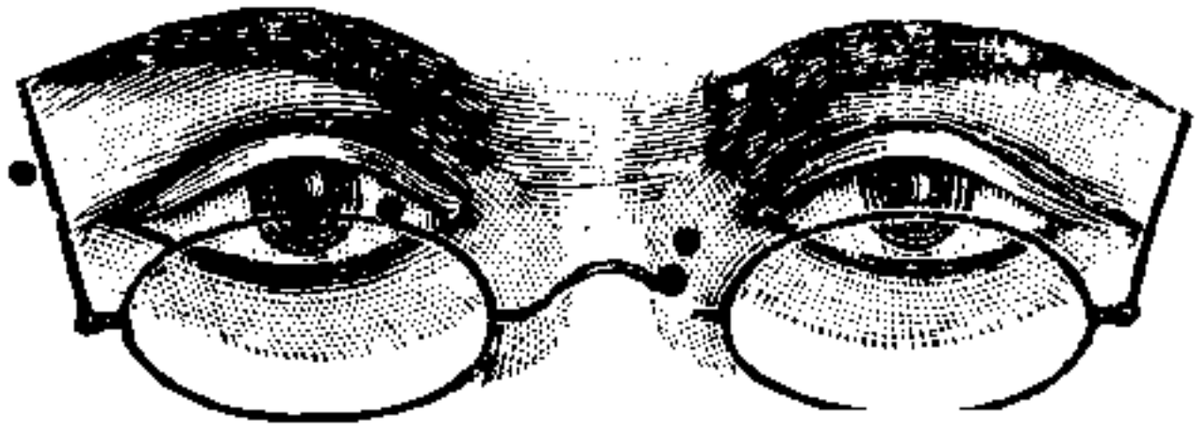
LONDON AND PARIS



THROUGH INDIAN SPECTACLES

BY

G. PARAMASWARAN PILLAI, B. A.,

Author of "Representative Indians."

Madras:

PRINTED AT THE VAIJAYANTI PRESS,

GAY HOME, MOUNT ROAD.

LONDON AND PARIS.

Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in sending you herewith a copy of my "London and Paris, Laugh Indian Spectacles," just published in Madras.

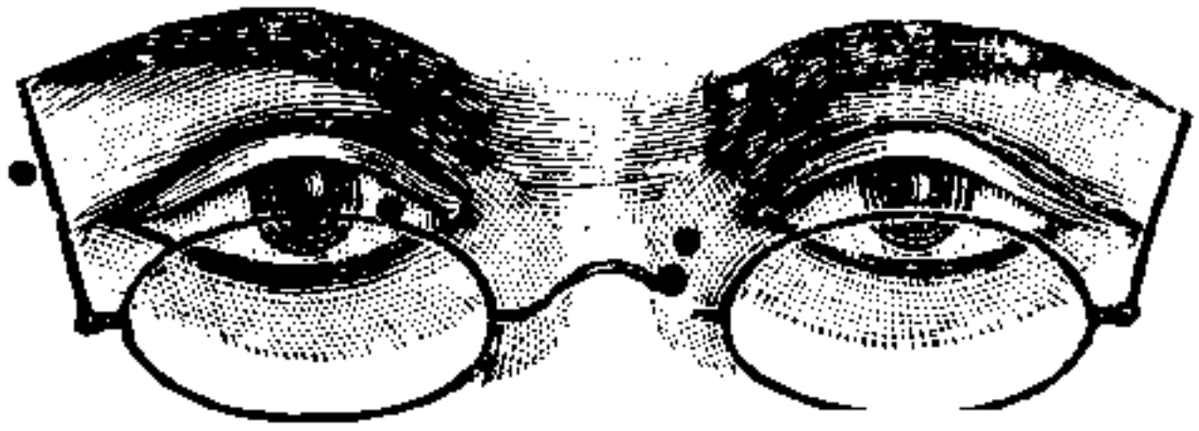
I trust you have received a copy of my "Representative Indians" sent to you about two months ago.

Yours faithfully,

S. Muthu

Madras Standard,
Jan. 2, 1898.

LONDON AND PARIS



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PREFACE.

The twelve letters contained in this little book, which were originally contributed to the *Madras Standard* during my visit to Europe are now re-published in this form at the request of several friends, European and Indian. To me they are valuable merely as a memento of my visit, as a token of the realisation of one of my youthful dreams. My friend, physician and guide, Dr. T. M. Nair and myself left Madras for London on May 2, 1897. We reached Colombo on the 4th and got on board the Steamer, *Ballaarat*, on the 7th. We arrived at Plymouth on the evening of June 1, and proceeded by train to London which we reached the next morning. We remained in London till August 4 when we left for Brighton. After a stay of three days in Brighton, I left for Edinburgh. From Edinburgh, I proceeded to Glasgow through the Trossachs and from Glasgow I crossed over to Dublin. After seeing Dublin and Bray, I returned to London through Chester where I halted for a couple of days with a view to visit Hawarden. On the morning of August 27, I left London for Paris by the Newhaven-Dieppe route and reached Paris the same evening. I stayed in Paris till September 10, when Dr. Nair joined me and we left together for Brindisi. We got on board the R. M. S. *Peninsular* on the 12th and reached Bombay on the 26th. We returned to Madras on the morning of September 29.

FLOWER'S ROAD, EGMORE, MADRAS,
December 15, 1897.

G. P.

LONDON AND PARIS.

THROUGH INDIAN SPECTACLES.

LETTER I.

IT is day dawn. Through the window blinds, you perceive the light outside and you feel you can sleep no more. Up you rise and accidentally your eyes fall on the clock on the mantel-piece. Ten minutes to four! Lor! There is something wrong somewhere, not with the clock surely, for, *tic, tic, tic*, it goes all right, there is the same pulsation, the same regulated beating of time. You thought it was six o'clock. You cast your eyes around—and you feel you are amidst strange surroundings. Surely, there is something curious in the arrangement of the furniture—the cosy room, the papered walls, the window panes. It is all strange as strange could be. You don't feel warm; there is a comfortable coolness within and the air a solemn stillness holds. In a corner of the room, you espy a button; you approach and press it almost unconsciously. A faint but not distant sound reaches your ears—surely, it is the sound of a bell and you realise what you have done. You look round in momentary expectation of the summons being answered. But no! You have waited long. You vainly imagine the sound of footsteps. You ring again. Again, in vain. Habituated to early rising, you feel the want of an early cup of tea. But you are doomed to disappointment. The silence overpowers you. You slip back into bed. Hours elapse. You rise again. It is eight of the clock. You ring. You are answered. You get your tea—and your breakfast which you don't quite enjoy amidst the roar of traffic outside. The sound of horses' hoofs, the rattling noise of carriages, the perpetual roar of the

houses are all alike. There is a sameness about them which you first admire but which you afterwards deplore; and with eagerness, you begin to welcome the appearance of the shops. Through their glassy walls, you espy the numerous pretty things, big and small, exposed to view, arranged beautifully, attractively, artistically, their prices marked in shillings and pence. You walk on and you find abundant evidence of the greatness of the city. Here a number of buildings rising five and six stories majestically high, there an almost circular row of houses opening to view as you proceed and leading to a broad expanse of roads with a decorated fountain in the centre, yonder a green park full of animated beings giving ample exercise to their limbs,—these and a thousand other things impress you with the greatness and majesty of the biggest and the richest city in the world. Activity, thy name is London! Both men and women—and women even more than men—are active in this most active centre of the world. How different to the languor of the land of the lotus! Go where you may in London, you see the same activity everywhere—clubland, newspaperland, restaurantland, publichouseland, shopland or moneyland. Of course, you find it difficult to get about. You don't know where to go and what to see in a land of strange people and strange sights! All is new, all is novel and everything is interesting in this strange land. Here you find a big conveyance, top-heavy, filled with "lords and ladies gay,"—the latter with fantastic head-dress—now halting, now moving and that you are told is the Omnibus. There goes a nice turnout with the coachman driving from behind—that is the Cab. A man in black in the middle of the road raises his hand; all ominbuses, cabs, carts and cycles stop——that is the Police-

he proceeds in the direction of a house: *tum, tum*—that is the Postman. These be strange characters in a strange land and it takes some time before you become familiar with them.

There is not a road in London which has not a side walk. Suddenly, you grow nervous—you are told, all is hollow beneath your feet. A good portion of all London houses, of all London shops is under-ground. Beneath the pavements are store-rooms and through the skylights you are sometimes able to see what is within. You see a railway station. You enter and you feel you are going underground. You get into a train and it steams out. Now in light, now in darkness, less in light and more in darkness, you travel. You choose to remain in the train to reach the terminus. But you feel you are perpetually travelling. You find you are beginning to see the same stations, the same porters, and you realise you have been travelling in a circle. Yes; these trains go in a circle throughout London, and every five minutes there is a fresh train. How surprising! And these trains are underground! At least one-half of London is hollow. There is as much of the city above London as there is underneath it. How strange—and yet how instructive! You may read of London all your life, but you will never know what it is like, unless you see it. Its people, their manners; its institutions, their character, are all so different.

There are, of course, different styles in which a man could live in London. If he is rich and has a limitless source of money, he can live in the most fashionable quarters, keep powdered footmen, own a splendid turnout, assume the god, affect to nod and seem to shake the spheres. Or, he may live in a flat with a number of well-furnished

up lodgings in a respectable house in some respectable locality. You have only to go to a comparatively quiet street, walk with your eyes open and when you find "Apartments Furnished" labelled at the gate of any house, proceed to it and knock ta—ta, ta, ta, ta, ta,—first one and then a series of knocks and if you find an additional contrivance for ringing the bell, either pull it if it is a knob, or press it if it is a button. In a minute, the door will be opened by a woman dressed in black with a white piece of cloth running over the front portion of her black dress. She is the maid servant and you ask "Have you got apartments?" 'Yes, Sir,' says she, 'Step in, Sir.' You step in, and the door is closed. The servant runs to her mistress and the lady of the household appears on the scene. You are taken to the rooms —one a sitting room tastefully furnished and the other a bed room. You take them by the week and you find yourself comfortably settled.

