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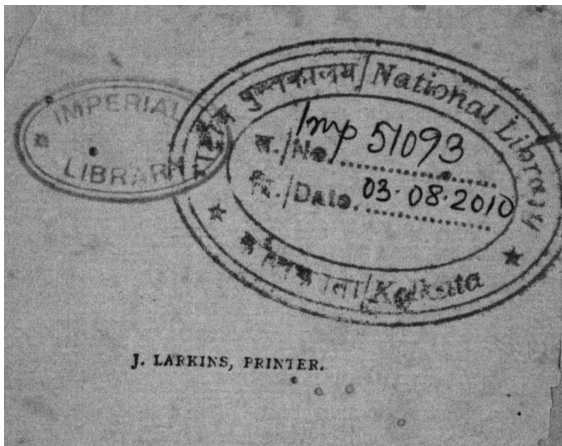
Book No.

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MGIPC—S4—9 LNL/66—13-12-66—1,50,000.



A VISIT TO EUROPE.

ON 12th March 1886, the steamer "Nepaul" left Bombay for England. No mail-boat ever felt the throbbing of so many Hindu hearts as did the "Nepaul" on that spring evening when she proudly cut her way across the Indian Ocean towards Aden. Well might she be proud; for, it is only through her ships that England has been able to achieve the great destiny which she has been called upon to fulfil in the history of the world. Prouder was she now at the result of the moral influence of England in her vast empire of India, which enabled so many of her sons to break through the trammels of caste, to rise above old prejudices and superstitions, and to seek education and enlightenment at the very fountain-head of modern civilisation. There was the stalwart Panjabi from Lahore with his wife, sister and child, two Hindu merchants from Delhi, a Lala from the North-west Provinces, a Musalman from Aligarh, a Marhatta from Bombay, two Brahmans from Bengal, a Kayeth from Cochin and four christians from Goa, all going on different errands to the great country which governs the destiny of India. Thus, the representatives of many nationalities of India that day stood on the deck of "Nepaul" and watched the change which the waters of the Indian ocean underwent from a greenish colour to a deep blue as the land of their native land faded from their sight, and the surf that dashed on the Mahalakshmi rocks grew ever fainter. The sun had finished his day's work and was to retire for the night. Gradually he covered the horizon.

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ling rays to the world below, his orb grew larger and fier, and at length putting on a red garb, which shed on western firmament a glory of deep crimson, he suddenly ed into the blue waves of the distant horizon. The shade evening now enveloped the world, and the reflection the stars played backwards and forwards on the broad som of the ocean as the ship rolled up and down. On the ore, now scarcely visible, the light of the Colaba light-house gan to flash in its revolving course round the tower-head, hewing to distant mariners the approaches to the Apollo under. We all stood on the deck, our mind struck with awe t the novelty of the scene that presented itself to our sight. Gradually, as the darkness grew deeper, and nothing could be seen but the white foam of the phosphoric waves that continually beat on the sides of the vessel and as often fall back broken and baffled, we began to speak with hushed voices, and exchanged notes on the length of the voyage, the dangers of the sea, the sufferings from sea-sickness and subjects of like nature that presented themselves to our inexperienced minds. The Indian ladies, bashful and child-like as they are, crouched in a corner, terrified at the vast expanse of water that rounded us on all sides, and already complained of a swimming sensation in their heads.

It does not take much time for natives of India to get themselves introduced to each other, for they must constantly talk : cannot do without it. I have often watched European Indian sailors working side by side on board a vessel. In such a quiet work as stitching of sails, the Khalasis make a tremendous amount of noise, while the Europeans could go on working in absolute silence, except with an — "John pass that twine to me," or "give me a hand with this over." So in half an hour we all knew each other as friendly as a small number of natives of the same race, and were conversing to each other in a strange place among

strange faces. The supper time was approaching, and many of our new friends expressed great anxiety about the use of knife and fork, and the general behaviour at the table. They chose a gentleman from Bengal, who had been to England before, to be their chaperon, but unfortunately he had stayed in that country sufficiently long to learn the prevailing principle of life in Europe—"Every body for himself." This gentleman had peculiar habits and ways. It cannot be said that he was faultlessly dressed as a European gentleman, but he had a sola hat on his head and a silk coat intended to be of European style hung loosely over his body. Consider his amazement when he was asked to sit at table among men fresh from north western India to teach them that the knife was not to be used by the left hand (unless one is left-handed?), and that it was not very convenient to handle the fork with the right, or that the whole contents of a dish when presented before one were not to be poured into his plate, but that a small portion had to be taken out of it, and the rest allowed to be passed on to others. Not only did he repudiate the arrangement thus made about the disposal of his person at table, but from that moment he kept himself aloof from his new friends and took his place among European ladies, and during the whole time of the different meals never once looked up to see what they were doing on the other side of the table. At one time the consternation among our friends was great when some one informed them that it was in the Captain's power to put any passenger in irons for any breach of table etiquette. This was also confirmed by two Europeans. But such misadventure did not happen; either the steward was squared not to report the matter to the Captain, or the captain did not take any notice of it. It is the pride of England that every individual, not only on her soil but on board a vessel carrying her flag, is allowed to enjoy full liberty whatever his creed or colour may be. Our friends about

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and themselves at home on board the "Nepaul," and all the European passengers and the European and native servants of the P. and O. Company shewed them every consideration and did their best to make them comfortable and happy.

On board a vessel each day is so like another that there is scarcely anything worthy of record. We were always in the midst of a vast circular expanse of deep blue water, at the circumference of which the azure sky bends and touches, the whole heavens looking like a huge convex basin inverted upon the sea. No living creature meets your eye, except occasionally a white seagull, which sits easily on the water and slides up and down as the waves rise and fall. When the ship nears her, she rises in the air and flies now on this side of the vessel, now on the other side. Her movements excite the killing propensity of the sportsman passenger who hurries down from the deck to his cabin for his gun, but before he can unstrap the case, the seagull has finished her survey of the vessel and has taken a different course. When he returns to the deck with his gun, the sportsman only sees her a little white speck which is soon lost among the foam of the distant waves. Now and then we also saw the flying-fish rise in a shoal a few feet above the surface of the water and run a race among themselves; the greater number of them soon fall into the water with a splash, but the race is continued between two or three until the winner lastly drops into the sea, dry and weary. Occasionally, when we were entering the events of the day in a diary, which all of us rigorously kept for the first few days of the voyage but which everyone abandoned as it gradually fell into arrears, we were called up to deck by the sound of the gong, signifying that a ship had been sighted. Numerous naked eyes were at once strained to look towards the horizon, and eye-glasses directed towards the spot where a tiny black object broke the monotony of the wilderness of water. The black object soon developed itself into a large vessel

as the two ships neared each other, when they exchanged signals and her name and destination were soon known to us.

We passed our days in this way until, six days after we left Bombay, we saw before us the bleak hills of Aden. Accustomed as we are to luxuriant vegetation surrounding us on all sides, these naked precipitous hills looked extremely dreary to our eye. They are of volcanic origin; the mass of lava reflected various colours, brown, grey, dark green, as the midday sun shone upon it. The crater formed by these lofty hills is occupied by the town of Aden which forms a portion of the little peninsula of Aden on the southern coast of Yemen in Arabia Felix. Our ship gradually came to shallow water, bringing up mud and sand as it neared the harbour. Little boats and canoes started from the shore to meet us, and they surrounded our vessel as soon as we dropped anchor. Some of these were occupied by little dark boys who threw themselves into the sea and swam near the ship crying incessantly, "I dive, I dive," which means that they will dive for two anna or four anna silver bits if any one will be so kind as to throw them into the sea. In this they are very expert. As soon as a silver piece is thrown into the water from the deck, at a height of about ten feet, they would dive after it. The transparent water, stirred by the waves, shews them the spot where the bright silver piece is sinking, which enables them to catch it before it can go many feet under the surface of the water. Most of these boys are of African descent, being children of men who come from the Somali coast in search of employment. They generally take a temporary wife at Aden, and after a short time go back to their homes leaving their wives and children to take care of themselves. The mothers are taken up by new immigrants from the same coast, and the children, as soon as they are able, take to begging, stealing or "diving." The Somalis have a curious custom of treating their women as other Mahomedans

treat their men, and it is said that the practice is followed by some Arab tribes. Many Jews and Arabs came to our ship with Ostrich feathers and eggs. Passengers passing through Aden purchase considerable quantities of these feathers which are used for the decoration of lady's hats. They are chiefly brought from the Somali coast. For retail sale ostrich feathers are made into small bunches, containing four feathers each, a bunch of the best quality being sold at Rs. 20 to Rs. 30. Black feathers are not liked, a bunch of which sells from Re. 1 to Rs. 8. In Africa, they hunt the ostrich by the aid of a female bird. The hunter conceals himself under her wing and makes her advance towards a wild ostrich. When sufficiently near he shoots at the wild bird with a poisoned arrow.

We went ashore at Aden, and then the place looked still more desolate. A joke is current among seamen to the effect that it is a capital offence to pluck the leaves of or otherwise injure a tree in Aden. Why? Because there are *no trees* in Aden. We saw some small shrubs, however, on many of which the aridity of the climate has reduced the cellular tissue and favoured the production of spines. In the native town which lies about two miles inland within the hills, there is a little public garden, which does not possess a single big tree. Plants which assume the dimensions of big trees in India, are reduced to mere shrubs in Aden. We saw our Bak tree in this garden (*Sesbania grandiflora*, *Pers.*) with flowers upon it, but the plant itself is reduced to a mere shrub scarcely five feet high. The most interesting sight to be seen at Aden is its reservoirs. Since the foundation of Aden the question of water-supply has always been a difficult problem, to solve which various attempts have been made from time immemorial. The rainfall is next to nothing, being only three to four inches in the year. From the earliest times great care has been taken to store this little rain-water in reservoirs not only in Aden but in all parts of Arabia.

The dam of Mareb was constructed for this purpose 2500 years ago. More than fifty such reservoirs exist in Aden, but all of them are out of repair except thirteen which have been reconstructed by the British Government with the co-operation of the Sultan of Lahej. Water from these reservoirs is sold in limited quantities to the public at one rupee for 100 gallons. But this water is not fit for drinking. Of late condensers have been established both by Government and private companies, by the aid of which pure drinking water is obtained by distillation from the salt water of the sea. The bazar of Aden scarcely differs from that of an Indian town, the same filthiness and the same irregularity everywhere. But wherever the Englishman has gone, he has brought in his train commerce, peace and prosperity. Aden has recovered her ancient commerce which she lost owing to the tyrannous conduct of her former rulers, and the constant struggles for supremacy that she witnessed in the last century. We found numerous coffee-houses where the Arabs and Somalis sip night and day a decoction of the coffee husk. The prohibition of wine and spirits has, since the time of Muhammad, made the Arabs look for other stimulating substances. Coffee is one of their discoveries. Another is the *káth*, the produce of a plant of the name of Catha which grows on the mountains of Yemen. The Arabs chew this drug as a pleasurable excitant. At one time there was doubt in orthodox Arab mind whether the use of coffee and *káth* was in accordance with the principle laid down in the sacred koran, "Thou shalt not drink wine or anything intoxicating." Learned men of renown were ranged on both sides and considerable discussion went on for some time. But the question was at length settled by Fakhrud-din Makki and other learned Musalmans, and coffee and *káth* are now in universal use among the Arabs of Yemen.

Those of our countrymen who delight to stretch their imagination in order to discover the wonderful performances of the

ancient Hindus, will be glad to learn on the testimony of Ibn El Mojawir, a Muhammadan historian, that Aden was the "Andaman Islands" of Das Sir, a ten headed giant (Rāvan), where he used to send convicts sentenced to transportation for life. It is said that there is a well somewhere among the hills of Aden, through which a tunnel exists communicating with India. About this tunnel the historian says :— "It was stated to me by Mubarik Il Sharoni Maula, father of Muhammad Bin Masud, that the monster (Das Sir) stole the couch of Ram Hyder's wife from the Province of Oudh, and flew with her until he rested on the summit of Jebel Seera. He then said to her, 'I desire to change your form from that of a human being to that of a Jinn,' and they began to wrangle, and Hunweet, who was an Efreet in the form of an ape, hearing them quarrel, dug this passage from the city of Oojein Bikrami under the sea until it terminated in the centre of Jebel Seera, and he completed it all in one night. Issuing from the passage he found her (Ram's wife) sleeping under a thorn tree on the top of the hill, so he took her on his back and descended with her into the passage, and ceased not to proceed with her until he arrived at Oojein Bikrami about day break, when he delivered her to her husband, Ram Hyder, who became blessed with two male children by her, one of them was named Luth and the other Kus, and hers was a long story and requires a lengthy narration, but the passage exists to this day." The name of Vikramaditya is mixed up with the above story, but here is a point for our Theosophical friends to decide whether Ram Hyder's wife Sita was kept in *dyrance vile* in the Asoka forest of Ceylon or on the summit of Jebel Seera in Aden, and whether Hanuman acted wisely in carrying back Sita right off to Ram, instead of allowing all those worries and vexations to happen to his friend which are described in the latter part of the Ramayana.

On our return we found the vessel getting ready to weigh anchor. Goods booked for Aden were delivered, and a cargo consisting chiefly of coffee was being taken in. A steam launch towed unto the side of our vessel barges containing coal and water which were duly transferred to the "Nepaul." At the proper time each man was at his place near the anchor. The Captain standing on the bridge gave the order to "heave up." There was no bustle, no hurry, no noise. It was all work, done with the utmost precision and regularity. Not a moment was lost. Nobody said that the anchor could not be got up because "Tom is not here." Meanwhile Tom was *not* enjoying his Hukka down in his berth, nor did he turn up five minutes late with the excuse that he was suffering from gripes.

We left Aden in the afternoon of 18th March. The same evening after it was dark we passed the straits of Babel Mandeb, the Báb-Darwaza of the Arabs. In a short time we saw the light-house of Perim, a small island in the Red Sea. Its position, commanding the outlet of the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean, was considered of some importance from a long time, but it was never permanently inhabited nor occupied by any nation, until the British erected a light-house in 1857, and placed in it a small body of troops. Albuquerque, the Portuguese navigator, visited it in 1513 and erected a large cross on the top of one of the hills. In 1799 the East India Company temporarily occupied it, when Napoleon was preparing to invade India by way of Egypt. A story is related in the "Lays of Ind" about an attempt made by the French to take possession of this island, which led to its final occupation by the British. It is said that a French Man-of-War arrived at Aden with secret instructions to hoist the flag of France on this island. As a matter of courtesy the British Resident at Aden invited the officers of the French Man-of-War to dinner. After dinner when the glass went freely round, the French Captain secretly confided

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to the British Resident the object of his mission, on which the latter immediately sent a gunboat from Aden to take possession of Perim. Next day when the French commandant arrived before the island he saw that he had been outwitted by the British officer: the English flag was proudly floating over the highest hill in Perim.

It took us four days to cross the Red sea. We were told that owing to excessive heat this part of the voyage was always trying to passengers, but fortunately a cool breeze blew from the north, and we had an agreeable time of it. We passed many island rocks which rear their heads high above the water. At one place there are seven, known to mariners as the Seven Apostles. We saw herds of porpoises in the Red Sea whose frolicsome habits gave us great amusement. These porpoises would come near us as soon as they saw us from a distance, and would for some time swim, jump high in the air and gambol in all sorts of ways. In going through the Red Sea land is often visible, sometimes the African side, and at other the Arabian coast. The African coast is fringed with sunken coral reefs which render its navigation extremely difficult. More inland, a range of high mountains runs from north to south parallel to the sea, the mountains of Massowah and Soudan, the abode of gums and gum-resins. The same wildness characterises the feature of the east coast. High hills break the country as far as it can be seen, which look dry and parched from a distance. As we drew north towards the Gulf of Suez the shore on each side came nearer and nearer. This was probably the spot where the Red Sea became dry to allow a safe passage to the Israelites when pursued by the Egyptian horde under the Pharoah who persecuted Moses as related in the Bible. We sailed close near the African shore as we approached Suez, where we arrived at ten in the morning on the 23rd of March. Here the "Nepaul" delivered the Indian Mails to the Egyptian railway which carried them across the

Delta to Alexandria. There another steamer of the P. and O. line waited to take them to Brindisi, a port in Italy. From Brindisi the mails again go by rail to Calais, and thence across the Channel to London. We did not go ashore at Suez, for there was no time. As soon as the mails were delivered we started and entered the Suez Canal.

This Canal is one of the greatest feats of modern engineering. The narrow neck of land called the Isthmus of Suez joined Asia with Africa, but separated the Red Sea from the Mediterranean, hence steam vessels going from eastern Asia to Europe had to go round the Cape of Good Hope. The distance from Calcutta to London by way of Suez Canal is 7950 miles, and by way of Cape of Good Hope it is 11,450 miles, hence by the opening of the former route a voyage of 3500 miles has been saved. The advantage of cutting a canal across the Isthmus was obvious from ancient times and various attempts were made in this direction from time immemorial. About 2500 years ago a canal was constructed from the Nile to the Red Sea : it has silted up, but various traces of it exist to this day. Napoleon, when he was master of Egypt, had the ground between the two seas carefully surveyed, with the object of cutting a canal navigable for large ships, but the expulsion of the French from the country put an end to his scheme. M. De Lesseps, a French Engineer, however, successfully accomplished the great work which has conferred immense benefit to the whole human race, by the impetus it has given to the commerce of the world. The difficulties always experienced were owing to the treacherous sandy soil, which made the whole country a perfect desert, to the want of drinking water and to the difference of level between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. M. De Lesseps took advantage of the natural lakes of bitter water in the Isthmus through which he carried his canal, he invented new machines for excavation and dredging purposes, he brought sweet water by pipe from the Nile, in short by great perseverance and

ingenuity he overcame all the difficulties, and succeeded in making a canal deep enough to allow a passage to the largest Man-of-War existing in the world. But it is not broad enough to allow two vessels to go abreast of or pass each other. Stations with a broader margin of water have therefore been established, and the canal is worked on the same principle as a single line railway is worked on land. The construction of a second canal or the broadening of the existing one, *z.e.*, to make it a double line canal, is now under contemplation. Many crores of rupees were spent in the construction of the Suez canal. M. De Lesseps is a poor French Engineer. He could not, and he did not pay all this money out of his own pocket, but obtained it by sale of shares on the joint stock system. Intelligence, education, power of organisation, enterprise and perseverance can do anything. Individuals possessing such qualities, and performing results like the Suez canal bring credit to the nation they belong to. A nation's best qualification is its own works, and not the power of delivering speeches and writing libellous articles in newspapers. Considerable difficulty is experienced to keep the canal in good order, for loose sand is constantly coming in from above to fill it up. In some places its sides are protected by masonry walls, and others reeds and sedges have been planted to bind the soil with their roots. But still the dredger is constantly at work. No traffic is allowed during the night. It took us therefore two days to pass through the Isthmus, and arrive at Port Said on the other end of the passage. Of late ships with electric light have been allowed to pass through the canal during the night.

We went ashore at Port Said, but as it was in the evening after it was dark, we could not see much of the place. We however saw various coffee houses, small theatres, and gambling shops. The dregs of all European countries gather here; Port Said is therefore noted for its immorality. On 25th March

during night time we left Port Said and entered the Mediterranean. We received fresh passengers in Egypt, among whom was an American Missionary of a certain persuasion. He was delighted to see a magnificent crop of heathens on board the vessel, and he at once set to commence his harvesting operations. He began from the beginning, and told us first all about the creation. He said that Jehovah, the God of the Jews, had many angels in heaven, who sang extempore songs to Him called hallelujahs. In course of time some of these angels grew jealous of Him, and tried to usurp His throne. A battle was fought, in which Jehovah was victorious. Disgusted with His heavenly servants, He created a man named Adam, and when he was asleep abstracted a rib from his body, out of which He created a woman, named Eve. This man and woman were the progenitors of the human race. At this time one of the heathens said that Adam and Eve could not be the progenitors of the Hindu nations as "we have got authentic record in our shastras that the Brahmans came out of Brahma's mouth, the Khatriyas from his arm, the Vaisyas from his thigh, and the Sudras from his feet." Interesting discussions of this kind were however soon interrupted. The wind rose, the weather became unpleasant, high waves dashed against the vessel, making it roll heavily, the whole deck was inundated with spray, and both the Missionary and his audience felt that they were going to be turned inside out. Most of the passengers were now sea-sick, but I was not one of the number, and cannot therefore describe the queer sensation which people indisposed in this way are said to feel.

On Sunday the 28th of March we entered the Port of Valletta, the chief town of the Maltese islands. Malta is a British possession in the Mediterranean. It is 58 miles from Sicily and 179 miles from the African shore. It was a clear morning, and we could see the summit of mount Aetna, although the distance is 128 miles. We went to see the Govern-

ment house at Valletta and other interesting places. The former is a large edifice with a broad staircase paved with white marble. In one of the rooms we saw many rich tapestries, two hundred years old, representing the four quarters of the globe. There is a large armoury attached to the Government House in which the armour, used by the Knights of St. John in their constant fight with the Musalmans, has been carefully kept. Two documents have also been carefully preserved here; one is the bull creating the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem seven hundred years ago. The other is a charter, dated the 4th March 1530, by which the Emperor, Charles V, granted the Maltese Islands to these brave Knights after their expulsion from Rhodes by the Turks. We also saw the Cathedral of St. John, which contains a rich collection of inlaid marbles and Brussels tapestry. Thence we went to the Hospital of the Knights, a large building, in which there is a room more than five hundred feet in length without a central support. In one of the churches we saw dried bodies of puns kept in niches on the walls of a subterranean vault. Altogether Malta is a very interesting place both for its past history and its present position as an important outpost on the highway between India and England. Its fortresses constructed by the Knights and kept up by the British Government are simply impregnable. Caffarelli said to Napoleon, when the latter obtained possession of Valletta through the treachery of some of the Knights, "It is well, general, (Napoleon was then a General) that some one was within to open the gates for us. We should have had some difficulty in entering had the place been entirely empty." The Maltese are a sturdy, brave but impulsive people, somewhat addicted to stabbing, and are bigotted Roman Catholics. The women have good features and dark eyes. Their language has 75 per cent. Arab words in it which fact leads to the supposition that they are of Arab origin, but on the other

hand not a single man can be found with that oval face characteristic of that nation. Malta is such a rocky little island that the soil on which cultivation is carried on is said to have been imported from Sicily. At any rate every bit of earth found in the crevices of the rocks has been carefully utilised and made to yield crops or bear fruit trees. Maltese oranges are celebrated all over Europe.

On the same evening we left Malta and the head of the vessel was now pointed towards Gibraltar, our next halting station. The weather was calm and the sea was like a sheet of glass. The sea-sick passengers had now recovered, and the missionary resumed his proselytising efforts. In answer to his arguments in favour of Christianity one of our friends related upon the superiority of Hinduism, as it prevails in India at the present day, over every other religion in the world. Among other things he said that a Brahman was a demigod upon earth, who dispensed salvation to other castes if something was paid to him. Salvation is therefore cheap in Hinduism. Theft, perjury, forgery, or any heinous crime does not impair his purity, for any one found guilty of such offences does not lose his caste, and no one refuses to eat and drink with him. It is only when he eats the forbidden food that he loses his caste, however honest, truthful and honourable he may be; nobody would then consent to associate with him. Another friend said that Christianity only taught "Love thy neighbour," but the charity of a Hindu was carried further. He established hospitals for sick animals, and even hired a man to sleep in the night on a rope bedstead so that the myriads of God's creatures infesting it might be fed with his blood. I am not sure whether hearing all these sound arguments in its favour the Missionary gentleman was thoroughly convinced of the truth of modern Hinduism, but at all events he ceased from that time to hold any more discussions on religion. New passengers came in from Malta, among them

were a Maltese lady and her husband. They constantly quarrelled with each other. One of the ladies informed me that they did so for the pleasure of making it up afterwards. Among ourselves there was a young lad whose ambition was to dress and look like a European, but unfortunately he was rather dark complexioned. My friend from Bombay, who is a good chemist, gave out that he knew a secret by means of which an Indian could be changed to an Englishman, but he would not part with it unless one thousand rupees was paid down to him in hard cash. Since that time our young aspirant for Anglicisation began to haggle with my friend to bring down the price of the secret, but for some days he was inexorable. At length after much solicitation my friend most confidentially communicated to him the valuable secret for nothing. It was *Sacrifice your private feelings to your public duty, then you will be a European.* The young man was much disappointed; he expected to know the ingredients of some chemical solution by the aid of which he would be able to change his skin, but alas! he was deceived by the wicked Marhatta. India need not despair of her future, if she can count among her sons many like my friend of Bombay.

Thus we spent our days and nights. We were now sailing close by the African shore. There was an old gunner in the ship who had passed and repassed these seas since his childhood. He explained to us the various landmarks on the Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco coast. In the name of religion, how many cruel things have been done in all parts of the world! Perhaps no part of the world witnessed so many acts of sanctified rapine, murder and violence as that including the seas and countries from mount Arrarat to the Pillars of Hercules. After the crusades, the Knights of Malta continued for some centuries to exterminate, wherever they could, the followers of Muhammad on the east side of the Mediterranean, while to the west the Moors of Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers and Morocco,

for three hundred years proved their religious earnestness by robbing and enslaving thousands of Christians with the aid of their invincible piratical ships. Poor Shaikh Sadi relates in his Gulistan—how he was taken prisoner by the Christians while in a retired place among the hills of Palestine he was saying his prayers, and how he was taken to the Tripoli market and sold as a slave. In the same manner thousands of Christians, taken prisoners from vessels captured by the Moorish pirates, were every year bought and sold in the bazars of Northern Africa.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 31st March, we sighted the snow-covered mountains of Spain. Shortly after, we rounded the little promontory of Gata, and during the whole day sailed along the Spanish coast. In the evening we anchored before the famous fortress of Gibraltar. When we arrived here the sky was overcast, and it was raining. We could not therefore go ashore, but next morning we could see from the deck the commanding position which Gibraltar occupies as the key to the Mediterranean, and it rightly bears as its arms a castle with a key hanging on to the gate. The fortress is constructed in a mass of precipitous rock. This rock and Mount Abyla opposite to it on the African coast were called by the ancients the Pillars of Hercules. Gibraltar is almost an island, being connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus of sand, which sometime or other must have been covered with water. Strong as it is by nature, it has been rendered impregnable by modern improvements. In 1704 it was taken from the Spaniards by a combined attack of the English and Dutch fleets, since which time it has remained in possession of the British, although various attempts were made from time to time to recover it either by force or stratagem. In one of the many sieges which the English sustained in it, a queen of Spain rashly vowed that she would neither take food nor drink as long as the British flag will float over Gibraltar. But she

undertook an impossible task. In vain did thousands of Spaniards recklessly sacrifice their lives in repeated assaults on the fortress ; the English flag still waved defiantly over the summit of the unconquered rock. At length, the British Governor taking pity on the unfortunate queen, chivalrously took down the flag for a few moments to fulfil her vow in its literal sense. During the five years' siege from 1779 to 1783 in which the French and the Spaniards combined against it, they bombarded the fortress from ships the sides of which were thickly padded with straw, to prevent shots penetrating them. Four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery played upon the fort from these battering ships. The garrison was very much harassed, and the Governor knew not how to destroy or drive away those padded vessels. It is said that a drunken soldier suggested to him the idea to "give them red hot." He followed this idea, and caused cannon to be loaded with red hot iron balls and immediately fired into the straw pads on the sides of the enemy's vessels. This had the desired effect ; in a very short time many of the enemy's ships were on fire, but they were not totally destroyed or dispersed until more than four thousand red hot balls had been poured into them. The strength of the fort can be best understood from the fact that while the enemy lost upwards of 2000 men, the British had only 16 killed and 68 wounded. Such small loss on the side of the garrison was largely due to the guns having been placed within tunnels excavated on the side of the rock, the muzzles of which we could dimly see peeping through small apertures. The straits of Gibraltar which separate Africa from Europe are 12 leagues long, and 8 leagues in width at their western and 5 leagues at their eastern extremity.

On the 1st of April we passed the straits of Gibraltar and entered the Atlantic Ocean. The sky was clear and the sun shone bright, which enabled us to have a good view of that great expanse of water which only four hundred years ago was

considered as the limit of the earth, and which the boldest navigator never attempted to explore. What changes have been wrought upon earth since that time ! Civilised man has now established his supremacy over every quarter of the globe. Races of one-legged men, and men with long ears, one of which they spread as a carpet while with the other they covered their body as a blanket, have disappeared from the face of the earth. But no part of the world has since then seen such wonderful changes as the unknown continent on the other side of this vast ocean. Mighty cities now uplift their tall steeples and chimneys where four hundred years ago the density of the forest scarcely permitted the evening breeze to pursue its rustling course through the luxuriant foliage of pines and larches. Powerful locomotives now drag palatial salons over plains and hills where formerly the bison and the deer dozed and ruminated after their midday meal. The earth and the sea have been made to yield food, clothing, and the comforts of life to millions where only a handful of savages could hardly eke out a precarious livelihood by hunting and fishing. The bounties of nature are for him who can best use them. Those that cannot must make room for those that can. So it has been in America and Australia, and so it will be in Burma and all over the globe.

Although the weather was calm, big waves came from the west and struck on the side of our vessel. This caused her to roll heavily. At each roll she seemed to stand on her side and the bulwarks were about to touch the surface of the water. It was impossible to walk, nor could we feel ourselves at ease when sitting on the deck, for fear of slipping down into the water as the ship stood upright on her side. Lying down we were afraid of being rolled out from the bed. Plates and dishes were kept on table within a sort of wooden framework, as otherwise they would fall down and break to pieces. One of our friends asked what would the ship do in a tempest if

she rolled from side to side on such a calm day? Some one answered that on such occasions she usually revolved round her axis. Our Indian women kept quite dumb, just as they would under all circumstances, even if they were led to be sacrificed before their goddess Káli, but the Maltese woman shrieked as each wave struck the vessel. There was however one young lady whose fearless behaviour was the admiration of us all. She went on reading, quite unconcerned, without taking the least notice of the various awkward positions which the vessel constantly assumed, as long as we remained in sight of the Portugal shore up to Cape Finisterre. The young miss would not perhaps have shown any surprise if the ship had walked away from us on her masts. She came in from Gibraltar, and had seen bull-fights in Spain and lion-hunting in Northern Africa. She has been a living proof to the Indians that women are rational beings, as much entitled to education and liberty as men are. The sea was calm when we entered the much-dreaded Bay of Biscay. We heard various reports of its boisterous nature, but we had a very pleasant voyage through it. In the Bay of Biscay we saw a whale spurring out water, as also several big sharks which followed our ship a long way. On the 5th of April early in the morning we passed the Eddystone light house, which is built in the midst of the sea, and shortly after we entered the harbour of Plymouth, a port in the south of England. Here we stayed for a few hours only to deliver the Malta and Gibraltar mails. Many passengers left the vessel at this place to go by rail to London. We however remained in the vessel. From Plymouth to London is twenty-four hours' voyage. We sailed all day along the South Coast of England. In the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea we rarely met with any vessel; in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic the number of such vessels increased, but in the English Channel we found ourselves in the highway of commerce

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through which numerous steamers and sailing ships were going in all directions. On the morning of the 6th of April we were on the mouth of the Thames. We passed Gravesend and Tilbury, and arrived at the Albert Docks near London in the middle of the day.

At one o'clock in the afternoon I stood on the soil of England. My heart palpitated violently under different emotions that filled it at the time. I was now in that great England of which I had been reading from my childhood, and among the English people with whom Providence has so closely united us. I was thankful that opportunity was given to me to see the British people at home and to study those virtues which have made them the most powerful nation now on the face of the globe. But on the other hand I felt that I was probably an outcast from this moment. The old village where my family lived for the last four hundred years, where I was born, where I passed my early days, will probably be no longer my home. The old stunted mango tree which looks into my room and which always seems to say to me whenever I watch it—"I have seen your father born and die here, I have seen your grand-father, I have seen seven generations of your family," will probably sorrow to see me no more under its shade. The elders of the family on whose bosom I prattled in my infancy will shun me as an unclean thing. But it was not for myself that I was sorry, nor for the lives whose destiny is connected with mine. I was sorry for the unreasonable prejudices of my countrymen. While I respect honest conviction, I cannot but abhor moral cowardice and dishonest opposition. It is a fact that among those opposed to a Hindu's coming to England are well-educated men, who occupy the very highest position in the enlightened native community, and who in India trample under their feet all caste rules and traditions and all orthodox Hindu injunctions. In less advanced provinces of India,

in Bombay, in the Panjab, in Rajputana and in the N. W. Provinces, the people have already got the better of this baneful prejudice; the mischievous practice of excommunicating youths returned from England, only prevails in the more favoured province of Bengal. If a century's contact with the English people, and fifty years English education have failed to teach us the primary truth that travelling in foreign countries is highly necessary for the regeneration of our decayed national life, then the English administrators of the country may well feel sad at the slow progress we are making under the most favourable circumstances. I came not to England for any worldly benefit. I came with the express purpose of adding one more drop to the current now set in against prejudice and superstition. The inexorable law of nature is in favour of this current; it is daily gathering strength, and the time is now fast approaching when those who are now trying to turn back this current will be looked upon as the whole Hindu community now look upon those who fifty years ago opposed the abolition of the cruel rite of burning alive helpless widows at the funeral pyre of their husbands.

As soon as we landed we were taken charge of by the official agent deputed for the purpose. He was so clever and so expert! In no time our luggage was passed through the customs office, and we found ourselves on our way to London by rail. In half an hour's time we came to the Liverpool Street Station. Here we took a cab for the "Museum Hotel" at Bloomsbury. In passing through London we were struck with the cleanliness that pervaded all places. Everything was neat and clean—the streets, the shops and the houses. There was no stink in the road, no filth left accumulated in any place. The glass of the shop windows looked as transparent as glass could be, and the wood, brass and iron used in the construction of shops and houses, shone as much like mirror as constant scraping and rubbing could make them do. Frequent

use of soap water even imparted a glossiness to the steps leading to doorways. Inside the shops, the articles were tastefully arranged, and everything was tidy and in its proper place. The shops on the Esplanade in Calcutta will give one a little idea of what London is or how the cities of the civilised world are maintained. The barbarism of oriental life never impresses the mind of a Hindu more forcibly than when he is first brought face to face with the cleanliness of a European city or village. He calls to his mind his native country with the muddy roads, the weed-covered houses with rooms purified according to Hindu idea by a stinking excrement, and where slovenliness is the reigning goddess, the filthy tanks of drinking water with banks polluted by shameless men and women, and the smoking place where well-to-do youths, fortunate in having an old father or uncle to earn for them their food and clothing, pass the days in smoking, with no other hopes or aspirations than perhaps to be elected members of the District Board for the inauguration of sanitary measures. These and many other things make him understand the impatience of the English rulers of India, and make him sigh too for an English Aurangzebe to transport bodily to Europe for six months, say, at least the Municipal Commissioners of Calcutta who might there learn their business. We arrived at the hotel. The same cleanliness pervaded that place. The walls of the sitting room were decorated with pictures, the mantel piece with specimens of tasteful pottery and glass, the fireplace with grass flower-tops brought from Africa or America. A thick carpet was spread on the floor, ornamental sofas and chairs were scattered in the room, and a massive table with albums, pictures and writing materials stood in the middle. In the bed-room, in the coffee room, and in the dining room, the same refinement was to be seen. Remember, that this was not an exceptionally good hotel. Traders and middle-class country people stay here during their sojourn

in town. The landlady and the servants at once took us under their special care, and even the people staying at the hotel felt proud at being taken notice of by us, and were extremely delighted to parade before us all the learning and all the qualifications each possessed. One of these was gifted with the faculty of reading the character of a man from his autograph. He wanted to shew us this special gift of his and asked us to sign our names on a piece of paper. Now, while we were on board the ship on our way to London, we were warned by many well-meaning English friends to take care of London rogues. We were in utter dismay when our signatures were thus suddenly required; we thought that it must be for some kind of forgery. I asked my Bombay friend, Mr. Gupte, to sign first; Mr. Gupte nudged at Mr. U. C. Mukharji; and Mr. U. C. nudged at me. Seeing our hesitation the autographist, thought-reader, phrenologist, astrologer, or whatever he might chose to call himself, brought out a pocket book in which were many hundreds of signatures. This confirmed our suspicions rather than allayed them. A burglar might as well have shewn his bunch of keys to prove his honesty. However, in utter desperation we eventually signed our names, but happily no evil has come out of it up to date.

Next day we went to the Exhibition. Dr. Watt who had come before us from India kindly took charge of us. He took us home in the evening and showed us over Oxford Street, the Westminster Bridge and the Whitehall Palace. The road, a portion of which is called Oxford Street, stretches under various names from one end of London to the other, and is about 20 miles long. Westminster Bridge is one of the most beautiful bridges I ever saw in my life. We could scarcely realise our own individuality when on that chilly evening of the 7th of April (1886) we looked down from this magnificent bridge into the silvery water of the Thames beneath. The bridge is 1160 feet long and 85 feet wide, with footways on each side 15 feet in

breadth. During our stay in London we occasionally read in the newspapers of people committing suicide by throwing themselves into the water from this bridge. We had only a glimpse of the Whitehall palace, and were shewn a window, near which we were told Charles I. was beheaded.

We now daily went to the Exhibition, and spent the evenings in seeing the sights of London. One of these days His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, came to the Exhibition; Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen kindly introduced me to him. The Prince was very affable, and made many enquiries about India and ourselves. We were also introduced to Sir George Birdwood. I suppose all Indians who go to England know this warm-hearted gentleman. He is called the "Father of the Indians," and he has rightly earned this title. As for ourselves he always helped us and to the best of his power protected us from all evils. This was at a time when our knowledge of England being very limited, we formed an impression that the goodness of the English people, so often talked of by our countrymen returned from England, was a myth, and that the greatness of England, which we formerly ascribed to the noble virtues of her people, was due to a cruel, cunning and selfish policy. The opportunity subsequently given to us to widen our experience and remove all these early impressions, was due to Sir George Birdwood. The people of Bombay may well pray for the return of this Anglo-Indian officer as their Governor.

We now frequently travelled by the Underground Railway. This railway system is one of the wonders of London. It belongs to two companies, the Metropolitan Railway and the District Railway, and is divided into the Inner Circle and the Outer Circle. The former is carried round the central and thickest part of the town, the line being constructed within tunnels excavated underground and supported by arches. The stations are built in open spaces, but below the level of the

surrounding ground, with which they are easy staircases. There are 48 stations in the district by broad trains run every three minutes from 7-30 A.M. to 10 circles. The and every one is thronged with passengers 12-30 or 1 A.M., stations are very large having three or four platforms. Some of the going to different directions. Two or three trains can be seen at a station arriving from different quarters. Engines puffing and whistling, passengers running in and out, gates shutting doors, the faint hum of voices, all combine to create a grandeur of busy life which must be seen to be fully realised. Here passengers do not shout to each other as they do in India. At railway stations or at public places, and even at home, they talk in whispers or at any rate in a low voice. Our habit of talking loudly frequently drew upon us the eyes of our neighbours, and though they did not say anything, we soon found that it was as well not to be stared at. Boards with "Here wait for first class," "Here wait for second class," "Here wait for third class" are hung at different sections of the platform, where passengers for each class wait and find before them their respective carriages as soon as the train stops.

The stations are full of advertisements; there is hardly an inch of wall not occupied by one kind or other, so that at first we were at a loss to know whether the name of a station was "Pears' Soap" or "Colman's Mustard." The carriages are also full of them. The best of everything that man wants is here offered for sale at the cheapest price, its merits being often illustrated with pictures of fantastic designs. The elixir by means of which poor mortals are to banish for ever all mundane troubles has at length been found in Cherry Brandy, for never was the expression of sublime happiness so vividly depicted as in the face of the Hottentot man and his wife rejoicing after taking this earthly nectar—as shewn in the advertisement. Complaints of injustice done in this world

owing to a difference in colour are often heard. The black races need no longer have the fear of being eaten up by white men for the sake of their complexion, for a single application of Mr. Pears' Soap will whiten the blackest of black faces. Mr. Pears is a master in the art of advertising, from whom even patent medicine-makers may well take a lesson. Wherever you go you meet with "Pears' soap," even pennies are marked with these magic words. How many people must have gone mad by these words being constantly presented before their eye! Mr. Pears certainly deserves an extensive sale of his soap. Not only in the railway stations and carriages but wherever you go you meet with advertisements. The walls, where allowed, are full of them, boards are placed in the streets covered with them, sandwich boys carry them on their shoulders, in the omnibuses, in the steamboats, they are everywhere. The advertisers say that their cost is distributed among so many millions that the incident per head of consumers is merely a fraction, but what this fraction is, nobody knows. The business of advertising must give employment to a large number of persons. Besides printers, engravers, sandwich boys and others in the regular line, there are agents who undertake to do this work for merchants and manufacturers; then it has also given rise to inventors of new paints, new types, new boards, and new machines, used solely for this purpose.

If one is to find out the name of a station, he must look for it in the lamps, on which it is written. Although so many trains run night and day over these lines, the whole work is so carefully managed that accidents seldom happen. While we were there a German gentleman met with a singular fate in the Underground Railway. He had a habit of thrusting his head out of the carriage window to see what his fellow passengers were doing in other compartments. Once before his head came in contact with something while he was thus

looking out. He was slightly hurt, but this did not teach him to be careful in future. The last time his head was almost smashed to pieces by a stone projecting from the arches. He died three days after the accident. Besides the Underground Railway system numerous other suburban and provincial railways traverse all sides of London. There is the Great Eastern Railway which runs from Liverpool Street Station towards Cambridge and other places; the Great Northern Railway from King's Cross towards Scotland; the Great Western Railway from Paddington to the western counties; the London and Northern Railway from Euston Road to Manchester, Liverpool and Scotland; the Midland Railway from Euston Road towards Scotland; the London, Chatham and Dover Railway which connects England with Belgium and France by way of Ostend and Calais; the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, which goes towards Portsmouth and connects London with Paris via Normandy; the South Eastern Railway which runs to Folkestone and Dover with corresponding mail steamers for Boulogne, Calais and Ostend; and other minor lines. Numerous omnibuses go night and day from one part of the town to another. The omnibuses are big carriages with cushioned seats inside and benches on the top. Like tram cars they run at regular intervals of time and are drawn by horses, but do not go upon rails. While the two underground railway companies carry annually about 136 millions of passengers, the omnibuses carry more than 78 millions. Then, there are the steamboats which ply every five minutes on the Thames from one end of busy London to the other, i. e., from Chelsea to London Bridge, touching at various piers erected on either side of the river, which serve as stations. It will be an insult to the London cabs, if in order to explain to my countrymen I call them hackney carriages, for the conception that will be thereby formed of them will be entirely erroneous. In short, cabs

are very superior four-wheeled carriages drawn by strong, sleek, well-fed horses, with which the rickety, dirty second-class carriages of Calcutta and their miserable skeleton horses cannot be compared. It gives comfort to an Indian's eye to see the huge sinewy beasts which here perform all the work that bullocks do in India. They do agricultural work, draw trucks (which take the place of our carts), and tow boats in the canals. It would not be respectable for a baker or a butcher to employ in his delivery-truck any but a strong showy beast. Two wheeled-carriages are called Hansoms. There are upwards of 13,000 cabs and hansoms in London. In the busy streets they run so continuously that it is dangerous to cross the road. In difficult crossings small spaces have therefore been railed in the middle of the road where foot passengers take breath after running through the first half and wait for an opportunity to cross the other half. With all these means of conveyance which are more than fully utilised, one would suppose that the roads are comparatively empty of foot passengers. No such thing. Go wherever you will, the main streets are always so blocked up with passers-by, who habitually walk at a more rapid pace than we do in India, that two men can find hardly room enough to go abreast. But they always walk side by side, and do not go in what they call the Indian file, *i.e.*, one following the other. No collision takes place. Nor that curious phenomenon which often occurs in India of two persons coming from opposite directions, who suddenly meet face to face and try to pass each other, but with an unanimity of purpose worthy of a better cause they repeatedly move to the same side rendering all means of egress impossible except through each other's body, when at length they suddenly change their mind and shoot across as if by a sudden inspiration. Such things do not happen in London, for the rule is universally followed that foot-passengers should keep to the right. Carriages keep to the left.

But if any one wishes to see what a concourse of active human beings is like, he must go to the City at office time between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. We have fairs in India where thousands and tens of thousands meet and form a motley crowd, but in India everything is inert and dead, even a crowd of living men. The listless indolent look noticed in the face of prisoners while at work, or in the face of men dragged from their homes to work under the forced labour system prevalent in certain parts of India, is merely an exaggerated form of expression natural to the Indian races. The resigned submissive expression of an Indian face suggests to one's mind the idea that the owner has, after a long course of reasoning, come to the conclusion that he had no business to be born, and that he is constantly smarting under the sense of wrong done to him by being sent to this world against his strong wish to the contrary. He therefore goes through life as a prisoner goes through the task allotted to him, and brings the same energy to bear upon his work as does the forced labourer while employed in carrying the *Jhāmṇān* of his petty Rana or the baggage of a European tourist through the meandering paths on the outer slopes of the Himalayas. In point of fact the high intellectuality of the Indian races, being driven back by the rampant forces of nature to work in an imaginative sphere, has created a diseased state of mind. This disease assumes more and more a virulent form as a man advances in age, and it becomes positively mischievous to the well-being of the nation at large if a man happens to have deserved by his education and abilities to be a leader of men in his younger days. Respect due to age enhances his prestige, and his words are received as gospel by the younger generations, however absurd and antagonistic they may be to all notions of national economy. In short, the whole nation is suffering from a mental aberration which my countrymen fondly call *intense religiousness*. Hence perhaps this vacant

look. It is impossible for a Hindu to comprehend the earnest reality of life unless he witnesses that mighty human stream which every morning pours into that little bit of ground, measuring 632 acres, called the "City." Eight hundred thousand human beings and seventy thousand vehicles daily pass in and out of this little space. It is, the centre of the earth, the heart which supplies the life-blood to the commerce of the world, and sends forth the impulse by force of which the Esquimaux hunts the seal among the icebergs on the Greenland coast, the whaler braves the perils of the polar seas, the Chinaman's ape plucks the tea from the steepest hills, and the savage Negro pursues the fleet ostrich in the boundless deserts of Central Africa. Here luck finds its due, merit its reward; fortunes are daily made and lost; hearts elated and hearts broken. In what number? Ah, who can collect such statistics of this microcosm of the world!

Among this flowing multitude may be noticed the rich banker. He began the battle of life under serious difficulties, but his serene face will tell you that he has succeeded in overcoming them. He has been honest, industrious, frugal and methodical, and always knew how to take the best advantage of every opportunity that came in his way. He has risen in life not by chance, but by sheer force of mind. He now occupies a palatial residence in the suburbs with a large garden attached to it, owns a deer-preserve in the Highlands and has English governesses for his children and Swiss maids for his daughters. The family lives in a sumptuous style, as may be seen from the variety of food daily placed on the table. One day's bill of fare may be taken as a sample. For breakfast they had—Ham and eggs, sole (fish), mutton-chop, veal cutlets, ox tongue, bread of different sorts, vegetables, tea and coffee. Being a business man, the breakfast was rather early for a rich family (8-30 A.M.), and was somewhat hurried. The banker himself took his lunch at a restaurant in the City. The lunch at

home for the family at 12.30 consisted of—Imperial soup ; mayonnaise of salmon, pickled salmon, lobster salad ; York Ham, pigeon pie with truffles ; forequarter of lamb, sirloin of beef ; Victoria jelly ; strawberry cream ; French pastry, Venice bread, roud cakes ; pine apple and filberts as desert ; with hock, claret, sherry and champagne for drink. Afternoon tea at 4 was simple, consisting of tea, bread, cakes and a little cold meat and tongue. Dinner at 7 P.M., was elaborate in which the whole family joined. It consisted of—clear turtle soup ; turbot and lobster sauce, fried fillet of soles ; haunch of venison, saddle of mutton, roast sirloin of beef ; roast duck, boiled chicken ; pine apple cream ; macedoin of fruits, savoy cakes, cheese biscuits ; grapes, melons, filberts, walnuts ; sparkling champagne, pale sherry, hock, claret and port wine for drink. The ladies pass their time in visiting friends, in needle-work, and in reading novels in English, German or French. German and French are indispensable for a lady's education. He sent his first two daughters to France for education ; but a younger one is now in Hiedelbrand, for Germany is the fashion of the day. One of the girls is a great linguist : besides French and German she has perfect command over Spanish and Italian, as also some knowledge of Greek and Latin. Two aunts of the family can boast of extensive learning and high scientific acquirements. Such women are usually very stiff and they are nick-named "Blue stockings." The time passed by the banker in the drawing room after dinner is perhaps the most agreeable part of his life. The incidents of one evening may be mentioned. As soon as dinner was finished the whole family repaired there. A cheerful fire was burning which shed a soothing influence all over the room and imbued the mind of every one present with a sense of voluptuous comfort, the charm of which was further enhanced by the density of the darkness outside, where the angry wind with terrific hisses and growls was chasing myriads of cotton-like snow flakes, driving some to

seek shelter among crevices of houses, edges of balconies, and hat-brims and pockets of passengers, bringing others to bay under the wall opposite the leese of the road, and compelling some to rush for refuge into the narrow passage of the bricklayer's cottage close by, as the little girl opened the street door for her belated father. The matron of the house presided over this family assemblage. She sat on her chair with needle work on her lap, surrounded by her young ones, one on the sofa, one on a low chair, while two squatted on the ground near her feet along with a sleepy dog whom they began by turns to fondle and tease. The young miss of eighteen just returned from the Continent was asked for music. She went to the piano and sang, while a young neighbour, invited to dinner, stood by her side and turned over the pages of the music. Meanwhile the master of the family reclining on his easy chair was enjoying a quiet nap dreaming of the bright faces with which God has blessed him. After the music and the usual compliments to the lady for her performance, a little girl of nine was requested to recite a short poem. She did it beautifully and the piece she selected was well suited to the time and the weather outside. The story ran thus:—The wife of a life-boat man was ailing for sometime. On the night in question she grew worse. Her husband sat by her side with the palm of her left hand within both of his, and mournfully watched the pale face and the hard breathing which he supposed was getting less and less every minute. He thought she would go with the tide; she herself thought so too. The night was pitch dark and a furious storm raged outside. At this moment, the boom of a distant gun rang above the howling storm and the roar of the waves that thundered on the rocky coast, the signal of distress from a ship about to be wrecked. Another gun signified to him the summons to his duty. He hesitated to leave his dying wife, but she insisted upon his going. "Jack," she softly mur-

mured, "you must leave me to obey the call to your duty. Our Alfred left home these five years. The poor boy may have gone to sea, and, who knows? that in this wild night he may be at this moment in some unknown shore in the same situation as the men in the yonder vessel are. May be, I will be no more when you come back, but, Jack, for this act of yours God will bless you and our dear Alfred. My last wish has been to see my poor boy before I died, but as it is not to be, I will when the moment arrives cheerfully resign my soul to Him who does everything for our good. God bless you." Jack and his comrades bravely rowed the lifeboat to the vessel in distress. It was, however, completely wrecked and all hands washed away except a boy who tenaciously clung to the ropes high up in the mast. Him they saved with considerable difficulty and at great risk of their own lives. Jack found in him his long lost son Alfred. His wife was living when he came back. The sight of her son whom she dotingly loved gave her new life. She recovered, and she and Jack and Alfred were happy ever afterwards. The little girl repeated these lines with such grace and animation that as she sat down shouts of applause from everyone present greeted her ears. This is how respectable Englishmen pass their evenings. Any one who as a guest shared in all these innocent enjoyments will ever afterwards associate the English fireside with one of the most refined ideas of human happiness possible in this world of troubles.

The next unit of the crowd whom I shall notice is a young assistant in a shop. He married a pretty dress-maker against the wish of his father and has therefore, been discarded by him. The young pair and the little baby, one year old, live on thirty shillings a week, out of which they pay 8 shillings as rent for two small rooms furnished with their own furniture taken on the hire system now universal in London. It is almost the same system under which a cartman in Calcutta

is provided with money to buy a cart which he repays with an exorbitant rate of interest by daily instalments; with this difference that the furniture man supplies the furniture in kind, the price of which is paid to him by weekly instalments. Furniture to the value of £50 can be had on a payment of 10 shillings per week. This man pays 5 shillings a week for the things he has taken. These consist of—carpets £3, bed £3, wash-stand and mirror £1, sofa £2, six chairs £2, 2, mahogany drawer £5, three tables £7, perambulator £1, 10, book-shelf £1; total £25. 12 0. The food of the family costs about 15s. 6d. per week, distributed as follows:—Meat 6s., bread 2s. 4d., vegetables 1s. 9d., butter 1s., tea, sugar and milk 2s., oatmeal for porridge 1s. 7d., beer 1s. 2d.; total 15s. 10d. The remaining 1s. 2d. is not enough for coal, soap, washing, clothing and other miscellaneous expenses, but the little wife does some sewing which not only pays the deficit but leaves a slight surplus, by the aid of which the young pair is gradually feathering its nest. She also cooks the food and does all household work except washing. They have breakfast at half past seven, which consists of porridge, bread and butter, and tea. They take their dinner at 2 P.M. On Sunday they have hot joint, the same meat cold on Monday, and the same meat stewed on Tuesday. A new joint comes on table on Wednesday which is made to last till the end of the week. Most people who work far from home take their dinner at eating-houses and restaurants of different degrees of respectability according to circumstances. Such dinner costs from 6d. upwards. For 6d. a plate of meat and vegetables is given. Some people manage to have a dinner at 4d. for which they get a pork-chop and fried onions. There are shops especially for this sort of dinner. It is difficult to fix the lowest sum on which a poor man can maintain a family in such an expensive place as England. There are men who with a family of five or six children live on £1 a week. This sounds a large sum when

applied to India, but it is not so in England. In this country a man can subsist on 1d. a day and can do without many things which in England are indispensably necessary for the maintenance of health. In many parts of the United Kingdom the poor people can seldom afford to have meat. Bread, potatoes and oat meal are their chief food staples. An Indian student can have board and lodging in England for 30 shillings a week, but he cannot do without another 30 shillings to pay his washing, railway fare, and various other items of expenditure which one does not foresee but are sure to come up. A middle aged gentleman who goes there for sight-seeing cannot do at less than £5 a week.

I shall now notice a young girl of about twenty belonging to a toy shop where she serves as an assistant. She was saying to her friend that she could live on love. Her case is a sad one. One Saturday night three years ago she paid six pence at the door of a public bath and was admitted to a hall where a ball was being held. Such balls take place weekly or bi-weekly in many parts of London and are got up as private speculation by enterprising individuals like the proprietor of the baths. They are largely patronised by young folks of an affectionate turn of mind, who are in quest of worthy objects on whom to bestow their love. The young miss danced with a railway plate-layer, and immensely enjoyed the evening. Next day the plate-layer loitered about the toy-shop for two long hours though he knew it never closed before seven. At last he met her on the road, and offered to see her home. She distinctly told him where she lived, yet the forgetful young man lost the way, but why she herself did not notice the mistake it is not explained. There was no help for it now; they took many turnings, crossed the Hyde Park, sat there for a while to take rest, and further refreshed themselves with a glass of port wine each, which the miss at first declined but was obliged to accept after much pressing on his

part. Every day since that time the young man came punctually and escorted her home, not direct of course, but through streets and parks not quite on their way. Once he took her to a theatre and spent 6s. 4d., viz., 2 tickets 4s., ice 1s., two glasses of port wine 8d., omnibus 8d. Matters at last came to a crisis. All day long and in the still hours of night, the sweet face of the young maiden was ever present in the plate-layer's mind, and she too wondered if the hour hand of the shop clock now took more time to move towards VII than heretofore. One Sunday while they sat side by side on a bench in the Hyde Park and watched the sport of wild ducks on the Serpentine, the young man broke silence and in the usual way told her his love and asked her to be his wife. She blushed, and cried, and at the end she laid her head on the broad bosom of the plate-layer and whispered a little "Yes," adding however that she could not consent to be his wife without the permission of her parents. This the young man readily obtained and they were "engaged." For three long years they remained in this engaged state, because in the first place they were too young and in the next place the earnings of the plate-layer were not sufficient to maintain a wife and family. So the parents advised and necessity compelled them to wait. A short time ago, the plate-layer got a more lucrative employment in another railway and then they talked of marriage and their future prospects. But alas, for the treachery and fickleness of man! He went to Margate on a week's leave, "to take" as he said, "the smoke of London out of his system." While on an excursion boat, he met there a young girl with a prettier face, with which he was at once head and ears in love, she on her part nothing loath to accept his attentions. Their mutual relations did not however assume any precise form, for the law court and breach of promise loomed before the mental vision of the amorous swain, but it was understood that they would meet again in London. On his

return his coolness was at once noticed by his forsaken sweetheart. He did not meet her with that warmth natural on such occasions, the breach widened when the indifference developed into studied neglect, and it was a positive insult when the young man one day threw himself in her way in company with his new love. It broke the poor girl's heart, but womanly pride came to her aid, which enabled her to meet the vile conduct of her unworthy lover with supreme contempt. But a woman's love is not effaced in a day; true affection leaves in her tender heart a deep scar which is often carried through life. To one friend only she confided her deep grief, to whom she said sobbing, that she could have lived upon love if they had nothing to live upon.

