. When the diver reaches the bottom, he throws himself on his face and collects all he can. If the bank is rich, about 150 oysters can be taken in each dip; if, however, the oysters are scattered, not more than five to ten. The Arab can remain submerged for about ninety seconds, while the Moor or Tamil rarely exceeds seventy seconds. The former wears a nose compressor but the others scorn the use of any such help. The

diving generally begins at sunrise, and continues till the sea breezes or west winds set in. The hours of work do not exceed six. The men enjoy the labour as a pleasant pastime, and never murmur or complain. The noise of going down from the several boats continues without interruption. From a little distance it resembles the dashing of a cataract.

OUT TO THE BANKS.

When the day advances and sea breezes set in, the signal is made for the boats to set sail for the shore. It is a lovely sight to witness a flotilla of about 200 boats, with white sails set to catch the breeze, lightly skimming the blue waters in the dazzling sunlight. The oyster banks are some distance from the shore. As soon as the keels touch the sand, eager inquiries are made from all sides as to the results of the day's fishing. The fishing grounds are marked by buoys over the spots, ornamented with flags of different colours, giving the waters the festive appearance of a regatta. In the olden times the Governor visited the scene accompanied by a military guard armed to the teeth, to resist any raid from the Kandyan Chiefs bent on plunder. The beach from Candatchy Bay to the old fortress of Areppo is very convenient for boats, the water being deep close to the beach, and not agitated by any surf. When the signal for work is given at early dawn, the noise and shouts from those embarking is deafening in its clamour. Strange prayers are recited, hasty ablutions performed, and the solemn pall of night is pierced with a conglomerate shout of voices, which to European ears make a din,

strange and unearthly. The divers are a superstitious class given to charms and extraordinary ceremonies. No diver will go under water till the shark conjurer has performed his incantations. Once the Government had to keep two of these functionaries in its pay, to remove the fear of the divers from their enemies, the sharks. The conjurer is stripped naked and shut up in a room, where he mutters his spells in secret from the time of sailing until the boats return. While this is going on, the natives believe that the sharks cannot open their mouths. The water of Ceylon abound with these remorseless pirates of the deep. Yet strange to say that the number of accidents in the fishing grounds are very few. If a shark is seen, the divers make a signal, when all the boats return; it is not often, however, this occurs, for, whether it may be the charm or the multitudes or the noise, few of these monsters approach the scene during the diving operations. While at work, no food is taken by the divers according to the instructions of the magician, else the charm for their protection is broken. They are, however, allowed unlimited privileges in drink. This permission is rarely abused by the divers, who are for the most part abstemious men.

THE SHELLS.

On reaching the shore the boats are made fast, while the oysters are carried on the heads of boatmen to the "Kottus" or palisade enclosures on the sand, where they are thrown into heaps. Some boats land as many as 30,000, while others only five or six hundred. When all the shells

are landed under the careful eyes of the overseers, the whole is divided into heaps, two-thirds going to the Government, and one-third to the divers. The diving operations of the present year have proved a great success, exceeding the expectations of the official inspector. It was estimated that about 10,000,000 oysters could be available, whereas the actual number fished has reached 87,810,552, the Government share of which has realised Rs. 8,27,081, at an average price of Rs. 32-14 per thousand. The highest price obtained has been Rs. 50, and the lowest Rs. 28. The largest number of boats out on any one day has been 206, and the lowest 85. A further Rs. 1,00,000 should be realised by the Government, if the monsoon will only hold off, as the banks are not nearly exhausted. This is, the largest sum that the fisheries have ever yielded, and is all clear gain to the revenue. I notice from the official statement showing the estimated revenue and expenditure for the year 1891, that the Pearl Fisheries yielded only Rs. 500! At the close of last year's operations, it was authoritatively asserted that there could be no operations this year, and the estimate of 10,000,000 oysters above alluded to, was only an afterthought. Surely, the Government can be better served in a matter of this sort, by having the banks more carefully surveyed by a competent official. Oysters do not form pearls in the space of a day or two. It is to be hoped that all the other estimated figures of the Budget will not shrink in the same mysterious way. There is a great deal of romance about the way public money is disposed of in the East. But no matter.

The representative of the Government promptly holds an auction duly summoned by tom-tom, when its share of oysters in lots of 1,000 each are put up for sale, being knocked down to the highest bidder. The brokers, jewellers, and merchants who congregate bid and outbid each other in the most lively manner. About the same time a great fair is held, at which articles of all description from India and elsewhere are sold. A great number of beggars, cripples, and *fakeers* find their way here. I noticed one of the latter who was doing penance, for which he wore round his neck a gridiron about a foot and a half long. I was told this strange ornament was not removed while either eating or sleeping. There were other loathsome practices exhibited, too filthy to chronicle. The greatest care was taken to prevent theft. Yet I was informed that pearls are dexterously removed from the shells by means of a stiff piece of brass or bramble.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

The natives think that the pearl is formed from the dew in connection with the sunbeams when the oyster comes to the surface to catch the drops of rain. Some think the pearls are formed as a defence against interior worms, while others state authoritatively that it is the effect of disease. I find it is easier to criticise their speculations than to substitute a more rational theory, which I leave to the reader. Between one hundred and two hundred pearls have been found in a single oyster, while sometimes a hundred may be opened without finding any. The yellow or gold

coloured pearl is most prized by the natives. The largest I saw was about the size of a small pistol bullet; spotted pearls are cheap. For a long time it was supposed that the pearl oyster was anchored to a certain place, and that the crustacean was incapable of locomotion. More recent researches prove that it can detach itself from its moorings and fix its byssus at pleasure, to prevent being carried away by the current. According to the statement of one naturalist, an oyster was seen taking a walk round the inside of a "chattie" and mounting the glass side of a vivarium. They are supposed to change their places a dozen times in a month.

An oyster reaches maturity in its sixth year, and in its ovaria there are reckoned to be about twelve million eggs. Owing to its many enemies it is hardly necessary to add that few of these millions arrive at a mature condition. This curious family of crustacea are so human as to be gregarious in their habits, while they are addicted to night walking, not however, to be regarded as an aspersion on their character like that of the human biped, but solely on account of their enemies, darkness being their best protection. The pearl oyster is, on the whole, a hardy creature, capable of living in brackish water, inclined to leave its moorings if the water gets agitated and disgusted with the conduct of crabs and shrimps, who nibble at its byssus and compel emigration. The shape of this strange creature carrying so valuable a treasure is that of an imperfect oval, while the inside of its shell resembles a silver palace more beautiful than the pearl itself.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAWNPORE.

The difference between reading and travelling is that in the former you have to hunt for ideas, while in the latter they come to you without trouble. It does not require a heaven-born genius to jot down what comes under one's eyes, though it does require both labour and expense to acquire the knowledge sought for; besides, in India, people do not value the advantages of publicity, and consequently exhibit much indifference in furnishing information. I have encountered this difficulty at the outset of my travels and feel it my duty to state it.

THE CITY OF KRISHNA

is reached from Calcutta by a long journey rapidly spanned by the mail-train. The voyage to St. Petersburg is not more dreary. The vast smoky plains, almost treeless, the white burnt-up grass, the baked mud walls of a few wretched Indian villages and over all, and above all, the relentless glare of the sun, deprives the journey of any

special interest. The Forest Department of India might ameliorate this by planting more trees in those wild sad spaces; for they would afford shelter to cattle and encourage the fall of rain. There are several sandy plains in Denmark, and the soil in Germany is far from uniform; the addition of trees, however, has done much to counteract this sterility, which is so apparent in India. From Allahabad to Cawnpore, the land becomes more wooded, while the dust also increases, penetrating the nostrils with a sharp pungent smell the reverse of agreeable. The E. I. Railway is well managed, the carriages comfortable, and the officials courteous and obliging. One of the most agreeable features of the journey is the refreshment-rooms provided by Messrs. Kellner and Co. Never has a cup of tea tasted so well as when the throat is parched with thirst and the whole human gear set out of tune by heat, noise, glare, and inevitable confusion.

THE TOWN

has absolutely nothing to recommend it in the shape of architectural effects. There are the same old crazy wigwam buildings of mud and wattle, filth bearable, filth unbearable, picturesque poverty, and squalid misery. The grain market out of the long dreary street, with the cumbrous native carts carrying a heavy beam outside the wheels to keep them from running off, is primitive to a degree. Noah might have trundled his dusky daughters to market in such a concern. There is an entire absence of brightness and alacrity even in their money dealings. Still, I am informed

that a good deal of trade is conducted in this old world city. Cawnpore is the railway junction between the East Indian, the Indian Midland, the Oudh and Rohilkhund, and the Bombay and Baroda Railways. This benefits the mills rather than the trade in raw materials, as through rates from the roadside stations to the ports have to a large extent tended to divert the latter. The town is becoming a sort of Oriental Manchester; there are already about forty chimneys belching smoke into the dusty air. What it will be in the course of years may be surmised. The feature that strikes a stranger most is the prodigality of open spaces; a bank, a club, or a church has a compound like a small estate. I believe the military cantonment covers an area of four or five square miles, while every attempted industry straggles and sprawls to an endless extent.

THE RIVER.

The Ganges, after all these hundred years running to the sea, has not made up its mind as to its course; it seems to delight in breaking fresh ground and leaving on its old bed mounds of white sand, while it slips on in a new line whenever it gets the chance. Still, it is a noble river, and one that commands respect. Standing at the Suttee Chowra-ghat, near the old fisherman's temple, where Wheeler's force was destroyed by the treacherous Nana Saheb, during the sad days of the Mutiny, a splendid view is obtained. My mind was far away on a mental journey, while Morgan, my old soldier-guide, was telling me "Here were drawn up a

number of country-boats, with a roof of straw to protect those on board from the sun, while at various points along the bank guns had been concealed, and men placed in ambush. There was at that season little water in the river, so there was considerable delay in getting the boats floated. Several had put off, and others were about to follow, when, suddenly, about 9 A.M., a bugle sounded." I had not patience for any more; all the time I was wondering what the mental machinery of a man must be who goes on day after day, month after month, relating the story of treachery, bloodshed, and human misery. Morgan no doubt felt he was only doing his duty by pouring into me his bucket of stale news in return for his fee. I could not deny the old fellow his gratification. Enough to say, that I saw the "well," with the marble angel keeping watch over the "fragments" with a pair of wings which trailed behind her, and an unmeaning expression on her lips, quite apart from her clasped hands. This marble woman, with the strange appendages, cost £6,000,—surely the biggest price Marochetti ever got for his work, and absurdly dear at the money. The statue is absolutely devoid of merit; but the sentiment which prompted the offering is beyond praise. The place is beautifully kept, and the grounds extensive and well laid out. Roses and sweet-scented flowers, with a carefully trimmed plot of grass cover the mortal remains of our brave brothers who fell on that memorable occasion. What gives intensity to this historic spot is the knowledge that helpless children and women were mingled with the slain.

TOMMY ATKINS.

Why go back on those old memories fraught with blood and tears? Our eyes are turned towards the future, and it is our duty to educate and lead those 300 millions in the paths of peace, industry, and progress. As for those poor wild birds whose country has cast them off, those men who drink, drill and march to music, their bones are filling the grave-yards of Asia. They are the cement which has bound the bricks of the great Empire on which the sun never sets; yet they are of no account; in a commercial age it is the financier, the trader, the merchant and the banker who get both the plums and the decorations. Poor Tommy is not in it.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SLAIN.

We all are the victims of circumstances. I unwillingly visited the handsome Memorial Church, and inspected a grave close at hand of some who escaped the general fate at the boats, but were killed later, down the river. One name recalled a memory very dear and never to be forgotten. At a London drawing-room, many years ago, I made the acquaintance of a lady who, as an infant, was rescued from the massacre. The name Vibart brought back a rush of thoughts—which carried me far away from the dusty plains of Cawnpore to a pleasant home near Regents Park in dear old London.

POVERTY OF THE MASSES.

The most noticeable feature in India wherever one goes is the condition of the masses, which is every year

becoming more impoverished; notwithstanding trade returns, Bengal, the richest province is becoming poorer and the price of food dearer. The condition of the people is the truest test of a country's wealth or poverty, and judged by this standard India is a very poor country. Strange as it may appear, we do not tax India as heavily as the Mogul Emperors did, yet the struggle for existence was not so severe then as now. What we take scarcely pays the expense of the most costly administration in the world.

INDUSTRIES.

There is no lack of industries in Cawnpore; cotton, jute, wool and leather have their respective factories. There is, however, a curious reticence about their work, which is Oriental in its primitiveness, though of course there may be good reasons for this privacy. The Government Harness Factory employs over 1,500 hands, but admission to inspect it can only be procured by the permission of a military officer in Calcutta. This reminds me of a Yankee, who built a palatial mansion and insisted on keeping the spittoons in the basement storey. His visitors, who preferred chewing to smoking, found it an inconvenience every time they wished to expectorate, as they had to go downstairs. This caused so serious an interruption to conversation that the owner of the establishment felt it incumbent to make a change. The Government Harness establishment has not yet felt the pinch of necessity; perhaps convict labour has something to do with it. As long as criminals can be secured for the

labour of the State, one can understand the necessity of privacy. Mr. Johnson, the courteous managing director of the Muir Cotton Mills, frankly told me that, owing to the keen competition prevailing between England and India in the matter of cotton, he did not care to let the public know the nature and exact conditions of his work. He, however, invited me to come and promised that I should be shown round, warning me, however, that the man delegated to act as my pilot would be unable to give the information I was desirous to ascertain. This privilege I declined, for a dry report of spindles and bobbins would hardly interest the readers of the *Statesman*, a paper which aims at giving useful and not merely dry statistical information. I have not the smallest doubt that I could in forty-eight hours ascertain all the information they are so sedulous to conceal, were I inclined to do so; but the game is not worth the candle.

CHAPTER XIV.

DELHI.

Everyone calls up some picture of a historic place before he visits it, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the reality does not come within a hundred miles of the dream. I am no exception; in fact, I prove the rule, for I am generally quite out in my dream pictures. At four o'clock this morning I came into the great city of the Mogul Emperors, so nothing of its approaches was given me on which to erect a new picture. As I had slept enough on the journey, I paced the platform impatiently waiting for the dawn. An agreeable companion presented a fresh obstruction, so when I started with my guide at 7 o'clock I had literally no time to indulge in speculations. Now that it is all over and the name Delhi is no longer a historical picture, but a solid reality, a fresh territory of knowledge permanently added to my mental empire, I confess, frankly, that the old place assumed a totally different aspect to all my previous conjectures.

THE TOWN

has a magnificent vestibule in its railway station, which will bear comparison with any European building of the kind in taste, architecture, and size. It is also close to the great thoroughfare called Chandni Chowk, not at all to be confounded with its namesake in Calcutta, which bears no more resemblance to it than an elephant to a rabbit. The Delhi thoroughfare is a very wide highway, with several strong and substantial commercial buildings on each side, filled with a thriving healthy population. I could not help admiring some fine Rajpoot soldiers on the platform, ideal sabreurs with firm military bearing and faces that indicated nobility and good breeding. I also observed a few old women in trousers, and several dark eyed children with a profusion of ornaments. In the street were several bullock vans with some of the finest animals I have seen since I came to the East, grand, noble and of colossal strength. It is my fancy to believe that these dignified-looking animals, so placid and peaceful, are the incarnations of some old Brahmans of a distant age.

THE PALACE OF SHAH JEHAN.

I don't want to do the guide-book business, but I cannot omit to mention the pleasing impression which the magnificent palace of this gorgeous Emperor made on me. It simply filled up to the brim my notion of Oriental magnificence. Such a building, marble inlaid with gold, satisfied my ideal of what the palace of an Eastern monarch must have been. The view from the queen's apartment out

over the plain, with the Jumna coiling like a silver riband in the foreground, was royal in its magnificence. A right reverend gentleman, in all the glory of apron and small clothes was before me, guide-book in hand, examining the building. What a contrast! A modern bishop in the apartments of an Eastern princess. O Tempora, O Mores! No more beautiful sight could gladden the eyes of an Eastern beauty than the view from the marble palace. At the rear, outside the fort, the grand Mahomedan temple with its graceful minarets and grand flight of stairs commanded equal attention. At the back of this stately temple of worship, poor huts and hovels clustered, clinging like parasites to this grand structure, without in the least impairing its beauty. Our cathedrals in England and on the Continent are noble objects of pilgrimage. They are, however, too crowded and infested with human life, while few possess that indefinite air of grace and haughty splendour which marks the Mahomedan structure.

THE FORT

contains many objects of interest, which are too well known for description. The massive wall itself commands respect, while the tattered portion of the huge structure, near the Cashmere gate, tells another story. My guide was boiling over with military incidents which I had great difficulty to repress; the names of generals and battles were glib on his tongue, ready to burst forth at the slightest encouragement. He got none from me. The Queen's Gardens, with its curtained cricket ground, fine trees and green

sward, was just what you might expect as a fitting appanage of an ancient city. It somehow reminded me of Winchester Archery grounds. The mind has a tendency towards comparisons, even when none really exist. The fact is, Delhi is Oriental, Eastern, and unique. In this respect it stands quite alone in my mind, and will always be remembered with pleasure. There are several bazaars with workers in all kinds of curios; most of the houses are neat and wholesome looking. I did not notice any offal or unsavoury garbage rotting in the streets—a great contrast to the City of Palaces! Of course I had time for only a hurried glance; but life consists of hurried glances, short views, and momentary impressions: in the interval we go out. It is well, then, to fill our minds with even thumb nail sketches of the world we live in and the condition of our poor brothers and sisters. I am looking at all this for the first and last time, for soon I shall be thousands of miles away from it all; but what is once seen is never forgotten.

THE TURKISH BATH

is a weakness of mine. Except the British Museum there is nothing in the East I missed so much. My first impression of it was a glimpse of Paradise. I then felt the vulgarity of clothes and the ineffable joy of spiritual purity. There is a story told that a Scotchman, after his first Turkish Bath, conceived the notion that he was getting rid of original sin. The impurities which followed his ablutions continued to disappear slowly till at last the shampooer

came to an old flannel jacket that Sandy wore when he was a baby. Imam-ud-din son of Karim Baksh, prince of shampooers, may your shadow never grow less! I have tried baths in London, Paris, Berlin, and Constantinople, and none can compare with you: such shampooing is a thing to be conceived, not described, for, in truth, his legs were as active as his hands. There is not a muscle in my body which was not agreeably strained in some direction foreign to all locomotion. Even all my bones, from the ankles to the finger-joints, were just tested to see whether they were sound. Röntgen's electric rays could not have penetrated deeper or explored more fully my whole physical anatomy. I began to feel, on strength of this bath, popular with myself on the assurance of my soundness. The Royal Turkish Bath on the Hamilton-road I strongly recommend. The house is a humble one, notwithstanding its dignified name, but the rooms are scrupulously clean, albeit the appliances are of the most primitive character. Down on a solid square of marble the deed of cleansing was done, with the fewest possible accessories. The Perman brothers, in their maddest gyrations, can give but a faint idea of how the son of Karim Baksh performs his work.

TELLERY'S CURIO ROOMS

are the finest art exhibition in Delhi, a veritable palace of Alladin, where in a small space are congregated the rarest productions of old India. Mr. H. T. Harris showed me over the exhibition and the work-rooms. He has no kinship with the Cawnpore gentlemen, who want to hide their

flour, cotton, jute, and woollen stuffs under bushels. He welcomed a travelling journalist, answered all my questions in a frank, open manner; of course he had nothing to conceal, no illusion to keep up. It would be a bad compliment and an injustice to his beautiful art treasures to treat them to a scant paragraph at the end of my letter. I hope to give a description of them later on. The tocsin of the soul has now rung: Mr. Kellner's dinner-bell summons to action. Not even in Ceylon the land of tea, have I tasted a more refreshing beverage than that provided by this enterprising firm. There is no occasion to leave the Railway station. The Kellner dinning-rooms supply every thing. No European Hotel is better provided or more reasonable in its charges.

CHAPTER XV.

LAHORE.

The capital of the Punjab, the classic ground of Alexander's conquest, the focus of the struggle between Mahomedanism and Hindooism, is said to contain the most martial of the populations of India. The journey from Delhi to the great capital of Akbar, famous in the sixth century, is absolutely devoid of interest—an illimitable plain, sparsely wooded, the soil poor, sandy, and full of rushes and stunted bushes, rivers dried up, cattle out of condition, the villages flat-roofed mud hovels, little more advanced than the tiny mounds raised by white ants; one asks where do these 300 millions live? A grey-headed vulture, a solitary snipe, and a few asses, with some monkeys, appear now and then across the course of the iron horse. The want of water, is casting a gloom over the Punjab and several parts of the North-West Provinces. Prices have risen, and the poor have a dreary prospect; cattle are starving for want of fodder, agriculturists are living on roots of trees, and distress is imminent. What makes this impression more painful is the absolute difficulty in rendering

the poor any assistance. I doubt if any agricultural or industrial skill could do much to improve a soil that only nourishes rushes, and is deficient in water. These vast plains must once have been the bed of an ocean, and nothing but the fierce sunlight has forced a barren growth of herbage, good for neither man nor beast. The eye becomes tired of the everlasting prospect of sand and burnt up grass; with here and there a walled town or village, once occupied by some Punjab chieftain at war with his neighbours, and now a crumbling ruin. I visited Ludhiana, Jullundur and Umballa, the last a mere military cantonment, and one military camp is very like another. At Umritsur, a feeble manufacturing interest is going on, but Lahore, the capital, produces nothing. As far as commerce is concerned the people are not alive to anything beyond a petty huckstering trade.

THE OLD TOWN

is surrounded by a wall, crumbling like an old cheese, and about as animated as a highly-flavoured Stilton. A stream of undiluted filth flows in an open sewer all round. The Municipality is, like that of Calcutta, shamefaced in its confession of impotence. An energetic commissioner gave notice of a motion prohibiting the purchase of municipal property by municipal commissioners. One of his brother-members frankly asked, "What is the good of our being members if we are prohibited from purchasing municipal things?" Even this was too much for the Native Press. They have denounced the conduct of the commissioner,

and appealed to the Lieutenant-Governor to protect the public from such shameful abuse of privileges. They forget that the Lieutenant-Governor is powerless in such matters, and that the only redress is in their own hands. As may be expected, crime and organised theft are rampant. I have heard several tales of how money-lenders have been outwitted; while the police are incapable of arresting the criminals. The old city is picturesquely quaint with endless nooks and corners tenanted by poor people intent on making a living, despite the "infinite torment of flies" which cover everything. How human beings can live in such close quarters is a puzzle which no European can solve. There are several objects of interest, such as the Badhshi Musjid, the tomb of the one-eyed monarch Runjeet Singh, the old Lion of the Punjab. His palace in the Fort is now converted into an armoury. Here I noticed several French-shaped bugles, swords, guns and other objects, the property of French and Irish adventurers; the suite of rooms is similar in many respects to the marble palace in Delhi, only less costly. Ranakali Bazaar is a lively thoroughfare, supplying nearly all the native wants. Its name is derived from a famous dancing-girl, who, owing to a flirtation with one of the courtiers, was punished by being buried alive. A handsome marble tomb was placed over her remains, crowned by a massive sarcophagus; the English residents converted this room into a church. A reverend *padre* felt so scandalised that the English service should be conducted on the grave of a dancing-girl, that he removed the obloquy by raising funds for a cathedral. This is an ugly red brick

building consisting of a number of uneven-sized gables, resembling a collection of soap boxes huddled together.

DONALD TOWN.