The person with whom you come

You see her at breakfast, you see her at dinner, you summon her when you want anything and sometimes you find her in your room attending to the arrangement of the furniture. Whenever you see her, she talks to you and at the beginning, you give her a patient and even respectful hearing. But as days roll on, you begin to dread her speeches ; she keeps you so long when you are busy ; and about her speeches there is a monotony which you do not relish. It is always about her husband who is unseen, her daughter who is rarely seen or her previous lodgers who never will be seen that she talks. Of course, her husband is the very model of a man—when he comes in and when he goes out, nobody knows—certainly not the lodger and if the lodger by the merest accident met him, he would not identify him as that superior person, the husband of the landlady, of whom he had heard so much. He is a vestry man too and from the graphic way in which the landlady describes his victories at the vestry, you would be tempted to think that a vestryman should be superior to a Member of Parliament. And her daughter,—tell it not in England, whisper it not in London—is the very pink of perfection ! The previous tenants she has had—why, she was treated by them as their own mother, and costly and numerous were the presents she had received. Of course, she is a woman of her word and what she prices most is her word. In dealing with her neighbours, says she, she is very strict, has in all her life not borrowed a farthing, had gone into a Court of Law but once when the Judge merely looked at her face and decreed for her; and as for her honesty, why, once upon a time, she had a lodger who left in his room forgetfully, a bag full of sovereigns and went his way—a bag full of sovereigns, mind you, and she took possession of all this precious metal and

very picture of modesty and greatness combined, relating how she has always been useful to her lodgers, how thankful they have been to her, how in this very room, in this very place—there I see her shrugging her shoulders and a peculiar shrug that is, and rattling away at a speed that I can not or care not to follow—By God! she is gone and I dread to summon her again for anything I want, lest she may deliver another lecture! To add to my torments, she is a bigotted Tory, hates Radicals, reminds me how she once served the Prince of Wales, and where and under what circumstances exactly she first saw the Queen, shows her intense dislike of the poorer classes, &c., &c., &c. In the evening, she dons her best attire, sits majestically in a chair with her knitting materials on her lap as you see her in the picture on page 4 and pretends to be busy when she really is not. When you are out, she is always in your room ascertaining your address from your visiting cards, examining the post marks on your letters and reading your books. She is obliging enough to give you a latch-key which facilitates admission to the house at any time of day or night without putting her to the necessity of appearing at the door every now and then. Once a week, a modest paper in the shape of a bill enclosed in an envelope is placed on your table and you may depend upon it, the landlady is never satisfied unless she gives in detail all the items, down to the purchase of a pin, even if it cost but a farthing. Her caligraphy is interesting and her orthography superb. You are charged two pence for "damidge" to the table cloth and six pence for "shaushages." Your landlady is also very "churchey." On Sunday, you have your dinner at luncheon time and you get only tea in the evening. She is simply shocked--how interesting to watch both her shoulders

landlady for, while the landlady never eats with you, the boarding-housekeeper presides at the common dinner table. I hope no boarding-housekeeper will come across this copy of the *Standard*—for, she does not recognise the existence of any "boarders," and she will be very angry that I should speak of them as such. They are all "paying-guests" and she is the "lady of the house;" and all the "paying-guests" are superior persons like herself. On them rests the foundation of her fame—Indian students are Native Princes, vestry men are county councillors, petty tradesmen are big merchants and city clerks are stock-brokers! She is a carver *par excellence:* she can carve meat in superfine fashion and the sections she distributes to her "paying-guests" are as thin as if they had been cut by a microtome. Of course, she is very courteous and obliging and she constantly presses her "paying-guest" to have a small piece more and a very small piece it is sure to be. Occasionally, however, a "paying-guest," who is asked to have a small piece more, ventures to reply "if you don't mind, I will have a big piece," and she is horrified! Nevertheless, it must be understood that she keeps a "liberal table" and she advertises this fact in the papers along with other facts equally luminous, such as "Young Society," "Centrally Situated." "Young Society", however, becomes uncomfortable at times. "Young Society" more often than not is matrimonially inclined and it is not every one that could summon the courage or command the humour,—I don't know which—of the Indian who in answer to the declared wish of a young lady, to go and settle in India, said, 'Yes, there is plenty of opening for you there, either as a Salvationist or as a member of the Zenana mission"! Sometimes, the Boarding-housekeeper displays her ingenuity in the art of advertising, (*e.g.*) "Vacancy for

family"! The Italics are mine, not the boarding-house-keepef's.

NORTHUMBERLAND PLACE,
BAYSWATER, LONDON, *July* 16, 1897.

LETTER II.

BY force of circumstances, you come to lead quite a different life in London from what you have been accustomed to in India. It is a great advantage that you are compelled to go to England by sea. On board the steamer, you begin to eat English dinners, you dress like Englishmen, you learn English manners and become accustomed to English ways, and if you don't do things to perfection, nobody minds your little short-comings; so that when you land, you feel quite at home, whether in the bath room, or at the dinner table, or in the public streets. It is not very often, however, that you find yourself in a bath-room. It is not every house that provides a bath and in hotels, you have to await your turn so patiently that you are at times tempted to give it up. You begin to sympathise with the "great unwashed" of London. But, what, in private houses, you often miss, is provided for in public places. There are several public baths in London and very comfortable ones too, where for the payment of a shilling or two you can have a comfortable bath, hot or cold, as the case may be, or Turkish baths at greater expense—provided, of course, you reverse the order of things in India and won't mind the trouble of dressing as carefully and as neatly before bath as you have to do after bath. You are provided with swimming baths as well and occasionally, if you don't mind taking a longer stroll in the early morn to some far off park, away from the madding crowd, you can enjoy the luxury of an oriental bath in a tank full of crystal water.

by the charm of light, colour and silence around,

"To stand awhile
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Till disenchanted by the ruffling gale
You plunge headlong down the closing flood."

You bathe and you dress. Fondly attached as you are to your orthodox turban, you and your turban become gradually estranged in London. The occasions when you don it become few and far between. Unless your genial host or more often hostess, insists upon your appearance at the dinner table in your oriental costume or you feel that you can make up for your want of eloquence at a public meeting by the attractions of your head dress, you don't wear it, until at last you begin to feel like the generality of people in this country "what a *funny* thing it looks!" The worst of it is that you are the object of too much attention in the streets when you walk about with a turban on. Who will not covet to be the cynosure of all eyes in London?—and such pretty eyes too! But somehow or other, you grow nervous as you walk along and you feel you cannot stand the test of a close scrutiny, particularly by good looking girls! For a time you may imagine that it is your personal beauty that attracts—what matters it if your skin is dark?—but you are soon disenchanted! "Oh, where did you get that hat?" sings one; "Can't you wear something more respectable?" mutters another; and if you don't walk home directly and say farewell, a long farewell to your bright little, nice little turban, you deserve to be congratulated on your pluck.

After dress, dinner. Of course, you have your breakfast always at your lodgings. That is most convenient. But once you eat your dinner in some good restaurant, you won't go back to your lodgings again for dinner. What you get in the restaurant is simply splendid compared to

noon you are almost always out somewhere in the city, on business or pleasure bent, and after a hard day's work or sightseeing, it is pleasant to enter some attractive restaurant and eat a good, hearty dinner. But, where will you go? It depends on the strength of your purse. You can have your dinner for 10*s*-6*d* or 1*s*; you may go to the *Café Royal* or to *Lockhart's*. There are some places in London where you will meet with restaurants on every side and one such place is Piccadilly. True, Piccadilly has to some extent lost its reputation for good dinners.

> "Farewell, my dearest Piccadilly,
> Notorious for good dinners
> O! What a tennis court was there
> Alas! too good for sinners!"

So wrote a libertine of the Restoration. The tennis court has disappeared like the dinners and what remains perhaps is the "sinners." Nevertheless, there are still some good restaurants in Piccadilly—the *St. James'*, the *Criterion*, the *Pavilion*, the *Monico* and some places beyond, the *Café Royal*. At any of these places you may have your *table d'hote* or you may dine *a la carte* giving the finish with a dip of your hands in rose water. You see how easily one becomes accustomed to French expressions here. This is inevitable as long as you dine in restaurants. Your *menu* is often written in French and your waiters are generally foreigners, mostly Italians. Fancy your being asked whether you wish to begin with *hors' d'ouvre*, have any *poisson*, pass on to *entree*, and wind up with *fromage* by Gati, Obertti, Frascarti or Lombardo! However, you become familiar with the French *menu*; you begin to show a distinct preference for whitebait and cease to wonder how the ministerial whitebait dinners which sprang into existence in Pitt's time have continued to be so popular. You may long for curry but you are doomed to disappoint-

restaurant. There is no doubt that curry is considered a rare dish here and in some well known restaurants, you get it only on certain fixed days; but, you would appreciate it all the better for its rarity if it were a real nice plate of curry and rice. By the way, you notice that rice holds a subordinate place to curry here, while in India it is just the reverse. If curry is badly prepared, rice is worse cooked. And to add to your difficulties, you have to eat it all with your fork,——a spoon being out of the question. The only occasion I tasted genuine Indian curry was at the house of a Madras Missionary now at Bromley whose wife has a distinct partiality for the Indian dish. But I should not forget the East India United Service club, a club consisting mainly of retired Anglo-Indians. Invited by a good friend to dine here, I was served with Indian dishes—Indian currys, Indian chutneys and Indian pickles. My host consumed two or three dishes of curry—he cared for none other; and one who is so devotedly attached to the Indian dish cannot but love India.

The restaurant is always brilliantly lighted; the tables are well and carefully laid and the waiters are quite deserving of your attention. Here is a good

He is well worth one's acquaintance. He is spotlessly dressed. And he has a dignified bearing about him too! If you were to meet him in Mount Road, Madras, you will easily mistake him for a member of the heaven-born service. His evening dress, his tight-fitting collar, his white shirt front—everything looks so neat and nice. It was at a club in London. A Hindu gentleman well acquainted with London was explaining to a new arrival, also a Hindu, what sort of dress he should wear at a dinner party to come off that evening. "Put on your evening dress," said the one to the other. But the new arrival did not quite understand what "evening dress" meant! "You mean, the sort of dress worn by waiters?" asked the new arrival. "Yes that is it" was the immediate answer of the Hindu gentleman with a smile. You see how new arrivals in London are impressed with the appearance of the waiter. You enter the restaurant and take your seat and the waiter in charge of your table approaches you, hands you the *menu* and respectfully awaits orders. He is all courtesy and attention. Having served you your first dish, he invites your attention politely to the wine list and he is taken aback when you tell him, "no, thank you." A teetotaller! "What is a teetotaller like?" He moves off and begins to survey you calmly from some distance. But the slightest motion of your head brings him closer and sometimes you exchange thoughts through your eyes scarcely opening your mouth. If he is not anywhere near, you have only to tap on your table—and he appears. He is a clever hand at carrying dishes. One waiter is known to have won a bet by carrying seventeen dishes in both his hands. You may sit ever so long in a restaurant after you have finished your dinner—nobody will ask you why. Even the waiter will never give you your bill until you call for it. And as you rise to go, the waiter is always "tipped." Tipping the waiter has become quite a national institution here.

often *6d.* Perhaps, you don't fully realise the value of the waiter's courtsey and attention till you thrust your hand into your pocket with a view to tip the waiter. Sometimes it so happens that the waiter gets no pay except his tips; and in some institutions, the proprietor has a finger in the pie, claims a portion of the tips—so much so that in Paris the waiters have, it is said, refused to accept tips. Will London follow? Sure as he is of his tips, it is amusing to see how the waiter hangs about you till he is paid. He submits his bill. You pay—it is often a sovereign or half a sovereign. He brings back the balance and then with an eye on the silver in your hands, he pretends to be busy, taking particular care to be as close to you as possible, dusting your coat, doing this or that till he is able to say "thank you, Sir." Of course, the waiter is supposed to be honest. But, often he plays the trick of his prototype in Pinero's "Magistrate," who in returning the balance of a sovereign on a plate to the Magistrate after dinner, slily conceals a couple of shillings under the palm of his hand. If you carelessly take the money and walk away, the waiter gets two shillings in addition to his "tip." But if you are careful of your pence and begin to count, the waiter begs your pardon, removes his hand from the plate and you find all your money there. Tableau! There is a picture for you!