This was however an exceptional case. Such meetings and such "goings out" generally end in marriage. The time of courtship with its first sensation of love, the earnest longing to see the object of one's affection, the joy of meeting, the pain of separation, the hopes and doubts, and many little things which make one now transcendently happy, now dolefully miserable, is remembered in after days as the sweetest moments of life. The mind of an oriental youth can be possessed with a temporary infatuation, but it has rarely an opportunity to experience the romance of love. The custom of the country has thus deprived him of one of the charming excitements of life. But the individual who has the strongest reason to curse this custom is the Indian novelist. To write a novel without a love story is to play Hamlet without its hero, or to sing Rámáyana leaving out the name of Ráma. Reluctantly he therefore falls back upon bygone times when lovely damsels were allowed to roam about at their pleasure, or he fabricates far-fetched stories of latter days, when the Muhammadan invaders of India carried their victorious arms from one end of the country to the other, or still later, when in the early days of British rule Dacoits ravaged the villages of Bengal. Charles Dickens has thus narrowly

escaped from wholesale piracies being committed upon him, but historical romance-writers have not fared so well.

In a sober point of view, the oriental is no sufferer for this want of romance in his life, and in the matter of family happiness at least, he can altogether dispense with the pity which English people often bestow upon him. There is more concord in an Indian family consisting of father, mother, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, sons-in-law, nephews, grandsons, granddaughters and all sorts of near and distant relations, than in an English family of husband, wife, a few children, and a mother-in-law. An Indian husband and wife have no chance of comparing their lot with that of others, so they are content. They grow up together from childhood, and left solely to themselves they learn to like each other, and their affections are soon fixed on the little progeny which come to them at an early age. Besides, it requires a little spirit to quarrel. But happiness or no happiness, the present state of things shall not continue if India is to take her place among the civilised countries of the globe. Education and liberty among women may jeopardise family peace to a certain extent by creating new ideas and aspirations in their heads and making them impatient of control, but it is the old, old story of the tyrant to disregard the inestimable advantages of knowledge and to lay stress on its little drawbacks. Infant marriage must cease, and women must be fully emancipated not only in India but in all countries of the world. At all events, let China glory in her *patria potestas*, but in no form whatsoever shall it exist in British India. Indian parents must be made to recognise the fact that they have no right to sell for money or to "give away" a helpless human being even to a worthy object. Within the last fortnight a Bráhmañ acquaintance of mine purchased from her mother a little girl of four years for Rs. 300. Facts like this can be easily gathered which would appal the most ardent admirer of Hindu society. Among the poorer classes thousands of infants

are every year bought and sold under the name of marriage. If religion is the root of this evil, no right-minded man can support that religion, for a man has no more right to dispose of an infant on religious grounds, than he has to allow his aged mother to become a *Sati* or to offer a human sacrifice to his tutelary deity.

But the most serious argument brought forward against *Zanana* emancipation is that education and liberty in women will lead to immorality. This notion, originally evolved from intuition, received confirmation from newspaper reports of divorce cases and from Reynolds's novels. The joyous welcome from a laughing face *will not* cheer the mind of an Indian when he comes home in the evening tired and weary after a long day's work. Oh no! *He wants* a wife with a morose face, which she should cover and run away from him as she sights him from a distance, and who should not speak to him unless in the dead of night when they are alone in the bed chamber. A murder or a burglary is not planned with more silent and timid whisperings than the commonest conversation between a husband and wife. A young woman must cover her face before her father-in-law, brother-in-law, uncle-in-law and all sorts of connections, not to speak of strangers. That is the kind of womanly modesty which delights the heart of an Indian, at least in Upper India, increases the family pride and impresses upon it the stamp of respectability. No wonder then that the chaste mind of a young Indian is horrified to see 'gay giddy girls talk and behave as if they were human beings and not females, but how he survives the shock he receives at the sight of young women kissing young men and of the privileges of a ball-room is a mystery to me. I may not approve some of the European customs and may not desire their introduction into this country, but this I can unhesitatingly assert that with all the education, all the freedom and all the independence allowed to women in Europe there is not

more imprality there than there is in India. An opinion of Indian morality based on the conduct of the servant women of Calcutta will be as sound as an opinion of English morality based on the conduct of the street girls of London. An English woman values chastity and honour as much as an Indian woman does. In her strong sense of duty an Englishman has implicit trust; and even if he is otherwise disposed the Englishwoman has the spirit to compel it from him. The Indians do not trust their women. They do not feel shame to insult their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters by casting aspersions on their conduct and doubting their good behaviour if their minds are opened by education and worldly experience, and if the freedom which every human being can justly claim as his or her birthright is allowed to them. No, all the meekness and modesty of the Indian woman, her kindly and affectionate disposition, her religious fervour, her strong love of virtue, her sense of self-respect, and all the good qualities with which nature has endowed her, go for nothing with the pious Hindu and the pious Muhammadan. After all, if confidence cannot be placed in the honour of a woman that woman is not worth taking care of. Little do we know what incalculable mischief this anomalous position of women in our society has done to the country! Give us mothers like English mothers to bring up our boys, young girls to spur impetuous youths on to noble deeds, wives to steer our manhood safely through the whirlpools of life, and elegant ladies to refine, revive and invigorate our rotten society—then India will be regenerated in twenty years' time.

The day after our arrival in London, we saw an article in the *Daily News* triumphantly proclaiming to the world that Mr. Gladstone was about to introduce in Parliament a "Bill for the better Government of Ireland," which would for ever set at rest the strifes and dissensions in that unhappy country,

make the Irish peaceful and prosperous, and unite them eternally to England in the closest bond of amity and goodwill. Having lost all touch with the outside world for about a month, we could not realise the portentous nature of the news learnt for the first time. There were no outward symptoms to foreshadow any kind of serious commotion, nor were any distant rumblings heard of that tremendous storm which soon threw English society into violent convulsions. But in truth we were deceived. Under that superficial calm, the mind of conservative London was boiling and surging in nervous anxiety about the next piece of wickedness meditated by the Grand Old Man. Rumours of Mr. Gladstone's contemplated proposals had already got abroad, the "separation" cry had already been taken up by his opponents, and four days before our arrival a meeting was held at the Guildhall protesting against the concession of Home Rule to Ireland. How the Bill was introduced in Parliament, how on that day the House was crowded by members and visitors from early morning, how the Bill was received, how it was defeated, and how Parliament was dissolved, are matters of history with which this narrative has no concern. What struck me most forcibly at the moment was the mistake which Mr. Gladstone made in justifying his Bill almost entirely on grounds of right and justice. His opponents sneeringly said—"Did ever a politician utter such arrant nonsense before? Right and justice indeed! As if the world is governed by sentimentality! Such noble doctrines should have been reserved for the defence of acts like the extirpation of a patriotic band striving to free their country from the domination of foreign usurers, or the bombardment of an inoffensive town." In such a sweeping measure, when self-interest was so much at stake, Mr. Gladstone no doubt overestimated the sense of justice among his people, however strong it may be. But nevertheless it reflects great credit on the English nation that

a veteran statesman like him could place such absolute reliance on Englishman's proverbial love of justice in such a momentous question.

Such a thing was unknown in the East. Even in our halcyon days, when on many points we reached such a moral altitude that European nations have not yet been able to arrive at, we never thought of such international obligations. In comparison to the rules of warfare laid down four thousand years ago just before the battle of Kurukshetra was fought, the results of the Geneva Convention sink into utter insignificance. But our kings never knew that it was sin to rob a neighbour of his kingdom, or to efface by despatches and regulations the physical, intellectual and moral deficiencies of a conquered people, in order to bring them up to a level with the conquerors. Religion permitted a king to make conquests, and there the matter ended. It is solely from English teachings that we have learnt to criticise international politics in a moral point of view. But we go to the extreme. Being weak and powerless ourselves we have found it very convenient to heedlessly criticise the acts of the strong and the powerful. We make no allowance for the imperfection of human nature and expect that Englishmen should always do what is right. This is expecting from them more than what we found in the celestial politics of our gods. Take for instance that shabby swindling transaction by which the gods deprived the Asuras of their share of the spoils of Ocean churned out by their joint labour, to which any lawyer of to-day would say they were legally and morally entitled; or that mean deception which the gods, enamoured of her beauty, tried to practise on poor Damayanti, but in which they most ignominiously failed. If I were an Englishman, I would feel highly flattered by the abuse daily poured upon the heads of the English for their proceedings in Egypt and other places, and would modestly take it as a high compliment to the English character which all orientals

thus tacitly acknowledged as more god-like than the nature of their own gods. I do not defend a wrong act. I simply take into consideration what the world is, and think what we would have done ourselves had we the power to do what we liked under circumstances in which self-interest required a deviation from the right path. Criticise by all means every public measure, but criticise honourably, keep your criticisms within the bounds of moderation, and never do it in a malignant spirit (which alas ! is too often the case). Never criticise in the following way, if you can help it :—

“Do you know T. N. Mukharji? Well this is a name that really covers like charity a veritable Babu finished by a trip to England and back at the public expense. It is really some Try-luck Babu who is just now engaged in the pleasant occupation of bespattering his own fore-fathers to the fourteenth generation upwards with his self-acquired accumulated filth of the East and the West. He tells the readers of the *Indian Nation* week after week how his little head has been completely turned. I pity the miserable man who in spite of the advantage of birth that he has had appears from his total ignorance of the really glorious things that he could have claimed as his heritage, to think that it is life, real enjoyable life in England and death and death alone in India. I wonder why the poor fellow came back to die at all. I waste my time in various ways, but I would not care to waste it over this ‘Try-luck-ho?’”

This is the criticism with which I have been favoured by a Hindu weekly print. In my point of view, even what my countrymen call the sanctimonious way of doing a wrong reflects great credit on the English nation, for it proves the existence in the country of a large body of right-minded people who require to be hoodwinked and deceived. Of all countries in the world, this party is very

strong in England, and it gains fresh accession in strength as each year rolls to its end ; otherwise slavery could not have been abolished, Catholic disabilities could not have been removed, the Protestant Church in Ireland could not have been disendowed, or the Alabama case could not have been settled without a war. Mr. Gladstone appealed to this party, but either he overestimated its strength or he asked too much of it : for England could not be asked to make a more tremendous sacrifice than to consent to the separation of Ireland from the Empire, as many understood by Mr. Gladstone's Bill. Why, the creation of a little disaffected independent state in such close proximity to England would simply mean the annihilation of the British Empire. But Mr. Gladstone's bill, with all its defects, never meant separation.

The main strength of the cause espoused by Mr. Gladstone lay in the self-interest of the British nation, the morality of the measure being only a secondary and auxiliary force. Mr. Gladstone did not utilise the main strength to its fullest extent, and frittered away the auxiliary force by making too much use of it. To an outsider, who could watch the controversy in a calm and dispassionate way, it would appear that he could easily have taken the wind out of his opponents' sail, and could honourably, more forcibly, and with a better prospect of success point out in his first speech that it was not separation that he contemplated, but the pacification of Ireland and a cordial union between the sister islands. This object must have to be gained anyhow for the preservation of the British Empire and for the general welfare of humanity ; as the destruction of this colossal power with its ramifications thrown on every quarter of the globe will upset the equilibrium of the world, will produce more direful calamities than what resulted from the subversion of the Roman Empire, and civilisation will be pushed many centuries backwards. Mr. Gladstone and his party subsequently discovered their mistake, but it was then too

late; the cry of "Paper Union" was lost amidst the din of "Separation" which resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land. Does a union exist between England and Ireland now, or did it ever exist before? No, never. Ireland has always been treated as a conquered country. True, she had a Parliament of her own, but it never had any independent power, except only for 7 years from 1783 to 1800, when by 23 Geo. III. c. 28 full power was relegated to it in all matters of legislation and judicature, but that was at a time when the world was in an unsettled state from the effects of the French Revolution, which made it impossible for it to get a fair trial. The country has been in a chronic state of rebellion, open or covert, since Pope Adrian IV. authorised the Anglo-Normans of England to partition its lands among themselves seven hundred years ago, and since that time Ireland always took advantage of England's home or foreign troubles. The disaffection of Ireland could be overlooked with safety so long as England was a first class military power, but since the continental powers have outstripped her in fighting capabilities England can no longer allow Ireland to remain in its present state. Ireland must have to be thoroughly united to England. Only two courses are open for the achievement of this object: One is to adopt a conciliatory measure, full and complete, like that proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and the other is to treat Ireland just as Germany is now treating the conquered province of Alsace, *i.e.*, to compel the Irish to leave their country and then people it with Englishmen. But before the adoption of such a drastic measure, a chance should be given to the Irish to become peaceful members of the State. Mr. Gladstone's Bill would have given them that chance. If they had abused it, the whole world would have cried, shame! on Ireland, and England for her self-preservation would then have been perfectly justified to denude her of her disaffected population. England is sufficiently strong to do justice to Ireland in the

first place, and to punish her for her perfidy if the worst comes to the worst. The third course of half-hearted coercion, and imperfect measures for the settlement of the land question is not only waste of time but highly mischievous in the long run. The people of India are watching with keen interest this Irish controversy, for they know that in time to come, though it may be very remote to-day, England will have to decide a bigger Home Rule question—the Home Rule for India. No Indian dreams of separating his country from the influence of England: the highest aspiration of Young India is to have the privileges of a British Colony.

To an Indian on the spot, the political activity displayed on this occasion by the people was a great novelty. In eastern countries the personality of the sovereign is the guiding principle in all matters affecting the commonwealth. The country belongs to the king, who can sell, gamble away or make a gift of it to any one he pleases, along with the people inhabiting it. Instances of this kind often occurred in India in her best days, and on such occasions the people instead of entering a manly protest tore their hair and wept like women. It is quite different in England. There every individual is part and parcel of the sovereign power. They feel their own importance, know their responsibility, and are worthy of the trust. The dignified bearing of the people when the Home Rule discussion was at its height was surely a treat for an Indian. In theatres, in railways, in omnibuses and in all public places the topic of conversation was Gladstone, Ireland, Home Rule, Union and Separation. Fashionable gentlemen in their clubs, merchants at their desks, traders behind the counters, mechanics in workshops, cabmen sitting on their cabs, waiters and waitresses in the restaurants, roughs in public houses, railway porters, news-vendors, every man and woman freely discussed this important matter, and every one felt that on him rested the responsibility of deciding this momentous question. In

London we could hardly meet with a single supporter of Mr. Gladstone; his adherents are in the country, chiefly in Scotland. If we were to believe what half the people of England said about Mr. Gladstone, we would conclude that a more gigantic swindler than him the world never produced; while on the other hand the other half worshipped him as a demigod. One day as I purchased a copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the South Kensington railway station, a man, who was standing by seeing the paper in my hand began to abuse Mr. Gladstone most scandalously. Among other things he said for my special behoof that Mr. Gladstone is an "old washer woman." On this some one said that in that case "his hands at least are clean." Unaccustomed as we are to the subtleties of party politics, we were perfectly bewildered at the excitement. Mr. Gladstone's bill produced in the country. All this will pass away, Ireland will get her Home Rule, instead of the Paper Union there will be a firm union of hearts, and future generations will look back with a smile upon this madness of the time. Grattan said in 1780—"I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our land, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked; he shall not be in iron. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." Mr. Gladstone may now give expression to similar sentiments.

Just before our arrival I saw in the papers mention of a meeting of the Nihilists held in London. To an Indian a

HE FOUGHT FOR A PRINCIPLE.

live Nihilist was a sight worth seeing, and I went to the place where the meeting was held, but the birds were flown before my arrival. My mind is never clear on the subject of Nihilism, and I do not know what the Nihilists really want, so I cannot say whether they are a misguided lot of fanatics, or some of those benefactors of the human race whose only fault is that they are before their time. At any rate a more determined and disinterested set of individuals the world perhaps never saw. The martyr dies after suffering unspeakable tortures buoyed up with the hope that as soon as his life is extinguished his soul would fly to heaven; the Ghazi rushes to death cheered by the vision of charming houris, crystal fountains of nectar, and other pleasures of Muhammadan paradise; the Hindu woman burns herself with the full belief of meeting her husband in a better world; even the patriot and warrior dies for his country in full faith in his God and the justice of his cause. But what has the Nihilist to hope for? He does not believe in God, nor does he believe in the existence of the soul and the future world. A Nihilist calmly sacrifices himself (or herself, as is frequently the case) for an idea! It is a pity that such self-abnegation should be stained with innocent blood. To fight or die for an idea is beyond the conception of the Indian mind. It is however universal in Europe where the people are always ready to make immense sacrifices for a principle. The story of the boy who got a black eye is very much to the point. On being asked how he got it, he explained that he fought another lad who said that his sister squinted, and he got the worst of the encounter. "Does your sister really squint?" "Oh no, a'int no sister" was the reply. "Then why did you fight?" "It is for the principle of the thing," was the most conclusive argument set forth for his fighting and getting the black eye.

On the 4th of May 1886, the Colonial and the Indian Exhibition was opened. It was a bright and glorious morning, Queen's weather, as the people of England call it, when we first saw our beloved Empress. No British subject can conceive a higher honour than to have the privilege of doing obeisance to his august sovereign. And are we not the favourite children of our Empress-mother? In all the presentations when one could watch her mild benevolent face as the representatives of the different nations filed past, she had always a special kind look for us poor Indians. The gratified expression on her face when our artisans touched her feet must be imprinted on every one's mind who witnessed the touching scene. I tell this to my people—be he from the rugged plains of Peshawar or the alluvial swamps in the Brahmaputra valley, from the snow covered Bhot or the scrubby country near Cape Comorin,—that our Empress-mother takes a deep personal interest in the welfare of her Indian children. At 11-30 their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud arrived at the exhibition escorted by the Life Guards. The other members of the Royal Family invited to take part in the ceremony were the Crown Princess of Germany, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise and Marchioness of Lorne, Marquis of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Duke of Cambridge, Princess Mary Adelaide, Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria of Teck, Princess Frederica of Hanover, Baron von Pawel Rammingen, Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg, Prince and Princess Leiningen, Princess Alberta.

of Leiningen, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenburg, Prince and Princess Edward of Sax-Weimar, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Countess Theodore Gleichen. At about 12 a flourish of trumpets by Her Majesty's State Trumpeters announced the arrival of the Queen. On entering the main avenue of the exhibition she was received by the Prince of Wales as the executive head of the exhibition and by the other Members of the Royal Family. The Queen wore a plain black dress, without any decorations, and unless from her majestic bearing you could hardly realise that you stood before the august sovereign of the vast British Empire. She first made a dignified curtsy to the assembly present and then kissed her relations. The representatives of the various colonies and India were then presented to her in a body by the Prince of Wales. After this ceremony we were taken to another part of the exhibition where the Indians waited with an address to be presented to the Queen. In the meantime a procession was formed in the following order—(1) Pursuivants of Arms, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, Blue Mantle, Portcullis; (2) Assistant Secretaries and the official Agent to the Royal Commission and Members of the Finance and Lighting Committees; (3) Heralds: Chester, Windsor, Lancaster, York, Somerset, Richmond; (4) Her Majesty's commissioners and the executive commissioners for the Colonies and India; (5) Garter King of Arms, Treasurer of Household, Comptroller of Household, Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain; THE QUEEN; their Royal Highness the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family; (6) Acting Mistresses of the Robes, Lady of the Bedchamber, Maids of Honour, Women of the Bedchamber, Ladies in Attendance on the Royal Family; (7) Gold Stick in Waiting, Master of the Horse, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Captain of the Gentlemen at Arms, Lord in Waiting, Groom in Waiting,

Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, Equerries in Waiting, Gentlemen Usher in waiting, Comptroller—Lord Chamberlain's Department, Silver Stick in waiting, Field officer in Brigade waiting and Gentlemen in waiting on the Royal Family. The Procession started from the main entrance and proceeded through the vestibule where the clay figures representing the various races of the Indian soldiery were arranged in a row. Passing under the carved wood work on which the Jaipur motto "Where virtue is, There is Victory" was emblazoned, it entered the Indian Court glittering with the richest workmanship of our skilful artisans, and finally it arrived before the "Indian Palace" where we waited. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales here presented us individually to Her Majesty. The Indian artisans who stood in the opposite row were instructed to receive the Queen with the salutation of "Rám, Rám." Among them were some devout Muhammadans, who cried "Rám, Rám" but being unaccustomed to such a strange mode of salutation they added to it the words "Al-Ahmad-ul-illah." So they continually said—"Rám, Rám, Al-Ahmad-ul-illah Rám, Rám, Al-Ahmad-ul-illah." After this was over an address was read, and the procession then moved on. Not knowing what to do next we followed and passing through the Australian and the Canada Courts, we arrived at the Albert Hall. As we were pushing our way, Sir Phillip Cunliffe-Owen came running to us and with a face full of concern said "what are you doing!" Then we realised our actual position. As soon as the address was read we followed Her Majesty and got mixed up with the Royal Family. We were very much afraid, and asked him, "shall we go back?" He said "No, stay where you are." We were very sorry for the mistake, but there was no help for it; we could not go back even if we would, for the passage behind was entirely blocked up. So we were obliged to stand where we were. The Royal Albert Hall where the ceremony of opening the exhibition was held is an im-

mense circular building covered by a glass dome, and capable to hold 10,000 persons. It was built by a Company in 1868—71 at a cost of more than 25 lakhs of rupees (£200,000). Every inch of space in this vast building was occupied, and as I stood on the opposite end to that reserved for the public I could see nothing but an immense number of heads before me arranged in semi-circular rows one over the other. The Chair of State was placed on the Dais, in front of which Her Majesty took her seat, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales on her right, and the other members of the Royal Family standing on either side, with the Great Officers of State and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household around them. As the Procession entered the Albert Hall, the first verse of the National Anthem was sung in English by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. When Her Majesty reached the Dais the second verse was sung in Sanskrit, as translated by Professor Max-Muller. The whole of the Anthem is thus rendered by him :—

Rágnim prasádinim, loka-pranádinim, páhíswara !
 The Queen, the gracious, world-renowned, Save, O Lord !
 Lakshmi-prabhásinim, satrúpahásinim, tám dirghasásinim, páhíswara !
 In victory brilliant, at enemies smiling, her long-ruling, save O Lord !
 Ehy asmadíswara, satrún pratiskira, ukkhinddhi tán !
 Approach, O our Lord, enemies scatter, annihilate them !
 Takkhadma násyá máyáska pásaya, páhyasmadásraya, sarván ganán !
 Their fraud confound, tricks restrain, protect, O thou our refuge, all
 [people !
 Tvádráña-bhúshitám, rágye kíroshitám, páhíswara !
 With thy choice gifts adorned, in the kingdom long-dwelling, save
 [O Lord !
 Rágya-prapálinim, saddharma-sálinim, tám stotra mártim, páhíswara !
 Her, the realm-protecting, by good laws abiding, her with praise
 [wreathed, save O Lord !

After the second verse of the National Anthem was sung in Sanskrit, the third verse was done in English. Madame Al-

bani and the choir next sang an Ode written specially for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson. The Prince of Wales then read an address to Her Majesty, and presented to her a Catalogue of the Exhibition. Her Majesty made a reply to it and commanded the Lord Chamberlain to declare the Exhibition open, which being done, it was announced to the public by a flourish of trumpets by Her Majesty's State Trumpeters, and by the firing of a royal salute in Hyde Park.

India formed by far the most interesting section of the Colonial and the Indian Exhibition. Passing the vestibule at the main entrance, the visitor would stand before the clay models of the military races which uphold the power of England in the East. He would then be led to that gorgeous display of costly jewellery, and filigree, brass and copper vessels with tasteful designs wrought by a skilful inlay of precious metals, minute woodcarving, Indian adaptation of Florentine mosaic, lacquered ware of ruby, emerald and golden hues, costly fabrics woven by patient hands unrivalled in the world, and various other articles which from time immemorial excited the wonder and commanded the admiration of the western nations. As the visitor stood facing this vast panorama of India's artistic wealth, he could watch on his right the multitude crowding to the spot where the jungle life in India was illustrated in a rather over-drawn vividness. Within a narrow compass was pressed the sloping section of a low rugged hill, high trees with arms spreading in all directions, bushy undergrowths, clumps of the feathery bamboo, the wild date with stumps of the petioles sticking on all sides of the stem, rank grass, and other accessories of a sub-Himalayan scenery. This miniature representation of the happiest of hunting grounds in India was densely packed with all sorts of big and small game, the sight of which often elicited a sigh from the superannuated sportsman, as the pleasant days of his youthful life rushed

into his mind, when regardless of all danger from his ferocious enemy of the forest and the more deadly jungle fever of the Taráí, he defiantly strode through hills and swamps dealing death and destruction wherever he went. Here the mighty elephant was shewn with his uplifted trunk, his mouth open, as if roaring from fear and pain, failing to shake off the royal tiger which has fixed his firm grip upon his huge head, from which several streams of blood trickled down dyeing the yellow grass below of a mottled crimson. The roar of the elephant and the angry growl of the tiger had evidently startled a herd of deer which might have been quietly grazing in the neighbourhood, but had now succeeded by rapid strides to gain the hill opposite the place where the fierce struggle was taking place ; all but a brave antler, which after running for a certain distance, now stood still with an inquisitive look expressive of wonder, curiosity and an earnest longing to sift to the bottom the cause of all this tremendous uproar. High up in the tree a herd of monkeys, cowed down with terror, crouched beneath every leafy branchlet that afforded a hiding place, while the little babies clung fast to the breast of their mothers as the terrific howl resounded through the forest and echoed by the distant hills. The peafowl had taken shelter among the green leaves, but the vulture had risen in the air exultant at the prospect of the dainty meal which he knew by experience was being prepared by the brave tiger. In another part of the scene, the Bengal tiger was shewn in his attitude of noiselessly creeping through the friendly grass preparatory to that fatal spring on his unsuspecting prey. The jungle scene, though overdrawn, which could not probably be helped owing to the small space at the command of the designer, was altogether highly attractive. It was paid for by the Maharájá of Kuch Behar.

On the left hand of the visitor lay the Indian Economic Court, where models of the various aboriginal races were

interspersed among the products and manufactures of India. Here could be seen the short-statured Andamanese woman, bedecked with shells and leaves, the white skull of a near relation dangling on her jet black breast. Her husband stood near, spear in hand, his hair frizzled according to the most approved modern fashion. The original of this latter model is no doubt a regular dandy among his people. The Negrito type of the Andamanese bore a strong contrast to his neighbour, the Nicobarese, in whom the Malay element is predominant, although there seems to exist a strong admixture of the Mongolian blood in his veins. The Mongolian element grew stronger as the visitor passed on to the next group of models, consisting of the Burmans of the Irawady Delta and the Karens of the hills. Following up the ethnographical arrangement adopted in this court the visitor would next arrive to that most interesting assemblage of tribes that people the North-east frontier of India, all belonging to the Mongolian family of the human race. There stood the tawny Sinpho, his head adorned with a helmet made of plaited rattan cane, and the everlasting dao in his hand, with which he fights, chops off the head of his fallen foe, clears the forest land, cuts his scanty crop on the hillside, and does all sorts of household work. The proud Nágá was there, fully equipped for war, dyed tufts of feather waving over his head, dyed human and goats hair adorning his breast, a long richly decorated spear in one hand, while the other grasped a large shield made of tiger skin, the first trophy of his youthful ambition. His necklace of human and goat's hair proclaimed to the world, that he the proud wearer received this decoration from his nation for the valour he displayed in the field or the stratagem he employed in securing a number of human heads from his tribal enemy, for none but a man successful in obtaining such a trophy is allowed to wear this much-coveted mark of honour. After all, the Nágá is a savage. His insignia of honour are therefore so crude

and primitive. Had he been civilised he would have prided in stars and ribbons. His distinction is short-lived too, for it ends with his life. The praise of a hero who has ruthlessly massacred men, women and children, robbed his weak neighbours of their property, and carried death and devastation wherever he has gone, is not sung by the bards, nor are there any historians among the Nágas to record with admiration his wholesale butchery of fellow-beings, nor do they possess any moralists to hold up his deeds before the mind of the younger generation to point out to them the noblest course by which a man can achieve everlasting glory. The poor Nágá has therefore to be content with the short-lived honour of being privileged to wear the necklace of human hair round his neck. But he kills not so much for that distinction as for the pleasure which the act of killing affords to most men of all nations, except, all honour to him, the Hindu. The greatest pleasure which wild tribes in all ages and in all parts of the world found in life was in exterminating their fellow-men living on the opposite side of a river or a hill. Civilised men in Europe, restrained from cutting the throats of their neighbours, enjoy *innocent* pleasure by hunting to death the poor little fox, or by shooting the deer, or the pheasants and pigeons specially reared for the sake of being killed. The rich among them go to all parts of the world to kill. They may be seen following the wild deer among the pine forests of Norway, after the chamois in the Swiss Alps, shooting the musk deer in the snowy Himalayas, hunting the Bengal tiger in the Sundarbans, killing the elephant among the dense forests of Ceylon, and pursuing the jumping kangaroo in the wilds of Australia, the camelopard in South Africa and the wild goat among the Rocky Mountains. The religion of the Christian teaches him to pay no heed to the earnest longing to live, implanted in the mind of every living being; he therefore kills, usefully or not, wherever he has the chance to do so. Of all

nations in the world the Hindu alone feels sorrow to shed blood, and is able to realise the fact that such acts are against the dictates of mercy, for *his* religion teaches him to look upon every living thing as his own self. The power to relish destruction of life is developed in the Nágá in as high a degree as it is in the European. Sometime ago a Nágá lad of fourteen acquired the badge of honour. He hid himself with his Dáo in the bush near the spring of a neighbouring village at feud with his own, and he cut off the head of the first woman that came there to take water, which he carried in triumph to his elders who immediately invested him with the insignia of honour. On the side of the Nágá stood the Hill Miri of Assam. The customs and manners of this tribe agree in many respects with those of the Hindus of Lower Bengal. Like the high-caste Bráhmans their men practise polygamy to a large extent. Wives are purchased, but unlike the Hindu, they pay the price in kind and not in cash, the average rate being three buffaloes, thirty pigs and a number of fowls for a girl. They also consider it fit to deprive their women of many privileges which the men enjoy, and as in the case of the unfortunate Hindu widows, this tyranny is extended even to the matter of food. In explaining away such injustice to women, the Miri assumes the same lofty moral attitude which is often seen in educated Indians who, afraid of doing what is right against the mandates of the prevailing custom, find excuses for their moral cowardice on grounds of expediency. Thus the Hill Miri disallows the flesh of tiger to women, though it is highly prized by the men, on the ground that it would make them too strong-minded. But in one respect the Miri woman is better off than her sisters of Lower Bengal; she can dress decently, for religion and inexorable custom do not compel her to go half-naked. The Abors of Assam dress like the Indian sages of old, a small piece of a bark of a tree forming their only raiment, which they also use as a carpet to sit upon and as a covering in the night.

The great Shan tribe had its representative in the Khampti model. Among other races of Assam were to be seen the models of the Mikir, the Daphla, the Khasia, and the Jaintia in this interesting group of figures. The tribes, inhabiting the mountain and forest regions further west all along the Himalayas up to the Gangotri, are ethnologically related to those above described, and these were represented at the Exhibition by the models of the Garo, Mech, Limbo, Lepcha, Gorkha and Garhwáli, all with flat nose, high cheek bone, and scanty hair on the face to denote their Tartar descent. The Gangetic valley, occupied by a people of more or less Aryan origin, lies as a wedge dividing the Mongolians in the north from the Kolarians and Dravidians in the south. The Santal, the Pahári, the Oráon, the Kol and the Gond illustrated the Kolarian tribes, while the Telugu, the Tamil, the Irula, the Badgar, and possibly the Toda and the Kurg, represented the Dravidian races. From the West of India were sent models of the Thákur, the Katkari and the Son Koli, all of Turanian origin. Central India supplied the Bhil and the Mina to represent its aboriginal population, while the pure Aryan had its representative in the Pathan, the Jat and the Rajput.

An intimate acquaintance with European character reveals to an Indian the secret of European progress. It is the constant readiness to accept a better state of things, whenever that is discovered and understood. Power and prosperity in a nation depend upon its capacity to change, while its decline may be dated from the time when its glory reaches such a climax as to make it afraid to interfere with the existing order of things lest a false step produces untoward results. From that date the religious, moral and social system of a nation begins to get fossilised, and it soon becomes quite incapable to replenish its diminishing vitality by the absorption of new truths. From such a society the spirit soon departs, and it is the dead body of the nation that remains behind. Blinded patriots and

immoderate reverencers^o of the past hug this nation's corpse with extreme fondness, and vainly try to throw the cycle-hand of the world's chronometer many thousand years back. The builders of the pyramids would sooner rise from their crumbling sarcophagi to make railways and telegraphs than a retrocession to the Vedic life in India, for which my countrymen are so anxious, would revive the glory of the Indian nation. The past is dead and gone; and to be what is past is to be dead. The past has been the builder of the present, and the present is the builder of the future. Every moment of the universal life^o lays a stone for that edifice—the future. The life of every human being and all creation, animate and inanimate, help nature within their respective spheres in this building operation. Woe to him, who obstructs nature's progress by clinging to the present or retreating to the past. The fate of all laggards-behind in this inexorable onward march soon overtakes him, and that is destruction. In the history of the world many nations met with such a fate, and but for the extenuating circumstance of being possessed of a very high order of intellectuality such would have been the fate of the Hindu nation. The present of the European nations will be our future perhaps many centuries hence, but instead of making rapid strides to regain the lost ground if we choose to go still more backwards, while the whole world will be moving on, then the race for life will be hopelessly lost, for the present is nearer to the future than the past. Such alas! is the will of the nation at the present moment, the effect of a reaction and of the praise bestowed by generous westerners on every thing that is Hindu. Mephistopheles himself could not have devised a surer method to ruin a highly sensitive and proud people labouring under physical and mental infirmities and demoralised by centuries of foreign domination.

Thus the difference between the European and the Indian is very marked on this point. The former is always on the

look out for new things. He is constantly striving to make new contrivances and to discover new ways and means to enable him to move on to a higher plane in the sphere of his own pursuits. Not so with the Indian. He will not easily accept any new knowledge even if you force it down his throat with a hydraulic hammer. It is certainly not the fault of the Indian if the irresistible force of western civilisation has slightly relaxed the stiffness of his mind, elasticised his character and expanded his ideas of the world, for he always does his best to shut his eyes to the influence of modern enlightenment. An *Ekka*-man in the Northwest would not introduce the innovation of spring wheels nor would a peasant cultivate potato in Etah, for such daring rebellion against the established custom would at once bring upon him the thunderbolt of excommunication. In fact that was the reason given to me sometime ago by an *Ekka*-man and a peasant for their inability to try the improvements suggested in their respective lines. Under such encouraging circumstances it is very surprising indeed that a host of Indian Stephensons and Edisons are not produced on all sides! * It was therefore very refreshing to us to turn aside from our national torpor, and witness the all-absorbing enthusiasm of the European for progressive advance. We, therefore, constantly watched with pleasure the anxious inquisitive scrutiny to which the various raw products of India were daily subjected by thousands of visitors at the Colonial and the Indian Exhibition. Merchants, manufacturers and scientists flocked there to see what new source of wealth and human comfort had been brought within their reach from her Majesty's distant dominions. Even the natives who came from villages took unusual interest in the most trivial objects, such as leaves and barks, and exhibited intelligence of a superior order in mastering the details of the various uses to which they are put in India and other parts of the world. Parents explained to their children, and young

men to their sweethearts, the various points of interest found in the innumerable products and manufactures which India sent to that Exhibition from her different provinces. The late Reverend Mr. Long and myself often stood for hours together behind these people to hear the remarks that fell from their lips.

This old friend of the Indians used to come to me punctually every Thursday morning and heard with interest the progress which India had made since he left the country. He was never tired of this theme, and every morning he came he had some new point ready on which he sought to be enlightened, and which evidently he was revolving in his mind during the week. "Do the vernacular newspapers now really discuss politics and not fill their columns with abuses of each other as they used to do in my time?" was the question he once asked me after reading through a copy of the *Sanjibani* I gave him. He felt so glad when I assured him that such was the case. At another time I gave him a copy of the *Bangabási* and explained to him that that was the vernacular paper which had the largest circulation in India. The next time I saw him he was very downcast. He had evidently read the paper and had seen the opinion strongly expressed there adverse to a Hindu's going out of India. He wondered how such an intelligent and well-educated man, as the writer of the article assuredly was, could for a moment doubt the advantages of foreign travel. He asked, "Have not the railways in India shewn that?" I told him that the editors were my friends, and I knew them to be very enlightened and enterprising with a power of organisation which was rarely found in Bengal, but opinions might differ. He seemed to think that with such a start this newspaper might become the future *Times* of Bengal if the proprietors would only rightly read the signs of the age. At another time he asked, "Why do they abuse the British as a nation? They should know that they have sincere friends among us, who wish them well, and

who constantly watch over them with a paternal care. Look at Lord Northbrook, John Bright, Sir George Birdwood, Miss Manning, Miss Florence Nightingale, and others whom you know ; are they not your real friends ? Oh, how I wish to see you a great nation !" On the vernacular newspapers, the village schools, the caste rules, indigo cultivation, and on various other subjects he wanted the most detailed information. He often expressed to me his regret at not being able to procure Bengali books and newspapers, and his joy knew no bounds when I gave him the papers mentioned above. He often expressed a childish delight at the admiration which the magnificence of the Indian court excited in the mind of the natives. On such occasions his face beamed with pleasure and seemed to say—"My beloved India has done all this." Once after he heard me explain to the late M. Eugene Rimmel the various sources of perfumery found in India, he asked me whether there were now many people among the Indians who took an interest in the development of the raw resources of their country. I answered that a sentiment was just growing among a few that at least for some time to come our chief hope of bettering the national prospects lay in this direction, but the way had not yet been cleared for effectual experimentation for the attainment of practical benefits. He was very glad to hear of the establishment of the Scientific Institution at Calcutta by Dr. Mohendra Lal Sarkar. "Do you mean to say that it is founded and maintained by voluntary contributions ?" He asked. I said it was so, though the contributions did not pour in as readily and abundantly as in the case of Lord Lytton's Patriotic Fund.

Knowing me to be a Hindu and a Brahman, in all the conversation he had with me he would never enter into the controversial question of religion, Christian Missionary as he was, and I fully appreciated his kindness in this respect. As I write, the benevolent face of my departed friend is

present in my mind, and I sadly remember the last leave I took of him at the South Kensington Station before my departure from England, never again to meet in this world. His soul was a heaven by itself, the abode of everything that was noble and good. His love of God made him love all creatures, and he must have now attained that blissful state which we believe to be the destiny of every good man be he Hindu or Christian, white or black, civilised or savage. How can we help loving the nation to which he belonged? That is our humble offering to his memory, and our gratitude for the noble deeds of his life.

The economic products of India attracted the attention they deserved. People who deal in gums critically examined the specimens we sent, for their supply from Africa had considerably diminished owing to the Soudan war. But our gums are not of such good quality as those brought from the arid regions of Arabia and Africa. Our gum acacia, the product of *Acacia arabica*, Willd. (Báblá) is not so white and clear as the product of *Acacia vera*, imported into this country from Aden, and neither is it so abundant. But even the inferior gums of India, tons and tons of which every year rot in the jungles and villages, would find a market in Europe and sufficiently remunerate those who would take the trouble to collect them. The gums of *Acacia leucophloea*, Willd. sent from Bombay and of *Acacia Catechu* sent from Upper India were considered suitable for use as substitutes for the true gum acacia. The gum of *Odina Wodier*, Linn.—(Jibal), a tree which is used in hedges all over Lower Bengal, would, if collected with care and at the proper season, answer the same purpose. The reaction against the gaudy aniline dyes invited attention towards the vegetable substances which from time immemorial yielded under the skilful manipulation by Indian hands the most beautiful sober colours, and the use of which is still unknown in Europe. The roots of *Morinda citrifolia*, Linn., Olden-

landia umbellata, Linn, and of the different species of *Rubia* received commendation. England annually imports extracts and barks to the value of several crores of rupees for dyeing and tanning purposes. India has a very insignificant share in this important trade. Is the vast continent of India, with its forests and mountains extending from the arctic climate of the Himalayas to the torrid zone near the equator, so poor in astringent barks and leaves? Most decidedly not. But who is there to study the question, collect facts, make trials and offer sufficient inducements to merchants and traders to make it worth their while to move out of the present groove? Centuries ago the fiat was sent forth that every Hindu should be nailed to the spot where he is born. He must therefore leave to foreigners the development of new lines of trade, the discovery of new sources of national wealth, the utilisation of the soil for more profitable crops, the substitution of modern discoveries for old methods, the building of ships, the construction of railways and various other matters which should have been the first duty of a much less pretentious nationality. The Hindu considers his duty well-performed when he has inveighed against the injustice of not appointing a larger number of clerks in offices and guards in railways. I have often expressed in strong terms my feeling on this subject, but it is not want of sympathy for my countrymen that wrings out from my mind such hard words; it is the shame that I feel for the artificial barrier raised against our advancement, for our weakness and impotence and for the wilful waste of mental faculties which stand second to none in the world, that compels me to emphasize the language of condemnation. The resources of India are unlimited, which if intelligently utilised would give employment to thousands, raise the standard of life and, if wealth is power, would enable the people to command the respect of other nations of the world. It is not so very difficult, as one would suppose, to divert England's money

towards India from foreign countries in the welfare of which she has not the least concern. Englishmen are very partial to India, and I am sure they would a good deal go out of their way to help their fellow subjects. Besides, the benefit will be mutual. The money thus sent to India will be returned to England for her manufactures. Half India goes half-naked for want of means to purchase the necessary clothing. Increase the means, and a large part of the money will find its way back to Lancashire and other manufacturing centres for dress and finery. My wanderings through the London market, where the products of the world were displayed for sale, have taught me the lesson that India can do ten times better in the matter of foreign trade than she does now. But it is out of question that in the few hours I could snatch at different times to visit the produce market, I would be able to collect such reliable information as to warrant any one to embark on a new venture without a more detailed enquiry and preliminary trial, for theory requires verification by practice. What is required now is careful and continued investigation, trial consignments to verify the facts thus obtained, and removal of difficulties as they crop up. It is by such means that the Australians have found in England a profitable market for their meat which formerly they used to throw away and for the fresh fruit which they grow in abundance. I would not blame Government for not taking energetic action in this direction; I would rather turn to my countrymen and say that if any of them wish to do anything in the line indicated above, I would gladly place all the information that I possess at their disposal, but they must come prepared for preliminary trial and arduous experiment.

My friend Mr. Thomas Christy, of 155 Fenchurch Street, London, has laid the world under a deep obligation. His peaceful arbour at Sydenham reminded me of that quiet hermitage where my great ancestor, Bharadváj, instructed his disciple, Charak, in the subtle properties of officinal plants.

long before Æsculapius sat at the feet of Chiron, the Centaur. What Charak and Susruta in the prehistoric times and Dioscorides in a comparatively modern age, did for the exploitation of vegetable medicines, Mr. Christy and his coadjutors are doing at the present day. With the aid of that systematic generalisation to which the vegetable kingdom has now been reduced and the facilities of analysis afforded by modern chemistry, the products of the whole world are being thoroughly ransacked for the discovery of new medicines capable to cure disease, alleviate pain and prolong human life. The same spirit of restless enquiry which led the Arab physician, Ahram, to introduce into Europe the use of rhubarb, cassia, senna, camphor and other eastern medicines, and effected in later times the discovery of quinine, morphia and strychnine, has enabled Mr. Thomas Christy to add many powerful medicines to the British pharmacopœia, some of which are valuable remedies for obstinate diseases which hitherto baffled all human efforts to cure or control. Thus in the seed of a fruit tree, common all over India, Mr. Christy has discovered an active principle which, I am told, acts like magic on diabetes. The seed lies in heaps under the tree, unused and uncared for, waiting for the rainy season to germinate and form a thick undergrowth, breathing miasma, until the leisurely browse of a herd of goat opened the way for the purifying rays of the sun to reach the damp soil beneath. Another small plant, a common weed all over the country, has been proved to be an effectual remedy for a still more terrible disease. More brilliant results can be achieved if Mr. Christy's exertions are supported by the knowledge accumulated in India by observation and practice extending over hundreds of years. Old oriental and modern European knowledge should meet and mingle here and generate new forces for the conquest of that dire enemy which is a constant cause of unhappiness to human life. In such work the co-operation of men like

Dr. Kanai Lal Dey, Dr. Nobin Chandra Pal, Dr. Mudin Sharif, and the late Drs. Sakharām and Udai Chand Dutt would have been extremely valuable. India has an especial interest in the success of Mr. Christy's efforts, for it would turn to gold many things which are at present totally useless, or even injurious to health owing to the poisonous gases generated by decomposition in the rains.

Mr. Christy is one of those men in whom I found united almost all the characteristics of the typical Englishman. The ideal Englishman, as I conceive him, is strong and stout in physical make, generous, open and stern in mind, and unrelenting in his aversion to all sorts of humbug and nonsense. He is the essence of action, as contrasted with the Hindu, the essence of inaction. In the former, both the mental and physical faculties are fully developed, in the same way as in the ancient Aryan before climatic and other influences upset the equilibrium of his system by the deterioration of his body. John Bull may be taken as the representation of vigorous manhood in the humanity of the present day, the savage of the childhood, and the Hindu of a moribund condition of decrepit old age. John Bull is therefore able to educate his internal forces for the subjugation of external forces, while the Hindu after passing through different stages of idealism, becoming the fountain-head of Neo-Platonism, has at length totally ignored the presence of external forces, and fixed for the aim of life the education of intellectual faculties for the attainment of a state of imaginative ecstasy resulting from a complete cessation of action. However poetic and subtle such esoteric doctrine may be, the hard and unpliant realities of the world are a little too gross for its adoption in the ordinary practices of life.

As far as the short time at my disposal permitted, I carefully examined the London drug market to see what substances England gets from foreign countries. Among the articles

now brought there from east Asia, Africa, America and other parts of the world are many substances which can be easily supplied from India. The pods of *Cassia fistula* (sondál) thousands of which dry on the trees all over the country, tamarind, the yellow powder obtained from *Mallotus philippinensis* (kamilá), the root of *Hemidesmus indicus* (Ananta-múl), were the articles I saw in the London market which might be cited as examples. The Indian specimens of such articles were placed before the merchants assembled at a conference held in the Exhibition. They expressed their willingness to give Indian consignments an impartial trial. An examination of prices prevailing in the London market showed that these could be made paying if the preliminary difficulties were removed. Similarly there is ample room for the expansion of trade in other articles, of which the most important are fibres and paper materials. That Indian enterprise can produce excellent results was shewn from the attention which a fibre sent by Raja Kristendra Narain Roy of Balihár in Rajshahi received at the Exhibition. The fact is there is no one in London or any where in Europe or America to look after the commercial interests of India. All civilised countries have consuls in different parts of the globe to watch over such interests, but the vast continent of India, with its enlightened administration, has none.

The late M. Eugene Rimmel was one of the numerous friends I had the good fortune to make in England in connection with the question of development of trade in Indian raw products. He undertook to experiment in substances used in perfumery and in essential oils. He wrote—"I left at your office to-day my Book of Perfumes. I wanted to ask you for the list of sources of Indian essential oils which you promised, and which would much interest me. If you have a moment to spare to make it out, I shall feel much obliged by your forwarding it to me." The list was sent, but to my great sorrow, I received

the news of his death before I could put him in a position of commencing the work in an earnest and business like manner. Mr. Cross, the renowned chemist, undertook the examination of fibres. A small quantity of a fibre was once placed in my hands and I was asked for its name. I immediately pronounced it to be Tasar silk—it was so soft and glossy. It was however Jute reduced to that condition by a chemical process discovered by Mr. Cross. By another process a brown coarse fibre, that of *Bauhinia Vahlia*, had been transformed into a soft white stuff hardly distinguishable from pure white wool of a very superior kind. A trade is already springing up in this article as will be seen from the following extract from a letter written to me by an English friend residing in a place not 150 miles from Calcutta :—"Messrs. ——— applied to me for a sample of *Bauhinia Vahlia* fibre which I have sent. I have promised, if they wished me to do so, to collect fibre for them. * * *Bauhinia Vahlia* grows plentifully in the hills here and at a small cost for protecting it from fire, &c., any quantity could be procured. Messrs. ——— said you had recommended them to write to me. I have therefore taken the liberty to write to you and explain." I have treated these matters in detail, hard and dry as they are, in order to convince my countrymen that independence, wealth and prosperity are within their reach if they would only move out from that baneful atmosphere of nonsense and prejudice which stifles the breath of national advancement, open their eyes and put forward their hands to grasp the benefits of civilisation.

For the common people the Indian Art-ware Court was a centre of great attraction, and it was chiefly around the glittering cases that displayed costly jewellery of antique patterns and rare workmanship that the crowd congregated. Sweet little cherubims with yellow hairs flowing in profusion on their backs, pretty maidens just out from school whose lovely timidity and bashfulness gave to their face a heavenly

charm, young girls who came to the Exhibition with the pleasant prospect of receiving from their accepted lovers the first instalment of that life-long tribute, which alas! in after days when the spell of early love is broken becomes too often an extortion against which a Socrates might rebel, and sober matrons on whose face sat a dignified expression of care and responsibility, examined with wistful eyes the bracelets, bangles, chains, necklaces and locketts sent from Trichinopoly, Cuttack, Dacca, Delhi, Lucknow and Jaipur. Poor little Swamy! When, in his humble cottage in the far south of India, bending before his primitive anvil which his father and forefathers used before him, he lovingly stroked a rough piece of silver with his short hammer, little did he know what those playful strokes of his subsequently cost in the far west where young women of angelic beauty and men whom precept and example, honour and prudence, have taught to curb their passions, sanctified their devotion to each other by fervent kisses, under the spreading boughs of the broad-leaved chestnut, the evergreen pine, the bending willow or the stout-hearted oak as the sombre shades of the evening closed round to screen them from the impertinent gaze of the outside world. Those little strokes of his let loose a tremendous force under which beat many a heart in a way that would make even Vulcan pause and stare in astonishment, generated tempests in family circles which swept away for a time all peace and contentment, and above all produced sadness on faces on which to bring back their wonted sweetness the Swamy would have given everything that he possessed in the world. Could the most delicate tracing of the conventional lotus impressed by tradition on Indian gold and silver workmanship, the deep-red ruby enamel worked out by the most expert hand and the master-mind, the glorious blue of the lapis lazuli, the pale green of the turquoise, or the brightest diamond that Satrajit possessed in days of yore add

to the charms which kind nature has so lavishly showered on the English woman? Might not the radiant spring, though washed and cleaned by an early shower, droop and sigh and shed tears, jealous of the freshness of her blooming face? Might not the unblemished snow, that wraps the northern zone with a sheet of white, covet a little transparency from her soft smooth skin? Or might not the red rose, always glowing with vanity, wish to steal a little tinting from her ruddy cheeks? The most bigotted ascetic could not blame appreciative mouths snatching a kiss from those moist crimson lips at the sight of which the bright red coral would wish to lie for ever and ever under the deep. Oh! dear, no. The Hindu, however, has not yet been fully able to admire the style of beauty for which English women are famous. He likes a symmetrical face, chiselled out to geometrical nicety, but a close observation would show that a statue-like countenance only appeals to the eye, while the influence of the fresh expressive face of the English woman penetrates the mind. The defects in her beauty are in her eyes which might have been a little blacker, in her hair which where not golden might have been a little darker, longer and more abundant, in her general make which might have been more slender, supple and lithe, and in the expression of her face which might have had a little more mildness and less of that rebellious spirit which seems to lurk within. But these faults are so trivial that they only serve to set off to greater advantage the grandeur of her beauty, of which Englishmen might well be proud, and the worshippers of idols might take patterns for the image of their goddesses. Indeed many Madonnas, notably of Madonna of the Chast, must have been conceived from a style of northern beauty, for it has little resemblance to La Fornarina or to the Jewish cast of face, while on the other hand it possesses in a high degree that inexpressible refinement that adds womanliness to woman, which is wanting in the continental

woman. Although I would give preference to English over continental beauty chiefly for this reason, I would hesitate to judge if American ladies came to the field as competitors. With all her charms, the English woman would as much sigh for glittering trinkets, as the Dyak lady of Borneo for cane-bracelets, the Tamil girl of South India for lacquered palm leaf to fill the huge holes made in her ear-lobes, and the peasant woman of the North-West for ten-pound brass anklets which she painfully drags through life and bequeaths on her death to successive generations. The Jewellery and most of the superior kinds of Indian art-ware were sold within a few days after the opening of the Exhibition. Besides jewellery, other articles that found most favour are pottery, metal-ware and lacquered-ware. The glazed pottery of Bombay, Halla, Multan, Jaipur, and Khurja were all immediately sold. A happy adaptation on the Bombay pottery of scenes depicting Indian life two thousand years ago, painted on the walls of the Ajanta cave temples, lent an additional interest to the plates and jars made in the "Wonderland Pottery Works." The realistic nature and the artistic value of these paintings can only be expressed in Mr. Griffith's own words who, admiring a scene known as the "Dying Princess," says that—"For pathos and sentiment, and the unmistakable way of telling its story, the picture cannot, I consider, be surpassed in the history of art." The Khurja pottery of *terracotta* ground with green ornaments was universally liked. Benares brass-ware, shining like gold, made a very picturesque show, and their low prices placed them within the reach of poorer visitors, who wanted to carry away with them a token of their visit to the Exhibition. Nor was the sober-coloured ware made in Moradabad less in demand. The lacquered wooden articles of Pakpattan, Derá Ismail Khán and other places in the Panjab found a ready sale. But ivory work, embroidery, shawls and textile fabrics did not find much

favour. Immense quantities of bead bracelets and necklets (*Rudrākṣa*) were sold to ladies. Many visitors, who came late and found everything worth having sold, were most disappointed. Among them, I am sorry to say, Professor Max Müller was one.

I saw this world-renowned Sanskrit scholar, dear to every Indian heart, at Oxford, in the latter days of my stay in England. He had lately suffered deep sorrow from the sad bereavement of his beloved eldest daughter. At that time he kept himself quite secluded to mourn his deep loss in private, but when he heard that a Hindu from that far country which is more beloved to him than any worldly tie came to pay his homage to him, his heart at once warmed up and he prepared to receive him with open arms. So one day in November when a thick fog cast a gloomy mantle over the shades of the evening I rang the visitor's bell at the door of his cottage in the suburbs of Oxford. Mrs. Max Müller herself opened the door, of whom I enquired, "Is the Professor at home?" She answered me in the affirmative and bade me come in. An elderly gentleman of venerable appearance soon appeared in the passage who received me with the utmost kindness. It needed not any introduction to tell me that I stood in the presence of the man who would vie with Sāyana and Yāska in his profound love of Vedic learning and with Pānini in his power of critical investigation and intelligent collation of facts. Still I asked: "Have I the honour to speak to Professor Max Müller?" He quietly said: "I am that individual." Then we sat for a long time in his cosy drawing room where a cheerful fire was blazing, but alas! deep sadness reigned over the whole house. The Professor constantly talked of India and the Hindus, for whom he has the deepest sympathy. He told me that although his body lives in England his mind and soul are in India. He surrounds himself with what little Indian objects he can secure. He shewed me a few Indian articles which he

had collected from time to time, and which he cherished with the greatest care. Among these was a brass jug, which he as a Sanskrit Pandit received as a present from a Calcutta gentleman on the occasion of the Śrādh ceremony of his mother. The Professor attaches great value to this little present and keeps it in a place of honour. I presented to him a few parts of the Viswakosha, which though in the Bengali character he could read easily. He was highly delighted that such a magnificent work had been undertaken. He however told me that there was an ancient work of that name. On my asking, "Was it not Viswa-prakasa?" He said, no, he saw the name Viswakosha somewhere. Subsequently he wrote to me—"With regard to the old Viswakosha you will find it quoted by Madhava in his comment on the Vajasaneya Sanhita xxv. 9. However, I hope that the new Viswakosha will be remembered long after the old one is forgotten." He kindly introduced me to Mrs. Max Müller and Miss Müller. He spoke very strongly against the marriage system prevailing in Europe. As far as I can remember he told me he would prefer early marriage arranged by parents, but of course not so early as is practised in India. Thus passed one of the most delightful evenings I spent in England. He asked me to see him again but unfortunately press of public duties deprived me of that pleasure.