The only prosperous part of Lahore is the English quarter. This is undoubtedly interesting. There are four cross roads forming stately avennes lined with trees called, if you please, Charing Cross. I am certain when my English brothers get into heaven, instead of crowns on their heads, they will stick to the old stove-pipe hat and hide their wings under Norfolk jackets and cut-away morning coats. They will have their Belgravia, and, ten to one, will boycott any nigger who dares to drive down Rotten Row. The West End quarter in Paradise will be sure to be English, for "Oh, what a happy land is England!" Certainly the English rulers have given a good example in all the ways of modern life, and in their efforts at civilisation they are doing their duty not sympathetically but in that do-or-die fashion so characteristic of a non-emotional race. Donald town is a pleasing contrast to the old ramshackle city of the Moguls. Here you have Banks, Life Assurance offices, a High Court, University, and a Zoo with a nursery for young plants; even trade loses vulgarity in its presentation, for shops of the sadler, milliner and grocer assume the aristocratic veil of bungalows with lordly compounds. The fine block of buildings forming the Montgomery and Lawrence Assembly rooms are used for balls and state ceremonies. They are very handsome apartments. The examination for the Entrance course was being conducted

when I called. Several eager, bright-eyed youths were scanning the question papers and talking loudly in the vestibule. All the newspapers and periodicals of the day are taken here. The Punjab Club is a fine substantial building, replete with all the modern conveniences, and without any useless frippery. In the park there is a statue of Sir John Lawrence, a name inseparably connected with the Punjab, a fine, rough, strong soldier-like man, with the strut of a bushranger and the aspect of a prize-fighter; he holds a pen in one hand and a sword in the other. The inscription is: "Will you be governed by pen or sword?" The aspect of the man hardly justifies a choice. There are several hotels and some new buildings in course of erection. Thus, in many respects, Lahore is a worthy capital for this vast impoverished Province.

THE MUSEUM.

I was somewhat disappointed in the Museum. I expected to see a larger concern, better stocked with treasures and better taken care of. It is very deficient in fibres, and the birds and insects were slovenly arranged. Some of the former were not even mounted; the skins were dried and pushed under a glass-case, affording no idea whatever of the size and beauty of the species in question. There were several birds of beautiful plumage, wholly unknown to me. Again, in the matter of fibres there is a great deficiency. India does not make enough of her plants, which are numerous; an incalculable amount of wealth can be induced from this source, which seems entirely neglected.

A museum deserving the name should possess a classified list of all plants bearing on this subject, with a cheap treatise showing the processes of culture. Since I have taken a cursory glance at the country, I am not so keen on improved agriculture. Much, no doubt, may be done in the valleys, but little or nothing on the plains, where the soil is so poor and barren, that, attempts to cultivate would be but a waste of good material. Chemistry and Botany are so neglected that it is useless to expect an advance in this subject till the present mere literary education is abandoned.

A USEFUL DISCOVERY.

I lately made the acquaintance of a young gentleman educated in some of the best European technical schools. He confided in me an experiment in linseed fibre out of which a fortune might be made. From what I could learn, the chemical ingredients are comparatively cheap, and the fibre extracted, excellent for paper, cloth goods, curtains, etc. A matter of fifteen to twenty thousand rupees would be ample to start a profitable concern. There is reason to believe that a German company will take it up; but I should prefer to see it entrusted to an Indian or Anglo-Indian. There is nothing more to be deplored than the want of interest which the Indian people show in developing the resources of their country. If this apathy continues, India will soon be the happy hunting-ground of every expert adventurer, whose sole desire is to turn all the money he can into his own pocket, and, as soon as this is done, to leave the country. On this account the defective education

at present in vogue has much to answer for. Sir Alfred Croft states that the natives themselves are favouring this pernicious University training; so the Government is not wholly in fault. Sir Antony MacDonnell wisely remarked that there was no more difficult task than ruling a people who are ignorant. He admitted also the mistake of introducing among a conservative people, forms of thought and methods foreign to their accepted principles of social well-being. The fact is, we have quite forgotten that a Hindoo takes his status from his family descent. With him caste means social gradation. His employment is hereditary, and his education should be suited to his station in life. To educate a blacksmith's son for a B. A. degree and to tempt his ambition by prizes to which, as a blacksmith's son, he would not have dared to aspire but for his English studies, is to place him in a false position towards himself and his race traditions. Christianity is a levelling-down faith which has played havoc with the Indian people. It is natural that Christian rulers should be guided by it, but its fruit is now apparent, and will be more so in the future. Social distinctions have been levelled, and these were the very props which supported the Indian people: their removal is leaving them much in the condition of the boy who learned to swim with bladders; when the latter were removed the boy went down. Indian life is permeated with false ideas and a very low tone of morality; there is hardly any section of the life, free from bribery and corruption in some form or another. Even Birmingham sends out little idols; but there is no mystery in the eyes of these impudent godlets—

they are hopelessly Brummagen, and altogether out of place. Out over these vast planes a benumbing stillness prevails, a sort of moral dry rot hopeless to deal with. Here the jin-jur darts and sparkles in the sun, and the baghjugni comes out with the moon. The hot earth pants after the rigors of the day, and sends forth the grateful glow of her breath; the moon looks down caressingly, and peeps through the tangled green shrubs; the air is vibrant with insect life; the night wind wanders lovingly through the trees; and the spirit of the woods and streams becomes palpable. It is a tired old world, new things don't suit it. One is tempted to ask: "Is this old civilisation capable of revival, or has its once glowing heart forgotten to beat"?

CHAPTER XVI.

LUCKNOW.

I HAD occasion to visit Cawnpore on my way to other places. As I approached it, I thought of the story of the Frenchman on a visit in England, who was invited to a hunt. The survey of the ground and the inspection of the horses excited in him only misgivings. As the company was about to start, he exclaimed with a blank face : "Take notice *mes amis* zat I leafe every zing to my wife !" I had just heard that small-pox was raging in Cawnpore : that the people were dying at the rate of two hundred a day : the bodies were thrown into the river. The people of Cawnpore are fond of fish, the finny tribe are not however enamoured with putrid flesh ; several big fish were found dead on the banks, evidently the small-pox subjects did not agree with them. A gentleman whom I met in Delhi, acquainted me with these facts. As I had to call for my letters I accompanied him to town. He took me to a place where I saw the fish for sale. The manner in which they met their death did not prevent them from being brought to market. I differ from the Frenchman in not having a wife to share

my effects, but I feel with him in the hopelessness of the situation. Until the epidemic ceases, no one should eat fish in Cawnpore.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

I have not permission to give this gentleman's name. I shall, however, call him Mr. Garston. I found that he travelled over India and Burma, was well informed and communicative. "This country will be a European market for many years yet," he remarked; "There is no danger of its becoming a rival to English manufactures."

"Don't you think the cheapness of the labour will induce Western capitalists to start works here instead of continuing in a country where strikes prevail and labour is expensive?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I don't think there is any ground for apprehension on that head. You, like a good many others, have fallen into the mistake of thinking that labour in India is cheap. Labour is not cheap though it looks so. The wants of the Eastern workman are few; he only works hard for a few months and then leaves his employer in the lurch. Having saved a little he comes with his lie: his mother is sick, he wants to return to his village. Go he will, you can't prevent him. It does not matter that you kept him in the slack season when he was starving: that you have an order to execute, failure of which will entail loss. The native has little gratitude and no ambition; your interest is not his. No dependence can be placed on Indian labour. True, you will get a man to work for four

or six annas a day, but you will require five understudies to each man. Labour in this sense is not cheap, and never will be, until the whole character of the Indian is changed; and when that time comes, neither you nor I will have a headache."

I record this opinion without vouching for its accuracy. To this I put the inquiry.

"Don't you think education will produce the necessary reform?"

"Certainly not. There is where you literary and political men make mistakes. You believe too much in education, not taking into account hereditary qualities. Did you notice the dinner we had last night?"

"Yes. The Kellner dining-rooms are well managed. What does that prove?"

"Wait a minute. How did you fare at Agra and Umballa?"

"Not so well. The food was coarse and the attendance indifferent. But I don't see your point."

"My point is simple enough. It proves what I say, the great difference between the European and the native. Kellner's rooms are purely European; the Agra and Umballa stations are in native hands. Not a Bengali Baboo, bear in mind, but a Parsee, the most advanced of the Eastern people. No, all the education in the world will not reform the Indian, or induce correct European methods."

"Who is this Kellner?" I asked with some interest.

"He was a square-headed European, who, thirty years ago, came up this line, saw what was necessary and sup-

plied the want. The old man is dead; the firm flourishes, for it is founded on right principles. I used to know him, he was a kindly old gentlemen. His memory is still green."

"Why is it all the refreshment-rooms are not in the hands of this company?"

"Oh, the old story. The Government wish to play into the hands of the natives. What do they care for the comfort of the travellers. Not that I think it would pay Kellner's people to take them all. "Were you at Cawnpore before?" he asked. "It is a fine town with a good native trade. How did you like it?"

"I was not prepossessed with the place, I wanted to look over the Mills, but could not get permission."

"No; that would not suit their book," he remarked with a knowing smile.

"Why?" I enquired. In deference to my publisher I refrain from giving his answer. A wholesome freedom of opinion is not permitted in India.

THE PRINCE'S HOTEL.

It was here I put up while at Lucknow. The station is nearly a mile from the town. In reaching it I passed two or three bungalows, got up smartly with yellow and white paint. The general scenery is only a part of what I have been looking at for days—a country washed with fierce, unrelenting sunlight, basted with dust, and haunted with flies. In fact a slice of land served on a gridiron can excite little admiration.

There is the long interminable road garnished with mud cabins decorated with cheap crockery, lined with heaps of decayed vegetables, where starving dogs, calves and buffaloes haunt. There are a number of decayed mosques, gilt, grass-grown and all dilapidated. The architecture of the town is of the wedding-cake order, tawdry and inelegant. The Hotel consisted of a number of bed-rooms admirably contrived to keep out the wind. The whole place smelt like the inside of a hat. There was not as much free air as would remove a shred of thistle-down.

After a bath and a cup of tea I procured a guide and a car. The former happened to be a long-legged Sikh in the faded uniform of the Viceroy's Guard in which he seemed to have slept. In a deprecating way he assured me that he belonged to the Imperial and not the Princes. The Hotel called after the Heir-Apparent evidently does not occupy the place of distinction, yet I found the proprietor obliging and the charges moderate. This, however, was only a feeble device to augment his own importance. I warned this long-legged automaton to keep his tongue quiet and confine himself to brief answers. He was bursting with speech while I was yearning for silence. We then drove for some hours round the town in the temper of two strange dogs coupled together for the first time in their lives by the same chain.

A DREAM.

I was not in good humour when I entered the city of Roses, for the jolting and slowness of the Oudh and

Rohilkhand Railway from Cawnpore were very trying. I had dozed several times and was disturbed by a dream. A school-fellow, many years my senior, whose death at Lucknow broke his mother's heart, disturbed me. He came before me as a school-boy; next in his scarlet uniform, looking 'nuts' in it, and lastly, pale and bleeding on a stretcher. The splinter of a shell did the business; I had not thought of this man for years, but now the scene of his death was placed before me in ghastly vividness.

THE RESIDENCY

was the word on my lips when I awoke and it was to this place I drove first; why is it preserved? Ugly memories should not be cherished. Its preservation is an insult to the many brave Indian soldiers who stood nobly by us in that great emergency. I saw where poor Lawrence received his death wound; inspected the Bailey gate riddled with bullets, and Dr. Phayers's house, the roof of which was defended by sand bags; saw the lines where the rebels had taken their stand, pouring murderous lead on the handful of brave defenders. The guide gave me the names of the places; his parrot-like lesson was unnecessary. I visited the King of Oudh's palace with its trim court-yard picked out with white and yellow paint; was shown the building surmounted with the golden umbrella; and close by, the club-room with its shelves of books, where a number of women in balloon sleeves and soft fabrics lounged in easy groups, close by the dust-stained Gumptie, a poor thirsty stream flowing into a deep ravine.

Next I passed by the American church where a tall *padre* was dilating on the glories of heaven to as well-conditioned a flock as any that a priest could pray for. The clerical heaven inhabited by angels in smocks and goose wings had no interest for me. The punkah was swinging, fans fluttering, while the discourse was droned out on unheeding ears.

THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

There is a story told of the illustrious Kant who was as regular as a clock in his movements. He used to take his walk in the gardens of the Grand Duchy, followed by his servant with a cloak and umbrella, the latter looking like an embodiment of Providence. One day a Uhlan was on guard who did not know the philosopher. Kant was in the middle of a profound meditation when asked, "Who are you?"

"Ah! my friend, if I could answer that, all would be well," was the reply of the great thinker.

The Röntgen ray can reveal objects in a closed box and the world wonders, but if any one were to tell that respectable body called the mob, that the great scenes of life are registered on a polished surface of imponderable matter, that person would be regarded as a lunatic. Yet a clairvoyant vision put all this before me with startling and painful vividness. The light, however, is coming, and the sleuth-hounds of science, who are on the track of the bacilli and microbes, are drawing close to the mark.

I returned to the Hotel where I had the company of

several German Princes in gaudy uniforms who decorated the wall; also some sweet roses on the table, which were grateful to my feelings, for they dispelled the gloomy pictures that came constantly cropping up before me. The meal itself resembled the Hidalgo's dinner—very little meat and a great deal of table cloth. Next morning while night's dark blanket was still over the town I left Lucknow.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGRA.

It is a large native city with a fluctuating trade in sugar, cotton, salt, tobacco, timber, indigo, grain, oil-seed and other produce. The town is in direct communication with the four principal seaports of India. It is for the most part stone-paved, clean and fairly constructed. There are wide wards, extensive gardens and many of the requisites of a city, but the pattern is distinctly Oriental, with blinding dust and grilling heat. On entering it, I felt I was approaching an Arabian desert. The presence of a group of camels at the railway station strengthened the illusion; everywhere there were sand and flies, sand and dust, dust and flies. The Fort was built by Akbar, an imposing but flimsy structure with a wall, seventy feet high and nearly two miles in extent, made of loose earth faced with red sand-stone. To Europeans the climate must be very trying, owing to the oppressive glare, and the dust which insinuates itself into everything. The bazaars are busy and filled with traffic; each little compartment has its own hive of workers. The English quarter is as prodigal of

space as the native is cramped for want of room; the compound to some houses was enormous, so much so, that one man utilised his plot of sand for a private burial ground. The natives live and conduct their business in small rabbit hutches where there is not literally room for two dogs to dance. True, they have the power of doubling up their bodies and sitting on their heels, an accomplishment which no full grown European can imitate without disaster. The evil of this close system becomes apparent when disease occurs; then the people die by the thousand.

THE TAJ.

I am not going into a swoon of ecstasy over this magnificent mausoleum which is reckoned one of the wonders of the world. It is rightly considered the most elaborate piece of decorative workmanship in existence. Built of the purest Jaipur marble, the mausoleum stands on a raised platform at each corner of which is a tall and graceful minaret. Beneath a large dome and within an enclosure of most delicately carved marble fretwork, are the richly inlaid tombs of the Princess and her husband Shah Jehan. In regard to colour and design, its interior is unrivalled. The perfect symmetry of its exterior and the aerial grace of its domes and minarets impress the mind of the beholder with a bewildering sense of beauty, while the magnificent marble terrace, on which a squadron of dragoons might turn, as it faces the Jumna, constitute a work of perfect completeness. It was built in the 17th century in the space of eighteen years and when completed Shah Jehan, like a

greater architect, might have surveyed his work in the cool of the evening and pronounced with pardonable vanity that it was "very good." Much has been said of this building and much will be said in the future by every visitor, but its beauty can never be exaggerated. The echo under the central dome is more pure and dulcet, than that of the Righi, the Eagle's nest in Killarney, or the whispering gallery of St. Paul's. There are other fine buildings in Agra—the Sish Mahal or Palace of Glass, the Pearl Mosque and the Juma Musjid, the latter, a memorial temple erected to the memory of the daughter who shared his captivity when Shah Jehan was dethroned by his ingrate son Aurangzeb. The Taj is an exotic, there is nothing Indian about it. In a country where everything is incomplete and the national character in ruins, the Taj is as much out of place as a Greek Temple in Shambazar. Like the fly in amber the wonder is how the devil it got there. There is hardly anything in the Hindu mind to justify so pure an ideal; their ordinary temples are wickedly ornate and horribly grotesque.

THE TRAVELLER AGAIN.

I visited Agra in company with Mr. Garston, and took occasion to invite his opinion on native enterprise.

"Such a thing does not exist," he remarked; "what goes by name of native enterprise does not soar higher than dissimulation in one form or another. Show a native an honest or a straightforward way of making a fortune and he turns a deaf ear. On the contrary present him

with a plan by which he can swindle any one, and his attention is at once aroused."

"You must admit they are making some good ventures at present," I put in.

"Well, how do they turn out? Hopeless failures every one of them."

"Why?"

"Because they won't trust each other." "They are not educated enough to perceive their own interests," I answered.

"No, that is not the reason. They know each other much better than we know them; their disunion is based upon sound knowledge; they do not trust themselves. The Agra Tannery, for instance, which was started by a native. The promoter could not get his countrymen to support him and had to fall back on English assistance." "The idea seems a good one." I remarked.

"From a business point of view there are difficulties in the scheme. To import machinery when you can get the labour of the machine easy, is a mistake. A Chinaman will make a pair of shoes for eight annas, the material will cost about eight more. Now suppose you give the Chinaman an order for 3,000 shoes, he will make them for four annas a pair; look what profit can be had on that if the goods be exported to Europe. America is doing it at a higher rate and making a fortune out of it. There is over 200 per cent. profit in this to any one who works it carefully, but importing machinery means costly European supervision and other expenses which eat up the profits.

Neither am I much in favour of private companies; we have found this out in Bombay, it is the directors and promoters that profit by these transactions and not the shareholders. When the morality of a country has fallen to a low ebb, all these aids to enterprise become mere traps to swindle the unwary."

With all Mr. Garston's practical knowledge he displayed a strong tinge of vanity. I wonder why is it most men wish to be considered a bit of a rogue among women. He told me of an affair of gallantry of a most amusing character which I dare not mention. Perhaps some lady in Jhansi with golden hair may read this sketch, well, if so, "the woman who did" need not be afraid, for I don't even know her name. If the story he related is true, there is a good deal of romance in the hills and precious little morality. The new fiction of sexuality is bearing its crop.

THE EAST INDIAN RAILWAY.

Several complaints have been made about the management. But there are complaints wherever Scotchmen are in search of their money's worth. As I have passed up and down the line for over a thousand miles and broken my journey several times while crossing on other branches, I am in a position to state my experience. I found both guards and station masters on all occasions most civil and obliging. Travelling by rail in India is cheaper and far more comfortable than in France, Italy or Russia. The wants of the passengers are fairly attended to and there is little ground for complaint. There are, however,

people in India and Ceylon so given to fault finding that in the next world they will be found quarrelling with the Archangel as to the number of their sins. In consequence of the spread of disease a few precautions might be adopted. The Railway company at present provide a doctor in case of accident or sickness. I hardly think that these are as efficient as they might be. Passengers full of disease travel on the line without much inquiry. I have noticed over one thousand pilgrims start from Lucknow to Benares huddled into a train, many of them on crutches. One man told me complacently that he was going there to die. The Company's doctor should be on the platform to prevent contagious diseases from spreading. There is plenty of time for inspection, for many of the poor come early and some arrive at the station the night before, to be ready for the journey. The life of Mr. Rutherford, the Traffic Manager of the E. I. Railway, was lost for want of this most ordinary precaution. In the Regulations laid down by the Company, there is a penalty for travelling with an infectious disease, but this injunction is not enforced. The drinking fountains at the stations ought to be inspected, at least once every twenty-four hours, to ensure pure water to the passengers. As far as I could observe, these duties do not receive a proper amount of attention.

RAILWAY POLICE.

These are very little help to the authorities or the public. A Sergeant is appointed to each station and four

or six men according to the size of the place. The Manager of a Refreshment room is prohibited to serve liquor to soldiers without an order from the Commanding Officer. I have noticed, however, that they do get liquor all the same. If the police are stationed on an infected street preventing people from passing through it when disease is rampant, the same might be done on the railway line. It is almost impossible to stop crowding in the third class carriages: it may, however, prevent murder, as well as being a distinct convenience, to furnish more lamps. The poor people in India take largely to railway travelling and the third class form the backbone of the traffic; the wants of this people certainly deserve more attention.

AN AMERICAN COUSIN.

While travelling north a young American girl and her father entered my carriage. This chance meeting was like an unexpected flower along life's dusty wayside. What is the indefinite charm which surrounds our Australian and American cousins, which makes them so companionable? The flashly garment has little to do with it. It is the spirit which looks out at the windows which gives them that ethereal expression, making them adorable. I was subjected to a close examination on all I knew by this young creature who seems to have travelled everywhere and seen everything. Her charming company recalled to my mind Tennyson's reference to sublime sympathy—when he urged "speak to Him thou for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet, closer is he than breathing and nearer than

hands or feet." "One hears so much of Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore," she remarked, "but to see them is to contemplate ruins, dust, flies and picturesque rags!" Poor India, your glorious past is becoming a pale tradition of impossible existence, your ancient religion a tale told by a Theosophist, full of plaintive music, signifying nothing. The heavy hand of time presses on the heart of a country, once the cradle of religion and the home of the noblest aspirations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DARJEELING.

It is not a question of comparison. There is no other near it. Darjeeling, of the Himalayas, stands highest in altitude and foremost in attractions of any of the hill stations. Here are the facts. It can be reached in 24 hours. Calcutta to Damukdia Ghat is 120 miles. Here the Ganges is encountered in a broad, beautiful stream and passed over in an admirable steamer, where dinner can be taken on board comfortably while making your first acquaintance with the sacred river. The broad, yellow stream, like an immense sea, deserves all the worship given it. The natives bow down to it, drink in it, bathe in it, love in it. O! sacred mother Ganges! queen of rivers you deserve it all! The moment the steamer crosses this two-and-a-half miles of water, obliging coolies carry your baggage into another set of carriages, with most commodious sleeping arrangements. Be sure to bring your bedding with you, and enough of warm blankets, rugs, and top coats, for though you may have been grilling on the plains remember you are now approaching the clouds, the region of perpetual snow.

Comfortably wrapped up for the night, you will forget the long dreary landscape from Calcutta to the Ganges, every inch of which is as flat as a billiard table and as green as the cloth, with no pockets, only some clumps of bamboos not worth observing. Once you have seen the gorgeous tropical clothing of Ceylon, the beauty of which consoled Adam after the apple banquet, which cost him so severely, you will find nothing to surpass it in India. Isn't it wonderful how long that old yarn has lasted? But no matter; after that run of 120 miles, one is permitted, while curled in the blankets, to dream a bit about old world nonsense. Are we not in the land of romance, the cradle of the race, the country of immense distances, and—Oh! Heaven and Earth—are we not approaching the biggest mountain in the universe, thousands of feet higher than any other in the world.

OLD MEMORIES.