The function of waiting at restaurants, however, is not monopolised by the male sex.

is as common in London as the waiter and in activity and attention she is by no means inferior to her male rival. In one respect, she is certainly superior—in her good looks. The chief qualification in any girl who aspires to become a waitress is her face. If she has a pretty face, she can be quite sure of preference by the hotel or restaurant proprietor. He has an eye to business and he knows pretty waitresses are often more lucrative sources of revenue than even the excellence of his dishes or the superiority of his *menu*. Though a pretty face could cover a multitude of sins, there is one other requisite in a successful waitress. She must have a sweet temper. She must be gentle and graceful in her speech and though she may have a thousand troubles at home, she must present a perpetually smiling face to her customers. The success of a restaurant depends on the magic of its mirrors, its electric light and its waitresses. Entering a restaurant, you are cheered by the mild flood of light of mellow effulgence which fills it; proceeding to take your seat, you are charmed by the reflection of your full figure on the shining glass on the wall; taking your seat and looking up, you are bewitched by the winning smile of the pretty waitress who slips the *menu* into your hands and awaits your pleasure. A restaurant which possesses these three attractions becomes popular beyond measure. A waitress who combines a pretty face with sweet temper can even afford to snap her fingers at her employer. When she walks out, the customers cease to walk in. Who designed the waitress' dress? One might as well ask who invented cooking? But whoever did it, the waitress certainly improves in appearance in her uniform. A black dress with a white flowing front, tied behind the back with two long strips of white muslin, white cuffs and white head-dress on black or golden hair—the pretty waitress looks prettier still in this dress and many a cus-

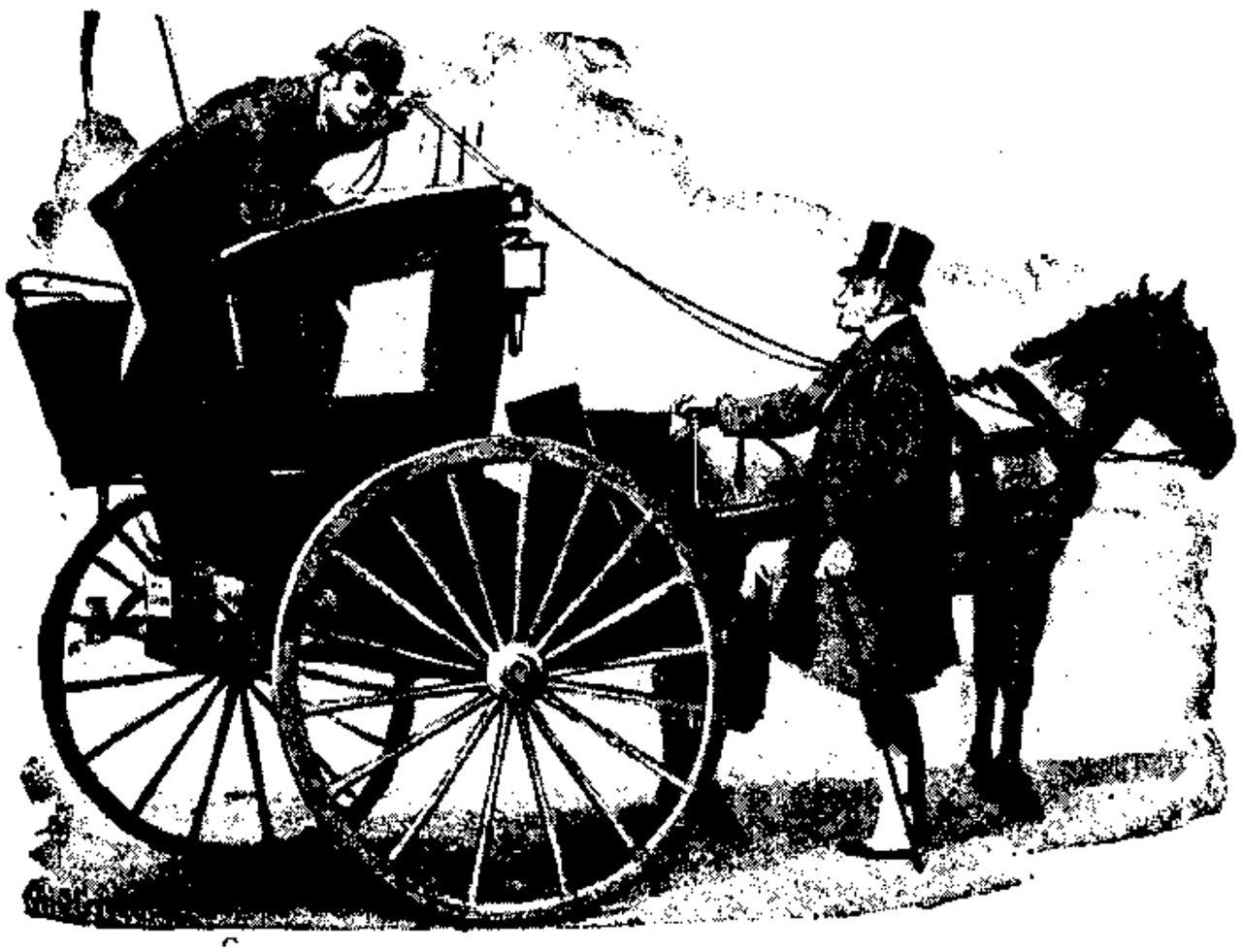
waitress. She has certainly a very busy time of it and her lot is hard—the prettier, the harder. From morn till eve she scarcely finds time even to sit; and at night you may find many a weary waitress winding her way home with the satisfaction that every pence she earns, she earns honestly, honorably, her virtue very often sorely tried but not lost, though there be hundreds of women not half so pretty as she, in receipt of high incomes but devoid of that precious possession to retain which she has been struggling hard amidst dishes in dining saloons.

REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL,
LONDON, *July 23, 1897.*

LETTER III.

IN this huge world of London all are alike. There is, of course, the inevitable distinction wrought by poverty and riches. The working man is easily spotted by his clothes. The East-Ender cannot strut in the spotless garb of a West-End worthy. But the patrician is not distinguished by his dress from the plebeian. Nor is the Government official noticed, observed and respected in the streets. All are alike. They do not disdain to walk. A free use of one's legs is a necessity in London. Lord, Commoner and the working man may be seen commingling together on the pavements of any street on any day. If you are tired or if you have to go a long distance, you can easily get a conveyance. Of course, it is nothing like your Madras *jutka*. The *jutka* is the peculiar monopoly of Madras. There is nothing to beat it in creation. Neither Bombay nor Calcutta can boast of narrow, ricketty, wooden boxes with a coat of old paint over them, mounted on a pair of wheels and labelled "to carry four" though they could hardly find space for the well-developed form of a healthy man. London is still far behind. The common conveyance of passengers in this city is far more comfortable, far more pretty and admirably adapted for the use for which it is intended. It is mounted on a pair of wheels like the *jutka*—but there the comparison ceases. It is much better built, much neater and much lighter. The coachman mounts behind and you easily communicate with him through a passage above your head which is always closed when you do not open. In front of you is a pair of shutters which you close soon after you enter or are closed by an invisible hand from above thus leaving only the upper portion of your body visible to

the outside world. Partially unseen, you would yet wish to see and the views on either side of the road are rendered visible to you through the glass fittings. When it rains, a glass shutter drops in front of you and while you are comfortable inside you are still perfectly alive to your surroundings. What is more, on either side of the carriage there are two small mirrors which enable you to stroke your moustache and give it the proper twirl or to realise how beautiful you look! If you are a smoker—and they are few who do not smoke in London—there is a match box near at hand. The conveyance is meant only for two though a third might squeeze in between as occasion or necessity requires, and then they could sit only in a triangular fashion, one forming the apex and the other bringing up the corners of the two other sides. Both comfort and convenience are combined in



THE CAB

—and there is a picture of it for you! The cabby is always on the alert. It does not take long for you to attract his attention. As you walk along, if you wish to get a cab,

you have only to look at the cabby and raise your walking stick or umbrella as the case may be, and the cab is by your side in the twinkling of an eye. The policeman has only to whistle. The cabby is so smart that sometimes you find it difficult to avoid his eyes. You may be walking along leisurely, musing on things Indian and all unconsciously you may fix your eyes on a cabby. That is enough for the cabby. He presumes you are in need of his service. He raises his right hand, his pointed finger stretched to its uttermost and cries out "keb, sir." A prompt and emphatic "no" alone will save you. If you hesitate for a moment, the cab is by your side and you are politely invited to walk into it. The cabby is very smart and very intelligent. You meet a friend—it may be by previous appointment. You meet and talk to him and then you both walk along chatting. Evidently, you have resolved to visit some place together. The cabby grasps the situation at once. He watches all your movements. He quietly follows you with his cab. And the moment you turn round to look for a cab, there he is, by your side with a polite invitation to enter. When you are about to enter, you mention the number of the house and the name of the street you wish to go to. Of course, he knows it all. You see him in the above picture half risen from his seat, stooping forward, reins in hand, to catch the exact words you utter. You have no more troubles. The whole of London is at his finger tips. He takes you to your destination without any difficulty, through highways and byeways. Generally, he avoids the highways on account of the congested state of the roads. You may have resided in London ever so long and yet a cabby is sure to puzzle you—take you through streets you have never been in. For a moment, you may be led to think the cabby is mistaken, and over-confident of yourself you may be tempted to put the cabby right. The cabby is considerably amused; but

a philosophic calmness arising from his thorough knowledge of the city, he assures you he would take you to the right place. And so it is! Emerging from one street into another, you feel your eyes are opened and there you are—at your destination, and no mistake! It is marvellous how the cabby drives you along rapidly and without accidents of any kind. There goes your cab in full speed, now it stops suddenly, now it starts again, it curves, it swings from one side to the other, it goes zigzag in every direction and at every moment you feel you have come in collision with some other conveyance. An uneasy feeling creeps over you. But strange to say there has been no accident, no collision. In a few days, you become quite used to narrow shaves. The confidence placed in the cabby is unbounded. Every man, woman and child know that they are safe in the hands of the cabby. Whatever be the state of the roads, however crowded the streets, he pilots you safely along. To the lady who wishes to go a shopping and finds locomotion uncomfortable, the cab is always welcome.

"When she starts to do her shopping at the Stores or at the Bank
She always hails the handsome hansom-cabby on the rank.
Though the gee gee's rather chippy,
And the road is somewhat slippy,
She knows her London cabby could drive safely on a plank."

If it is interesting to watch the cabby in motion, it is profitable to study the cabby at rest. When business is not brisk and the cabby has earned a fair day's wages, he draws up his cab in a convenient spot, quietly unfolds his half penny newspaper and begins to read. He sits bolt upright, cons the contents of the paper, runs his eyes up and down till the big headings of divorce or police court news attract him—and he is often considerably amused. All this, be it remembered with one eye to business. If in this interval, a 'likely' person turns up, he puts away the paper in a

a cabby is outwitted by a passenger who turns round and asks "Do you really find me handsome? Thank you for the compliment."

The cab has been apply described as the "gondola of London" but it is not the only sort of conveyance for the people. There is another which if it travels slower, is much bigger, accommodates a far larger number of persons and is within the reach of the poorest. It is called the Omnibus or more familiarly

THE BUS.