Indian silks had a separate court at the Exhibition, presided over by Mr. Thomas Wardle of Leek in Staffordshire. Few people have studied the subject of Indian silk so carefully as he. Year before last he came out to India, and saw with his own eyes the present state of the industry and its future prospects. Its decline has brought ruin to the peasantry of Birbhum, Murshidabad and other silk-growing districts. My friend is however sanguine in his hopes of resuscitating this dying industry. Indeed his efforts have already proved successful, inasmuch as he has been able to wrest from China an appre-

ciable portion of the ground lost by Bengal in the English market. While I was in England the demand for Bengal silk and cocoons suddenly revived, the price rose and every ounce available was taken up, so that in a very short time the supply totally failed. Large orders were however registered for the next year's crop. Among other measures to further the cause of Indian silk trade, Mr. Wardle adopted an improved process of reeling by means of a machine invented by himself, which was worked at the Exhibition by a French woman from Lyons. The silk thus reeled was well received in the market, and it commanded a higher price than that ordinarily sent from this country. The machine is portable, simple in construction, easily worked, and cheap, the price being about £10. Meanwhile, the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Wardle interested Government in the matter, which ordered a thorough investigation of the causes that led to the deterioration of the Bengal silk. In this work, the Government is fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Woodmason, and I am glad that an Indian gentleman, Mr. Nitya Gopal Mukharji, is in active co-operation with him. The whole subject will be no doubt thoroughly overhauled. Preparations are going on to enslave Bombycidæ and Saturniidæ which happily ignorant of their impending danger creep, crawl and writhe through leaves and branches, and spin their webs on slender twigs among their jungle fastnesses. Ruthless man is about to sacrilegiously invade the thready home shut up in which the ugly chrysalis lead the life of a contemplative recluse before it bursts its case and comes forth to the world, lo! a fluttering little object charming to behold. The anxious zeal beaming on the face of the man of science as he peers through the microscopical lenses on the flexible larvæ placed on the stage beneath, with the object of enhancing the blackmail now levied on the *Bombyx mori* that feeds on the dwarfed mulberry carefully cultivated on the

alluvial lands of Central Bengal ; the *Antheraea Mylitta* (Tasar) tended by the Kol lad in the highlands of Chota Nagpur ; the *Attacus ricini* (Eria) which gorges itself with the castor-leaf in damp districts shaded by the eastern section of the Himalayan wall ; the *Antheraea assama* nourished on the cellular tissues of *Machilus odoratissima*, Nees, and various other domesticated Lipidopteras reared all over India, can only be compared with the enthusiasm displayed by the young civilian who, hopeful of a speedy promotion, examines, in the presence of the terrified opium-eating zemindar, the capabilities of the soil and the trace of a half-effaced water-course from a concealed well, with the object of increasing the land revenue of a village on the expiration of a thirty years' settlement. In one of the conferences held at the Exhibition, Mr. Wardle gave a lecture on Indian sericulture. When he finished, I said that as an improvement in the quality of the Bengal silk was desirable so was the lowering of the price, in order to better enable it to compete with the China article. This could only be done by a reduction in the cost of production. Somebody's profit must be cut down to meet the emergency. The grower, the middleman, and the merchant have all been shorn close to the skin, and even deeper ; it is the landlord alone who has hitherto eluded the shears and who still goes on in the world with the superabundant fleece puffed up on his back. The item of rent of land on which the mulberry plant is grown has room for considerable reduction as compared with that paid for other crops. The present rate is an abnormal one which was possible when the profits from the silk trade was large, but down it must go under the altered state of things. If the readjustment of the rent is however left to be worked out by the natural law of supply and demand, it will not come to pass until the silk trade has been totally extinguished, for as a rule our people do not know what is happening in the world, their eye has not yet learnt to take survey of a wider surface of the globe

than what could be done by their walking and cart-riding forefathers hundred years ago, they are not aware that misfortunes are the effect of causes which in most cases are capable of being remedied, and lastly they are totally incapable to organise a combined action for a common cause. These imbeciles are therefore a fit object for energetic care, which for the welfare of the nation should be extended to them even if that care calls for an infringement of well-established economical principles. Mr. Keswick who was present at the meeting disagreed with me and, in a neat little speech of considerable ability, propounded his views on the subject. Mr. Wardle nicely arranged the various kinds of Indian silk fabrics in his court, with which Her Majesty was so pleased that on one occasion she graciously expressed her satisfaction to him in our presence.

Another place of considerable interest to the natives was the Indian Bazaar where Hindu and Muhammadan artisans carried on their avocations, to witness which men, women and children flocked from all parts of the kingdom. A dense crowd always stood there gaping at our men as they wove the gold brocade, sang the patterns of the carpet and printed the calico with the hand. They were as much astonished to see the Indians produce works of art with the aid of such rude apparatus as they themselves had discarded long ago, as a Hindu would be if he were to see a Chimpanzee officiating as a priest in a funeral ceremony and reading out Sanskrit texts from a palm-leaf book spread before him. We were very interesting beings no doubt, so were the Zulus before us and so is the Sioux chief at the present time. It is human nature everywhere which thirsts for novelty, and measures its favours in proportion to the rarity and oddity of a thing. It is from the ladies that we received the largest amount of patronage. We were riddled through and through by stares from eyes of all sorts of colours—green, gray, black, &c., and every movement and

act of ours, walking, sitting, eating, reading, received its full share of "O, I, never!" The number of wives we left behind at home was also a constant theme of speculation among them, and very shrewd guesses were sometimes made on this point, 250 being a favourite number. You could tell any amount of stories on this subject without exciting the slightest suspicion. Once one of our number told a pretty waitress—"I am awfully pleased with you, and I want to marry you. Will you accept the fortieth wifeship in my household which became vacant just before I left my country?" She asked—"How many wives have you altogether?" "Two hundred and fifty, the usual number," was the ready answer. "What became of your wife, number 40?" "I killed her, because one morning she could not cook my porridge well." The poor girl was quite horrified, and exclaimed—"O, you monster, O you wretch." Then she narrated the sad fate of a friend of hers. She was a sweet little child, when an African student studying in Edinburgh came and wooed her. They got married in England and fondly loved each other. Everything went well as long as the pair lived in England, but after a short time he took his fair wife to his desert home in Liberia. Not a single white man or woman could she see there and she felt very lonely. But the sight of her mother-in-law who dressed in feathers and skins danced into the house half-tipsy was more than she could bear. She pined for a short time and died. Of course every nation in the world considers other nations as savages or at least defective. It was so from the beginning and it will be so as long as human nature will retain its present character. We did not therefore wonder that the common people should take us as barbarians, awkward as we were in every respect. They have very strict notions of dress, manners and the general bearing of a man, any deviation from which is seriously noticed. The utmost indulgence was however shewn to us everywhere; the

Queen was graciously pleased to lay aside the usual rules, and this favour was shewn us wherever we went. Gentlemen and ladies of high education and culture honoured us as the representatives of the most ancient nation now existing on the face of the Earth.

They would frequently ask us home, get up private parties and arrange for all sorts of amusements. In other houses we grew more intimate and formed part of the family party. To these we were always welcome, and could go and come whenever we liked. They were rich West-End people, and their houses were always ready for our reception. We got some friends among them, and these gentlemen would often come and fetch us home if we absented ourselves for more than the ordinary length of time. I regret that I cannot mention the names of these dear friends, but all the same I fondly cherish their memory and feel very thankful for the kindness they shewed me during my sojourn in their country. In public matters non-official gentlemen were also very partial to us. "We want to hear the turbanned gentleman" was the wish often and often expressed. In short among the educated classes the idea of patronizing us into "lions" was soon given up, and the hand of good fellowship extended to us. I assure you, it gave me immense pleasure to cease to be a big swell among people whose opinion was really worth caring for. But we ceased not to be a prodigious wonder to strangers and to the common people. Would they discuss us so freely if they knew that we understood their language, and could think and feel as men generally do? Innocent creatures, how silly you would think of yourselves! Nevertheless it was very amusing to us. Often when fatigued with work, or when cares and anxieties cast a gloom upon our mind we found such talks about us more refreshing than a glass of port wine. I wish I had the ability to do justice to the discussing power of these ladies and gentlemen exercised in their kind notice of

us, for in that case I could produce one of the most interesting books ever published. Or if I had known that I would be required to write an account of my visit to Europe, I would have taken notes of at least some of the remarkable hits on truth unconsciously made by ignorant people from the country, which are applicable to all nations and which set one to philosophise on the material difference that exists between our own estimate of ourselves and the estimate which others form of us.

If we were interested beings in the eyes of the Londoners who had oftener opportunities of seeing their fellow subjects from the far East, how much more would we be so to the simple villagers who came by thousands to see the wonders of the Exhibition. Their conduct towards us was always very kind and respectful. They liked to talk to us, and whenever convenient we tried to satisfy their curiosity. Men, women and children whose relations are in India serving as soldiers or in any other capacity would come through the crowd, all panting, to shake hands with us and ask about their friends. Many queer incidents happened in this way. "Do you know Jim—James Robinson you know of—Regiment," asked a fat elderly woman, who one day came bustling through the crowd and took me by storm, without any of those preliminary manoeuvres usually adopted to open a conversation with a stranger. I expressed my regret in not having the honour of Jim's acquaintance. The good old lady then explained to me that she was Jim's aunt, and gave me a long history of her nephew, and the circumstances which led to his enlistment as a soldier. If the truant nephew lost the golden opportunity of sending through us his dutiful message to his aunt, she on her part was not wanting in her affectionate remembrances of him. Among other things most of which I did not understand, for she did not speak the English we ordinarily hear nor was her language quite coherent at the time, she begged me to carry

to Jim the important intelligence that Mrs. Jones' fat pig obtained a prize at the Smithfield agricultural show. I shewed my alacrity to carry the message right off to Jim in the wilds of Upper Burma by immediately taking leave of the lady, who joined her friends and explained to them that I was a bosom friend of her nephew.

Once, I was sitting in one of the swellish restaurants at the Exhibition, glancing over a newspaper which I had no time to read in the morning. At a neighbouring table sat a respectable-looking family group evidently from the country, from which furtive glances were occasionally thrown in my direction. I thought I might do worse than having a little fun if anything could be made out of the notice that was being taken of me. I seemed to be suddenly aware that I was being looked at, which immediately scared away half a dozen eyes from my table. It took fully five minutes' deep undivided attention to my paper again to reassure and tempt out those eyes from the plates where they took refuge, and the glances from them which at first flashed and flickered like lightning became steadier the more my mind seemed to get absorbed in the subject I was reading. The closer inspection to which I submitted ended in my favour. Perhaps, no symptom being visible in my external appearance of the cannibalistic tendencies of my heart, or owing probably to the notion that I must have by that time got over my partiality for human flesh, or knowing at least that the place was safe enough against any treacherous spring which I might take it into my head to make upon them or owing to whatever other cause, the party gradually grew bolder, began to talk in whispers and actually tried to attract my attention towards them. The latter duty ultimately devolved upon the beauty of the party, a pretty girl of about seventeen. Of course it was not intended for my ears, but somehow I heard her say, "Oh, how I wish to speak to him? Could I withstand this appeal? I rose and approaching the little curiosity asked—

"Did you speak to me, young lady?" She blushed and hung down her head. Her papa came to the rescue. "My daughter, Sir, is delighted with the magnificent things brought from your country to this Exhibition. She saw some writing in your language on a few plates and shields, and is anxious to know its meaning. We did not know whom to ask, when we saw you. Will you take a seat here, and do me the honour to take a glass of something with me? What will it be? Sparkling moselle I find is good here; or shall it be champagne or anything stronger? He said. The proffered glass was declined with thanks, but she took a chair and explained the meaning of some of the verses damascened on the Koftgari ware. The young lady soon got over her bashfulness and talked with a vivacity which I did not expect from her. She was delighted with everything I said, expressed her astonishment at my knowledge of English, and complimented me for the performance of the band brought from *my country, viz.*, the West Indian band composed of Negroes and Mullattos, which compliment made me wince a little, but nevertheless I went on chattering for a quarter of an hour and furnishing her with sufficient means to annihilate her friend Minnie, Jane or Lizzy or whoever she might be, and to brag among her less fortunate relations for six months to come of her having actually seen and talked to a genuine "Blackie." Ah, you naughty little thing! I knew all your tricks.

On another occasion in a poorer place called the Grill Room where less elaborate food and cheaper refreshments were sold, a sailor came up to me and begged hard for the favour of speaking to his wife. He said that he had returned from Australia the day before, and obtained a day's leave to bring his wife to the Exhibition. He wanted to please her and to satisfy her wishes as far as it lay in his power. The woman took into her head the fancy that she would not be happy nor would she enjoy the sights of the Exhibition unless I spoke to her. In

utter vexation at the absurdity of the request I cried, "Nonsense, I can't speak to your wife." But the man would take no denial, and his pleadings became more and more importunate as now and then he glanced at his petulant queen, who with downcast eyes gloomily sat at a distant table. Well, her ambassador succeeded in his mission and I had to carry balm to the mind of the unhappy lady. She cheered up at once and as a reward allowed her husband to have another glass of whisky. That settled him. With the assistance of his wife I had soon to pack him off to his home in a cab or otherwise he would have got into trouble. That would have been some consolation though. How did the Anglo-Indians treat us? I am sure my countrymen would want to know that. They treated us as gentlemen would treat gentlemen. What kinder and warmer friend could any man hope to get than Sir George Birdwood? Then, we were under the special protection of Sir Edward Buck and Dr. George Watt, both the life and soul of the Exhibition so far as India was concerned. A fellow-feeling existed between the Anglo-Indians and ourselves as if they were our countrymen in that strange land. Here inequality of official position separated us, there we were guests. Their sojourn in an oriental land would have been for nothing if they had not learnt how honoured a guest is. Occasionally we met however with some queer characters who, specially if they had ladies with them, pompously displayed their acquaintance with the Hindi language, however slight it might be, and their power and superiority over us. That was as much as to tell the ladies, "Look, how great I am!" So far it was all right, and we did our best to look surprised at his unlimited command over the vernacular languages of India, and to look submissive before him to make him a Great Mogul or a mighty Turk in the eyes of the ladies. The ladies would smile and giggle, his face would be all animation with pleasure and pride, his urbanity would know no bounds, and at the end, ten to one, it would end in an invita-

tion. Lord, what villains we thought ourselves ! But it was all done in charity. At any rate here is a hint for one or two swindling Indians we met in London, whose business was rather slack. Once, but once only, I met with a little rudeness from an Anglo-Indian. I do not give the exact words he used, but I give his meaning and materialise his tone into words. He majestically stalked towards me and said—"Slave, show me ——'s office." "I am sorry I cannot obey your command just at this moment, Sir, as I am engaged, but if you go straight, turn to the right and then to the left, you will find yourself before that office," I replied. He got angry and said, "You must, Sir ; who is your master?" "My master, Sir, is the Government of India. I cannot go with you for the reason that I am engaged with this gentleman, who is the Reporter for ——." His rudeness did not annoy me more than his servility to the gentleman I named. Outside the Exhibition we never experienced a single act of unkindness. We travelled alone in the East End, the West End and everywhere, and frequently got ourselves lost. Boys and girls would gather round but they never molested us in any way. Beggars and bad women would no doubt be bolder with us than with the natives, but they never gave us any trouble worth speaking of. No street Arab or London ruffian ever took advantage of our inexperience. On the other hand men who idly lounge about public houses in low quarters were always ready to help us, and frequently shewed us the way when we got lost. Places where even cockneys would be afraid to go in the day time we went to in search of adventures, but no adventure will happen to one who would keep clear of disreputable enticements. Once a villainous looking Jew tried to cut a practical joke upon me. More than a dozen hands were at once raised in my protection, those hands belonged to English roughs, perfect strangers to me. At another time somebody called me a foreigner. "He is no foreigner !"

cried numerous voices, "He is a British subject as you and I."

Speaking of British kindness, I may as well mention a little incident which happened to my friend, Mr. Gupte. He and Sir Edward Buck one morning went to the Covent Garden Market where fresh fruits brought from all parts of the world are sold in prodigious quantities. In this place in all seasons of the year the finest flower and the most delicious fruit which man can produce can always be procured. The busiest time in this market is six in the morning, specially on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Sir Edward asked my friend whether he had ever tasted cherries. On his answering in the negative, Sir Edward tried to procure some, but it was then too late, all were sold and none could be had. A retail stall-keeper, however, bought some baskets earlier in the morning with which he was preparing to depart. Sir Edward asked him for one, but he would not give. It was then explained to him, who it was wanted for, and without a word he instantly handed over a basket. He would take no price. "He is the guest of my nation, Sir, and I made a present of it to him," said the patriotic fruit-seller.

I had a notion that tropical countries are the place for fruits, and that mango is the best fruit in the world. I found that these notions require some qualification. There is a soft delicacy in the flavour of bothouse fruits which in vain you seek in the open air products. Mango of superior kinds is no doubt good; it is *one* of the best fruits, not *the* best. Without the slightest hesitation I would give equal rank to peaches, nectarines, pineapples and strawberries, but not the worthless sorts you get in India. How scientific treatment in bothouses improves the fruits may be seen from the splendid grapes sold in the first class shops. Ordinary grapes brought from the Continent are like those we get from Kabul, but bothouse grapes are five times bigger and ten times more luscious. I did

not much care for English apples, but English pears would bear no comparison with our pears or guavas. Cherries, gorseberries and greengages and other plums have nothing special in them to mention. Hothouse fruits are necessarily much dearer than those imported. Peaches and nectarines of best sorts would cost three pence a piece in the season; hothouse pine-apples a guinea, those imported from the West Indies sell at about 4s. each; imported grapes sell at 5d. a pound, hothouse grapes of the best kind 5s. a pound. No mango can be had in England. I heard of several attempts made by private persons to take them from Bombay, every one of which failed. Good plain-tains cannot be had, but a variety of green bananas, somewhat like those sold in Bombay, Madras and Burma are brought from the West Indies. A fortune waits one who would discover a profitable way of keeping fresh fruits in good state for a length of time, just as they have done in the case of meat by freezing it in refrigerating rooms. Oranges are imported to England from Italy, Malta and Spain. A hothouse is a shed roofed and more or less enclosed with glass in which the temperature required for the growth of plants and the development of flower and fruits is kept up by means of pipes containing hot water or steam supplied from a boiler placed at a short distance. The supply of light, heat and moisture can thus be regulated at the pleasure of the producer and not only can the natural climate of a plant of any zone in the world be artificially produced, but the production of flowers and fruits of both native and exotic plants can be retarded or accelerated at will. Thus flowers and fruits are produced in and out of season. Every large house has a hothouse attached to it. I am of opinion that many Indian fruits and vegetables can be profitably forced in hothouses or at least improved by protecting them from climatic rigours by means of glass sheds.

To revert to the treatment we received in England. My countrymen would think that the shopkeepers at least must

have cheated us when we wanted to purchase anything from them. Not only did the English shopkeepers not cheat us, but they often allowed us a liberal discount, of their own accord, without our asking for it, at the last moment, after the price was settled, the article purchased, and just when we offered to pay in full. The British by their trade and manufactures are amassing one hundred millions of sterling pounds every year. India saves annually about ten millions, even that is doubtful. Compare the annual saving of the two countries with the area and population, making a sufficient allowance for the political advantages of the former. †

Thus what I have said above about the kindness of the British people to strangers, and specially to the Indians, corroborates what has been often said on the same subject by other Indians who lived for a time in England. The British people take a pride in being kind to strangers who happen to be in their land, they consider it mean to be otherwise, and they feel it their duty to resent on their behalf any unmannerly conduct that may be shewn towards them by the rude and the rough who are to be found in all countries and among all nations. The manners of an Englishman, however, undergo some change when he is outside his own country, whether it be in France, Germany or Italy. Outside his own country, he is proud, somewhat disdainful, and not too anxious to conceal in his breast that opinion which every nation in the world entertains—that all other nations are inferior to itself. Not only with him, but as a rule with every man, this feeling of superiority is intensified when he finds himself amongst a people manifestly and vastly inferior to his own. He finds it impossible, for instance, to be on equal terms with a people whose low organization permitted their being reduced from time immemorial to the position of cattle, and who has been rescued from this position solely by his clemency. That portion of the human race which gave such a signal proof of

its low organisation was always distinguished by the colour of its skin ; and the universal decadence of *all* coloured races in the present cycle has in the eyes of the Europeans effaced all nicety of distinction among them, has divided the human race by one broad line into two main classes—the white and the coloured—and have established in their mind the idea of a more or less close consanguinity between the Chinaman and the Hottentot and between Kálidása and Hiawatha. The actual condition of things in a non European country,—acting on the mind of a European predisposed by traditions, tales and historical teachings, prepared by examples set by others before him, and narrowed by caste-rules already established around him,—leaves no room for the full play of that broad sympathy which is a prominent feature in the character of an Englishman in his native home. He is therefore often judged by the non-European races among whom he lives under very unfavourable circumstances. A fish *out of* water is not exactly the fish *in* water.

In India we see very little of the English people. Neither do we know them nor do they know us. So in England we found ourselves entirely among strangers, of whom practically we knew nothing except the language. Eight months' time is too short a period to study a people, and whatever opinions I formed of them I state with great hesitation, specially, considering how very soon a change, pleasurable though it was, came over my first impressions with the rapid expansion of my experience of English life. At first I took the English to be a very selfish people, but when I considered all the facts of the noble sacrifice every day credited to Englishmen all over the world, I thought it would be madness to entertain such an idea. History has related a thousand instances of such self-sacrifice for the public good, and a thousand cases occur every year in private life which are not cognizable to history. While I was there a case of this kind came before the public. When

the excavation of a tunnel under the English channel was taken in hand, very powerful opposition was raised against it, which eventually succeeded in stopping the work. Among other opponents of this scheme to destroy the insular position of Great Britain was a gentleman in affluent circumstances, a painter by profession. Not content simply with delivering speeches, writing newspaper articles and drawing up memorials, as we do in this country, he gave up his profession in order to be able to devote his whole time to oppose any further progress in the tunnelling work, and spent all his fortune in organising the opposition against it. The projectors of the scheme were compelled to abandon it, but the victory was dearly won so far as this gentleman was concerned. At the end of the fight he found himself an absolute pauper. Instead of trumpeting to the world his losses and grievances and posing as a martyr before his countrymen (which, by the way, he could not have done with any chance of success where so many do the same kind of thing) he quietly hid himself from the world by taking refuge in the workhouse, the greatest misfortune which can befall a respectable man or woman in that country. Such instances of self-abnegation are very common among European nations. People who can so forget their private interest can hardly be called selfish.

Then I thought the English uncharitable. But who support thousands of schools and dispensaries in England, subscribe princely sums to famine funds, build scientific institutes, found libraries, endow museums and bequeath large fortunes for the benefit of future generations? These are, generally, private persons. The same man, who would not only refuse a penny to a beggar but hand him over to the police, would the next day give a hundred thousand pounds for a hospital for the blind and infirm. There is a principle which guides an Englishman in all his actions. The Indian people are equally charitable, if not more, but

these qualities are exercised in such a blind meaningless way that they often become utterly childish and ridiculous. A man of the hunting caste catches a cage-ful of small birds, which he carries to a fair and patiently waits for charitable Hindus to come and release them at the rate of one pice a bird. Pious men are not wanting in this country, *that* I can assure our revivalists of the present day, who deplore the decadence of Hinduism as manifested in thoughts like those expressed in these pages, for often and often have I observed crowds of people around these cages, every man and woman waiting with an eager anxious face for his or her turn to purchase a farthing's worth of piety by releasing a bird. How many millions are spent every year in India to feed, not the poor, but men who do not want a feeding! Go to the man who the day before spent a thousand rupees to feed such men, to beg for a little subscription for a school, and you will find ready for you a pair of ears hermetically sealed against any such petition. Such is the difference between charity as practised in England and that to which we are accustomed here. No wonder then we thought the English people very uncharitable. The English people appeared to me to be wanting in family affection. As soon as a person attains majority he or she leaves the paternal home to seek his or her fortune in the wide world. Not encumbered with relations out of number the young man enters upon the battle of life free and self-reliant, and if he is not successful he has nobody to blame but himself. Separation and distance weaken the family tie, and on many occasions I saw Englishmen receive the news of the death of a very near relative with perfect indifference, when on a similar occasion we should be killing ourselves with inward grief and loud lamentations. It appeared to me so strange! Once I was standing in a shop where a man came and told the shopkeeper that he went "for a little bit of ground for the old one, who went off like a shot last night." It was his father whom he wanted to

bury. It is not true though that as a rule Englishmen do not take care of their parents in their old age. In the first place their parents are very independent, who would prefer to work for their own living as long as they could. We had an old man at the Exhibition serving as an attendant, while his son held a high position in the Metropolitan Police. It was not because his son would not support him that he kept the place at the Exhibition, but he would not take his son's assistance. In the second place it is so very difficult to bring up a family in that country that if the son is married his first care would be to maintain his own children. The workhouse would open its doors to the old folks and the law would not compel him to support them, but he cannot so easily shirk his duty to his children. A Hindu would make large sacrifices which an Englishman would not. But whenever circumstances permit Englishmen do incur sacrifice. My impression is that European nations are hard-hearted in comparison with the Hindus. A Hindu would commit the most flagrant acts of cruelty in a moment of frenzy just as the French did during the Reign of Terror or under a religious impulse like those committed by the Christian fanatics of past days or the Muhammadan Ghaze's of the present day, but he can never do what Cortez and Pizarro did in America. Systematic, determined, long-enduring cruelty a European is only capable of. His heart knows no mercy; no earnest supplication softens his mind. My general conclusion is that the heart of a Hindu is naturally more divine than that of a European, but the divinity of the former is so polluted by mischievous social customs, baneful early teachings, corrupt surroundings, and the most absurd practices sanctioned by a religion reduced by long age to the utmost depth of depravity and degradation.

As yet I have said nothing of other parts of the Exhibition, those occupied by the young progeny of Britain growing to

maturity in distant lands all over the globe. Colonies in all stages of development, from Canada and Australia of exuberant boyhood to the baby settlement of North Borneo, all proudly placed their offerings at the feet of the great mother who clasped them to her bosom with a fondness which did good to our heart to behold. But full-fledged colonies could only shew reproductions of articles daily bought and sold in England and Europe, and objects of interest furnished by minor settlements could hardly compete with the variety and novelty of articles sent from India. In point of show and curiosity, therefore, India threw them all into the shade. Her dazzling trinkets glittered forth ridicule at the trophy of produce erected by Canada, and scornfully peeped through costly cases at her monster apples, pears and grapes, pickles and preserves, starches, meals and extracts, cabinet work, musical instruments, printing presses and agricultural machinery of automatic construction, which worked night and day to show how to dig and drill, reap and gather and bind into sheaves the luxuriant crops raised on the virgin soil of the boundless prairies of northern America. • Before the shining baubles of the Indian court, which people anxious to be reckoned as fashionable admire and foster, in vain did the golden trophy of Australia raise its gilded head, and her silver, copper, zinc, tin and coals, her piles of new wines, specimens of her agricultural and pastoral wealth, and the collections of her forest timber all shrank into insignificance. The people of England and the Continent, wearied of the monotony of bottles, tins, iron, steel and the prosaic products of mechanical contrivances, and surfeited with pigtailed and waggish whiskers of plump mandarins and the comical winks from flat-faced ladies on Japanese screens, sought relief in the fanciful handiwork of India. The collection of Maori relics, displayed in the New Zealand Court, the Zulu weapons in the Natal Section, the fetishes, implements and wearing apparel of the inhabitants of Western

mate nature and not with the intellectual darkness that has shrouded the country from time immemorial. To awake the sleeping Himalaya and to make it walk bodily to Land's End they might think an easier task than to open the eyes of 250 millions of human beings, to invest them with the power to discriminate good from evil, to instil into their weak heart the courage to do what is good and to shun with loathing what is evil, to shake out from their system all dreaminess, indolence and apathy, and to infuse into it the life and vigour of a youthful nation. Their disappointment may be great, but *our* disappointment and *our* impatience are acutely painful. They feel the same sympathy as a doctor feels for the sufferings of a child after his fruitless ministrations for his relief, but *we* feel the keen nervous longing of the mother for the power to wipe away with a brush of her hand the agonies of her beloved offspring. In my own humble way I have quietly worked for the benefit of my nation for the last seventeen years, in new lines which I could never have dreamt of but for the example set before me by English friends, and I speak with that authority which practical experience gives, when I say that the greatest difficulty one has to meet in this country is from the opposition of those forces of intellectual darkness I have just mentioned. The people of the country, the material with which and for which, you have to work are not fit or yet ready to receive and assimilate to any appreciable extent innovations, however profitable they may be. Their deep-rooted confidence in the existing state of things, their disbelief in the efficacy of change, their sentiment of human helplessness to contend with natural evils, and to surmount difficulties, their short-sighted covetousness that prompts them to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, their habits of slovenliness, indolence and procrastination, their careless talk and reckless promises and assertions, all combine to make earnest work slow, exasperating

and very often abortive. So we have now a treble duty to perform ; first, to conquer the natural shortcomings of our own character, to extirpate from our mind the deep-rooted effects of early teaching and to withstand the baneful influences of our every-day surroundings ; second, to teach and help those elected to co-operate in the work to do the same ; and third, to organise the work itself. Generations will pass away before the country will attain the state of a thorough working order, but nevertheless it behoves each individual to do however little he can to pioneer his nation in its march to that state, first by working in his own person, second by working on those with whom he comes in contact.

Vanity, undue reverence for the past, and reluctance to alter the present, seem at present to be serious obstacles in the way of our progress towards a new national life. Pressing needs of life are however too strong for such sentimentalities. Vain now, we are no doubt, full of conceit, the result of imperfect knowledge. We hold that with our present acquirements we are capable of those deeds which make the English great ; only opportunity is wanted, forgetting that opportunity can be made, with the start that we have got and under the causes that are working around us. But our idea of those deeds is not clear, nor of the necessity that led to their accomplishment, and of the circumstances which begot the power to perform them and favoured their being built one over the other. Neither have we yet formed a clear conception of the diverse and complex manifestations of human faculties which in other regions have further differentiated man from the lower animals. In a transition like ours, conceit must have its course, but it is soon dispelled by the influx of additional light. Our past has long since gone, as it must ; and its work is in ruins. We do not quite know what that work was, in its details ; nor do we pretend to make that the guide of our life. We fall back upon a vague surmise of it for vanity and ignorance, and

bewilder our mind with a sublime mysticism borrowed from that unintelligible mass of gloomy ruins, among which historians weep, antiquarians grope, philologists feel for clues, and dyspeptic dreamers find solution of all doubts. It may deceive and lead astray the national mind, but only for a time, for hard facts are immediate, positive, solid and incontrovertible, and wants of life will not be put off or put down. This noise, therefore, about Vedas and Yogas, esoteric and exoteric doctrines, denotes merely an expression of regret for the decay and disintegration of things existing. Such regret often dooms a nation to destruction ; but happily we have been at the bottom of the wheel long ago ; it is now turning round, forced by English education and English example, and we are rising. As a first step, we have acknowledged the superiority of western civilisation. We have accepted from that source a well-organised Government that have verified the wildest hyperbolical proverbs of old about peace, justice and safety of life and property, and have gazed with wondering idiotic eyes at its railways, telegraphs, postal arrangements, steam ships, and mechanical contrivances that with gigantic powers spin and weave more ingeniously than he with hands, feet and brains who, fanned by the blossoming Pipal tree, wove under its shade of a summer evening the delicate muslin, which even aided by the early sun no eye could perceive as it peacefully lay on the grass wet with the dews of overnight, and hence the name *shaṭnam*. Moreover, we have paid the highest tribute to western civilization by our willing bondage to nearly everything connected with it in the supply of the minutest necessities of life, from nails, hinges and locks, knives, scissors and razors, needles, thread and sewing machines, to clothing, doctoring and educating materials. Above all, we owe to it that perception which is slowly taking a definite shape in our minds of the rights and duties of man.

Thus vanity and conservatism can only retard the nation's march ; sometimes a moderate pace is necessary to allow new ideas to take root. At any rate they do not establish the *unfitness* of a nation for a higher destiny. But other things or want of other things do. For instance up to this time we have not displayed much solidity of character, or discernment, or tact and power to give cohesiveness to loose floating ideas, and to discover and invent, plan, arrange and organise ways and means and to work them out for our material good. Prophets innumerable we had since the British came to this country, not to speak of former times ; who added to content where discontent is wanted, and prophets of the most recent fashion too, who in search of light lead their countrymen to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp that dances fitfully among the pool of Indian ignorance where the putrid mass of ages has been stirred up by a freshet from the West. Shall we continue thus, then adieu to all hopes. But no, there is hope. There is that something in the Indian which I have not seen in other races, and that something will not allow his being killed off the face of the earth. This is being forgotten by Englishmen, and that forgetfulness is proving to be a strong, very strong incentive to bring out all the forces of the Indian mind, and to bring about a common understanding among Indians of all creeds and nationalities. What a world of meaning does that word NATIVE contain in it ? Like one of those magic words of old it is performing wonders in all parts of the land wherever its true significance is understood. For Sir, we are all "natives." We were never "natives" before : we might have been Káfirs which signified a difference in religion, but did not carry with it any humiliation or disabilities ; not even anything like those to which enlightened and liberal England subjected her "Papists" only a short time ago. We are all "natives" now--We poor Indians, the aborigines of Australia and the South Sea Islands, the Negroes,

the Kaffirs, the Hottentots and other races of Africa. The Egyptians have lately become "natives." The Chinese, the Japanese, the Persians and the Turks are not "natives." While I was in England the English people came to see the "natives" at the Exhibition and often asked me where the "natives" were working, and English papers wrote about "natives." In England a French, German or Italian is a "foreigner," an Indian or an African is a "native." Colour has much to do with the making of a "native," but as Mr. Harris found human beings of the "native" kind are not always distinguished by colour. Fair or dark, we in India are all "natives". The Kashmiri is a native, the Madrasi is a native; the Muhammadan is a native, the Hindu is a native; the Brâhman is a native, the Sudra is a native; the prince is a native, the peasant is a native; I am native, thou art native, he is native. Sir, we are all natives. O Muhammad, Muhammad, thou the destroyer of all mockery in God-worship, thou, who established in the actual practices of life the fundamental principle of all religions — The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, thou, the great redeemer of coloured races, O Muhammad, well art thou rewarded by the gratitude of millions of souls who even to this day come flocking into thy fold in countries of Africa, where, if I am rightly informed, Christianity, with its sublime doctrine of "Do to others as you would be done by," but unhappily associated with Brandy and Gin, unheard of diseases, rifle and bayonets, Boer rapine and spoliation, and other dealings with the "natives," cry in vain, as in wilderness.

The word "Native," or rather all that it signifies, is having a miraculous effect in India. For, if we cannot cease to be "native," as we could cease to be Kafir or Hindu, in what people suppose to be our worst times, and become one of the imperial race, we can make "native" command respect. With a people among whom Mammon is the supreme deity, wealth does that. Every one of us cannot have that deity in our

house, and so cease to feel the humiliation of being a native, but our people can be ardent votaries of him, and become co-religionists of those that look down upon them. That deity in a female form, occupies a foremost place among our three hundred and thirty millions of gods including their wives and children, and we have allowed her to usurp a day of the week, although it properly belongs to Jupiter, and we worship her many times in the year. Her affections must have to be won back, by worship according to western method. But remember it is not for us Brahmans to do that. We care very little whether they call us "natives" or "niggers." Our ambition is always higher. It is to make the nation rich, whole humanity powerful, comfortable and happy. Our duty is to teach the people how to achieve these objects. The real inequality between Europeans and "natives" rests not on the fact of the former filling a few high posts in this country, but the difference is in the race which the whole world is running ever and for ever. The great question will not be settled by the settlement of the minor and consequential question—who is to fill this post or that post? The great question is, who is better capable of reducing the devastating cyclones, the destroying floods of our mighty rivers, the hot blasts of the summer, the parching rays of the sun and other uncontrolled forces of our wild nature to submission and service of man? These are for time to come. But now, answer me the question, who of us two is better able to disembowel the earth for her hidden treasures, to span mighty rivers, bore mountains, and bring to the service of man the various substances which lie in all parts of India? The answer is that the European is able to do these things and the native is not, and practically for that very reason he is "native." We have not yet the preliminary knowledge necessary for the attainment of such power. The European knows more of our mountains and rivers than we do, he knows more of the seas that girt our land on three sides, he knows more

of the plants that grow around us, their names, their properties even to the size and shape of their leaves, he knows more of what is interred in the bosom of our earth, he knows more about the capabilities of our land, in everything he knows more than we do of our own country. Then he knows better how to use that knowledge for the benefit of man. Hence we are "natives." And necessarily the only way of getting over being a "native" is by our being equal to the European. I say again that our people have that in them which if rightly directed will enable them to surpass the Europeans. No doubt like the power of the Niagara Falls in America various forces of nature are lying unused in this country, but that is insignificant when compared with the vast intellectual force of the most brilliant type that go waste in every part of India, in search of miserable clerkships, for want of proper guidance to better things. Our honour, our safety, and our salvation is in the ardent pursuit after knowledge and wealth.

And chronic hunger too has come in our midst. O Chronic Hunger, how much man owes to thee! All the sharpening of man's intellect, all the conquests which man has made over nature are due to man's everlasting struggle with thee. If thou hadst not been so vigilant, and hadst not paraded the streets night and day, requiring ceaseless efforts to shut thee out, man never would have been the master he is to-day. We had Hunger, sudden violent and overpowering, that occasionally took us by surprise when we were little prepared for it, and left us as sudden to return nobody knew when, so teaching little except the baneful lesson of our utter helplessness to wage war with it. It is just like our wild mother nature whose spoilt children we are, always indulgent, but capricious and fitful in the use of the rod, which brings no amendment but spoils us the more. Not so where she has not been so lavish of her gifts. There the child Man forced out nourishment from her flinty bosom; the child man grew to be

strong, self-reliant adult man, and the adult man grew to be the master, for he learnt that he had the power and how to exercise it. Thus wherever he goes he is the lord of land and water, and it is he who talks of using the sun for fuel and the Niagra Falls to drive his engine. And it is he who is teaching us that we, "natives," too are masters and not slaves of wind and tide, for are we not brother men, his kith and kin? A priceless idea, for which alone we cannot be sufficiently grateful to the English. There is the idea and there is the necessity for working out the idea too; for has not chronic hunger come amongst us? Not necessarily that hunger should be for food only; it is the feeling of want, for better dwelling, for better clothing, and for luxuries which by habit become necessities. Stop a while, to allow the idea to take root and the hunger to intensify, and you will see. You will soon see whether we do not cast to the winds our false pride and our foolish objection to manual labour (for are we not getting to be monarchical radicals of the most scarlet type?), dig earthen wells on the corner of our fields to raise two crops where we get only one, take basket on our head and spade in our hand to throw metal and earth on the village road through which we wade in knee-deep mud, whether we do not weave from Anona and other wild fibres carpets soft and beautiful to lay on our floor, bid our bamboos to yield us comfortable chairs and sofas, and from our jungles get, only for the gathering, materials for clean healthy residence to take the place of miserable pig-styes as meet your eye in passing through the Chord Line of the East Indian Railway. Have care, O Hukka, the days of thy glory and monopoly of time are numbered.

III.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, with his usual urbanity, wished that the representatives of the various Colonies assembled at the Exhibition should be kindly received by the British people so that they might carry back affectionate remembrances of the mother country. The proposal was wise and kind, but apart from its merits, it was warmly received by the English public because of the quarter from which it emanated, for the Prince, our future Emperor, is highly popular among all classes for his generous, noble and open nature. The Princess of Wales is simply adored, and rightly too. Invitations poured in from all parts of the country, from high and low, from Her Majesty Herself, from the nobility and the gentry, private gentlemen, merchant guilds, clubs, public institutions and town corporations. So many came that a Reception Committee had to be appointed to regulate them. I have been informed that there was a regular scramble for these invitations, not among the pure colonials and the Indians who are too democratic for that, but chiefly among British-born colonials and men with the faintest possible connection with the Exhibition or the colonies. They understood the value of these invitations better than we did. Like Prince Le Boo of the Pelew Islands, we simply wondered why there should be any excitement at all over such a small matter. We gradually came to know better. We found the caste system in England more rigid and exclusive than what we have in this country. The whole English people may be primarily divided into two classes, the "Upper Ten Thousand," what they call the "society," and the masses below them or people not belonging to "society," gentlemen and non-gentlemen, castemen and no castemen.

But within these two primary divisions there are innumerable grades and circles, the one above always look-

ing down upon the one below, and the one below always striving to get into the one above. As soon as a man has earned a little competence he turns his attention to "get into society," *i.e.*, to be invited into the houses of the "Upper Ten Thousand." If he is a humbler individual he strives to get into the circle immediately above him. With this view people conceal their real incomes, and always try to pass for more than what they are really worth. Many shopkeepers and poor people are conservatives in their politics in the hope that their acquaintances would take them for respectable substantial men; for are not most of the aristocracy and moneyed men conservatives, and the ragged, unwashed people liberals and radicals? English castes may be roughly summarised as follows:—(1) Royal family and the upper circle of old nobility; (2) lower circle of old nobility; (3) untitled relations of nobility with independent means, recently created nobility, and merchant princes who have formed marriage connections with aristocratic families; (4) near relations of nobility without any independent means waiting for a bequest or on the look out for a good marriage. These form what is called the "upper ten thousand" or the "society," which patronise, tolerate or lionise individuals not born in the purple, but who have acquired eminence in the race course, fine arts, science, literature or in public service. Among the non-society men there are innumerable castes based chiefly on money, deference being also paid to birth. Like the Hindus, the English people do not eat, drink, or form marriage connections with individuals of a lower caste, and like our pious Bráhmans the punctilious man among them would plunge into a bath immediately after his return from a meeting of low caste people which he had to attend for electioneering or other purposes. Sometimes he takes a perfumed bath to thoroughly cleanse himself of the defilement. Once I asked a gentleman the reason for this: he gave me

the same reason as a Travancore Brahman would give for not touching a Palhar. In the matter of food and drink caste-rules are not so strict there as they are in India, for in that country religion has not made them sacred and solid. An English Brahman is allowed to eat and drink with a low caste man in hotels, passenger ships and other public places, in short where he cannot help it. But it must be said to his credit that even on such occasions he does his best to keep his caste intact by keeping himself as much aloof as he can from people of lower grades, and by assuming a supercilious, patronising air. In passenger ships he soon forms a separate circle composed of people of his own rank, among whom he sits and with whom he takes the afternoon tea, that being the only occasion when it is possible for him to shew his superiority. Although such occasional mixing with people in lower grades of life does not make the English Brahman liable to lose his caste, he must not therefore too freely mix with them. His people would look down upon him if he did so. High caste women are however allowed to go to poor people's houses on charitable purposes. Inter-marriage between high and low castes is not to be thought of, except in cases where a poor English Brahman is obliged to marry for the sake of money into the family of a merchant who has recently acquired his wealth and wants to get into society. The bride and his people are taken into society not without much grumbling, and it is only in subsequent generations that the family can thoroughly establish itself in it. But woe to him who marries a low caste woman without money : down descends upon him the thunder of excommunication. The brotherly feeling that exists between high caste and low caste people in India is not to be seen in England. There the high caste man neither loves nor hates his poorer neighbour. He simply refuses to think, know or recognise the existence of such a man in the world, except when he wants to use him for some selfish end, *e.g.*, to

secure his vote at the election time. The English caste system is based on conquest and wealth, the Indian system is based on piety, learning and trade. People whose ancestors came with William the Conqueror and obtained grants of land taken from the original possessors occupy the first place in English society. Additions have from time to time been made to this original body of conquering families by incorporation into it of men from lower orders who acquired wealth, power and eminence in public service. With the spread of education among the masses, the wider diffusion of wealth among all classes, and the larger facilities afforded to the people to acquire wealth by the promulgation of liberal laws, the power of the old aristocracy gradually waned, their exclusiveness consequently broken down, and incorporation with them of new blood from the lower castes became more frequent in recent times, so much so that many commoner now consider it a doubtful honour to be invested with a peerage. The ancient caste system is breaking down both in England and in India, owing to the same cause, *vis.*, mass education. But still in both countries respect for the high caste is yet very strong. In India it is because caste system is religion ; in England because there is such a vast difference in the social life of people belonging to the high and low castes, and owing to the distance in which the one always keeps the other. It was therefore considered a matter of great condescension on the part of the Royal Family and the aristocracy to have opened their houses to the Colonists and Indians, and every one was naturally anxious to be the recipient of this hospitality. As for ourselves, but for this hospitality we could not have seen so much of English life as we did, and we therefore felt grateful for the opportunity thus given to us.

Early in July 1886, the colonials and Indians were commanded by Her Majesty to come to lunch at Windsor Castle. The invitation card was worded as follows :—" The Lord Steward has

received Her Majesty's command to invite—to luncheon at Windsor Castle on Monday, the 5th of July, at 2 o'clock." On the reverse, directions about dress were given, *viz.*, ladies to wear morning dress ; gentlemen, evening coat, morning trousers, with orders and decorations ; and it also contained the remark that "the court will be in mourning." On the 5th of July at half-past two in the morning little Twilight rose from her bed, and opened the shutters of heaven close by the Docks and Arsenals of Woolwich. Putting on her pretty gray apron, she gently tripped into the London world, and began to sweep the muggy mist that hung heavy all around. She swept the Thames, from Greenwich of Observatory fame where begin the lines that intersect the hemispheres from pole to pole, to verdant Kew where she peeped through the glass roof to greet the feathery palm, happy in its delusion, to have taken the reeking clime within, for its native Africa. She brushed the fog off the tall monument, off the tower at Westminster where Big Ben told her the time, off housetops under which lay asleep tired London, and with the aid of the morning breeze shook the summer foliage in the Parks and drove away the gloom that hid among them for refuge. Thus from half past two to half past three modest Twilight busied herself to sweep, brush and dust the world and to make everything neat and tidy. When behold there was glory in the east ! A jet of gaseous gold was suddenly spurted from the heavens, and all the tall chimneys of the town anxiously raised their heads to catch the bright effulgence. It rested for a while like a golden cap on the heads of these high minarets of the western world, and then unfolded itself and slid down as a brocade mantle covering the slate roofs, the balcony rails and finally the deserted roads below. Heaven and earth smiled, as it only could smile where such joyous radiance is rare, in northern climes, or in high attitudes where vapours have grazed their fill on pines and cedars, and have departed for a season. It is

A soft subdued and mellowed shine with which the golden orb brightens the world in those regions, caressingly from a side ; while here, he rides roughshod over our head burning and parching, everything with incessant darts of liquid fire. •Mean-• time, the author of all this radiance slowly raised his bright face up and above the horizon, and bade with a nod all the clocks of the monster town strike the hour of four. Still London slept, London woke not, for it was yet night. He glanced upon gaunt, huge houses, rising from the caverns of earth storey after storey up towards the sky, blinds down, silent sombre and smoky, looking dismally on the streets below. Empty, except where the policeman walked on his beat, or where the homeless vagrant rising from a door step yawned and shook his rheumatic body, or where a string of carts rumbled on to Covent Garden. The golden effulgence searched through every nook and corner, the railings cast their shade, the dews began to dry, the trees whispered, and the birds gaily sang in the Parks. Still London woke not, still London slept, for it was night yet. Half past four. A pair of thick boots thumped tremendously over the stone-paved footpath, eliciting deep curses from a nervous man overhead, just feeling drowsy after a restless night. Presently came another, and another. Within a few minutes the streets were fairly sprinkled with hurrying pedestrians. It is time to go for honey. Up, you Busy Bees, for the day is bright, the flowers have opened, the air is laden with perfume, and it is happier to work than not to work. More : it is wicked not to work.

That comparison with bees (if bees are really busy) which they use is happy and appropriate in that country. Not here. Taken on the whole not a moment of human time is lost there. Nay, necessity often compels Rest to give up to Work a large number of the hours allotted for her portion. Every man and woman there is busy as a bee, and the idleness of a few drones is amply made up by the industry of the workers. They all

work, except a few gentlemen and ladies, and work for long hours too, usually from 8 in the morning to 9 in the evening. Yet again, that work is something different from what we do here. • We make work to slowly roll on heavy cumbersome time, there fleet time is harnessed to work and whipped and cajoled to move it with all its force and speed. Forty millions of human hands thus plough, sew, hammer and spin from day to night, aided by many many millions of hands represented by machinery, the product of which is compressed into that little bit of ground they call Britain. Making every allowance for climatic and physical disadvantages, one hundred and sixty millions of working hours at the lowest computation are every day lost in India owing to the lazy habits of her adult population. At one pice an hour the loss is twenty-five lacs of rupees a day; or in other words, if these idle hands could be taught to move profitably, the result of eighty days work would be a railway system like the East Indian. Where are the prophets of heaven and earth gone? Will not these days bring down a holy one amongst us to teach that idleness is a sin and work an act of piety, a balm for worldly cares and a passport for heaven? Or why do taxing brains get giddy in search of new openings by which to tap cash out of a cashless people, and not take in kind—in labour, and thus use the waste product to make roads, railways, canals, wells and tanks? In a society like this where the masses do not think or cannot think rightly, one true man like Peter the Great, with dictatorial powers and unhampered by parliamentary bickerings and senseless newspaper denunciations, can do more in ten years than what a constitutional government can do in a hundred. Look at Japan.

A solitary engine now reluctantly came out from a shed in the Underground Railway Station which has just finished its three hours nap, and commenced to move backwards and forwards shunting for the workmen's train. On the platform the

Book stall keepers gathered the pennies paid by the labouring men for their morning papers. Outside came a coffee stall on its wheels, in which two sister caldrons boiled and fumed. Numerous cups and saucers of the cheapest description rattled on a plank board. Men with anxious looks soon surrounded the stall, and as each man had hastily gulped down the warming liquid, he laid a penny on the board and went his way. Newspaper boys now hurried through the streets and the milkman sent up his shrill cry. Servants of all work cleaned the door panels, shined the brass hinges and soaped and scrubbed the steps. Shop-keepers opened their shops, dusted all round and laid out their goods. By seven labouring London was up and alive. But not genteel folks, fatigued with dinners and balls, for London season was at its height now. They seldom rose before ten. Nor did the colonials, who had to attend the numerous invitations and go through their effects in the morning.

Her Majesty most graciously placed a special train at the disposal of the colonials which left Paddington at 1 P.M. Royal carriages were also ready at Windsor to convey us to the Castle. Sir George Birdwood with his usual kindness got the India office to place us in charge of a Political Officer, Mr. Fitzgerald, brother of Sir Seymour Fitzgerald. We cannot sufficiently express our thanks for the kind consideration which this gentleman shewed towards us and the care he took of us all through the day. The streets at Windsor were thronged with an eager but well-behaved crowd who waited to see their fellow-subjects from all parts of the globe, and of all shades of colour. Cheer after cheer was sent forth as each carriage rolled towards the Castle, we Indians as usual getting the most hearty reception. Besides those connected with the exhibition there were present at this Royal invitation the Rajah of Narsingarh, the Thakur Sahib of Gondal, Rao Bâhadur Sampat Rao, the brother of Gaikwar and a Muhammadan prince from the Surat side. We drove through the High Street, entered the

castle by Henry VIII's gate and were immediately conveyed to the State Apartments. The guests when assembled there were asked to sign in the "Birth Day Book." This is a nicely bound volume with dates printed on its pages, which is kept in many houses and has its origin in that hobby for signatures. Each guest signed under the date in which he is born. We had to affix our signatures in such books in many houses, not only in English but also in our own language. A magnificent repast was then served to the guests in which the dry Champagne for which Windsor Castle is famous, flowed freely. Dry champagne is very much liked in Europe, and from 12 shillings to one guinea a bottle is generally paid for it, but the Indians who took wine preferred fruity champagne and sparkling moselle. After lunch Her Majesty held a Levee where the Colonials and Indians were presented to her by the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty stood with the Prince of Wales on her right, the Princess of Wales on the left and other members of the Royal Family behind. As the usher called out the name of each guest, he entered the room and stood before the royal presence. The Prince mentioned to Her Majesty who he was, whereupon he made a profound bow and as is usual in such cases passed on, and is succeeded by another. Here again I noticed the same specially kind look with which Her Majesty always viewed her Indian subjects, and here it was very noticeable as comparison was easy owing to the guests passing in rapid succession. Since that time many other instances have occurred to shew her Majesty's affection for her Indian children. On the close of the Levee we were taken through the Castle, all parts of it being thrown open to us except the private apartments.

The State⁶ Apartments where we assembled are open to the public for four days in the week during Her Majesty's absence from Windsor Castle. For the greater part of the year she lives at Balmoral in Scotland and at Osborne. These apart-

nents consist of eight rooms known as the Queen's Audience Chamber, the Queen's Presence Chamber, the Guard Chamber, St. George's Hall, the Grand Reception Room, the Waterloo Chamber, the Grand Vestibule, the State Ante Room, the Zuccarelli Room and the Vandyck Room. The ceilings of these rooms are decorated with allegorical paintings done by master hands and the walls embellished with old tapestries and portraits of historical personages. In the Audience Chamber the paintings on the ceiling represent Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II, as Britannia, sitting on a car drawn by swans towards the temple of Virtue, and accompanied by Ceres, Flora, Pomona and other deities of olden times. Three specimens of Gobelin Tapestry adorn the walls, representing the history of Esther from the Old Testament. Over the door hangs a full-length portrait of Mary, Queen of the Scots, with the scene of her execution painted on the back ground. The Latin inscription under this background scene says—"The Queen—the daughter, consort and mother of kings, is struck by the axe of the executioner ; and after being cruelly wounded by a first and second blow, at the third her head is severed in the presence of the commissioners and officers of queen Elizabeth." In the upper corner of the picture there is another inscription which says—"Mary, Queen of Scotland, true princess and legitimate heiress of England and Ireland, and mother of James, king of Great Britain, who, harassed by the heresy of her people and overpowered by rebellion ; came to England in the year 1568 for the sake of sanctuary ; and relying on the word of her kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth, is perfidiously detained captive for 19 years, and traduced by a thousand calumnies, is by the cruel sentence of the English parliament, at the instigation of heresy, handed over to execution ; and on the 18th of February 1587, is beheaded by the common executioner in the 45th year of her life and reign." Ah, my poor Mary ! what pitiable toy a heartless selfish world

made of you! You were one of those unfortunate step-children of Nature whose sad fate we read in history with a shudder. And of how many there is no record whom cruel inexorable Self daily tramples upon and crushes to death! Our dear cousin of England, Mary, was well-fitted for this hard world. We have been too soft for it. So let us seek peace, if there is any, out of this world. The ceiling of the Queen's Presence Chamber also contains an allegorical painting executed by Antonio Verrio, a Neapolitan artist, who was invited to England by Charles II. In this also Catherine is the principal figure. She sits under a canopy which time has spread for her and which is supported by Zephyrs. Under it, Justice is represented as driving away Sedition, Envy, and other evil spirits. The walls contain Gobelin Tapestry in which the history of Esther is continued. An interesting collection of arms, armoury and relics of battle is tastefully arranged in the Guard Chamber. Among these could be seen a portion of the foremast of the ship Victory, cut through by a cannon ball at the battle of Trafalgar. Another relic of the same naval battle was a barshot which killed eight men in the same ship. From India, there are in that room two cannons taken from the Sikhs. St. George's Hall is a large room, 200 feet long and 34 feet broad, the ceiling of which is decorated with the arms of England's chivalry from the first institution of the Order of Garter to the present time, the names of all the knights of this Order being written on the panels of the windows beginning with Edward III and the Black Prince on one side and ending on the other side with the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury. The walls contain portraits of kings from James I to George IV. The Grand Reception Room is a highly ornamented apartment. The walls contain Gobelin Tapestry representing the story of Jason and Medea. The Waterloo Chamber is so named from the large number of portraits it contains of sovereigns, warriors and statesmen who took part

in the events which culminated in the battle of Waterloo. Napoleon's portrait is not there, nor of any of those French generals who obtained lasting fame as warriors under that great man. Military trophies and suits of armour also adorn the walls of that lofty apartment called the Grand Vestibule, at one end of which is a statue by Boehm of the Queen-Empress with her favourite dog "Sharp." Our friend of Naples, Verrio afore-mentioned, has pictured the gods in high merriment on the ceiling of the State ante-room. It is a State dinner of the gods with all its accompaniments. The coving of the room is decorated with representations of fish and fowl and the tapestry in the room alludes to the same subject. Nine large paintings by Zuccarelli adorn the room called after his name. Of these "The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca" and "The finding of Moses" are the most important. Another master artist has given name to the last room of the State Apartments. This is Vandyck who was born at Antwerp in 1598 and brought to England by Charles I. The Vandyck room contains 22 portraits executed by that celebrated painter. One of the most magnificent monuments, by the consecration of which to illustrious dead sorrowful bereaved ever found consolation, is the Albert Memorial Chapel in Windsor Castle which Her Majesty, the Queen-Empress, erected in memory of her beloved Consort. Its majestic beauty reminds the Indian of his Táj. Every part of the Chapel is tastefully decorated, and the ornamentations are so executed as to render them very little liable to decay from atmospheric influences. Venetian glass-mosaic with gold leaf patterns adorn the roof of the Chapel. The windows are of stained glass in which a combination of the most beautiful colours is displayed. Marble panels are arranged on the walls, but not inlaid like the Taj. Such mosaic art is however amply illustrated in the figures and the canopy behind the altar in which Lapis Lazuli, Porphyry, Alabaster, Malachite and other stones

of various shades of colour are deeply fixed with exquisite taste. The panels of the Reredos are of Sicilian marble on which the Resurrection scene is carved in relief. The Altar Table is of Levanto marble, at the front of which are placed three wreaths of carved boxwood, with a Phoenix on one side, a Lamb in the middle, and a Pelican feeding its young with its own blood on the other side. Innumerable pieces of marble, of the most valuable descriptions, are used in paving the floor of this gorgeous Memorial Chapel. Among these might be observed the Corisican Green, Levanto Rosso, Moderic, Verdun, Red Fossil, Antique, Grand Antique, &c. The Cenotaph before the Altar is supported by angels, on which is carved in white marble a life size figure of the Prince, with his favourite dog at his feet. At its foot the Queen is represented in a praying attitude, while at the head "Science" is weeping. All round it the following inscription is carved :—"Albert, the Prince Consort, born August XXVI, MDCCCXIX; died December XIV, MDCCCLXI; Buried in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. I have fought the good fight : I have finished my course." As stated in the inscription the Prince is not buried here, but at Frogmore at the neighbourhood of Windsor where Her Majesty has a home-farm. It is under a magnificent mausoleum of white marble that the remains of this illustrious Prince lie buried. As a rule permission is given to no one to visit this sacred edifice, but on this occasion Her Majesty graciously allowed us to pay obeisance to the grave of her beloved husband. So we went there and with a heavy heart stood within that solemn monument. Our hearts are weak and soft, easily affected by the sight of pain and sorrow. I felt as the heart of a weak Bengali can feel when I saw the small space which the present Sovereign of one-fourth of the human race has reserved for herself beside the place already occupied. We poor people make the sorrows of the great our own, for we feel it strange and wrong that they should suffer.