We remember a day, good God! it seems as if it were yesterday, so fresh and vivid the memory comes back to us, when we strained our eyes for hours together to catch the first glimpse of Imperial Rome, the empress city of the world; and yet what does Rome recall, but blood, lust, dominion, and slavery, while the *Himalayas* are as pure to-day as the immaculate snow on their brow; untrodden by man, its massive peaks, snow-robed, sparkling in the clear air as if they were cut out of solid diamond, and looking down on the vast smoky plains of India, with a lofty grandeur befitting the pride of a twice-born Brahmin, or the dignity

of the greatest Maharaja in the land. Having crossed the Ganges and got into your sleeping bunk at Sara Ghat, you have another smooth run of 196 miles to Siliguri. Here you get your first sight of Kinchinjunga, one of the highest peaks of the Himalayas. It means the hill of the five stores of snow. No matter about the name, only don't miss this first view. Above a lofty range of blue mountains you see the white cap peeping over the rest, like a man behind a group, straining on tip-toes to get a sight of something in front. Right and left are the countries of Bhutan and Nepaul, and before you the dreaded strip of land varying from ten to thirty miles, running along the base of the mountains, called the Terai, a mass of tangled vegetation forming a tropical swamp, the home of malaria, fever, tigers, elephants and a race of flat-faced human beings the exact colour of dirty linen. Bah! man rules the universe; tigers, elephants, fever, and malaria fly before him. Terai is a Persian word meaning "damp." Far off the heads of the great mountains rose in the upper countries of cloud, where the snow settled on their stony heads, and the torrents ran out from the frozen mass to gladden the Earth below with the faith of the lonely hills. The mighty creatures lay like grotesque animals of a far-off titanic time, whose dead bodies had been first withered into stone, then worn away by the storms till the outlines of their forms were gone, and only rough shapes remained, suggesting what the creatures had been, as the corpse under the sheet of death indicates the man. Gigantic terrace after terrace of mountains rise up to the heavens,

cold bare and sparse of clothing till failing at length in upward efforts, the savage rocks shot away and beyond and above them, the white garment clinging cold and cruel to their ragged sides and the dead blank whiteness covering their final despair.

THE TEA PLANTER.

On the slopes of the mountain lower down a body of the finest and bravest men on earth, the English tea-planters, have made a settlement; they have turned parts of the jungle into a garden, their snug little bungalows dot the hill-side. How lonely they look, thousands of miles away from England, home and beauty. Talk of bravery on the battle-field, 'tis nothing to this. Hip, Hip, Hurrah! Forward! Crash of cannon, clouds of smoke, yells, a squirt of blood, and the young soldier reels from the saddle. The bright new sabre falls from his hand, a comrade carries him out of the ranks, while the damp of death is gathering on his brow, or perhaps his body is pounded into a jelly with the mass of advancing horses, who are thundering along behind, like a march-wind ploughing up the dust on the road. The thing is over and done in a minute, but the slow, plodding solitary life in the jungle, the long weary nights, the old dreams and fancies of boyhood gone over and over again in those night watches, are enough to make the brain reel. "O, to think of it; oh, to dream of it, fills the heart with tears." There is no finer race of men than the tea-planters of Ceylon and India, and when you look at a planter's hut in the jungle and his pretty bungalow on the

hill-side you admire his honest work, his patient labour, his endurance and bravery.

EXCELSIOR.

From Siliguri to Darjeeling, the journey is from the plains to the skies, from town's heat to perpetual snow. You may have done your share of Scotch mountains and Irish hills, gazed at the Carpathians, wandered over the Apennines, scaled the Sierra Nevada, and admired with proper respect the distant rampart of the Alps, thirty miles off in the Mediterranean. But each of these will melt into insignificance at what now stands before you, in a country where everything is measured on a large scale, whether it be mountains, rivers, plains, or envy, meanness and rampant malice, which will stab you behind your back if you dare to speak the truth. First have a look at the curious little train which is going to carry you up to the clouds. The carriages look like a collection of wardrobes on wheels, some are skeletons with backs and sides left out, while the engine is the cleverest and pluckiest little thing on wheels; you step into the carriage thinking it a play-thing, and off you go at the rate of from 7 to 10 miles an hour, on a track which winds and doubles and zig-zags, in a manner both bewildering and amazing.

THE PROSPECT.

Seven miles from Siliguri the ascent commences, a sharp rise of three miles leading to a flat or spur from which the Himalayas rise abruptly, clothed in forests from their base to the region of rocks. The little engine pants

and puffs, and the carriages wind after it, round the scale-shaped curves like a sinuous serpent. The scenery above, around and beneath, is superb; lofty peaks tower overhead, while fleecy clouds stain the blue sky, but do not conceal it. To the right and left of your road are dense green forests clothing steep slopes and ever and anon dipping into some gorge, down which rushes an impetuous stream or cascade. Away below lies the vast plain stretching like a great sea as far as the eye can reach, with spurs of lofty mountains forming saw-like ridges. A panorama of hitherto unexpected grandeur grows imperceptibly larger until the view fatigues the eye from its immensity. With every hour and bend of the railway, a new scene bursts on the view, the vast expanse of foliage is broken here and there by tea gardens whose pretty homesteads nestle on the hill sides, flanked by low mud huts like ant-hills, where the cooly hands reside. Onwards and upwards you mount: at times you see the track hundreds of feet beneath you, and wonder how you ever got from that point to this. Great heights rise around on all sides. The hill station stands as between heaven and hell, suspended between peaks and gulfs. Meanwhile the air grows rarefied and more bracing, and the appearance of the vegetation changes from tropical glory to Alpine sparseness. The ascent is about 1,000 feet every hour, and the air gets gradually cooler and cooler till at Kurseong, within 20 miles of Darjeeling, the necessity of warm clothing becomes imperative. The elevation here is 4,860 feet above the level of the sea. A few miles further on is the village of Ghoom, the highest railway station in

the world, nearly 8,000 feet above sea-level, at the foot of Mount Senchal, and near Tiger hill. At both sides are stupendous valleys, while the deep waterless gorges which scar the mountains show their immense size.

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

From the top of Tiger hill a good view of Mount Everest can be had, forming the end peak of a lofty mountain range, of which Kinchinjunga occupies the other end. Everest is about 100 miles distant, 29,002 feet high, while Kinchinjunga is barely 45 miles off and is reckoned at 28,156 feet above the sea-level. The sharp peaks of dazzling white cut the amethyst sky and form what is called the snowy range. There are hundreds of minor peaks all round of immense size; you feel that you have got into the bowels of the mountain, and you are much too close to appraise them at their real altitude. The view by moonlight is bewilderingly oppressive, the blinding clouds of mist wander about over the nation of rocks and sink into the valleys. In a moment the whole creation has vanished and there seemed scarce existence enough left among the gloomy hills to think of humanity. Kinchinjunga stands in front, crowned with blinding snow, an awful fact, cold silent and as impenetrable as the stars. The sun with its warm palpitating rays brings back the human element. The feeling of loneliness is dispersed. The white coated monarchs all round tower in stupendous majesty into the sky, creating impressions of sublimity which even William Black, the great word painter of mountain and mist, would

find some difficulty to describe. I have seen several great mountains and read of a great many more, but the mighty peaks of the Himalayas exceed all my visualizing of those sublime objects of nature. Alone with them is a liberal education; like looking into a great telescope, the petty world around sinks into insignificance, its meanness, its jealousy, its puny discord fade into nothing. Our hearts easily mount to the Supreme, and our inarticulate longings find no vehicle in words, save those of the Litany: "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord" This picture, long looked for and at last realised, will never fade from my memory.

THE TOWN.

The town of Darjeeling does not deserve much notice. The houses for the most part are badly constructed, many of them of a ramshackle appearance perched on hills, unsubstantial and uncomfortable. If the great mountain monarch ever drew a long breath or happened to sneeze, I expect they would all tumble down, like a house of cards; the back doors of the houses manifest more vitality and frankness than the fronts. The town looks as if somebody built a whole street or two of houses of every imaginable shape, and then stirred them together with a spoon. Filthy cabins infest the place, roofed with sardine boxes. Some houses have stoves, but many are only provided with a fire-place, so primitive that it might have been constructed by one of Noah's head-strong sons on leaving the Ark. A V-shaped contrivance runs into the wall, where the wood is

deposited ; all the heat goes up the chimney, and while seated in front of the fire, the reverse side of your body runs a risk of being frost bitten. There are a few boarding houses, while the hotels are of the usual cormorant order. I was asked from eight to twelve rupees a day for board in one of them. There are two clubs, one of the "elect" and the other a ghastly concern intended for the people. There is among the dwellers of the Hills an unmistakable aspect of aloofness so characteristic of the English. This is pressed to its last entrenchment in Darjeeling, for China has nothing to do with crockery and the brown earthen jar has actually no place in the domestic arrangments. The dry unsympathetic official regards the natives much as a great Irish landowner looks on some gypsies who had encamped over night on his estate.

PRICE OF LIVING.

The shops are fairly good, and supply everything at famine prices. For a tin of tobacco I was asked twice its value, and for a cup of coffee and a bun I paid about four pnces. Vegetables are scarce, and are mostly supplied by the villagers. There are a few bakeries, but bread is also manufactured in the jails, and the Botanical Gardens actually puts itself in rivalry with the native gardeners by supplying vegetables. Good milk can be had in bamboo bottles. There are no market gardens, no organised industries or any compact orderly system of catering for the wants of the inhabitants. There is a rickety haphazard way of doing everything, which is characteristic of India.

The slopes of the Himalayas, if properly utilised, might afford delightful homes and occupation for millions who are starving in India. On every side are deep valleys, fir-crowned gorges, and, as far as the eye can see, a howling waste of lonely mountains, surmounted by the snow-capped range cutting the sky in sharp jagged spurs and lines. On the road and in the villages you meet strange faces with high cheek-bones, thick depressed noses, with very little hair on their faces except a few straggling bristles at the corners of the mouth. The obliquity of their eyes is due to the puckering up of the face to avoid the glare. A fold of skin is drawn up at the corner of the eye, so that its lower margin forms an oblique line, but the line of the upper eyelid is horizontal, and the axis of the two eyes is one straight line. These people are small in stature, but strong and muscular. The women wear massive jade ornaments in their ears and shell bracelets; they carry heavy burdens supported by a strap resting on the forehead: a grinning good-natured set of things. Both men and women wear cloth boots gartered at the knees, thick woollen frocks, and felt hats with sides turned up. They represent numerous hill tribes, all distinctly Mongolian in appearance. The children are healthy, cheerful, placid and dirty. Some of the enterprising Calcutta firms are opening branch shops at reasonable rates, and the place is likely to advance somewhere late in the next century.

SCHOOLS.

There are several schools. I went over St. Joseph's and had a long talk with the Principal, a member of the

Jesuit order. He proved a highly cultivated man, with wide experience. His views of the Indian character deeply depressed me, for I am already beginning to find out the shifty suspicious nature of the people. St. Joseph's is a splendid establishment, capable of accommodating a squadron of dragoons, but I regret to say the scholastic ambition does not soar above the Government cram-examination. The healthy faces of both boys and girls all over the place proves incontestably the value of Darjeeling as a nursery for young people, but its Siberian cold is far too great for the ordinary dweller on the plain. It is wasteful extravagance of parents with small means to send their children to England with the undoubted advantages which Darjeeling possesses. The place itself with the slopes and lovely valleys reaching it, may be made an earthly paradise with enterprise and culture, two qualities which in twenty million centuries will not be found in this old worn out world: one might as well think of converting the moon into a watering place, and opening up tramway communication with it: the latter would be far more feasible than the former.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INDIAN NOVELIST.

EUROPEANS have no opportunity of looking through the *parda* and studying the domestic life of their Indian neighbours. The most intimate friend does not venture to make those common-place kindly inquiries about a neighbour's wife or daughter which European courtesy demands from a mere acquaintance. The family privacy is maintained at any price. The *durwan* who sits at the gate is as great an enigma as the sphinx. Nominally he is only the gate porter, in reality he is often the ruler of the whole establishment; he gets but a few rupees a month, but he exacts indirect taxation on everything that enters the house. The present writer is acquainted with the *durwan* of a large hotel. His salary is Rs. 12 a month, but he draws an income of Rs. 700 a month from a number of hackney carriages which he owns, and besides that, strange as it may appear, he is one of the directors who manage the establishment.

This is only a sample of the strange life that goes on around us. An Englishman may live fifty years in this

country without the slightest knowledge of Hindu women, who seldom go outside their own houses and when they do are covered up like white mice. From the time of marriage to the birth of a child the woman remains covered with a veil. As she grows old the veil is made shorter but never entirely withdrawn. The veil is not only worn outside the zenana but inside also: the wife will not appear unveiled before her husband's elder brother or speak to him except through a medium. From our point of view it must be a sad dreary life, but there is another way of looking at it. The Hindu woman is kept under constant tutelage to father, husband or son. She is however, neither a slave or a drudge. Quite the reverse. Her labour is a labour of love: she prefers the comfort and happiness of her parents, husband and children to her own. Self denial, patient endurance, economy, simplicity, modesty, tenderness and sincere affection are the prominent features of her character. According to the Indian system no girls are left unprovided. In the East there is no such thing as the unplucked rose, better known as an old maid. A father who neglected to marry his daughters would be made an outcast.

The monotony of the home life is relieved by the ceremonies attending the Poojahs, the chief of which is the Doorga Poojah. This is the grand annual Hindu religious festival. It lasts three days. It calls forth the religious enthusiasm in the heart of the genuine Hindu, creating a sacred bond of national unity. It is now on the decline owing to the spread of English education. The image of Doorga is not worshipped but the attributes of the Deity

conceived through the medium of the image. This festival is a periodic acknowledgement of the Creator by the Hindus and its highly spiritual character contrasts favourably with the gross materialism of the Christmas festival.

The story of "Sarala and Hingana" throws a great light on Indian domestic life, so sweet, simple and holy that one is astonished at the revelation. Hem Chandra, the hero, represents the young Bengali youth; the story of his struggles, ambition and early marriage is an excellent sample of the life of the people. I'll not spoil the interest of the story by telling the plot, but I can assure the reader that he will get a better notion of the social life of the Hindus from this story than from a dozen ponderous volumes written by great scholars. Hingana, the second tale in the book, is on the old theme of jealousy and revenge. Here we have love from a different point of view as seen among the Gond tribes.

The Indian youth who has acquired the power of English expression with a knowledge of the leading novelists of the West, especially Tolstoi, Turgeneiff, Cherbuliez and Zola might be able to render a great service to his country where there is abundance of material not yet utilised.

India is the land of colossal mountains, glorious valleys, illimitable plains, the country of rice-field, temples, tanks, strange customs and brilliant colours. Here life is dirt cheap, and the human article merges into a thousand race forms. The Rajputs of the North-West are physically the finest race on earth, the sons of the desert and the

mountain whose highest ideal is to live nobly and die in battle. They are the Normans of the East, giving kings and nobles to every province from Sind to Orissa; their princes can make no higher boast than that they are the descendants of the children of the Sun. Like the red Branch Knights of Ireland their history is interwoven with military traditions.

Mr. Chakravarti, the talented author of this pleasant little volume, has treated a small sample of the life of the nation with considerable skill. There is in him the making of a novelist of decided ability; his command of English is wonderful considering his limited opportunities, and if the sale of this book gives him encouragement, we may expect from his pen further pictures of the national life. Mr. Chakravarti besides this has a wide knowledge of Eastern philosophy. His work on Hindu religion and Yoga, is one of the most readable and valuable book on the subject. He is not merely a wordy theorist but a practical worker gifted with a large amount of the clairvoyant faculty to which I can bear testimony. This is the man the Psychical Research Society would value. There are no enterprising publishers in India to encourage such men, so he is his own publisher. One rupee is a small sum for this choice little volume and it may be procured by addressing the author, 12, Ramdhone Mitter's Lane, Shampuker, Calcutta.

CHAPTER XX.

AN EASTERN IMPRESARIO.

'Tisn't an unhealthy curiosity to ask a man who has acquired greatness in any department how he attained it. On the contrary, young men will derive much profit by tracing the successive steps and getting at the man in the egg, so to say. The gentleman whose portrait we give might pass for an officer of a light cavalry troop. (The illustration, unfortunately, is very much damaged.) There is an easy, devil-may-care air which sits well upon him, just the man who would dawdle up to a cannon's mouth or into a lady's drawing-room with the same nonchalant air. If photography gave colours, you would see that his eyes are a deep blue, the colour of a lucifer match drawn in the dark, that they have a certain dreamy sadness, which would puzzle a superficial observer, and yet in those azure depths there lurks a devil of mirthfulness, which is the key-note of the man. The doctor feels a pulse to ascertain the bodily conditions, but a psychic looks into the eyes, the windows of the soul, out of which the spirit peeps at the world. Mr. Twinning has been repeatedly interviewed by

the best critics. The outer man is well known. To repeat the process is as superfluous as importing hawks into Athens or coals into Newcastle. I shall, however, reveal what no man—not even Mr. Twinning himself—knows. I shall scan this mine of theatrical sagacity, and throw a bull's-eye light on the secret of his success.

It is admitted that Mr. Twinning is one of the great theatrical managers of the day. Not that I wish to convey he has been always successful. Quite the reverse. He has had his ups and downs like the rest of us. A theatrical manager! Just think how much that means. He must visit large towns from China to Peru, bring in his train a number of players of the most varied character and some with none, engage houses, gauge the taste of his varied audience, and keep them all in good humour; and when we are tired and worn from desk and office-work, he sets us all off either in laughter or tears. It is a large order; the duty of a prime minister is a trifle compared to it, for the minister has many to help him; the manager must comprise all in himself. Also remember, the light fragile—I was going to say fractious—goods he is transporting, but I withdraw the term. A more rickety bundle of nerves, crotchets and whimsicalities could not be packed together than Miss Eloise Juno, Maccabe, Olga Dubois, Geneviève Ward, the Joram Sisters, Mrs. Alice Shaw, the Whistling Woman, Brown-Potter, and the Thames-Amazons, including the performing goose.

Shakespeare says Music has power to soothe the savage breast: I found that it excited all the savage emotions,

having several times attempted to manage church choirs, and in every instance I made a mess of it, offended my congregation, displeased the singers and seriously disgusted myself, and then, bear in mind all my party were in one church. If I had had to cart them about with me, there would not have been a hair on my head; and the head itself would long since be under the green bed-clothes. Mr. Twinning has been all over the world, winning golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men. He has had his troubles, too; his theatre was burnt down, his property destroyed, his character assailed, and he has been libelled, poisoned, envied and abused; but he has survived them all.

Surely it is worth while enquiring into the secret of such success; but to do so I must hark back on life's march. A colonial to the backbone, father a shrewd contractor, mother a sweet puritan. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth and charity, that good woman is there to welcome her distinguished son when the lights are put out here, and the curtain rung down. Strange how this simple couple should produce a son, with such varied tastes and attainments; for he is a man of many parts, the third of which will never be recorded. As a youth, he was music-mad. With indomitable perseverance he purchased a harmonium and practised at a friend's house till he attained a proficiency, which afterwards won him a German certificate—no slight matter. He opened a musical academy, took pupils, and gained testimonials from several families of consequence. Then he started on another track that of

organist. Little did the vicar of St. Matthew, Dunedin, imagine that the slender lad in the organ-loft was dreaming of sweet faces, operas, and tights, and not absorbing his pious discourses. The next slide on the life journey was the perilous venture of running an opera as manager, which, though a failure, prompted him to repeat the attempt. Ever since he has been catering for the public.

Now for my secret. Among Mr. Twinning's accomplishments is the gift of thought-reading and the capacity of receiving subtle impressions of men and places. I can perceive that his nature is psychic to a remarkable degree. The contractor may have given him a turn for business, the sweet Puritan mother his warm generous heart, but at best his earthly parents only lent him a body; the real rollicking, mysterious ubiquitous Ego was once masquerading in Babylon, conjuring in Egypt, puzzling the oracles in Greece, acting in the games in old Rome, playing with the mummers in England under Elizabeth. The last thirty years of his life is only a postscript to what went before. Methuselah in green old age is a baby in arms compared to the real man. The Tasmanian Twinning is only lacquer: to find the real man, the long galleries of Time should be searched. The astral light only reveals a few thousand years of his life, there is still a wide vesta beyond, Atalanta and Lamuria must be searched, for it was in the latter country, before it got submerged, that he had his first birth.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE AMAZONS OF THE THAMES COMPANY.

A SHORT preface is needed here. A strolling company of players had taken the Corinthian Theatre for a short period. A very full house greeted their first night's performance. The acting was so poor that more than a third of the people left before the piece was over. Disappointment sat on every countenance. The notice next day in the *Indian Daily News* sharply commented on the vulgar production. The company resented the criticism, a domiciliary visit was paid the office and the editor cowardly assaulted by the women of the company, besides his action was made the subject of ribald songs, jests and offensive lampoons calculated to give offence. Various and absurd rumours were circulated, so that the editor was constrained to give his version of the transaction. Now, reader, judge for yourself; the full report is before you.

THE MARCH OF THE AMAZONS.

A little after 8 o'clock last night, as we were in the act of getting into *pyjamas*, a domiciliary visit was paid to

us of a most astonishing character. Just at this time the house was almost deserted, the beaters gone home, our servants had left, and silence reigned from the printer's office to our suite of apartments over the editorial rooms. Feeling somewhat tired after a busy day's work, we were in the act of fastening on the particular article of clothing which society does not choose to designate, and which we, with customary respect for conventionality, would rather die than mention. The string which supports in its place the unmentionable article, had disappeared like one of those underground rivers which have a habit of hiding and emerging when least expected. We were indulging in some inarticulate but decidedly strong language on the occurrence, for, let severe moralists say what they will, even a bishop might be permitted in a little profanity on a similar occasion.

NIGHT VISITORS.

Suddenly in the gloaming, for the lamp was half turned on, and the room in semi-darkness, a female figure appeared followed by a second and a third. This sensibly added to the embarrassment of the situation, for a grizzled old bachelor like ourselves is not much honoured by the presence of the fair sex. One of the ladies in question proceeded cautiously and firmly, as if she had the run of our rooms, to turn up the lamp, entered our bed-room, and drew a newspaper from her pocket. "Are you the Editor of the *Indian Daily News?*" She asked in a cool, tetchy voice, with pauses. We answered in the affirmative, not

having the remotest idea of what was coming, but modesty prompting us to grasp firmly at the *pyjamas* which, owing to the absence of the string, to use the Gladstone phrase, was within measurable distance falling to the ground. Then slowly, and with excellent enunciation, she read to us our brief notice of the first theatrical appearance of the Thames Company, which we are bound to say was the reverse of complimentary, though written in perfect honesty and good faith. It is neither our habit or intention to bolster a lie, or deal fulsome praise, where condemnation is deserved. "Have you written this?" she asked. Our answer was in the affirmative.

A DELICATE SITUATION.

On the authority of Dean Swift, eleven men, well armed, will certainly subdue one man in his shirt. We hazard a similar statement that three women well armed are more than a match for one man in a shaky *pyjama*. We nevertheless stood our ground with all the dignity we could muster, and in silence listened to language of abuse which was classic in its profanity. To be called a liar, a brute, and an inhuman wretch, conveys no notion of the *repertoire* of the language commanded by the ladies of the "Thames Company." We only once in a long experience heard language as foul and offensive; it proceeded from the lips of a young girl in a critical, surgical operation in Paris.

AN APOLOGY REFUSED.

It then dawned on us what utter depravity and loathsome baseness might be concealed under a beautiful costume

and the attractive exterior of a woman. An instant and immediate apology was demanded. This we declined to give, whereupon these three women became transformed into a species of triple hell-cat, using the foulest imprecations. We stood our ground, holding our garments together, while inwardly we were convulsed with laughter in contemplating three enraged females using the language of abuse with a force and enthusiasm which would make a deaf-mute howl, a rare experience even to a veteran journalist. We who have all our life been engaged in succouring the weak against the strong, and the pledged defender of women and little children, to be denounced as an unqualified creature of depravity, was a perfectly novel sensation. We did not know even the names of our assailants. We listened to them acting on Saturday in the company of a depraved goose floating on a paper sea. The goose had the advantage of the players, for she was articulate, and they were not. Now the articulation of one of the women was splendid and no mistake. The shortest of these creatures, with saucer eyes and lips that suggested the mouth of the Ganges, perceiving that we made no response, invited our opinion on her language.