You do not see the whole of the Bus in this picture. There is but the top and front portion of it visible,

The bus is a huge thing and from a distance has the appearance of a big heavy animal moving slowly along, especially when the top of it is filled with ladies—I beg their pardon—wearing hats of all shapes, sizes and colours. It accommodates twenty-six persons, twelve inside and fourteen at the top, besides the busman in the front and the bus conductor at the back. It is generally top heavy during summer as men and women prefer to sit on the top, avoiding the interior whenever possible. A winding stair leads you to the top and if you happen to be a stout and heavy person, you cannot be too careful in ascending and descending it. Once on the top, you must try to be seated as quick as you can: otherwise, while on your legs, the bus may move off suddenly with a jerk and you might find it difficult to keep your balance and topple over and break your bones, as did a lady recently who, however, had to be compensated by the Omnibus Company by the payment of £500 in the shape of damages. The bus is of different colours,—white, blue, green, and red and it is often difficult to get into the exact bus you want. Of course, the names of the places which the bus wearily winds its way along are written on it, but they are lost among a wilderness of advertisements. The roofs, the seats, the sides, the stairs are all full of advertisements and you are puzzled. It is also necessary to know the exact direction you wish to go; otherwise you may find yourself in a bus which travels in the opposite direction. One other fact: there are buses and buses,—buses owned by proper companies whose rules and regulations are very strict, and buses owned by private persons who issue no tickets and extort as high a fare as they can from you. These latter are known as 'pirates' and ought to be avoided. In a short time, however, you are in a position to find out the exact bus you want, and you are able to get in and get down as the bus runs along without

attached to the bell and stopping the bus. Provided you have the patience, the best way in which you could see London is from the top of a bus. The fare is cheap. It is but a penny a mile and you pay your fare and get on the top of it. Be careful to take the seat nearest the busman, for, then you have the advantage of his company. Slowly engage him in conversation, give him a cigar if you are a smoker and he becomes very communicative. He knows the whole geography of London. Every place is full of living interest and in his own quaint way he tells you a lot of things which would be quite new to you. None is a more perfect master of jokes, gibes and sneers. Often his face itself is worthy of the most careful study and he is nothing if not humorous. It is amusing to hear what he says to fellow busmen and cabbies as he comes across them. His horses are very obedient. They know when to stop and when to get along. He holds the reins perpendicularly, he being almost directly above the horses; his nether limbs are safely ensconced behind a blanket and a leather covering, and he gives expression to the most amusing things with a fluency which is marvellous. There are certain places, often where several roads meet or where there is a public house, where the bus stops for a few minutes and the busman—more often the bus-conductor than the busman—cries out with a peculiar intonation "A penny a ride all the way to——." The names of places through which the bus goes—for instance the 'North Pole' which by the way is only the name of a public house or the 'Royal Oak'—are pronounced in such a peculiar way that it is very difficult to make them out. "Roloke, Oxf Strit, Chring Cruss, Stren" is supposed to stand for "Royal Oak, Oxford Street, Charing Cross, Strand." Of course, they drop their "h's." "'ighgate, 'ighbury: 'ighgate, 'ighbury: 'ighgate, 'ighbury" went on crying a bus conductor dropping the "h's." A fastidious passenger could not put up with the decimation.

'Well man' said he 'You are dropping your "h's"'. Very well Sir, I'll pick them up at (H) islington!" was the immediate retort. Sometimes the busman is able to recognise his passengers, especially if any of them happen to be distinguished. Once a passenger, entered a bus and took his seat. The conductor after some time approached him for his fare and he received a penny and issued the ticket. The busman called out to the conductor immediately to surrender the identical penny he had just then received, promising another in its place. The conductor did not understand the significance of the request but parted with the penny. The busman on the receipt of it said, he would preserve it as a relic and stowed it away in one of his nether pockets. After some time, the passenger left the bus. It was the Right Hon'ble John Morley. Of course, the busman was a Radical. The horses attached to buses as well as cabs are splendid animals. It is a pleasure to look at them. The cart horses are even bigger and more powerful—broad in hoof and hipbone and hairy. But the bus horses are generally short lived owing to their hard work and the suddenness with which they have to stop and start again for the convenience of passengers. The buses ply in London town for about seventeen hours a day. You often begin to wonder at the frequency with which buses make their appearance, and in the City proper, where traffic is always congested, you see such a large number of buses congregated together. But your surprise ceases when you are reminded of the magnitude of the omnibus service. There are about 2,130 buses in London running close upon fifty millions of miles annually, conveying upwards of 325 millions of passengers! Well, that is London.

REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL,
LONDON, *July* 30, *1897*.

LETTER IV.

EVERYBODY is in a hurry in London—man, woman and child and even the beast of burden. The hurly-burly of the fierce bread-battle is visible everywhere. "Send a philosopher to London but by no means a poet" said Heine. "This bare earnestness of everything, this colossal sameness, this machine-like movement, this moroseness of joy itself, this exaggerated London oppresses the imagination and rends the heart in twain." And so it is. It is interesting to note the deep hum of work-a-day London. Whether it be at the London Bridge which is built upon wool or near the Holborn Viaduct which is constructed upon coalsacks,* in the streets bordering on the Thames or near the Waterloo Bridge described by M. Dupin as "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars," in the city or at the East End, we find the same activity, the same earnestness,—the crisp clean businessman, the prosperous, heavy-cheeked tradesman, the dapper little clerk, the hard, coarse-visaged costermonger, the pale and serious artisan, the shop-girl of ample chignon and prodigal of colour, all, crossing and passing in every direction, all thrending their way swiftly on all sides, all tossed about in the thick of the battle of life. The activity of this million-voiced city is wonderful! Here and there you catch glimpses of the Thames through tangles of chains and shafts and ropes and cranes and it is dangerous to step into any of the streets bordering on the river. You see bales and boxes everywhere, swinging at every height in the air, and in the streets below, immense vans, and drags

* Special taxes were levied on wool and coal for the construction of the

and waggons in all imaginable positions! In the broader streets there is a never-ending stream of heavy traffic, a hurly-burly of clanking hoofs and grinding wheels broken at times by cries of coster-mongers and newspaper boys. You feel the vibration of the vigorous life of the people and you feel also that there is money-making behind it. Amidst all this sound and stir which well-nigh bewilders the sight and sense, it must be impossible to preserve anything like order. But it is admirable how one man dressed in brief authority is able to preserve excellent order in this wild confusion and that man is

THE POLICEMAN.

The Policeman is the disgrace of British administration in India. Low-bred, cunning and unscrupulous, the Indian Policeman is anything but honest, is very corrupt and is an adept in concocting false cases. He is never seen when and where he is wanted, is lazy and indolent and while fawning and cringing and failing in the discharge of his duty towards the rich and powerful, is unnecessarily severe and oppressive towards the poor. He is also often rude and impolite. The London Policeman is just the reverse of his Indian contemporary. He knows how to uphold and enforce the law. He is the terror of the drunkard and the beggar. The rowdyism outside the public house ceases the moment the policeman is in evidence. The importunate beggar who plagues the foreigner disappears at the sight of the policeman. The street is crowded and crossing from one side of it to the other

He raises his hand. Buses, cabs, carts, cycles and carriages of all description, to whomsoever they may belong come to a dead stop. A passage is at once made and men and women cross and recross with perfect safety. You manage to cross the street half way but a long row of carriages prevents you from finishing what you have so boldly ventured to undertake. The proximity of carriage wheels makes you feel you are on dangerous ground. You have but to run to the place where the Policeman is posted; he takes you under his protecting wings and you are safely piloted to the other side—it may be the other place. And the Policeman is never so kind as to helpless old women and children of which the illustration in the preceding page gives a fair idea. He is by no means unrelenting like his Indian contemporary. He does not hesitate to carry helpless persons in his arms when there is necessity. It is not merely in keeping order in a vast city like London that the Policemen is useful. He discharges also the functions of an enquiry office. He is pestered day after day with a thousand questions when on duty. When you do not know which bus to take to reach your destination and which side of the road to wait in, he puts you right by telling you the colour of the bus and by asking you to remain where you are or, to cross over if that is necessary. That done, he does not feel he has discharged his duty. Amidst the thousand and one things that distract his attention, he still keeps an eye on you and the moment the right bus turns up, he whistles to you, raises his right hand with the forearm turned inwards and the pointed finger stretched and shouts "There you are, Sir." You may not have noticed the bus yourself and you may be indulging in a reverie. But the policeman's shout wakes you up, you rush to the bus with a smiling nod of thanks and there you are on the top of the bus, riding radiantly towards your destination. It requires more than average human patience to answer a thousand and one queries daily. But the

Policeman is never known to have lost his temper. He is invariably polite and courteous to the confused Londoner, the ignorant foreigner, the inquiring man and the innocent woman. Here is a picture of

A POLICEMAN OBLIGING A LADY,

directing her to her destination and you see him there in his best style. If it so happens that he does not know the information, he goes the length of obliging you by obtaining it for you from somebody else or even from a Directory. He seldom says "I do not know, Sir." But he had to say so to a Frenchman. "Vare is Zhe Eron Moozhey's lane" asked the learned Frenchman of the bobby and the bobby quickly replied "There is no such place, Sir". The Frenchman was sure of the existence of such a street and after considerable time lost in the interjection of the French

man's positives to the Policeman's emphatic negatives, the Frenchman produced from his pocket a piece of paper containing the name of the street. The Policeman read and queried with surprise "Ah! You mean Ironmonger's Lane" and directed the puzzled Frenchman to the right place. Nobody knows London so well as the Policeman, unless it be the cabby. He is so precise in giving you information. "First to the right and then fourth to the left." That means, take the first turning to the right and then the fourth turning to the left. You follow his instructions and you find yourself in the street you want to go to. The Indian Policeman thinks it is not his business to give the people any information they want. "Go and find it out for yourself" is what he would say in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases.

The London Policeman is also above corruption. He would not stoop to do a mean thing for filthy lucre. An Indian here had ample proof of it. He had passed his examination. The best way, he thought he could celebrate the event was to stand a drink to all his friends. They all met and drank and the host himself got "boozed." He was returning home; but in the streets, forgetful of himself he became rowdy. The Policeman was on the spot. He arrested the Indian and said he was going to lock him up for the night. That was enough to bring him back to his senses. Of course, he was an honorable man, but it was dishonorable to be locked up. He made a struggle to save himself. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth half a sovereign and offered it to the Policeman as a reward for his liberty. "Well, Sir," said the Policeman stretching himself to his full height "you are a foreigner and you do not know the London Policeman. Not for all the world would I accept it. But if you promise to go quietly home, I would let you go." The promise secured the Indian's liberty.