They seem to us as not born to them, not made by nature fit to bear such trials. Our sympathy for the great on such circumstances is the more keen and lasting the more they are virtuous and good. The goodness of the Queen-Empress will be appreciated to its fullest extent when she is gone. Little do people know what her example has done for English Society. She sits at the head of it as the great emblem of Purity, and to her the English people owe not a little their domestic peace and happiness. We saw the road called the Long Walk, which is three miles long, and which is said to be one of the finest avenues in the world, containing 1,600 very fine elm trees. Thence we went to the Shaw farm, one of the three model farms of the Prince Consort, where various species of cattle are bred. Here by Her Majesty's command were placed strawberries and cream to refresh her wearied guests. The strawberries were the produce of the farm and were one of the finest kinds I ever saw in that country. Near Windsor is the Eton College, considered as the highest school in the country. Thus we went from one place to another seeing the various sights which Windsor had to show, and in this way we passed one of the many happy days which the considerate kindness of our English brethren made for us during our sojourn in that great country.

On July 10th, we went to a Garden Party held at Marlborough House by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales. It took place in the afternoon between 4-30 to 7. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales received the guests. No one who has once seen it will ever forget the smiling face of the Princess, brightened by a halo of virtue and innocence. I do not know how to describe an English dress, otherwise I would have gladly described her costume which is considered to be perfect. If I am fortunate enough to have a lady to read my book, she would surely look for this all important information and would be disappointed. "Did you see the Queen" or "Did you see the Princess?", a lady would ask in the first instance

with a face in which you could clearly see her impatience to put the next question.—“How did she dress?” Could anything more clearly prove the barbarism of our soul than the answer—“I did not observe it,” or at the utmost: “She wore a black dress.” The Princess in short is the goddess of the English people. She is worshipped and she is beloved by all. High and low, all revere her, all honour her. She is the pride of the nation. Would you then blame us if we lingered before her joyous presence one moment more than the time usually taken in the ceremonial introduction and reception? After the ceremony of the reception was over, the guests scattered themselves on the grounds and freely enjoyed themselves as they pleased. On such occasions the host as a rule does no longer interfere with them. Unlike our custom, the host does not look after each guest, does not ask him whether he has taken any refreshments, and does not press him over and over again to eat more than is good for him. Huge quantities of refreshments, in the shape of cakes and other sweets, fruits, ices, tea and coffee, and costly wines, are kept ready in one place, where you go and ask of the attendants for anything you require. Perfect freedom is enjoyed by every one. You eat and drink what you require, and do not take any refreshment if you do not want it. No eye is upon you. What a relief for the timid and bashful, and for those who have a little liking for champagne cups! Friends meet there and one introduces to the other his own acquaintances. These “Parties” therefore serve as an opportunity for people to know each other. In the Garden a Russian band was playing, and there were several Russian songstresses of note among them. They were dressed in oriental fashion, in chogas and waistbands. Her Majesty came to the Prince’s party and cheerfully went among the other guests. She sat for a long time listening to the Russian songs in which she seemed to take a great delight. At the end she honoured the chief of the band by personally thanking him for the performance of his party.

Marlborough House, St. James, is a new building, constructed in the beginning of the last century for the first Duke of Marlborough. In 1817 it was purchased for Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, since which time it has belonged to the Crown, and is now the residence of the Prince of Wales. Many of the presents which His Royal Highness received in India are kept here.

Within the narrow compass I have intended to assign to this account, it is not possible to describe in detail the various places to which I went and the things I saw. Suffice it to say that no amount of novel-reading would give the Indian an adequate idea of the refined magnificence which surrounds an Englishman in high life. "I am going to the abode of the gods," said the old Daffá of Assam to his neighbours when he left his mountain home for Calcutta to be modelled for the Exhibition. If our sacred books have faithfully described the gods, their manners and customs, their power and prowess, their living and luxuries, then gazing round at the land of France, Belgium or Britain well might a Hindu exclaim—"Sure, heaven is here." Put the average Indian in paradise, and in no time he will make it a pigstye. For dirt, dust and flies are to him what the water is to the fish. If you doubt me, look to your sacred city of Benares, where men and women go in quest of beatitude in this earth of misery. Or to your red-ochred Paris of India—Jaipur—where in spite of the efforts of European and enlightened native officers, look, what your countrymen have done a few steps behind the main street. Or better still, remember how some years ago you fought tooth and nail against the introduction of pure drinking water into Calcutta. For, my friend, it is your religion to revel in dirt and eschew what is clean (*e.g.*, refined sugar), to drink the muddy water of the Ganges and die of cholera, and then to be publicly beaten and battered with a bamboo and roasted by your nearest and dearest relations.

O, mighty patriots of the rueful countenance, great saviours of Hindu society, now is the time to call forth the bitterest venom from the depth of your profoundly learned mind and dash it against the benighted Englishman who dares propose to give you a decent cremation. Who knows? The father of this wretched man might have had a hand in abolishing the Sati, and has thus deprived you of the pleasure of burning alive the widowed wife of your brother—between you and me, an obstruction in your way to his property. Ah, my friend! we are a tremendously religious people. Put a European in a pigstye, and he will soon make it a place that will charm the eye and cheer the heart. If you doubt me, then go to Sealdah, and see for yourself the humble cottages where the employes of the Eastern Bengal Railway have made the naked stem of the cocoanut blossom in all shades of colours, and the land around smile as the flowerbeds of Kashmir. If all want to be nice, neat and tidy, you can imagine what the country will be. Such is that part of Europe through which I travelled. Pardon me if I could not but be affected by the sad contrast. Besmear your walls with betel-leaf spittings, allow the spider to spread its net from beam to beam, let cockroaches live in peace among your boxes and vermin to suck your blood, have weeds to cover your house, a dirty tank to poison you, add all round excrement of man and animal as fuel for nature's decomposition, and,—well, you do not know that there is anything better in this world. So, go on vaunting about your cleanliness. The very goddess of cleanliness ought to be grateful to you for the trouble you take in rubbing a little oil on your body and plunging into a neighbouring cesspool. Take care to break your cooking pot if the infidel of a European casts his filthy shade upon it. For recollect that you are a pure Hindu and have to pour water on the drooping manes of your departed ancestors. You are clean with a vengeance. Hear what they

do at Chitaldrúg : "As soon as a woman is expected to be confined, the unfortunate being is forthwith sent away from the house outside the village, and there she must stop for 21 days exposed to the sun and wind and rain as the case may be. The cowerd caste consider it would be a pollution to have such a woman inside their homes. The woman must do everything for herself and to the infant." And yet if any one attempts to interfere with such a cruel custom, there will be found educated men to heap curses and abuses upon the reformer. O Man, O Man, how false you are to yourself. One can but smile at the vagaries which he commits with intellect and matter, the tool and the raw material which the Great Master has placed in his hands, to cut, carve and build his destiny, here and hereafter, present and future. Here the infant faintly perceives the glittering tool and puts out his hand to grasp it, there the child cuts his fingers with it, the fool cuts his nose, the coward wilfully blunts it, afraid of its keen edge, the lazy allows it to rust, the good sharpen it to make and build, and the knave to unmake and destroy. With it man blinds himself, with it he opens his eyes. With it he makes angels and monsters, palaces and hovels, heaven and hell. It ordains human sacrifice and the hospital for animals, the eating of putrid human flesh and the scrupulous preservation of ants and worms, the drinking of cow-urine and abstention from champagne, the burning of a widowed mother and the chilvalry for women. Out of it come truth and falsehood, right and wrong, the conversion and the perversion. Say not here that right is right and wrong is wrong, if you care for praise and pennies. Hush! say not that you saw the land of Britain neat, clean and tidy. That the whole country, the fields and the moors, the wood and the dale, the river and the swamp, all brushed and picked, cut and levelled, as far as human care and ingenuity can make it. The beauty of the country is further enhanced by the undulating nature of the land. Meadows of

the loveliest green, through which meander like a silver line rills, rivulets and canals full to the brim, crops standing on the fields in the order of geometrical precision, orchards laden with fruit, evergreen woods at intervals where pheasants roost, palatial mansions with long avenues, parks where the curious deer graze in peace, lakes where the wild duck swim and dive, green houses and palm houses, small villages which would count as towns in this country, and towns with their broad clean streets, symmetrical houses, tall chimneys and manufactories, full of bustle and life, cover the wavy surface of the land, and rapidly pass out of your sight as you run through it in a railway carriage, travelling at the rate of 50 to 60 miles an hour. That is the usual speed at which the railway trains are run in that country. Flocks of sheep dot the green meadows, herds of cows graze and ruminate close by, while huge plough horses stand and watch the frolicsome lambs that gaily frisk about. An assemblage of crows and sparrows could be seen picking worms among the deep furrows in a land lately ploughed. It is very curious that crows do not frequent human habitations in that country. Is it owing to the cruel killing propensity of the English heart? As I have said, what forcibly strikes an Indian as he passes through Britain, Belgium or France is the scrupulous neatness of the country. No rank weed, no rotting vegetation, no filthy ditch meets your eye. Every where the land bears testimony to careful industry and good taste.

As they have made their country so they have made their dwelling houses. In large mansions the long avenue of trees which have joined their leafy boughs above your head is a sight worth seeing, the beauty of which is sometimes enhanced by a murmuring rill that runs in the neighbourhood. The roads and parterres are metalled with stones and gravels of different colours, on the side of which are laid out flower beds of that diversified arrangement which only a scientific gardener knows how to do. Occasionally thick bushes have been

allowed to run wild, which form a pleasing variety among the surrounding order and regularity. A sloping ridge may also have been taken advantage of to allow large trees to grow in their mountainous wildness. Hiding themselves among these trees the cuckoo loves to coo and the thrush to sing. I have not seen a cuckoo in that country, but I have often heard its cooing. It is not like the voice of our cuckoo—that continuous cooo, cooo, cooo. The voice of the cuckoo in England is more grave and solid and the cooing comes at longer intervals. It is so different from ours that when I first heard it, I had to ask a friend—“What bird is that there?” Of course all these singing birds come to England only in summer. The stones have all been removed from the ground under these trees and in their stead plaster-of-Paris heads of comical and uncouth shapes are promiscuously and thickly strewn. Moss has grown over them, so that from a distance you would take them for real stones, and would not notice their comical aspect without a closer inspection. Lakes also run wild with thick rushes on their banks among which the wild duck make their nest, and the broad round leaves of the lily on their bosom, among which a solitary flower may be seen resting in a drooping attitude on its long peduncle. Near the house there are the tennis ground and other green plots where the young folks sport, while the old people look on sitting on rustic benches placed on the sides, and listen to the soothing music of a fountain that spurt from a high pedestal among the flower beds close by. The whole grounds are interspersed with marble statues, new and old, Italian and Greek. I have often spoken of hothouses, palm houses and fern houses where tropical trees are reared. In the hothouses bunches of muscatel and other varieties of grapes can be seen almost all the year round in all stages towards ripening. Attached to the mansion may be a conservatory where sitting near the gurgling fountain among the green plants, with the transparent glass roof overhead, you can smoke and

meditate. Or you may pass on to the adjoining billiard room where before you go to bed you can watch for a short while the sleek ivory balls rolling against each other and childishly clap your hands with delight at a smart hit. In the meantime the sound of a piano may be reaching your ears from the Drawing Room on the other side, where a young lady in her evening dress, looking like the presiding angel of all celestial flowers, is engaged in bringing down the sweet harmony of heaven into this mundane world. Nowhere is the love of beauty and art more profusely and lavishly displayed than in the embellishment of this sitting room. The cushioned chairs and sofas, the tables and other furniture are the very perfection of elegance and comfort. The mantelpiece, the niches and corners are all tastefully filled with beautiful curios from all parts of the world. And what marvel of beauty are those window curtains? And would you not also look up and follow the golden lines, the flowers and the figures with which the ceiling is decorated? Or would you rather look down and admire the soft thick carpet under your feet wondering what ingenuity could bring forth from the loom those delicate interwoven patterns? Some say that good singers have generally an ill-favoured exterior. Ah! you would not think so if you had seen the beauty and superior finish of that wood and ivory piano which all this time has been charming your ears with peals of sweet music, while a large bouquet of flowers of various colours quietly sitting on an exquisitely ornamental vase has been busy to shed the freshest and richest perfume all over the room. Means for enriching your mind are not wanting either, for the library is filled with thousands of volumes collected from generation to generation. But they seem to invite you only to look at their superb binding, done in styles borrowed from all the world, and appear to say—"Pray, for goodness' sake don't open me, for I am not so beautiful to look at inside." And the family pictures, representing the scions of the House for several centuries, what a

mint of money they must have cost! In the dining room cleanliness is more studied than art; but yet in every trifling detail that love of beauty which has now become inherent in the nation comes out in all its conspicuousness. A cloth of the most snowy whiteness without the faintest trace of any spot covers the table, on which are arranged plants and cut flowers, silver dishes of dazzling beauty with chased patterns, cruet stands, goblets, decanters and all sorts of necessities. Compare it with our mode of taking meals. The contrast in our disfavour is so great that it would be madness to think of any comparison at all. We are at fault even in the minutest detail. Take for instance the salt that is on the table. What a nice salt-cellar it is that holds it, the nice little silver spoon to take it with, and for comparison with the whiteness and purity of the substance itself one can only think of loose unsullied snow that covers the swampy lands of Netherlands Holland in the depth of winter. Think how you take salt in this country, where it is put, and with what it gets mixed. Then in Europe they do not touch or give anything with the hand. It is extremely bad manners to give even a cigar to any one with your hand. In the matter of food, this custom is followed to a certain extent in South India. But in Bengal, one gets sickened to see how food is handled in time of feasts, in native hotels and in confectionery shops. The different dishes from which you eat the different courses of the dinner are ornamented with various kinds of designs, which would sometimes teach you the geography of Britain, natural history, architecture and the style in which various old castles in England are built. The very food itself is shaped and arranged in artful designs. In this country a rude attempt is made in this direction in the make of our sweetmeats, but as in everything else, the art has been carried to perfection in Europe. I would not have dwelt on this subject so long if this anxiety to be neat and clean and to possess materials for comfort and ease,

combined with refined magnificence and unostentatious beauty, was confined only to the wealthy classes. On the contrary this is observed among all classes, and all strive to make themselves and everything around them as much refined as their means would permit. In this matter the difference between the English and ourselves is that there they earnestly wish it and laboriously work for it, whereas we here do not seem to wish for it and certainly do not work for it. Here, if one has not the means to pay for his wash, he goes in dirty clothes ; in England one similarly situated would do the wash at home. The standard of respectability is still very low in this country. In my opinion the greatest achievement of European civilisation lies in the fact that it has placed the means of enjoying material comfort within the reach of every honest worker not only in Europe but in all parts of the globe.

What interested me therefore in English life is the higher standard of living as compared with that of the Indian people. Love of comfort combined with beauty rules the English heart. They know better than we how to live well, and how to secure the means to live well. Instead of shunning the good things as so many traps to ensnare poor humanity, they gratefully accept them and exercise their faculties to improve them for their benefit. They have not allowed the drowning property of the water, the burning property of the fire, or the thorn of the rose to scare them away from the rightful use of such substances. Long ago, they came to know that asceticism is fanaticism, and fanaticism is insanity. They all ask for comfort and beauty, and there is a keen competition to supply this universal demand. Comfort and beauty thus came to be cheap, and within the reach of the lowly and the poor. That demand in this country can only be dimly perceived in a hazy form in the distant future. To an oriental, however, the artistic surroundings of English life seem to have too much of method in them, and therefore look stiff

and tiring. As if all things have received an impress of the strong character of the English constitution. Artistiz beauty there glares upon you like a full blown rose, and do not know like a bashful bud how softly to peep through emerald leaves in all its maidenly sweetness. Such is our art. But, oh my countrymen, do not glory in it. It is rather our misfortune that we can yet produce such art. For it is all poetry, a fairy dream delineated in all its picturesque sweetness. Such poetry ill-fits this hard hungry world, which plucks the sweet lotus and would not allow it to play with the Zephyr on the blue bosom of the wide lake, fleeces and slaughters the sporting lamb that does no harm, shoots the soft-eyed gazelle, and enchains the mild elephant that browses like a cloud on our hill side jungles. Prosy wakefulness thrives in this world of ours, my countrymen, not the trance of poetry, so when prose in the shape of steam and mechanism is the master of millions, poetry in the shape of hatchised chisel hardly gets five rupees a month, a handful of millets or rice to stay the pangs of hunger, and a two penny date leaf mat to lie down upon on a cold night. Our art is doomed to die and it ought to die, for in this age of cheapness it cannot earn more than ten shillings a month. The destruction of Indian art-manufactures will be coeval with the increase in the value of labour. At any rate Indian art-manufactures as an industry can no longer be of material advantage to this country to any appreciable extent. Modern mechanism would also help in its destruction. Lancashire has destroyed fine muslins, Paisley Kashmir shawls of the finest patterns, and Birmingham has now threatened metal manufactures. Eventually it involves both the original and the imitation in common ruin.

As an illustration of the way in which the artistic instinct of the English people finds vent in every detail of life, I would mention the card which invited us to a Ball given by the Lord Mayor in honour of the Colonials and Indians, and which was

held in the Guildhall on Friday, the 25th June 1886. This card is a regular picture by itself, so I have got it mounted and intend to preserve it as a memento of the occasion. The character of the design is oriental. On all sides it is bounded with a fringe that might have been copied from a cornice in the palace of Harun-al-Rashid. Next come the border, ground-worked with fifty-two species of Indian and colonial flowers all shining in their natural colours. Among these may be noticed the *Acmena elliptica* or the Lilly Pilly of Sydney, *Swainsona greyana* or the Poison Pea of the Darling River, *Coptis trifolia* or the Gold Thread of Canada, *Cissampelos Pareira* or the Velvet Leaf of the West Indies, *Citrus limonum* or the Lemon tree of West Africa, *Vitis vinifera* or the Black Grape of Cape Town and *Viola odorata*, the Banafshá of Upper India. These flowers have formed a framework for the Arms and Names of the various colonies. Cyprus heads the list on the left, then comes under it Canada, Malta, Cape of Good Hope and Natal. Further down, a harbour with a large sailing vessel and fishing boats, a rocky shore with an outline of clouds in the far distance all arranged in an uncoloured circle, represent Cape Town. Under it successively come West Indies, British Guiana, West Africa, New Foundland, Falkland Islands and New Guinea which closes the list on the left. On the right, arranged in a style which in Saracenic architecture is called the "Reply" or the *Jawáb*, come Mauritius in "answer" to Cyprus. Then come New Zealand, having in its Arms figures of two men one holding a pair of scales and the other a staff. Then Hong Kong, New South Wales and Queensland. For the *Jawáb* to Cape Town we have on the right the harbour of Sydney with a large steam vessel, and a domed palace, and churches and buildings on a well-wooded shore. Straits Settlements, North Borneo, Ceylon, Victoria, Australia and Fiji come under Sydney and finish the right side of the Card. At the top, a picture of

London is given on the right and that of the Guildhall on the left. Between these two stand the Arms of the city of London supported on the one side by a London Rifle Volunteer and an Australian Volunteer, while on the other an English Guardsman and a Native Indian Soldier mount guard. The National and Royal Standards appear at the back, and at the base of the group is a portion of the Canadian Arms, *viz.*, the Rose, Shamrock and the Thistle, with the words *Domine, Dirige, Nos.* printed under it. In the lower border a picture of the town of Ottawa occupies the left side, and on the right is that of Calcutta with the Government House, the Maidan and the Ochterlogy Monument. Between these two are the Arms of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs. The ground in the centre of the card has an Indian arch on the top supported by two ribbed columns. On one side of it is an aborigine Red Indian from America alongside of a Negro with a basket of pineapples. Further back under a tree-fern, stand two Kangaroos on their hind feet near two lambs and a pair of Emu. On the other side an Indian Syce stands near an Australian rider with his horse. Further back a tiger-hunting scene, an elephant and two tigers. In the middle of the card are the words of the Invitation. The card is chromo-printed.

As mentioned before, the Ball took place on the 25th of June 1886. It was a grand affair, in which about six thousand people took part, the élite of London society, besides the Colonials and Indians. The guests were presented in due form to the Lord Mayor, the Right Honourable John Staples, F.S.A. The dancing commenced at nine. I cannot say anything about the dancing, because I do not know it and do not understand it. I looked on, and occasionally introduced myself to those who, like me, did not take part in the dance. The dancing lasted during the whole night.

The Duchess of Westminster invited the Colonials and Indians to an "At Home" party. The time mentioned in the

card was 10, without an "A. M." or "P. M." after it. Two of us could not make out whether the party was to take place at ten in the morning or ten in the evening. They therefore went to an officer of the Exhibition and asked him to tell them what it was. They learnt from him that it was ten in the evening. Next day a paragraph appeared in the newspapers to the effect that some of the Indians actually went to the London residence of the Duke of Westminster at ten in the morning and were told by the servants that the Duchess was in bed! So they said what was not true. They said other untruths too. Not knowing they were making fun, we were surprised that English gentlemen could speak untruth. We felt they were like our countrymen, who thought nothing of making an inaccurate statement more from thoughtlessness and want of a habit of precision, than from a disregard of the value of truth. It must not be supposed that there are not Englishmen who never speak an untruth in seriousness. There are such Englishmen specially in this country, who have caught the contagion of loose native talk. But their friends, for politeness or for fear of being knocked down, call these untruths not "lies" but "stories." "Lie" and "Liar" are expressions of abuse, like many traditional terms of abuse of this country. Literally they mean "untruth" and "untruthful," but they are not so much used to convey those meanings as to convey an insult. But I am launching into philology. It is very easy to create jealousy, here in India as elsewhere. We must be charitable to people who had not the heart large enough to view without soreness the kindness shewn to us by the English public. It is not to be wondered at if the poor "Babu" was brought in for his due share of abuse. There were men at the Exhibition who evidently did not like our being there, but if they had known that some of us went there only for a principle, and that by going there we subjected ourselves to life-long hardship and misery, not only ourselves but all those who are connected with us,

from generation to generation, as long as the present state of things will last, I could hardly imagine that there would be any man in the world so ungenerous as to resort to misrepresentation to bring discredit on us. But to some, it appears, anything is fair when a Babu has to be attacked. To my view nothing can be more complimentary to a Babu, than this interest which Englishmen take in him. O Babu, you are a rum chap, you are. Who would have supposed, you sly little fox, that you have grown so mighty and invulnerable as truth alone cannot hurt you, and truth has to be succoured by misrepresentation to assail your position. You attacked their Civil and Medical services, beat them, and they acknowledged their defeat by constructing bastions, retrenchments, tenailles, caponiers, ravelins and redoubts all round them to keep you out in the future. Now, Sir, look to your laurels, for some of their camp-followers, like young Manlius, have carried the battle into the enemy's lines. Those laurels, which you scarcely deserved, but yet were magnanimously put upon your brow by the immortal bard who sang of Warren Hastings in melody, soft and sweet. After all who is the "Babu." It is a mistake to suppose that an English-educated native of Behgal is the only Babu. On the other hand the Babu is the English-educated native of India, who wants for his countrymen a larger share in the public administration. He is in all parts of India. He has faults no doubt, faults inherent in our character, but he has merits too. • Why estrange him by constant chuckling over his faults, and not use his merits for the good of the commonwealth? He is a grateful being : a little kindness would secure his love and devotion. But he is very sensitive too : he takes an unkindness more to heart than does an Englishman under similar circumstances. Now, I would venture to whisper a little advice to the ear of my countrymen of Bengal. There are men in England, and there are Englishmen in India, in service and out of service, in high position and in

a lower position, who would most willingly give you to-day anything you require if it is possible to give it to you. Just think for a moment, whether in the administration of such a vast empire, composed of such heterogenous elements, changes ought or ought not to be slow. Privileges of the kind we want must have to be earned, otherwise we will not be able to wisely use them or keep them. Reckless writings and rabid speeches will not earn them. On the other hand such things have done immense harm to the people of Bengal. They have disgusted our friends and strengthened the hands of our enemies. Men in power, who would otherwise be our friends, have become if not our enemies, at least not friends. We are in bad odour everywhere, and it is now having its practical effect. The people of Bengal are being excluded from Government service wherever there is any excuse to do so. We hitherto possessed a very extensive field for obtaining employment for our literary labour. That was a great incentive for education in Bengal. This field is now being contracted on all sides, and as a result the decadence of education is already perceptible in the villages. Ponder well, my countrymen, what Bengal will be without her education! With deep sorrow and shame I see Bengal fast going down from the place which she hitherto occupied among the nationalities of India. We would rather have a Press Act now, than this for our future. There is yet time, be moderate, be wise and be just. Try not to over-estimate your education and abilities.

It is not my intention to pain religionism, now so rampant in the country. But religionism teaches to look down upon every thing European, and carefully to nurse all evils that eat like canker into the very heart of our national life. Therefore, to religionism I object. Religionism is sanctified Hate, the emphasised "I am better than you." I would rather not have that. I would rather say to the lowliest of the low, "Friend, I am no better than you." I am not ashamed of my ancestors,

but I am ashamed of myself. I am not ashamed of being a Brahman, but I am ashamed of being so little of a Brahman. How often will you fling my Brahmanhood unto my face, O lynx-eyed Religionism? I say, Sir, I have not in me that universal love, that self-abnegation, that learning, that piety which made the name of my ancestors great and glorious. I have not even the moral courage of my fifth ancestor who, because a Musalman peon came to his house just when he was going to take his midday meal, gave up on the same day three hundred acres (1000 bighas) of rent free land. Mind, this happened at a time when the Musalmans were the sovereigns of India. I have not in me even the pride of my father, who would never accept service, and who would never bow to any one in the universe, except of course to his Gods and to his relations. In short, Sir, I am a public servant who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. So let me fully realise what I am, and even in that I often fail owing to the faults and not the merits of Brahmanhood being so ingrained in my constitution. Shaikh Sadi said that every individual in this world is a limb of the universe-body, and if one limb pains the whole body suffers. Shaikh Sidi was a Musalman, yet he first felt the pain and then said what he said. How much inferior I am to that Musalman saint? But yet religionism teaches me to look down upon him, because he happens to be a Musalman. In Europe thousands of philanthropists and scientists work day and night for the good of humanity, and to discover those hidden treasures which nature has kept secreted in her bosom. Am I to consider those eminent men and women impure and break my cooking pot if they touch it at the bidding of religionism? After my return from Europe my friends re-invested me with the sacred thread because I mixed with such great men. So I have found again that sacred thread does not make one a Brahman. A Brahman's work makes one a Brahman, and among his duties, I reckon, universal love and life-long devotion for the good of humanity

as the greatest. When I deserve to be a Brahman, I will not pride that I am a Brahman. That is the test both for you, O Religionism! and me. If by abusing me, friend Religionism, you get a few more coppers in your pocket, then do by all means.

Far from detracting anything from the wisdom of our sages, I am often struck with admiration at their masterly solution of the various problems of life. They saw the impossibility of equality among human beings. Then why not religionise inequality or caste? In one of their transcendental contemplations they pumped out from the womb of nature the secrets of cosmogony, among which they found the fact that the Brahman came from the Creator's mouth, the Warrior from his arm, the Trader from his thigh, and the Servant from his feet. Despair not, ye that are not born of the mouth, serve well him that is so fortunate, and in your next birth you will be like unto him. So all are satisfied with their lot. I must confess my inability to imagine a more effective system for ensuring happiness for humanity than the Hindu Society even as it is. I must also unhesitatingly assert that in no nation have I seen a larger amount of domestic happiness than in the Hindus. But alas! at what cost this happiness has been bought! The nation's manhood has been exchanged for it. Happiness the result of knowledge is one thing, and happiness the result of ignorance is another thing. The English are no doubt a comparatively unhappy people, that is my impression. But their unhappiness is the result of knowledge, whereas our happiness is the result of ignorance, apart from other considerations which are in their disfavour and which are in our favour. Whatever might have been the working of the laws which Manu and other sages promulgated in ages gone by, the earth has travelled many times round the sun since that time, and new races have sprung upon its surface. These races can now say with the pride of conscious power that "if you have come out of the Brahma's mouth, we have come

from the tip of his hairs." They have not said that, though many of them practice that to a large extent.*

On third June 1886 we were invited to the Tallow Chandlers' Hall to see an amateur dramatic performance. I saw many such performances in my own country, but these cannot be compared with what I witnessed in London. It is impossible to conceive how without a professional training the ladies and gentlemen who acted in the performance could play their parts so admirably. Even the London audience, accustomed to see the best of such things, got enraptured at the superior skill displayed by the amateurs in representing the various parts of the plot. We also went to the various London theatres—The Lyceum, the Savoy, the Drury Lane, the Adelphi, the Globe, the Gaiety, the Princess, the Comedy, the Hay market, the Strand, the Covent Garden, the Avenue, and various others to which free tickets were kindly given to us. I have not the power to describe these theatres. I can only say that compared to them what we have got at the Beadon Street are mere child's play. Not only those at the Beadon Street, but even English theatres in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. Nothing more is necessary to shew the length of distance that separates native from European than the theatres in the two countries. The distance is more than what separates a Kol of the Chota Nagpur jungles from a learned Brahman of Nadiya. But alas, I cannot convince a certain section of my countrymen of this. Ignorance is nothing if it is not a firm notion of illimitable infallible wisdom. And whence comes this wisdom? By spelling out Reynold's Novels. The pity is that only one hundred years ago the Europeans and Indians were almost on the same stage of social advancement, and it is only within this time, or I may say only within the last fifty years,

* The foregoing two paragraphs refer to a complaint made against the author by the vernacular newspapers of Bengal that he being a Brahman should not give preference to European civilisation over his own.

that they have made such rapid strides as to leave us far far behind. We are advancing no doubt, but at a snail's pace, while they are going at a railway speed. Of course all this magnificence is possible in England where wealth flows from all parts of the world. But in broken, fallen, impoverished France how is it possible to maintain such a splendid place of amusement as the Eden Theatre in Paris? Austria does not get any foreign tribute, but how can she have such a place as Burgtheatre in Vienna? Even poor Italy, how can she have those opera houses at Venice, Florence and Rome? Our land is more fruitful than these, thought I, as I looked on the vineyards of France, the rye fields of Germany, the pine forests of Bohemia and the olive gardens of South Italy, and yet we are so poor. The Australian aborigines lived from time immemorial in sheds got up in half an hour from fresh cut branches, had no other covering to protect them from cold except a Kangaroo skin, and the pangs of hunger so gnawed into their stomach as to compel them to eat worms and other loathsome things. Most of them yet live in that state of poverty and starvation. I wonder whether among these Polynesians economists have not by this time sprung up to lay down with the utmost gravity and lucidity the principle that the poverty and hunger of the aboriginal races are solely due to the amount of wealth looted by the English from the country. I pity them if they have not got such men among them, for we here are all economists of that description. The Jat cultivator in the Sing country, the poor Nawab of Oudh, the Rajput of Gonda, the Bengali Babu in his editorial desk, the Naidu in Madras and the Samanta in Bombay all hold the opinion that the English are draining the country of all its gold and silver and giving us in their stead a few pieces of paper in the shape of promissory notes. I know I am treading what is for me a very dangerous ground, little as I know of this most intricate subject. But it is my misfortune not to be satisfied with a hasty look on one

side of the shield, but must perforce go round and see what the other side is like. With all humility therefore I will state here what I see on the other side. I have no book of reference with me, but I call from memory the fact that instead of gold and silver being drained from the country we receive annually about ten crores of rupees worth of these precious metals, which are not reexported but hoarded in the country. In that part of the country from which I come gold was very scarce thirty years ago, and the women had to be content with shell, lac, glass, brass or at best silver ornaments, but now even the low classes wear golden jewellery. We buy these ten millions (sterling) worth of gold and silver out of the 85 millions worth of raw produce annually sent out of the country. Out of the remaining 75 millions we buy 34 millions of things which in the ordinary course of things we must get in exchange from foreign countries. Again out of the remaining 41 millions we purchase cotton goods to the value of 24 millions and pay from the ordinary revenue 17 millions home charges. The average of the last six years was 19 crores, difference being made up by borrowing. The loss to the country is in these two items. We send to foreign countries about 17 millions worth of raw cotton, yarn, &c., and get back 24 millions of manufactured cotton, difference 7 millions, from which has to be deducted the interest on capital laid out on the manufactory and machinery. Or say 5 millions we pay to England as value of labour to make our clothing which if we could make them ourselves might have remained in this country. Then the other item of 17 millions which England takes from us for home charges include,—besides the cost of civil and military administrations, for furlough and pensions, and the savings of officials living in India—the interest on money lent to India for the construction of railways and other works of public utility. Such interest is paid to England by almost all foreign countries except America, and I wish England had lent us more

money at 4 per cent. interest and this money spent on railways in the interior of the country. Taking all this into consideration, I hardly think that the sum which England takes out of India and which could have been kept within India had India been a self-governed country, exceed more than 15 millions a year. But against this sum must be set (1) about eight millions which England earned by compelling China to take our opium which we could not have done; (2) the increased production of raw materials by bringing large areas of land under cultivation due to the establishment of peace, the railways, and the impetus to trade which England has given; (3) the value of the great power of the British Empire at our back to support us from all foreign aggression. If we give their due weight to all these calculations I think it will be possible to find that our connection with England is not a loss to us in a pecuniary point of view. I state this as my opinion with considerable diffidence, for I have not sufficiently studied the subject and possess a very imperfect knowledge of its details.

In former times all the money was collected in capital towns like Delhi and Lucknow and spent there, and in the pompous pageantry displayed there, people saw the manifestation of wealth. It was a splendid sight, the Great Mogul on his Peacock Throne bedecked with gems of inestimable value, with the Grand Vizier prostrate before him, courtiers with clasped hands all around, and the executioner ready with his axe standing on his left side. Those glories have been described, but what has history to do with the millions that tilled, and sowed and reaped and starved for ever and ever. History has not said whether these millions had, before the English came into the country, more clothing on their back, more chattels in their hovels, and more gold on their person. We can only infer that they had more grain in their barn-houses, but yet Mahomedan historians constantly speak of famines as devastating as the last Madras famine, when human beings ate the

putrid flesh of human beings. It has yet to be proved that the people were better off two hundred years ago than they are now, and that they had more grain at the time than the purchasing power of grain which they now possess, but unfortunately we have no record of their condition in those days. Unfortunately too we have not yet learnt that the few upper classes do not form the nation : high and low, all individuals are so many units of the nation. National wealth is more evenly distributed now, hence we do not see it. But yet we are very poor compared with the European nations, and the cause of that poverty is not to be found in the drain of gold and silver said to be carried on by the English Government, but in the present demoralised condition of our national character. If the incidence of trade value per head is an index to the material prosperity of a nation then that of India is surprisingly small compared with other nations. The average trade value of India is only 12 shillings per head, while that of Great Britain and Ireland is 350 shillings. France has 168s, Germany 145s, and United States 105s.

We went to the Lyceum Theatre where "Faust" was being played at the time. Mr. Henry Irving, the celebrated actor, played the part of Mephistopheles and Miss Ellen Terry, the famous actress that of Margaret. The Lyceum Theatre is a fine building, with a corinthian portico surmounted by a dome and a balustrade. The interior is elegantly decorated and painted by masterhands. It can accommodate about five thousand persons, and every night it was more than full. The theatre opened at 8 P.M., but every evening the door-way leading to the pit was crammed to suffocation, and thus jammed to each other a large number of people patiently waited from 6 till the time when the door was opened. It was the names of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry and the wonderful scenes displayed on the stage that every night brought to the Lyceum such a large multitude of people. The scenes were really wonderful,

the triumph of science and human ingenuity. They shew how far man has succeeded to usurp the power hitherto attributed to supernatural beings. There sat Mephistophéles in the midst of thousand-tongued flames and caressing them as his most friendly element. Then there were the Devil's kitchen where fallen, woe-begone skeleton spirits cooked and boiled and roasted fiery, loathsome things every moment of their existence, the duel in which the Devil's sword flashed liquid lightning; the burning volcano with its lava and hot cinders; the devil's dance; and lastly the angels from heaven, with hands outstretched for the dead Margaret. At the Drury Lane Theatre we saw "Human Nature" played. Morning with the rising sun, night with the full moon, a cloudy heaven with thunder and lightning, the mountains of Soudan, Trafalgar Square and other scenes were so vividly shewn here that they seemed to be quite natural. It is said that Mr. Henry Irving spent £20,000 to make the necessary alterations in the stage to bring in "Faust." At the Alhambra a large number of girls could be seen dancing all at once. They must be more than a hundred, but I forget the exact number. It was a fairy scene, of which it is quite beyond my power to give any adequate conception to my readers. At the Savoy Theatre the Mikado was being played at the time. I think many of my countrymen must have seen this piece in the Indian Theatres, but here they have hardly seen the best of it. I saw the same piece played at Oxford, but nothing like that in London. The only way by which I can convince my countrymen of the vast superiority of England to India in, with few exceptions, all details of life, is by taking India to England, but as I am incapable of doing that, I must bear, in the best way I can, all the abuse that may be heaped upon me.

An agricultural excursion into the country was arranged for the Colonials and Indians, through the kindness of the Duke of Bedford. They were invited to see the Crawley Farm and the

Experimental Field at Woburn, where trials of various kinds are conducted under the management of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. The Abbey, the Duke's home farm and his parks and gardens at Woburn were also included in the programme. On Wednesday, the 23rd June 1886, a special train with the guests of the Duke steamed out of Euston station for Ridgmont. It ran through a very fine country, fresh and green with the summer vegetation, among which quietly slept the golden sunshine, dreaming of wheat and barley, of strawberries and raspberries, of apples and pears, which had yet to ripen. Oh, how innocent it looked! It was full of smiles, and seemed to know not what sunstroke is, the deceitful thing! Or the simoom that madly careers among moving mountains of sand from Morocco to Arabia, and sends caravan camels down on their knees to escape the pestilential breath. Or the burning blasts that roar over the plains of India, devouring the grass on the fields, withering the leaves on the trees and starving the mother cow that gives us milk. Or the long drought that brings famine, kills millions, and reduces the country to a howling desert. It seemed to know not such wicked things. It knew only to sport among the ripples in the lake, to kiss the laughing lily, to redden the cheek of the plump peach turned towards it, to suffuse with a crimson glow the face of the artless maiden on the fields, to make the birds sing among the thick wood, and to gladden the heart of the world. Or to invite those fat rosy boys to come out and put off their hats and coats, and heartily go at cricket on the village green, and thoroughly enjoy the holiday given to them in honour of the Colonials and Indians. Or to tempt the farmer's sorrowful daughter, left at home to look after the baby, to take her stand behind the curtain, above the trellis entwined with rose, and have a peep into the rushing train that whistled past the snug little cottage, while papa and mamma, Charlie and Ann, have gone in their Sunday clothes to wait at the railway gate, and when the time comes to hurrah

and hurrah and wave and wave, their hats and handkerchiefs at their white and red, brown and sable brethren from many lands. For it was a holiday the Duke gave to his people in honour of his guests. Ardent and vociferous were the outbursts of welcome that greeted us on our way, and the nearer we approached our destination, the thicker was the crowd and the warmer the welcome. Carriages were kept ready to meet the arrival of the train at Ridgmont which took us to the Crawley Farm and thence to the Experimental Field. The Secretary to the Royal Agricultural Society and a gentleman of great celebrity as an agricultural chemist explained to us the method and object of the various trials there going on for some years. We then drove through the Park to the Park Farm where we saw very fine cattle of many breeds. The guests of the Duke were hungry by this time, and they were therefore made to alight at the West Front of Woburn Abbey where a magnificent repast was served to them. The Duke himself presided at the luncheon and the customary speeches made. After lunch the visitors under the guidance of the Marquis of Tavistock (the Duke's son) were shewn over the Abbey, where the family pictures are kept. Among these pictures were several by masterhands. After the Abbey was seen, the guests enjoyed themselves, wandering about the gardens until six in the evening, when the posthorn summoned them to their carriages. They took the special train at Flitwick which left for St. Pancras Station, London, at 6.30. I was rather disappointed at the experiments were conducted at Woburn. Where could one expect to see a perfect system if not in England? All that man has known up to date is present there in its best condition, and the brightest of human intellect is always busy to use, guide, control and improve the inheritance of man. In agriculture, as in other things, the most expert and enthusiastic hobbyists are at work. Yet, to my mind, there appeared to be serious flaws at the very basis of

the work I silently heard explained at Woburn. It is the misfortune of agricultural experiments to want in most cases intelligence, persistence, experience and confidence. By a judicious exercise of these qualities can alone be laid the foundation on which trials are to have a firm basis to produce trustworthy results. But experimenters are always in a hurry to prove a preconceived theory. They often forget to lay down a reliable basis on which to rest their executive operations. Curious results follow, and for all blame the scapegoat weather is made answerable. Comparative agricultural experiments, instead of being jumbled up in one chaotic mass, should in my opinion be divided into two distinct series of operations. The preliminary operation, which I have spoken of as the fundamental basis, should aim at bringing about a continued sameness of circumstances in lands to be subjected to different modes of treatment, to find out their respective values. If two acres of land are manured, one with cowdung and the other with oil cake in order to ascertain their respective manurial values, from the produce of wheat sown upon them, the utmost care should first of all be taken to preclude the possibility of the difference in outturn being accountable to any other circumstance than the superiority or inferiority of any of the two manures. The soil and the surrounding circumstances of the two plots of land should be made exactly the same. All agricultural experimenters see to that in a rough way, but they have not the patience to prove it.

To our ordinary judgment the soil and other circumstances may appear to be same, but we can little know of other things that lie beyond the power of our calculation, and which can only be proved, found out and provided for or guarded against by a course of preliminary experiments. I am almost sure that if a crop is grown on two plots of unmanured land, of which the soil and attendant circumstances are identical to the best of our judgment, there will be still some difference in the outturn. That difference must be destroyed before

the actual experiments to ascertain the value of the two manures are undertaken. Then as the trial must have to be continued for some years, the fields must be made quite independent of all variations in the weather. A shower a week before or after the crop has attained a certain stage of growth makes all the difference in the outturn. In England where they have all the aid which science can give, where they have got the means and the will, where they grow areca palm under a glass roof, it is not impossible to maintain year after year the same temperature, humidity and moisture in the fields operated upon. I know, it is very bold of me to criticise the work of men who are far superior to me in knowledge of such matters. But I am not a Russian subject that I should hide my opinion. Indeed, I have not yet learnt to do so, and situated as I am I often tremble that some day I may be taught the lesson that truth has enemies, with power, and, aye, with a right good will to use that power. That sufficient care was not taken in the Woburn experiments to lay down the preliminary basis I have indicated above is shewn by the result of a continued experiment to prove the comparative value of decorticated cotton cake and maize meal manures, in their natural state, and also of their chemical equivalents. It is a fact proved long ago by that surest of all proofs, viz, the judgment of the ignorant cultivators, that decorticated cotton cake has a very high manurial value compared with maize meal. The estimated money value of the one is £5.13.0. per ton, while that of the other is £1.5.1. More valuable results from land treated with decorticated cotton cake were therefore expected than from land treated with maize meal manure. The experiments were continued for nine years, *i.e.*, from 1877 to 1885 with the object of obtaining a further and more scientific confirmation of the superiority of the cotton cake manure. But year after year, in crop after crop in the rotation followed in the experiment, the outturn per acre did by no means bring out the superiority of cotton

cake manure. The experimenters were astonished. Then they sought for an explanation. They say—"In searching for an explanation of this unexpected result it has been suggested, and indeed there is strong evidence in the experiments themselves for believing, that this is due to the large amount of unexhausted manure in the soil, and that owing to this, and the consequent accumulation of nitrogen, the maximum crop the land is capable of producing has been obtained by the use of the additional maize meal, or its artificial equivalent, the richer cotton cake being thus unable to show its superiority." Now, if the comparative value of the two manures, whether natural or artificial, were not previously known, what conclusion could be drawn from the results of the Woburn experiments? The natural conclusion from the nine years' careful experiments conducted under the Royal Agricultural Society of England would be that maize meal manure is in no way inferior to the cotton cake manure. Again, it can be proved from the outturn yielded by a plot of unmanured land, on which wheat was sown year after year, that results of scientific precision cannot be secured unless variations in weather are guarded against. Thus the produce of dressed corn on an acre of land was as follows from 1877 to 1885:—1877—22·5 Bushels; 1878—15·8 B. ; 1879—10·1 B. ; 1880—9·6 B. ; 1881—25·7 B. ; 1882—12 B. ; 1883—16 B. ; 1884—23 B. ; 1885—21·2 B. The figures from 1877 to 1880 seemed quite natural, for they shewed gradual exhaustion of land by continual cropping. Then all at a jump the outturn came up to the unprecedented figure of 25·7 bushels, and after that the irregularity continued in a more or less marked degree. There was a slight deterioration in the fullness of the grain: the weight per bushel was 61·8 lbs. in the first year, which though varied greatly in subsequent years never again attained that figure. It was 55·2 lbs. in 1885. Was the increase and decrease in produce due to seasonable and unseasonable weather? Then all that I can say is that absolute

reliance cannot be placed on the result of an experiment undertaken to prove the value of one thing while another very powerful agency is at work to cause all sorts of anomalies. It pains me to speak lightly of a series of experiments conducted under the auspices of such eminent men, especially when I visited the place as a guest. But experiments are made in this country, and I hope they will be made on a more extensive scale as education advances and their value appreciated. I feel it therefore my duty to point out the misleading circumstances which as far as possible should be provided against, otherwise the value of such trials will be greatly diminished. Notwithstanding these defects, the Woburn experiments have yielded very valuable results. Among other things they have proved in a most unmistakable way the great importance of artificial manures with a topdressing of ammonia salts. All these experiments are mainly due to the liberality of the Duke of Bedford, who has placed about 127 acres of land at the disposal of the Royal Agricultural Society for the purpose.

With many scientific men improvement in agriculture is a hobby. Ordinary men may laugh at it, but a hobby is not for ordinary men. They have *likings*. Europe and America have derived inestimable benefits from *hobbies* or call it speciality if you like. But a hobby is more than a speciality. It is the earnest unwearied devotion to, and the power to enjoy insatiable pleasure in, a certain subject, a feeling often bordering on insanity, that has led to those wonderful discoveries to which the world owes not a little of its modern progress. We have no such hobbies here, and to that is chiefly due our present mediocrity. No discoveries, no inventions, no world-wide reputation. Our hobby is religion, sometimes it is more than a hobby, it is insanity. Happily, society worships insanity in religion, otherwise our lunatic asylums would have been a little too inconveniently full. Is it so because we are a weak race? For we find that in every country the weaker sex, the sick and the

infirm are always highly religious. Following this course of nature, the strong in all ages and in all countries in order to be more religious made themselves artificially weak by starvation and penances. As with the weak in body, so with the weak in spirit. It is the solacing shelter for the bereaved, the disappointed, the oppressed and the persecuted. It is no doubt the soothing remedy for sore heart like that of Monte Cristo in prison or of that pining wretch whose story was narrated to me by the guide who led me through the subterranean cells under the Doges' Palace at Venice. A large section of my countrymen has the hobby to bring about at their own will the mortification of mind and body which prepares one fully to enjoy the benefits of that remedy. Any other hobby my people have not. How can they have, poor souls, when from their very boyhood and girlhood they have to devote all their time to care for howling, tumbling, eating babies with which they are surrounded all their life? The whole energy of the nation is devoted to feed those mouths, and this work of providing food often expands itself into the hobby of feeding others in the immediate neighbourhood among men who have more than plenty for their own. This work of constantly looking after our own narrows the mind, so that a pre-eminently charitable, generous and merciful people, as my nation certainly is at heart, stood aghast at the bare mention of an international charity. That section of my countrymen which professes to be most religious was the loudest in its cry of "We want all the food for our own stomachs." For it has said "Give" from generation to generation, but never "Take." That section taught my people to bolt and bar the door when a neighbour's house is being looted by a handful of dacoits. That section laughs at National Congresses and other developments of national life. This narrowness of mind is one of the thousand mischiefs produced by that arbitrary act of one generation to dispose of the destiny of the succeeding one. National manhood, national enterprise, that

glorify a nation, are all irrevocably tied unto the end of that Sari that now come in bales over bales from Manchester. No hobby, no intellectual pleasure, no enterprise, is possible with a wife constantly scolding for ornaments and little children dying away through malarial fever. High and low, the nation has been taught that the sole pleasure of life lies in marrying, in getting children, in bringing up those children, in marrying them, in getting more children through them, and so on from generation to generation. Well, my sisters, we pity the stronger sex for the wrong they have done to us. Those wrongs have made our fathers, our husbands and our brothers a set of timid weak women—and spiritual too, if not like ourselves, at least of that type which enables them to put an air of spirituality on all their delinquencies. For have they not said that this tying of boyhood to girlhood, this selling of the future destiny of infantile innocents, is absolutely necessary for the spiritualisation of the nation? When Rám sold our little playmate Bámá, ten years old, to Sám of seventy summers for one thousand rupees in cash, O my sisters, that was spirituality. When Jádab gave away his daughter as a free gift to Mádhav, the lord of three hundred and fifty more wives and the father of I cannot say how many hundreds of children, did not, O my sisters, the celestial world ring with joy at this pure act of sublime spirituality? When Gobindo, the landlord, finds the wife of his boyhood dark and plain, does he not exercise his spirituality and marries two, three or as many girls as he likes? But when Sati the Brahman's daughter, finds the man to whom she was tied when she could scarcely walk, old, illiterate, deformed and sickly, and objects to take him for her husband, do they not in exercise of their great spirituality cast her from society and send her to prison? Their spirituality allows the widower to marry again and to live just as he pleases, but what does it ordain for their bereaved widowed mothers, daughters and sisters? Oh, widowed Sindbad! the

land where you were buried alive was a heaven compared with this spiritual country, for there at least was equal justice for both men and women. My sisters, this is the spirituality of our fathers, brothers and husbands, this is their justice to us, this their love, and this the protection which they give us. Our honour, O my sisters, compels us to remain submissive under these cruel wrongs, but the Great Guiding Principle of this universe would not allow such wrong to be committed with impunity, and so the race of our fathers, brothers and husbands has now become—Ah, well, what it is.

The Marquis of Salisbury invited us to Hatfield, and the Duke of Northumberland to a Garden Party at Sion House. Up to 1874, the Duke's London residence was the Northumberland House in the Strand. This edifice was demolished in that year for the sake of street improvements, and the Duke then made Sion House his town residence. It is in the Suburbs, near the Kew Gardens, a few miles to the west of London. There was a stone lion at the top of the Northumberland House, which has now been removed to Sion House. A curious story is related about this lion, which shews how people are credulous all over the world. Once a man gave out that he saw the lion wag its tail. Immediately a large crowd formed around the place to see the lion do it again. People flocked from a distance to witness this rare phenomenon, and all day long the street was so fully blocked that the police could scarcely keep it clear for traffic. But the proud animal disappointed the eager multitude. Even all the opera glasses and telescopes that were brought to bear upon it could not persuade it to move its tail again. Sion House has a history. It was formerly a monastery, founded by Henry V and dedicated to St. Saviour and St. Bridget of Sion. Henry VIII disestablished the "Daughters of Sion," and gave the estate to Protector Somerset who built the palace. It subsequently came into the possession of the Duke of Northumberland. From this place Lady

Jane Grey went to the Tower of London to lay claim to the throne of England on the death of Edward VI, and hence also were taken the children of Charles I. to St. James Palace to see their father before the execution.

At the special request of a friend, I went to Cambridge to see a University ceremony, that of conferring of LL.D., Degree to Sir George Birdwood, Sir Edward Buck and the Maharaja of Narsingah. A special train was provided for the journey. On our arrival we were taken charge of by a reception committee formed jointly by the authorities of the town corporation and the University. They conducted us to the various places of interest, and when we were tired they took us to the Guildhall, where a magnificent banquet was held in honour of the guests. The University ceremony took place in the afternoon at the Senate House. This is a handsome building, Corinthian in style, of which the capitals of the columns and pilasters are said to have been made in imitation of those at the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome. The ceiling is richly decorated and the floor is of black and white marble. We took our seat on either side of the dais which was occupied by the Vice Chancellor and other members of the University. The undergraduates, numbering many hundreds, sat in the galleries overhead, and from that place of vantage they directed against the university swells occupying the dais an incessant fire of chaffing and mirthful remarks indicating good humour and exuberant spirits. Thrice happy youths! that you are not born at Dacca or worse still at St. Petersburg. What a grand opportunity the English miss in this country to win the love of a simple people, one sixth of the whole human race! A single act of flogging of school boys for boyish frolics, in open court by the public whipper, or a single act of judicial injustice, creates such an incalculable amount of lasting mischief as is little known by them. The story travels from bazar to bazar and goes down from generation to generation, just as

stories of English justice came down to us from our mothers and grandmothers. I pity those who mistake heartlessness for firmness and the upholding of injustice for the upholding of prestige. I pity those whose nature only makes them sensitive of native faults, and the nobler traits of native character are beyond whose power of comprehension. The Professors and the Doctors took the chaffing of the students with equal good humour and of all the incidents of the ceremony we enjoyed this the most. The ceremony was opened by a speech from the Vice Chancellor. One by one, the gentlemen on whom the degree was to be conferred, were then brought to the dais and a professor delivered a long oration in Latin detailing the manifold qualities which have earned for him the honor. The students frequently interrupted by their remarks, and the professor smiling adroitly turned his discourse to answer the queries raised. Of course we could not understand all what he said, but could only gather a little of the substance of his speech. When the discourse was finished the robe of honour was put upon the newly made Doctor. His place was then taken by another and the same ceremony gone through. The students were not yet satisfied : they wanted more speeches, but they did not get their wish.

We went to see the University Library, which contains upwards of 460,000 books besides many manuscripts. Thence we went to King's College, which was founded by Henry VI in 1441. Here we were taken over a beautiful Chapel, the many objects of interest in which our distinguished guides pointed out to us— the proportions of the building, the windows, the buttresses, the turrets and the well-designed parapets. But what I most admired were the coloured glass windows, on which biblical scenes are painted in artful designs. Among these might be seen the Birth of the Virgin, the Marriage of Joseph and Mary, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Circumcision, the Adoration of the Magi, the Massacre of the Inno-

cents, &c., &c. The paintings were executed between the years 1515 to 1531. After King's College, I visited two more colleges, in the compound of one of which a tree was shewn to me, said to have been planted by Milton. I plucked a leaf from it.