YOU DARLING.

Through a species of reckless deviltry and full of admiration of the splendid display of demoniac fury, we uttered the words, "You darling," which only elicited a yell of passion. "Beast, coward, dog," and other explosives were turned out; the stream was not yet dry. The girl with the

saucer eyes proceeded to further extremities by drawing something invisible from her sleeve, and aimed a blow at our head, which we defended with our arm, otherwise the thin wire would have cut our face through. With a dexterous movement we grasped her hand, and made her drop this dangerous weapon. The other two danced round us yelling all the time. We then put a stop to the interview by forcibly ejecting them from the room. On the stairs two male members of the Company were waiting, much in the same state of mind as that of a few sportsmen who sent a terrier into a hole to unearth a badger, doubtful as to weather the badger or the terrier would come out first. They greeted us with curses loud and deep; the women in parting spat in our face, and went downstairs yelling and screaming like demoniac spirits set loose from hell. An attempt was made to upset a lamp and burn the premises, which we prevented. If these ladies honour us again with a visit, we shall be better prepared for them, and we shall hold Mr. Twinning responsible for any accidents which may follow. We also give warning that our action will not be passive, for under the above circumstances further patience might degenerate into vice.

THE TWINNING GOOSE.

We are not disposed to be too hard on Mr. Twinning, for he has done us good service, and provided us during the dull months with a most refined set of actors in the Lyric Company. He must have been utterly ignorant of the character of the present mummers. Mr. Twinning,

however, sets great store on the theatrical goose, which highly diverted the audience on Saturday night. It is a diabolical fowl, and we advise our energetical lessee to take it home, fatten, and eat it at Christmas. In assimilating the fowl, he may imbibe wisdom.

THE EFFECT OF THE VISIT.

After this noisy interview, we sat down, and simply exploded with laughter. We had suppressed so much that there was an accumulation of merriment inside, constituting a perfect reservoir of mirth. We felt in danger of being cracked in several places. If we had not turned out some of it, the consequences would be serious; it is not all out yet. The faces of these women looked a whole Webster's unabridged, including pictures, while the laugh of scorn which saluted us when we charged them with profaning the religious emotions of the Irish people in the vulgar song, was the most ghastly joke perpetrated outside of a *morgue*. We cannot resist giving a personal description of the occurrence for the benefit of our brother journalists as a sample of the reward a man wins in India for doing his duty, by guarding the public against vulgarity and profanation.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN CHINAMAN, M.D.

China is a fantastic country, a preposterous combination of solemn nonsense and classical caricature, a sort of spontaneous upside-downness and inside-outness which can neither be exaggerated nor exhausted. In the Flowery Land there are doctors for all kinds of diseases. Specialism is the order of the day.

To begin with, there are doctors for cold diseases and doctors for hot, doctors for diseases of wind, and doctors for diseases of water, for women, babies, and old men. Tchung tsen, the most eminent medical practitioner in China, is the seventh son of a seventh son, forty-nine doctors in one, forty-nine times muddled. He is a happy compound of pedant, quack, fortune-teller and spirit-rapper, flavoured with a dash of Confucian priest, "Just for the look of the thing." The Imperial College of medicine at Peking is not like our College of Surgeons, insisting that her alumni are well grounded in knowledge before sending them into the world. It is little more than an exclusive club for professional mutual admiration, or a convocation of

medical referees for arbitrament in case of malpractice. It has neither the power nor the disposition to check quacks; it does, however, punish offenders who are too poor to bribe the functionaries in office. To conclude from this that John Chinaman's education was narrow would be a rash conjecture. The course of reading is so tremendous as to take away one's breath. I shall only specify a few of the leading medical works. These are Chan-shi-Thung's "Universal Medicine," Ching-me-Thee's "Principal Veins of the Empire of Medicine" (traced by Wang-Keng-theng long before Harvey came into the world, sometime about the birth of Noah's second son,) Wang-Shu-Hoo on "The Pulse," Fung-Se-Kan's "Motley Silk Bag of Deep Learning on Diseases," King-Mu's "Natural History of Necessaries," Sing-Po-Ku on "The Nature and Preparation of Medicine," and, finally, Pu-Ken-Mu's "The Brain and Stomach," continued by his son Si-Kan-Yung, and illustrated by Kan-Cho-Ko, an astounding compilation in forty awful volumes, De Omnibus, Anatomical, Obstetrical, Rebus et Quibusdam, Botanical, Therapeutical Aliis. Having stuffed all the power of this learning into his memory for handy reference, he is prepared to begin practice.

Tchung-tsen does not believe in modesty; he is not content to put his plate on the door for the best of reasons—no door in China could contain all his titles. He has recourse to the daily papers, and advertises as extensively as Holloway, Pears, or the whole fraternity. He does this in a simple, ingenious manner, alluding to himself in the third

person. Here is a sample: "Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by those who envy them. Envy has taken the measure of Tchung-tsen, and found him lofty. The foundation of Tchung-tsen is deep; it is set in the bowels of mystery and his pinnacle is high; it glows in the light of truth; his feet are planted among the secrets of earth, and his head is lifted among the discoveries of heaven. Envy and deride Tchung-tsen if you are proud and foolish; honour and imitate him if you are humble and wise; for he has wished to promote the good of others, therefore he has secured his own. But do not think to flatter him. Flattery is his wife; he listens to her politely but does not believe her. He has more roots than branches; he cannot be overthrown by the wind. Only let us invoke that which he has no right to silence—his learning, and publish that which he has no right to conceal—his skill."

Tchung-tsen knows the value of personality, and sets forth his method of securing a practice with frankness. When the immortal worthies first sent forth Tchung-tsen to sprinkle over humanity the waters of healing, he set out hurrahing in his heart and warbling the "Bright blossomed ode." Like a well-bred man, he accepts his commission with modesty and undertakes his duty with confidence. No coolies or asses go before him in a pompous train, panting and groaning under bloated hampers and bursting sacks. His furniture, compact and precious, he carries with simplicity; in his head all the maxims of Whang-Tee, the immortal leech, all the prescriptions of Ko-He up his sleeve, all the charms of Fum-Ko in his queue, all the golden

simples of Few-Kun in his blue bag, and the pearl pills and ruby plasters of Hu-Kek-Ne in his pocket.

Tchung-tsen neither advertises nor juggles; his talents are their own sign. When you seek him you can find no other doctor, though a thousand get in the way. Where there is musk, there will be perfume; to smell it, one need not stand in the wind. Tchung-tsen is no blind fowl, pecking at random for worms; his knowledge is sure. He does not climb a tree to hunt for a fish, nor turn over the liver to hunt for diseases of the lungs. He does not send you an olive on the pate of Buddhist priest, nor engage to perform impossible cures, or turn somersaults in an oystershell. He is no toad in a well, contemplating a patch of sky, the strong calm eye of his philosophy surveys the universe as from a dome, and takes in at a glance all the demonstrations of science, the delusions of ignorance, and the devices of imposture. He knows that all errors have their brief seasons; that after a hundred millions of lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before; and so he waits, and smiles. *And his charges are very moderate.*

Diseases, when he calls them, answer to their names, and spirits, vapours, elements and forces assert themselves before him, like feathers under the fingers of the flower-maker. At his bidding, disorders, the most complicated resolve themselves into their several members, and have each a tongue to tell him what they mean. As his large benevolence knows no distinction of persons in the ranks of the afflicted, so his conscientious genius appoints no degree of interest to the various styles of disease, but

applies itself with equal science and concern to the bunion on the big toe of the mouse-catcher and the cataract in the eye of a mandarin. The memory of Tchung-tsen is infallible, and the dimensions of his nose are conformable with dignity; his heart is tender, and his fist is spherical; his speech is impressive, and his spectacle-glasses, set in tortoise-shell frames, are two inches and a half in diameter; the length of his queue is regulated by the exactions of public opinion. He has an auspicious mole under his left eye, *and his charges are very moderate.*

On the subject of anatomy Tchung-tsen has some startling views, even from a Chinese point of view. For example, he holds that there is a difference between arteries and veins; that in most Chinese subjects the blood is conveyed by these in opposite directions, not always downward by the arteries nor always upward by the veins; that the heart is a part of the machinery by which this hydraulic process is carried on, and that, under certain circumstances, depending upon the disposition of the five rulers, the blood undergoes a change in passing through the lungs. He has one name for the brain, and another for the spinal cord. He has, also, a pulse for every organ but the brain.

His great theory is that every organ of the body is allied to one of the five elements—earth, wood, metal, fire, and water, which are either hot, cold, moist, dry, or windy. These, again, correspond to the five directions middle, east, west, south, and north, and are represented by the five colours—yellow, green, white, red, and black.

Thus, the heart being allied to the element fire, corresponds to the direction south, and is represented by the colour red. Consequently, all derangements of the heart must proceed from excess of the principle of heat and dryness, and should be treated with black medicines, corresponding to the direction of the north, and representing the element of water. And the bowels being allied to the element earth, correspond to the direction middle, and are represented by the colour yellow. Consequently, all disorders of the bowels must proceed from excess of the principle of wind, and, should be treated with medicines compounded of black, red, green, and white ingredients, corresponding to the direction—north, south, east, and west, and representing the elements—water, fire, wood, and metal. A lovely system! So natural in its simplicity and harmony that in theory it reads like an idyl, and in practice it must be one of the pleasures of imagination to be killed by it.

Tchung-tsen's theory of the pulse is equally novel. He holds that there are different pulses, corresponding to the heart, lungs, liver, and all the other organs, and that, to feel the pulse scientifically, you must feel them all, one after the other, and sometimes several together, in order to determine their several relations. Tchung-tsen plays on his patient's twenty-four pulses with all his fingers, and maintains a protracted telegraphic correspondence with his twenty-four insides. The materia medica of Tchung-tsen is delicious. Asses' glue and birds' nests are mild tonics; stag's glue, dog's flesh, and walnuts strengthen the kidneys; iron filings, loadstone, and silverleaf repress weakness;

camphor, centipedes, snake's skin and tiger's bones disperse wind; soapstone, amber and red hairs are laxatives; watermelon, bamboo-shavings, verdigris and warm water are cooling purgatives.

In China the medical profession is neither glorious nor lucrative. The visits of the doctor are not charged for at all. His complicated "simples" are sold cheap and always on credit. It is also a custom of the country not to pay for medicine which the patient may fancy has done him no good. Poor Tchung-tsen often spends three pounds to collect one, and if the patient is so thoughtless or inconsiderate as to die, his sudden departure may be the death of his medical adviser.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE HIDDEN POWERS IN MAN."

It has never been decided whether our first parent was a man with complete mental and physical endowments or a mere animal waiting the slow results of time to develop his powers until they reached maturity. Some hold that Adam was perfect and fell through disobedience, but many reject the theory on moral grounds, boldly maintaining that the expulsion from the Garden of Delight owing to the apple dumpling incident, was a punishment entirely disproportioned to the offence. Others maintain that Adam was the rubbish of a man improved gradually like a potato by change of soil and similar accidents. Suppose for argument sake we incline towards the latter theory that Adam in his primitive state was a mere animal, imperfect and even devoid of speech. How are we to reconcile discrepant statements? The Bible says that God gave him dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. In his primitive condition he was destitute of effective weapons

of offence and defence such as have been evolved during the long ages of civilisation. He was surrounded by a monstrous fauna capable of annihilating the present race of mankind could it suddenly be resurrected and turned loose in its old numbers. In what then consisted the power of primitive man to assert and maintain his God-given dominion over the monsters of his day and generation? It must be the same power which is now exceptionally exercised by the artificial displacement of consciousness.

MODERN RESEARCH.

We are vastly indebted to the Society of Psychical Research for its careful and painstaking labours in examining the marvellous discoveries of the French schools of Hypnotists, medical pathological cases, and a mass of unauthenticated literature. These highly qualified gentlemen have proved beyond the possibility of doubt that there exist long dormant subjective powers hidden under the muck heap of imposture and charlatanry. From this we surmise that Adam, though an inarticulate animal with undeveloped faculties, held a dominion over bird and beast as potent and far more effective than it is to-day with all the appliances of civilisation at our command.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCE.

Facts are not wanting to sustain the proposition that man in a subjective condition is safe from the attacks of wild beasts. One of the first recorded cases is that of Daniel. Society regarded him as a prophet and seer. Our materialistic age doubted even the existence of such powers

until a body of intellectual men, whose character and ability is above reproach, boldly grappled the difficulty and placed the facts beyond controversy. Daniel was a man of great subjective powers, or, in other words, the capacity of his mind was highly developed. In this state he was thrown into the lion's den with the result recorded. Some time ago a young lady in Paris was hypnotised and placed in a den of lions. The result was just the same as that recorded of the ancient prophet. She had no fear of the lions and the lions paid not the slightest attention to her. Indian devotees and inferior priests of the Buddhist faith often display a similar power by entering the jungles infested by man-eating tigers. An ordinary man would not live an hour there. They on the contrary remain there all night with no weapon of defence save the God-given powers of the soul. It has also been noticed that idiots and insane persons can tame and subdue animals. Their immunity from harm by animals however ferocious is proverbial. In all such persons the "objective mind" is wholly or partially in abeyance, and the "subjective mind" proportionately active.

ANIMAL LIFE.

Again notice the power in training animals such as elephants, wolves, dogs and horses. In Austria a law requires Army horses to be mesmerized for the purpose of shoeing them. This process was introduced by a cavalry officer named Balassa, and hence it has been known as the "Balasseria of horses." It was the secret of Rarey and

Sullivan, the celebrated horse tamers. The wildest colts and the most vicious horses can be subdued in an hour. The lion tamer and snake-charmer uses precisely the same power. The faculty is often exercised unconsciously. Not long ago I saw a young lady in the Red Road riding a vicious brute with perfect command. It was not a question of nerve, hands or seat. She did not steer the animal by physical force or the power of the whip, she simply sat on her saddle as lightly as a feather and directed his motions entirely by her will. She was in "subjective" *rapport* with the animal. Both horse and rider formed a company, and she was senior partner. There was great wisdom in the old fox-hunter's advice to a young rider how he should take his fences: "Throw your heart over the hedge and your horse is sure to follow." There are several good riders in Calcutta, any of these gentlemen can test the truth of the recommendation. Let one steer by whip and spur and another by will-power alone in selecting a fence or cross road, and notice the difference. The rider and horse must of course be on intimate terms. Let him merely fix his eyes and will on the road or fence, and when the horse arrives at the spot where the selection is to be made, the animal will follow the course mentally selected by his rider with the same alacrity as if the stables had been in full view. The writer has done this repeatedly with several horses without a single failure. I have sometimes lost myself by influencing the horse to go a wrong way because I was thinking it was the right one, whereas if the animal had been left alone he would not have made a mistake.

THE STRONGEST EVIDENCE.

This proves unmistakably that there are resident in man hidden powers which have not been developed, owing to ignorance, cowardice or purely superstitious notions of man and his career. The capacity of the "subjective man," whatever name it may be given—Ego, self, soul or inner monitor, the name does not matter a rush—is infinitely more potent than the objective mind. Electricity is known as a great force in physical nature, and it is harnessed and made to perform many services to mankind. Like all the great forces of nature, it is invisible, except through its effects, and it defies analysis. Electricity will never be known to man except as one of the great correlated forces. It is equally impossible to know the powers of the subjective mind, but we can and ought to learn their action. For it is this which guilds the dream of the poet, the inspiration of the orator, the soul of the painter, the mind of the inventor, and is generally known as 'genius,' a word which only covers our ignorance. A new road-way of direct experiment will have to be driven into the jungle of those obscure phenomena which science has so long neglected. We are imperatively called on to extend our internal vision as the telescope and microscope has extended the external.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The powers of the subjective compared to the objective mind may be likened to a man born in a cave in which the light of the sun never entered. Here he is supplied only

with a rushlight with which to grope his way and find the means of subsistence. The light though feeble is invaluable to him: for by its means he is enabled gradually to learn his bearings, to take of his environment, to make occasional discoveries for the necessities of life, and finally to achieve some of the comforts of existence. The more he discovers the more he appreciates the value of the rushlight and the more he boasts of its transcendant illumination. He hears vague rumours of an outside world full of unknown joys and pleasures, and he resolves to grope his way out. He is told that this outside world is lighted by a great luminary which will render his rushlight of no value except as a reminder of the limitations of his cave life. But he is sceptical and points with pride to the accumulations and discoveries made by the aid of his "God-given illuminant," and refuses to believe that there is a possible existence which would be tolerable without rushlights. At length a cataclysm of nature throws him upon this outside world in the full blaze of a noon-day sun. He then finds that he is in a world of light; that he can perceive things as they are and observe their bearings and relations to each other, and he finds the rays of his rushlight no longer visible.

CONCLUSION.

It is obvious that the above is but a feeble illustration of the difference between the powers of inductive inquiry and those of perception possessed by the subjective "entity." Recent experiments and observations have thrown fresh but

scattered light upon the working of that part of ourselves which lies below the threshold of ordinary consciousness. 'Inward,' the course of empire takes its way. And all man's progress has been a slow unfolding of the primal germ. Every sense that he developed, every faculty that he has won, has been but the entry into the treasure-house of prehistoric gold. We ascend with toilsome steps the mount at whose foot we have waited so long in helplessness, till the voice or the thunder come to us in our darkness. Man's experiments on the world within him will yield a rich return; for our ordinary consciousness is but a floating island upon the abysmal deep of that total individuality beneath it. The waves which wash under one end of our narrow standingplace are continuous with the waves which wash under the other. Thus self-reverence, self-control and self-knowledge together with bodily chastity will enable man to be the ruler of his own spirit, the fashioner of his own fate, and perhaps also enable him to imbibe direct truth from the Eternal source before his work in this world is finished.

CHAPTER XXIV.

D'ARC'S MARIONETTES.

There is hardly one who would wish to live his life over again even if a spirit could give him the power: there is so much of toil, trouble, and pain in the world. There are, however, times in every one's life—brief snatches of existence, full of joy, gladness, and absence of responsibility—that every one would wish to recall. This is why people love to travel, read books, and listen to stories of adventure. The grave Judge on the bench and the solemn Clergyman in his pulpit, as well as the school-boy and the little girl with her doll, all love stories, which, in one form or another, deal with love, adventure, buried treasure, and deeds of daring. The reason is that everyone is trying to find himself in the story he reads, or, in other words, is groping round in the invisible world and trying to be amused with gleams of another state and a past existence. The every-day life of little folk is one huge make-believe. They live, move, and inhabit a world of their own. The history of shares or companies, law-making or sordid things of this world has no interest for them.

ANCIENT PROTOTYPES.

The greatest of men, from Homer to those of our day, achieved fame by telling stories. Shakespeare has given us "Oberon the King of Fairies," "Queen Titania who frolicked in the moonlight with Puck, Ariel, and the invisible Dwellers of the forest." The poet did not invent these characters; they existed long before him—back in the grey morning of the world's history, long before Noah entered the Ark. Shakespeare described what he saw. Millions of years before this planet was ready for the human race, the huge Gregorii dwelt among the mountains, while earth, fire and water had their inhabitants just as now every leaf of the forest has its dwellers and every drop of water its monster-mites.

These are the cosmic agents of Nature seen in storm-clouds and felt in the hearts of men. Some are hostile, others friendly, to the human race. Some can perceive men, while others are no more aware of man's existence than he is of theirs. The heart of man is cognizant of those influences, while the ordinary vision is blind to the appearances. Every race that inhabits the earth has its traditions concerning them, as seen in the literature of India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Italy, Germany and England. The modern race has gained in material wealth and lost its spirituality. The hard prosaic man of the world has ceased to believe in this literature, regarding it as childish. But the heart of a child is truer than the brain of a man. One must obtain the heart of a child to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven or pass the threshold of Fairy Land.

LAND OF DOLLS.

So firm was the belief in Elf Land that people tried to give images of those little beings of another world. This was the origin of the Fantoccini or family of Marionettes known at the Courts of Pharaohs and found in the tombs of Egypt and Etruria. The puppet-show has come down to us from the past with a long train of classic associations. In the 13th century, Neurenberg was the head-quarters of dollism. There are more dolls made in Germany than in all other countries put together. The Marionettes ushered in the theatre. In later times they have been employed to illustrate events and doings of modern life. Cervantes in Spain and Le Sage in France illustrated their great works by puppet-shows. In England, they were pressed into military and political service. The heroic deeds of Napoleon and Nelson, and the courage of Grace Darling, were illustrated by puppets.

PRESENT SHOW.

The D'Arc Marionette Show is the latest and most improved puppet troupe in the world. They have travelled in every country, from England to Japan, from Hongkong to South Africa. From the Prince of Wales to the Governors of the Colonies, they have been welcomed by all, who were delighted with them. The little folk in Calcutta should lose no time in visiting their pretty theatre on the Maidan. Its beautiful blue curtains and gold frame-work lit with electricity—the dynamo worked by an oil engine supplied by Messrs. Kilburn & Co.—will remain

in the memory ; a vivid picture which the dust of the world cannot obliterate. What lies behind that curtain I shall presently describe, but first, I must give the history of the Exhibition.

LAMBERT D'ARC.

About forty years ago a clever French artist joined Madame Tussaud's Great Wax-Work Exhibition in London. It was here that Lambert D'Arc got his first idea which culminated in the present exhibition. Scenic effects, and models with knee and mouth joints, were introduced, costumes and other accessories added, creating beautiful and artistic effect. The present exhibition is the result of years of labour, skill, and artistic talent. Mon. D'Arc gave his first show in Dublin. It was when he saw his little girls take delight in the puppets constructed for their amusement that he took seriously to the business, starting with his own family on a tour all over the world. He was successful and welcomed everywhere. Three years ago he died at the ripe age of seventy-three leaving the Show to his girls. William, his youngest son, inherits his father's talent both as a modeller and scene painter. The glade in Fairy Land with the magnificent gold lattices, the abode of the Fairies, the dazzling coruscations of enchanted jewels, and the bubbling silver waters of Elf Land are his. Mr. William D'Arc not only possesses artistic gifts, but skill in another direction. While visiting Manilla a great fight was got up between a bull and a tiger. When the hour of battle came the tiger declined the combat and

slunk off, much to the disappointment of the spectators assembled to witness this brutal encounter. Mr. D'Arc at once conceived the idea of a bull-fight for the Marionettes. The next night a wooden bull and a stuffed tiger were constructed, and a tremendous fight took place between them at the Marionette Theatre. Manilla went wild with excitement over it.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

The Show is in the hands of the family. All the costumes are designed and fitted by Miss Emily D'Arc, who is general costumer to the Court. Miss Nellie leads the singing. Miss Marie D'Arc looks after the front of the house and like Judas keeps the bag. There is not a Jew in Palestine or a Marwari in Calcutta that she could not give points to, and win all round. It would be downright injustice to the public to omit this trait of character. Young people will now want to know how the puppets are brought into action. Some think it is from the sides or the back of the stage. Nothing of the kind. The strings are fastened at the top of a movable frame. The manipulators lean over a bridge above the stage, talking and singing as the action of the figures requires. From 10 to 60 strings are used for each. The puppets are all hung up inside ready to perform their parts. Great skill is displayed in directing the movements by means of a number of strings. There are about 87 figures. But before their property was destroyed by fire in Australia, they had as many as 300 figures. No stranger is admitted behind the

scenes, and the method of working the strings is kept a profound secret.

THE SHOW.