The Policeman here is always careful of his practice

He yearns for honest reward, not for illicit gratification. He is always mindful of his duty. The weather changes so abruptly in London. It is so bright now. The next moment, the city assumes a gloomy aspect. And down comes a heavy shower of rain amidst thunder and lightning. All take to their heels, men, women and children and the street is deserted—but stands where he stood, the grim, demure policeman. It is interesting to watch how carefully, how anxiously, the policeman walks from door to door, from shop to shop in the dead of night, to see whether the doors are properly secured. A light inside in an unusual hour, some slight noise, anything out of the way is enough to put him on the *qui vive.* A crowd, however small, vanishes on the approach of a policeman. You stand talking to a number of friends at the corner of a street. Suddenly you hear the words, "Move on please." Of course, there is no room for hesitation. You move on. But you are tempted to stand and talk again and you do so. Again comes the cry "move on, please." Again you move on. If you do not, you share the fate of Professor Ray Lankester. The policeman is no respecter of persons. His duties are certainly of an exacting nature, but if he happens to be handsome, he is sometimes lucky. The policeman's personal attractions have in more than one instance obtained for him a rich wife; and the policeman's courage has at least in one recent instance secured for him the affections of a rich heiress. Scene—a street with a policeman on duty: an Irish girl seated on the top floor of a house in the street looking on. Enter, a horse attached to a carriage dashing along at a terrific rate. Off rushes the intrepid policeman, stops the horse in the twinkling of an eye and thus averts calamities. The Irish girl is in raptures over the policeman. And they are united in wedlock.

EXETER HOTEL, BRIGHTON,
August 6, 1897.

LETTER V.

IF London is all noise and activity during the greater part of the day, there is a time when she is silently majestic when you see her in her naked grandeur. London goes to sleep at about two in the morning and it is highly interesting to have a look at her during the next three or four hours. And what a contrast! The big buildings appear bigger, the tall chimneys look taller and the dome that dominates London holds majestic sway over its silent surroundings. And then it is and then alone do you realise the force of the poet's remark,

> "Earth has not anything to show more fair!
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty:
> The city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning; silent, bare
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie,
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air!"

It is an enchanting sight. As you walk on, you become deeply impressed with the silence. There are no men or women in the streets, there is no rattling of wheels and the only figure you meet with, glides softly along, silent and sombre and appropriately draped in black—and that is the policeman. But stay, here is a mass of human flesh animate or inanimate you don't know, which on nearer examination resolves itself into half a dozen individuals, sleeping in the most fantastic positions, sitting, lying, half sitting, half-lying, knees above head, hands beneath legs, pinched cheeks and ragged limbs, hatless, shoeless, bearing unmistakable marks of misery! They are perfect strangers

Others are victims of the fierce competition of the over-crowded labour market. The parks are closed against them at dead of night. The gates of houses and shops are forbidden. They betake themselves, therefore, to the benches outside the parks or to bare earth and try to go through the function of sleep, hungry and shivering with cold. At the East-End you find large numbers of them, muttering wild oaths and coarse jests as you tread your way through shabby and slatternly places, through streets of poverty-marked tenements and gaudy public-houses and beer-shops. The sight of men of hungry and hunted look, women bonnetless and with dishevelled hair and children extremely dirty and shoeless, all members of the great army of rags amongst whom are a large number of thieves, pick-pockets and rogues, makes you feel for the moment that Johnson was right when he characterised London as

> "The needy villain's general home
> The common sewer of Paris and of Rome."

Some of these have a great fascination for the West-End. They lead the life of

of whom you see some specimens here. While the mantle of night still covers the streets and the air stings the limbs to the marrow, they lie huddled together on benches, but during the grey hours of the morning they begin to roll about and shake themselves up. In the illustration in the previous page you see them in different stages of their matutinal occupations. One of them has bade complete farewell to sleep, another has not entirely parted company with it and both of them are at the beginning of their tramp; a third has woke up but is still unwilling to rise and walk, while a fourth is sound asleep, his face buried in the hollow of his hands. You walk on, lest they observe you observing them and you find one of the earliest risers in the city is

THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

The crossing sweeper belongs to the legion of never-do-wells in the City of London, but he is certainly a shade better than the tramp. He at least

Perhaps, he is not so well dressed as the tramp, but he goes on the principle, "better a good dinner than a fine coat." No doubt, there is only a thin partition between him and the dexterous pickpocket and thief in the East-End, yet, he deserves to be respected as long as he battles for an independent crust, loathing the unearned crumb. He is not averse to work, nor does he, afraid to beg, adopt the transparent device of offering cigar-lights or shoe-lace for sale in the streets. It is difficult to understand him when he speaks. He is a perfect master of oaths and curses and he would not be trifled with on any account by anybody. He is ever ready to pick up quarrels with his neighbour, with his fellow sweeper, and his eyes are more often directed to his surroundings than to the work he has to do. But whether ill or well done, he does his work. As you proceed, you find a small stand in the street affording protection to a solitary man busy in preparing some hot liquid for consumption which you discover to be nothing but coffee and this reminds you that the members of the army of rags do not drink beer, at least early in the morning. They prefer hot coffee. You walk on still and strange cries you begin to hear from all sides. You cannot make out a single word. You do not know whether they are English or Tamil. They may be either. Those are the cries of the coster-mongers who drive their wheel-barrows slowly along, filling the air with their hoarse voices. Hours elapse and there is a visible awakening in the East. You see the vanguard of the army of labour in progress, shouldering its tools with its sandwiches packed into its dinner-can. It is not merely because the sun rises in the east that the East-End of London is astir long before the West-End is out of bed. If there are knaves and thieves in the East-End, there are also numerous honest, able-bodied men browned by the sun and burdened by never-ending labour, who have

appear on the scene and then follow multitudinous men and women of different occupations.

THE SHOE-BLACK

is one of them. He is certainly an improvement on the crossing sweeper. He has a more respectable appearance and no doubt earns much more. You find him in all crowded thoroughfares. Where four roads meet, where men of business are likely to tarry a little, at railway stations, near fashionable shops, outside big hotels and restaurants, there he is, his paraphernalia all ready spread for operation. You expect to meet a friend at a particular place. You have to wait. "Boots, Sir" says the shoe-black invitingly. You look at your boots and find them not overclean. Of course, you don't mind it, especially as you

intend walking a longer distance. But you have to wait and you have nothing to do. And what can be a better recreation to you than to place your feet in the custody of the shoe-black for a time! You hurry to the railway station. You have just missed your train. You have to wait for a few minutes for the next train. And when you idly turn round and whistle, the shoe-black offers to lay on more polish—of course, on your boots. And you accept the invitation. And he does it all so nicely too! First one leg, then another, the brim of your trousers so nicely folded up, your foot placed in position, he begins his operation till, in a minute or two, you look at your boots and smile. In the meantime if any pretty girls pass by you have an opportunity of staring at them without being open to the charge of bad manners—for it is plain as plain could be that you are not master of your own legs for the time being. Otherwise you might have moved on and as you could not throw your eyes behind you, you have to look on—can't help it! The operation over, the shoe-black looks up and you thrust a few pence into his hands which he accepts with the invariable "thank you, Sir." Another early riser in London is

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

Of all characters in London the flower-girl is the most picturesque. She alone dresses differently and not all in black. Everybody in London, man, woman or child, dresses in black and it is interesting to view the attractive garb of the flower-girl on a back-ground of black. She is poor and is poorly dressed but differently from all "fashionable folks" and your interest in her heightens. She rises very early, goes to the garden where flowers are sold wholesale, converts them into nice button-holes and bouquets and tempts every way-farer with them. "A lovely bunch of roses—a penny"—"A penny—a lovely bunch of roses"—You have hardly time to look round when there appears a bunch of roses under your chin and following your eyes in the direction of the flowers you find a white arm. That is the arm of the flower-girl! The flower-girl knows when to tempt you. You meet a lady acquaintance and you begin to talk to her. The flower-girl appears at once on the scene and offers a bunch of flowers to the lady. She says 'no thank you'; the flower-girl is not disappointed. She knows what your duty is on such an occasion, You offer a flower to the lady which she accepts with thanks and you pay the flower-girl. "I love flowers, don't you?" is the oft-repeated question you hear from attractive persons of the other sex in conversation at a dinner table or a garden party or any other gathering. "Don't I?" Who does not love flowers? He who does not must be something like that somebody who does not love music. And he who does not love music—every schoolboy knows what Shakespeare has to say of him! It is cruel to refuse the offer of the flower-girl—particularly when the thing she offers is such a sweet little, nice little, gay little laughing thing—a flower! The dapper little clerk hurrying to his office, the polished gentleman with top-hat and shining boots, walking a slow majestic walk, the lover who meanders dreamily thinking of his love, the married man out of a

house full of cares, the working man who threads his way home after a hard day's toil, the fashionable young lady who is particular about her appearance, the springing little girl the very picture of innocence—all, all love flowers. And the flower-girl grins a broad grin when you oblige her. And why shouldn't you oblige her? You feel quite elated when you walk with a nice little button-hole. Walking straight as a stick, with your umbrella tucked horizontally under your left arm, you are tempted to cast a glance now and then at your button-hole—and surely, if you have a black and ugly face, the ugliness of it is palliated by the smiling rose riding radiantly on your left breast!" Mr. Gladstone is known never to have made any great speech without a button-hole sparkling on his breast. Mr. Chamberlain loves to dally with button-holes. And why shouldn't you oblige a flower-girl when the flower she offers is the source of much comfort and great enjoyment to you!

BEDFORD HOTEL, EDINBURGH,
August 10, 1897.

LETTER VI.

THERE is another early riser in the city whose profession necessitates early peregrination. He comes with Morning. He disappears with Night. All day long, he walks from door to door. But, he is not the beggar. There is no mistaking his appearance. You don't see him without a bag. The bag is either full, when it is carried on his arm; or it is empty, when it is thrown over his shoulder. He wears a peculiar uniform, but you are more familiar with him through your ears than through your eyes. You may or may not meet him round the corner, but sure enough when you hear a double knock in quick succession at your gate you feel is not far. Two more knocks and you are sure that is the Telegraph boy. At the wires when a boy, amongst letters when a man, four knocks when young, two when old—well, that is the history of the messenger boy. It is marvellous how different men are identified by their different knocks in London. One knock, that is the tradesman. Two knocks in quick succession, that is the postman. Two double knocks in quick succession, that is the telegraph boy. One knock and then a series of knocks, there is a visitor for you!

THE POSTMAN.

A day advances, characters multiply. You have

at some distance. It is monotonous, though not dull. You have heard it many a time before and you hear it again. It is often a nuisance. You won't have it at your bedroom window. But you have to put up with it sometimes. It is the music of

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

at work. You will always find him at the corner of some street, pegging away at his organ. He would often find somebody to dance to his tune. It may be only one girl or it may be half-a-dozen girls. And to make the situation more dramatic, he has also a baby for exhibition, more often not his than his—hired for the occasion. It is the same music you have heard before, a hundred or a thousand times, yet the milkwoman, the baker, and even the postman and the policeman would stop on their rounds, tarry a little, may be only for a minute, to pay some attention to the organ-grinder.

Just as the noon-day sun begins to descend, there appears on the scene another remarkable individual, the Negro boy

THE NEWSBOY.