I could not wait till the end of the programme settled by our kind hosts, for I had an engagement in London. In one of these days just before the Election I went to see a political meeting. To avoid undue attention I put off my turban and placed a workman's hat on my head. I was rather late, for when I came I found the place quite full. No sitting room was available, a large number of people stood at the back part of the hall, among whom I quietly stationed myself. More men came, and by and bye we were packed so close as poor people in this country pack beans they want to boil along with rice. It was an election meeting to be addressed by a would-be member of Parliament. When the time to open the meeting came, the gentleman on the platform rose to speak. His appearance so struck the people present that, one and all, they joined to give him a very hearty cheer. No doubt it was highly encouraging, for the anxiety due to diffidence that hitherto clouded his facial atmosphere suddenly vanished, and a bland charming smile took its origin in his lips just where a pair of carefully nursed whiskers cast its protecting shadow, tunnelled itself through the sidal projections of those hairy appendages, traversed those regions where the continental people impress their token of affection, creating such disturbances as are done upon the earth's crust by the frigeration and contraction of the boiling masses underneath and lastly travelling over that wide plain behind which phrenologists place all manner of graceful things, it descended into the two bright orbs that illuminate the face, causing them to shed a benignant radiance upon the admiring multitude. Thus he patiently waited for the time when the admiration he created in the heart of the appreciative crowd

would cease to find vent in the ends of sticks and the soles of thick boots, not unfrequently ironed at the heels. The front chairs and benches took the hint and stopped, but the enthusiasm of the crowd near which I stood knew no bounds. They kept up an incessant rattling noise, and when the party at one end grew tired it was relieved by the party at the other end. The front seats turned round with angry eyes, but no heed was paid to them. Once or twice the gentleman on the platform essayed to speak. I cannot swear to it, but I think I heard once the word "Gentlemen." I can however positively assert that I saw him move his mouth for a short while, just as a human being does when he talks. His voice was completely drowned and not a word was reverberated by the acutely tensoned drums of our ears. Many cried "Silence," but it was met with long-toned "Boo, Boos." Presently there was a hustle and all was confusion. Men on the front seats put on their hats and rose on their legs. A few chairs came flying through the air and fell among the crowd where the battle raged fiercely, but the men were so closely packed that none was knocked down. In a moment the legs and backs of the chairs were wrenched asunder, and thus armed the maddened crowd fought more fiercely than ever. Some big fellow tried to raise a bench, it got upset, and down went a number of heads, making a gap among that compact mass of balls which stood erect like a crop of black mushrooms (if there is such a thing), as if waiting to be cleft and cut by the harvester's hand. A whizz through the air with a train of water drops, like a big comet with its tail! It was the glass tumbler that erst—while stood on the lecturer's table, containing the crystal liquid from the pipe, which was to moisten the throat, that was to be parched and hoarsed by the fire of eloquence. O gods, what fate was reserved for it! For the tumbler, Sir, not the throat. It struck on the side of a hat, thence it slipped to the brim of the hat, just as a pea would slip from the bald pate of a learned

Pandit, or a walnut from the side of the Government House dome; thence it fell on the shoulder of the man who wore the hat, and then above the din of hearty oaths and thuds of more hearty blows, you heard the sharp crack with which the extemporely meteorised (or cometised?) tumbler ended its errant course as well as its tumbler-life, just as certain souls are said to end their soul-life after innumerable peregrinations, migrations, and transmigrations through various terrestrial and spiritual worlds. Hats now got endowed with perpetual motion. Oh, sweet Qinarzadi! my love, my humble apology to your accomplished sister—with the compliments of the season.*

I said that hats got endowed with perpetual motion. They left the heads which they decorated and protected and began to fly about the room, like the small bats that fly and flap on the ears of pious worshippers who, on a black night in March, ring bells, blow shells, beat gongs and make other sweet music, to awake the sleeping Siva at the old delapidated temple far from the village, where last year a shepherd boy saw a ghost of the feminine gender. Meantime the meeting progressed delightfully well. Men went at it with a heart, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the fun. Soon it warmed up their blood which burst all barriers and overflowed through the nose, the head and other parts of the body. Those, thus cooled, stepped back and their place eagerly taken by other warm-blooded warriors who pushed themselves in from behind. Up to this time I watched the fight from a safe distance, but now fresh recruits came from outside, and like the wolves in Robinson Crusoe, tried to push me and my neighbours to the front. But as I am not particularly fond of a broken head, a flattened nose, or an eye a shade or two darker than it is, I did my best to dodge and slip my head under the elbows by the aid of which big

* The article in the Indian Nation of 9th January 1888 had to be closed here for want of space, hence this invocation.

burly fellows made their way to the scene of battle. It was a struggle though, to keep one's ground in that bustling and pushing and swinging backwards and forwards. The place grew too hot to be any good to one peacefully disposed, having no share in the work, which he could not help feeling as quite a profitless affair. I now repented of my having left my turban behind. If at this stage of red heat excitement the people would not respect my nationality as they did on all occasions, the turban would at least have been a better protection for my head than the hat I wore. At least I have been so taught by the action of the man in my village who hurriedly wound up a sheet on his bald head, when his hairy comrades were one by one getting a little thrashing for having stolen wood from the garden of a neighbour of mine. He was pardoned, as also his other comrades who were waiting for their turn, when the bald man provided his head with the cotton helmet. There was no getting out now. Even if there were any means of egress, which there was not, the door being entirely blocked by an anxious multitude heartily enjoying the fun, it would be the height of cowardice to turn one's back when all eyes were towards the front, and when every body seemed to feel it his duty to fight some body else, be he a friend or a foe. Who knew, who asked, what the politics were of his neighbour in the crowd, and who cared for them? It was not of the slightest consequence. It was sufficient that he stood near and handy, and had a heart to notice the attentions paid to him, and the immediate neighbours polite enough to shrink and squeeze themselves a little to make a little room for the two friends to exchange a few commonplace civilities. They fought gaily, like schoolboys, while bystanders watched that no unfair advantage is taken by either party. As soon as one is knocked down and gave in, another came forward out of the lookers-on to take his place and have a turn with the victor who had just earned his laurels. These were bye-

combats, skirmish-like affairs, little sports, got up for the occasion to divert people at a distance who were tired of waiting for an opportunity to make their way to the actual field of battle. In one of these knots a big bully gave a *casus belli* to a plucky little fellow, who immediately got ready to have it out. But at the very nick of time an individual of great stature, probably from the north of Scotland, elbowed the little man out, and covering him by his capacious wings, told the first one, "I am your man, come on." The fight was short but decisive. In no time the bully got a black eye, a bleeding nose, and was four times knocked down. But he would not give in. Every time he was down, he would be up in an instant and goaded by the people around he would go in for it again. "Well done, Rob Roy" this probably in allusion to the red hair which the north-man had; "Try again, Billy" this to the man as he got up a second time. He was probably a cockney. He had to be helped up the fourth time he was down. He said that he would have it out on another occasion. While these bye-fights were going on, the battle on the front raged more sanguinarily than ever. All of a sudden, and without any cause that I could assign, the crowd as if made of one body swung back, and with sheer force of weight cleared the door and the passage in the staircase. Before I could count ten I was landed in the street below, where I found fighting going on within different rings, organised for their own special amusement, quite independently of that just ended in the meeting room upstairs. But things were managed in a more business-like way upstairs, where they had the special advantage of arms, offensive and defensive, afforded by the broken chairs. I thought, after all the British are civilised savages. But stay, O Religion-mongers, do not go into ecstasies. Are they not animate humanity, like our earth with its tides and floods, typhoons and cyclones, active volcanoes and earthquakes, while we its inanimate counterpart, like our moon over there with, for all that we know, its vacuous envelope,

its dead mountains, its waterless deserts, treeless plains, and lifeless silent surface? It must be remembered too that in a highly-civilised country, like England, you must expect to find the best and worst of everything. The most generous and the most mean, the most benevolent and the most niggardly, the most pious and the most vile, the most ferocious fire-eater, and the most strict follower of their great Teacher who taught them to offer the left cheek to one who had just slapped the right. Then the English Dictionary does not contain a word significant of more bitter insult than the word "Coward." Almost all Britishers would prefer death to being taken for one by his fellows, far less to act like one, of course in the sense the word is generally understood by the world, *i.e.*, entirely physical. To be a Christian and yet not practise Christianity, to be a non-Christian and yet go to Church at the bidding of one's wife, and other acts of a similar nature, are not there, as among my countrymen here, considered an act of cowardice. Another moral. In all the fights that I witnessed in that country I never saw two or more men combining to waylay and strike at one. It is often done in this country by my countrymen who as often or not call themselves "gentlemen." I would have given the British very great praise for their mode of fighting, but for the numerous cases that happened in this country of late years in which they cruelly maltreated and frequently beat to death feeble and weak-bodied men, who would not for their very life return the blow, who, if I have heard aright, were often kicked when they were down, and that in a bad place of the body. I have heard that in England too people of certain counties end a combat in this dasardly fashion. But I must say that such conduct is considered by the Britishers in general as cowardly, as well as the act of striking a man when he is down, or a man perceptibly weaker than one's self, unless he shows fight. As regards international warfare the European nations would do well to

study a little of the Mahábhárata and learn what was done in India some four thousand years ago. They of Kurukshetra fame would not send a rifle bullet into the heart of an unarmed or unequally armed savage, would they? Aswatthama after considerable hesitation threw something like the Greek fire on foot soldiers and other common warriors, but he was by no means a reputable character, though the son of a high-caste Brahman of that age. Boxing, fighting and other occupations of a like nature give the greatest enjoyment to an English public. They begin it at schools, in the gutters among the fields, wherever their early life is cast, and carry it on till they are old. Of course gentlemen, after their school life is over, do not indulge in pugilistic encounters, but yet not even a lord would consider it disreputable to give battle to a low caste man on a good cause, or to be beaten by him in fair fight. But people often fight for the sake of fighting, and of course drink has often a great deal to do with it. A man on the war path would lay his coat on the road, and just as Ráma or other heroes of the great Horse Sacrifice would challenge the world to lay hold of the horse, he would howl to the passers-by—"Who would dare tread on my coat tails?" If the police were not too near or if they would wink at it a little, he would soon find that many would dare do so, and that it would have been better for him if he had left his coat and his face at home. Boxing matches are prohibited by law, but still they are frequently held in secrecy. While I was there, an encounter of this kind took place, and one of the boxers was killed on the spot. When I heard of it, I remarked to a friend that the man should have cried "enough" after the thirtieth round when he felt faint and almost unable to stand, but it is simply outrageous that the people present should allow him to continue the fight in that condition. The answer I received was—"Look at his pluck!" This people seem to be afraid of nothing, neither man nor woman, neither child nor adult. They seem to

court danger, so that they may have the chance of overcoming it. They drift in balloons over lands and seas. They cut their way through the adamantine ice of the arctic regions to find out where the little point of the North Pole lies. They go headlong in casks down the Niagara Falls merely to be able to brag that "I have done it." How many people get killed every year in the Alps merely for the sake of "I have done it!" And their exploits in the dark continent? Air or water, heat or cold, fever or cholera, lion or tiger, they brave everything. They are not even afraid of ghosts now-a-days, nor of witches, imps or fairies, no, not even the shoeless little urchins that play in the mud on the side of Loch Awe. How dreadfully pernicious these ghosts and witches are to village life in India, specially to boys! Government ought to set a reward to hunt them down, just as it does for tigers and serpents. We have very worthy men amongst us quite competent to take care of them. To corroborate my statement with facts and figures I would cite the man who the other day killed an evil spirit at Howrah. The boy afflicted by it died too in the course of his curative operations, but that is of no consequence.

If any one wants a milder treatment, I have got the man for him: he lives in my neighbourhood. I charge no commission. I also personally know many ghost-catchers all over the country, in the South, in the North, in the Himalayas, in the Central Provinces. In the last Province there are 70 witch-drivers as the census of 1882 showed. There are other august personages in that part of the country: for instance, there are 954 hail-averters who hold a perfect command over the climate and the weather, rain and sunshine, thunder and hail. All that is required is a suitable budget provision for the development of this indigenous merit, lying latent, alas, unknown and uncared for, like "Full many a gem," &c., &c. But this cruel Government of ours has "no eye for our tears, no ear for

our sobs" as a certain vernacular paper in this city says week after week. Oh how cruel, Oh how wicked ! for if it had, it would at once place the editor of this vernacular paper on the viceregal throne. Why don't you use a little more language, my friend ? I certainly would not do you the wrong to suppose that your vocabulary is deficient. Heavens forbid ! whatever it may be with others in the same line, say, for the sake of argument your beloved brother, the Editor of this paper. Call names, friend, call names, if you want to be noticed by your betters. So I am against ghosts, live or dead, in body or out of body, male ghost or female ghost, child ghost or adult ghost, Brahman ghost or Islamite ghost, land ghost or water ghost, cow ghost or horse ghost, against all manner of ghosts. I have very nearly been tempted to give a full description of the different kinds of ghosts found in this country, arranging them under classes, sub-classes, orders, genera and species, in a separate chapter, entitled the "Ghostial Kingdom," like the "Mineral Kingdom," "Vegetable Kingdom" and "Animal Kingdom" of topographers. But I forbear, and enjoy the self-satisfaction of having performed a good deed, quite indifferent if my readers thank me or not for having saved them this infliction. A good deed is its own reward. But what have Indian ghosts to do with this account of my Visit to Europe ? Well, it is too late now to mend : I have done many things to shock the delicate nerves of pompous, punctilious, scholarly authors, who love to string well-chosen words into sweet-sounded sentences, the greatest beauty of which lies in the fact that you see no sign of brain in them, not only that, but you lose your own brains in bargaining for a solution of the hopelessly senseless riddles. The fear of ghosts, witches, and the whole brood of them are instilled into the tender heart of our boys and girls from their very infancy, the natural courage inherent in human beings gets warped acting like the iron shoe on the feet of a Chinese girl, and in after life these curdle-blooded

men and women quiver with terror at the fall of a leaf or the rise of an owl when the evening shade has fallen upon the haunted garden. Whatever might have been in former times, the English children of the present day are free from such fears. If a lad meets a ghost face to face getting ready to wring the poor boy's neck, when he is high up a cherry tree in a neighbour's orchard, I would not be surprised, if he coolly asks him not to be so rude or so mean as to peach, but to come down and give him a fair chance on even ground, if he is really minded for business. I envy English lads for their freedom and ease, for their sense of self-importance, their sense of honour, and their independence. Of course, I mean the children of gentlemanly people. Barring Street Arabs, of whose wickedness we hear so much though I never experienced any, boys of humbler origin are not far behindhand in good manners although not refined or grammatical in language. I saw several boys among the crowd in the street, fully engaged in making the best of the fun going on, applauding and encouraging the fighters. I asked one of them to take me to a Coffee-House.

I would not like to hear anything said against the street Arabs, for many of this class of gentry honoured me with their friendship. If anything is rare and dear in this earth of ours it is this precious commodity. Would you reject a gem because it lies embedded among the decomposed deposits in the caverns of earth? A little chap of six years was particularly attached to me. This gentleman had great talents, my friend had. He could walk at a time twenty yards, upon his hands with his legs straight up towards the skies. Even at the risk of being accused of partiality for my friend's high attainments, I must state that I never saw a more expert hand-walker than he was. He could beat every one of his age in that performance. He showed to ladies in tram-cars how they could easily run on their hands if they were so minded. He gave lessons

to every one who wanted it. Terms moderate, a penny for a lessor measuring about ten yards, often gratis. I was also very popular with my friend's friends, who always received me with cheers and acclamations. "Hullo, the Shar, there is the Shar coming, hurrah for the Shar" greeted my ears as they saw me approach, meaning probably the Shah of Persia, of whose great doings in England they must have heard from their elders. What was it to me if more than one of them got themselves weighed for a penny by the weighing machines placed at railway stations? What was it to me either if they applied unpatented inventions for the extraction of chocolates and cigarettes from the machines containing them? If boys will not do such things, I ask, who will? Did you fill your machines with golden sovereigns that a scientific burglar would visit them with his jemmy? If you did not, then do not consider yourself aggrieved if humbler individuals racked their brains and invented means to extract a few chocolates and cigarettes from your ill-devised machines. Accept our best thanks for the stone you have placed so handy on which my friends could sharpen their wits and their inventive faculties. I forget if I have said anywhere that such machines are kept at railway stations and other public places. Standing on a weighing machine you drop a penny through a slit, and immediately the hand on the dial moves round and stops at the number indicating the exact weight of your body. Put a penny into a chocolate machine, and a chocolate stick comes to hand; into a cigarette machine, and you get a cigarette. Hospitals and other public institutions solicit subscriptions by the aid of mechanical contrivances. "Pray give, Pray give, Pray give" says a card to all passers-by as it rises up and down in a glass-fronted box containing the name of the hospital for which help is asked. You drop a penny into it, and, look, there rises another card to "Thank you" for the gift. They do everything by machinery—from the rolling up of cigarettes to the boring of

a tunnel under the sea. They also tell fortunes and invoke spirits by the aid of machinery. Happy land! And happier is America, so I have been told. The boy I requested to take me to a Coffee House was no acquaintance of mine. I asked, him on the way to guess what country I came from. He at once said "India." "How do you know that?" I enquired. He simply said "I know." After a short silence he asked me—"Are the Muhammadans in India a bad lot." "Why?" I enquired. "Because they made the mutiny," was the answer. "Who told you about the mutiny?" I asked. "I have read a book all about the mutiny," he replied. "Did you read any other book about India?" "No." Now, this answer was rather suggestive. I came across many people in England who knew nothing else of India except the mutiny. I felt sorry that the Indians should be known among the common people of England only in connection with the most deplorable incident in their history, for which we feel the deepest humiliation. Connected as we are with England, it is wrong to place a popular narrative of those times in the hands of the English people, and that only representing a picture of the Lion drawn by the Man. Ah, those times! when no frowns of Azimullah, no threat of being blown off from the mouth of a gun, could compel a single Babu serve the mutineers against the English, when the infuriated British soldiers respected nothing but the placard "Calcutta Babus" placed on the doors, and when pensions and grants of land were being showered as a reward for the daring exploits of these Babus in the service of the English. And these loyal men are abused to-day. If vernacular newspapers abuse the English as a race I can pity their ignorance, but what can I say of English newspapers and English politicians who abuse the forty millions of ignorant peasants who know no more of what is going on in this world than the hippopotamus in the sluggish rivers of Central Africa? I hang down my head for shame. Do not

do so again, I say to both, for your interests are the same. Have I rightly spoken? My historical guide goes to school. In England education is now compulsory. Parents are compelled by law to send their boys and girls to school. Children of the humbler classes are taught reading and writing, geography, history, arithmetic, &c. Girls learn needle-work and plain cooking in addition to these subjects. Children apprenticed to any trade go to Sunday schools. In the schools for the poorer classes the fee is one shilling per week and upwards according to the respectability of the institution. Perhaps there is no country in the world which is so landlord-ridden and caste-ridden as England. The respectability of an institution is determined by the class of people by which it is patronized—people with an income of £50 a year, £75 a year, £100 a year, and so on, all make separate castes, provided that a proportionate amount of money is available for outward show in each case. High caste people do not send their children to such schools. They must send them to Harrow, Eton or other aristocratic institutions. The cost of keeping a child there is simply ruinous. England is not a country for gentlemen of good family with small means. Poverty is a crime everywhere, but in India, thousands and thousands of the high caste people choose to remain poor by giving away all their savings, and poverty is not therefore so very much looked down upon in this country. I may say with perfect truth that in this country though wealth is respected, poverty is not despised. Not so in England. There it is a crime of the deepest dye. The comparison between the wealth of his relations and his own indigence makes the life of a gentleman there insupportable, specially when the world about him always take care to remind him of his humiliating position. In this country you have only to look very pious and your poverty will be forgiven, and society will worship you from the next day. The market

for piety is extremely dull in England. A gentleman in England is not considered well-accomplished unless he knows French, has an elementary knowledge of the sciences, can draw and paint a little, and can play on some instrument. • • •

THE lad took me to a Coffee House of a very humble description. Things are very cheap here. Tea, coffee or chocolate, a penny for a cup ; ices, two pence ; bread and butter, two pence ; cakes, two pence ; soda water, lemonade, ginger-beer, two pence per bottle ; eggs, a penny each ; sliced ham or pork, three pence a plate. Double or treble this price is charged for such things in a more respectable place. No spirituous liquors are sold here. In London, prices do not always depend on the quality of articles, but on the kind of establishment one goes to. For 7s. 6d. one would get as good a dinner as would be given for a guinea in a more aristocratic place. The same rule holds good with regard to wearing apparel and household necessities. So, unless guided by an old hand, cheap living has to be discovered, which in that world of a town is not an easy matter. An elderly woman holds such absolute sway over this Coffee House as no Sultán ever did over all the Turkeys and the Wiláyets. She has found a very accommodating Wazir in her eldest daughter, another daughter occupies the honourable post of assistant prime minister, and four younger officers practise by her command the bowstring on her humble slave, the husband. The question who married the other, whether the man married the woman or the woman married the man, has not yet been satisfactorily answered. In India the husband is supreme in a household ; not so in England, where the wife is the absolute mistress. The duty of a husband there is to earn money, do all heavy work which men should do, to quaff beer and smoke. That of a wife is to manage the household, to look after the family property, to do the marketing, to keep the accounts, to clean the house, to cook the food, to look after the washing, to tighten loose

buttons in coats and trousers, to mend and sew her own underclothes and the clothes of the children, to keep a vigilant eye on the health of the family, nurse them when they are ill, and to gossip and scold. In the country the women also help in field work. In high families, the ladies delegate the household management to the house-keeper. The chief duty of a lady is to dress herself with the assistance of a couple of maids. Any time left in hand after this great work is satisfactorily performed is devoted to other comparatively unimportant duties of life—*viz*, to go to dinners, to balls, theatres and other places of amusement, and to receive and return visits. Some clever ladies can finish the dressing duty so quickly as to have time for a little music or for the reading of the newest novels. The human race is a race of slaves. Men and women in all ages and in all countries have been and are born slaves. I wish Mr. Herbert Spencer or some one would write a big book to shew how from the earliest times our chief occupation has been to forge chains for our own limbs, how men from time to time obtained greatness by patenting newest improvements in these chains, and how humanity often and often struggled out of old worn out fetters, and gleefully put on those of the latest fashion. What would life be without its ceaseless struggles for emancipation? So old traditions, newest fashions, and established conventionalities as much keep leonine England under subjection as they do the elephantine India. True, the western world is preparing to bring about a great social cataclysm, but, what of that? out of all such deluges come a new set of well-furbished fetters, beautiful to look at in their fresh state and quite effective to enchain humanity for the ensuing epoch. My strong condemnation of the absurdities and abuses in our society have led many to suppose that I advocated the substitution of the social formation existing in Europe for that of our own. They are very much mistaken. A field produces crops as well as weeds.

Should you not take out the weeds? So Time is a field on which humanity grows its crop of good. Should you allow the negative side of good, the evil, the weed, to draw to itself all the nourishment from the field and choke that for which you till and toil? But I am wandering. It is very amusing to see how the English people follow what they call fashion. Some big personage wears for the first time a certain kind of collar or a coat, and immediately all follow him. Many tailors complained to me of the insecure nature of their position. "Now, we have laid stock of these things here," they would say, "these are now in fashion but may go out of it the next year, and then we must sell them off at half price, or keep them by for some years on the uncertain prospect of their again coming into fashion." But the greatest torture is reserved for ladies of limited means. As I have said the chief work of ladies in life is to dress. Many of them have more money than what is wanted to meet the most liberal requirements of dress, as well as finery of the costliest description. How to expend the surplus? Accommodating Paris kindly shews them the way. English weather which is notorious for its fitful, treacherous, ever-changing habits, is not so fitful, nor so treacherous, nor so changing as fashion in dress. How many dresses costing from 50 to 100 guineas have to be made in the course of a season and discarded as they get out of fashion? It is all very well for rich ladies to change as the moon changes. But what about their poorer sisters? They would as soon think of going to a drawing room in dress out of fashion as a Hindu woman would think of bedecking herself with the leaf garment worn by the Joáng ladies in the Keunjhar Hills. Wistful looks, long-drawn sighs, and never-ending efforts to make £1000 \times 1 equal to £2000, are, in such families, not the least important of the items that go by synthesis to make up human life. Do men who have to earn this £1000 \times 1 = £2000 ever think that their lot is not far removed from that of the tiny little worm which, with

voracious eyes wriggles through the green leaves of the mulberry, and anon makes round itself the glossy globe we call a cocoon? Even after all I would greatly prefer the simple habit, neat and trim, of an humble English woman to the costly, pretentious resplendent dress of a lady. And, Oh the trains! You had better put a gorilla, fresh from the African wilds, among the thousand and one things collected for the worship of your goddess Durgá, than this savage, your humble servant, among the gorgeous trains that on a festive evening move with the finest rustle, like huge leviathans among reed and rushes, on the soft thick carpet in a nobleman's house in England. If I did not commit the looked-for havoc, it is because I never took my feet off the ground. A full set of female clothing, of a simple description, costs about £5. My countrymen little know what importance the English people attach to their dress. They take it for an insult, if a guest comes to their house in a suit which differs from the one custom has prescribed for the time of the day. Even in theatres nobody is allowed to go to the stall if he is not in evening dress. One not decently dressed is not allowed to enter Gardens and other public places. Perfectly right too. How do you like to sit by a filthy creature in the tramcar? So do not raise a howl when they prohibit you, with your light *dhoti*, to go near the band-stand in the Eden Garden where the ladies wait to hear the music, or if you wish not to be looked down upon with contempt, do not go in such dress to meet English gentlemen invited to a private party. Nobody asks you to adopt English costume, which by the way I do not fancy as just the sort, specially the meaningless, unartistic, rice-washer-like tall hair, but there is such a thing as decency accepted by the civilised world, and you are bound to follow that. A beauty priding in her vermillion-dyed *Pandanus* leaves would better coy among the nimble youths of her forest home in the Andamans, than

impudently strut up to the brightest star in a French salon near the Palais Royal. That is all. They did a great kindness by allowing us to go to all places in our native dress. Fashion in dress is not the only thing which keeps the English people under a ludicrous system of subjection. The wheel of fashion raises or grinds works of art, toys, soaps, patent-medicines, trading establishments, actors, actresses, singers, dancers, horses, jockeys, poets, novelists, exhibitions, Buffalo Bills, the Zulus, the Colonials and Indians, and all manner of things. In some lucky moment, somebody, somewhere, somehow, whispers something into the ethereal ear of that wayward Fairy, Mademoiselle Fashion, she feels the tender concussion, a lightning-smile plays on her derisive lips, she raises her flowery wand and away away goes the ecstasy to fill the mind of the world, to make it dance in joy at the rise of that little silvery moon yonder which ere long will spread a soft, limpid light over the dramatic firmament of Europe. Why frownest thou upon us, my sweet fairy? Oh Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle! why hast thou sent forth the fiat that it is not respectable not to cry down the unconscious millions that dig and delve in the aguish swamps of the Gangetic Delta, and their brethren just opening their eyes after ages of torpitude? Fie, Fie, thou naughty little Fairy. I say this with reference to the fashion which now seems to prevail in India of abusing my countrymen of Bengal.

An Englishwoman is a great help in travelling, instead of being an encumbrance of the most trying description, as Indian ladies are. I wonder how a man can travel without his wife, and not get lost, not miss half his baggage, not knock down a railway porter, and not upset the counter of a bank, on the farther side of which sit on their stools the dozing, dreaming clerks, quite oblivious of the fact that a poor mortal has been waiting for the last half an hour to have a cheque cashed.*

* It would not be right to say that English bank-clerks are at all sleepy, like Indian bank-clerks.

The necessity for such things vanishes if he has his wife with him. She neatly folds his clothing, and coaxes a trunk to take in more than what he himself could put in two. She lets in her head through a solid crowd, where a similar feat on the part of a tiny little fly would in no time send it buzzing to the nearest chemist's shop for bandage, lint and arnica, and in the twinkle of an eye she gets her tickets from the lordly booking-clerk, who hides his glory behind a wooden wall and gives out only an infinitesimal part of it through a small aperture, lest its full refulgence dazzles the world to blindness. Porters touch their hat and feel grateful for half of what they would have gruffly asked a single man to "stand and deliver," hotel bills come up shrunk and shrivelled for the very fear of her scornful withering gaze, and what an electric battery of the greatest power man has yet been able to make would likely fail to do, her very presence does to our dreaming friends of the bank. All these things happen because Europe is inhabited by a civilized people, where every MAN feels it his duty to sacrifice his own comfort and convenience in order to help a lady. In brief, an English wife is a help-mate of her husband in the strictest sense of the term. A man is naturally careless of himself, and all petty details of life. She supplies this want in him, and in all such matters she takes care of him, not he of her. It was a pretty sight to watch the anxious face of young wives waiting for their husbands coming home from office, or going half way to meet them on the road.

Of the six children I saw at the Coffee-House two were twins. In another coffee-house of this description I saw another woman who had four twins. The last two were babes in arms, whom the good woman brought to me, and explained to me how they have already arranged a division of labour among themselves, for one of them could talk while the other could walk. Since that time I came across many twins in all parts of the country. They are quite common there. TH

British seemed to me more prolific than the Indians, and owing to the excellence of the climate, the superior physique they inherit, and their better mode of living and better system of nursing, infantile ailments do not end so much fatally there as they do in India. So notwithstanding the fact that a large number of men and women do not marry for prudential motives, or for the sake of a more exalted notion of the duties and responsibilities of life, the population goes on increasing and something like six hundred thousand little Anglo-Saxons are every year brought to the world with no provision for their sustenance. This is not a place to discuss the various causes which contribute to keep the lowest ranks of the people in a chronic state of distress. My countrymen are however surprised that there should be so much distress in a country reckoned as the wealthiest in the world. In the first place there are the bad characters, the idle and the good-for-nothing people, who in all countries and in all ages must suffer. In the second place, when the resources of a country have been developed to their utmost extent, it cannot provide for more than a certain number of people, and distress and disease must come among the unfortunate overflow to weed it out of the land by death or by driving it away to seek a new home in distant regions beyond the sea. No amount of charity can remedy such a state of things. The English people already pay a poor tax, and if by an increase on the tax one year's surplus population is provided for, another addition to the tax will be required next year for the next year's surplus. So long as a country goes on producing more population than it has food for, the surplus population must always remain in a chronic state of distress. The radicals however contend that England ought to support more population than she does now. They say that the land belongs only to a few landlords, who take a large portion of the produce from the cultivators and spend it in England and out of England just as they please. Then the

larger capitalists in trade have swallowed up minor establishments, thus crushing all competition in the demand for labour and reducing the labouring classes to the position of white slaves. I do not know how far they are right, and what remedy they propose for such a complicated state of things. The labouring classes have however formed "Trade Unions," members of which bind themselves not to work under a certain rate of wages. But these Trade Unions do not always work well. They are very much hampered by the competition of foreign labour. The higher rate of wages prevailing in England and the various ways by which money can be earned in such a wealthy country bring to it a very large number of Germans and other Continental people. They consent to work for lower wages than that fixed by the Trade Unions. Then the higher rate of wages in England increases the cost of production of her manufacturers, thus enabling America, Germany and other countries to oust English-made articles not only from India and other English colonies but from England itself. Thus England's unbounded wealth, her colossal power, her world-wide dominion, her equality of laws for individuals of all nationalities who set foot on her soil, and her free-trade policy, have their advantages as well as their drawbacks, and it would be a great misfortune to the world if dire necessity compels her to adopt a retrogressive policy.

America and Europe are thus gradually ousting England from the nests which she with rare good sense and luck has built for her commerce in every part of the habitable globe. The teeming barracks of Europe may some day, as the result of a great war, restore—to the peaceful plough, the hammer, the chisel and the loom—the mighty legions on whom the early sunshine now flashes, before it reaches the trampled dews on the parade grounds near the Seine, the Rhine and the Danube. Those funnels which now proudly rear their heads in Lancashire and at Birmingham and scatter to distant lands the glad

tidings of a cheap protection from inclement weather and of pretty cutlery, light and strong, may have their rivals at Lille, Dresden and Prague. Thus those who can live on less may produce at a less cost things in which England had hitherto almost a monopoly all over the world. If she is placed at any great disadvantage, self-preservation will compel her to take measures to put a stop to unrestricted importation of foreign labour into her manufacturing industries, just as Australia and America have done with regard to Chinese immigration, and to give up free trade and adopt what is called a ~~fair-trade~~ policy, not for herself alone, but also for India and other not self-governed dependencies. It will be a long time before we can take advantage of such occurrences, and establish new industries or improve our existing manufactures. In the meantime we will have to buy things not at their legitimate prices fixed by free competition, but at prices fixed by English manufacturers. Connected as our destiny is with that of England, her prosperity or adversity will materially affect our own fortunes. But apart from such considerations, it will be a great misfortune to humanity at large if England is compelled to adopt a retrogressive policy. She alone stands in this wide-world as the great stronghold of liberty. United States, Belgium or Switzerland are mere satellites which receive their light from this great sun of human freedom. All other civilised states creep far behind. I have swept my mind from China to Peru and feel the assurance to say that I would rather be among the Irish roughs in the border districts of New Zealand or Texas than make my home in any of the most civilised countries of Europe, and speak in hushed voices, cultivate feelings of hatred for my neighbours across the river, waste the best part of my life working as a slave to learn the newest method of destroying humanity, and live under the constant apprehension of a national annihilation. It has often been told with truth, which, my own experience has confirmed, that we in this country

enjoy more freedom than what the European nations do under their own governments. It would therefore be a great loss to human progress if the light which England now sheds upon the world is allowed to get dim. Mankind, specially the coloured races, have suffered immensely from the extreme of rationalism, just as in times past it suffered untold miseries from the extreme of religionism. The fact of a life, as we see, being a compressed and continuous use of force for the destruction of lives, has created rationalistic superstitions, which are the more demoralising because they are supported by the highest knowledge human mind has been able to grasp up to the present time. The most striking difference between the philosopher and the fool is that the one knows his ignorance while the other knows it not. Does knowledge reveal more than rectify our ignorance? Does every discovery throw open a new America in the boundless world of our ignorance? It is one thing to enquire after the unknown: it is another thing attempting to lay down infallible dogmas about the unknown. They are too impatient to wait. So we have now rationalistic fanaticism to ignore truth, justice, mercy and all other higher attributes which distinguish human beings from the lower animals, to subvert moral laws by inductions and deductions from imperfect half-way facts, which to these blind eyes only make the forces working around us darker and still more incomprehensible, and to preach among the powerful nations of Europe a national and rational Thuggeeism more systematic than that under which the Spaniards spoliated the empire of Montezuma, or the Arabs ravaged the climes from the banks of Tagus to the banks of the Irrawady. Yet in this age of bare-faced rationalistic spoliation England alone has been able to temper conquest with justice, moderation and civilising influences. Not only is she the home of freedom, but from her radiates the blessings of freedom to north, south, east and west, everywhere. My countrymen do not see anything to boast of in

the equality of laws on English soil for men of all creeds and colour, and in the free interchange of commerce which England by her own example asserts as a principle for other nations to follow. For the Hindus practised such things long, long ago. They did not swerve from this duty even at a time when degeneration and decay had loosened the fabric of Hindu national life (as it was), and when it was crumbling to pieces by the mere touch of a new upheaval in the west. That it was so I can prove from the testimony of a man who was not over friendly towards us, *viz.*, of Kamal-ud-din Abdur Razzak, the son of Jalāl-ud-din Ishak of Samarkand, who was born at Hirat on the 12th Shabān, Hijri year 816 (6th November, 1413 A.D.), and who undertook a journey to India in the year 1441 A.D. He says of Calicut, the capital of Saman (Zamorin):—"Kālikot is a perfectly safe harbour, and like Hormuz merchants of all parts of the world come here, and bring abundance of rarities, particularly from Abyssinia, Zibad and Zanzibar. Ships come here now and then from the Abode of God (Mecca) and other parts of Hijjaz, and stay here as long as they please. This is a city of infidels, and therefore a lawful object of our conquest. Many Musalmans live here. They have got two mosques, where they pray on Fridays. They have got a Kāzi, a pious man, and most of them are of the Shafī sect. Absolute security and justice reign here. Merchants bring their goods and deposit them in the streets and markets for any length of time, and go away without leaving them under any one's charge or placing them under a guard. The custom-house authorities look after them and guard them day and night." I can also quote Abu Abdullah Muhammad Al Idrisi, the great geographer of Morocco, who flourished in the 11th century of the Christian era, to shew how the Hindus of even these times were celebrated for their love of justice. Al Idrisi says:—"The Indians are naturally inclined to justice, and never depart from it in their actions. Their good faith, honesty and fidelity

to their engagements are well known, and they are so famous for these qualities that people flock to their country from every side; hence the country is flourishing and their condition prosperous." For this reason my countrymen are slow to give credit to the British for the freedom and justice that prevail in their country. They view this as a matter of course, as the normal condition of things. But we forget that our lot has been cast in an age when rationalistic fanaticism is gaining the upper hand, when philosophers openly teach those doctrines which hunger-blind savages unconsciously followed in the primitive world, that civilised nations should practise Thugeeism on less-advanced races, that right should give way to might, that the strong should prey upon the weak, and that the most successful murderer should alone live in the world. With the strength of the lion, with the craftiness of the fox, and with knowledge and power that might have been reckoned superhuman a few centuries ago, these doctrines are being applied on inferior races all over the globe. To me it seems that in England alone justice and mercy have now more adherents than in any other country upon earth. To me it seems that but for our connection with England we might have been like Turkey or Persia, but certainly not like Japan. England is not so much the home of Englishmen, as it is the home of imperialism, liberalism and human freedom. It is practically the home of all races, as any one can testify who has seen the large number of foreigners marrying and intermarrying there—the pigtailed Chinese, the dark lascars, the woolly-headed Africans, the straight-nosed Jews, not to say of Germans, French, Italians and other people of Europe. For a long time to come, England by her position and circumstances, is destined to remain an imperial country, by whatever race of human beings she may be inhabited. Why should we not accept that little strip of land as the great metropolis and common property of the empire of which our continent of India is an important

part, and take pride in it just as we take pride in Calcutta, and help to always keep it in the vanguard of human progress?

We can help the people of England materially in cheapening the cost of living in that country. In this vast continent of India we have numerous food substances on which the poor of England can live as well, as the Hunia's in the high altitudes of the Himalayas or the Badagars among the forests of the Nilgiri plateau. We have various kinds of millets and seeds which yield as nutritious a food as wheat, rice, the pulses and the potato. Create a demand for these, and the vast expanse of land now lying fallow in Chota Nagpur, in the Central Provinces, in Central India, in Assam and in Burma will smile with a verdure through which will peep the white bunches of *Sorghum vulgare* (Joar) the brown claws of *Paspalum scrobulatum* (kodo), the red heads of *Amaranthus Bebitum* (Chua), and the golden spikes of *Eleusine coracana* (Mandua) and its kindred. I would not think of the advantage that the success of an effort to introduce cheap food in England would bring to India. He who has seen with his own eyes the sufferings of the needy when famine raged in India, or the chronic hunger that prevails among the poor classes in Europe has no room in his mind for any other feeling than the ardent wish to alleviate human misery. It is very well for English philanthropists to shed tears because natives of Upper India eat but once during the day, forgetting by the way that their one meal is equal to the four meals of a man who takes food as many times during the day. It is all very well for my countrymen to sit down and cry because European philanthropists sit down and cry. By this I should not be understood to say that the condition of our peasantry in many parts of the country is as it ought to be. If you wish to ameliorate their condition, agitate for the reduction of rent in temporarily-settled districts, ask Government to take revenue in kind, create independent peasant-holdings, make the permanent

settlement of revenue with the tenants, forbid sub-letting and subdivision of a farm, reform social customs specially with regard to marriage expenses, and educate the people to appreciate a higher standard of living and to work for it. What I mean to say is that the distress prevailing in this country in ordinary times is not so excruciatingly painful as what prevails among the poor in Europe. The utter helplessness in which a man without means of living finds himself in England makes his situation doubly insupportable. No river has been left for him where he can try to catch a fish, there is no jungle where he can dig for a root or pluck the tender leaves of a tree, he has no neighbours who would share with him their scanty meal, and he has no home where he can lay himself down and die. The land in that country belongs only to a few individuals and they have all enclosed it with hedges and wire fences, so that he has no place like our mango groves where he can lie down and rest his weary body. And consider what his misery would be if he had little ones depending for their food upon the fruits of his labour? Do you ever hear in this country of people drowning themselves to save themselves from such misery? Such things happen in England. After the late Midland Railway strike an Engineman who sought re-employment, but could not get it, drowned himself with his whole family to escape starvation. True, they have got the workhouse to go to. But people with a little self-respect prefer death to going to a workhouse. Another very distressing case occurred while I was there. A poor widow had three children, the eldest, a daughter, 7 years old, and the youngest a baby in arms. The widow worked very hard to win the bread of the family. She went out to her work at 7 in the morning and came back at 11 in the night, often at 12, not unfrequently at 1 the next morning. All this time the baby was left in charge of the eldest girl of seven years of age, with whom she could leave only a farthing's worth of milk for the little one. That was all she could spare,

poor woman, for she must eat something herself to keep up her strength for her hard work. The baby died, and the doctors found that it died of starvation and neglect. It occurred to me that the baby would not have suffered such misery, would not have died, if it had half a farthing's worth of Raggi (Eleusine coracana) meal mixed with its half farthing's worth of milk. Now we lose nothing if we work to educate the English palate to Raggi meal, to Bajra (*Pennisetum typhodeum*) bread, and to the use of rice and pulses. If we have poor in this country, work for them too on the lines I have suggested above. ~~We are~~ used to doing things in such a concrete form, that we often fail to grasp the idea of working out a principle in abstraction.

Although charity is practised in this country in a very concrete form and is not always well-regulated, we in this country know better how to treat our poor than the people of Europe. There is more brotherly feeling in the East among the different castes than in the West. We have an active religion here, which teaches the Indians to look upon charity as an act acceptable to God, and not as a social obligation. The piety and learning of the Brahmins, who are in most cases very poor in worldly goods, have compelled kings and princes, the merchants and the opulent classes, to bow their head to poverty. Wealth and landed possessions in this country have not therefore been able to secure that monopoly of worship as they have done in Europe. Notwithstanding our caste-system, there is a thousand times more sympathy between man and man in this country than there is in England. In a village inhabited by different castes, high and low, we feel such love and respect for each other as is unknown in Europe. The wealthy landlord and the sacred Brahmin have a hereditary and complimentary relationship with the poorest of the poor and the lowliest of the low. There is uncle Ahmad, the Musalman, brother Rám the shoe-maker, and nephew Nobin the milkman. If Rám, the shoe-maker's son,

is ill, brother Gopal, the Brahman, goes to his house, feels his pulse and helps him to the best of his power. After he has done this duty he may go and bathe and purify himself for having touched a shoe-maker. If brother Gopal, the Brahman, is ill, all the village people flock to his house in the same manner and try to help his family in every conceivable way. One runs for the doctor, one goes for medicine, another goes up the palm tree to procure certain things from its top which the doctor has prescribed, another looks after the diet, and a large number sit down and wait for something to do. Nobin, the milkman's father is dead, and he is poor and he has no money to feast his caste-men in memory of his father. The rich land-lord gives him money, the poor cultivators give him rice and vegetables, his caste-men give him milk and curd, and in a short time he finds himself supplied with every thing he wants. There may be ill-feeling between the different members of a village community. In such cases one says to another—"Brother, you have done me wrong, I will not come to your house when you invite me to your feasts; but if I hear that you are in distress I will run to your house without any invitation, and try my best to help you." And so he does. If Englishmen want to see how human beings differing in education and social position can yet live harmoniously as members of one family, they must come and live for a certain time in an Indian village. We have no life assurance, no poor house, no professional nurses, no undertakers. We have no secret from our neighbours. We do not know the meaning of the "Skeleton in the cupboard." We need not hide our tattered rags or our broken pots from our neighbours.

It is different in England. People there do not much trouble themselves with their neighbours' affairs. It would be considered an insult if one would shew any inquisitiveness about the private concerns of his next door neighbour. "It is *my* business," is a time-honoured reply they have for inquisitives in

that country, the like of which we have not here. For, John's business is not Tom's business there, whereas, more or less, neighbour Ram's business is neighbour Sam's business here. The individuality of Self is early developed in the European mind, and in this matter they follow nature more closely than we do. They borrow a simile from the habit of birds to describe young people coming to age and entering into the struggles of life. We do not "fly from the paternal nest." We bring our wives to the old family nest. When we go to marry, our mothers ask us—"where are you going, my son?" We answer—"to fetch a servant, mother." This is form. She really comes to the old house to the old people as a daughter. She has no idea of a home without the aged folks, which she can call entirely her own. Our little Alice or Agnes does not, since she is five years old, pick up tiny pieces of straws and feathers and lay them by for the nest which she hopes to build for herself after she has learned to fly. Did you ever see parent birds pecking at their grown up young ones to tell them to go and seek their own grub? That gives an idea of parental duty in Europe at least so far as the body of the people are concerned. Both boys and girls, when they have passed the age of twenty-one, prefer leaving the paternal home, to take up lodgings of their own, and to work for their own living. The duty of parents to their children and their legal authority over them end when they have brought them up to that age and given them what education they could within that time. The paternal door is however always open to lads and lasses who have chosen to live separately. As long as they are not married that fire-side is still their "home," and they have great affection and reverence for their "home," and if possible they spend their Sundays and holidays at "home." Thus they gradually wean themselves away from parental supervision. When married the paternal roof ceases to be their "home." The case is somewhat different with the

genteel classes, specially with regard to their daughters. The duty of parents among them does not end with bringing up their children to age and giving them a liberal education, but they must also provide them, or put them in the way of providing themselves, with sufficient means to maintain the position in which they are born. Among these classes, daughters generally live with their parents until they are married, and among them happen those cases of rebellious sons and daughters marrying against the will of their parents of which novelists are so fond of making thrilling narratives. Daughters of gentle families but poor circumstances accept service as companion to a lady or as governess of children.

It is not possible here to further elaborate the outline I have given above of the growth of social units in Europe. There the fission of new units from the parental body is smoothly effected as in most of the Vorticellas, while here the new units stick to the old system until it becomes one unwieldy mass as in an overgrown Myriana, and when at length the rupture comes it comes in the midst of violent convulsions. In England such disintegration is looked upon as the natural result of growth in India it is looked down upon as unnatural and selfish. I have praised my countrymen for the sympathy they have for the poor. But, however I disapprove certain aspects of the English social system, I cannot consider that the formation of our society is what it ought to be. The fact is patent to every thinker that our social system has not worked well. Starting with such a basis what other moral can I draw? In the case of one, viz. of England I gather in my mind the various clues of a glorious national life and induction leads me up to what is right. In the case of the other, viz. of India, I start from a huge failure and deduction brings me down to what is wrong—to the various wrongful circumstances that accumulated their evil effects and at length contributed to bring about the down-fall. Often, our virtues have been turned into vices, and their

faults into merits. It may be that a faint streak of light is perceptible on our eastern horizon. Shall we hide the gloom, that darkens our world, in the deepest recesses of our heart and not shew it up to our bright friend over there to chase it away or consume it by his fierce glory? You Vanity, you false Patriotism, you frenzied Religionism, I have caught you in the act of cherishing the serpent with milk and honey and have exposed your tricks. It may be that I saw clouds in the otherwise bright firmament of England, some with a threatening look while others are skulking away, some gathering strength while others are dissipating. This is nature, and it will always be so. These ever-present forces of Decay will have to wait a long while before they can eat into the British national body, for, I have very carefully observed, that the vitality of this body is still working its way forward in its fullest vigour. The people there are perfectly alive to their faults, they are acquiring more and more power, they are not afraid of change, and they can organise for common action. On the whole, the condition of things there is improving and not degenerating. Intellect and talent are getting a more honoured place in the estimation of the people, the absurdities of caste-system are being gradually removed, monopoly in land is in the course of being broken down, and the condition of the poor is receiving the most careful attention. No doubt there remains much to be done: in many things only a beginning has been made; but yet one cannot but view with approbation the work of the giants who have manfully put their shoulder on the national wheel.

The existence of self as a separate unit in the creation is thus early and keenly felt in Europe. It has its merits as well as its drawbacks. While it teaches one to put one's own self to the best use for one's own benefit, or in other words while it trains up a lad to be an independent and self-reliant man, at the same time there is always the fear of love of self being

unduly developed. It is this fear that prompts me to advise my countrymen to smooth matters and to be as little as possible in the way of English interests. In the uphill struggles of life in that country the good friends of a man help him to rise higher if he has already risen high, or shoves him further down if he is already down. So partly for vanity, partly for this apprehension people carefully keep their affairs secret from their kindly neighbours. So neighbours do not come to each other at all hours, and when they come on a ~~visit they~~ do not go to all parts of the house, they do not go to the kitchen, and they do not tell each other what they cooked and ate on that day. They only go to the drawing room or to the dining room. They only talk of the habits of their husbands, the doings of their children, or of any sensational incident that might be engrossing the attention of the public at the time. They only shew to their neighbours the bright side of things. Life with them is one continuous struggle to beat their neighbours in the possession of these bright things, or—to take a charitable view of it—an emulation to make their affairs brighter than those of their neighbours. Do the “at Homes,” Tea Parties, Garden Parties and all those costly invitations have anything to do with show? Whatever it may be, many things no doubt are formal and ceremonial in that country. There is first of all duty, then there is business, and lastly there is ceremony, but there is very little of sentiment. To sacrifice sentiment to duty is English character, to sacrifice duty to sentiment is Indian character. At least in Europe there is not that impetuosity of sentiment as we have here. Whatever there is is hard and tough like the iron we get from that country. It breaks, but bends not. They call love, affection, charity, and piety soft things? Well, perhaps I am wrong. But I thought that tender cellular plants transplanted in an arid region get hard and develop spines. The strong sense of individuality in man and woman, the hard formality that sur-

rounds English life, the iron caste-system that prevails there, and the constant danger confiding people are exposed to from thieves, swindlers, cardsharps and other human brutes that prowl in all parts of the country in search of prey render it extremely difficult for English people to know each other so much as we know of each other in this country. Charity in such a concrete form as we have here is simply impossible in Europe. In the first place it would be difficult to find out the real object for charity, and in the second place the life of a man disposed to practise charity in such a form will in no time be made insupportable. Thus happens it that while a man may be subscribing hundreds of pounds for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Madras, a baby lying a few doors from his mansion may be dying of starvation. Charity, cannot but take a hard or abstract form in that country and in this form, any subscription list will shew, it has more votaries there than elsewhere.

I have often had occasion to allude to the English caste-system. Trade and religion have not however so clearly demarcated the different castes there as we have in this country. There they so over-lap each other that it is difficult to say where one caste ends and the other begins. The system there is like the course of our river Ganges which issuing forth from the gorge at Hardwar imperceptibly glides over the different levels in the Middle Country, in Benares, in Behar, in Bengal, until it smoothly mixes its water with that of the Bay. Ours is like that of the Ganges Canal with well-defined elevations, lock-ups and cascades. Nevertheless the caste prejudice there is stronger than it is in this country. It is hardly credible that such a thing is possible in a Christian country, yet it is so. Owing to this caste prejudice of Englishmen, and partly of my countrymen too, that good social feeling between the two races has hitherto been found impossible. * In this country the caste of a European is chiefly based upon position and wealth, so far at least as he is concerned with the Natives of the country.

These form an insurmountable barrier between the two. Disparity of civilisation, culture and refinement between them does not count much, for this is remediable, and the European is not undispensed to pass it over in the case of a Raja or a wealthy man. Practically his social dealings with the natives of the country must be confined to a few Rajas, or to that very small number of them who have no objection to mix with a European, or in other words his social relationship with the people of the country is practically *nil*. Another great ~~difficulty~~ in the way of a good social feeling between the two races is the difference in the conception of a gentleman. Formerly in this country, piety, learning and birth were the three things any of which made a gentleman; now to these must be added wealth, landed possessions, a high post under Government, or a very successful career in a genteel profession. The first three are oriental passports for gentility, the four modern requisites are European and are the only ones recognised by the European. I have said elsewhere that the present caste-system in Europe is gradually breaking down. In the meantime I am tempted to hope, that, in his social dealings with a European in this country, no Indian would so far forget himself as to compromise his native dignity. It is as much the paramount duty of every Indian to do away with the absurdities in our caste-system—those absurdities that are against the dictates of human duty, charity and common sense, and that stand in the way of our national progress—as it is his duty to deserve and maintain the dignity and position he has inherited from his fathers. Self-respect demands both. Only, there should be no mistake about what is true dignity.

The morning after the election meeting I went to the police magistrate's court of that quarter where the meeting took place to see whether any complaint was laid for assault or hurt. No such complaint was made. They have no time there for litigation. Necessity drives them to law; they do

not go to it for the sake of pleasure. The luxuries of litigation, its excitements and moments of depression, its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and defeats, are unknown to this benighted people. Long live our law courts, the source of consolation and pleasure to thousands of our poor peasants on whose hands time sits heavy, on summer days, after they have reaped their rice in January and gathered their winter crops in March. In England, they have got gambling, a poor substitute for litigation, with its varied amusements lengthened along the intricacies and mazes of three solemn courts. In the neighbourhood of the magistrate's court to which I went I saw no seemingly listless persons who, in India, would sit patiently under the trees and cast furtive glances on every new comer to enquire whether he would require their valuable services to prove or disprove an *alibi*, an assault or a murder. This new profession in India is entirely the product of British judiciary system. The demand for such services is however very small in England at the present time, and whatever demand there is is supplied from more respectable quarters. That cheaper and more abundant supply would be forthcoming if the demand arose can be safely inferred from what happened during the Catholic scare in Charles II's time, or when in the last century the operation of the Licensing Act (9 Geo. II. ch. 23) for arresting the sale of spirituous liquors by prohibitory licenses was in full force. Rudiments of all crimes are present in every nation; impunity, opportunity and sufficient remuneration bring them to full development. A fight on the spot, with a glass of something strong at the end, settles a dispute in England, and entirely effaces the memory of a real or fancied insult. The cases that usually come up in the London police courts are mostly of a trivial nature, of which drunkenness forms a large percentage.

No doubt the vice of drunkenness is very prevalent in England and in all European countries. It cannot be helped where

alcoholic drinks of one kind or other are the recognised beverage of the country. Among the millions there must be a large number with constitution specially fitted to be the home of this vice. From mild bitters they take to strong ale and stout and then to ardent spirits. The habit of taking spirits grow upon a man, it becomes a disease, which is as difficult to shake off as the habit of using opium. This deplorable habit is the cause of much misery and unhappiness in that country. Such a habit in a man is very much to be deplored, but it is shockingly distressing to see woman, the mother of humanity, the object of worship in Europe, she who ought to be the embodiment of all that is good, meek and modest, making herself incapable in the public streets and next day figuring in the police court. Vice of any kind in a woman looks so unnatural that it becomes doubly painful to one not accustomed to such sights. What a home is it of the man whose wife drinks? What a home is it for the children? The less said about it the better. Happily such cases are rare. These sights have created in Europe a strong bias against the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage. As usual in such cases anti-alcoholists have gone to the opposite extreme, and if they had their way they would put all the men and women in that country under lock and key lest they take anything with even the faintest scent of alcohol in it. They prove by facts and figures how many millions of money are wasted every year for the purchase of spirituous liquors, and how many thousands of human beings die every year from the use of alcoholic drinks. We have prophets to foretell the approaching dissolution of the universe, we have astronomers who constantly quail under the apprehension of the world being crushed by the tail of a comet, we have microbists and bacillists to wrangle about the germs of destruction and to keep us in a state of nervous excitement, and we have philosophers to tell us that humanity is getting animalised by the use of meat (and vegetatised by

the use of corn and vegetables?) So we have anti-alcoholists anti-opiumists and anti-tobacconists to point out to us signs portending evils of the direst kind. Yet the world goes on. Mankind has used spirituous liquors from time immemorial, yet the human race is not extinct, nor short-lived, nor decrepit, compared with what it was in ages past. The bravest, the strongest, and the most intelligent races used it before, and use it now. Yet they live and thrive now as much as they did before. Drunkenness is to be condemned in the strongest of terms, not less the habitual use of ardent spirits, but it has yet to be proved that a moderate use of wines and beer is fatal to human constitution. A glass of beer and a pipe of tobacco afford pleasure and rest to millions of men after their hard toil of the day is done. Thousands of old men, who cannot take to rosaries or books, warm up their cold enfeebled body with a glass of wine. Shall we deprive the sons of toil and old age of the only enjoyment they have in life, because a few men choose to make of themselves abject beasts by making a bad use of this means of pleasure and rest? Bitter experience has made us shy and suspicious of enthusiasts, however their decrees and denouncements may appeal to the vanity and patriotism of my countrymen. We in this country are often heedless of the fact that virtue when carried too far becomes, in its own way, the very opposite of virtue. Most of my countrymen are probably not aware that "taking" wine or beer and "drinking" have entirely different meanings. It is not their fault that they do not know it, for in this country whoever uses wine or spirits uses it for the sake of intoxication. Their taste is not educated to relish such liquors as beverages—beer is bitter like infusion of chiretta, portwine is sweet and pungent, dry champagne is acrid, and whiskey is smoky. They hastily gulp these down, as a child does a solution of quinine, for the sake of immediate effects, viz., intoxication. It is quite different in Europe. People take a glass of wine or

beer there as any one would take a glass of water here. Costly wines are consumed every day in every gentleman's house all over Europe. Nobody gets beyond the bounds of propriety on such occasions. It is not gentlemanly to do so. He would at once lose his caste. No gentleman thinks of going to another gentleman with the smell of brandy about him. It is considered abominable. *Main kih badnām kunad ahle khirad rá galabast; Balkih main Khúð Shaod az dast harifā badnām.* "That wine brings bad name on wise men is a mistake; on the other hand wine itself gets bad name by falling into the hands of low people." So said Háfiz. It is necessary that one should pause before pronouncing the act of taking wine as a sin and a crime.