It is worth being a child again to witness Mons. and Madame Blondin on the tight rope, the inebriated M. Pierrot on stilts, and the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," with her irrepressible progeny issuing from her pockets and coming to life suddenly after being knocked down by her stick. The Court Minstrels were excellent. The Plantation Dance was actually life-like. Step by step as the entertainment advanced, the interest in the figures grew and intensified. Beautiful and gorgeous scenery followed. The Pantomime of "Blue Beard and the beautiful Fatima" never tires, while the movements of the Impish Page added another feature to the play.

FAIRY SCENE.

Then followed the Transformation Scene with the Ivory Palace, Golden Rain, the Fairy's Doll and other dreamy scenes, which, for ages, have amused the childhood of nations, and, like Love, will never die. The Compound Turk, whose limbs develop into dolls, and the Magnetic Skeleton, whose bones tossed and danced about in a bewildering fashion, are mechanical works which will be remembered with awe by every child. The Harlequinade caused side-splitting laughter with its fun and drollery. The Balloon ascent with the long drop took the audience by storm. The stage scenes were perfect in equipment and gorgeous in effect: the Clown, the Policeman, the

Dog, and all the characters associated with the Pantomime on the real stage are there, and act their parts to the life. The dazzling costumes of the Fairies were brilliant in the extreme, and warm cheers and hearty laughter everywhere greet them.

INTERVIEW WITH MISS MARIE D'ARC.

My acquaintance with the subject of this interview was made in the brilliant little Theatre on the Maidan. I was favoured with an invitation to her hotel, where the following conversation took place:—

"Miss D'Arc," I remarked, "you have travelled all over the world. I wish to get some of your views on the people and places you have visited: your mannikins must have had some strange adventures."

"Undoubtedly," she answered, "we have had some rare experiences—enough to fill a book. My difficulty is to know where to begin. There is Vladivostock, for instance."

"Yes, a Russian country, Siberia in particular, a place close to the Corea, is one about which I should like to hear something."

Miss Marie is a vivacious woman with a large amount of affability which she squanders in smiles that has actually no connection with her real character. She is more artificial than any of her dolls. Her imitation of youth is, however, splendid.

"What is the town like?" I asked, reading her face.

"A large straggling place, horribly dirty and fearfully

cold. Fancy! We had to dress in sheep skins, and even then they did not keep out the cold. Everything was curious in the place.

"Nothing could be done without official permission. We had to build our own Theatre, and when the walls were completed they would not allow us to put a roof on. It was a great brick building. They kept us waiting for weeks, and then we had to be content with a canvas covering. We were compelled to keep buckets of water ready in case of fire. This was of little use, for the water always got frozen. The place they called a hotel was abominably dirty. We could get nothing to drink but coffee and beer, and those only at the most extortionate charges. Coffee was seventy-five cents a cup and beer a dollar a pint. Men and women smoke constantly, even at meals. There was interference everywhere, and no one dare refuse an official. One night the Prefect of Police came to our Theatre. He thought the piano too close to him. The play had to be stopped in order to remove the instrument to the other side of the room Russians at Vladivostock hate the Japanese. I may add that we had the honour to be the first British Entertainment Company that has ever visited Siberia. Our reason for going there was, that we were compelled to leave Japan and could not go to Hong Kong, where quarantine had been established, owing to the plague. We had to go somewhere."

"What did you think of the Corea?"

"A curious tumble-down country with a poor half-starved people. We put up with some missionaries at Gensam.

The inhabitants are timid, dirty, but harmless. Their dress is so strange that I could not distinguish the sexes. Boys and girls looked alike. I have no wish to visit Siberia again. The cold was simply horrible."

"Did the puppets ever give offence?"

"Only on one occasion. In new Caledonia we introduced a little flunky with side whiskers. This was regarded with offence. And we were ordered at once to remove the figure, as he bore a striking resemblance to the French governor."

"Where was the Show most successful?"

"In Africa undoubtedly. At Capetown, Kimberley, and Johannesberg they created quite a furore. All through the country we drew full houses. I like the people of South Africa very much. They are both hospitable and kindly."

"Did you find travelling in Africa agreeable?"

"Well, it was rough work at times. We had bullock and mule teams to take us from town to town. This style of travelling is most enjoyable as the climate is glorious. We exhibited in all sorts of places. At Johannesberg we had to pay £85 a week for a corrugated iron building lit by parrafin lamps, and had to send on the money two months in advance. We did well notwithstanding these drawbacks, and remained there ten weeks."

"Was it remunerative"? I asked.

"Yes. In six nights the receipts were £1,700. We charged £3 for a box, and had the gallery crowded with Kaffirs at 4s. a seat."

"Miss D'Arc, will you tell me how the Salvation Army took your parody of their "Fire and Thunder Gospel?"

"Oh! splendidly," she answered. "They were not the least offended. They accepted the representation as a compliment and sent us a *War cry*, addressing my father as Captain D'Arc."

"You have been in the Mauritius," I remarked. "Were the French friendly?"

"Yes. They gave a very warm reception. The most amusing thing about the French was their persisting in the belief that the puppets were real living people. They went so far as to throw bouquets on the stage to "Fatima." We had a successful time in the Mauritius, notwithstanding the fact that small-pox was raging: the death rate averaged forty to fifty daily."

"It seems you had a smooth course all along," I remarked.

"No, indeed. We have had our trails, and plenty of them. At Cooktown in Queensland a terrible disaster occurred. We were performing when the Post Office next door caught fire and the Theatre was burned down. All our property, scenery, dresses, and over 300 figures, were destroyed."

"What did you do then?"

"Oh, we made the best of it. All the Company went up to the bush, and worked as hard as we could for six months at the new figures we now have in use."

"You have played to all sorts of people," I remarked, after congratulating her on their courage.

"Yes, we have played to all classes from Royalty to pearl divers in Singapore. The latter took great interest in our aquarium. They used to vociferously applaud our little men when they went down and picked a shell from the stage."

"You visited China and Japan. What did you think of these countries?"

"I liked the Chinese very much indeed. They patronised us amazingly. I was not, however, smitten with Canton. In fact, it was not quite safe to play in the Chinese quarter, though we were offered a large sum to do so. The Mandarin offered us a guard, but we were desired to remain night and day in the Theatre, otherwise our safety could not be guaranteed."

"Did you accept the offer?"

"No. It was declined with thanks. We played, however, in the English cantonment during the day, and numbers of Chinamen came to the Show."

"Did you meet with opposition from any class?"

A smile lit up Miss D'Arc's face as she described this incident which I can only feebly convey by words.

"The Missionaries in China were displeased with our performing on Sunday and tried to get us expelled. The reason they advanced being the difficulty of removing the Chinese from the European quarter after the play. Just imagine the poor Marionettes being charged with sedition and a breach of the peace!"

Miss Marie's vivacious laughter over this incident was quite infectious.

"How did you like the Japs?" I enquired.

"They are a very pleasant people, and their country is simply lovely. We played there, as long as we could, to full houses, and left owing to the war. The Emperor issued a request that his people should not spend their money on Shows, but save in case it should be wanted for the war. After that we could do nothing."

"I suppose you left then?"

"No. The Japanese officers asked us to exhibit free of charge while they were embarking for the seat of war. We did so and had as many as 400 guests." I venture to doubt this last statement, Miss Marie never gave anything free. I am however a polite man and would not contradict a lady for all the hair on my head, even though the latter is growing scant; my head having lately contracted the strange habit of growing through my hair.

"What kind of pieces please them?" I asked.

"Oh, they are easily amused. We got up a little piece for their benefit. A scene where a Japanese soldier and a Chinaman appear on the stage and fight. The soldiers in the audience got quite excited during the contest, and would call out to their little comrade on the stage, loudly advising him what to do when they thought the Chinaman was getting the better of it. Of course we made the Japanese soldier win, and the shouts and cheers, when a dog came and dragged away the dead Chinaman, were something to be remembered. We played the same thing in Hong Kong for the benefit of Chinamen, of course, reversing the order and making the Chinaman win, but it did not awaken any

enthusiasm among the Chinese. They are very different from the mercurial Japs. But the Chinese are truer to their obligations and more to be trusted than some of their victorious neighbours. I may add that my sister Ethel charmed the Japs by singing their National Anthem in their own language."

"How have you done in India?" I asked. "You know that nothing short of a crowbar can lift the majority of Anglo-Indians out of a somnolent attitude after dinner. The people who go to Shows and Theatres are only a small minority of the inhabitants."

"We were very successful in Bombay and Hyderabad. Sir Aeman Jah engaged us to give a performance at the Bashir Bagh Theatre before his Zenana."

The work of interviewing is frequently not unlike drawing an infirm cork from a bottle. Sometimes it resembles the process of extracting a refractory molar, but these general remarks cannot apply to Miss Marie D'Arc, who is certainly one of the most business-like and communicative person I have ever had the privilege of interviewing. One incident further is worth relating. At the close of the Calcutta season a magnificent tournament was opened on the *Maidan* close to Marionette Theatre. The authorities, with great lack of fine feeling sought to convert the Doll's tent into a dressing-room and latrine for the cavalry. The insult was too much for poor Marie, like Rachael of old, she lifted up her voice, wept and refused to be comforted. Rumour says she went down on her knees and cursed Col. Chatterton and the Lieut-

Governor. This however I deny; "Sweet Marie" is far too sensible to make such a blunder, there is absolutely no truth in the statement. Calcutta, however, will talk, and no one with any sense will try to make the city of Palaces inarticulate. After this Marie sold the theatre to a Chinaman at a profit, and left abruptly.

CHAPTER XXV.

INTERVIEW WITH MISS LUCIA HARWOOD.

After several months of blazing heat which enervates the body and lowers the mental atmosphere, Calcutta hails with tepid acclamation the cold season, which just supplies the requisite mental and physical tonic. Players from the West must not be surprised at the apathetic reception given to even the most vivacious and soul-stirring creation which moves the hearts of those in the temperate zone. The problems of life which touch the finest and most recondite springs of the western play-goer, fail to excite the jaded nerves of the Anglo-Indian, whose mind has been churned into froth over the falling rupee, sanitary reform, and Municipal misdoings. Body and nerves have undergone a species of evaporation detrimental to all enthusiasm. Calcutta, however, can coldly appreciate good acting, while it shrinks from any demonstration of its feelings. The shy, reticent faculties of the English are as strong in Calcutta as in Kensington.

Saturday's exhibition at the Corinthian has shown that the new Company both deserve and are entitled to a friendly reception. Its most noticeable feature is its refinement, good elocution, and absence of vulgarity. A manager once remarked to me: "It is easy to procure a good play, handsome women and fine dresses, but to get people to speak pure English is not easy." The present Company labours under no such disadvantage. Those who visit the Corinthian this season will find both ladies and gentlemen, from whom the "golden youth" of Calcutta can learn at least good manners and refinement. A general criticism is not my object, I wish rather to supply a brief study of the talented lady who has already given us an admirable representation of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," a play which created a sensation when produced in London. Mr. Pinero, the brilliant dramatist, is said to have scored his highest in this piece. The play has undoubtedly some fine situations; the language is full of mental champagne, and the satire is in good taste. It deals with the vexed problem of marriage, a topic which is getting a trifle stale. We are having too much of it; one may love oysters, but no one cares to eat them by the barrel.

Mrs. Ebbsmith is simply an exaggerated representation of the socialistic tendency of our day. The Duke of St. Olpherts represents a section of the polished but depraved aristocracy. Religion is exhibited in the muscular or Broad church type. The marriage question has been simply done to death by lady writers: a few useful, and several pernicious opinions have been let loose. Mr.

Pinero simply plays round the subject, indicating the evil, but offering no solution. No one, not even Tolstoi, has shown us a path out of this human jungle. Fine language and delicate irony, however, does not make a play; its defects are apparent. A bald-headed, pink-nosed gentleman, with an eye-glass and a ribbon that looked like a decoration, sitting in one of the stalls before me, remarked: "The old duke is the best thing in the show." The observation is not deficient in truth, and, like the proverbial straw, showed how the wind of public opinion drifts in the City of Palaces.

The play has one striking situation which arrests attention. It would appear that Mrs. Ebbsmith during the stress and storm of life derived no comfort from the Sacred Book. Receiving it as a gift from a parting friend, a mute reminder of a sacred obligation, rather than a peace offering, the Bible was left behind much as a sheriff's officer is put in possession of a house, as a security and evidence of the Law. The wounded heart of the outraged woman found utterance in an impassioned soul-stirring denunciation, winding up by flinging the Book in the fire. A moment after, she stultified herself by rescuing the volume from destruction with a piercing shriek of horror. The situation was highly dramatic, but absolutely false to life. For, once the shackles of convention are broken the victim never returns to the mental fetich. Enlightenment may halt on its journey, it never goes back to ignorance. The young maiden is a closed book, her possibilities unknown; marriage breaks the seal; the promise of youth may be

fulfilled but the matron never becomes a maid, her feet never go back over the brook she has passed.

The presentation of the wronged woman was a fine piece of acting which did Miss Harwood credit, revealing the undoubted capacities of the actress. Indeed, throughout the piece, her fine presence, stately action, and careful attention to minute details favourably impressed the audience. Her emotions were kept well under control—perhaps too well. One expected an explosion somewhere, and we were proportionably disappointed when it did not come. Twice only did she abandon herself to those passionate yearnings surging in her bosom.

The advantage of a private interview enables me to give the public some additional items connected with this talented artiste. Sitting on a low chair and surrounded with a mass of floating drapery, Miss Harwood graciously submitted to a catechism on her profession.

"I want you to tell me something about yourself," I inquired; "when you came out, and how you received your education?"

"Well, strictly speaking, I never came out," answered Miss Harwood, while her dark eyes and mobile countenance suddenly lit up like one of the electric lamps in the Eden Gardens which, no matter how prepared for the illumination, is always a pleasant surprise. "It seems to me I have been always before the public. You must know I am the daughter of an actor. I hardly remember ever being off the stage, so I don't know when I came on. At ten I was

princess Elizabeth in the play of "Charles I.," and took children's parts till I became a woman."

"With what Theatre have you been most associated?" I enquired.

"The Lyceum. I have received the best training under Sir Henry Irving. I also travelled with them, and played for over four years in Australia."

"Well, you have got over all your nervousness," I remarked stupidly.

"Not at all, I'm nervous of you now," she replied, with a mirthful look in her brown eyes which threw considerable doubt on the asseveration.

"Now be fair," I implored, "and tell me honestly what chance has a middle-aged, decidedly ugly, old bachelor confronting a princess of laughter; tears and surely the nervousness must be all on his side?"

Miss Harwood flatly declined to entertain my proposition.

"Suppose we wave the subject," I persisted, "and you tell me who taught you elocution?"

"Everything, down to dancing and fencing, I learned from my 'dear old Dad.' We used to practise for hours with the foils together." An expression like a gleam of evening sunshine over a lovely landscape came into her countenance: it spoke of home, love and gentleness. The word Father has the altar-fire in it, rousing the best thoughts. It convinced me that a warm heart beat somewhere under the multiple folds of drapery, which imperious Fashion votes to be the right thing for the modern woman. I am an old Pagan, on the side of the Greeks, who regard

the human figure as divine, deeming it a sin to conceal the outlines of the body. An eel-skin costume to the waist followed by floating drapery to the feet would be my positive recommendation even in the face of the infallible Worth.

"How do you study your parts? I mean how do you get a glimpse of the character you wish to personate?"

"Surely there is only one way."

"There are fifty," I answered, perceiving her evasion. "I am afraid you're not serious."

"Well, I'm trying to be, if you will only let me," she added gravely while her eyes told a different story. "As a rule my first impression of a character is always the best. If I don't like it at first, I rarely take to it. Having made the selection I learn the words, and, while playing the part, I merge my whole individuality into it, so much so that I never perceive the face of one of the audience."

"Have you any particular line—any class of character you prefer to personate?"

"No."

"Do you mean to say that your taste for the grave and gay is the same without any preference to one more than the other?"

"That's precisely what I wish to convey. I feel as much at home in tragedy as in comedy."

"I never would suppose it," I answered bluntly, "I should imagine your love of fun and desire to bewitch people would incline you more to comedy than serious parts. You are a puzzle to me."

"I am a puzzle to myself occasionally" she answered. "Now would you like my candid opinion of you writers?" she asked with a look of mischief.

"Certainly not," I answered. "I am not so hungry for self-improvement as to invite an opinion on myself."

"Then you have the advantage of us women," she said gravely.

"How so?" I inquired.

"You have no curiosity." She paused while I waited for her to speak. Presently she looked up: "Very well. If you won't listen to my opinion on writers in general, and somebody in particular, I will ask you to come and see me in 'Mrs. Ebbsmith.' You will then know whether I can fill a serious part."

"That I shall do," I answered. "May I ask what authors interest you, or do you care for reading?"

"Oh! what a question! I simply adore reading. When I was a little girl I used to save all my pocket money to buy Scott's novels. I have read them all over several times. I vibrate between Dickens and Scott."

"I should not have thought that Scott furnished any of your mental scenery?"

"Really, so you have had some idea of me before. I should so much like to know what it was?"

"I can get a picture, without going to the photographers, of any one I want to see, by an act of concentration. To explain the process would, however, be difficult. I must now take myself off, thanking you for the very

agreeable time spent in your society. I will tell the people of Calcutta about you."

And so I parted with the "Princess Lucia," a gifted creature, full of, Heaven knows what, dreams and fancies of the golden Orient. An hour with such a bundle of mental fireworks would make one long for the society of a healthy fool.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. MAPLES.

According to an old legend King Tarcacious had five handsome daughters, all eager to be married. The king promised to provide them with husbands on one condition—that they were to complete the working of a piece of tapestry on a certain date. The girls set to work with alacrity; their father, however, contrived that a servant at night should undo the work of each day. Under these circumstances matrimony become a remote contingency. The king wished to inculcate patience, and also convince his daughters that learning and unlearning was the lesson of life. Sooner or later we have all to acknowledge the wisdom of this cruel mandate, and that even the best of intentions will not guard us against indiscreet zeal.

The working of the Tramway Company in our town has caused much dissatisfaction and constant complaint. With the view of getting at the root of the difficulty an interview with the superintendent was solicited, and the request was courteously granted.

"The working of your trams has not given satisfaction, Mr. Maples," I remarked while seated before that gentleman in his office.

"The public would be glad to hear what you have to say on the matter."

Mr. Maples is a squarely built man with strength written on every line of his hard face and figure; his moustache is iron-gray; a huge pair of circumflex eye-brows shadow deep-set eyes. The whole cast of his countenance reminds me of Prince Bismarck. He speaks with slowness and deliberation, and I became magnetically conscious of a man of unusual strength before he opened his lips.

"We are always glad to receive the comments of the public, no matter how adverse the criticism," remarked Mr. Maples in a cold, deliberate voice, while the accent in which it was uttered betrayed deep sensitiveness; "nor do we shirk criticism, but on the contrary invite it, for we are always willing to take advice when we find it of value. But what we do object to"—here he paused, and he glanced keenly at me, as if he intended to penetrate my inner consciousness—"what we do object to," he repeated, "is unreasonable abuse and slashing comments from those who do not consider our difficulties, and take no pains to ascertain the obstructions, climatic and otherwise, which impede our work. We have received a great deal of unmerited abuse, and the greatest offender among our critics is Dr. Bowles Daly himself, who has not only found fault, but used his pen to stigmatise and ridicule us, who likened our cars to street ambulances and stamped them as a disgrace to civilisation.

I can give his very words, for I have preserved them"—whereupon he got up and left the room, returning with two bulky volumes of press cuttings. It may be flattering to an author to know that his casual words are treasured by somebody, but my own feeling is one of positive detestation of everything I have written. The art of glueing words together so that they may be felt, causes infinite trouble. I requested Mr. Maples to spare me the recital of my own words. In justice to his aggrieved feelings, I had to listen to a severe lecture on my shortcomings. It was quite useless to explain that the editor of a newspaper, with a hundred demands on his time, cannot judicially examine the merits of all the cases brought before his notice.

Mr. Maples had his say, but eventually relaxed and showed me that he was both a just and reasonable man.

"You can't deny, Mr. Maples, that the spectacle of sixteen carriages in a line delayed for half-an-hour, as is often seen on the Bow Bazar Road, indicates a condition of rottenness in the Kingdom of Denmark. Now, in a word, tell me how do you account for it?"

Having cornered me in his own office, I was determined to let off a few spare guns. I was not going to submit without a kick or a struggle.

Mr. Maples eyed me with murder in his glance, but his words were pacific.

"We have one thousand and fifty horses employed. In the cold weather there are from 5 to 20 in the infirmary. Just now the number has gone up from 100 to 120. The

horses are done up often after one journey. The people are most unreasonable."

"Do you ever contemplate the idea of substituting electricity for horse-power?" I inquired.

"Yes. We have a proposal before the Government at present. India ought to be the first country to adopt any change from horse-power; the climate is so trying."

"Is there any likelihood of the proposal being accepted?"

"We hope for the best. But any change which involves expenditure is slower in this country than any I know."

"Don't you think more places of shelter for the horses while waiting to be yoked would be an improvement—the Esplanade corner, for instance."

"Yes, more covered places are wanted. But how are we to get them? You have no idea what a long time we were asking before we got that place near the High Court. And were it not for the interest Judge Norris took in the matter, we would have failed altogether."

"Well, I am glad to see that you are alive to this want," I answered.

"Yes, we perceive what is wanting, as well as editors of papers; but we have to make the best of the circumstances," he answered with a sly kick at the press.

"Your cars are not objects of beauty," I interjected carelessly, by way of return, "and the poor scare-crows who drive and take the tickets, seem to be clad in the cast-off clothes of the military infirmary."

"We are adding ten to fifteen new cars every year; we can't afford to change the whole rolling stock to satisfy

æsthetic requirements. As for the clothes of ticket-collectors and drivers, they are certainly not attractive. If we were a dividend-paying company I should have them in uniform, but we are not in a condition to admit of the extra expenditure."

"What dividend does the company pay?"

"Hardly two per cent."

"There is another point I wish to mention. By way of improvement, might not the front seats be cushioned and reserved for the respectable class?"

"This was tried, but signally failed; the baboos crowded in and refused the extra charge, so it was discontinued."

"Could there not be a little more done in the way of transfer tickets?" I asked. "It seems to me that this accommodation might be greatly extended."

"Well, we tried it, but the amount of dishonesty which it provoked, checked our hands."

"Did the dishonesty proceed from your own people or the public? I notice that the number of inspectors seems excessive."

"No, our staff are fairly honest, but the public try to swindle us by every trick in their power."

"There is just one other point on which I should like to get information. Why is it you use metal instead of leather collars on your horses? I have not noticed this in any country but India."

"Metal is the best. It has only recently been employed. It is lighter and less liable to cause abrasions of the

skin, and it does not get out of shape like leather collars. We adopt the metal collar because, though it costs more, it lasts longer."