The morning papers here are not sold in the streets. If you wish to have a copy of them, you must always go to a newsagent and there is such a large number of them here. Of course, you can become a subscriber and then the paper is delivered at your residence. But the evening papers—almost all of them half-penny papers—begin to make their appearance at about one o'clock. And from that hour till about eight in the evening, the streets are filled with the cries of newsboys. Several editions of the same papers are issued containing fresh telegraphic news and as you walk about, posters containing strange and startling announcements stare you in the face. You are tempted to buy a paper, you thrust a half-penny into the hands of the newsboy—or rather, before you thrust your hand into your pocket, the

newsboy drops the paper into your hands. Everybody here pays for the paper he or she wishes to read, and before night it is usual for one to read at least half-a-dozen different papers or half-a-dozen different editions of the same paper. No man or woman who has to travel even a very short distance in a train gets in without buying a paper. In fact, it always follows the purchase of a railway ticket. First to the place where tickets are issued, then to the place where papers are sold—and mind you at every railway station papers are sold—and then you get into the train with the ticket in your pocket and the paper in your hand. After perusal you throw away the paper in the train and go your way purchasing another paper an hour hence on the publication of further news. How strange all this to people in India. In India those who ought to read newspapers won't look at them. Those who read them will not pay for them. Those who pay for them will not use them. Mainly, it is the anxiety of the people here to learn the latest news that induces them to buy newspapers. Nevertheless, the energy of the newsboys cannot be left out of account. '*Piper*' '*Piper*'—you hear the cry, that is the cockney for 'paper'. And as the shades of evening set in cries of '*speshial edee—shon*' '*creecket edeeshon*' rent the air. There are 'specials' and 'extra specials' 'second extras' and third extras'. The newspaper activity of London is something wonderful. Any newsagent is sure to have for sale not less than 300 newspapers and magazines all told and it is interesting to watch the never ending stream of men who, at any important railway station, thread their way to the book stall, throw their pennies or half-pennies in the stall and carry away the papers they want, not addressing a word to the bookstall-keeper. The inside of a newspaper office is a little world of activity in itself. There are machines and machines—which, in no time print, fold, cut, cover, stitch and throw out newspapers for the newsboy to pick them up and go

his way. In one corner is the telegraph room; there fresh telegrams are being received: in the next room, the engine "that never sleeps", rests, ready to strike off the "special edition"; outside are ranged a number of newsboys anxious to receive their fresh load of news. The man in the telegraph room in possession of the latest news has scarcely time to walk through the office to the street outside, when lo! the special edition containing the news is in the hands of the newsboys. It is all done in the twinkling of an eye. The news is set up in no time, loads of papers are printed and they are thrown to the newsboys outside who catch them on their shoulders and run into the streets crying "*Speshial Edeeshon.*" The special edition is bought by men of every profession and everybody knows the latest news. The cabby on the top of his cab, as well as the barber inside his shop, is conversant with it.

The sandwichman is the newsboy's kinsman. He is certainly not as active as the newsboy. In fact, he is the very reverse of the newsboy in his movements. The newsboy runs about, shouts out, is here, there, everywhere. But the sandwichman parades in a particular place. His movement is measured and slow. He is covered with advertisements. There is one board in front of him covering his broad chest; there is another on his back occupying a similar space; and a third one is exhibited above his head raised on a pole. A dozen or two dozen of them similarly dressed and similarly got up parade some portion of some well-known street from morning till evening. They don't talk. 'Mum' is their motto. They don't shout. They are as silent as their posters are eloquent. Sometimes sandwichmen resort to other devices. You may find them in charge of wooden boxes triangular, quadrilateral or hexagonal in shape, mounted on wheels, pushed on calmly and quite philosophically by them. They are sure to

It may be the appearance of a new music-hall star on the stage or the publication of a new book which stares you in the face. By Jove! Englishmen know how to advertise. As you walk along in the night, at the further end of a street exactly facing you, you are attracted by a sudden flash and you see before you the outlines of the figure of a pretty girl in electric light. And as you are about to turn your eyes away, you find coming into view in bright vivid characters, one letter after another, "B—O—V—R—I—L." You know what that means. But the most ingenious advertisement I have come across is in a shop in the most fashionable quarter in Regent Street, where through glass windows you perceive two young girls seated with their back towards you, with their long flowing hair, one black the other golden, fully exhibited to view. That is a standing or rather sitting advertisement. It advertises some hair wash.

"Shaving, Hair-cutting, Shampooing!" It is an attractive place and you enter. A man in his shirt beaming with smiles, welcomes you, and he is

THE BARBER.

You enter, just for the fun of it, only to have a shave, to

in a chair. The barber gently throws a cloth over you. He stuffs cotton down your throat—I mean not inside, but just outside all round your neck—to prevent your collar being spoiled. And then you are required to throw your head back—as far back as possible—"a little more, a little more—yes, that's it,". You don't feel quite comfortable, of course not. But you can't help it. You are in barber-ous hands and you resign yourself to him. Then begins the shaving: as slow goes the razor over your chin, the barber invites you to a conversation—often on the latest subject—it may be the Poona outrage. How courteous and attentive he is! You are pleased. The shaving over, he invites you to have a crop. There are a thousand reasons why your hair should be cut. One—two—three. It is enough! You are convinced and then begins operation No. 2. That over, you are reminded your hair requires shampooing—oiling and combing and brushing and then your moustache is gummed and then this, that, and the other. It takes a long half hour before you are able to leave the barber's premises. But you are not sorry for it all. You feel so nice and trim and you begin to feel you look handsome, and if you have any doubts about it, the barber is only too ready to confirm your suspicion, whatever others might say to the contrary. And as you rise to go, you find you have to pay at least a shilling, 9*d* for the shaving, the hair cutting and the shampooing, &c. &c., and 3*d* extra for all the polite attention of the barber! You entered the place with the intention of spending only 3*d*, but you have paid a shilling, 9*d* goes to the employer of the barber and 3*d* into the barber's own pocket—a "small extra," after all, you know. There are barbers and barbers however, and if by chance you happen to stumble into the shop of one who is not an expert in his profession, you must suffer—you will begin to show faces like the man in the picture, in the pre-

self enjoys the fun quite philosophically with a broad grin.

It is night and though London is generally well lit up, if there is one place in London which is more brilliantly lit up than others, one place which is made far more highly attractive, one place where you are met by a thousand and one temptations which invite you to enter, that place is

THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

Drink is the great curse of England. There is an insatiable thirst for drink among all classes, nothing seems to quench the thirst of man, woman or child like drink. If two friends meet, the one stands the other a drink. If a number of men have a business matter to talk over, they do it over drink.

cabby exposed to rain seeks consolation in drink. Beer or whiskey, whiskey or beer, every body seems to like it here, none can live without it—not even the Indian student fresh from his country. They all go in for drink. To think of a man who neither drinks nor smokes! Pooh! He is a sorry specimen of humanity indeed! He ought to be preserved in the British Museum! It is amazing to see how fond mothers administer drink even to little children. You have a picture of it in the illustration in the other page. Willy, nilly, the drink is sent down the throat of the poor child. And no wonder, as it grows up, it revels in drink, thirsts for its pot of beer and contributes its own share to the list of dastardly crimes committed in London. The curse of drink has spread so wide among children that some public houses have refused to sell drink to "children under thirteen". The singular privilege which the English child enjoys in Christian England is hit off very well in the following lines which have appeared in a leading provincial paper :—

'I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born as it appears
Some wretched ones have been
Compelled to spend their infant years
Deprived of beer and gin.

Kind friends with care provide that naught
My rising virtue baulk ;
To seek the "public" I am taught
As soon as I can walk.

'Tis there my tottering steps they lead
And shape my course aright
To those entrancing homes indeed
Of sweetness and of light.

There in an atmosphere divine
I spend life's earliest day

And to great Bacchus' holy shrine
My youthful offering pay.

Oh joy! to think my happy lot
In such a land should fall—
A Christian nation is it not
Where Drink is Lord of all.

The bibacity of modern Babylon is something wonderful. "If in the densely packed haunts of poverty and crime—in the hideous tenements stacked far and wide round such institutions as the Bluegate fields Ragged Schools in Shadwell—there are hundreds who have never had the chance of escape to comfort and virtuous courses, they are—and they are the main body of the army—the victims of Drink, illustrators of every horrible form of suffering and description of crime to which the special curse of our land leads the poor." These are not my words, not even of a teetotaller. It is a thousand pities, London is not free from this curse of drink, London which is

"The glory that was Greece
The grandeur that was Rome."

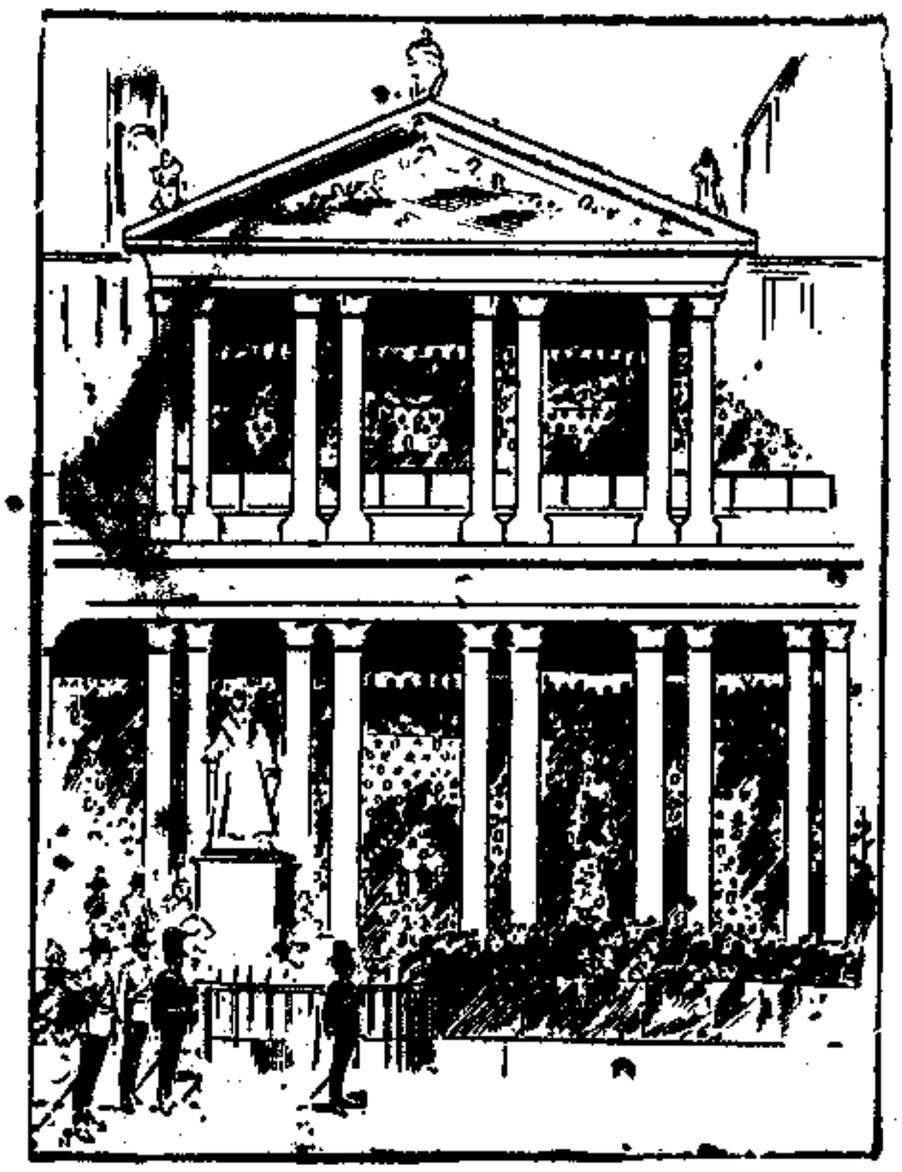
FRANKFORT AVENUE, RATHGHAT,
DUBLIN, *August, 14, 1897.*

LETTER VII.