Anti-alcoholists trace a large number of deaths in 'Great Britain to the use of spirituous drinks. I should rather think that they generally die of old age, gout and pulmonary diseases. Fever and cholera of the kind prevailing in this country are almost entirely absent there. The ailments which keep the people in a chronic state of painful excitement are cold, dyspepsia and toothache. Both males and females begin to have their teeth taken out from a very early age, seventeen, even earlier. So a large amount of thinking has been focussed on the subject of artificial teeth-making. They are trying porcelain teeth now. The climate of England is far better than most parts of India. It is cool and bracing. It is neither so cold in the winter nor so hot in the summer as the Continent. The vast expanse of water which surrounds Great Britain on all sides throws upon it a large quantity of vapour, which hangs over it like a curtain intercepting the heat radiated by the earth in autumn and winter, and at the same time preventing the sun from shedding his full glory in summer. These vapours very frequently fall upon earth in the shape of drizzling rain, which keeps the rivers full, and makes the meadows beautifully green, on which fatten the mutton and beef. Once I asked a

gentleman what the English people would do if by some chance they suffer one or two naval defeats and the whole coast is blockaded say for a couple of months by the enemy. "Would you not be reduced to great straits for want of food?" I enquired. He proudly answered.—"As long as we produce such good beef and mutton, nobody would defeat us." This drizzling rain constantly keeps the atmosphere surcharged with a large amount of moisture, but the soil is not damp. For paucity of land they dig down and bury the lowest storey of their houses underneath the surface of the earth. They have their kitchens in these underground rooms, which are quite dry and habitable, and many poor people live in them. If instead of the usual drizzle, the rain assumes the form of a shower, the newspapers there at once describe the phenomenon by saying that "rain fell in tropical torrents." The greatest peculiarity of the English climate is its changing habits. Within the space of twenty four hours all sorts of weather might be experienced, now bitterly cold with keen wind blowing from the east, now rain, now sun-shine, now so close and warm, that we Indians had even to gasp for breath. Sitting in England the English people are inured to all sorts of climatic variations, which specially fit them for conquest and colonisation in all quarters of the globe.

Soon after the meeting I have described, the general election of 1886 took place. Chelsea was close by, and here we keenly watched the contest between Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Whitmore. Chelsea became Eatonswill all over for the time being. Large placards stared from everywhere, calling upon the people to "vote for Whitmore" or to "vote for Dilke." For Short was the friend of the people not Codlin. A black board put up in the Kings Road proclaimed to the world the various good deeds of Sir Charles Dilke. While, outside Mr. Whitmore's office in Fulham Road, caricatures, verses and other incontrovertible facts represented Mr. Gladstone as the greatest of

all traitors. If an outsider were to believe what, roughly speaking, one half of the English people said of the other half, he could not help taking both the halves as extremely selfish and immoderate lovers of office and power. Leaders of both parties fight as desperately as the gladiators of old fought in the arena of a Roman amphitheatre. Next to religion, politics have always been the hotbed of enmity between man and man. In most cases political tenets are hereditary in England, as trades and professions are hereditary in India. "We have always been conservatives," or "we have always been liberals," they say with pride. And practically it makes very little difference what they have been or what they are. For no hard and fast line demarcates the two parties. Both parties follow close at the heels of public opinion, as it is created, educated, expanded and consolidated, and woe betide the one that lags behind or goes too far ahead. The path is thus first cleared before every step is taken in the onward march. It is quite the opposite here in India. Leaders here run by themselves, like a locomotive without the train, and when they look back, they behold the steepy masses in the dim distant horizon fast fading from their view. Restrain your impatience and impulsiveness. First hammer the people into a higher organised body, before you cry for things, of the use of which the millions have not the faintest conception. In vain did we look for "compulsory education" among the resolutions passed by the National Congress. I must stop, lest I say more. A conservative family in England always supports a conservative candidate, so does a liberal always vote for a liberal. The mind of men, conservatives or liberals by caste, is as hard as the rock of Gibraltar, on which the reasonings of the opposite party make not the faintest impression. They count among them numerous bigots who would gladly make you taste the pleasures of *auto-da-fe* for what to them are your heretical opinions. We were too green to note the

intensity of caste and political prejudices in England. To us all Britishers (including the Irish) were alike, high or low conservative or radical. We knew not that friendliness for the low was a sin against the high, sympathy for the radical an offence against the conservative. Even in private quarrels you must unreservedly choose your side. If you speak to the one, you must not expect to be spoken to by the other. It is to be feared that our ignorance and sometimes our vanity prevented us from exercising due caution and prudent reserve in such matters. The new-born chivalrous independence of the Bengali lacks worldly wisdom. Over and above the families whose political creed is irrevocably fixed there is a body of the people whose opinions fluctuate now in favour of this party, now in favour of the other. The conservative and liberal families practically pair off, leaving this fraction of the people to decide the destiny of the nation. What a tremendous power this fraction wields in its hands! At Chelsea, the electioneering operations were conducted on the part of Sir Charles Dilke in rather a half-hearted way, probably for reasons known to the world. Mr. Whitmore however was all vigour and energy. The polling took place at a house in Kings Road. All day long the neighbourhood was thronged by voters, sympathisers, idlers and sight-seers. Accompanied by an English friend I went there at 10 in the night to see the fun. The votes were then being counted. An eager expectant multitude filled the Kings Road from one end to the other, and straggling bands of men promenaded in the neighbouring streets. A row was expected, for Chelsea and its neighbourhood abound in choice spirits who, it was thought, would improve the occasion by a few broken heads. At 2 o'clock in the morning the result of the election was declared. Mr. Whitmore, the conservative candidate, won the seat. Deafening cheers at once rose from the crowd followed by equally enthusiastic groans from the opposite party. The result of the election was a surprise,

to all. Sir Charles Dilke sat for Chelsea for upwards of 20 years, and his name was a tower of strength to his party. Soon after the result of the election was declared, both Mr. Whitmore and Sir Charles Dilke appeared on the balcony above. Mr. Whitmore thanked the electors for the honour done to him, and Sir Charles Dilke congratulated his opponent on his success, declaring at the same time that the battle was fairly fought out. They shook hands and parted. But the excitement among the crowd did not cease for a long time. The roads remained full till late in the morning, and cheers were met with groans and groans with cheers. No serious fighting took place.

On one of these days Lord Northbrook kindly introduced me to Mr. John Bright. He had one of his daughters with him at the time. After a short conversation I left him with Lord Northbrook, and joined another gentleman who was standing close by. I remarked to him that the educated classes in India adored John Bright, the tribune of the people. This gentleman felt pleased at what I said and wished me to tell the same to Mr. Bright. Turning to Mr. Bright's daughter I whispered—"we love peace, we hold war a sin, and our religion teaches us to love every living thing as one's own self. Do you then wonder that my people have a very great respect for your father? very much indeed do they love John Bright." Subsequently, I told Mr. Bright himself that my countrymen fully appreciate his noble work for the good of humanity, "and, Sir, I hope you will continue to take the same interest in my people as you have hitherto done." Mr. Bright observed—"I am getting old, and must soon retire to private life, but I shall always take a deep interest in India, and shall always be glad to hear that the people of India are progressing under British rule."

Another friend of India I had the honour of knowing was Miss Manning. The people of India are the adopted children

of this generous-hearted lady. She devotes every moment of her life for our good. She is the life and soul of the National Indian Association. The soirees she holds at her house give the Indians an opportunity of knowing the English people, which otherwise they would not have been able to do. I am sorry that my duties prevented my being as much useful as I could wish to Miss Manning in the noble work she is doing. I have heard that advantage is occasionally taken of her kindness by some of our foolish youths who go to England without providing themselves with sufficient means. I cannot too strongly impress upon our impetuous lads the unwisdom of going there in such a state. England is not India. Here one can go to any part of the country, and find shelter, food, and even clothing and expenses to go to school. For creation of beggars, idlers and worthless members of society is a great meritorious act in this country, a sure road to heaven. Begging is sanctified here because as a profession it is followed by men of religion. Only give up work and live on others' shoulders, and all the angels of heaven will work night and day with spade and axe to clear for you the path to heaven. Thus religion working both on the mind of the giver and the mind of the receiver has created feelings which have destroyed all consciousness of humiliation and selfishness one would think inseparable from the act of begging. We should memorialise Government and write threatening articles in the vernacular newspapers I can name for seriously interfering with our religion by making the meritorious act of begging a criminal offence, at least in the large towns. Or, let us see, shall we hold a meeting?

Another lady who highly honoured me by her kindness was the celebrated Miss Florence Nightingale. Sir Edward Buck introduced me to her. She too has unbounded sympathy for the people of this ancient country. When shall we have such accomplished women who would grasp questions involving

the welfare of nations? Does anybody ever think that by allowing the faculties of our women to get blunt we retard the course of evolution? If it is true that a human being inherits the developed faculties of both father and mother, is it not then true that we inherit only one half of what otherwise we would have done? Invalided and practically imprisoned as she is in her room, Miss Florence Nightingale has made the welfare of mankind the constant care of her life. She has figures and facts regarding the sanitary condition of the world at her fingers' ends, and from that little house in Park Lane she sheds a moral influence before which ministers and administrators bow their head. Never in my life did I meet with such an inquisitive lady. Her questions were critical and always to the point, which revealed a depth of mind we are not accustomed to see. It was a surprise for me. She seemed to know everything about the present state of India and its people, and of the obstacles that lie in the path of India's more rapid progress. We have good many friends among the British people both here and in England. But what can they do unless we choose to rise to a higher plane of life?

Another friend I saw was Mr. Pierre Duff, the son of our great Doctor Duff. One day he took us to his house at Denmark Hill, near London. He got up all sorts of entertainments for our amusement. Mr. Duff remarked to me that our princes and others who go to England never take the slightest interest in the "Home for Asiatics" the English have in London. At Denmark Hill I first saw the late Mr. Bullen Smith, who was very kind to me personally ever afterwards. By his death, we have lost another friend. I have mentioned only a few of the ladies and gentlemen whom I found interested in the welfare of India because these names are not unknown to my countrymen.

Messrs. Ransomes, Sims and Jeffries kindly gave us an opportunity to see the Orwell Works at Ipswich where large

quantities of agricultural machinery are every year made and despatched to all parts of the world. A special train placed at our disposal by the Great Eastern Railway took us to a place on the bank of the river Gipping opposite the town of Ipswich. We crossed the river by a steamer belonging to the Orwell Works. Standing on the deck of this steamer we could see the wide expanse of the German Ocean which is only twelve miles from Ipswich. On our arrival we were first taken to the various places of interest of which the people of this town are justly proud. In Great Britain wherever I went I met with this "local" pride. "How do you like our little town" they would always ask. They are justified to put such a question, for they set aside all private quarrels and combine to work for the good of their towns and villages. They make large bequests for the construction of town halls and the establishment of libraries, museums and other institutions of permanent utility. Even such a small place as Ipswich can boast of a handsome Town Hall, built in the Renaissance style, of a Museum, a School of Science and Art, a Corn Hall, a Public Hall, an Art Gallery, an Arboretum, a Mechanics' Institute and a Working Men's College. Among places of interest were shewn to us the "Sparrowe's House" a bit of old architecture where Charles II lay concealed after the battle of Worcester, and the Public House made famous by Charles Dickens by placing in it the most important of Mr. Pickwick's nocturnal adventures. We were next taken to see the Orwell Works which take their name from the river Orwell "of which the good people of Ipswich are so proud." They have got here a foundry said to be one of the "largest, best lighted, and ventilated foundries in the country," where molten metal may be constantly seen pouring into ladles which are carried on trucks to the moulds. Here hundreds of thousands of plough shares are turned out every year. While trucks were going on tramways both longitudinally and trans-

versely from one part of the building to the other, overhead might be seen heavy cumbrous things noiselessly moving on travelling cranes. From the Foundry we passed on to the Smiths' shop, where a large number of furnaces are laid, on which bars and plates of iron are heated and then by one heavy blow shaped into any particular piece of an implement of which repetitions are required. Among various other things which are too numerous to relate, we were shown the working of a Steam Thrashing Machine, specially adapted for use in hot countries. The representatives of the Firm provided a magnificent lunch for their guests. It is needless for me to say that they shewed us the utmost attention, for wherever we went they all tried to surpass each other in kindness and hospitality. Mr. Jeffries, Mrs. Jeffries and children were specially kind to us, for they had with them a Mr. Mukharj working for some years as an apprentice in their workshop. They were enthusiastic in his praise. I do not know who this Mr. Mukharji is. I must therefore take this opportunity to state here that Mr. Jeffries, Mrs. Jeffries and the children, they all requested me to convey to him their kindest regards. I asked the youngest child, a little girl of about four years, whether she had anything to say for that gentleman. She said—"Dive my love to Mr. Mukharji."

All the large towns in great Britain invited the colonials and Indians, and vied with each other to shew them the greatest amount of hospitality and kindness. Among these the reception given to them by the people of Manchester was one of the grandest and most magnificent. Nothing could exceed the liberality of this cosmopolitan city, where one hundred thousand men and women work day and night to produce those fabrics which now cover the tatooed body of the cannibals in the south, protect from cold the shivering Talmucks in the north, bedeck the fashionable lady of Yokohama in the east, and make the hood to cover the face of the forest-warrior

in the west. Could the persecuted barber Richard Arkwright, the watchmaker John Kay or the weaver James Hargreaves, ever dream that the water-frame and spinning jenny would be the means to revolutionise the weaving industry in the world, to bring untold wealth to England, and to be the remote cause of wars, conquests and taxes in many parts of the globe? Or could they think that their little inventions, at first misunderstood and spurned at, would in time produce numerous collateral industries, would bring to existence gigantic engineering and machinery works, extensive bleaching establishments, and various kindred manufacturing agencies? Yet all this has happened. I never saw a likeness of Richard Arkwright, or John Kay or James Hargreaves; nor of their equally persecuted predecessors in the same line, John Wyatt, Louis Paul, and Thomas Highs; nor of their successors, Crompton, the inventor of mule spinning machine, Dyer, the inventor of the carding machine, Cartwright, Sharp, Roberts and Horrocks, the inventors and improvers of power looms, Johnson and Radcliffe, the inventors of dressing machine, and Joshua Heilman, the inventor of combing machine. Yet, methought, I could bring to my mind both the sad desponding faces of the early pioneers and the triumphant bearing of later inventors and millowners, as I stood, down upon earth, a tiny little object, among lofty chimneys overlooking huge massive buildings, rising story upon story, with countless windows, letting in light for numerous eyes that watch and guide the ever-moving spindle. Not only did our kind hosts of Manchester give us plenty of food and drink, put us up in the best of hotels and get up parties and conversaziones for our entertainment (which by the way they know how to do in a right royal style), but what is more they placed intellectual enjoyment before our mind by allowing us the opportunity to see the weaving mills, the dyeing and printing industries, and the various engineering establishments which create a source of labour more cheap

than that of the village weaver in India, who would be content with four pence a day as the joint earnings of himself, wife and a couple of children.

Thus the seeds which half a dozen men sowed on the British soil one hundred and twenty years ago speedily took root, flourished and fructified. They have produced wonderful results for Manchester, for Lancashire, for Great Britain, and, if you would forbear for a moment to look with a jaundiced eye, for the world at large. The same people have brought the same seeds here on the Indian soil, but among us they have fared as badly as straw-berry seedlings would fare among the burning sands of Sahara. Why? Because there is a difference between the national character of the two peoples. Almost the same difference as exists between a ten thousand spindle mill and the village loom in India, between a railway train and a bamboo-made bullock cart, between a five thousand horse-power steamer and a country cargo boat. This may be exaggeration, but still it gives an idea of the difference that exists between the European national character and the Indian national character taken as a whole. It is very stupid of me no doubt, but I must confess that I have doubts that a representative governing body if elected by the people of India to-day would achieve that wonderful progress which European nations have achieved for themselves. I wonder what kind of men the people would elect, if they were entirely left to themselves. Any how, I fancy from what is going on in the country, a parliament distilled out of the people as they are to-day, would first of all take up the cow-killing question. The prevention of cowslaughtering may be a very good thing and I have nothing to say against that. But it is a religious question and as such it should be treated. It would be admirable first to expunge, explain away, or give a false meaning to all those passages in our old books where the killing and eating of beef and veal by our forefathers are

mentioned, and then to convert to our beef-eschewing religion, the thirteen hundred millions of human beings who consider it as a legitimate article of food. It is dangerous to seek the aid of legislature backed by eighty thousand British bayonets to prohibit a practice distasteful to you in a religious point of view but not distasteful to millions following a religion different from yours. For other religionists have strong opinions too on certain subjects. Idol-worship is held a heinous sin by those who are in power over us. Then according to another religion tobacco-smoking is as good an introduction to the over-tropical regions of the spiritual universe, as according to another a good rupee put on the palm of a sleek Brahman is to heaven. If you establish the principle of prohibiting by force a practice in others considered sinful by you, would you object to *their* using force to prohibit certain practices of yours held sinful by them? I have used this subject as a straw to shew me to which direction the national mind still blows. I would not be surprised if my people, left to themselves, do what China has done with her railways. "Were not our forefathers happy without telegraphs and railways?"—is a question often put to me by well-educated patriots. The fact is we are ignorant or oblivious of the past, careless of the present, and blind to the future. I wish somebody would analyse for me the earth we tread upon, the food we eat, the water we drink and the air we breathe, to tell me what proportion of morphine each contains. For have we not made this world a dream-land where we move like phantoms? It is useless for me to say that to be up to date in the book of human progress, we ought first of all to improve our national character. But our leaders have no time to educate and reform the people. They are so very busy, you know, in educating and reforming a government which is at least a century ahead of the nation.

Besides cotton mills and other manufacturing establishments, we visited many places of interest in Manchester. Of these,

the Royal Exchange deserves the foremost mention. It is a colossal classic edifice, resounding with the hum of a busy multitude, that conveys to the visitor's mind the enormous mercantile transactions daily conducted in this fitting centre of Manchester commerce. How these people can combine, and subscribe large sums of money for a public object, without thirsting for a title or coveting a smile from those in power, is amply shewn by the Town Hall at Manchester. It is a palatial building costing more than a crore of rupees, which has under its roof a large public hall, a Mayor's parlour, a council chamber, a banqueting saloon and reception rooms, all gorgeously decorated and elegantly furnished. The front of this noble edifice is embellished with statuary, and is surmounted by a tower which has four clock dials. Manchester possesses a Cathedral built in the fifteenth century, of which the chief features are the well-ornamented roof, the carved wood-work and the stained windows. It also possesses a free library, with many branches in different parts of the town. The chief resort of the Manchester literary world is the Athenæum, with its theatre, library, lecture and news-rooms. Among other educational institutions may be mentioned the Grammar school, founded in 1515, which provide mental and physical instruction to upwards of nine hundred boys. It has a lecture-room, a chemical laboratory, a library and a magnificent gymnasium. But the chief educational centre in the present day is Owen's College, built and entirely organised through a bequest by a Manchester merchant. It is the headquarters of the Victoria University. There is also a School of Art in Manchester, with a large gallery of pictures and spacious studios. Manchester is 188 miles from London, and is four and a quarter of an hour's journey from that place.

From Manchester we went to Liverpool, which in a commercial point of view is the most important town in great Britain. In the latter part of the seventeenth century when

Aurânzeb was carrying on his disastrous war with the Mah-rattas in the South of India, Liverpool was only a small fishing village. Now twenty-thousand ships annually leave this port for all parts of the globe. Of these the most important are the Atlantic steam-vessels which go to America. These vessels chiefly belong to the "Cupard," "Inman," "White Star," "National," "Guion," "Anchor" and "Allan" Lines. Among many places of interest we visited, may be mentioned St. George's Hall, a building of Corinthian architecture, with magnificent rooms superbly decorated with polished granite, porphyry and other valuable stones. Its Grand Hall, which can accommodate 2500 persons, has a large organ with 8000 pipes. We also went to the Town Hall and the Exchange Buildings. Liverpool also possesses a free library and a museum largely endowed by private munificence. The library contains upwards of 100,000 volumes.

From Liverpool we went to Birkenhead on the other side of the Mersey. Although at the commencement of the present century it was a little hamlet containing a population of about 100 souls, Birkenhead is now a large town, with extensive dockyards, where large ships are built. It has now a population of 70,000, and possesses a Market Hall, a Music Hall, a free library, a school of art, and a large park. Ferry steamers continually ply between Liverpool and Birkenhead. We however went by the railway, lately laid in a tunnel, excavated under the bed of the Mersey which is here more an arm of the sea than the estuary of a small river. Many of my countrymen asked me whether I saw the Thames Tunnel, which was certainly one of the sights of London in former times. But it is no longer so, for since then much larger tunnels, requiring far greater engineering skill, have been excavated in England and in other parts of Europe. The tunnels across Mount Cenis and St. Gothard in the Alps are instances, and that under the Mersey through which we passed from Liverpool to Birkenhead.

is another. The Thames Tunnel is now used by the East London Railway, through which it has carried its lines from north to the south side of the Thames. Compared to modern tunnels it is very small, having two arched ways, and is only 1200 feet long, 14 feet wide, 16½ feet high, and 16 feet below the river. I cannot say exactly how long the Mersey tunnel is, but considering the time we took to cross it, it must be between three and four miles in length. Mersey must be very deep here, for we had to go in a lift many hundreds of feet underground before we reached the level of the tunnel where the railway line is laid. If the tunnel under the English Channel joining England with France had been allowed, then it would have eclipsed all works of similar nature now in existence. From Birkenhead the Colonists and Indians came back to Liverpool, and thence they went to Chester where the Duke of Westminster invited them to his country residence.

The last excursion of the Colonials and Indians was to Bristol, Bath and Wells. Bristol is 118 miles from London and is only three hours' journey by rail. We came to Bristol on 6th September 1886, and were very kindly received by the Mayor and other local dignitaries. At three o'clock on that day, the Society of Merchant Venturers received the visitors at luncheon in the Merchants' Hall. This Society is one of the many Mediæval Guilds which Bristol once possessed. It is not known when it was founded, but records exist to shew that it was in a fully organized state in 1467, and that in 1500 an elaborate code was framed for its regulation. Such Societies laid the foundation of English prosperity, for these "Venturers" "put themselves, their factors, servants, goods and merchandize in peril upon the sea" for exploration and trade "in Muscovy and other foreign countries." My countrymen know very well the achievements of another body of Merchant Adventurers who sent their "factors and servants" to trade to the East. The Society of Bristol Merchant Venturers

was not less active, for its annals record one continued series of patriotic and commercial enterprises. It established plantations in Virginia and New England, it sent expeditions for the discovery of a northwest passage to India, and made various contributions for the suppression of pirates whether "Spanjards and Dunkirkers" or the "Turkes of Algier." The wharves and quays of Bristol, owe their origin to this society, and it also established almshouses, hospitals, trade schools, technical schools, girl schools and other public institutions. The Merchant Venturers' school now afford instruction to upwards of one thousand pupils. The Bristol Incorporated Chamber of Commerce and Shipping also joined in the Reception given to the Colonials and Indians. The Mayor held a banquet in honor of the visitors at the Mansion House, and the Mayoress of Bristol had a Ball at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton. But the greatest enjoyment which the Visitors received was in the madrigal concert given by the Bristol Madrigal Society in the latter place. This Society has a reputation all over England, and Sir John Rogers, President of the London Madrigal Society in 1843, once said—"If you want to know what a madrigal is, go to Bristol."

We were also taken to see the various manufacturing industries of Bristol. Among these I went to see the tobacco manufactory of Messrs. Willis & Co. Everything is done here by machinery, from tobacco cutting to the making of cigarettes. This firm get their tobacco from all parts of the world which they manipulate according to their own method. I was sorry to find they get no tobacco from India. I also went to see the Cathedral, which was built in the thirteenth century. The bold arch-way of the Great Gate House, the rectangular Chapter-Room with arcaded walls, the roof covered with sculptured moulding and diaper ornament, and the rich stained glass are the chief features of this interesting edifice. At Bristol we were quartered near the Clifton Down, a lovely

undulated plain, which is the favourite resort of all classes of the people. The suspension bridge here thrown across a *Khud* which is the bed of a river, is one of the wonders of England. It is a large chain bridge with a span of 702 feet from saddle to saddle and weighing about 1500 tons, which has been placed, 245 feet above the river, and as if firmly tied to the rock on each side.

It is a religious duty for every Indian to pay his homage to the tomb of his illustrious countryman, Raja Ram Mohan Roy. The sky was cloudy, and it was drizzling, when on that afternoon of the 7th September 1886 I knelt down at the foot of the grave and prayed to Heaven to shew us what is truth, and what is more, to give us the courage to act truly throughout our lives, as this man whose ashes lay under the earth before me did in his life. "That I may not be a coward," I earnestly asked of Heaven. What thoughts came to my mind at the time, I leave it to my countrymen to imagine. When I was thus thinking a gentleman came to me, and said that he was specially deputed by the authorities to shew us all the records about Ram Mohan Roy's death, and the removal of his body to the present cemetery. I saw the papers, but I need not give an account of them here, as these I believe have been incorporated in various books, both English and vernacular. With a heavy heart I left the place, sad to think what little progress we have made to remove the abuses in our society since Raja Ram Mohan Roy died.

At Bristol I saw two Bengali gentlemen, Mr. R. C. Dutt and Mr. B. L. Gupta. They had been travelling in Norway and had lately arrived in England. It was midsummer when they were in Norway, and so they witnessed the phenomenon of the sun shining continuously for days and days without once thinking of going to set. Both the gentlemen spoke very highly of the kind and hospitable nature of the Scandinavian peasantry. The Bristol reception was the only one in which I saw any

Bengali gentlemen taking part. They seemed to keep themselves aloof from all things savouring of officialism and conservatism. They did not muster strong at the Northbrook Indian Club, which "has been established for the use of Indian gentlemen residing in England, and of others who have resided in India, or who take an active interest in Indian affairs; and with the object of promoting social intercourse between persons of these classes." The Bengalis in England frequent the liberal clubs, and associate with the liberals of Great Britain. It is very curious to watch the circumstances that are driving the Bengali to the liberal fold. He has largely assimilated western ideas; he is therefore impatient of class privileges, and he tries to keep himself distant from those that possess and defend the continuance of those privileges. He makes no allowance for the defects of human nature, but wonders why the British should not always do what is right and just. He has boldly put the question—"Are the Indians free-born British subjects, with the full rights of a British citizen?" For this he is not liked, and he is held up to ridicule. He is blamed for not giving up freedom and an income of Rs. 8 per month at home to turn a soldier on Rs. 7 a month. He is blamed for many other things, sometimes rightly, often wrongly. He has many faults no doubt, faults inherent in the Indian character, which the circumstances and the surroundings of his life have made it difficult to eradicate. Nevertheless the Bengali has been called "the Scotsman of India." It is complimentary; he does not deserve that comparison, for a Scotsman always does what he thinks of doing. Neither is the Bengali so calm, sedate and persevering in all his actions. A Scotsman always thinks gravely and acts gravely. A Bengali very often thinks gravity but acts frivolity. The Bengali is the infant French-man of India. He is emotional and impulsive, not discreet and politic. But with all his faults, liberalism in India and Bengali-ism are getting to be the same.

England therefore he goes where he thinks he finds sympathy for his aspirations. He throws himself headlong into that side, and does not try to keep the other side pleased with him as well.

From Bristol we came to Bath, a lovely little town lying in a dale formed by a cordon of low hills. Bath claims great antiquity, its early history being lost among the misty darkness of legendary times. Its foundation is, however, not ascribed to the gods or to the skilful architect who built the houses in heaven and sometimes in earth as a mark of special favour. That credit is given to Bladud, a king's son, who was afflicted with leprosy, and who therefore in the sore grief of his heart wandered about as a vagabond, until he came to the neighbourhood of where Bath now is, and engaged himself as a swinehead to a farmer of the place. The herd caught the fell disease from the hapless prince, who dreading the displeasure of his employer removed his charge to a picturesque valley where numerous hot springs made a wide morass. At the sight of the springs the pigs at once plunged into the tepid water, and to the astonishment of the royal swinehead got cured of the eruptions in a short time. The prince was of a logical turn of mind for he had studied philosophy at Athens, and so after deep cogitation he came to the conclusion that if the spring water was good for the pigs, it ought to be good for him. He was not wrong, as the results proved, for cured and rejoiced he went back to his home. In time he succeeded to the throne of his father the king of Britain, and in gratitude for his cure he built a large city on the spot where he received so much benefit. One of the numerous ancient baths discovered in the place, called the King's Bath, is still pointed out to the visitor as the one specially erected for the use of king Bladud. An effigy of the king is there, with an inscription recording among other things the fact of his being the founder of these baths 863-years before Christ. Bath was a place of

great note under the Romans, who highly appreciated the curative properties of its water, and built here reservoirs and magnificent suites of baths. These are being discovered from time to time for the last three centuries. Just before we went there a large hall, measuring 36 feet by 53 feet with a bath in the centre, was dug out. Bath was a great fashionable resort in the last century, but the wealthy now chiefly patronise the mineral waters in the Continent. Bath springs are now the property of the town corporation, who have built a "Grand Pump Room" at a cost of £10,000. The mineral springs at Bath yield 385,000 gallons of water daily at temperatures of 117° and 120° Fah. These waters are said to be beneficial in cases of gout, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, paralysis, nervous debility and skin affections. The constituent parts in 100,000 are:—Calcium, 377; Magnesium, 47·4; Potassium 39·5; Sodium, 129; Lithium, traces; Iron, 6·1; Sulphuric Acid, 869; Carbonic Acid (combined), 86; Chlorine, 280; Silicia, 30; Strontium, traces; Alkaline Sulphides, traces; Carbonic Acid Gas at normal temperature and pressure (cubic centimetres per litre), 65·3. Total Solid Contents in 100,000,—1864·0; Specific Gravity, 1·0015. I have gone into such particulars with the object that if any of my countrymen wish to utilise the hot springs in this country, as a place of fashionable resort, he may find some help in these details. For each bath a charge of 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., or 3s. is levied according to the nature of the bath taken. For drinking water the rate is 1s. 6d. per head per week.

In August 1886 I went to Scotland. I went by sea and came back by rail. Edinburgh is 397 miles from London, nine hours journey by rail; the sea voyage takes 36 hours. On 25th August the steamer "Penguin" left her moorings in St. Katherine's Wharf, and sailed down the Thames until its muddy waters hid themselves under the broad blue bosom of the North-Sea, when she made straight for Leith. For a long while we

did not lose sight of the land, the gaunt white cliffs broken or smoothed by the ceaseless dashing of the surf, the green field that came a long way down to meet the blue sea, the picturesque villages and towns with Church steeples that took a wide view of the ocean by looking over the tops of houses and trees, and the undulating eminences with scattered specks of white formed by grazing flocks and herds of sheep and cattle. All these could be distinguished, for the sun shone bright, and his rays sported among the waves and made rainbow after rainbow among the spray raised up by the revolving paddles of the steamer. In the night the moon rose with a radiant face, for out there were no endless chimneys to weave for her a thick sooty veil, except the funnels of numerous steamers that continually ply in these seas, but the gossamer fabric they wove was in no time wafted away on the back of the breeze that blew for France. Next day afternoon we entered the Firth of Forth and passed several rocky islands close to North Berwick. One of these was pointed out as the place selected by a monk for his residence in those days when there were monks in Scotland. It is a little piece of rock, where it was not possible to grow anything for food. So I enquired on what the monk lived. An idle question no doubt, for there is no knowing what religious enthusiasts cannot do. In India they thrive on leaves, dress themselves with ashes, and sleep comfortably on sharp iron spikes. They are up to anything. Perhaps this holy man here brought a couple of goats with him. It was dark when we arrived at Leith, which is two miles from Edinburgh, and of which it is the port and now an integral part.

The people of Scotland may well be proud of Edinburgh. Beginning with an assemblage of rocky hills—

“Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town.” (Scott.)

sloping down gentler eminences and spreading over a wide and luxuriant plain until bordered by the blue fringe of the Firth of Forth, Edinburgh certainly is one of the most picturesque towns ever built by man on the face of the earth. Looking down from the Castle Hill or from the Salisbury Crags, or Carlton Hill or from the Nelson Monument, the eye grasps a glorious prospect of enchanting beauty never to be forgotten in life. A grand panorama is opened before him of swelling hills, deep ravines, slopes ornamented with trained vegetation, piles of ancient houses contrasted by graceful modern edifices, quaint narrow lanes with wide and magnificent thoroughfares of later times, verdant plains dotted with many a noble building, then on one side the wide expanse of the Firth of Forth with the grey hills of Fifeshire on the back ground, while on the other side rise the distant Highland mountains of Ben Lodi, Ben Lomond and others of less note. I visited most of the interesting places in Edinburgh. I walked up and down the Prince's Street, considered as the finest road-site in Europe, and took a ramble round the ornamental grounds adjoining, known as the Prince's Street Gardens. On my way to the Castle I saw the Gothic Cathedral of St. Giles, the centre of religious upheavals in Scotland, from which honest John Knox hurled his stirring sermons. Close at hand is the County Square where into the pavement, stones have been let in the form of a heart, and which is known as the "Heart of Midlothian." In the castle the visitor is shewn "Queen Mary's Room" where James VI was born, and from which the little infant was let down the precipice in a basket to be conveyed to Stirling. In another room called the "Crown Room" are kept the Scotch Regalia. A huge piece of old-fashioned ordnance, christened Mons Meg, cast in 1486, is kept in the Castle. From the Castle Hill I came to Holyrood, through High Street and Canongate, leaving behind me the house of John Knox and those of the proud Morays, Montroses, Argylls and other nobles

families connected with the most stirring episodes of Scottish history.

Holy-rood was founded in the early part of the twelfth century by King David I, who built it as an Abbey for the reception of canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. Apart from its antiquity and architectural and other attractions, it is the events connected with the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, Queen of the Scots, that have made Holyrood an object of thrilling interest. Here she came and lived after her return from France in 1561, here she was married to Lord Darnley, here Riccio, the Italian, was murdered as he clutched her gown for protection, here the nuptial festivals were held after her marriage with the infamous Bothwell, and here she was kept a prisoner by her own subjects before she was removed to the castle of Lochleven. The halls are shewn to the visitor where royal entertainments were held in the midst of which the unfortunate queen shone the brightest among the bright beauties of Scotland, enchanting all who beheld her by the loveliness of her person and the graces of her manner; also, alas! the apartments where Darnley made her young heart weep and where the brutal Ruthven stabbed the unfortunate Riccio, and where the guide asks you to look closely for traces of blood said to be still perceptible on the floor. My eye-sight was not however sufficiently strong to detect them.

One feels sick at the recollection of the various tragic scenes enacted in those bloody days. My countrymen accuse the Europeans of brutality and blood-thirstiness. There is no doubt that the sense of justice, mercy and charity is more developed in the Indian mind than in the European. But it must be remembered that as heat is inseparable from fire, brutality is inseparable from an aggressive and a conquering race. In fact, this defect of character, in a moral point of view, is the very cause that leads to conquest. We might have taken credit for this superiority of our mind

had it not been the result of a calamitous inferiority in another respect. Our sense of justice, mercy and charity is the result of our physical weakness, and not our physical weakness the result of these higher attributes of mind. In a perfect man all the senses both of body and mind are strong and fully developed, but always under perfect control. He need not be aggressive, but he needs be defensive. He should possess the power to protect himself and others, for all are not good in this world. A Great Teacher taught the world to present its left cheek to one who has just slapped the right. Our books have also taught us to consider forgiveness as the greatest of virtues. With all humility, with the most profound respect for the great teachers who taught the cultivation of the noblest acts of human life—Charity and Forgiveness—I would nevertheless most reluctantly and most sorrowfully tell my countrymen, specially the low castes from whose mind the high castes have crushed out all independence, all manliness, all self-respect, always to return blow for blow, be the return-blow ever so feeble and be the consequence ever so serious. For the doctrine of absolute forgiveness is unworkable in the world as it is, and it is a sin inasmuch as it encourages the wrong-doer in his evil course to the great harm of the human family as a whole. So what you call brutality in the European is merely a frenzied outburst of a virtue necessary for the good government of the world and necessary for the progress of humanity. The frenzied outburst whenever and wherever it happens is to be deplored, but not the virtue itself that lies at the root of it.

Among the apartments in Holyrood shewn to the visitor may be mentioned Lord Darnley's Rooms. These consist of his Audience Chamber, his Sitting Room, Bed Room and Dressing Room. All these apartments contain many old tapestries and numerous pictures. The apartments of Mary, Queen of the Scots, consist of an Audience Chamber,

her Bed-room and Supping Room. It was in the last place that Riccio was murdered. In the Bed Room there is a bed said to be the identical one which Mary used. Among other places, I visited in Edinburgh I must mention the monument erected in honour of Sir Walter Scott. It stands near the Waverly Bridge, and was designed by a local architect. The fine Gothic out-lines of the monument are considered unequalled both in design and execution.

From Edinburgh I went to Perth. At the railway station there, I met Dr. Watt and two residents of the place—Mr. Honey and Mr. Dunsmore. These gentlemen arranged that I should stay at Perth as a guest of Mr. Dunsmore! He took me home where good Mrs. Dunsmore gave me a very hearty welcome. John and Buchanan their little boys, and Caroline their little girl of about three years, they all were so very affectionate towards me that in less than an hour's time I felt quite at home. I also saw Mr. Dunsmore's mother, who gave me a reception equally kind and warm. She lives in a separate house, and the old lady was very glad to see me, for she never saw an Indian before. She is just like ourselves, for she would not allow me to come away until I had taken something at her house. The Scotch at home are free and easy, so that in a short while you can feel at one with them, and may pour out your simple heart without making them look *what-care-I-for-you*.

Next day the three gentlemen I have named above took me with them to Lochleven, some miles distant from Perth, to fish for trouts. On the way Mr. Dunsmore related various anecdotes. He pointed to a Highland peak and said that when he was a boy of eight or ten year's age, there lived perched upon the summit of the yonder hill a big stalwart man, with a huge turban on his head, a retired officer of the Panjab campaigns. He built his nest high up there, a commodious bungalow, and claimed the neighbouring hills and rills as his domain. One

day Mr. Dunsmore and a friend, a boy of the same age as he, went to fish for salmon in one of those very rills which the mighty lord from the Panjab claimed for his own. Little Robert Dunsmore was fully intent on the sport, when to his horror what would he hear but a thundering voice behind saying, "you rascally imps, I have caught you at length ; I will now hand you over to the police," and on turning back what would he see but the huge monster of the turban coming upon him down the hill with the impetuosity of a sweeping avalanche of the Alpine regions. He was frightened and panic-stricken, and did not know what to do. His friend who sat a little way off, saw what was passing and in a moment grasped the whole situation. He at once left his rod, and came up running, crying all the while, "What is it Bob, what is it Bob, what is the man doing to you?" When he drew near he threw off his coat, stuck up his sleeves and defiantly challenged the man-mountain to fight him on the spot. The old gentleman was highly amused, he burst out into a hearty laugh, and let both the Lilliputians off, duly praising them for their courage and pluck. We in this country do not do such naughty things, for we are good boys. Peary Churn Sircar in one of his books for little folks (Second Book of Reading?) has said—"A good boy never fights"—to which may I be permitted to add?"—"but sneaks away when a bad boy beats him."

Thus, happy as school-boys, we went our way along the wide even road over the Ochill Hills to Kinross on the bank of the lake. Here we took a boat and rowed up and down the lake in search of trouts. It was no easy matter to hold the rod, to throw the long line on the water, and dexterously and slowly so to drag it as to keep the bait of an artificial fly or a minnow just afloat to entice the trout to rise. I did not know how to do all this. I therefore sat quietly on the boat and watched the sport. Sometimes I looked at the sparkling ripples that played with a gentle breeze on the bosom of the deep blue

lake, and every one of which shewed a little sun within, like a mirror, all its own. Often the eye would take a sweep over the ripples to the sloping pebbled bank, and on to the green grass above, and thence to the high mountains, covered with verdure, that solemnly looked down upon the lake from almost all sides. Or when the boat would turn round it would sadly look upon the little island where lay the ruins of the castle in which Mary, Queen of the Scots, was kept in confinement. Was that the spot where the loyal abbot made his garden to favour Mary's escape from her confinement? it would seem to question the bank opposite the island. In the meantime we had got a number of trouts. After the fishing was over, we went to the island to see the ruins of the castle, and then came back to Kinross and thence to Perth.

Next day was Sunday. The Scotch people keep the sabbath more punctually than their neighbours of the South. Instead of leaving me at home all alone, Mr. Dunsmore took me to the Church, and on the way he shewed me a little old house which tradition says is the one in which the "Fair Maid of Perth" lived. After church we went to the Kinnoull Hills gathering black berries on the way. From a place called the "Wicks of Baiglie" we had a magnificent view of Perth and its beautiful surroundings. There is a popular saying that Perth lies between two inches. The meaning of it is that adjoining the river Tay on each side of Perth are two favourite resorts of the people called the North Inch and the South Inch. It was in the North Inch that the celebrated conflict described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fair Maid of Perth" took place. The "Wicks of Baiglie" commanded an unparalled prospect all round including the picturesque town, the North and South Inches, the neighbouring hills, and the winding shaded course of the Tay far away to where it gradually widens into a Firth.

From Perth I went to Pitlochry, a little station on the High-

land Railway, beautifully situated among the hills. From Pitlochry I walked to Blair Athole across the famous Killiecrankie Pass, and through a succession of wood, glen, ravines and rivers that diversified a mountain scenery perhaps unequalled in the world.

At Blair Athole three gentlemen kindly offered to take me with them on a pedestrian excursion across Glen Tilt to Braemar, which offer I thankfully accepted. For a few miles at the commencement and at the end of our journey a carriage road was available which we took advantage of. In the middle, were two chains of high mountains enclosing between them the narrow valley of the river Tilt, called a glen in that country. A foot path followed the course of the river. This part of the road, some 16 miles, we went on foot. The weather favoured us : while all the time I was in Scotland it was bright and sunny, this day alone was cloudy, but not rainy. So we merrily walked our way, cheered by the sweet perfume of the heather that covered the mountain sides like a thick Indian carpet of subdued colours, and refreshed by the murmuring sound of the Tilt which flew swift when the rocks on each side encroached upon her bed, ran calm and placid when the rocks receded, and grew angry and furious when unmannerly boulders disturbed her peaceful course. When tired we all sat upon a rock, and took the food we brought with us, and drank the cool clear water which Tilt supplied us in abundance. The country through which we passed was almost uninhabited. The noble race of men which the Highlands of Scotland formerly reared have sought its home elsewhere. The wild deer now nibbles at the heather, where formerly passionate strains of music from the bag-pipe of the piper cheered the clansmen in their festive board or recalled to the mind of the valiant youths the heroism of their ancestors. The broad bosom of the men are now of no use to the Chiefs to stand as a shield against the destructive blows of their relentless enemies ; the heart of the antler to

offer as a mark to wealthy sportsmen of the South pays more than the brawny hands of the peasant that digged and toiled for a scanty crop among the rocky land. So they have gone, and the world has practically lost a brave race of men which by a happy coincidence found one of the sweetest writers to make its romantic achievements resound through every clime.

It was late in the afternoon when the rumbling sound of the Linn of Dee reached our ears. The soft twilight was slowly creeping on the evening air when we stood on the bridge over the Dee. We looked down, and saw with wonder how the rocks on either side have squeezed the waters of the river into so narrow a compass that a child might easily leap across it. Chafed at the restraint put upon her, the Dee impatiently bounds from the rock, like the tigress when she has broken asunder the noose laid on her track by the watchful hunter. At length freed from her toilings amongst the rocks, the smart little river in a pretty pouty way leaps down on the stony shelf below and in revenge makes there a deep pool as dark as Erebus. Here Byron nearly lost his life. Moore in his life of the poet says—"As he (Byron) was, scrambling along a declivity that overhung the fall, a heather caught his lame foot and he fell. Already he was rolling downwards, when the attendant quickly caught hold of him, and was but just in time to save him from being killed." Here we found a carriage waiting for us, in which we drove to Bræmar, passing on the way Mar Lodge, a princely mansion belonging to the Earl of Fife. At Bræmar all of us could not get accommodation in the hotels, they were so full, and two of us had to seek for shelter in a Highland shieling. Next morning while I was sitting on the hillside outside the cottage, a little boy came jumping there and asked me who I was. I told him that I came from India. He said, "My father is in India too." "What is your father's name?" I asked. "Smeaton," he replied. "Is his name Mr. D. Smeaton, and is he now in Burmah?" I asked again. H

ran home and came back in a moment and said that his father's name was Mr. D. Smeaton and that he was in Burmah. So, little Arthur was an Indian after all, for while we were in Europe we looked upon all Anglo-Indians as our countrymen. He played around me as long as I sat there, and took an affectionate leave when we parted. At Bræmar the local chiefs, the Earl of Fife and Colonel Farquharson, hold every year a gathering of their tenants in the right old Highland style. They march under their chiefs, clad in full Highland costume, armed with claymore or Lochaber axe, with banners waving and bagpipes screaming. The Queen and the Prince of Wales often honour this "Gathering of the Clans" with their presence. But both the Gaelic language and the Highland kilt are fast disappearing.

I left my friends at Bræmar and pursued my journey alone to Ballater. But scarcely had the coach travelled a couple of miles, when a fellow passenger entered into conversation with me. He pointed out to me Balmoral, the Queen's Highland residence, Invercauld, the family seat of the Farquharsons, Abergeldie, the estate belonging to the Prince of Wales, and the snow-clad summit of Lochnagar made famous by Byron. Mr. Newland, my new friend, would not allow me to leave Ballater until he had taken me round the neighbouring hills. He was deputed by a Society, formed with the object of preventing the landlords from enclosing the foot-paths on which pedestrians love to ramble among the Highlands in summer, to collect evidence about the existence of such roads. This society has already compelled the landlords to reopen many such foot-paths closed by them. It will be seen from it that the proverb "what is every body's business, is nobody's business," has now no significance in that country. If a village common or a road is encroached upon, they all combine, subscribe large sums of money, and have the matter fought out, however powerful and wealthy the encroacher may be.

In our villages within the last few years, the landlords have swallowed up the lands set aside from time immemorial as "common pasture" (*Gochar*), and, as far as I am aware, not a voice has been raised against it either by the villagers, or by the public orators or by Government. And yet a fitter subject for agitation by a cow-loving people could hardly be imagined. "Your memorialists would humbly pray that the slaughter of cows be prohibited by law, that the English officers in charge of the Agricultural Departments be reprimanded for their meddlesome habit of endeavouring to increase the supply of cattle-food in the country, and that your memorialists be allowed to freely enjoy their newly-acquired right of killing the cows by slow starvation," that is the form of petition one can only suggest on seeing the weak emaciated condition of cattle in this country compared with their plump sleek state in Europe. I am sad and surprised to find that this fact, palpable to all eyes, is denied. Let us learn to boldly avow what is wrong in us, if we want to be respected even by our enemies. Mr. Newland and I drove across the Balmoral estate, and we also went to many farm houses in the neighbourhood, asking the old people there about the foot-paths. Wherever we went they offered us whiskey and tea, just as you offer sweetmeats, betel-leaves and smoke to respectable strangers in your house. In one place we met a number of tramps, both men and women. Tramps have no fixed abode or occupation, but go over the country begging or stealing. Tramp-life is equivalent to *Fakir*-life in India, minus the religious paraphernalia. Religion has become so tough and flinty in Europe that it is practically getting out of fashion. Accustomed as we are to the religious vagrancy in India, I could hardly realise the sweets of tramp-life in England, where food is not abundant, where the air is cold, where it constantly rains and snows in the winter, where they keep their doors constantly locked, where the heart of the

people has become tramp-proof by evolution, where bull dogs and man-traps guard the orchards at night, where no *chhatrams* exist in which one can lay down his head without paying, where most lands are enclosed, and where prosecution for trespass is more than common. For the same reason gypsies have practically disappeared from England. The few there are have taken to the trade of mending broken pots. We came across a little gypsy encampment near the Killiecrankie Pass. At Ballater I saw Sir William Muir. He expressed great anxiety at the growing misunderstanding between Englishmen and natives of India. I also greatly deplored the circumstance and said that "we would always feel it our duty to do all that we could to bridge the gulf that unhappily at present divides the two races. But all our efforts will be fruitless if some of the most influential English newspapers in India do not adopt a kinder tone towards the natives of the country. Papers conducted in party spirit is unsuitable for India, and what is more, they teach a dangerous lesson to periodicals published by the Indians in English or vernacular." That this misunderstanding is largely due to mutual ignorance, there can be no doubt. The same cause produced the same results during the Muhammadan time. Abdul Fazl in his preface to *Razm Namah* states that "the Emperor Akbar convinced that the fanatic hatred prevailing between Hindus and Muhammadans mainly arose from mutual ignorance, sought to render the books of the former accessible to the latter. He therefore selected the Mahābhārata to be translated by competent authorities of both races." I think the rulers and the ruled of the time knew much more of each other three hundred years ago than they do now.

From Ballater I went by rail to Aberdeen. It will be impossible to describe all the places to which I went. I may mention here that Aberdeen is a seaport town with a population of about 110,000. It is also the seat of a university. It

possesses a handsome Art Gallery, an Industrial Museum, a Mechanic's Institute and an Art School founded by a gift of £6000 made by a private individual. Two Daily, with their evening editions, and two Weekly Newspapers are published in the town, which will show what progress education has made in Great Britain. Nothing is more absolutely necessary for the regeneration of India than education, universal education, compulsory education and if possible free education. The National Congress and all the public associations in the country, Hindus and Musalmans, Englishmen and Indians, all should combine to bring about universal education in India. Where is the money to come from? We already levy a tax on marriages for the benefit of the village schools; let it be legalised. Then tax gold and silver imported into this country; nobody would feel the worse for it. Tax anything you like, but give us education; for it is better to die of starvation than to live like beasts. At Aberdeen I went to the seaside on the further end of the town where large boats laden with fresh-caught herrings are brought in. They also catch fish in the open sea by steamers. Herrings are very much like our *Hilsa* fish, equally bony and oily, but not so sweet. The best fish in England is the Salmon (*Salmo salar*, Lin; Salmonidæ,) which is found in abundance in all the Arctic seas, and which enters the rivers in spring to spawn. In going up the rivers the salmon often takes tremendous leaps to surmount rapids and cascades. Another fish they like in that country is the sole, a flat salt-water fish with both the eyes on one side, which goes to sleep after nicely covering itself with sand. Other kinds of fish I saw on the table there are sturgeon, pike, roach, haddock, cod, tench, turbot, plaice, eel, mackerel, lamprey, loach, whitebait, &c. Whitebait is a small fish which they eat fried. Of shell-fish, they are extremely fond of turtle-soup, real or mock. They have great preference for the green turtle (*Chelonia Midas*) brought from the West India Islands. But to them the greatest delicacy are

of course the oysters, of which they chiefly use only one species the *Ostrea edulis*. Outside many London shops you will see signboards with "Natives" upon them. They do not mean to say that any of us are kept for sale there, but that the people can get there the most delicate of all oysters which grow off the English coast, named "natives" in contradistinction to those brought from France and other places. They have got huge lobsters, cray fish and crabs in that country. They boil the lobster, mince it into small pieces, and eat it with green salad, the whole forming what they call the "lobster salad." Mussels, cockles, whelks, limpets and scallops are commonly eaten by the poorer people.

From Aberdeen I came back to Perth by way of Dundee and immediately started for Aberfeldy in the Highlands. Thence I went to Killin Pier across the Loch Tay by a fine little steamer. The country around here is simply indescribably beautiful. The music that played on board the steamer while we were on the bosom of the pretty lake with its deep blue waters, the slopy bank carpetted with grass before which the brightest emerald would fade in shame, higher up a thickly wooded forest through which only the most audacious sunshine could with difficulty pierce its way down to the ground strewn with yellow autumnal leaves shed by deciduous undergrowths, and above all the many-headed mountains guarding like giants the charms of the lovely little loch, all contributed to make the scene fairy-like, dreamy and enchanting in the highest degree. I have not seen Kashmir, and cannot therefore say if that place can be compared with Scotland. But I have seen many other places in India, both hills and plains, and I can confidently say that Scotland is the most beautiful country I ever saw. The Himalayas are too wild and too grand; they raise a feeling of awe in the mind, but do not soothe and charm. Nilgiris, had they fine lakes, might have stood a chance of being compared with the mountain scenery

of Scotland. Scotland is an epitome of all the charms of the world. It has the sea on almost all sides, it has huge precipitous mountains, undulating hills, flat plains, forests, lakes, rivers, everything that the eye of the artist loves to dwell upon.

A little island sits among the waters of Loch Tay, that fondly nestles in her bosom the delapidated skeleton of an old castle. She reproachfully looks upon the waters around, which fell asleep at their post on a wintry morning long ago, when the Macgregors, protected from her arrows by the fascines they pushed before them across the frozen lake, attacked and overpowered the protectors of her beloved castle. What vicissitudes the lands around have passed through, or for the matter of that, most inhabited lands on the face of the earth! Only, they wanted the magician's wand to cast upon them a halo of romance. Benmore yonder, with its head raised 3,843 feet above the level of the sea, witnessed the sanguinary struggle which deprived the clan M'Nab of their lands in Glen-Dochart I just left behind, leaving to them only the little weed-covered graveyard in Killin, by the side of which I pensively sat for a long while. Where the locomotive engine of the Killin railway shrieked and snorted before its departure for Oban, war-horse neighed and swords clanged in bygone days. The little village of Dalree, to which we shortly came, remembers the bloody morning in 1306, when Bruce desperately fought with the followers of Macdougall of Lorn, ending in one of the many narrow escapes of his eventful life. Did not Tyndrum, our next halting place, send her quota of armed band to murder neighbour Glencoe in her sleep? Next came we to Dalmally, in the heart of the Breadalbane Campbell territory, with Ben Cruachan and other Bens of note and Glen-Orchy, Glen Strae and other valleys of beautiful appearance by her side, all of whom oft heard afar the plaintive wail of the hunted race of Macgregors—

" Glen-Orchy's proud mountains, Kilchurn and her towers,
 Glen-Strae and Glen Lyon no longer are ours ;
 We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !
 Landless, landless, landless ?

Thus through hills and glens made ever-memorable by stories of love and war, of noble heroism and rapine of the most heartless description, I wended my way to Oban, a seaport on the west coast of Scotland. From Dalmally I came to Kilchurn. The railway now runs alongside Loch Awe for a certain distance. Just as we left Loch Awe behind, we got the first glimpse of Loch Etive, and in a short time arrived at Ach-na-cloich. A little steamer plies between Ach-na-cloich and Lochetivehead, at which place travellers take the coach for Glencoe and Ballachulish. We then came to Connel Ferry Station, and thence to Loch-Nell, the view across which towards Fort William and Ben Nevis is grand and magnificent. My next halting place was Oban, and from Oban I came to Glasgow by steamer through the canal and by way of Loch Fyne.

Glasgow, which in the last century was only a little fishing town hardly containing a population of more than 12,000 souls, is now one of the largest ports in the world, while the number of its inhabitants at the present time cannot be counted at less than half a million. It is entirely a product of the indomitable spirit, the remarkable energy and the thorough business application of the people of Scotland. They have at an enormous expense converted a small river, the Clyde, into a wide navigable channel with a noble harbour of docks and quays, which afford accommodation to thousands of shipping. These ships go to all parts of the world, specially to India and America, and carry on an enormous trade in tobacco, cotton, sugar and other products. The shoe-less urchins of the Glasgow streets are not therefore unfamiliar with the dark faces of sunburnt sailors who come to their port from the southern climes,

or with the cigarettes which they surreptitiously bring with them from dutiless countries, or with the cocoanut which evidently they carry in their pockets to cultivate a friendly feeling with the young hopefuls of sea-faring Scotland. For did not my dark face attract a crowd of these clamouring boys, who followed me with loud cries of "Johny, give us a cigarette; Johny give us a cocoanut?" The river at Glàsgow is spanned by numerous well-built bridges, and the town is intersected with very fine streets with numerous handsome buildings rising many storeys high on each side. Argyll street, the main artery of the town, is constantly full of a busy crowd, with trams and coaches running towards all directions. From one point of it bifurcates the High Street, that leads you up to the historical "Bell O' Brae," where the Scottish hero, William Wallace, defeated the English forces. Buchanan Street with its handsome environments is the favourite resort of the rich and the fashionable, where they promenade and do the shopping. It has the George Square in the neighbourhood, surrounded by numerous public buildings, and containing statues of many eminent men, among which may be noticed a colossal figure of Sir Walter Scott, supported by a lofty Doric column. Nor is Glasgow deficient in parks and public gardens, where the British people seek health and recreation as a change from the hard toil of everyday life. The High Green and the Low Green, the King's Park and the Queen's Park, the Kelvin Grove and the Botanic Gardens, all exquisitely laid out, not only delight the eyes, but instruct the mind in the nature of our green friends around, and create in the heart of the rough and the rustic a chastening taste for all that is charming to behold. Glasgow is not only a prominent centre of British enterprise, but it is noted also as an important seat of British intellectuality. Within that magnificent pile of Gothic structure, known as the New University, built at a cost of over half a crore of rupees, many a countryman of mine have already received

their well-earned degrees, and in the International Exhibition that will be opened near it in a few days, Indian hand-crafts will no doubt form one of, if not the most interesting section. Within the University buildings are also the Library and the Museum containing the celebrated Hunterian collection. Probably the only old building in Glasgow is the cruciform cathedral with its noble tower, its lofty spire and the usual complement of stained glass windows. The cathedral was founded in the twelfth and the University in the fifteenth century. Near Glasgow are two very important places, Paisley and Greenock. Kashmir shawls were formerly imitated at Paisley, which, as may be expected, resulted in the destruction of the trade both in the original and the imitation. From the vast ship-building yards of Greenock have been launched some of the finest ocean steamers, while its spacious harbour affords a safe refuge to numberless vessels of the mercantile marine. From Greenock excursionists go down the Clyde to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the lochs and the rocky islands on the west coast of Scotland. The "Lord of the Isles" and other fine pleasure steamers carry the excursionists to Loch Lomond and Loch Llynne, and to Rothesay in the Isle of Bute to Ardrishaig, Inverary and other places of beautiful scenery. While I was at Glasgow "The Great Eastern," the largest steamer in the world, was lying off Greenock, and I went to see it. This steamer has been found useless either to carry passengers or goods and it has become a white elephant in the hands of the proprietors. It is going to be broken up. The space at my command would not allow me to give a detailed description of the various places to which I went, but I cannot resist the temptation of describing an excursion to

"Where the rude Trosachs' dread detile

Opens on Katrine's lake and isle" (Scott.)