Feeling that my catechism was becoming tiresome, I wished Mr. Maples to give me a general idea of the whole business. "Well, it is not easy," he answered, "to summarise the details of a large concern, but this is how we stand. The company was floated in England with a capital of £400,000, and the shareholders are chiefly English. We pay Rs. 35,000 a year, to the Municipality for track rent, and the repairs of the road cost about Rs. 70,000 more. The English Tramway Companies never pay any rent, except where the municipality constructs its own lines. The Calcutta Municipality charge the Tramway Company a rent on a sliding scale, increasing in amount every four years. In 1893 we had a hard fight with the Municipality. We wanted them to abolish the track rent, which then amounted to half a lakh per annum. They conceded fifteen thousand rupees a year for five years, on the condition that we were not to pay more than 3½ per cent dividend. If this concession was not made us, we would have given up the concern. Our expenses are very heavy. The rails used first were cheap and had to be abandoned; those used now are costly and more durable. We employ a great many hands. The cost of maintaining the lines in Calcutta is more than three times the cost in Bombay. The rent proposed by the Madras Municipality is only Rs. 200 per annum, and the company is exempted from taxes on their buildings and other properties; even the Rangoon Mun-

cipality has shown decided generosity to their company in the matter of track rent. The original agreement between the Corporation and the Tramways Company was based on the assumption that the traffic would yield an income of £102,500 sterling, but it never reached that figure. Our receipts in 1881 were £20,251 ; in five years they rose to £48,788 ; and in 1892 they grew to £70,258. It is very doubtful whether they will ever reach the sum contemplated. Our expenditure has lately exceeded £64,000. I think, however, with all our drawbacks we have done well. In 1881 we carried 8,267,559 passengers, and in 1892 the number was 12,628,387. About a million passengers a month is our present figure. There, I think, I have given you a tolerably accurate sketch of our position. I shall be happy to supply you with the exact figures any time you want them on your giving me a little notice. So, you see, we don't shirk criticism. We are doing our best, but for our unavoidable shortcomings, we claim some consideration."

After thanking Mr. Maples for the privilege of the interview, I withdrew. The information elicited, will enable the public to judge whether I have been too severe in my strictures, while commenting on the inconvenience to which a large section of the public have been subjected. I believe Mr. Maples to be a humane man and an upright public servant, desirous of doing his duty fairly to the people, but beset by difficulties which rightly entitles him to the consideration he claims. We are all compelled to learn the lesson King Taraacious tried to instill, and it is worth learning, for it helps to smooth the path of life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCIPAL, SEEBPOOR COLLEGE

Lord Wolsley entertains a high opinion of the Chinese people, which even their recent defeat has not altered. "That's just what they wanted, to rouse them from their apathy," he remarked. Whatever value may be attached to this opinion,—and the words of so eminent a soldier certainly deserves respect—it will be readily admitted that the Chinese are a frugal, thrifty race. The absence of the above qualities are the main cause of much of the poverty of the English workmen. John Bull foolishly believes that the way to happiness lies through the kitchen, and the stomach is the pope to which every knee must bow. A German is capable of living on the smell of a greased rag, while a Chinaman can subsist on a handful of roots, and regards "cold puppy" as fair aldermanic. Without any exaggeration the yellow man can live where the white would starve.

POSSIBILITIES.

If the Chinaman bursts his barriers and gets over the religious scruple of annually worshipping the bones of his grandfather, a yellow wave is certain to spread over India, Australia and perhaps farther west. His presence at any rate will have to be reckoned with, in one way or another, before many years are over. At present small groups from the flowery land have penetrated into English and American territory, and these look as if they came to stay. In Calcutta the Chinaman has adopted the shoe and carpentry trade, driving out the Eurasian who is powerless to compete with him. John not only works well but so cheaply, that we cannot now dispense with his services; for he has made himself a necessary factor in our social life, fastening like a limpid on the whole length of Bentinck Street, which the Municipality has considerately reduced to the condition of a back street in Canton solely for his benefit; unsavoury smells and rotten vegetation are to him insignificant trifles. The Chinaman's naked body, abundant pig tail and roomy "continuations" are to be seen all day long, hovering about the scene of his labour; while deep into the night, under the light of a faint lamp, he bends with the devotion of a saint over his sewing-machine, which, thanks to modern civilisation, has become one of his tutelary gods. This, however, is only the visible Chinaman; the invisible brothers whose name are Legion, live down the lane. They work in relays, twenty in a small room, and of these rooms there are an indefinite number. One Chinaman

so closely follows his brother in dress and facial expression, that they are as like as one rotten egg is to another. No one but God and Sir John Lambert can number the species who are now "pigging" an existence in the classic neighbourhood of Chandney Choke, a part of Calcutta which resembles an old English Stilton fashionably "high," where the human microbe festers and wriggles, until the whole cheese seems a moveable mass.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER POLICY.

When England forced China, at the point of the bayonet, to open her ports to the British trader, a remnant of conscience suggested "Treaty Obligations" between the two countries. These gave the Chinamen a right of access to all the British possessions. It is surely a short-sighted policy of our sturdy Australian Colonists to seek to exclude Chinese labour in the face of these commercial compacts, especially when half the country is in the tropics, where white men cannot be employed to cultivate the soil. There is even another consideration which should not be omitted. By leaving part of the land uncultivated, sooner than admit another race, the colonists are simply cancelling a large portion of the assets on the security of which they have borrowed so much British capital. Here is, however, the point I wish to come to, and one of exceeding importance. As long as we neglect to give our people a sound technical and industrial education, we are paving the way for the Mongolian tribes,—the Goths and Huns of the East—and a Yellow invasion, if not conquest, is sure to

follow. Japan has given us an object lesson which it would be unwise to disregard.

The above considerations have prompted me to visit the chief Engineering College in Bengal, to see what steps have been taken to meet the difficulty. A polite invitation from Mr. Slater, the Principal, afforded me the desired information to which I invite public attention.

THE ROAD TO SEEBPOOR COLLEGE.

The drive across the Maidan in the early morning exhibited this beautiful park at its best. A herd of cattle cropped the green herbage that a few weeks ago looked like brown paper; the taper masts in the river etched sharp lines on a background of luminous blue. The Red Road was deserted. A few horsemen, enjoying their morning ride, cantered over the vivid green sward; the Fort barracks lifted its high windows to look over the guns and get a breath of the morning air; the High Court like the Doge's Palace in Venice stood calm and solid, the majesty of the Law giving it an air of dignified repose; the dome of the Post Office suggested other scenes; Dufferin, in his grand uniform posed with cynical smile, looking down the Red Road. His lordship appeared rather mouldy in the rains; an insolent crow was perched on his head, whose loud cawing detracted from the dignity of the great diplomat. Merging into Dalhousie Square and out on the Howrah bridge, seemed a plunge from the sublime to the vulgar commonplace, a rapid descent from the patrician region of the official to flat Municipal slovenliness.

There is a frankness about a back door which is not to be found at a front entrance. Howrah is the back door of Calcutta where great ware-houses are situated, marked with solitary letters of the alphabet, indicating solid sordid wealth; here are work-sheds, monster steam rafts, lumbering trucks and sharp railway lines, shooting in all directions and focusing the traffic of the city. The sun in all his glory can throw no gleam of splendour on unlovely Howrah, for no eyes but those of the money-grubber can look down on the Talkal Ghat highway with anything but sentiments of dissatisfaction.

This road is full of slush, mud and holes, a traction engine never boomed that way; ragged plantains and feathery bamboos bend down in whispering murmurs over tanks green with age and redolent with offensive odour. Here women drapped in dingy red with brown tatooed arms glistening with silver and shellac ornaments come to drink, bathe and gossip while they wash their clothes. A miscellaneous collection fills the bazaars; dishes of unwholesome sweet-meats studded with blue flies, innumerable curry stuffs red, pale-yellow and snuff coloured, like the ashes of a corpse; dripping balls of native tobacco with coarse cocoanut hookhas, piles of brown unglazed crockery, and Manchester cottons. Stacks of firewood filled up the chinks that divided ramshackle dwellings consisting of mud and wattles, while a few houses are built of brick without mortar of an unhealthy hue as if they caught the measles from each other. Cakes of cow droppings were carefully dried in the sun under the superintendence of little naked boys; an inky

drain of liquid mud stood before the houses, near which a large porker indolently reclined with audible sighs of satisfaction. Near her was seated a naked Baboo with a bosom like a fat woman, while a swarm of brown children sat beside him on the same low platform. I passed by two men stretched on their backs in a *charpoy* chanting the Koran, while the inevitable tom-tom sounded from an inner room. The human, animal and vegetable products were rank and tropical in their growth, and all looked unsavoury to contemplate.

THE COLLEGE

consists of two or three blocks of buildings with several sheds and out-offices covering an area of seventy acres. It was built by Bishop Middleton in the early part of the century "for the honour of God in India" and intended for missionary work. The good Bishop Heber who came out in 1823 took an interest in the College and sought to make it a central educational force with the district committee in Madras, Bombay and Colombo. For thirty years it engaged in fitful educational work; it failed through want of unity, the agents of the two religious societies could not agree. The buildings then fell into the hands of the P. W. D. "As a college I can hardly say it is complete yet," remarked Mr. Slater as he led me through the workshops.

"We are, however, progressing slowly. It was difficult to get anything out of Sir Charles Elliott, who hardly understood the advantage of such an institution. Before

he left, however the Government made us a grant which has set us going."

"To make it a working institution a good deal of money is necessary," I added.

"Yes, there is where the shoe pinches. The apparatus and instruments are costly and the initial expenses, however economically we go to work, must be heavy. There are a great many things I want, but I must wait until the Government approves. The restriction on the purchase of European articles gives me the greatest trouble. It often takes three to six months before this takes place, consequently all my bills and payments are delayed."

Mr. Slater took me over the workshops where carpenters, smiths, iron and brass founders were at work, and explained and pointed out many minute points of interest in the respective machines.

"We do all our own house work, mend our own instruments, and construct machines as far as our capacities admit. Every thing required about the buildings is done by the students. There is an instructor for each department. Of course if I got skilled men in, I could get through all this more rapidly," he said, pointing to a laboratory table, fitted with taps, gas pipes, tanks and the complicated arrangements necessary for chemical experiments, "this however would not be so profitable to the students."

"What do you do with the machine you build?" I asked, seeing several steel lathes in the shed.

"We sell them at a reduced rate to the technical schools affiliated to the college. In fact, when we get an order we can furnish a technical shop complete, for nearly a third of what it would cost if the articles were ordered from England."

"How far are you moving with the times, Mr. Slater, I mean with regard to modern science?"

"Well, pretty closely" he remarked, "we have got an Electric plant, and in a short time we hope to have the whole college lit with electric light. We also teach photography. I will show you a specimen of our microscopic slides which we mount ourselves, when we go into the model room."

"Do you make your own gas?" I asked.

"No, we hope to do so soon. As I remarked before, we are not at all complete yet, we do some of our own foundary work. We want however a good steam hammer. We have no apparatus to lift heavy articles.

"Here is something I want to show you" and he pointed to the frame work of a small yacht. This was a very creditable piece of work.

"We hope to be able to fit it up complete."

"You seem to be more or less in a transition state," I remarked.

"Yes, the Board of works had first possession of the place. The teaching then was unsatisfactory and desultory. Now we are getting into better form."

I inspected two or three of these classes. The geometrical drawings were fair and the colouring careful.

I did not see any free-hand drawing. On a long table was extended a plan of a railway line with all the bridges and roads marked off. As we entered the room, I was amused to see one student perched like a bird on the drawing table, while his body was bent down over his toes, filling in the sketch, a pocket handkerchief under his feet protected the paper from being soiled. Mr. Slater evidently disapproved of this acrobatic method of drawing, a wave of his hand induced the birdlike craftsman to abandon his position. He leap d lightly to the ground. I doubt if a European student could achieve this even if he tried.

"Do the students receive any physical education?" I inquired.

"Yes, I make athletics compulsory on every student who joins. Our recreation and reading rooms are satisfactory. We get all the scientific books and reviews, with a small amount of fiction and books of travel."

I was very much pleased with the model room, which though small was well furnished. There is an excellent model of a Colliery, shewing every part of the work, the cradle, shaft, pumps, and furnaces. It would not take a smart boy three days to understand the whole working from this excellent model. There were also some fine specimens of Indian wood in a glass case arranged like volumes in a library, shewing the colour, grain, and hardness of each specimen. An assortment of the various woods in India and Burmah would form a valuable addition to a student's knowledge.

"How many young men are in the College?" I inquired.

"About three hundred. You will find all our rules in a pamphlet which I shall give you. We admit about forty every year, and we send out a similar number."

"What prospect has a lad leaving here?"

"Very fair, he may earn from Rs. 200 a month, and run up to Rs. 1500, if he comes in at the right time and is properly equipped; he must remain with us from two to three years."

"And what is the whole cost of the education yearly including extras?"

"About Rs. 300. A sum which would not cover the third of his education in Europe."

"Tell me, Mr. Slater, what you think of the Government B. A. the silk purse made out of the bristly material Sir Alfred Croft is so fond of?"

"The B. A. who graduates in honours is not bad of his kind, but the ordinary B. A. is a very poor product of education, worthless to himself and useless to the country. Formerly his value was about Rs. 50 a month, now he is dear at Rs. 25. In fact he is a drug in the market."

"Where does his education break down?" I asked.

"Well, in the first place his English is deficient, he understands nothing, and next the only faculty exercised is memory. Three months after the examination a brush might sweep his mind clean off all the knowledge he crammed."

"Is there nothing left?" I asked desirous of getting the opinion of so eminent an authority as the Principal of the Engineering College."

"Yes, a colossal conceit which spoils all his chances in life, except those of a matrimonial character. The degree has an appreciable value in the purchase of a husband."

I asked Mr. Slater if he had any proposal to enlarge and extend the scope of the College. His answer was significant.

"No: the poverty of industrial enterprise does not justify enlarging our training establishment. I doubt if the country could absorb more than three hundred students in this work."

Just imagine Bengal with its seventy millions, a country as large as the whole German Empire, unable to find employment for more than 300 technical and industrial students. It was only in 1889 that England took the first step by passing the Technical Education Act. In 1890 she set aside £750,000 for scientific and technical education, what was known as the Goschen fund. Out of the £750,000, £600,000 was being devoted to technical education. Private donations were even more liberal still. The result is that technical schools in England have multiplied by leaps and bounds. The Polytechnic alone educates students in every craft to the amount of 30,000 every year. Then contrast the life of those classes, the energy displayed. Thinking of these and the German and Swiss Schools, one cannot help feeling sad for the 300 millions of Indians, forty millions out of the number not knowing where to get a scanty breakfast.

I commend to the earnest attention of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Seebpore College. The chemical laboratory is absurdly deficient, not room for two dogs to dance in it.

The whole institution is starved, dwarfed, and absolutely inadequate to the wants of so vast and populous a province. Every branch of sound education is neglected by the Government, while money is poured out like water on Departmental Jobbery and military schemes. To crown the evil, there is no breeze of healthy public opinion to expose rascality and bring in *reform*.

A jetty would be an advantage both to the Botanical Gardens as well as the College. The Howrah route is described with the view of suggesting a better means of *reaching* those useful institutions. Thanking Mr. Slater for his courtesy, I returned thinking sadly of the miserable educational efforts made by the Director of Public Instruction to meet the wants of the times, and satisfy the requirements of this huge pauper warren. A tenth rate town in Germany would be ashamed to own so deficient an Institution as the Seebpore College, and no country boasting of any intelligence, would elect as its Director a man of such slender capacity and small organising power. Yet when he retires, his clique will flood him with *testimonials* and try to give him a statue in the Maidan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUTWITTING THE SAHEB.

Nobody knew how Appu Hami became Mudliyar; when he got the office he possessed nothing that he could call his own but his skin. In a few years he became so disgustingly rich that everyone in Matara envied him. The Mudliyar sucked up money as though his fingers were fashioned like the tentacles of an octopus, while the prosperity of the people under his jurisdiction sensibly decreased. He attended auctions and sales of property; as head man of the district he had his share in every robbery that was committed, in fact wherever a penny was to be turned, the Mudliyar turned it into his pocket.

As the number of his years increased, the front of his waist-coat assumed more and more the appearance of a perfect arch. In stature he was short and stunted: there was very little of him, but all that was there, was vicious. He had a weasely face with ferrety eyes which winked like sickly stars under bushy eyebrows. His hair was rebellious, more like a wire-fence than anything else; his legs short and fleshy, his voice shrill, his laugh a dry cackle which

sounded like the rinsing out of a bottle. If you had any doubt about the Darwinian theory as to the descent of man from the lower animals, that doubt vanished when you looked at the Mudliyar, for the dullest intellect became magnetically conscious that a Chimpanzee or two must be among his ancestors.

His accomplishments were few but striking. He could praise, fawn, bully, cheat, and tell a lie with an artless simplicity which would impose on a Chetty. He had a great power of shaking hands, always impressing the owner of the hand shaken, that he the shaker was by the process covered with glory and steeped with delight. Yet, with all this, he was not happy; there are lees even in the cup of a rich man.

The Mudliyar had two sons whose vicious habits caused him infinite anxiety. They inherited much of the wickedness of their parent, but the disease took quite a different direction: the father saved, the sons squandered. They failed to pass the clerical examination, but to do them justice they were well up in several subjects not approved of by the Director of Public Instruction, though practised extensively by the nobility and gentry of Europe as well as Ceylon, such as betting, billiards, pegging and horse-racing, and added to the above an extensive and unqualified adoration of the opposite sex.

These youths vexed the heart of their parent especially in the transaction of a little money affair where they anticipated his death. The Mudliyar reduced to beggary many a family without a thought of their future. Now the

bitterness of poverty came home to him filling his cup ; as the prospect of a happy old age became as remote and uncertain as the proverbial bird in the bush, he determined then and there to get rid of his hopeful sons before the worst came.

Accident presented the Mudliyar with an opportunity which he turned to good account. The Government Agent whom we shall call the Saheb, happened to be staying at the Rest-house while on circuit.

The Mudliyar called to pay his respects. Visitors are not numerous in the southern Province. The great man was becoming tired of his own company so the welcome was cordial.

"I missed you when I called at Cotta," said the Saheb, stretching himself in his long chair and pointing to cigars and whisky which lay inviting on the table.

"Very sorry, Sir," said the Mudliyar helping himself.

"Oh, never mind ; I'll be coming that way again, soon. By the way, Mudliyar, I hear there is some big game in your district. Is it worth bringing my guns down?"

The Mudliyar paused and examined his cigar critically ; an idea occurred to him. Presently he added, "There are plenty elk, buffalo, deer, bear and elephants. I think I can give you some good sport."

"I hear wild buffaloes are very fierce and there is great fun in shooting them. Now I'll let you know a week before I arrive at the station." Knowing his man the Saheb added, "Now, what can I do for you ?"

"Sir, you are very kind," the Mudliyar added in a humble tone, as he saw the ball come to him in a hop. "I have two sons, spirited lads; I'd be glad if you would help me to get them employment."

"Well, we will see about it. Let me know when you hear of anything to suit them."

A month after the Mudliyar received a letter: "I am coming south and will be with you on Friday. Make arrangements for the buffalo shooting."

On the receipt of this letter the Mudliyar was puzzled for there were no wild buffaloes in the district. He had, however, to keep his word.

He went down to the village, summoned a meeting, and informed the people that the Rajuroo was coming to shoot wild buffaloes, and as there were none in the place, he asked that they should allow their cattle to graze in the open green and not tether them; that when the Rajuroo comes he may shoot some, and that he the Mudliyar would pay double their value. If they would make this concession, he would speak to the Rajuroo and get some of their taxes reduced. The people consented.

On the morning of the day the Saheb was expected, a large paper of ground chillies and pepper was sent to the owners of the cattle with instructions as to its use.

The Saheb duly arrived and was met by the Mudliyar attended by a great crowd of tom-tom beaters and retainers. Both slept well that night; the Saheb dreaming of sport and the Mudliyar of the success of his plans.

Early next day the buffaloes were roaming about the jungle, jumping, bellowing, and tearing up the soil with their hoofs and horns. The pepper had done its work.

A follower trained to his part ran in, breathless with the information that a ferocious herd was passing through the opening. Up jumped the Saheb with his gun in hand, and in rushed the Mudliyar forgetting to put on his shoes in the hurry. Away went both to the opening of the jungle.

As they approached the herd, the animals perceived them, and infuriated from the burning sensation, rushed forward. The Saheb prudently beat a retreat; hitting his foot against a root he stumbled and fell, but soon rose again.

The shouts and yells of the beaters kept the herd confused. The Saheb approached cautiously hiding himself behind a tree. As one of the infuriated herd rushed past, he took a steady aim and fired. Down fell one of the number, while a wild cheer from the beaters followed. The heat made the perspiration run down the Saheb's face and neck. He was, however, determined to have another shot. After a short run he spotted a young bull calf who with tail erect was leading the herd. The Saheb fired and the animal fell on his knee; the rest disappeared in the jungle.

An appetising meal awaited the Saheb after his morning's sport supplied by the Mudliyar, who waited obsequiously on his guest complimenting him on his skill. The Saheb was pleased, and though he knew he was an indifferent shot, yet under the seductive praise of the Mudliyar, he purred like an old Tom Cat rubbed down the back.

"By the way, Mudliyar, how is it those wild buffaloes have no long horns. They look like the ordinary village buffalo?"

"That's all owing to the climate, Sir. Water is scarce here, so the horns don't grow."

The Mudliyar was equal to any emergency, and never did he seem more simple than when uttering a falsehood.

"Well, Mudliyar, I am glad I had two good shots. When I write home giving an account of this, they will be surprised."

"The herd was so wild that I thought you would miss them. It is not often we have such a good shot in these parts. The villagers will be talking about it for the next twelve months," exclaimed the Mudliyar.

"Thanks for your trouble, Mudliyar," was the delighted reply.

"I hear there are some men wanted for the Forest Department," put in the Mudliyar. "Just the thing to suit my boys."

"Oh, by-the-bye, I forgot all about it. Send me their names and I shall see what I can do."

A month afterwards the Mudliyar's two sons were appointed Forest Guards at Badulla. Character or ability does not count for much in the East; a man with a handsome wife or sister need not despair of rising to the highest office. *Sic itur ad astra.*

WORKS BY J. BOWLES DALY, LL. D.

Personal and Press Opinions.

"RADICAL PIONEERS of the 18th Century."

"Mr. Daly has designed his book to inform those who have little time for research about the leading figures on the Radical side of politics in the end of the last Century. No doubt this will be a very useful book."—*Academy.*

"The book is worth reading, and may open the eyes of a few people to the necessity of the work done by such sufferers in the cause of progress as Horne Tooke."—*The Spectator.*

"Dr. Daly's 'Radical Pioneers of the 18th Century' may be heartily recommended. The best thing perhaps in the book is the simile for a Whig. 'Long possession of power had benumbed the faculties of the Whigs, and paralyzed, their energies: they now reposed in luxuriousness and idleness, as useless as forgotten shells on a battle field.' It is not every one who could have devised the above simile. If the forgotten shell does not beat the extinct volcano, we are no critics, and we would dare put the question to the ghost of Lord Beaconsfield himself."—*Saturday Review.*

"It would be hard to conceive a volume of more compressed information and deeper interest than 'Radical Pioneers of the 18th century.' A work which is an admirable picture of an epoch more pregnant perhaps with political instruction than any other in the world's history."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"A series of vigorous biographical sketches, which will be useful to young men, and all who desire to study the progress of the people."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"This Book, which is full of interest in every page, may be cordially recommended. Dr. Daly has accomplished the work he has undertaken, with admirable judgment."—*Echo.*

"The present volume gives a history at once accurate and graphic of the men who, as Dr. Daly puts it, bravely carried in their hands the torch of Liberty. The style is bright, full of life, colour and movement."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"It contains an account of certain events of great social and political importance. Dr. Daly has produced a book as full of instruction as it is interesting."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

"The Author has put together a number of the well-known facts regarding Wilkes, Horne Tooke, Dr. Price, Priestly, &c., giving as much prominence as possible to amusing anecdotes. The result is readable enough, and may serve its purpose of ministering to the wants of those whose time for reading is limited."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"The book furnishes an instructive study of the character of leading Radicals of the period, and also of the effect produced on English politics by the American and French Revolutions."—*Scotsman.*

"Dr. Daly borrows from other people with infinite grace, and draws a lively picture of certain epochs."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"The narrative all through is singularly readable and interesting. There is a good index of the principal contents."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"The most vivid chapter in the book is on the 'Dawn of Radicalism,' in which are embedded many facts which Reformers of to-day ought not to lose sight of."—*Bradford Observer.*

"A very interesting historical and biographical story of the men and measures of the latter half of the last century. The volume is an interesting and instructive one, both for students of history and of politics."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"Will well repay patient reading by all who take concern in the forces at work in our own day to secure the further progress of the popular cause. (The Author is evidently a man of sturdy Liberal opinions, and he handles his subject with force and vigour.")—*Lloyd's News.*

"It is easy and pleasant reading, just because the Author has spared no trouble in its composition. This book ought to become the text-book of Liberalism."—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

"As readable and faithful a description of a most important period in political history as could well be found."—*Publisher's Circular.*

"The Author has succeeded in giving us a closer view of the character of those men who carried in their hands the torch of Liberty than could possibly be obtained from general history."—*Bookseller.*

"Let all Radical associations throughout the country, place this work within reach of their members, as a deeply interesting and reliable text book. Many early Radical leaders are here sketched with a masterly hand."—*Literary World.*

"The Author is a graphic and entertaining writer. It is a pity we have not more of such sound political works."—*Army & Navy Magazine.*

"A most valuable work as regards information and instruction, but a most delightful book for the general reader. 'Radical Pioneers' unites the strength of history with the charm of romance."—*Life.*

"The whole arrangement of the work is first class, and the book will be found a great help to those desirous of obtaining a clear insight into the improved condition of the people."—*Public Opinion.*

"The most complete sketch of the political free-lances who flourished in the reign of George III. Thomas Paine is almost for the first time in English history, treated justly."—*English Opinion.*

"The book is chatty and pleasant. The account of Wilkes and Liberty is worth reading."—*To-Day.*

"The book is a good one, and deserves a place on the shelves of all who take an interest in their country."—*Inquirer.*

"A complete but concise account of the popular movements headed by Horne Tooke, John Wilkes, and other Reformers, as well as a brief outline of the manners and customs of the period."—*New Zealand Herald.*

"BROKEN IDEALS."