BIG is London and big are its buildings. But, if you expect to find any structures of great architectural beauty in this city, you will be disappointed. Spires and steeples, domes and turrets are many, but for architectural beauty, give me India. Plaster is rarely used and the one conspicuous place where plaster is prominent is Regent Street. But Regent Street is of recent origin and the builder came in for a good deal of criticism when he introduced the innovation. The *Quarterly Review* had an epigram :—

> Augustus at Rome was for building renowned,
> And of marble he left what of brick he had found ;
> But, is not our Nash, too, a very great master ?
> He finds us all brick and leaves us all plaster.

If you plaster your building once in London, you have to do it a hundred times over again. Such is the havoc played by the smoke of London. But if the buildings lack that oriental grandeur which you see in India, they are interesting in other ways. Is there anything more interesting, for instance, than



ST. PAUL'S

or the Westminster Abbey? But what is more remarkable, walking in London you may all unconsciously be treading on places or find yourself in buildings, around which there is the halo of some great name. Suddenly reminded of it, you may try to walk the ground softly or cast a solemn look around, in reverence to the great man who had lived or had his abode there. You are in Kensington and as you approach Campden Hill, you espy "Holly Lodge" where Macaulay spent the last three years of his life. You are near Battersea Park; and you are tempted to trace your steps to the place where Bolingbroke lived and died. Now you are at Chelsea; and what strange thoughts haunt you about the "Sage." But Chelsea was the abode not merely of Carlyle. It is identified with Sir Thomas More, Turner and Leigh Hunt as well. You walk towards Hyde Park. You enter Oxford Street and as you walk through it, you see visions of the illustrious Opium-eater and his beloved Ann. "So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee: the time was come at last that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces: no more should dream and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many to myself and Ann, have doubtless since then trodden in our footsteps—inheritors of our calamities; other orphans than Ann have sighed; tears have been shed by other children: and thou, Oxford Street, hast, since doubtless, echoed to the groans of immoveable hearts". Such is Oxford Street. You keep to the north of it, looking for No. 5. That is the place where Dickens lived in 1870. You are now in Piccadilly. And your interest deepens. You are under the very shadow of houses where lived the Earl of Burlington, Sir William Petty, Lord Holland, George Selwyn, the Earl of Sunderland, Lord Melbourne and the Duke of York. The memories of

many more are clustered round this interesting place. Several lived in the Albany Avenue : Lord Byron, George Canning, Lord Macaulay, Tom Duncombe, Lord Valentia, Monk Lewis; and not far away, Madame D' Arblay, Lord Palmerston, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir William Hamilton and Sir Francis Burdett. You proceed to Leicester-square and you find the places where Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Isaac Newton and Hogarth lived. You walk on and you approach Charing Cross Road, in St. Giles in the Field where lie buried, Chapman, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Shirley the dramatist, Andrew Marvell and Sir Roger Le' Estrange. A few steps take you to the Strand and in Northumberland Street you see where Ben Johnson lived as a boy. One turn and you are in Craven Street. Look at No. 7. That was the abode of Benjamin Franklin. You proceed and you come to Exeter Street where Johnson lived on four-pence-half-penny a day. You resume your journey. There is Adelphi Terrace and that is No. 5 where David Garrick lived and died. Look! You are now in Fleet Street, the thoroughfare of the newspaper man. You have hardly time to think of the millions and millions of papers issued from different offices, when you are told to cast your memory back to the time of Johnson, Richardson and Cobbett. These are the houses in which they lived. Holborn is not far off: and as you walk along comes to view the church in which Savage and Beaconsfield were christened. Yonder is the Charterhouse school where Steele and Addison were educated. Not far from Holborn is Cheapside and arriving in Bread Street, you are rooted to a spot. That is the House in which Milton was born. If by this time, you are not tired, you go to Ivy Lane to see the place where Johnson held his Tuesday Evening Club meetings, to Lovell's Court where Richardson wrote part of Sir Charles's Grandison,

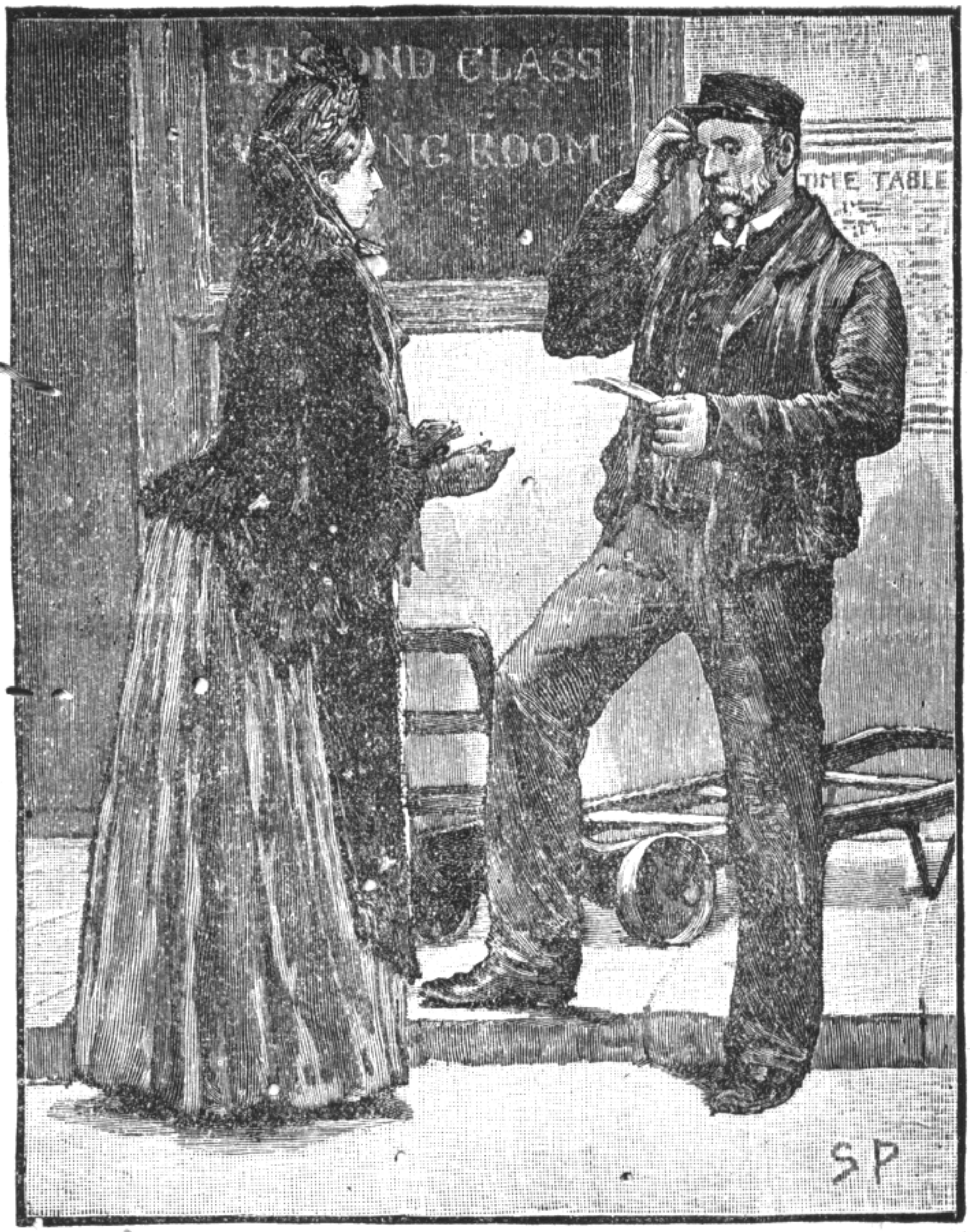
was living when a foolish and thoughtless mob broke his windows, to old Maryleborne Church where Byron and Lady Hamilton were christened, to Grosvenor Square where lived and prospered the twelfth Earl of Derby, Canning and Shaftesbury and lastly to Hart Street where, on the summit of a Church steeple, you find the statue of George I. Statues—there are plenty of them in England, but that of George I, has been rendered historically famous by an epigram by Walpole:—

> "When Harry the eighth left the Pope in the lurch
> The people of England made him head of the Church;
> But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people
> Instead of the Church made him head of the Steeple."

But enough of this! The Londoner is certainly not in love with any of these places of interest in the city. He is often in Lombard Street, but he is oblivious of the fact that that street contains the birth-place of Pope. He goes to Cornhill but he knows not the poet Gray is associated with it. He visits Gray's Inn without thinking of Lord Bacon, the Inner Temple without recalling to memory Lord Seldon, the Covent Garden without dreaming of Voltaire. To him, Rose Street is but a name—it has nothing to do with Butler —and Fleet Street is but newspaper land though it contains the grave of Goldsmith. The Londoner always thinks of his holiday when he may spend a pleasant hour or two by the river's brink, and enjoy the sylvan and classic sweetness of Richmond or Twickenham. By Jove! Nobody enjoys a holiday like the Englishman. He pines for it, he works for it and lives for it! As the Englishman, so the Englishwoman. Work while you work, and play while you play —that is the motto of them all. Your Madrasi seldom appreciates a holiday. He does not know how Saturday or Sunday is different from the other five days of the week. He

of the week. And when a long holiday comes, it is the same thing still; why, he has to take with him his great-grand-nephew and his great-grand-niece and luggage which would fill two compartments and by the time arrangements are made for the conveyance of all this load, animate as well as inanimate, the holidays are over! Your Sir Muthusamy Iyer never enjoyed a holiday, nor your Ramiengar. And what is true of them is true of the poorest and the lowliest in India. But not so here. The humblest individual in London appreciates a holiday and when the Bank holiday comes, and it comes so seldom, London is practically deserted. Everybody who is anybody is out of London. It is interesting to watch any big railway station on a Saturday evening or on a bank-holiday. You hear distinctly the thump of the startling exodus. There is such a rush and crush, such a thud and thump;—all are bent on catching the excursion trains, all are determined to hie to the outskirts of the city. Some love the saddle: a larger number the scull. You see parterres of pretty women, and groups of well-dressed men, in prosperous, shiny, broad-cloth and glossy hats and decorated button-holes all leaving the city in haste—laughing, playing, joking, all on pleasure bent. The railway station is all activity. There are a hundred trains starting in all directions. There are any number of platforms. And amidst all this confusion there is one person who is mostly sought after. He is always ready to give you information. He tells you where to buy your ticket and to which platform to go—it may be No. 1 or No. 15, it may be over the bridge or underground. As for your boxes, they are safe in his hands. He deposits them into the right train and when the train is about to move, puts you into the right carriage. Bhang! the door is closed. You are in. You breathe freely. You sit down and the train moves. There is the man still at the window looking

thanks you. That is



THE RAILWAY PORTER.