MR. JOHN MUIR of Deanston House, Doune, kindly took me to the Trosachs. From Doune we travelled by rail up to

where the bold crags of Callander, supported by a mighty army of mountain peaks, jealously guard the haunted regions, where Roderic Dhu performed his valorous deeds and where the heart of the heroic Ellen throbbed with sweet pangs of love. But it would be sheer presumption on my part to attempt a scenic description of those mountains, valleys and lakes consecrated to all time by the honeyed strains of the mighty minstrel of Scotland. In all humility therefore I must refrain. At Callander we took the coach and travelled on towards the Trosachs. The road lay for a certain distance along the margin of Loch Vennachar, the shores of which are more or less clothed with a thick wood and cut by streams which pour their waters into the lake. We passed the Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the fight between Roderic Dhu and the Knight of Snowdon, and next we came to the "Wood of wailing" where according to tradition a water-kelpie or lake demon ate up a number of children. The story goes that one day the children were playing on the bank of the lake, when a beautiful horse issued forth from the water. He looked so handsome and so gentle that one of the boys ventured to get upon his back. His example was followed by another, and then another and yet another, the horse, in the meantime lengthening his back to make room for all. When all had mounted he suddenly plunged himself into the lake, where in a dark little subaqueous cave he devoured all the boys except one, who by a singular good fortune escaped to tell the tale. This kelpie is of the same genus as the "matted old woman" of the Bengal tanks, the "stone-ghost" of the Birbhum rivers and the "Pándubá" of the Gandak. Like the crocodiles of the Nile he possesses an extraordinary amount of patience, for he has often to wait and watch a long while for his prey. There is but one other instance on record of his having obtained a hearty meal. That was when he got hold of a funeral party who, according to Sir Walter Scott.

were passing along the shore of the haunted lake. Next we came near Loch Achray and then to the Brig of Turk, which is a bridge thrown across a little stream where, like the incident related in many of our nursery tales of the hunting king having outstripped all his followers in the heat of the chase, the Knight of Snowdon suddenly found himself alone —

“ Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar ;
And when the Brig of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.”

Leaving Loch Achray behind we shortly after entered the Pass of the Trosachs, formed by two steep mountains, the Ben Nan on the right and Ben Venue on the left. The rugged sides of the hills are densely covered with rowan, birch, hawthorn, oak and other trees, and the whole appearance of the Pass is something like the gorges one often meets with in the Himalayas. On the other end of the Trosachs is Lake Katrine. Formerly Loch Katrine could not be reached from the Trosachs except by a very difficult and dangerous path, called the “Ladders.” This path consisted merely of rude steps, cut on the side of the steep hills over which hung ropes suspended from the boughs of trees which the adventurous traveller held for support as he descended the dangerous precipice. A broad and easy road has now been made along which the coach travelled up to the very brink of the lake. A little steamer with the appropriate name of “Rob Roy” takes the excursionists across the lake. We passed the Ellen Isle where Ellen Douglas conveyed the Knight of Snowdon. Shortly after a boat met the steamer which took us to the Queen’s Cottage near the mouth of the tunnel by which the water of the Lake Katrine is taken to Glasgow, a distance of forty-eight miles. One of the magistrates of Glasgow received us as his guests in the Queen’s Cottage. He then took us in a boat to the other extremity of the lake, which

is very bleak and desolate, the mountains being full of broken rocks and boulders. The country formerly belonged to the Macgregors, and it was the scene of many of the daring exploits of Rob Roy. We also went to see the burial place of the Macgregor clan. It is nothing but a small enclosure on the side of the lake where a large number of stones lay scattered. We heard that to this place the body of Colonel Magregor, of the Indian frontier force who lately died in Egypt, was being brought. The present Macgregors ought to look after the burial place of their ancestors. For a full description of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, I must refer my readers to the "Lady of the Lake."

IN October 1886 I went to Oxford, where I worked for a month under Sir Monier Williams in the Indian Institute he has formed in connection with the University. It is needless to say that Sir Monier Williams has great sympathy for the Indian people, as all oriental scholars have. He has not contributed a little to teach the higher classes of English gentlemen the lesson that, in dealing with the Indian people, they have to deal with a race of men who, from very ancient times, have shewed a depth of mind and profundity of wisdom not surpassed by even modern Europeans. This lesson is all the more important because the close connection of the British with the American, African and Australian races has engendered in the English mind ideas about the non-European peoples of the world not at all complimentary or beneficial to the Indians. The more the Europeans are progressing in knowledge and civilisation, the more is the gulf widening between them and the comparatively slow-moving people of India. Knowledge and power are as much distancing man from the brute creation, as they are distancing civilised man from savage man. There is difference; but the difference is in degree. This sense of power is producing a sense of security in the European bosom. So in their scrambles for the

property of non-European races they throw overboard all sense of justice and morality, and in absolute reliance on the annihilating power of their breech-loaders and machine guns, they are as ready to dart upon the land of the Negus in Africa as on the land of the Annamites in Eastern Asia. This, often in forgetfulness of the fact that the age which sentimentalists fondly look back upon as the golden age, but which we call as the stone age or bronze age of cruel treacheries and brutal massacres, has long since past, let us hope for ever, from this world. This again, in forgetfulness of the fact that among these non-European races are men who have souls in which the light of divinity shines brighter than in that of the European, and who, black and half-naked as they are, can in all sincerity raise their weak hands in horror against all acts contrary to the dictates of mercy, charity, justice and forgiveness, that more differentiate man from the brute creation than all the railways, telegraphs and gattling guns. Alas, Alas ! Why are the sheep that quietly graze on the green meadows of England so innocent and meek ? Day and night they teach a dangerous lesson that innocence is made for butchery. They also suggest the policy of reducing nations to the state of sheepish innocence. At any rate it is not good for India, nor it is good for England, nor it is good for the world, that young English lads should come out among a sensitive people, inordinately vain of their past achievements, with the notion that the dark complexion and the semi-aude condition of the Indians entitle them to be classified with the Kaffirs of the Cape or the Papuans of Australasia. By the bye might not many Englishmen here envy the privilege of a native to go half-naked at this season of the year ? Sir Monier Williams is doing much to instil into the youthful mind of the British students the true circumstances relating to India and her people, and for his doing so he must be looked upon as a great benefactor by both the races. We are now in the midst

of a collision between the dominating influence of power and the levelling influence of western education that has brought out from the inmost Indian man his sense of sacred manhood. He who breaks the force of this collision and throws oil into our swelling surging waters deserves the gratitude of both England and India. Nor is Lady Monier Williams behindhand in the noble work of her husband. She takes an active interest in the movement and often works hard for its success. Her kindness for the Indians often takes a practical form. The first time I went to Sir Monier Williams, he said "you are my *Abhyāgata*" i.e., guest in the oriental sense of the word. No doubt, in Europe, a guest is a honoured being in the house of his host, but in the East he is a sacred being as long as he is under the roof of the latter. Sir Monier Williams is a Sanskrit scholar and he knew our feelings on the subject, so he and his lady treated me accordingly all the time I was in Oxford.

I visited the various colleges at Oxford which year by year let loose the mighty intellectual forces that have placed England in the vanguard of modern civilisation. I saw the Christ Church, with its Diocesan Cathedral and the shrine of St. Frideswood, where Pitt and Gladstone knelt and prayed in their boyhood. I saw the Oriel, the Balliol, the Queen's and the glorious pile of the Magdalen College with its tower, its picturesque cloisters and its shady walks, trodden in bygone days by Wolsey, Addison and John Hampden. I saw also numerous other colleges with their kitchens where food is cooked in a scientific way for the large number of students. I went to the Examination Hall, beautifully inlaid with marble of various colours brought from the countries and islands in South Europe. Nor did I neglect the Bodleian and Radcliffe Libraries, with their incalculable stores of books, nor the University Museum and Observatory with their valuable collections. The objects to be seen in this ancient city are too numerous to relate here.

At Oxford I saw Broughton—Broughton Sheridan Hunter, the eldest son of Sir William Hunter. Broughton and I were very good friends when he was a child of six or seven years' age. Since I set my foot in England I have been asking every body about him. Some one informed me that he was in Germany and I was thinking of going there to see him. All of a sudden I heard from Lady Monier Williams that he was at Oxford. So one evening I went to see him, and in order to take him by surprise I did not send up my name. And it *was* a surprise for him to see an oriental with his dark face, turban and loose dress, suddenly enter his room instead of some European friend belonging to the university. He stammered something about my having made a mistake, and he was more confused when I positively assured him that I made no such thing. Meanwhile, pretty little Mrs. Broughton, who sat by and watched the whole scene, enjoyed the fun in the naughtiest and most mischievous way imaginable. Had not that mischievous twinkle in her eye been one of the sweetest things which one can lay his sight upon, I would have at once taken pity on Broughton and explained the whole matter there and then. The end however soon came, and Broughton was so glad, and Mrs. Broughton Hunter was so glad and everyone was so glad to see me. Since that day we passed many happy evenings together during the time I stayed at Oxford.

The hotel at Oxford where I put up is entirely managed by a young girl. It is a large old first-class establishment with ancient associations. Not only at Oxford but in all places to where I went, I found women doing the most responsible work in hotels, shops, public houses, post-offices, manufactories, everywhere. My countrymen will hardly credit the amount of work they have to do. At Glasgow I saw a girl-clerk in one of the large hotels who had to work from nine in the morning till one o'clock the next morning. In the various restaurants of London, the girls work from 7-30 in the morning till 12 in

the night. And such hard work too they have to perform ! Accustomed as we are to see women relieved of as much heavy work as possible, and perhaps our sympathies being more easily awakened by the prettiness, neat tidy habits, and sweet trades-man-like manners of girls found in such establishments, we could not but feel a sort of resentment for making the women work so hard. Of course necessity has no law, but we could hardly believe in the selfish necessity of remaining bachelors for men who have means to support a family. In this the women have something to blame for. Men love a little liberty, but the women of that country would not allow it. Are the women in this country more dependent on the whims of their husbands than the men in that country on the caprices of their wives ? I will not hazard an answer. The high standard of living, the difficulty of supporting a family, the large number of men who lead a bachelors's life, and the excess of female over male population are the causes why so many women go unmarried. If the standard of civilisation were higher in this country and if colour and race prejudice in the European in India were less bitter, I would have recommended European wives to men who sell their ancestral lands to raise money to pay for a wife. When Bráhmans have taken to selling boots, spirits, tinned beef and ham, Indian caste-rules are not worth a moment's consideration. Anyhow intermarriage between the two races is out of question now. For who can seriously think of mating civilised Europeans with veritable savages who, like the barbarous Mishmis of the Eastern Himalayas, haggle, and haggle and haggle for the price to be paid for their little boys and girls ? I would as soon ask a European barber at Calcutta to hug in friendship his swarthy brother who goes about the streets with the little bundle containing his apparatus under his arm. The Rájput who killed his new-born daughter had firmness and principle in him. But he has none who pays or takes the price of a child. Cal

it dowry, or explain it any way you like, both you and I know what it means. One thing I very carefully observed in England is the honesty of these shop-girls. All day long pennies are pouring into their hands, but pilfering is practically unknown. Not only girls, but boys and shop assistants are generally very honest. Put them in charge of independent establishments or send them as agents to distant countries, among the hills of Assam or to the diamond-fields of South Africa, they will always do their work with the greatest honesty. This is why British trade flourishes and this was how the East India Company acquired the empire of India.

I must correct myself. I am wiser since I wrote that the age of cruel treacheries, brutal massacres, and wholesale extermination or helotisation of nations has passed away from this world. Not so, if newspaper reports are true about what is going on in the far west, in Brazil. There, it is said, the Christians, the civilised Europeans, are exterminating the poor Indians with strychnine and mercury in order to take possession of their lands. Our friends, the Christian Spaniards, poison their drinking wells, their granaries, and their preserved meat, and when they go back to see the result of their operations they behold with satisfaction men, women and children by hundreds and thousands stiff and cold after their violent convulsions. Good God! how the whole European world is silent about this horrible affair! Has the fountain-head of their tears run dry after crying so much over Muhammadan misdeeds in Bulgaria? Or is it that both religion and science authorise the extermination of those Indian vermins in Brazil? I am angry with England, very angry indeed. A cry of horror should have been raised from one end of Britain to the other. I took Britain to be a valiant Knight going about the world redressing wrongs, and preventing such wanton acts. Our grandfathers believed in Britain's Knightly mission in the world, our fathers believed, and we still believe in it notwith-

standing that his bright name is occasionally sullied by a few dregs of the British society. What else one can think seeing the noble deeds of Gordon and England's action on the slave question? Who else would have dared give us high education and a free press? Receiving these we now whisper a little advice to the ear of our master—Trust us, unite us, and make us a great nation, and, we will fight the whole world for you. By the way, is England's present silence accountable to the fact of Haidarabad having taken possession of all her good men? For I found the columns of the *Deccan Times* lately inundated with the milk of human kindness. Two benevolent gentlemen witnessed in Haidarabad a barbarous sacrifice of goats and buffaloes offered by some low castes to the Goddess of Smallpox, and so in great indignation they at once wrote—"And these (the low castes) are the brethren of the men whom a slight veneer of English education presumptuously leads to National Congresses and demands for Native Parliaments." They are very merciful, knowing and wise, and the two hundred and fifty millions of the Indian people, including Brahmans and Rajputs, Sikhs and Jainas, Shaikhs and Sayyids, are all cannibals. *There is* humour in the two gentlemen.

In November 1886, my friend Mr. Thomas Wardle invited me to his house at Leek in Staffordshire. The members of the Nicholson Institute at that place requested me to deliver a lecture about India. I did not know how to deliver a lecture, but I said something about the interests of England and India being identical. I suggested that the English people should pay some attention to teaching us how to earn more money than we do now. For shall we not return a portion of this money to England to buy her manufactures? England can take from India many raw materials which she now takes from foreign countries. Why does she take £420,000 worth of opium from Turkey? What are the vegetable dyeing extracts of which she annually receives £348,000 worth from

foreign countries? The fact is there is no one to look after the commercial interests of India either in Great Britain or in foreign countries, while even little Belgium has her consuls all over the world. I asked Englishmen to aid us in teaching our countrymen to look a little way beyond their village precincts and their mango *tapes*, and to carry their mind a little higher than petty squabbles about castes and almanacks. Then, England can teach us how to convert into gold the numerous raw materials which now rot in the jungles, but which modern science has now brought within the reach of utilisation. Again, England can teach us to manufacture many little things which she now gets from foreign countries. Can we not make for her the lace which she now annually buys from Holland, Belgium, and France, to the value of more than one million sterling pounds? As I stepped down the platform two pretty little girls came up to me and spoke Hindustani. The words flowed so sweetly from their lips that I was delighted to hear the language after such a long time and in such an out-of-the-way place. They were the daughters of Mr. Longley, Secretary to the Great Eastern Hotel at Calcutta.

IV.

I spent the last days of my stay in England in seeing the various sights of London and the neighbourhood. Twice I went to Parliament and heard the debates then going on on the everlasting Irish question. The solemn feeling which the name of Parliament inspires in one at a distance was not heightened in my mind as I sat listening in the Visitor's Gallery. I could hardly realise in my mind the fact that the words that fell ~~there~~ decided the destiny of nations. It looked so like a debating club of old boys ! Nor are the Houses of Parliament as a building very impressive. They looked like a vast shed, built in a Gothic style, with numerous courts, apartments and dark corridors. The edifice is new having been constructed between the years 1840-57, upon the site of the old Palace of Westminster and of St. Stephen's Chapel. The most notable feature outside is the *Clock Tower*, 320 feet high, with a large clock which is considered one of the best in the world, having never varied in its life more than four seconds in a day. It is wound up twice a week, and it takes five hours to wind up the striking part. A large bell strikes the hours, which is known by the name of "*Big Ben*." "*Great Tom of Westminster*" formerly did that duty ; it was removed in 1699 to the Cathedral of St. Paul by permission of William III. *Great Tom* once made a funny mistake in the reign of William and Mary. One midnight it struck thirteen instead of twelve. This irregularity on its part owed its detection mainly to the vigilance of a sentinel at the Royal Palace at Windsor several miles off. He fell asleep whilst on duty upon a terrace at Windsor Castle, and was tried and condemned by a court martial. He pleaded not guilty on the plea that *Great Tom of Westminster* struck thirteen at midnight. He was however most unaccountably disbelieved by his judges, but everything became clear as noonday when several other persons came

forward and swore that he spoke the truth. He was pardoned. The houses of Parliament are entered through the Palace Yard and Westminster Hall up a broad flight of steps into St. Stephen's Hall, where Statues of Hampden, Selden, Fox, Chatham, Clarendon, Grattan, Falkland, Walpole and Mansfield are arranged on either side. Thence the visitor goes to the Octagonal Hall, the right hand passage from which leads to the House of Lords and the left to the House of Commons. The House of Lords, 97 feet long, 45 feet high and 45 feet wide, is well decorated with gilding and colour, wrought metal, carved work, frescoes, and arms of the sovereigns and chancellors of England. On one end of the chamber is the Throne, with two seats on either side on a less elevated dais, one for the Prince of Wales and the other for any distinguished personage next in honour. Before the Throne is the *Woolsack*, on which sits the Lord Chancellor. The Peers sit on seats ranged on either side of the chamber or on cross benches. There is practically nothing to speak of about the House of Commons. It is a large Hall, 70 feet long, 45 feet high and 45 feet wide, surrounded by galleries on all sides below and above. The speaker's chair is on the further end in the same place occupied by the Throne in the House of Lords. Members sit in the galleries below, while over them are the galleries for visitors, reporters and the public. Since the dynamite explosion of 1885, strangers are not allowed to see the Houses, unless introduced into the Lords by a written order from a Peer and into the Commons by that from a Member.

Near the Parliament Houses is the celebrated Westminster Abbey where the sovereigns of England are crowned and where rest the ashes of the greatest men in the annals of England. It stands upon the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo. Its conversion to a Christian Church is attributed by some to king Lucius (A.D. 184) and by others to king Sebert

(A.D. 610 or 616). Commanded by St. Peter in a dream, Edward the Confessor rebuilt the sacred edifice in the shape of a cross and plentifully endowed it with precious relics. He gave to it "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of the Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge, with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head; and of the mountains of Golgotha and Calvary; great part of the Holy Cross inclosed in a certain one particularly beautified, and distinguished with many other pieces of the same, and great part of one of the nails belonging to it; and likewise the cross that floated against wind and wave over sea from Normandy, hither with that King. Many pieces of the vestments of the Virgin Mary; of the linnen which she wore; of the window in which the angel stood when he saluted her; of her milk; of her hair; of her shoes, and of her bed; also of the girdle which she worked with her own hands, always wore, and dropped to St. Thomas the apostle, at her assumption; of the hairs of St. Peter's beard, and part of his cross." Edward the Confessor was buried here, but the present building is not the one built by him. It was constructed during the reign of Edward I and II, and considerable additions were made to it from time to time by subsequent sovereigns and abbots. For instance, the Jerusalem Chamber was built by Abbot Litlington in the reign of Edward III. In it died Henry IV. whose last moments have been so touchingly described by Shakespeare.—

KING HENRY.—Doth any name particular belong

Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WARWICK.—'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

KING HENRY.—Laud be to God! Even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
 I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
 Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land :—
 But bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
 In that *Jerusalem* shall Harry die.

Westminster Abbey passed through many vicissitudes during its life of twelve hundred years. In its early days kings, nobles and pious votaries vied with each other to endow it with lands and perquisites, and to embellish the sacred edifice with capitals, mouldings, statues and all sorts of sculptured decorations the beauty of which was enhanced by a skilful inlay of precious stones, by embossed gold and by fretwork of silver. Master-painters executed the frescoes, experts painted on the glass windows scenes of biblical life, and the walls were covered with rich tapestries, wrought by soft snowy hands that were plighted long ago to bold warriors who fought and died far away in Palestine. Solemn monks performed the various rites, incense burnt in the censers filling the whole place with a sweet perfume, and all knelt there and prayed, all believed, all reverentially spoke in hushed voices, *all* were ready to lay down their lives for the sake of the Father, Mother, the Son and the Saints, and all were as ready to take *your* life if you differed from them in the most trifling article of faith. Ah, those days ! when devils were as plentiful and fond of mixing with human affairs, as the means possessed by man to thwart their evil machinations and to ruthlessly cast them out of human society. For did not the very sight of the Confessor's coffin, when carried in 1269 to Westminster Abbey on the shoulders of Henry the Third and his brother Richard, King of the Romans, at once dispossess an Irishman and an Englishman of the devils that were in them ? What a great fascination past days have on the human mind, and how we clothe the world of that time with a soft dim light quietly sleeping on the everlasting spring among fragrant flowers of variegated hues, sloping hills, green

forests with overhanging boughs laden with fruit, musical rills and whispering zephyrs, where human life, bereft of all its struggles and turmoils that *we* know of, sweetly glided on to eternity in company with dancing fairies and sporting sylvan spirits! We are all poets and all prophets by nature, only a fanatical poet makes a successful prophet. However reverentially we may recall to our mind the days that are gone, it is necessary that a disenchantment should take place, and that in wishing to be a child again we should not forget that there were big boys to beat us, and mysterious apprehensions to torture us, and that there existed such things as marbles and sweets, the want of which to give us a world of unhappiness. But yet, what would we not give if knowledge and reason would but confirm the various creations of imagination, past and present, and satisfy the deep yearnings of our heart for gods and goddesses, geniis and fairies, Rosicrucians and Maḥátmás, and all sorts of subtle beings with powers more than our own? Or, at least, let the whole working of the Universe be made clear to man and brought within the reach of his comprehension. Revelation after revelation have been vouchsafed to the world, but yet in the deadly war they have waged against each other from time immemorial the answers to the questions—Whence? Whither? and Why?—are as far from solution as ever.

In a later age Westminster Abbey saw things totally dissimilar to those described above. Abuses in the Christian Church were indeed ripening the Reformation, when holy men like Peachum and Lockit quarrelled with each other and carved on the very walls of the sacred place gross caricatures, like those representing a monk being carried off by the Evil One, a woman wringing her hands in despair and an assistant sprite laughing for joy. Then came Henry the Eighth, with his spendthrift courtiers and hungry sycophants, to plunder all the ecclesiastical valuables, to wrench off the head of massive silver from the monument of Henry V, and to send to the

melting pot the metal chasings of the shrine and the lead of the roof. But it received its crowning humiliation from the hands of Cromwell's Ironsides, who turned it into a barrack, mutilated the statues, stripped it of its ornaments, pawned the organ pipes and enjoyed the proceeds in a carousal over the ashes of Edward the Confessor. Westminster Abbey is such a confused heap of monuments and chapels that it is impossible to put an account of it in an intelligible form within the short space I have at my command. It contains not only the tombs and monuments of kings, queens and great men, but also of many obscure personages. This made Goldsmith to put into the mouth of his Chinese Philosopher the question—"That I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow citizens from anarchy into just subjection." But his surprise knew no bounds when he was informed that no such great deeds were necessary to get a final resting place within the precincts of the Abbey. The section where the bones of great men are interred or their memorials kept is called the "Poets Corner." Here could be seen the graves, medallions, busts, tablets or monuments consecrated to the memories of men well known even in India, such as Ben Johnson, Samuel Butler, John Milton, Thomas Gray, Matthew Prior, &c., &c. In the chapel dedicated to Edward the Confessor are kept the two *Coronation chairs*, still used by the sovereigns of Great Britain for that purpose. One of them contains the famous Stone of Scone, a piece of greyish red sandstone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned, and which Edward I. brought away to England. The Scots had very great reverence for this piece of stone and believed that wherever it was carried the supreme power would go with it. Addison has saved me and all future dabblers in ink the trouble of

making any serious reflections over the ashes that lie in Westminster Abbey. "When I see kings" wrote he in the *Spectator*, "lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival kings placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and disappointment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind." To which may be added the curt saying of a great poet of the East—*Bas námwar bazer dafn Kardah ánd; Kas hastesh ba-rue Zamin ek nishán namánd. O án pí láshá rá kih sêpardand zer khák; Khádkash chundán bakhurd kazo istkhudán namánd.* "Many famous men have been buried, but not a single sign of them remains upon earth. That old man's corpse which was put under earth, has been so eaten by the soil that not a single bone remains."

I went to see the Tower of London with which the history of England is so intimately connected. It was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, and to the original building subsequent sovereigns made many important additions. Royalty some times used the Tower as a place of refuge, as was done by Richard the Second during the insurrection of Wat Tyler. The different sections of the Tower are known as the White Tower, the Middle Tower, the Byward Tower, the Traitors Gate on St. Thomas's Tower, the Beauchamp Tower, the Devereux Tower, &c. It was in the White Tower that Richard II abdicated the throne in favour of his cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke. A very interesting collection of arms and armoury of different ages has been preserved in the Tower, which among other things include a chain armour used in the Battle of Hastings, and the arms and accoutrements of the time of Agincourt and the Wars of the Roses. In the Tower are also kept the Regalia or the Crown Jewels of England, with the famous *Kohinúr* among them. But the Tower of London is interesting to the general public for the large number of noble heads that were cut off here by order of the former

monarchs of England, and on account of the historical personages that were imprisoned here from time to time. It was here that Balliol, Bruce, Wallace, and John, King of France, were kept in confinement by Edward III. A place is shewn in the Tower as the "Site of the ancient Scaffold," where Queen Anne Boleyn and many others were beheaded. The Executioners were most busy in the time of Henry VIII. For an account of these executions I must refer my readers to the history of England. The last man that was beheaded in the Tower was Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1747, for his share in the rebellion on behalf of Prince Charles Edward.

I went up the Monument erected to commemorate the Great Fire in London in 1666. It is 202 feet high. The top is reached by a winding staircase inside, consisting of 345 steps. That awful fire destroyed 460 streets and 13,200 houses. I also went to see St. Paul's Cathedral, where one day they invited us to be present at a service. Of course I saw the Zoological Gardens. Among other places to which I went I may mention the Bank of England, the National Gallery, the Hampton Court, and the Exchange. I also visited some of the Hospitals, specially St. Bartholomew's, some of the cemeteries, notably that at Kensal Green where our renowned countryman, Dwarka Nath Tagore, is buried, some of the Clubs like the Athenæum and some of the co-operative stores, like the Army and Navy. Often I rambled among the fields, in the neighbourhood of London near Chiswick and other places the names of which I forget, and in the Parks at Battersea, Finsbury, Regent's, Greenwich, Richmond, &c. How delightful it is to have a rowing in the Thames at Richmond! A visitor in London should not forget to go to *Madame Tussaud's*, where a large collection of life-size wax figures of kings, notable persons, celebrated thieves and murderers are kept for show. These figures are instinct with life and expression, and in some the eyes are so contrived to move as to

make one mistake them for living beings. A section of the establishment is called the Chamber of Horrors, where figures of noted criminals and relics of historical as well as private atrocities are carefully preserved. Among these may be seen the image of Charles Peace, the notorious murderer and burglar, who apart from the ordinary disguises assumed by criminals of his class, possessed the wonderful power of so contorting his face in different ways as to appear on each occasion altogether a different man even to his most intimate acquaintances. He made a mistake by taking his birth in England. Such a wonderful power could easily raise him to the rank of godhood in this country. There are also in this Chamber of Horrors heads and likenesses of Marat, Robespierre and other notoriety of the French Revolution. The original knife and lunette, which decapitated 21,000 persons during the French Revolution amongst whom were Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, are shewn here. I went to see the Albert Hall and the Crystal Palace. Like the Thames Tunnel, the Crystal Palace has a traditionary hold in the minds of my countrymen, as one of the wonders of England. Its fame no doubt is largely due to its name. But there is no novelty now in a small tunnel under a narrow river when mountains and seabeds are pierced by railways, or in a glass roof when a portion of almost every office and hotel is imperceptibly separated from the sky above by this transparent material, and when by its aid tropical gardens are reared in the inclement weather of northern Europe. Nevertheless Crystal Palace is a vast edifice with a magnificent nave and two aisles and transepts. It is said that it cost a million and a half of sterling pounds. It is now used as a place of amusement where large number of people go, specially on Thursdays, when they have splendid fire-works to entertain the visitors.

We were invited by many of the Literary Societies in London. The vast establishment of the *Times* Office also threw its

doors open to us. Most of my countrymen have read an account of this wonderful establishment, and I need not therefore give a description of it here. Visitors in England should not fail to see the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum and the Botanical Garden at Kew. The British Museum is well-worthy of the great nation to which it belongs. It had its origin with a private man, named Sir Robert Cotton, who formed a large collection of manuscripts and state papers. His son further augmented the collection, and his grandson presented it to the nation in the year 1700. The building where this collection was kept was burnt by fire in 1731, which event led the Government of the time to consider the scheme to provide a suitable repository for such collections. An Act was passed in 1753, which gave the national sanction to the foundation of the British Museum. Perhaps nowhere in the world is the early history of man so vividly represented as in this institution. It would take a life-time to study the various objects that are so carefully preserved in this great repository of human knowledge. To an old and ancient race like ourselves the departments of antiquities must be the most interesting. So often and often did I linger among the Assyrian and Egyptian galleries, curiously looking at terracota tablets with inscriptions in the wedge or cuneiform characters, which served as deeds and documents 2500 years ago. Here was a petition to the king of Assyria from poor Nabu-balad-su-ikbi, denying the charge of treason brought against him; there a tablet recorded the sale of a slave, named Arbail-sarrat, about 648 B.C. Another tablet shewed the sale of a female slave, Hambusu, and her daughter, to Luku for one *mana* and eight *shekels* of silver. This transaction took place about the year 659 B.C. There is also a letter from Sennacherib, whilst still crown prince, to his father concerning the affairs of the kingdom. In that age, men cheated their brothers' widows as much as they do now, for we find among these tablets a detailed account of

a law suit brought by Bumanitu against her brother-in-law. These tablets record various other transactions in ordinary household affairs. Houses were let, gardens sold, agreements made about the dowries of Babylonian ladies, and similar transactions are all recorded there. The Egyptian collections are still more ancient, the earliest relics being at least 3800 years old. There is a very fine collection of hieroglyphic, demotic and the comparatively modern hieratic papyri. Among the last may be seen treatises on Medicine, Geometry, Arithmetic and other Sciences. The collection of mummies is a splendid one. One I noticed is that of Tochenemum, daughter of Petchonsu, door-keeper of the temple of Amen-Ra, who lived at least 1000 years before Christ. The antiquities of Greece and Rome are also well represented. The Asiatic collection is however not so good. It is said that if the racks in the library of the British Museum were spread out in one single line they would cover a space forty miles long. But what struck me most is the interest which people take in the objects displayed there. Acquirement of knowledge is a pleasure to them, and the most advanced among them feel the greatest satisfaction by practising the virtue of placing within the reach of the nation the means to acquire knowledge. The collections at the British Museum mostly consist of objects contributed by private individuals. Our virtues have a different tendency. Men and gods so act and react upon each other that it is time for our gods to make a modification in their tastes. In this age of self-help, they must get rid of their penurious and exacting habits. However we may sympathise with them for the ethereal nature of their constitution we cannot really expend money to provide them with bodies of gold or silver even of clay. Nor should they depend upon us for shelter, food, wearing apparel and ornaments for personal adornment. For the money they absorb is required for schools, museums, scientific institutions and other means of throwing light into the

mind of this benighted people. If they in mercy allow us their humble servants, to recast our national budget, we in gratitude would twist and turn the meanings of Sanskrit verses and give them such a scientific status as would make them secure for a long time to come against all arguments of missionaries, theists, agnostics and atheists.

The Museums in Europe, where ethnographical specimens from all parts of the world have been collected, bring to the mind of an Indian a feeling of humiliation and sorrow. There he finds himself ranked among barbarous tribes with their cannibalism, human sacrifice, tattooing and all sorts of cruel and curious customs that denote a savage life. The races of Europe who have long discarded these practices now look upon such acts with horror. It seems these Europeans are deaf to all sound argument, and would not listen to the profound esoteric explanations we tender for these practical outpourings of our religious fervour. We cannot do better than, armed with all our unintelligible sacred books, take our stand on the lofty platform which a handful of European savants have built for us, look down with scorn on the wilful obstinacy of the European people, and patriotically despise their railways, telegraphs, their sciences and all their teachings. For have we not all these things written thousands of years ago in the books here under our arm? And many things besides, which our wisdom will show to us as soon as they are rediscovered or re-invented in Europe or America? We have of late made an important addition to our already overflowing national glory by satisfactorily establishing our relationship with the priests of ancient Mexico, who artistically carved out with their sacrificial knives and reverentially laid before the altar the bleeding throbbing hearts of most beautiful youths, who but a day before were dallying with the sweetest maidens of the empire, but whose bodies now lay below, still quivering with life, to be shortly dressed, cooked and

eaten by the pious worshippers. Who say the British tolerate the free exercise of our religion? Will they tolerate the brave *Aghori* to feed on putrid human flesh?—an *Aghori* whose all acts are sanctified, for in the very depth of his devotion he has buried all sense of sweet and sour, joy and sorrow, good and bad. Or will they allow us to moisten the parched tongue of our goddess with the blood of a tender youth free from all blemishes? Or, will they allow us to burn our widowed sisters to give a happy release to their souls longing for an immediate flight to heaven? Have they not trampled with a strong foot on the religious observances of our friends, the *Thags*, the anointed of the gods to carry out principles so ably generalised by Malthus, and as heavenly emissaries protected and cherished by kings and nobles? Did they not prohibit on pain of death or transportation for life the sacred rite of *Merid* practised from time immemorial by our neighbours the *Kandhs*? O, they are now thinking of doing something to free our widows from an ascetic life to which we force them for their eternal good! Verily, this land has become the land of infidels—a regular *Dār-ul-harb*, to borrow with many grateful acknowledgments an appropriate term from our friends the Musalmans—and not fit for a good Hindu to live in. When they discouraged human sacrifice, they denuded the tree of Hinduism of its leaves; and as a result brought famines to the country as the peasantry in the Central Provinces will assure you, for there was no poverty, no famine before the English came to India [Vide History, specially the writings of Muhammadan historians as embodied in the eight volumes published under the authority of Sir Henry Elliot]. When they abolished the *Sati* they lopped off its branches. But the greatest act of tyranny the English committed against our religion has yet to be told: when they made the waterworks of Calcutta, they laid their inexorable axe at the root and felled the tree of Hinduism! We did all we could to stop their sacrilegious

proceedings. We nationalised each question as it came up. We held meetings and passed resolutions against the abolition of *Sati*, the establishment of schools and the introduction of waterworks. O, but for the few renegades, like Ram Mohan Roy, Mahendra Lal Sarkar, Malabari and those men of Bombay who make cotton mills, our name would have remained as pure as ever, for nobody could then blame us if there is no *Sati* to-day, if there are English schools and colleges in India, and if carcases of animals do not rot in our streets as it is said they do in Constantinople. At all events, we warn the English that if they again try to commit wrongs against us like those enumerated above, we will not only hold meetings and pass resolutions, but will also write articles in the newspapers with the same judgment, the same justice, the same fairness, the same lofty spirit, the same charity, the same moderation and the same language as that of which models have been set before us by certain English journalists in India.

The thing is that every man or woman in Europe is not an antiquarian or a Sanskrit scholar. The songs which a nomadic race sang in the plains of the Panjab many thousands of years ago have not struck them dumb or paralysed their mind with amazement. They cannot make a distinction between a Kandh and a Bráhmaṇ, between a Jaina and a Muhammadan. It avails nothing if the Jaina condemns animal sacrifice or the Muhammadan disavows *Sati*. There we are, all in a lump to be judged by the most striking acts committed in our country. Our ancient civilisation is now out of date, and could only have been effective if Europe were to-day what it was three hundred years ago. Or even I may say the distance between the two races was not very great fifty years ago. The discoveries and inventions that took place during the last fifty years have brought us within the sphere of those religious and philosophical principles which men in all ages formulate from time to time for application on inferior races in order to

satisfy their conscience and reconcile the general maxims of morality. Human beings are led by self-interest, and a leader is he who puts this self-interest on an intelligent and practical basis. He is either a man of strength, a man of religion, or a man of learning. Nowhere would you find mercy except from the man of emotion, who is led more by the instincts which God has planted in his bosom than by the teachings of conquerors, patriots, prophets and philosophers. The most devout Christian can in all conscience tyrannise over a dark-skinned man, and work him to death, if he can only prove to his mind that he has got the blood of Ham in his veins. The most ardent votary of Reason can satisfy himself on the morality of carrying fire and sword to all parts of the world, to burn, pillage and murder the defenceless for the benefit of the powerful and, as he would call it, to help nature in its path of progress by destruction which brings about reconstruction. And as for the strong and the patriot he goes about in quest of gain and glory in defiance of religion and reason. This is world, and it has been so as far back as man can remember. Happily an eternal spirit hovers round us, which puts man to shame of his doings and doctrines and makes him better in spite of himself. He suffers who deserves to suffer.

The South Kensington Museum contains specimens of art. The place is full of plaster casts of monuments, triumphal columns, architectural designs and statues. Among these may be mentioned the Trajan's Column from the original in Rome. Pottery, ivory, bronze, gold and silver, wood and all sorts of handicrafts from all parts of the world both antique and modern are represented there. Among these collections may be seen the four Chinese Villas which the Emperor of China sent as a present to the Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon. The vessel conveying these presents was captured on the way by a British man-of-war. After the Treaty of Amiens in 1802 the restitution of these presents was offered, but was declined.

One villa represents a fine building, with a thatched roof ornamented with rows of pearls, on all sides surrounded by trees with golden stems and emerald leaves. The effect is extremely pretty. An extensive collection of pictures has also been presented to this museum by a gentleman named John Sheepshanks. A section of the museum is devoted to an extensive collection of Indian art-ware which was the property of the East India Company and afterwards of the India office. The Botanical Gardens at Kew are a monument of British genius and perseverance. The vegetable kingdom of the British Empire, which includes one sixth of the dry surface of the globe, is represented here. The Gardens contain also a Museum of Economy Botany.

It was now December. There was snow on the ground and the days were short. It was time for me to leave England. In eight months we saw things which no Indian remaining in his own country can hope to see in all his life. There is something in the atmosphere of England which opens the eyes and widens the mind. We were favoured with special opportunities which can scarcely fall to the lot of the student or the tourist. The kindness with which we were everywhere received, by high and low, from our august sovereign the Queen Empress, down to the poorest peasant in the Midland, will be ever remembered with love and gratitude.

On the 13th of December I left England for Rotterdam in Holland.

V.

My journey through the Continent of Europe was a rapid one. I will not therefore be able to say much of the places to which I went. I am not a gifted traveller, like the European tourist who comes out to India. A hurried railway journey from Bombay to Calcutta, a day's halt here, a day's halt there in a railway hotel or a Collector's bungalow, and a tiger-hunting in the Taráí, lay open before his knowing mind the mysteries of this fabled land. He comes to know everything—about the formation of our country down to the Azoic period, about our soil with the plants that grow upon it, about our mountains, forests, seas and rivers with their Mammalia, Birds, Reptiles and Fishes and all the masses of Invertebrata that live in them, about our air with the germs flying in all directions, about everything. But above all if you want to have reliable information about your religion, your manners, customs and superstitions, how you live, how you eat and drink, what you think, and so forth, you must read that nice little book which he publishes immediately after his return home. I say I am not a genius of that species, so my readers must content themselves with a bare outline of my rapid tour across the Continent.

Early on the morning of 14th December 1886, I found myself on the river Maas up which the little vessel "Princess of Wales" steamed on her way to Rotterdam. The country on both sides the river was a green flat which as every one knows Dutch ingenuity has wrested from the roaring billows. Like a good politician they have set the wind to neutralise the water. The country was full of windmills. Moved by the impulse given by the morning breeze, the vanes began to revolve on all sides, pumping water from the marshes, grinding corn or sawing wood. I have long wondered why wind-mills

have not been used in India. It is such an old thing that it could not have escaped the notice of the early Hindus. There must be some insuperable difficulty in the way, at least insuperable in former times. Is it the great variation in the wind that prevails in this country, from a dead calm to a mighty hurricane that carries everything before it? But surely modern mechanical knowledge can devise means for equalising in all sorts of weather the pressure of the wind on the sails. I saw an American windmill set up at Cawnpore, but do not know how it worked. Another little windmill was brought to the Bulandshahr fair some years ago, and the carpenter who made it was awfully proud of his achievement. The people looked upon it as a wonderful thing. We arrived at Rotterdam at 9-30 A.M. Rotterdam is a place of great importance, in short the second place in the Kingdom of Holland. It is intersected by many canals which serve as streets. The shady walk near the river called Boompjes was built on wooden piles. The earth here is too soft to afford a secure foundation; so they drive down it piles of wood, and upon this woody structure they construct streets and huge many-storeyed buildings. The whole town of Amsterdam with its thousands of houses has been built in this way, as also Venice in Italy. Rotterdam has its Botanical Gardens and Zoological Gardens. It also possesses a Society of Experimental Philosophy.

From Rotterdam I went to Haarlem, another important town in Holland. Here I was the guest of my friend, Mr. Van Eeden, the Director of the Colonial Museum. He took me to see the sights of Haarlem, among which his own Museum was a highly interesting one. Here he has got together on behalf of his Government a splendid collection of objects from the Dutch East Indies. The Dutch call their possessions in the East by the name of "India." Java, Sumatra, Borneo and the Phillipine Islands are "India" to them. In the Dutch

Colonial Museum I saw things made of snake-skin. The French use it as an ornamental covering for boxes, and they will be glad to buy from us the raw article, for the supply is anything but abundant. So here is a hint to those who have made it their profession to kill snakes for Government reward. A variety of ornamental things is made from feathers of birds in Sumatra and Java. A bright plumage is attractive, but it attracts both the welcome and the unwelcome. Enormous quantities of birds' feathers are used in Europe for the decoration of Ladies' hats, and a brisk trade goes on in it in South Europe. In the Phillipine Islands they make very fine cloth from pine-apple fibre. Our pine-apple leaves must be differently formed, for it is not easy to extract fibre from them in this country. We went to the Town Hall, where there is a picture gallery. The good citizens of Haarlem point with pride to the picture representing the "Siege of Haarlem." On that occasion, men and women bravely fought against the attacking Spaniards. The instinct of resisting oppression is strong all over Europe, and it works with equal force both individually and collectively. Another thing Haarlem has to be proud of. L. Coster, to whom the Dutch attribute the invention of type-printing in Europe, was a native of Haarlem. He has his statue facing the house he lived in. Another monument has also been erected to Coster near the place where he formed his first notions of block-printing. Linnæus wrote his "Systema" at Haarlem. Haarlem also possesses a Scientific Museum and a Botanical Library. In the last place I found a lady engaged in painting botanical illustrations. She was a good botanist. In Europe scientific knowledge is not confined to men alone. A strong current of development runs through the atmosphere there, which carries onwards even the most lumbering oriental mind. Such a current has set in in this country, but there is a marked want of sensibility in those that are moving on. Or do they admit it not for the consolation which infer-

ority gets by refusing to believe in superiority, which envy receives by calumniating the envied? Patriotism is no such thing: it is truth, honour, light and wisdom. Patriotism in this country seems to have fallen into the trap which interested parties laid for it in order to drag it by the nose to stupid retaliation. Haarlem stands on the side of what was formerly a lake. It has been drained and 70,000 acres of good arable land have been acquired for cultivation. Large quantities of hyacinths, tulips and other "Dutch bulbs" are grown all around Haarlem, which are exported for seed to foreign countries. There was a mania in Europe for beautiful and rare kinds of tulips two hundred and fifty years ago. At that time one little root is said to have been sold for more than Rs. 60,000. In the evening a few scientific gentlemen of Haarlem came to see the Brāhman from India. Among them was a Sanskrit scholar. The conversation turned upon Brahmanical religion. I said that a true Brāhman belongs to no nation or no creed in particular: he belongs to all. He preaches universal charity. Long ago he found out that he is merely a part of the whole. But the world was not prepared for what he taught. So he succumbed under the weight of his premature growth. Endless compromises extending over thousands of years at length shaded the light so much as was best suited for the eyes of those that needed such a shade. But with the advance of knowledge an intelligent eclecticism is now sure to take place, which is likely to satisfy the religious aspirations of scientific minds all over the world for the time being. To the Sanskrit scholar I recommended a careful perusal of the Sankhya system, the Yoga system, the Vaiseshika, the Uttaramimāṃsā, but above all the Bhāgavata-Gita. I said that in my opinion two things have hitherto prevented European scholars from forming a clear judgment on ancient India matters. The first is the belief that the world has been created only six thousand years, and the second is their very natural predilec-

tion for countries mentioned in the Bible. They would rather say that we took Manu from Egypt than Egypt got her Menes from us. They would have been quite ready to believe that we got Algebra from the Arabians, if the Arabs had not said expressly in their books that they got the science from us. Within the last fifty years we helped European scholars to construct the science of comparative philology, but I do not see it suitably acknowledged. They would always admire more the Eddas and the Der Niebelungen Lied than the Púrānas and the Sanskrit epics. My friends thought that it would be a good thing if we could send a mission to Europe to convert the people there to our religion. I said that we must put our own house right first.

Next day Mr. Van Eeden took me to Amsterdam. We first went to Dr. Westermann, a gentleman of 80 years, one of the greatest naturalists in the world. The Doctor received me very kindly and asked me many questions about the progress of knowledge in British India. Dr. Westermann presides over the Zoological Gardens, which possess a fine collection of animals, among which I saw several lions and lionesses with cubs. We then went to Mr. K. N. Swierstra, conservator, K. Z. G. Natura Artis Magistra. This gentleman has a splendid collection of butterflies and beetles from all parts of the world. I was very hospitably received by Mr. G. Janse, the officer in charge of the Aquarium. The Amsterdam Aquarium is one of the finest in Europe. They have both salt water and fresh water, fishes here arranged in two rows. Four years ago Mr. Janse obtained a supply of salt water from the sea. This water is conserved by maintaining an endless current, on one part of which it is filtered and pumped up. The most important sight in Amsterdam is the Ryk's Museum containing many pictures of great celebrity. Among these may be mentioned the celebrated Night-watch by Rembrandt, *Le Confrère des Marchands de drap*, *Orphelines d'Amsterdam*, the portrait pictures of the

City Guard and Archer's Guild, &c. Amsterdam is the centre of an extensive canal system, by means of which the Dutch carry on an enormous trade with the rest of the world. The North Holland Canal and the North Sea Canal connect Amsterdam with the German Ocean. The former is 130 feet and the latter 200 to 330 feet wide. The city itself is intersected by numerous canals practically dividing it into 95 islands connected with each other by 300 bridges. As mentioned before the soil is too soft to afford a secure foundation for buildings, so the Dutch drove piles through 50 or 60 feet of peat and sand and built their city upon them. The Palace at Amsterdam was built on about 14,000 piles. Secure as the foundation is it is within the range of possibility for a building to sink under a heavy weight. The great corn magazine with its 3,500 tons of grain collapsed in 1822. Amsterdam is noted for its diamond-cutting industry, which gives employment to 10,000 workmen, mostly Jews. The most noted establishment is that of Kisters, where the wheel makes 2,000 turns a minute, *i.e.*, the wheel revolves more than 30 times by the time you can count "one."

In Holland many of the higher classes talk English, French and German. English is the commercial language, French the diplomatic language, and German the language of a powerful neighbour. "In French," once said a diplomat to me, "thoughts are expressed with the greatest precision." I asked him if that was not a disadvantage. He stared at me, evidently astonished at my simplicity. I put the question because the world entertains an opinion that a precise language is the last thing a politician would care for. A plain "Yes" or "No," when the opposite is the fact, is an abhorrence; but an artistic rendering of the same sense excites admiration, at least not practically condemned. Some are specially gifted with a natural talent in this direction, others acquire it. In Europe they are scientific: execution of criminals is an art, so is the

murder of facts. In partisan-journalism alone facts are permitted to be murdered unscientifically. The blunter the weapon thicker flow in the pennies. In savage life the art I am speaking of is entirely absent; in a semi-barbarous society it is as a child, crude, open and delighting in trivialities; but in a civilised state it is in its highest perfection, grave, solemn and proud, yet charming. So much for the art and its worshippers. Its acquirement, however, is rather difficult for a European, for he labours under a disadvantage at the outset. The nursery atmosphere there is not congenial to its growth. When mothers every night make their little ones kneel at the bedside and pray, drop by drop the simple words cut in the soft minds an impression which it is not easy to efface in after life. This impression is dead against the art. Upheld by a strong sense of manliness and pride, the people as a body carry it through life in its fullest integrity. So it happens that the prince, patriot and the peasant among the two hundred and fifty millions in the remote continent of India have but one cry—"We will appeal to the British people." That is the cry of the highest intelligence in the country—The National Congress.

From Amsterdam I retraced my steps westwards. In due time I arrived at Paris. The prettiest fairy in the world seems to have made this beautiful city her bower. As light is the smile of the sun, beauty is the smile of such a fairy as this. Her smiles spread an unrivalled charm over this graceful city, over its well-laid parks, its wide scrupulously clean roads, and the symmetrical elegant palaces that line them on each side. Might I not fall on my knees, pour forth my heart to the presiding Spirit of Paris, and ask her for a charm to cast out the Malignant One we are possessed with, that would not even permit us to make a little road connecting two railway stations? Or would I rather first court the favour of her maids—the modest one, known by the name of Self-Abnega-

tion ; the one with sweet lips inviting all patriotic French to come and kiss her, called by the name of Unanimity ; and the lovely little fairy who laughingly answers to the name of Good-Taste ? Oh Paris ! teach thou thy savage sister, Calcutta, how to make her toilet. Poor little savage ! what can she do where in a far more touchy quarter loads of gold and silver usurp the place of decency ?

On my arrival at Paris I first went to the Grand Hotel. In eastern countries royal magnificence belonged exclusively to royalty. Not so in the West. The poorest of the poor there can live like a king, if only for a day, by simply going to the Grand Hotel at Paris. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the first class hotels in Europe, not even the palaces of kings. Here is the explanation why people prefer to live in hotels and boarding houses instead of having a place exclusively to themselves. Civilisation secures greater benefit from co-operative action than barbarism from individual effort. My countrymen often wonder why every English family do not possess a house all its own. They attribute it to poverty. No doubt it is through want of sufficient means, but it is a poverty which bears not the slightest relation to what is understood by that term in this country. For, a gentleman to have a house of his own to live in means a great deal more than the bare cost of erecting it. But the more palpable reason is that land is scarce in England, that the whole of it belongs only to a few individuals who jealously keep it, and that it is not the custom in that country to build, wherever one likes, a wretched hovel and live in it generation after generation. Besides, the idea of keeping a house in good order differs from what is entertained here. It costs them a great deal more time and trouble. Nor have they the custom of having a widowed sister or aunt to remain in charge when the family is absent from home. They do not send their roots deep down into the soil, but go from place to place, to London in summer, to

Scotland, France or Germany in autumn and to South Europe in winter. A house therefore becomes an encumbrance to a man with limited means; he finds it more convenient to hire one from a professional house-holder than to keep one himself, just as we buy a piece of cloth when we require it, and not keep a loom at home, as they do in Assam and Burma. In fact an individual with a palace in India and Rs. 2,000 a month all to himself will not command the same comfort as he will with Rs. 500 at the Grand Hotel.

I had letters for M. Arnould and Professor Baillon both scientific men of high repute. I was also introduced to M. Frémy, Membre de l'Institut, Directeur de Museum and Historie Nature. Dr. Frémy is one of the greatest chemists in the world. He does not speak English. M. Maxime Cornu, Professeur Administrateur au Museum D' Historie Naturelle, and Membre de la Societie Nationale D' Agriculture, acted as my interpreter. Dr. Frémy received me very kindly. He takes special interest in fibres, particularly in Rhea (*Bahmeria nivea*, H. and A.) I told him what we have been doing with it in India, and how we have signally failed to get a suitable machine for the extraction of the fibre from the stalk, notwithstanding repeated trials and the large reward offered by Government. He enquired if I was present at any of the trials. I replied that I saw two, and that in one I was not only present but was a judge appointed by the Government of India. Dr. Frémy then with great alacrity shewed me his sample collection, from the raw bark received from Algiers to the ultimate fibre ready for spinning. The clean fibre no doubt was what Rhea fibre ought to be, silky, glossy, unusually strong and exceptionally long, although in the process of manufacture it was subjected to a series of chemical treatment. Dr. Frémy has himself discovered the process. I could however elicit no satisfactory information about the cost of manufacture. At length I fairly told him that if his process is only

intended to shew what Rhea can do and nothing more, he need not have taken so much trouble, for its capabilities were proved long ago. Dr. Frémy smiled and remarked that not only is his process suitable for commercial purposes, but that it has triumphantly passed through the ordeal of practical application and that it is now used in the manufacture of the fibre so largely woven into fabrics at Lille. Dr. Frémy further informed me that the supply from Algiers is not equal to the demand and the market for dried bark is open for any one to come and step into it. He promised to test, and to obtain a valuation for any sample that may be sent to him from India. But he said the first consignment should not be less than six tons of the raw bark. I also told him about another species of the Urticaceæ, very similar to the Rhea, *viz.*, the *Maoutia Puya*, Wedd, which grows wild in the Sub-Himalayan regions of the Bengal Tarai and Assam. M. Jules Poisson, Aide Naturaliste au Museum and Professor Bureau then took me round the Chemical Laboratory where a large number of students of both sexes were making experiments, and also round the Microscopic School where young men and women were engaged in making observations. I went to other scientific institutions in Paris, which it will be tedious to relate here.

In Paris I saw the Eden Theatre and the New Opera. Both very large places, and must have cost enormous sums of money. The New Opera is said to have cost upwards of two crores of rupees. I did not understand the plays, but I enjoyed the dance and liked the scenes. In the Eden Theatre a large number of girls danced together, as they do at the Alhambra in London. These girls were bravely dressed, all glittering with gold and imitation stones, and when lights of different hues were thrown upon them as they danced, the whole scene formed a reality of fairy life, as far as it is possible for it to be real. Christmas pantomimes at Calcutta are good, but here they cannot afford to lay out so much money for dress

and scenic decorations. Between the scenes I take a stroll over the building, and I meet people who ask me for champagne. Let me thank my turban : I do not understand any European language whatever. As they try one after the other, I mournfully shake my head, and reply in a language which I do not think was ever spoken by any nation in the world. But I do not quite enjoy the fun, for the remarks they made among themselves were equally Greek to me. I went to the Boulevards, but the trees at the time were mostly bare. Yet with their spacious foot-paths and brilliant rows of shops and cafés they formed one of the most beautiful promenades in the world. I also went to the Champs Elysées. What a gay multitude thronged there ! All mirthful and neatly dressed, not however in rainbow colours or in thousand and one forms. I do not object to showy dress in a dark people, but the extensiveness of variety made available by imported materials has confused taste and destroyed its native congruity. The multitude there enjoy life, and know how to make the most of the least enjoyment. Notwithstanding all the philosophy the Indians are credited with, Europeans know better how to make caretake care of themselves. I saw many of the panoramas. One was a battle field, depicted with such vivid reality, that even after such a long time I feel sick and sorrowful to call it to mind. O ! the wounded man lying in the ravine all alone, bleeding, dying, perhaps very thirsty with no one to give him a drop of water to moisten his parched throat before he is past all thirst and pain. The sad face is yet in my mind. O mother ! come and see how lies the boy whom thou so lovingly didst fondle in thy breast. O sister ! the brother whom thou lovest so dear thinks of thee in this, his supreme moment, thinks of the day when little child that thou wast, he plucked beautiful flowers from high above the tree to stop thy crying. O sweetheart ! thou that nearly broke thy gentle heart at the name of parting, but yet hoped ; what hope now ? It was such a reality, that I yearned to run

to the figure, take his head up to my bosom and to weep over him, to weep over the brutality of man.