"A love story, which shows that the faith of more than one of the personages in the 'ideal' that passion has invested with too glowing colours, is rudely shaken. A subject of this kind is calculated to inspire interest in proportion to the talent which is displayed in handling it. The incidents here related are striking, and are worked into a life-story of absorbing interest."—*Morning Post.*

"There is a good deal of human interest in the story which deals mainly with people moving in the middle class. Many of the characters are delineated with consummate skill. Dr. Daly has a true feeling for the pathos of an unrequited passion, which makes us hope that he will give us stronger work in the future."—*Scotsman.*

"Dr. Daly has produced a healthy, readable story, free from most of the defects which mar nine-tenths of contemporary fiction. From first to last the story is thoroughly enjoyable. The author suffers from no poverty of imagination. He is apparently rich in the qualities which go to the making of a

first-class novelist, and with perseverance he is certain to obtain a recognised place among writers of contemporary fiction."—*Notts Daily Guardian.*

IRELAND IN THE DAYS OF DEAN SWIFT.

"The body of Dr. Daly's book could hardly be other than welcome, for it consists of nothing less than the cream of Swift's own writings. Dr. Daly's introduction is well enough, though very hard on Queen Anne, who is dead. His view of Swift's character and conduct is on the whole quite right. The short introductions to the several pieces are also as a rule sufficient, though the author is in more than one of them less careful to restrain his sentiments than in the general introduction."—*Saturday Review.*

"This book is most welcome, for it contains all Swift's political writings on Irish affairs Dr. Daly has written short introductions to the various pieces, in which he states briefly and succinctly the circumstances under which they were written. These introductions will be found very useful by all readers, even those most conversant with the history of the period, and they are admirable in tone and spirit. The general introduction to the volume which deals with the life of swift, is also deserving of the highest praise Dr. Daly writes sensibly on a subject in which writers are prone to extremes, he is neither a fanatic nor a partisan, but states his case with calmness and without exaggeration and meets the objections of the other side in a reasonable spirit. The sketch shows that Dr. Daly is possessed of a sound judgement and keen logical acumen, which greatly enhances the value of the work."—*Cork Examiner.*

"It is curious that among the countless books that the state of Ireland has called forth, the Tracts of Dean Swift have never untill now been republished apart from his collected works A certain side of Irish life they portray with extraordinary vividness. It may be hoped that the event will prove to Dr. Daly the existence of a public for Swift's writings, and that he will print the Tracts *in extenso*."—*Athenæum.*

"Dr. Daly has written a capital introduction, and further explanatory notes, with extracts from the writings of the best master of prose that ever wielded a pen. The work is very interesting, and is an apt and welcome contribution to the literature of the Irish Question. The book is a useful adjunct to any Irish history of the troubled, yet memorable time, of swift, and will give a capital insight into the politics of the day."—*Literary World.*

"IRELAND IN '98."

"A volume about 450 pages, based on Madden's "Lives of United Irishmen," containing the substance of those bulky volumes, besides additional matter from the author's unpublished MSS, with portraits and cartoons."—*Nation.*

"Lively and pictorial representations of the leading patriots of '98. They are trustworthy in matters of fact, and certainly interesting."—*Scotsman.*

"Dr. Daly has made a favourable reputation by his works "Radical Pioneers," and "Ireland in the Days of Dean Swift" which are well known. That reputation will be maintained by the present volume, as the sketches of notable Irish patriots of the era of '98. He does not profess to be impartial, but we have never found him uncandid. In historical writing, candour and not a colourless impartiality is the one thing needful. The chapter on Secret Societies is rich in information and as novel as it is fascinating. The substance of Dr. Daly's book is thoroughly honest and is more interesting than many romances."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"Dr. Daly traces forcibly the growth of the national spirit and succinctly puts before us a faithful picture of the time from the best authorities. He writes in good faith, with a deep love of Ireland and sincere admiration for what was heroic in the leaders of '98. This work, owing to its admirable method of representation, is likely to make its way among the English public and sure to do good."—*Academy.*

"An entertaining book, containing everything that is worth preserving of the history of that period. The introduction is a masterly exposition of the English policy towards Ireland during the 18th century."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

"STORM HEROES."

"A stirring story of splendid service in our Life boats, a general sketch of the gradual development of the National Institution being also given. The letterpress which will well repay perusal by young and old, is well illustrated."—*Literary World.*

"It is a story of life boats and the brave and gallant men who man them. It is well worth reading, being written in the author's pleasant, quaint, and pathetic manner."—*Life.*

"GLIMPSES OF IRISH INDUSTRIES."

"I hope that this book will be very useful in effacing impressions which are most unjust to the Irish people."—*Extract of Letter from the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Dated Oct. 7th*

"A suggestive and practical book, brightly written with fresh and well digested matter on provisions, trade, lace, woollens, fisheries, railway, and possible industries. The book is fresh and full of new points. It will encourage exhausted Irish politicians as it will surprise English disciples of *laissez faire*."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This is a book which should not fail to be read and re-read by all who are interested in the solution of the Irish question. The chapters on the various industries and the afforesting of Ireland contained much that is valuable and interesting. Dr. Daly's indictment against the existing railway system in Ireland is formidable, and one who has travelled on their lines will agree with him that there is ample room for improvement. It is pleasant to meet with an Irishman who believes that his country has a future which depends not on political revolution or constitutional change, but on the development of resources and the encouragement of industry."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"Unionist and Home Rulers who disagree about the legislative agency, may get valuable instruction from Dr. Daly's compact and authentic treatise on the best methods of increasing the productive resources of Ireland. The pertinence of the author's remarks may be inferred from the fact that the Board of Trade have now instituted a comprehensive official inquiry to be held in Dublin with regard the excessive rates and charges on the Irish railways. Dr. Daly has a vein of humourous jest, which he indulges pleasantly enough upon the history of the pig, and his description of the great bacon factory of Messrs. Shaw and Mathieson at Limerick, vying with the great American establishments, should lend dignity to the savoury rashers on a London breakfast-table. This book is certain to obtain a large share of public attention."—*Illustrated London News.*

"Dr. Daly is plain spoken, he roundly tells his countrymen that the decay of Irish Industries is in a great measure due to the Irish themselves, and he gives important suggestions how several of the industries may be revived. He is scrupulously fair and heartily praises the Dublin Unionist, Pim, for his efforts to make Poplin fashionable. Dr. Daly deals with many of his subjects in a light playful manner, but he always hits a blot. For instance, Ireland is ruined by the live cattle trade, which

has crushed out tanning, boot and shoe making, comb making, &c. He calls for abattoirs and refrigerating vans and unsparingly denounces the defects of the middlemen and cattle boat companies. He is deservedly hard on the Irish railway system, or rather want of system. His chapter on banking is the most useful in the book, while his suggestions on the fisheries are throughly sound and helpful."—*Academy.*

"Dr. J. Bowles Daly has set a good example to the professional Irish patriot by devoting himself to the production of a series of books, dealing with the most important interests of the country. He shows how banking and railway enterprise and other important Irish industries are bungled by bad and ill-directed management. He has carefully considered the history of the various industries which exist or have existed, their present condition and the obstacles to their development. He brings together an array of instructive facts, gathered from the most authentic sources and sets them forth in a racy style with clear arrangement and lucid exposition."—*Scotsman.*

"It is not too much to say that since Sir Robert Kane published his notable volume on the "Industrial Resources of Ireland," now an effete authority, no such contribution as "Glimpses of Irish Industries" has been made to the national literature. The statements of this book have been carefully gleaned and are classed in their order with the skill of the statistician and the practised illustrative ingenuity of the cultivated man of letters. From first to last these pages will be read with the closest attention. We consider this book to be of the highest importance as a guide to every honest student of the Irish problem. Dr. Daly's work ought to arrest the attention of every independent and practical thinker, and should it assist, as it is intended, to stimulate a spirit of honest, practical, and in the highest sense, patriotic effort, its author will have earned the gratitude of every sensible English politician and of every right thinking working man in Ireland."—*Irish Times.*

"The author's glimpses are entertaining, highly suggestive, full of information, and set before the reader with much artistic skill. The book may be read as a literary entertainment by persons who feel very little interest in the subject, but at the same time it has far more solid qualities. Dr. Daly has collected a vast amount of facts, and his proposal and suggestions should command the attention of Irish Capitalists. It is a work which should be diligently perused by all statesmen who concern themselves with the present and future of Ireland. The general temper and spirit of the book is fresh, animating and breezy. We wish every Irish Capitalist would read it."—*Daily Express.*

"The author, J. Bowles Daly, is already well and favourably known as the writer of books that deserve a place upon the shelves of every Irish library—sound, honest, useful books that are bright in style and valuable for the matter that they contain. One of the best chapters in this book is that devoted to banking. Dr. Daly states his views without any mincing of language, that our banks serve as drains for the removal of the country's capital, and that in consequence Irish Industries have declined. The author states with vigour and precision many old and some new facts that are essential to a proper understanding of the present social and economic condition of Ireland, and his book claims a cordial welcome."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"It is a relief to open and read a book upon any Irish subject which is interesting and instructive, without being polemical. Dr. Daly's latest book is devoted mainly to giving information rather than waging war, and as information is welcome to everybody the volume as a whole may be read with pleasure and profit by Unionists and Home Rulers, Catholics and Protestants. In this book, as in its predecessors, Dr. Daly proves himself master of a very bright and pleasing literary style, and he has been at great pains to collect a number of the most interesting details concerning the various trades and manufactories with which he deals. The history of the pig is one of the most entertaining in the book, and though Dr Daly uses with skill government returns, and blue books, he never loses sight of that fastidious person, the general reader, who will gain from the perusal both information and pleasure."—*Manchester Examiner.*

"This volume has many merits. It is written in an easy attractive style which makes it a very pleasant task to find out what the author thinks about Ireland and her industries. He combines very necessary qualifications. He has practical knowledge of his subject, he has studied it theoretically in its general relations with other subjects, he has in addition enlightened sympathy enabling him to see where are the remediable faults and where the external hindrances which have hitherto impeded Irish industrial development. The author is slightly fantastical in some of his views, but he is a patient and skilful workman who has chosen his materials well and has put them to the best use."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Patrick Press, Calcutta.

MATHEMATICAL WORKS BY Mr. P. GHOSH.

*The Books marked thus * are Revised and Enlarged by his son Mr. A. S. GHOSH, F. R. A. S. (London), Professor of Mathematics and Economics, City College, Calcutta; Member of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching (England); Member of the British Bimetallic League.*

THE ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA, with Calcutta, Madras and Bombay University Papers; **Part I.** 16th Edition (cloth). Rl 8*a*. Postage 2 *a*.

Do. Do. **Part II.** 2nd Ed. R1 8*a*. Ptg. 2*a*

***KEY TO ABOVE Part I.** 5th Ed. (Just published). Rs-2 8*a*. Ptg. 2*a*.

Do. Do. **Part II.** 1st Ed. Rs-2 4*a*. Ptg. 2*a*.

TEXT-BOOK OF ALGEBRA, with University Papers; **Part I.** 4th Ed. Especially designed for the Matriculation Examinations of Indian Universities. R1 8*a*. Ptg. 2½ *a*.

Do. Do. **Part II.** New Ed. (For F. A. and B. C. E. Examinations). R1 12*a*. Ptg. 2½ *a*.

***KEY TO ABOVE Part I.** New Ed. (Just published). Rs-3. Ptg. 2*a*.

Do. Do. **Part II.** 1st Ed. Rs-3. Ptg. 2*a*.

TEXT-BOOK OF ALGEBRA FOR BEGINNERS. 2nd Ed. 8*a*. Ptg. 1*a*.

***EUCLID'S ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY.** Containing some Fundamental Propositions in Modern Geometry. **Books I-IV.** 17th Ed. For Entrance Candidates, (cloth) R1 4*a*. Ptg. 2*a*.

Do. Do. **Books V, VI, XI, & XII.** 4th Ed. R1. Ptg. 2*a*.

***THE ELEMENTS OF EUCLID Book I.** 3rd Ed. 6*a*. Ptg. 1*a*.

***THE ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC.** With Answers to University Papers. 20th Ed. R1 8*a*. Ptg. 2½ *a*.

***KEY TO ABOVE** 4th Ed. Rs-3 Ptg. 2*a*.

***TEXT-BOOK OF ARITHMETIC.** With Answers to University Papers. 17th Ed. R1 8*a*. Ptg. 2½ *a*.

KEY TO ABOVE (New Ed.) Rs-3. Ptg. 2*a*.

***MENSURATION OF PLANE SURFACES.** For the Entrance Examination of the Indian Universities. 10th Edition. 12*a*. Ptg. 1½ *a*.

KEY TO ABOVE 2nd Ed. R1 4*a*. Ptg. 1*a*.

*SMALLER MENSURATION. 1st Ed. (Just published) 8 a. Ptg. ½ a.

*SMALLER ARITHMETIC. New Ed. (Just published) 8 a. Ptg. 1 a.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC. New Ed. 2 a. Ptg. ½ a.

CALCUTTA PAPERS (Entrance). With Solutions up to 1896. 6th Ed. R1 8 a. Ptg. 1½ a.

CALCUTTA F. A. PAPERS. With Solutions up to 1893. 5th Ed. R1 12 a. Ptg. 2 a.

*PLANE TRIGONOMETRY. New Ed. Rs 2 4 a. Ptg. 2 a.

KEY TO PLANE TRIGONOMETRY. (In the press)

KEY TO TODHUNTER'S MENSURATION. (Complete) Rs 3 4 a. Ptg. 1½ a.

*PATIGANITA or ARITHMETIC IN BENGALI. 20th Ed. R1 6 a. Ptg. 2½ a.

KEY TO ABOVE 4th Ed. Rs 2 8 a. Ptg. 1½ a.

*PATIGANITA and SHUBHANKARI. 20th Ed. R1 8 a. Ptg. 2½ a.

SARALA PATIGANITA or EASY ARITHMETIC IN BENGALI. New Ed. (cloth) 12 a. (paper) 10 a. Ptg. 1½ a.

PARIMITI or MENSURATION IN BENGALI. 4th Edition. 12 a. Ptg. 1½ a.

KEY TO ABOVE. 2nd Ed. R1. Ptg. 1 a.

SHUBHANKARI or INDIGENOUS BENGALI ARITHMETIC. 16th Ed. 8 a. Ptg. 1 a.

KEY TO ABOVE. 1st Ed. R1. Ptg. 1½ a.

SMALLER SHUBHANKARI. 13th Ed. 4 a. Ptg. 1 a.

SARALA SHUBHANKARI 7th Ed. 2 a. Ptg. ½ a.

SARALA PARIMITI. 6th Ed. 2½ a. Ptg. ½ a.

KEY TO ABOVE. New Ed. 4 a. Ptg. ½ a.

NAVA DHARAPATA. 4th Ed. (paper) 1 a. (board) 1½ a. Ptg. ½ a.

			डाक महसूल
पाटीगणित (हिन्दी) (द्वितीय संस्करण) कपड़ेकी जिल्द		१।=)	=)
,, ,, ,, कागजकी	,,	१।)	,,
सहज पाटीगणित (हिन्दी) (प्रथम संस्करण) कपड़ेकी	,,	॥)	=)॥
,, ,, ,, कागजकी	,,	।=)	=)
पाटीगणित समाधान (हिन्दी) (प्रथम संस्करण) कपड़ेकी	,,	२।)	=)

ڈاک محصول

علم حساب (اُردو) (طبع ثاني) کپڑے کي جلد ۱ روپیہ ۲ آنہ) ۳ آنہ

,, ,, ,, کاغذ کي جلد ۱ روپیہ ۳ آنہ ۳ آنہ

Opinions on the New Editions of the ARITHMETIC and EUCLID.

"A serviceable treatise (the *Arithmetic*) based on sound principles. It is well furnished with examples, and contains more than 100 pages of Indian University Examination Papers. The Chapter on Coinage Systems and Exchange seems especially good."

The Mathematical Gazette (London), May 1895.

"An excellent edition (the *Euclid*) containing numerous exercises, with useful hints for solution, and addenda introducing the student to modern results. Among these is a valuable section on Maxima and Minima, in which the method of the 'Coincidence of Equal Values' is well expounded."

The Mathematical Gazette (London), May 1895.

I regard this as a very suitable text-book for students in Indian Schools. It does not like some Arithmetics give mere Rules without reasons, but the Rules given are briefly and concisely proved. The abbreviated methods of squaring numbers and of performing multiplication and division in special cases are very useful from an examination point of view, as are also the hints for resolving numbers into factors. The principal feature of the book is the great fulness with which Commercial and Stock Exchange transactions are treated; the book thus forms an excellent manual for students preparing for a Commercial career. From a scientific point of view the Chapter on the Metric System is exceedingly useful. The examples are very full and well chosen, and a very extensive series of University Examination Papers is appended, of which the answers are given, thereby greatly increasing their usefulness to private students.

ANDREW C. D. CROMMELIN, F.R.A.S.
Late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge,
Assistant-Astronomer, Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

This edition of Euclid seems admirably suited for students at all stages of their course. Beginners are assisted in the definitions by the use of bold types for the thing defined, and in the figures by the dotting of the construction lines. The abbreviations, which have been introduced from Book II onwards, seem calculated to assist in the more rapid comprehension of the drift of the demonstration. They have been wisely omitted in Book I, as the beginner has sufficient difficulty in following the proof, without the additional one of remembering the significance of unwonted symbols. For more advanced students the Notes and Additional Propositions are of great utility; the former call attention to special difficulties, and the apparent weak points of Euclid's methods, such as the 12th Axiom. The latter include the more important results of modern geometers.

The Problems and Examination Papers are very numerous, and the Hints for the solution of these will doubtless be acceptable to students. The Chapter on Maxima and Minima (illustrated by numerous examples) is particularly worthy of attention, since this subject has been very inadequately treated in nearly all elementary text-books.

ANDREW C. D. CROMMELIN, F. R. A. S.
Late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge,
Assistant-Astronomer, Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

I have looked through MR. P. GHOSH'S *Euclid*, of which the sixteenth edition has been brought out in a revised and improved form by his son MR. A. S. GHOSH. A large amount of illustrated matter has been introduced in this edition, and a fresh examination of the work confirms me in the opinion, which I expressed seven years ago, that it is on the whole an admirable text-book, which deserves to be largely used in our schools.

ASUTOSH MUKHOPADHYAY,
M. A., D. L., F. R. A. S., F. R. S. (Edin).
President of the Mathematical Board of Studies,
University of Calcutta.

THE perusal of Mr. Ghosh's Euclid has given me much pleasure. The most striking feature of the work is, I think, the valuable collection of additional propositions placed at the end of each book, which should prove of great service to the older student. The exercises are also good, and the hints, if rightly used, should be of much value. I am glad to see that the 1st Book is not abbreviated. Some of the alternative proofs in the 3rd Book are so much better than Euclid's that they might be put first as the best ones for the student to learn. The chapter on Maxima and Minima is a valuable addition as is also the introduction to Modern Geometry. The introduction of these into the Euclid will save the teacher the trouble of giving copious notes. The book contains many of the best features of the later Euclids published in England, and should prove invaluable to Indian students.

R. N. HAYGARTH, B. A.,
Late Scholar of Queen's College, Cambridge.

I CONSIDER your Arithmetic to be both practical and thorough, as well as being a marvel of cheapness. I may add the same remarks with reference to your Euclid as far as it treats. The paper you inserted on "Maxima and Minima" seems to me very ingenious.

ANDREW A. STAPLETON, B. A.,
Principal, St. George's College, Mussoorie.

THEY (*Arithmetic* and *Euclid*) seem to be very good, and, what is a very important consideration for students, at a very reasonable price.

They are being used in our school here.

GEORGE WAUGH,
Principal, Scotch Mission College, Sialkot.

The author's books have for some time been in use in this school either as text books or supplementary text books, and their worth is acknowledged by their continued use.

W. A. MANSELL, M. A., B. T. B.,
Principal, Reid Christian College, Lucknow.

Mr. P. Ghosh's *Euclid*, revised and enlarged by Mr. A. S. Ghosh, F. R. A. S., contains all that a candidate for the Entrance Examination requires to lead him with ease through the elements of Geometry. There is a large collection of Riders, with Notes and Hints for solution. I can strongly recommend the book to the attention of students reading for the Entrance Examination of the Indian Universities. Its price, R 1 4 *a.* is ridiculously cheap.

MOHENDRA NATH DUTT, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics, Govt. College, Benares,
Member of the London Mathematical Society.

They (*Arithmetic* and *Euclid*) are excellent works and deserve every encouragement. MADHU SUDAN MOOKERJEE,
IId. Master, Zillah school, Sultanpur.

THESE works (*Arithmetic* and *Geometry*) are really useful and deserve the wide circulation they have already acquired.

M. S. ASHRAF ALI, M. A.,
IId. Master, Zillah School, Banda.

I SEE good many improvements in the new editions of the two books, *Arithmetic* and *Euclid*, the latter of which is being still used as an alternative text-book on the subject of Geometry, in the school here. N. M. MITRA,
IId. Master, M. B. School, Hoshiarpur.

Mr. Ghosh's book (*Arithmetic*) in the original was itself a text well adapted to the requirements of students reading for the University and other examinations, but by the judicious introduction of a large amount of new matter, you have rendered it an excellent and admirable treatise on the subject. The arrangement of chapters is methodical and natural, the exposition of principles is elaborate and lucid and the examples are nicely selected, and are more varied and numerous than could be found in former editions. The articles on commercial matters deserve special notice, and in several places ingenious methods are employed in the solution of worked-out examples, which materially enhance the value of the publication. The book, as it now stands, is in many respects superior to all the other Indian publications on the subject. I hope to see the revised editions of the remaining works soon. HEM CHANDRA CHATTERJI, B. A.,
First Mathematical Teacher, L. M. S. *Institution.*
Mirzapur. N. W. P.