I saw the Triomphe de l'etoile, a triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victories of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Colonne Vendome which the great Napoleon constructed by melting down 1,200 cannons taken in battle from the different nations he conquered. It was taken down from its pedestal by the communists in 1871, but has since been replaced. Napoleon's body now lies at the Hotel des Invalides, where disabled soldiers are quartered. Among the Museums I went to the Trocadero, where antique statues and ethnographical specimens are kept. But the most important place of this kind is the Louvre. The Museum of the Louvre is divided into different sections comprising antiquities; French sculpture; drawings; paintings of the Italian, Flemish and French schools; Spanish paintings; Greek, Roman and Egyptian antiquities, vases, statues, &c., and models of shipping. The original Venus of Milo is kept here. The most interesting part of the Louvre is the picture gallery which contains one of the most splendid art collections in the world. The Immaculate Conception and the Beggar Boy may be named among the noted pictures in the Louvre. The Tuilleries Gardens are near the Louvre. Here stood the palace where so many incidents of French history took place. The communists burnt it in 1871. I visited the celebrated Notre Dame, a magnificent cathedral built in the twelfth century. It has three principal entrances, finely carved with subjects from the New Testament. There are two majestic towers which can be seen from a long distance. A large bell, called Le Bourdon, weighing 322 cwts., is only rung on state occasions. The choir inside contain beautiful paintings and carvings. The gallery is supported by 297 massive pillars. The glass windows are magnificent. The organ in the Cathedral has 5,000 pipes and is considered one of the finest in the

world. The floor is of marble. Among other statues I noticed that of Charlemagne on horseback with Roland and Oliver on foot. Near the Cathedral of Notre Dame is the Palais de Justice and the La Sainte Chapelle, built by St. Louis for the reception of a portion of the true cross and the crown of thorns purchased from the king of Jerusalem for 300,000 marks. The glass windows are of beautiful colours, specially one rosette which is particularly good. Every visitor to Paris sees the Morgue, where dead bodies found in the Seine or in the streets are kept on view for identification until putrefaction sets in, after which their photographs are exhibited. I saw two bodies, found in the Seine, both of young men. The picture of a boy about five years old was also there. His body was found in the street a few days ago. Nobody claimed it. Such a thing is not possible in this country. I saw the Palais Royal with its courts, galleries and arcades resplendent with jewellery shops. The Pantheon was formerly a Church, but is now used as a burial place for noted men, like the Westminster Abbey in London. Victor Hugo is buried here. My guide pointed out to me something as belonging to Voltaire, but I do not remember if he told me that Voltaire's remains have been removed to the Pantheon. I saw many other places in Paris, which it will be too numerous to relate.

I asked the guide, who conducted me to all these places, how he liked his present government. He threw a glance around to see if anybody was within hearing, and then said in a hushed voice—"Oh! it is an Opportunist Government, I don't like it at all." I do not know why he was afraid to say what he said, for it can hardly be that freedom of speech has anything to fear in the land of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." At all events we are better off under the British rule than the continental Europeans under their own governments. This is a fact which I want to strongly impress upon my countrymen. Political offence is unknown in India, with its suspicions and

cruel consequences. This is one of the happy anomalies under which we live. Indian mind as represented by the bulk of the people has scarcely emerged out of that darkness which prevailed in Europe in the Middle Ages. We have thus here the Middle Ages without their horrors. The Nineteenth Century gently taking the folds off the eyes of the Ninth Century. The morning twilight softly whispering to darkness the lesson to get bright. No violence, none of those throes and agonies under which parts of Europe still groan to give birth to freedom which we British subjects claim as our birthright. None denies our right. I do not know what to admire most, the policy itself or the wisdom that dictated such a policy. Any other people but the British people would, I think, have created political offences, no doubt with suicidal results. Strong in its strength and confident in the righteousness of its cause, the great nation beyond the sea has laid down a policy the depth and breadth of which have to be fully grasped. Surely this nation has rightly deserved the love and loyalty of the two hundred and fifty millions of human beings. Thus we start with a general policy at the head the soundness of which no Indian can question. The controversy lies further down, in the working of its details. That kind of controversy always exists in every country, even under the best form of government which man has yet been able to devise or evolve. Care should therefore be taken to reduce it to its narrowest limits. A fearful responsibility rests upon the leaders of Indian opinion as well as upon every member of the British people that have come to this country. A great change has overtaken one-sixth of the human race. It rests upon the leaders to wisely guide the nation through this transition, always remembering to whom we owe this change. Above all, we should not be hasty in judging men. Take an example. Nobody abused us (Bengalis) in more opprobrious terms than Macaulay did. But is there an educated Bengali now who would not like

to make an image of that man and say?—"O, great spirit! inspire me with those noble sentiments that thou felt and expressed whilst thou animated this likeness." If I am not mistaken in the British people there can be but one answer to India's question—"Sister Britannia! will you look down upon me because I am dark?" On the other hand, every member of the British people in India must remember that he is not a private individual in this country. The millions around look upon him as a representative of the great nation that rules over them. The honor of his nation is thus in his hands, and though the eyes of his own people may not be upon him, the eyes of a vastly larger number of human beings are upon him, who are not like Africans or Australian aboriginals, but who from time immemorial has possessed a moral code not inferior to any moral code in the world. Therefore, the separate standard of civility and morality which Europeans evolve in non-European countries, as differing from that prevailing among themselves, for application on the people among whom they sojourn, is a mistake in India. Is there any man in the world so lost to self-respect as to like to be booked for a "low caste man" by his servants and inferiors? This is precisely what often happens, alas! not always without good reason.

It was snowing when I left Paris for Cologne. When I arrived at Cologne the whole country was covered with snow. Every thing outside was white, the fields were white, the trees were white, the houses were white and the crows were white. I went to the Hotel de Hollande, just on the side of the Rhine. The river here is deep and as broad as the Hooghly at Serampur. The waters were muddy. Numerous steamers went up and down the river, and the traffic seemed to be not inconsiderable. But nothing like what Cologne saw in past days, when she was a free city, and when she compelled all vessels navigating her river to unlade their cargoes here to be further

conveyed by her own shipping. I saw on the river-bank small hand-carts which the owner drags himself assisted by a dog that incessantly howls as it runs. The weather was so unpropitious that I did not care to see much of Cologne. I only went to see the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ursula. The Cathedral was founded in 1248 and completed only in 1880. It is needless to say that it is one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in Europe. Like all such edifices it is built in the shape of a cross. The material used is red sandstone. This colossal structure is 496 feet long by 238 feet through the transept, and the height of the two west spires is 515 feet above the level of the floor from which they rise. Inside, there is a good model of Jesus Christ, representing the scene immediately after the crucifixion. I was told that the figures are made of stone. They are very life-like indeed. The Cathedral contains the tomb of the three wise men who came from the east to see Jesus Christ just after he was born. I think some skulls were shewn to me as belonging to the Magi. A silver monument has been raised over this tomb, which is richly adorned with gold and precious stones. Among the last the attention of the visitor is always drawn to a big topaz. The stone thrown by the devil from the Seven Mountains has been carefully preserved here. The Church of St. Ursula commemorates the martyrdom of 11000 virgins killed by the Huns in the eleventh century. Their relics are to be seen in the walls of the Church. Eau de Cologne is made at Cologne.

It was still snowing when I left Cologne for Berlin. I arrived at this place on Tuesday the 21st December 1886. It was very cold now, but I did not feel any discomfort on the way. The railway carriages in Germany are particularly good. They have a heating arrangement which maintains in them a genial temperature. Connected with the heating arrangement is a dial placed on the wall of each compartment, by turning the

handle of which one way or the other the place can be made more hot or more cold. At Berlin I went to the Central Hotel. It is a large hotel with more than five hundred bed-rooms. Like all first class hotels it is lighted with the electric light. The place is well decorated with frescoes and painted glass. In Europe they have a great fondness in decorations of this kind for symbolical scenes representing the four quarters of the globe. Attached to the hotel is a large hall roofed with glass, a sort of indoor garden, where people sit and sip their coffee. Amusements in the shape of theatres and concerts are also provided by the hotel in their theatre-room adjoining the garden. Lodgers go there free of any extra charge. One drawback of this hotel is that it is infested with guides who are more cruelly disposed towards their prey than any of their kind. It was now snowing night and day, but a constant temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit is maintained in the hotel by means of pipes. In ordinary houses they use stoves. In the continent they have no open fire-place as in England and I missed that very much.

Although I had quarters at the Central Hotel, during my stay at Berlin I was practically the guest of Professor Reauleux, Privy Councillor of the German Empire. Professor Reauleux is a Sanskrit scholar, and he takes great interest in all matters connected with India. He has lately discovered a close connection between chess and card as played in former times. While I was at Berlin he was trying to find out the origin of a gold tablet lately dug up in Hungary. I think he is right in his supposition that it was an ornament which formerly adorned the head of an elephant. There is nothing against supposing that the Hun army possessed elephants. We had a close connection with this people, and whether Tibet was their original home or not, we still call our neighbours of the Himalayan table-land by the name of Hunias. Defeated by the Chinese on the east they moved towards the west and devas-

tated Europe. The Magyars of Austro-Hungary are their descendants. I told Professor Reauleux how closely connected we have always been with the Huns, and how a similar ornament was used in ancient India to bedeck and protect the forehead of a state elephant. Professor Reauleux took me to see the various sights of Berlin. In one of the museums he shewed me some very nice pottery, the manufacture of which was extinct. It has lately been revived through an old man who saw the process of making it while he was quite a child. In Germany they have also made in glass an excellent imitation of our metal-ware, glass-ware, lacquered-ware and pottery in their various shapes, designs and patterns. Professor Reauleux also showed me some pictures with carpets painted on them. From these pictures many old patterns of carpets have been revived. One evening the Professor took me to the Opera, and explained to me what was going on. As usual the scenes were very good.

I went to see the Ethnological Museum, presided over by Dr. Bastian. Dr. Bastian came to Calcutta some years ago, and I think many of this city know him. He has been to all parts of the world making collections for his museum. I was introduced to this gentleman by Dr. Jagor. Dr. Bastian kindly took me round the place and pointed out to me everything that was of interest. He shewed me a carved piece of stone from ancient Mexico. It represents a human sacrifice. A dutiful scion of a noble family is offering the head of the victim to the manes of his ancestors, when lo ! with outstretched hands another claimant appears for this dainty morsel. He is the king of the nether regions whom the scent of the victim's blood has brought all the way up to the place of sacrifice. The brave young man however was not to be easily persuaded to give up to him, all the king of Death that he was, what he intended for the palates of his ancestors. A hot discussion therefore ensues, and the argumentative words of Death flow

like a curl of smoke across the surface of the stone towards the ear of the obstinate sacrificer. How the dispute ended I do not know, for it is not shewn on the stone. It is a new museum, yet it is one of the best I ever saw. The new national life in Germany is visible everywhere.

The weather was so bad that it was impossible to go out much. All day and night it snowed. Heaps of snow lay on the roads, and sledges took the place of wheeled carriages in the ordinary street traffic. The railways were all blocked and I was practically snowed up in Berlin. I was fortunate however to see the late Emperor William I. My friends would have taken me to Prince Bismarck, but this great man was not at Berlin at the time. As it often happens with me wherever I go, I frequently lost my way in my wanderings through the streets and lanes of Berlin. One afternoon I spent a long time in looking at the Christmas booths now set up on the banks of the Spree and it was nearly dark before I thought of returning home. When I thought of coming back to my hotel, I could not find my way. For one whole hour I went through various streets in the hope of getting a sledge or carriage but I could see none. I asked several policemen and wayfarers to shew me the way but they could not understand me. It was very dark now, and the matter looked serious. At length I met a little girl blind of one eye, returning from her day's work. To her I simply uttered the words "Central Hotel." She understood and made me a sign to follow her. As I subsequently learnt, the poor girl went about a couple of miles out of her way to see me home safe.

One evening a friend invited me to his house. Among other gentlemen assembled there, I met a philosopher. He told me many things about the German systems of philosophy and the progress which Europe has made of late in abstract sciences. He asked to know what we Indians think of the subject. I told him I am not fit to speak on such a grave matter, but so

far I can judge my countrymen are not particularly edified by the conclusions you have drawn, however they may admire the subtlety of your reasonings. They hold that European mind as constituted at present is not able to grasp the higher truths inculcated by sages elsewhere thousands of years ago, and that Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, in short all European philosophers, seem to them to move more or less round and round the same groove. My countrymen are anxiously waiting for the time when in due course the European mind will be fitted to look beyond what you call the primordial force which make you see nature in a constant state of warfare, and lead you to take your lesson from that you understand not. So according to my countrymen the following tribute to oriental wisdom is well rendered by an English poet :—

“Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way
Of an old wisdom by our world forgot.

Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay
Pause in our vain mad fight for life and breath
Beholding you. I bow and reason not.”

As soon as the snow was removed from the railway lines and the traffic resumed, I left Berlin for Vienna. I had a very pleasant journey up to Dresden. A military officer was in the same compartment with me, and he spoke English. He was in the Franco-Prussian war and his regiment took part in the siege of Paris. He related to me various incidents of the war with such a relish that I could not help thinking that he was anxiously looking forward to a renewal of that exciting sport. “Did not the horrors of war ever shock your mind?” I asked him. He said that the field after a battle somewhat tried his nerves. He alighted at Dresden and I continued my journey. Shortly after, I arrived at a place called Tetschen, a town on the Austrian frontier. Here I asked the railway people whether it would be necessary for me to change my

train in order to go to Vienna, for the tickets I had with me shewed—Beflin to Dresden ; Dresden to Bodenbach ; Bodenbach to Vienna. Either they did not understand me or I did not understand them, I concluded from what they said that I might proceed by the same train. So I made myself comfortable and went to sleep, for it was night.

It was past midnight, the approaching dawn was the dawn of Christmas day, the train was running with all the speed of an international express, when the conductor came to my compartment and roused me from a deep sleep. He came to examine my tickets. Cold and drowsy as I was in no time I put them in his hand, in the hope to have done with him as quick as possible. But he was in no hurry to leave me to my sleep. He took a long time over his examination, and in my impatience I thought he must be spelling out every word and storing them all up in his memory. Not content with the knowledge which the dim light in my compartment enabled him to glean from my tickets, he went out, as I imagined, to seek better aid, a stronger light befitting the importance of the subject. By this time I was wide awake, and a doubt now flashed across my mind. Are the means of satisfying the fondest ambition of a traveller going to be placed within my reach? Am I at length going to be the hero of a great adventure, with every prospect of coming through it safe and sound at the end? In short I wondered if they were going to mistake me for a blood-thirsty socialist or dynamiting nihilist. Just at this moment my eyes fell on the glass, where I saw my face reflected. This at once gave me a more exalted notion of my importance, and I consoled myself with the thought that in common decency they could not take me for a lesser personage than the Mehdi of Khartoum. So I straightened my beard, looked the very image of ferocity, and did all I could think of to prevent the world saying hereafter that the dignity of His Mehdiship suffered in my hands. Thus prepared I patiently

waited for the return of my conductor. He came alone, *i.e.*, not with soldiers and guards as he ought to have done. But what was my disappointment when, instead of quailing before the awful dignity with which I environed myself, he in a simple matter-of-fact way began to explain, by words which I did not understand and by gesticulations which I did understand, that I was travelling by the wrong train and that I must pay down the excess fare, not a trifling sum either ! I felt indignant and said—"Sir, I believe you are not the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, that you are privileged to put wrong ideas into a man's head just roused from a deep slumber. Considering the way you looked at me and the care you took to examine my tickets, I have ample cause to think myself the Mehdi in disguise. If you wish to establish yourself in my good opinion, you better call your men and take me into custody. No doubt I am dangerous, as my looks must have told you ; but you need have no fear, my Dervishes are not with me, and I promise you to make no attempt to throw away my valuable life in resistance to the superior force you are bound to bring for my arrest." I lumped the words together and brought them out as gutturally as I could, taking ' Altherthums-wissenschaft ' as my model, but yet the perverse conductor would not comprehend me. He would only shake his head and demand the money. At length I had to come down from my lofty pedestal and explain how they at Tetschen told me not to change. But this did not do either ; the conductor shook his head and demanded the money. I spoke again mighty words : I said, "Sir, if you have no conscience, I will have none for you. I decline to pay," and supported my words with signs. He then left me, and notwithstanding my disappointment I congratulated myself that he left me for good. But in fact, as it subsequently transpired, he *did not* leave me for good. Although it was an express, he made the train stop at the next station, a mere shed among high mountains covered with snow

from head to foot. Here he made me come down, threw my baggage after me, and gave his signal to the driver, and in the twinkling of an eye the train moved away, leaving me all alone among the hills of Bohemia. The sky was cloudy and the night was dark, except what little light the dazzling snow reflected all around. I went up to the station and seeing a man there caught hold of him in order to bring him to my luggage now lying on the rails. He was so taken aback by the sudden apparition which my person and dress presented before his eyes, that I feared he would run away taking me for something more than the Mehdi, expressly deputed from a hotter climate than Upper Egypt to join him and his friends in their Christmas carousals. He looked so scared that I could not help bursting out in a fit of laughter. He joined me but a faint tinge of suspicion still lurked behind his merriment. I then partly led partly dragged him to where lay my luggage, which we removed to a place of safety. Next I repeated the word "Wien" many times, to let him know that I wanted to go to Vienna. I shewed him my tickets and put my finger on the name "Bodenbach" as the cause of all my trouble. A glimmer of intelligence gradually lighted his face; he understood it all, but instead of shewing any sympathy for my distress, at once demanded the excess fare due by me from Tetschen to his station. I was a wiser man now, and would not demur to paying or aspire again to the Mehdiship of Khartoum. I laid all the marks I had with me on the table. He shook his head. Not enough: I added to it all the paper guilders I possessed. He shook his head. What! not enough yet? I put a gold coin alongside and asked for change. Got no change? Well, I can do no more; you now do your worst. So saying I sank down in a chair. He then called in a porter, held a brief consultation, wrote out a bit of paper and gave it to him.

The porter took up my luggage, bade me pick up my money and follow him. For a short time we walked

across an even bit of ground, but the snow lay thick upon it several feet deep, except on the narrow pathway where it was trodden down to the consistency of glass, and as slippery. Of course I did not know where I was being led. A little while after, we began to climb a hill, our road winded along its side. On our right the mountain rose high; on the left, as far as could be judged in the darkness, was a precipitous descent clad in snow, looking at which I thought in my mind that if one of us were to fall his body would make a tunnel through the loose snow in getting to the bottom. My man went before me, I followed keeping a close watch upon his movements, as a precaution against any mischief he might take into his head to commit. Thus we trudged a long way before we descended and came upon a large river. A wooden bridge was thrown over it which we crossed. Here the man took from me all the silver I had and went away probably to pay the toll. He came back shortly after and we again proceeded on our way as before, but now by a better road. We soon met a party of men, women, boys and girls probably returning home from some kind of Christmas amusement. At about three in the morning we arrived at a little town. It seemed half awake, for in going through the streets I frequently heard sounds of laughter, singing and other tokens of seasonable mirth. Coming before a large house, my man took the gold coin from me and went inside to change it, bidding me to wait for him on the road. I was tired and drowsy and my feet were numb, so I leant myself upon the half open door and shut my eyes. I did not stand long in this way before a man tumbled upon me and both he and I fell to the ground. At first I suspected foul play, but the man lay all on a heap beside me and immediately began to snore. With some difficulty I picked myself up and tried to raise him lest he die of cold. After many vain attempts I succeeded in making him sit and then dragged him to the wall on which I made him lean. He now partially re-

gained his senses and assuming a threatening attitude talked violently. In the meantime the railway porter came, but I sent him back to tell the people inside that a man was at their door in a helpless condition who might go to sleep again. We then walked for a short distance until we came to a hotel. Here he shewed me the bit of paper the station master gave him, which was a receipt for the excess fare. He took the fare as also what was due to him and made a sign to me that I was to sleep here for the rest of the night. Then he wrote on a piece of paper "Aussig," and "9-18" from all which I understood that the name of the town was Aussig, that the Bodenbach--Vienna line runs by this town and that my train will be there at 9-18. I guessed rightly. At 9-18, I got my train and left for Vienna.

As I said, next morning at 9-18, I started for Vienna. From Aussig to Vienna was a long journey. The train rapidly swept across a country that looked like a vast expanse of snow diversified by high mountains, low hills, deep ravines, dense pine forests and picturesque towns and villages on many of which ruins of ancient castles looked sombrely down from overhanging cliffs. The snow will not be off the ground until weary earth, now asleep after her toil of several months, again rises refreshed when the beauteous spring whispers to her ear his joyful advent. On passing through this vast extent of country of dazzling white, my eyes sadly felt the want of hedges, judiciously pruned, with branches and branchlets running into all directions interweaving and intermingling, on which my eyes grew accustomed to rest, and to unravel the intricacies of their compact mass was their constant delight, during journeys of a similar kind in Great Britain, Flanders or France. The holly with its prickly leaves, the hornbeam and the beech, the long-branched elder or the ornamental sweet-briar, the black-thorn and the white-thorn, the yew or the privet, formed by their solid body into an impenetrable

fence on the boundary of fields, did not in this country afford to my eyes a pleasing variety against snow and rocks and houses and bare trees. My countrymen may smile at my rhapsody on hedges, for looking at their unpruned and untrained *Euphorbias*, *Jatrophas* and *Zizyphus* they have little idea what science, care and taste can effect even in the commonest details of life. My companion in the carriage was an officer of the Austrian army, Lieutenant A. Burger of Pettersgersse. All through the day, every half an hour this gentleman would offer me a cigar, put his hand on his brow and bewail his fate that he did not know English so that he could converse with me. I have often doubts in my mind if the world on the whole is too selfish to be good. But may be those doubts arise from an ardent wish to see the world what it ought to be, forgetting that if there be a bright side it must have a dark side. At any rate men like my strange companion in the carriage make us wish to live in the world. In the afternoon we passed Prague and it was dark when we crossed the Dvina and entered the precincts of the imperial city of Vienna. I went to the Hotel Metropole where English and American tourists take their quarters, but in this city I was practically the guest of M. A. de Scala. As usual, this gentleman and his lady received me very kindly and put me in the way of seeing the sights of Vienna. Vienna resembles Paris in many respects, in its neat clean roads, palatial residences, and public promenades thronged by cheerful faces with no thought but the enjoyment of the passing hour. I went to see the Danube, which is about two miles from the city. I also saw the Emperor's palace, which is an extensive museum by itself containing as it does a vast library, a large collection of pictures and engravings, objects pertaining to ethnography, mineralogy, natural history and antiquities, as also coins and a valuable assortment of precious stones.

What struck me most forcibly both at Vienna and other places in the continent is the systematic and persistent encouragement the Governments of those countries give to manufacture of articles for foreign use. For instance they have in Vienna a collection of the most important manufactured things used by different nations in all parts of the earth. The Austrian consuls stationed all over the globe keep the home authorities supplied with information about prices, demand, duties and all manner of facts likely to be useful to makers and dealers, which are published in a weekly circular by M. A. de Scala. Specimens of these articles are also freely lent to help the manufacturers in making imitations. The efforts made in this direction have not been in vain. German manufactures are not only ousting English goods from the markets of Europe and Asia, but they are successfully competing with English manufactures in England itself. Considering the primitive organisation of the Indian people, the method adopted in Germany will be of little practical good in this country, but even in England they do not possess a central bureau where the ends of all the strings of private enterprise can be gathered together to create for general benefit and guidance an intelligent momentum. In such matters we are just approaching the Tripotolemus Yellowley stage. At Vienna I was introduced to many scientific men among whom may be mentioned the names of Herr M. Fleischnar, Roezina, Finchs, Shindashner, Beck, Fraz Heger, Karl Anton, Ludwig, Von Lorenz, Liburnap and August Von Pelzein. With these gentlemen, as also with several merchants whom I saw, I had conversation about the introduction of Indian tea and other products and art-manufactures into Austria. They expressed their readiness to help us.

On Monday the 27th December I left Vienna. The greater part of the next day was taken up in crossing the Austrian Alps. The Alpine mountains resemble the Himalayas in appearance, but not so high or steep. Our train followed some

of the watercourses that issue from these hills, the highest of which could not have been more than 4,000 feet in altitude. The rocky country here is however more under the dominion of man than are the Himalayas. The Alpine peasantry did not seem to be very well off, so far as I could judge from the small cottages they live in. These dwellings are like the little holes the Kanáits and Kolis burrow on the side of the Himalayan mountains. In the afternoon we arrived at Pontebba, an Italian town on the frontier. It took us sometime more to cross the Italian part of the Alps before we reached the plains. At 10-55 P.M. I arrived at Venice.

Before I reached my place of destination the railway for sometime ran over a causeway which joins Venice with the Italian mainland, or as the Venitians called it the "*Terra Ferma*." On each side lay the lagoon, far away towards the Adriatic. It is a sheet of shallow water, covering an area of about 200 square miles, which ages past the Adriatic set apart for the habitation of her future queen. A natural dyke or embankment, called the Littorale, separates the demesne of the now defunct royalty from the open sea. Several channels intersect the Littorale through which vessels pass in during high tide and enter the artificial canals in the lagoon. Fifteen hundred years ago when the high tide filled the lagoon, many little islands peeped through the water, among which was a cluster of 60 or 70 naked islets. That was our Venezia in embryo, she who like our Goddess of Wealth rose like a vision from the sea and held for many centuries her mighty sway not only over the Adriatic but all over the eastern Mediterranean up to Tyre in Asia Minor. Early in the fifth century the little islets in the midst of this marshy plain afforded refuge to numerous families from the mainland, who came flying there before the fierce barbarians under Alaric the Goth and Attila the Hun. Here for a long time they led a life too miserable to induce the destroyers of the Roman Empire to follow

them, for they possessed "no wealth but their boats, no food, but fish, and no merchandise but salt." Rome was not built in a day, nor was Venice. It took many centuries before the descendants of these emigrants founded a powerful republic, conquered large tracts of country in the mainland, planted their victorious flag in the islands of the Levant, fitted out crusading expeditions, absorbed all the trade between Europe and Asia and arrived at that prosperous stage when the dying Doge (Tommaso Mocenigo, A.D. 1423) could declare on his death-bed :—"I leave the country in peace and prosperity ; our merchants have a capital of ten millions of golden ducats in circulation, upon which they make an annual profit of four millions. We have forty-five galleys, and 300 ships of war ; 3,000 merchant vessels, 52,000 sailors ; a thousand nobles, with incomes varying from 700 to 4000 ducats each ; eight naval officers fit to command a large fleet, 100 others fit to command smaller squadrons ; many statesmen, jurisconsults, and other wise men." How patiently do powers rise in the western world ! All the eastern powers we know of, except China, appear and disappear like the Napoleonic flash. Worship of personality is too strong in the east to allow the development of commonalty, but without commonalty a persistent continuity of force cannot be maintained. The force-generated by men like Cyrus, Muhammad or Tamerlane may go on acting for sometime after their death, but its continuity depend more upon absence of resistance than upon the healthy action of the machinery they set in motion. Yet notwithstanding the slow growth of Venice and the long time she took to arrive at maturity, her rise was due more to the absence in the neighbourhood of a resisting power of even more ordinary compactness than to the virtue, valour and hardihood of the early emigrants. From the very beginning of her career she displayed such a suspicious and fickle nature that the words of Napoleon—"the Venetian people were not made for liberty"

-might have been rightly spoken even in the most glorious period of her history. People go into raptures about the expression "Semo a Venezia" as if it denoted anything more than the liberty to enjoy those vulgar amusements which the common herd delighted to enjoy. And what, pray, was the meaning of the old proverb current in Venice—"De Deo parum, de Principe nihil?" And, what, pray, was the use of the two little holes I saw on the wall of the Doge's palace? Were they not for the reception of anonymous letters on the strength of which any poor citizen could be secretly arrested, secretly thrown into a subterranean cell under the palace, secretly tried by the Council of Ten, and as secretly executed nobody knew when or why? Oh! how glad would have been the wretched man to be publicly tried and, if guilty, publicly executed at the *Ponte dei Sospiri* or the Bridge of Sighs. What mattered it if the people made their own Government, elected the Doges by acclamation, and got up the Great Council by a system of ballot the most complicated ever devised, as long as the Council of Ten with its *possi*,* on the background, pursued like a shadow every member of the republic in the *palazzo*,† in the *piazza*,‡ in the *Canalazzo*,§ in the *ritro*,|| in the *rio*,¶ in *campo*,* and the *calle*,† wherever he went. The way they murdered and mutilated their early doges would even horrify the most callous intriguer inside an eastern seraglio. Venice put chains upon chains on Liberty lest she runs away, until nothing could be seen of her but shackles on every side. Yet Venice succeeded, and not only succeeded, but her success lasted for centuries. It was because all was darkness in Europe at the time, and there was light in Venice, though in our point of view, it was a dim one. The moment Venice came in collision with a

* State prison; † palace; ‡ square; § the Grand Canal; || foot-way; canal; * small square; † narrow lane.

compact body she signally failed to maintain her reputation. The sister republic of Genoa repeatedly defeated her on sea, the Turks expelled her from her distant possessions, and ultimately she was bought and sold between Austria and France. In the meantime the route to the East by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, eastern trade had flown into other channels, and the new continent on the other side of the Atlantic created such a commercial activity in other states of Europe, that Venice if left to herself would have in the natural course of things declined to its present position.

These thoughts crowded upon my mind as I stood on the *Ponte de Rialto*, the famous bridge over the Grand Canal, consisting of a single spacious marble arch. This Canal is the main thoroughfare of Venice with which are connected the 146 smaller canals that serve as streets and lanes in this singular town. Four thousand gondolas carry on the street traffic on this watery labyrinth. On my right was the famous Rialto where the opulent merchants of Venice counted their enormous gains from trade in silk, cotton, spices and dyes which their argosies brought from the distant east. That little house over there now occupied by a fish monger was shewn to me as the one where Shylock the Jew hoarded his money. From that lofty building on the other side of the road were thrown to the crowd below slips of paper containing the latest news, which were afterwards sold for a "gazetta" a piece, whence our gazette of the present day. In this manner my guide pointed out to me the various places of interest in the Rialto. But the most important place in Venice is the Piazza or the Square of St. Mark. Here stands the Church of St. Mark, on the front of which above the doorway are the four horses brought from Constantinople in 1205 and which were taken away to Paris by Napoleon, but afterwards restored. The inside of the Church is profusely adorned with carved work and glass mosaic, especially the sides and ceilings of the domes where biblical scenes

are vividly represented. In the Creation scene God, is represented as an elderly gentleman with an oval face, eyes not very bright, and dark head surmounted by a crown. The next place I visited was the Doges' Palace with its council chambers and subterranean cells. I also saw the Arsenal where among various other interesting objects the model of the boat formerly used in the annual ceremony of "marrying the Adriatic," is kept. The original boat was broken to pieces by Napoleon for the gold used in its decoration. The Adriatic Sea was given in marriage to the Doges of Venice by the Pope himself. In the year 1177, in return for certain services, Pope Alexander gave to the doge Zianj a ring, saying—"Take this as a pledge of authority over the sea, and marry her every year, you and your successors for ever, in order that all may know that she is under your jurisdiction, and that I have placed her under your dominion as a wife under the dominion of her husband." The glass and lace manufactures of Venice, of which I visited the principal ones, are of great commercial interest. At the Grand Hotel Victoria in S. Marco I met an Indian gentleman from Sind.

From Venice I came to Florence, the Firenze of the Italians. After passing through one vast stretch of unvarying snow, I was delighted to behold the Etruscan Apennines, with their upper ridge naked and barren rising three thousand feet above the plains, but sides clothed with chestnut and timber trees, and underclothed with a bright green covering that afforded abundant pasture to numerous herds of cattle and sheep. Large and small rivulets impetuously running down the Apennines, or as Dante would call them, "cool streams flowing down the verdant slopes of Casentino's hills" (*Inferno*, Canto 30) came, to meet the Arno as she laboriously sought her way out from the mountain mazes to "the city of Flowers and the Flower of cities," across a lovely fertile valley, encircled by gentle eminences, and studded with metayer farms, flourishing vineyards, fruitful gardens and picturesque villas. She meets the

fair town with fairer names, lays herself upon it like a silvery necklet, dividing it into two unequal parts. Four bridges cross the river within the precincts of the town, of which the *Ponte santa trinità*, with the central arch 90 feet in span, and adorned by marble statues, is the most beautiful. At Florence, visitors see the Duomo commenced at the end of the 13th and completed in the 15th century. This Cathedral has a magnificent cupola which is said to have excited the admiration of Michel Angelo. Near the Duomo, at the Baptistery of San Giovanni, three bronze gates were shewn to me which my guide told me took twenty years to complete. They are in bass-relievo, *i.e.*, the figures carved in them are only partially raised from the surface, and two of them have been immortalised by Michel Angelo with the name of "Gates of Paradise." But the most important place I visited in Florence is the *Gli Uffizi* which contains the famous Florentine gallery of art. Never before did I see such a splendid collection of paintings, engravings, sculpture, bronzes, coins, gems and mosaics. I stood for more than half an hour before a Madonna by Raphael and knew not how to get away from her. Her face was so sweet and oh, so heavenly! I thought how happy human beings would be if they could only vividly realise in their mind the watchful care of such a sweet holy mother over them to console them in their sorrows and to guide them safely through the ills of the world. The stern Father or the self-sacrificing Brother would not quite satisfy the want of the human mind in this direction; it wanted a Mother full of love to sit with tearful eyes by the bedside, to teach her suffering child patience and resignation as he passes through the ailments and troubles of the world. Instead of glorying in my philosophy, I could almost weep that I knew so much and yet so little. I saw a lady taking a miniature copy of this picture. It was almost complete, and I asked her whether she would sell it to me, thinking that the price could not be more than

twenty francs. She said it was for sale and on my asking to know the price, she named 300 francs! Of course I could not have it. I also saw some of the principal Churches in Florence, notably that of San Lorenzo and Santa Croce. In the former there are many altars adorned with the paintings of Florentine masters and a sacristy in which are the celebrated monuments of Giuliano de' Medici and of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, both by Michel Angelo. These two statues have been described as "marvels of deep and living expression and unsurpassable in their mute and eloquent beauty." The sepulchral Chapel of the Medici attached to this Church is gorgeously decorated with the rarest marbles and jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, chalcidony and other most valuable stones.

At the church of Santa Croce I saw the monuments to Galileo, Dante, Macchiavelli, Michel Angelo, Alfieri, &c., from which will be seen how many eminent men Florence produced in her days. It has always been a matter of wonder to me why Macchiavelli has got such a bad name in the world. After all he has said in "Del Principe" what we see daily practised all over the civilised world. The world do not like to see its own true picture, that is what it is. "In what manner ought a prince to keep faith?" He has answered the question in the 18th chapter of his book, but no matter how moralists or Macchiavellists may answer it, the practical reply to the question has always depended upon the strength of the prince. "The best fortification for a prince is to be liked by his own people" so said Macchiavelli. Old and new books are replete with such sayings; but every man is wiser than his fellows and the way his mind is bent is always the wisest in his point of view. Knowing before hand the mind of each, I would have very much liked to be present at the conferences between Macchiavelli and Cesare Borgia. Their hearts must have been overflowed with admiration for each other. Macchiavelli highly extolled the political art of Borgia, but Cesare

was no author to return the compliment. Yet with all his art Macchiavelli did not succeed to keep out the Medici from Florence. He was no ordinary theorist, but a successful man of action in his early life, with a good eye to details. At any rate it is cruelty on the part of the world to set men of theory to practical work; they should only be asked to lay down maxims and to loaf about in their free and easy and eccentric ways. Macchiavelli was an infinitely inferior man both to Vishnu Sarmá as a writer on politics and to Chánakya as an active statesman. The fall of Florence is to be deplored. Whatever success she achieved she fully deserved it. She was only a little town, but the self-reliance, industry and good manners of her people raised her to a position of great eminence, in point of wealth and prosperity; I care very little for her military reputation. It is very strange that she could carry her democratic principles so far as to completely exclude all members of the noble families from public service, while Venice on the other hand was engaged in registering in her Golden Book the male adults among her aristocracy, who alone were permitted to hold office in the state. Signor Giglioli, *Professore di Zoologia nel R. O. Istituto di Studi Superiori*, at whose invitation I came to Florence, Signor Carnel, another Professor in the same Institution, and Signor Paolo Mantegazza, *Senatore del Regno*, shewed me the utmost kindness during my stay in this city. I saw the scientific museums, and was very much struck with the most valuable collection of anatomical models kept in the Natural History museum. They were prepared in the last century under the immediate supervision of a body of scientific men, and are guaranteed absolutely correct. From Florence I went to Rome.

On Friday, the 31st December 1886, I first saw the great city which ruled the political, moral and spiritual destiny of the western world for so many centuries. I went to the Continental Hotel, built on an elevated position in the Esquiline

Hill, the *Mons Esquilinus* of the ancient Romans. This was the last and the seventh hill which Servius Tullius added to Rome, which thenceforth received the appellation of "The city of the seven hills." My countrymen should not understand by this that Rome is built on the sides of seven high hills separated from each other by deep ravines, as they see the hill stations of Northern India. Whatever it might have been in former days the hills constituting modern Rome are only gentle eminences, the whole of which I would have called simply a broken ground, but for the respect due to them for their glorious past. I first went to see Signor Nicola Miraglia, the Minister presiding over the Agricultural Department. My name was not entirely unknown to the Italian Government; for, a short time ago with the permission of His Excellency the Viceroy it presented me with a gold watch and chain manufactured in Rome. Signor Miraglia kindly requested his Secretary, Signor Tutino, to take me round the scientific institutions in Rome. After doing these, I spent what little time I had at my disposal in seeing the sights of Rome. I could pay a hurried visit to almost all the important places, but unfortunately I could not go inside the Vatican, it being closed at the time owing to the holidays, and I had no time to obtain a special permission on my behalf by private influence.

Of course, I saw the Colosseum or the Flavian Amphitheatre, the construction of which Vespasian began and Titus finished in 80 A.D. or ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Any one can write a book on Rome: it has so many things fit to be told about, and it sets one so much to think of past times. So I thought standing on the second tier of the Colosseum and looking down on the great arena, below, where gladiators engaged in mortal combat and wild beasts yelled and fought to the great delight of the emperors, the senators, the vestal virgins and the 87,000 of the Roman populace who found accommodation in the open galleries formed by arches

of columns of Doric, Ionic and Corinthian structure. I could call imagination to my aid, and see before me good Titus sitting in imperial splendour, in the *podium* below under the temporary awning they called *velarium*, with the two patricians on his side who conspired against his life and whom he that very day pardoned simply saying—"Do not do it again; Providence alone distributes crowns." I could "see before me the gladiator lie" on the ground covered with wounds, with the foot of his victorious foe on his breast, anxiously looking askance for the public fiat that was to make him live or die. Alas, alas! the Emperor turns his thumb downwards, so do the senators, the patricians, the vestal virgins and the excited populace above, all thirsting for the blood of a fellow creature. The prostrate gladiator draws a long breath to bid adieu to the sweets and sorrows of this world, to the bright sunshine around and to the ultramarine sky above, but before he lets it out in a sigh of deep anguish, the victor puts an end of him by one fatal stroke of his *gladius*. Deafening applause greets him from all sides of the circle as he triumphantly salutes the Emperor and the public. These are brave men, they are gloriously brave men who murder helpless women and children; and those are despicable milksops, fit only to go under the table at the sight of a knife, who faithfully serve their friends in time of need and whose heart weeps that man is yet such a brute.

Here carefully note why I have so often praised the British nation. It is not that the British nation is perfection itself, but that all things are comparative in this world. Bull-fighting is a national sport in Spain: a similar thing will be a criminal offence in England. Duelling is allowed in the Continent: it will be homicide in England. Then, above all, I can overlook all the shortcomings of the British people for what they have done to abolish slavery and slave trade. It is England that by dint of unusual exertions per-

suaded other nations to give up this inhuman practice. France emancipated her Negro slaves in 1848, the Dutch in 1863, and so far as I know slavery still exists in the Spanish and Portuguese Colonies. If England were not in India to-day, if we found ourselves drifting into the clutches of some unknown power of Europe as all non-European nations seem to be doing now, if choice were given to us to elect that power, we would be awfully stupid if we did not select England to be our chief. Never had militarism such a thick veneer of mercy and justice as it is in the British people. Mercy and justice without militarism behind them will be like a vertebrate animal without its backbone. France to-day would have been the mistress of the greater part of Europe and Asia if she had only known in her moment of triumph what it was that causes Sicilian Vespers which, though the incident itself occurred in Sicily, had its counterpart in a more or less aggravated form wherever she established her temporary supremacy. I assure my countrymen that the indigo or coolie oppression we hear of now and then is, when true, practised by men un-British in their character and who act in complete variance of the best traditions of their race. Alas! Have not these black sheep found blacker coadjutors in our own countrymen? The *Banians*, the *Gumāshīs* and the *Jāchāndārs* of the old East India Company who despoiled and flogged the helpless weavers of Dacca, the *Diwāns* of indigo factories who made never-to-be-liquidated advances to peasants, the *Zamindārs* and their officials in the Muffāssal who burnt down houses and confined their tenants for fourteen years at a stretch in rooms full of lime, are heroes of a long tale which nobody cares to tell. Nor do their successors of the present day receive an adequate attention in the hands of our knights-errant, who into other quarters heedlessly and recklessly fling too many venomous darts to be of any practical good for the great cause of redress of wrongs in this world. Association of ideas carried me so far away from my subject.

When Titus opened the Colosseum, 5000 wild beasts fought and died in the arena during the festivities which lasted for about 100 days. The ancient Romans were very fond of such fights and wherever they went they built amphitheatres, while the Greeks, who were a more refined people than their conquerors, built theatres. The Colosseum though said to be in a better state of preservation than other existing amphitheatres is not however in a perfect state. One portion of it is entirely gone and the remainder is in a delapidated condition. The Colosseum is I think in the *Mons Palatinus*, i. e., the Palatine Hill where Romulus founded his little city. Near the Colosseum are the remains of several ancient Baths, the most noted among them being those of Caracalla, Titus and Trajan. The ruins of another ancient structure also exists in the Palatine Hill, viz., those of the sumptuous Septizonium, which the Emperor Septimius Severus erected as an ornament to the imperial palace. This edifice was in a good state of preservation until the time of Pope Sixtus V. who deprived it of its valuable marbles and carried them away to decorate the Vatican Basilica.

Until recently it was the fashion among English historians and English writers to call Muhammad an impostor and hold up the Muhammadans before the eyes of the world as the most ruthless "vandals" the world ever produced. I could not but smile as I recollected the early lessons I received from Christian teachers, when at Rome I beheld before me temples converted into Churches. ancient buildings despoiled of their decorative wealth for the sake of Christian edifices, and gods and goddesses mutilated and disfigured out of all recognition by the hands of Christian iconoclasts. The world always ignores the fact that man is man whether he be a Christian, Muhammadan or Hindu, and that his goodness or the reverse depends more upon the kind of man he is than upon the religion he professes.

He esoterises a crude religion or exoterises a subtle religion in proportion to the capacity of his mind.

Excavations are now going on in the Palatine Hill. My guide shewed me a house near the temple of Vesta among the excavations made in the Roman Forum which he said belonged to Numa Pompilius. My guide also pointed out to me the sites on the Velia, Sub-velia and Via Nova where Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius and Tarquin Priscus are supposed to have lived. The last two kings, however, had also their palaces in the Esquiline.

Between the Palatine Hill and the Capitol was the Forum Romanorum. A forum was a large open space usually surrounded with public buildings. The fora of ancient Roman cities were of two kinds, *fora judicialia* where courts of justice were held and political matters discussed, and *fora venalia* where citizens met to transact business of a commercial nature. The Forum Romanorum was of the former kind. During the Republic it was the central point of Roman political life. Its importance declined with the decline in the political vitality of the people, *i.e.*, after the time of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. It contained temples, statues, basilicæ, curiæ, rostra, triumphal columns and arches and the comitium where votes were taken on a public question. The rostra were the pulpits from which orators delivered their speeches to the people. It is said that before the rostra of the Forum Romanorum, Sulla caused the head of young Marius to be hung up. Among the ruins in this Forum were shewn to me three columns that belonged to the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and the Arch of Septimius Severus. Besides the Forum Romanorum, there were many other foras in Rome; some bearing the names of the Emperors by whom they were constructed, while others taking their names from the use to which they were put. Among the latter may be mentioned the Forum Boarium or the cattle market, the Forum Suarium or the pig market,

the Forum Piscatorium or the fish market and the Forum Olitorium or the vegetable market. Traces still exist of the last two foras. Among those called after the names of emperors, I saw the Trajan's Forum, in the midst of which stands the celebrated monumental column, known as the Trajan's Column, of which I saw a plaster of Paris facsimile in South Kensington. It is made of white Carrara marble, is 132 feet in height, and was constructed by the architect Apollodorus of Damascus in A.D. 114, to commemorate the victories of the Emperor over the Dacians. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal and on the body of the column, giving the whole history of Trajan's achievements, have thrown much light on the subject of dress worn by the ancient Romans. A colossal statue of Trajan formerly crowned the summit of the column, which was taken down exactly 300 years ago by order of Pope Sixtus V., and one of St. Peter put in its place.

Crossing the Forum Romanorum, I came to the Capitoline Hill. It is said that this hill bore the name of Saturn before Rome was built, and was the site of a city founded by that god. Once upon a time long ago, Saturn got very unpopular among the gods owing to his having mutilated his father Uranus with a hooked scythe and to his habit of devouring his own children as soon as they were born. He therefore came down from heaven and chose the Capitoline Hill for his temporary residence, until his misdeeds were forgotten by his friends and relations above. He found the people of Italy in a wretched state of savagery, and it required all his celestial eloquence and power of persuasion to induce them to come out of hollows in the trunks of trees and caves and caverns where they lived, in order to learn from him how to build houses, cultivate lands to write and all the arts of civilised life known to the gods of the Golden Age. In the opinion of my guide "a pagan divinity like him could not have been expected to turn out such a beneficent ruler." Mons Saturninus came to be known by

the name of Mons Tarpeius from the day the Sabines obtained possession of the stronghold through the treachery of the virgin Tarpeia, who was crushed to death under the shields of her tempters and hurled down from the top of the rock. Since that time state criminals were thrown down from this rock. A portion of the Tarpein rock can still be seen in the garden attached to the Palace of Caffareli, now the German Embassy. In order to increase the population of Rome, Romulus established on this hill the sanctuary which gave refuge to criminals from the neighbouring states. On the site of this sanctuary now stands the Piazza del Campidoglio. The Capitoline Hill received its Roman name of Mons Capitolinus owing to the head of a man, named Tulus, having been dug up in a fresh state, when Tarquin Priscus was laying the foundation of a temple for Jupiter. The present name of the place is Campidoglio. One of the summits of the Capitoline Hill is now occupied by a church called the Ara Coeli. In the other summit are three palaces of which two are used as a Museum for ancient sculpture, coins and other objects of interest found in the late excavations.

In modern times, Palazzo del Campidoglio was the scene of a pleasing episode, *viz.*, the award of the laurel crown to the poet Petrarch, which ceremony took place in 1341. This Francesco Petrarca was a remarkable man, and the story of his romantic love made quite a sensation all over Europe in his time. He was a Florentine by birth, but his family having been banished from its native city, he took up his residence at Avignon, where Pope Clement V. then held his gay court. In 1327, as fate would have it, Petrarca met in a Church a beautiful young lady named Laura, for whom he felt a passion of the most violent type. But this lady happened to be the wife of another man. Nevertheless all through his life (he died in 1374) he was firmly constant in his love for the lady, which necessarily was of a pure platonic nature. He

worshipped the goddess of his heart from a distance, and Laura and love were chiefly the theme of his Italian poetical pieces, which became famous for their charming sweetness, and which are said to be "enlivened by a variety, a rapidity and a glow which no Italian lyric has ever possessed in an equal degree. The power of preserving and at the same time of diversifying the rhythm belongs to him alone; his melody is perpetual, and yet never wearies the ear." So he got his laurel crown, while he sat clothed, as a mark of special honour, in the royal robes of Robert of Anjou, king of Naples, amidst the exclamations of an enthusiastic multitude crying "All Hail to the Capitol, All Hail to the poet." When Laura got old and all her beauty was gone, he still admired her with the same vehement constancy. His friends wondered at it, to whom he once answered by saying—*Plaga per allentar l'arco non sana*. "The bow can no longer wound, but its mortal blow has been already inflicted. If I had loved her person only, I had changed long since." The answer which Majnun of the popular Persian story gave to his friends was of a different kind. Majnun was a handsome young swain who loved to madness Lailah, an ugly little girl. His friends expressed their astonishment at his choice, on which he quietly said—*Lailah râ bachashami Majnun badid*. "Ah, if you had only seen Lailah with the eyes of Majnun!"

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My guide in Rome was a patriot. He was one of the besieged when the French invested the city in 1849 in the interests of the Pope, and had eventually to fly for his life out of the Papal Dominions. He fought under Garibaldi for the unity and independence of Italy. I do not mean to underestimate the services of my guide to his country, but I cannot but find fault with Patriotism for her one-sided views. She is always partial to fighting and bloodshed, and those of her worshippers who sacrifice themselves in their battle with ignorance, misery and widespread abuses scarcely receive a

recognising nod from her. I am therefore glad that she has been called by a philosopher "the last refuge" of scoundrelism. But if truth is to be told she little deserves this withering aphorism. A scoundrel can never successfully play the role of a patriot, for he must be too well known or soon comes to be too well-known, and instead of being a paying business to play the part of a patriot is a losing trade requiring a good many sacrifices. Were I a commentator of Johnson, I would explain that he meant to say—"Religion, philanthropy and patriotism are the last solace of restless disappointed." We often see men and women with an uncontrollable amount of energy born under adverse circumstances; we too often see men and women cast out of the world for some early mistake, for some hasty or heedless action of a more culpable nature, or through no fault of theirs but through the villainy of others. They find the outlets for their indefatigable energy closed on every side, and these are the individuals who find refuge in philanthropy and patriotism—not scoundrels. These individuals are down on the ground, and no wonder that everybody should kick them, philosophers included. As for the world it is always ready to be led by the ears to kick the fallen.

I saw the Pantheon, which was built by Agrippa in 87 B.C., and was dedicated to all the gods. It has been converted into a Christian Church, called the Santa Maria Rotunda. On the summit of the Quirinal Hill I saw the famous pontifical palace and garden. This palace was used as a summer residence by the Roman Pontiffs, and the conclave for the election of a new Pope was also held here. It has now become the palace of the King of Italy. In the square before the palace, called the Piazza del Quirinale, is a majestic fountain with two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux with their horses. It is said that these figures were brought from Alexandria by Constantine the Great. They are magnificent specimens of the sculp-

tor's art, and speaking of the horses a competent authority has said—"The two horses placed on the Piazza del Quirinale at Rome, and the four horses in bronze in the portico of St. Mark's at Venice are, in my opinion, the finest works that can be possibly conceived of their kind." But the most important sight in Rome is the St. Peter's. It is the largest Cathedral in the world, and is said to be erected over the grave of St. Peter and near the spot where he suffered martyrdom. Its construction was commenced in 1506 and finished in 1626 A.D. It has no fairy-like symmetry like the Taj, but it is a heap of grandeur unsurpassed in the world. Everything is in a colossal scale here, but owing to the proportions maintained all round, the enormous sizes of objects within it become hardly perceptible to the eye. The walls are adorned with plates of the richest marble, and copies of celebrated pictures executed in mosaic. Before the mosaic at St. Peter's that of Taj sinks into insignificance, so far as massiveness goes. The floor is paved with marble of different colours, beautifully arranged. But the finest part of the building is the dome which is supported by four arches. Under the dome is the high altar of St. Peter, and beneath the altar, the shrine where 112 lamps burn night and day. Near the vestibule where a splendid mosaic of St. Peter walking on the sea is to be seen, is a bronze statue of the Apostle. Its right big toe is completely worn out by the continual kissing of pilgrims for centuries. In the square before St. Peter's there is a large Egyptian obelisk which is said to have been brought from Heliopolis by Caligula. There are other Egyptian obelisks in Rome, the largest being the Lateran in the Circus Maximus. Cleopatra's Needle which is now in London is much smaller than the Lateran. The Tiber divides Rome into two very unequal parts, and although so near the sea, it is a small river at Rome, barely 300 feet in width. I was informed that the depth varies from 12 to 18 feet.

In passing through the length of the Italian peninsula, I could not but remark the poor condition of the peasantry. The land is fruitful. There is silk, wine, olive oil and other valuable produce for export. But the soil does not quite ~~seem~~ to mellow for the benefit of those that delve and toil. In the north, in Lombardy, the wriggling grubs spin and spin their glossy thread, but yet those that rear for them upwards of 17 millions of mulberry trees live in miserable hovels and barely subsist on the commonest of food. Spin they to produce £5,000,000 of revenue for cannons and ironclads? There is misery too in the middle country where, under the clear blue sky only freckled here and there by spots of fleecy clouds and beside the sloping mountains the rich tints of which impart a warmth to the atmosphere, the elegant festoons of vine gaily swing from tree to tree, growing all the while, bearing thick bunches of luscious grapes and vainly striving to make the land a land of perpetual holiday, where Painting may sit at ease, watch and admire, Poetry may contemplate love, and sweet Melody may at leisure raise her strains to enliven or soothe. There is distress in the south where the mournful olive, stunted and hoary with age, makes its contribution in oil, where the plump peach turns its ruddy cheek to the sun, where the semi-tropical almond, fig and pistachio yield their produce to the orchardsmen and where the African date hangs from its neck huge clusters of green, gold and pink. There too occasionally a buffalo wallows in the slimy pool, the glowworm glows in the night, and the railway porter importunes you for *Bakhshish*, as arriving at the railway station of Naples you hurriedly take the train for Pompei. Verily you smell the rich spices of the gorgeous East.

Eighteen hundred and nine years ago, in A.D. 79, on the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, the sister of the elder Pliny drew the attention of his brother to a pillar of cloud issuing from Mount Vesuvius. That cloud on the top of

the Vesuvius portended a mighty catastrophe. Pliny put his vessels to sea, and went nearer to better observe the phenomenon and to help the citizens of the neighbouring towns in case they required his help. He landed at Stabiae, where he found the daytime enveloped in a deeper darkness than it prevails in the most obscure night. The earth was rocking violently and hot cinders and calcined stones fell in showers. He went out to the fields for safety with a pillow tied on his head. There he was suffocated to death. The earth, the hot cinders, the pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock that Vesuvius incessantly rained soon engulfed the towns of Herculaneum and Pompei. In a very short time Pompei was entirely forgotten by the world, with all her hopes and aspirations and her petty quarrel with Nuceria only a few years ago, on which occasion Nero punished her by stopping all her theatrical amusements for ten years. She was as entirely forgotten as I and You and He will be, my friends, when other I and You and He take our place. Her very site was forgotten, and for 1600 years crops were sown and vines were trained on the spot under which all the white peacefully slept in the sleep of death the houses, the shops, the theatres, the basilicae, the temples, the forum, the amphitheatre, the baths, the prison, the pantheon, the bakeries, the house of Sallust, the house of the Tragic Poet with *cave canem*, the villa of Diomed and the skeletons found in the soldiers' barracks. These have now been brought out to daylight by excavations that have been going on since 1755. There is nothing particular to say about these sights: Herculaneum and Pompei derive their interest from their singular fate, the state of preservation in which they have been found, and the light which they throw on Roman social life 1800 years ago. They have got a museum in Naples, where the most interesting objects found in these two places have been carefully collected, among which are some very fine frescoes, the colours of which are in excel-

lent preservation. I went across the exhumed town of Pompei from *Porta della Marina* to the *Gate of Herculaneum*. From Pompei I came back to Naples.

The saying goes that "Shave your head in *Brayág* (Allahabad), and then, O sinner! go and die anywhere," and also "See Naples and die." I have done both and I may now die in peace. So far as Naples goes, I could, however, only literally fulfil the requirement of the ancient saying; for I had only a few hours at my disposal to see the various sights that were to be seen in this town. So besides the town itself and its beautiful scenery, I had only time to see the Museums, the Aquarium and Virgil's Tomb. *Palazzo Campodimonte*, near the Catacombs, is a fine museum containing paintings, porcelain, arms, &c., and the *Musco Nazionale* possesses a picture gallery and a fine collection of mummies, mosaics, gold and silver ornaments, coins, and various other objects found in Herculaneum and Pompei. They have got a very fine Aquarium in Naples. A well-arranged catalogue in English is sold there, which makes it easy for ordinary visitors to study the habits of the fishes kept in their glasshouses. Near the Tomb of Virgil there is a large tunnel. On the Naples side of the tunnel I saw a little shrine neatly covered with red cloth, on which a number of small and large brass images of gods were nicely arranged. The priest in charge of them ran to me and reminded me of my duty to make some offerings to the deities. I apologised and respectfully made my obeisance to the gods and saints and while doing so laid some pieces of copper on the floor. The priest was satisfied with my humble gift; and when I saw that he would not ask for more, I was pleased that he was not like his kind elsewhere, and I gave him a lire. He was profuse in his thanks, and said many things which I did not understand. In the Vesuvius Hotel at Naples, I saw two countrymen of mine, both Parsis. I did not speak to them.

From Naples I came direct to Brindisi. Here the mail steamer was lying ready to take me to Alexandria. At day-break on the 3rd of January 1887, I left Europe and travelled back to my native country by the usual mail route. My stay in Europe lasted for 8 months and 27 days.

THE END.