YOUR father's edition of Euclid has long been recognized as one of the best editions extant; and its adoption as a text-book in many of our schools makes all words of recommendation only

superfluous. The changes and additions made by you will considerably enhance its value as a text-book; and I doubt not they will be appreciated by the intelligent class of students and teachers alike.

As a teacher of Physical Science, I regard the chapter on Maxima and Minima as a most valuable addition; and I believe that the elementary treatment that you have given of the subject will be found a sufficient equipment for the student of Physics to start with in his studies. Geometry is abstract so far as it treats of spatial relations alone; and I have always felt that Geometrical text-books might be made far more interesting and instructive to students than they are at present, if more regard were paid to the concrete and physical aspect of Geometry, so far as it illustrates the relations of physical quantities in general.

R. S. TRIVEDI, M. A., B. L.,
Member of the Mathematical and Natural Science Board of Studies, University of Calcutta.

ORIGINAL OPINIONS.

"I have looked through your 'Elements of Algebra' and think it useful and well-adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. The examples are numerous and good."

SIR ALFRED CROFT, M.A., K.C.I.E.,
Director of Public Instruction, Bengal.

"I have looked through your edition of Wood's Elements of Algebra remodelled so as to adapt it for the use of native students. I have much pleasure in expressing my favourable opinion of its merits as a text-book. It gives fully and clearly all that is required to assist native students to pass the ordinary University Examinations in Algebra. The examples are numerous and well selected. Solutions are also given freely to aid the student. These, I may add, are neatly and methodically worked out. A complete collection of the Calcutta University Examination Papers in Algebra makes this work doubly valuable to an Indian Student."

"It therefore seems to me to give all that either Entrance or First Arts candidates can possibly require, and as it has the great additional merit of cheapness, it will, I have no doubt, supersede Todhunter's Algebra very largely in Indian Schools and junior College classes."

"So far as I can judge, it (Euclid I-IV. Bks.) appears to me to be very well-adapted for the purposes you have in view. It is moderately priced. It gives all that an Indian student can require for the Entrance Examination." JOHN ELIOT, M. A.,
Senior Professor of Mathematics, Presidency College, Calcutta.

"I have looked through your edition of Wood's Algebra, and am of opinion that it is really a useful work, very well adapted to the needs of Indian students. Its special value lies in the unusually copious sets of examples, which are, as far as I can see, well selected

and carefully arranged. It will also greatly assist the student to find such a large number of examples carefully worked out in the text by methods that seem to be generally clear and instructive.

"I am glad also to be able to speak in very high terms of your Elements of Euclid. The Notes which you add to each book convey a great amount of very interesting information on geometrical points, and I do not know of any other edition of Euclid in which the student will find so large a collection of useful deductions. Your hints for solution of these seem also very judicious.

DR. HUGH W. M'CANN, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics, Presidency College, Calcutta.

"I have looked through the second part of your Algebra, and think it is quite up to the standard of the First Arts. It ought to be very useful to candidates for the F. A. Examination."

ALFRED M. NASH, M. A.,
Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, Presidency College, Calcutta.

"I have examined the editions of Euclid's Elements and of Wood's Algebra which Mr. P. Ghosh has especially prepared to meet the requirements of Indian students."

"The large number of useful and judiciously selected problems and exercises which are worked out to assist the students in understanding the subject, and the hints to the solution of exercises, and especially of the Calcutta University Examination Papers, which are added, materially enhance the value of these publications as text books for those who are preparing for their degree examinations.

JOHN HARDIE, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics, Doveton College, Calcutta.

"I have carefully examined the second part of your Elements of Algebra, and I think it likely to prove useful for students to work out with ease and neatness all problems that may be given them within the scope of the First Examination in Arts.

D. VAN IMPE, S. J.,
Rector and Professor of Mathematics, St. Xavier's College, Calcutta.

"I have read your Algebra, Part II., and I have much pleasure to say it will form an excellent text book for the F. A. students. The explanations of the articles are lucid, and the examples are judiciously selected, and are more numerous and varied than can be found in any other book. The examples worked out in the book and the Calcutta University Examination Papers given at the end have doubly added to its utility. On the whole I think your book will prove a better text for the F. A. students than even Todhunter's Algebra."

GOURY SUNKER DEY, M.A.,
Professor of Mathematics, General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta.

"I have looked through your "Elements of Algebra," and have to say with great pleasure that it is a nicely got up work. The principles have been clearly explained, and very well illustrated by the examples worked out at the end of each chapter. The exercises

have been very judiciously and copiously selected. I think the book may be very profitably adopted as a text-book in our higher class schools and colleges."

BAIDY NATH BASU, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics, Metropolitan Institution, Calcutta.

"I am very glad that you have completed your Elements of Algebra by bringing out Part II early this session. I find that Part II like Part I is admirably suited to the requirements of those for whom it is intended. The exposition of principles is more lucid, and the examples and solutions more numerous than are found in any of the treatises on Algebra used as text-books in our schools and colleges. I believe no Mathematical teacher who carefully examines your Elements would ever hesitate to adopt it as a text-book."

GANGADHAR BANERJEE, M. A.,
Professor L. M. S. College, Bhowanipore.

"I have looked through the second part of Mr. Ghosh's *Elements of Algebra* and have much pleasure to state that the work is well adapted to the requirements of students preparing for the F. A. Examination of the Calcutta University. The principles are clearly explained, and numerous examples have been worked out in illustration of the principles. The book contains a large collection of well selected examples for exercise, which will be of great use to students."

S. C. GUI, M. A., *Lecturer, Sanskrit College.*

"I have looked through the book (Algebra Part II) and consider it useful to students preparing for the Examination in First Arts, especially as it contains a variety of examples judiciously collected. I have recommended it to the students of the Berhampore College for using it as a text-book."

HARIDAS GHOSH,
Professor of Mathematics, Govt. College, Berhampore.

"I have no objection to the students in the Central College using your books (Algebra and Euclid), and I have no doubt some will purchase copies."

CHARLES WATERS, M. A.,
Principal and Professor of Mathematics, Central College, Bangalore.

"I should like to introduce them (Euclid and Algebra) in the schools here."

T. G. RAU,
Principal, Kumbhakonam College, Madras.

FROM what I have seen of Mr. P. Ghosh's Edition of Euclid, I have been favourably impressed with the work. I think it is well suited for the use of Indian students to whom the addition of all the exercises set in the Entrance Examinations of the Calcutta University at the end of the book, no doubt, will be specially welcome. The questions and the notes given, as well as the exercises worked out, will also be found very useful.

A. M. BOSE, M. A. (*Cantab*), Barrister-at-Law,
Member of the Syndicate, University of Calcutta.

I HAVE looked through your *Euclid* and used it in teaching geometry, as well as its companion volume on *Algebra*. I consider them both very suitable for students preparing for the Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University. The Notes, Questions and Model Problems are all that could be desired. Your long experience as a teacher and professor of Mathematics in connection with schools and colleges preparing students for the University has enabled you to produce books on your favourite subject, that must commend themselves to all teachers and students of mathematics, in connection with the University of Calcutta.

K. S. MACDONALD, M. A., D. D.,
Principal, Free Church Normal College, Calcutta.

I HAVE much pleasure in recommending to candidates for matriculation, Mr. P. Ghosh's edition of Euclid's Elements. Mr. Ghosh's long experience as a teacher of Mathematics has enabled him to gauge the needs and capacities of those for whom he writes. His work will be found as well adapted to Indian students as the more expensive manuals at present imported from England.

JAMES ROBERTSON, M. A.,
Principal, Free Church College, Calcutta.

YOUR edition of Euclid is a nice one.

PRASANNA KUMAR SARVADHIKARI,
Principal, Berhampore College.

IN my opinion Mr. Ghosh's Arithmetic may very well be used as a text-book in our schools.

"The Students Wood's Algebra by Mr. P. Ghosh has been very carefully prepared. It contains numerous examples judiciously selected and arranged. I have every reason to believe that Mr. Ghosh's Algebra will prove very useful to those for whom it is intended. It is already used as a text-book in the Hindu School."

MR. GHOSH'S *Euclid* has been very carefully prepared. It contains much useful matter, and I have no doubt it will be of great use to candidates preparing for the Entrance Examination.

BHOLANATH PAUL, M.A.,
Head Master, Hare School, Calcutta.

MR. GHOSH'S *Euclid* contains all that the Entrance student is required to learn on the subject of Geometry; and I think it may be safely used as a text-book in our schools. H. L. ROY, M. A.,
First Mathematical Teacher, Hindu School, Calcutta.

I HAVE seen Mr. P. GHOSH'S edition of "Euclid's Elements of Geometry" Part I. It contains the first four books only. Besides a large collection of well arranged exercises, a few typical theorems and problems have been worked out and placed at the end of each book immediately before the deductions to be worked out by the student. Hints for the solution of these exercises are given at the end of the book. The Propositions of each book have been very carefully written, and a great deal of useful matter in the shape of notes, together with questions, have been placed at the end of each

book. The preparation of the work must have cost Mr. Ghosh much labour and thought. The mechanical execution of the book is on the whole very satisfactory, and the price, which is only Re 1-4, is cheap enough. I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Ghosh's book will prove immensely useful in the hands of students preparing themselves for the University Entrance Examination.

B. M. DEY, M. A., *Head Master, Howrah.*

Mr. P. GHOSH'S Edition of the Elements of *Euclid* is based on the valuable edition of Mr. Potts. It contains only the first four Books which are prescribed for the Entrance Examination. The explanatory notes and questions at the end of each Book will considerably help students in understanding the subject. The exercises have been judiciously selected and are well adapted to the wants and capacities of Entrance students. The Hints to the exercises greatly enhance the value of the book. Considering the amount of matter it contains, I think it may be fairly introduced as a text-book into our schools.

B. M. PAUL, B. A.,
Mathematical Teacher, F. C. College, Calcutta.

EUCLID'S Elements of Geometry, Part I, is another of Mr. P. GHOSH'S most useful publications. Such works are received only when a teacher of superior abilities comes forward to communicate his knowledge, combined with the results of his experience, and discloses the secret of his success. To the library of the young student preparing for the Entrance Examination this work will be a most valuable acquisition.

ISWAR CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI,
First Teacher, Free Church Institution.

THE solutions by Mr. Ghosh are neat, good, and will be of considerable advantage as specimens for boys preparing for examination in Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry.

M. MOWAT, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics, Patna College.

I CONSIDER it to be very carefully and neatly arranged. The collection of papers will be very useful to scholars preparing for the Entrance Examination, and the solutions may be of much service to teachers. I would strongly recommend all concerned, especially teachers, to purchase a copy.

J. P. ASHTON, M. A.,
Principal, L. M. S. College, Bhowanipore.

"I HAVE no objection to the use of your Algebra and your edition of Euclid in schools under the control of this department."

H. B. GRIGG,
Director of Public Instruction, Madras.

"BOTH books (Euclid and Algebra by P. Ghosh) are careful and judicious compilations and will be very useful in schools and to private students."

"YOUR *excellent* Arithmetic might be used with advantage in the Entrance class and the class below it."

R. GRIFFITHS, M. A.,
Director of Public Instruction, N. W. Provinces.

IT (*the Arithmetic*) will, I have no doubt, be a useful text-book on the subject, more especially in Indian Schools. Its price Re. 1-8 is greatly in its favour. The large collection of examples taken from Examination Questions of the various Indian Universities is a very valuable feature of the work. JOHN ELIOT, M. A.,
Senior Prof. of Mathematics, Presidency College, Calcutta.

"IT is really a very useful book, better suited to the requirements of Indian Colleges and Schools than any work on Arithmetic I know of. I shall take particular care to introduce your book wherever I can." UMESH CHANDER SANYAL M. A.,
Prof. of Mathematics, Benares College.

"I HAVE looked through your 'Elements of Arithmetic' and I consider it a very useful school-book. Many exercises are worked out fully and clearly which benefits the student by teaching him the proper method of working out his sums. The series of examples appended to each rule will enable him to master the subject thoroughly. The miscellaneous examples and the Examination Papers of the different Universities will be of great help to students preparing for the Entrance Examination. Your book is already in use as a text-book in some of the classes of the Hindu School."

CHUNDY CHURN BANERJEA,
Head Master, Hindu School, Calcutta.

"I READ with great pleasure your work on the *Elements of Arithmetic*, and have no hesitation in placing it among the best school books on the subject. The rules are clearly stated, and solutions have been given of a large number of typical examples. The chapters on Factors and the Unitary Method will be of great use to students. The work contains a large variety of examples for exercise, and will, I dare say, supersede the text-books now in use in our schools and colleges."

SHIB CHANDER GUI, M. A.,
Lecturer, Sanskrit College, Calcutta.

THE book (Arithmetic) appears to be a very good one of its kind, and is especially suited to Indian schools, because it deals with Indian, and not merely with English money.

JOHN C. NESFIELD, M. A.,
Inspector of Schools, Oudh.

YOUR Arithmetic, as far as I can see, appears to be a very useful work:

W. C. HORST, B. A.,
Head Master, High School, Allahabad.

IT (Arithmetic) seems to me an exceedingly cheap book—the cheapest I have seen in India—for the quantity and quality of Arithmetical matter it contains. J. COOK, M. A.,
Principal, Doveton Protestant College, Madras.

I FIND that, for more reasons than one, your book (Arithmetic) is superior to all the books on the subject now in use in our schools.

JOGOBANDHU BHUDDER,
Head Master, Zilla School, Jessore.

I HAVE looked through it (Arithmetic) carefully and consider it to be exceedingly useful.

UGHORE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE,
Head Master, Zilla School, Monghyr.

THE changes made in your "Text-Book of Algebra" are specially valuable. You will be glad to know that your Arithmetic, Algebra and Euclid have been, by the Punjab Text-Book Committee, recommended for introduction into the scheme of studies for Anglo-Vernacular Schools. This was done after consultation with the chief headmasters who were unanimous in commending them.

W. BELL,
Professor, Govt. College, Lahore,
and Secretary to the Punjab Text-Book Com.

THEY are deservedly popular and are largely used by the students of this Province.

M. A. STEIN, PH. D.,
Registrar, Punjab University, Lahore.

WORKS

BY

Mr. A. S. GHOSH, F. R. A. S. (London),

Professor of Mathematics and Economics, City College, Calcutta;
Member of the Association for the Improvement of
Geometrical Teaching (England).

THE ELEMENTS OF TRIGONOMETRY. ~~Rs-2~~ 4 a. Post. 2 a.

OPINIONS

THIS work is marked by the clearness of exposition and the attention to students' difficulties which might be expected from the experience of the author, both as a writer and as a teacher. It is a serviceable treatise. A judicious use has been made of typographical distinctions. Mr. Ghosh's book is a worthy companion to his editions of his father's *Elements of Geometry* and *Arithmetic for Colleges and Schools*, reviewed in our last issue.

The Mathematical Gazette (London), October 1895.

I REGARD this Trigonometry as a very suitable text book both for beginners and more advanced students. The author's aim has

been throughout to excite the student's interest, and to show as early as possible the numerous practical applications of the subject. The chapter on Curves both gives a very vivid idea of the variations of the Trigonometrical Functions and serves as an introduction to the study of Analytical Geometry. The short chapter on Geodetical Surveying gives an idea of the methods employed in this work. The examples and examination papers are very full and copious.

ANDREW C. D. CROMMELIN, B. A. S.
Late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge,
Assistant-Astronomer, Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

I HAVE looked through the Elements of Trigonometry by MR. A. S. GHOSH. The feature of the work which has struck me most is the liberal introduction of practical illustrations throughout the book, which cannot fail to make the subject interesting to the beginner. The work taken as a whole, will compare favourably with high class English books on the same subject.

ASUTOSH MUKHOPADHYAY,
M. A., D. L., F. R. A. S., F. R. S. (Edin).
President of the Mathematical Board of Studies,
University of Calcutta.

I HAVE looked through your "Elements of Trigonometry" and have much pleasure in speaking of its merits.

Much new and interesting matter is put in it, and everything is up to date. The chapter on Curves, the Astronomical problems on Limits, the Optical note, all point out that there are higher branches of Mathematics, as Coordinate Geometry, the Differential Calculus, and Optics which require the service of Trigonometry, and that it does not stand in bare isolation. The chapter on Dimensions, Symmetry etc., deserve the attention both of the teacher and the student. The subject has been made palatable and sufficiently attractive to beginners. The practical bearings of the subject have been well brought out. It may rank high among the well-known text-books in use, and in my opinion supersede some of them. The examples are numerous, and among them are many important and useful deductions and formulae. The book contains everything which such text-books should contain and leaves nothing to be desired. It is exactly the book I should like to use as a text, and I have accordingly recommended it to my students. To speak of other things, it has the stamp of an English publication both in the treatment of the subject and the way in which the book is got up.

T. V. SWAMINATHA AIYAR, B. A.
Professor of Mathematics, S. P. G. College, Trichinopoly.

I HAVE looked through your work carefully and find it very nicely arranged. Really the treatise is very comprehensive and contains a great deal of new matter not hitherto introduced into

text-books on Trigonometry. The chapter on Curves, the propositions on Limits and the chapter on Survey by Triangulation introduce matter not only interesting in itself, but important on account of the present requirements for higher Mathematical teaching in India.

A judicious selection and arrangement of the examples renders the work more valuable. I have great pleasure in recommending it to the students preparing for the Intermediate Examination in Arts because it is very well adapted to their needs. I should like to introduce your books in this college.

SHANKAR LAL, M. A.

Professor of Mathematics, Lashkar College, Gwalior.

I beg to acknowledge with very many thanks the receipts of your new Trigonometry as well as the small treatise on Pedal and Anti-pedal Triangles. At present I have had very little time for thoroughly examining the book, but what little I have seen of it, I have been very pleased with.

It struck me from the little that I have seen, that it has been well and concisely written. I have no doubt that the chapter on Curves and the Astronomical Problems which you have introduced will prove of great interest to both teacher and taught.

C. H. DIXON, B. A.,

La Martiniere College, Lucknow.

PEDAL AND ANTI-PEDAL TRIANGLES. 4 *a.* Post. ½ *a.*

Opinion:—An interesting little paper. The author has been anticipated on some points, but his mode of presentation is fresh, and the properties in the latter part are new.

The Mathematical Gazette (London), May 1895.

WHAT IS BIMETALLISM? Price 2*d.* or 4 *a.* Post. ½*d.* or ½ *a.*

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have received from the author, Mr. A. S. Ghosh, who is the Professor of Economics and Mathematics at the City College, Calcutta, a pamphlet entitled "What is Bimetallism?" (Calcutta: *Patrick Press*). The pamphlet is a singularly clear statement of the bimetallic case, and is the more interesting because, though written by a native of India, the point of view taken is distinctly English and Imperial. In his preface Mr. Ghosh acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Robert Barclay, of Manchester, with whom he discussed the subject during Mr. Barclay's recent visit to Calcutta; but we understand that he had already become, on purely theoretical grounds, an enthusiastic bimetallist. He had recently edited the nineteenth edition of a work on arithmetic by his father, which is very largely used in the schools and colleges of India, and in dealing with the exchanges in this work he had

adopted the bimetallic theory. The pamphlet before us is noticeable for the attention which its author gives to the arithmetical aspect of the question. Many of the arguments advanced on the monometallist side would never be used at all if their authors would follow the example of Mr. Ghosh and consider the exact figures of the problem. It is a little remarkable, too, that it should be necessary for an Indian writer to remind many eminent controversialists in this country that they "have brought much confusion into the discussion by using the word 'supply' ambiguously; as, 'the yearly output from the mines' is not that 'supply' which economists imply in the law of supply and demand." Mr. Ghosh himself has fallen into one or two minor errors, but they do not really affect his argument, the statement of which, with the general get-up of the pamphlet, is a remarkable illustration of Indian progress. Some of the illustrations drawn from physical science are particularly happy. Mr. Ghosh very forcibly points out, as Ricardo did long ago, that, given fair conditions, the value and consumption of silver are guaranteed by the fact that it is a far more useful metal than gold, and his reply to Lord Farrer's question "Wanted, a Ratio?" in favour of 15½ to 1 as distinctly the most 'natural' ratio is well worth attention."

The Manchester Guardian, 10th June, 1895.

The following is an extract from the opinion of one who being a monometallist is opposed to the views of the author.]

".. An extremely clever and well written pamphlet has just been issued from the *Patrick Press*, Calcutta, under the title of "What is Bimetallism?" The author, Mr. Ghosh, is Professor of Economics and Mathematics in the City College, Calcutta, and a member of the British Bimetallic League. The arguments in favor of bimetallism are briefly and forcibly stated; the evils said to have been induced by monometallism are boldly enumerated; the artificial appreciation of gold is set forth; the dangers of the present rule of monometallism are vividly portrayed; and a stereoscopic view of peace and plenty is presented for all who can focus it with bimetallist glasses."

(Here follows in great length a review of the pamphlet, together with the reviewer's defence of monometallism.)

".....We recommend the pamphlet under review as of high merit and well worthy of perusal. It shows evidence of careful study, and there is no doubt of its being the outcome of honest conviction":—*Capital and The Indian Financial Review.*

"We have to express our acknowledgements to Mr. A. S. Ghosh, F. R. A. S. (London), Professor of Mathematics, City College, Calcutta, for a copy of his very able *brochure* —'What is Bimetallism?' We can cordially recommend the perusal of this excellent little book to all those who are concerned in this great question, the practical discussion of which cannot be long delayed.

Those who are acquainted with the mathematical works of Mr. P. Ghosh will find on the perusal of this work of his son that the mantle of the father has fallen on the author, for succinct and lucid exposition. The pamphlet is a marvel of clearness and research";—*The Simla Times Advertiser.*

"Mr. A. S. Ghosh, F. R. A. S., Professor of Economics and mathematics in the City College, and son of the well known Mathematician, Mr. P. Ghosh, has published a small brochure on "What is Bimetallism?" Its publication is very timely, for the question of bimetallism is a burning one and cannot but be the subject of serious consideration by the chief Governments of the world within twelve months. ... .

Bimetallists recognise to the full the evils which are resulting from the depreciation of the rupee and the prevalent depression of trade, and are loud in their protestations not only that something must be done, but that they can point out a cure which shall restore the value of the rupee and bring about confidence and security in commerce. At the same time the bimetallism which they advocate is as puzzling and mysterious to many as exchange. Hence the importance of a pamphlet like Mr. Ghosh's, which gives a clear and simple explanation of the whole subject. ... .

For those who wish to know what Bimetallism is and to understand somewhat of the reasons for the strange fluctuations in exchange, we can, with confidence, recommend Mr. Ghosh's pamphlet and feel sure that if it is patiently read through, the subject will appear to the reader in a clearer light than it has ever assumed before:"—*The Darjeeling News.*

"We have received and read with great pleasure a pamphlet by Mr. A. S. Ghosh on Bimetallism. His arguments are unanswerable":—*The Indo-European Correspondence.*

This is a neat little brochure, intended to explain to the general public in a popular form the case for and against Bimetallism. The author writes in a clear style, and so far as it goes, no one will have any difficulty in following the argument in the pamphlet. The author's attempt to popularize a difficult subject is to be welcomed.—*The Madras Law Journal;* July 1895.

☞ *All the above-mentioned publications may be had from all Book-sellers throughout India, and from*

THE MANAGER, PATRICK PRESS,
28 Convent Road,—Calcutta.