It is marvellous how the trains run—and such a large number of them—without any, and if at all very few, accidents. As you start you suddenly perceive an express dashing along by your side in the same direction. You hear a noise on the other side, you perceive another train in the opposite direction. Often you may find yourself running on parallel lines with two or three trains—after some time they diverge in different directions. The

poorest of the poor who cannot afford to pay for travelling long distances enjoy their holiday equally well. They are found on the top of carts drawn by two, three, four or five horses as the case may be, singing and laughing and cracking jokes at the expense of the passers-by. Away from the whirl and stir of the town, bowered in abundant greenery they disport themselves as best as they can, often lightly turning to thoughts of love. Even those who cannot leave the city enjoy themselves. Sunday is a holiday *par excellence;* and Sunday looks at its best in Hyde Park. There all do congregate in the afternoon, man, woman and child —the high as well as the low. There you will find

MASHERS

too in plenty. They are spotlessly dressed. A shining top-hat, a clean collar, a neat necktie, a well-cut overcoat, a *pince nez*

walking stick are indispensible to the masher. The top-hat of course is the most important. It would look as if the basis of the British Empire rests on the top-hat. No man is a gentleman who cannot disport a top-hat on his head. The Indian student is seldom seen without a top-hat. The City clerk never leaves his top-hat behind. It often adorns the head of the cabby as well as the busman. But there is a way of wearing the top-hat. It must slope a little towards your forehead. And when it is properly perched on your head, you feel so comfortable, you strut about, casting luring glances, occasionally you finger your *pince nez*, you screw up your mouth a bit and when a lady acquaintance meets you, you are all politeness; you take off your top-hat cavalierly, your *pince nez* slips down through your fingers, you bow gracefully, and you affect to smile. Then is the masher seen at his best. He is the very embodiment of that "model of a meritorious gentleman," John Evelyn:—"For my part I profess that I delight in a cheerful gaiety, affect and cultivate variety; the universe itself were not beautiful to me without it." That is precisely how the masher thinks, feels and acts. But the masher does not monopolise the park—he has no right to. The East Ender is there too,—

THE EAST ENDER IN HIS "SUNDAY BEST."

He has as much right to be in the Park as the richest lord

and the high and the low are alike—have equal freedom, enjoy equal liberty. You see no swaggering Government official here, no millionaire making a display of his riches—there is no marked line drawn between the rich and the poor, and all enjoy their holiday alike. None enjoys it better than the working man who has been struggling under a load of trouble during the past six days. Saturday was his pay day. The previous evening he and his wife had patronised the costermonger very liberally. He had had plenty to eat and drink that morning and there he is in the Park in his best clothes bent on enjoyment. He walks about in a style peculiarly his own. He shouts at the top of his voice and is even capable of delivering little lectures in his own quaint English. But lectures and speeches—there are plenty of them in the Park. In fact, that is the special feature of the Park on a Sunday evening.

THE HYDE PARK ORATOR

is an interesting specimen of humanity. You find groups

of people collected in different places in the Park and wherever there is a crowd, you may be sure there is an Orator. Here, you see the Salvationist roaring at the top of his voice exhorting sinners to cast off their sins and follow him, and then they would see visions of God! There you see a Socialist declaiming against the riches of the aristocracy in London, speaking about the "unearned increment" in a mysterious fashion and humouring the working men by leading them into a possible state of futurity when they can claim equality with the richest. Yonder is the Atheist making a vigorous speech, tearing the Bible to tatters, insisting on proof positive that there is a God and challenging men to convince him. Yonder again, is the Teetotaller who condemns drink as the greatest curse of England, quoting statistics *galore* and making an impassioned appeal to those assembled to give up the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. You have now come to hear an Indian orator—and a Bengalee to boot—preaching the Christian doctrine with enthusiastic vehemence, his eyes rolling fiercely, his hands gesticulating wildly, now declaiming at the top of his voice, elaborating a plain—and to him very important—fact, now lowering his tone, interrogating the audience with questions not meant to be answered. After the orators had finished their speeches, they descend to the level of their audience and are then interrogated by them. The orator now finds his work far more tough. Declamation is easy: reasoning is difficult. He often catches a Tartar and he struggles to get out of his grasp. He has, unless he is very shrewd, a bad half-hour. And very often he welcomes the shades of evening which disperses the people, and sends them homeward, quietly to enjoy their Sunday supper.

REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL,
AUGUST 11, 1887.

LETTER VIII.

THE dark, rotund, well-fed *Komati* in Madras whose infatuation is proverbial, believes in a spot in fair Malabar where woman reigns supreme, where the copper-coloured, or to be poetic, the *Chempaka*-skinned, lotus-eyed damsel possesses such infinite charms, personal as well as *mantric*— that must be explicit enough— as to overpower, nay enslave, the most saint-like "darkie" from the East Coast. If he ever ventures to make up his mind to go to that land, his wife begins to weep in the different dark corners of his house afraid her better half might never return! If there is such a land anywhere, it is England. It is here that woman rules—in a double sense, both as Queen of the island as well as mistress everywhere, inside the house, out in the streets, at private dinners, at social gatherings! Everywhere she is supreme. Respect for her borders on worship. And well it might be! Both physically and mentally, she is superior to her sister in the East. In point of beauty, the East does not suffer in comparison. Assuredly, there are several parts in India where pretty women with attractive features may be found in abundance. But I doubt whether taking any collection of women at random in any street or inside a Park, in London, any town in India could produce such an attractive display of fine features. In India, we meet with both extremes— supremely beautiful women as well as positively ugly women. But in London the percentage of very ugly women is certainly small, even after making a large allowance for artificialities of beauty and for the partiality of the

women, proportionate limbs and pleasant features are the rule in London ; and to a very great extent this fact is due to the healthy exercise they take and the responsibility of marriage which they realise. It is considered not immodest in a woman to run, to jump, to dance, to row, to swim, to ride, to cycle or to shoot, and is it surprising that with such healthy occupations and living in a climate under which none perspires, womanhood should be so healthy, vigorous and pretty! If physically, there is this difference, the intellectual gap between the English girl and her Indian sister is much wider. Society means nothing in England without women ; whereas woman knows no society in India. A visit to England, increases your respect for women a hundredfold. In India, you have to reduce yourself to the level of the woman when you talk to her. In England, you have to raise yourself—you mend your manners, you improve your style of conversation and you study several things in the society of women. In India, you are trained in quite a different way. Your respect for the female members of your friend's family is so profound that you dare not talk to them when you see them anywhere, nay you dare not even look at them. You keep as far away from them as possible, as a mark of respect. And if you happen to find any of them unusually pretty you allow that secret to lie buried in the inmost depths of your heart, you dare not permit it to spring to your lips. And if you are found in conversation with any such young lady—thereby hangs a tale, a huge scandal is created, the whole neighbourhood begins to talk of it and your movements are watched. It is all so different here. It is often a great trial to a young man fresh from India who is thrown into English society, to know how to behave. You visit a friend. You ring and the door is opened by a young maid-servant who invites you with a smile to enter and closes the door as

smile in return is the proper thing, whether it will not be considered unmannerly. At any rate in India, the door is seldom opened by a young girl and when it so happens, you press your lips tight together lest the slightest parting of them may be misconstrued into a smile. You follow the servant into the drawing-room where your friend soon meets and greets you. After some conversation, your friend brings in his mother and introduces her to you. The mother is very pleased to make your acquaintance and asks you to sit in a chair near hers. But you hesitate. Is that the proper thing to do? In India, no mother of no friend of yours asked you to do the same. If at all, you always stood at a respectful distance and answered the mother's questions. But here it is so different. You obey with hesitation and sit in the chair rather awkwardly, both your legs thrust as far beneath your chair as possible, of course as a mark of respect to your friend's mother, and yourself only answering the mother's questions in monosyllables. The mother wonders what is the matter with you, why you are so shy, and why you appear to be so dull. Are all Indians like this—so dull? Of course, she cannot divine the nature of the things which perplex you. She does not understand, you are only trying to be on your best behaviour, in fact, to pass for a very good boy. For a moment your perplexities increase. Your friend's mother has dropped her handkerchief. She is not aware of it. But you have seen it drop. What are you to do? Are you to pick it up and give it to her? Is that the proper thing to do? At home, you dare not do it. But it is so different here and having read of English gentlemen being only too ready to pick up anything which ladies drop and offering it to them, you make up your mind to pick up the handkerchief and you do it so awkwardly that your friend's mother while accepting it with thanks, looks at your face to see why you blush. The kindness of your friend increases your perplexities still

He and his mother desire you to stay for dinner. You don't know what to say in reply. Yes or no? At home, on a visit to a friend, you always say 'no.' The question often is meaningless. Your friend generally does not expect you to accept the invitation and the invitation is often made without making any provision for you. You are generally expected to say 'no' and you say 'no'. But it is not so in England. And, with some hesitation you interpose a word which may be interpreted as 'yes' or 'no,' but which your good friend understands as signifying assent. In the meantime, other members of the household are ushered into the room and to each of them you are introduced, and among the number to your friend's sister whose eagerness to shake hands with you sends a thrill through your whole frame! Fancy your friend's sister being introduced to you at home in India! Can anything be more atrocious? But such is the custom in England. And then, the time for dinner arrives. And as the chief guest of the evening, you are asked to lead the lady of the house, your friend's mother to the dining room. You are more perplexed than ever! The idea of giving your arm to a lady whom you respect as your own mother! You never touched your own mother—at least not after you became a man. And how could you now touch your friend's mother? Secondly, what is the proper thing to do? Are you to give your right arm or your left arm to your friend's mother? But hardly have you time to reflect on these things when you are led away by the mother into the dining-room followed by all others. And at the dining table, your perplexities multiply still further. You are placed to the right of your friend's mother. That is bad enough. But what is worse, to your right you find your friend's sister. Not that you object to the fair young lady, on the other hand you esteem her as your friend's sister; but at home you

friend's mother and sister, whereas here you are placed between them, each of them vieing one with another in making you pleased. You are confused and in your confusion, you prefer to eat quietly, attempting, though with ill-success, to show that you could handle well enough the new instruments of eating, forks, knives and spoons. For once you had a doubt. You have been using a knife and a fork. You had your knife in your right hand and your fork in your left hand. Slowly, the suspicion creeps into your mind that you may not after all be doing the right thing. Are not the knife and the fork to interchange places? Is anybody laughing at you? You look up. No. Every body is so good. Your friend's sister asks you "Mr.——, may I pass you some salt? Why, don't you like——?" Everybody is talking and enjoying the dinner. But you don't feel quite comfortable. And when the lady at the head of the table coming to the last dish, asks you, "will you have some tart or some stewed fruit," you don't know what to answer as you don't know which is which but not wishing to display your ignorance, you answer at random, "I will have so and so, if you please." All this changes, of course, in the course of a few weeks. You cease to be nervous in the society of women; you are not shy and you often succeed in giving a brilliant turn to the conversation by saying something witty, pleasant and original. You meet with women of different intellectual calibre. You begin to admire their mental culture and to like their company charmed by their manners and easy conversation. While in India, you found it so difficult to separate real, genuine admiration for a woman from passion and love; and you sought the company of only one woman—your wife. That was due to your training and to the sort of society that exists there. But society as it exists in England makes you admire women, freed altogether from the grosser form of love. The more you move in the company

is possible for you to admire the intellectual culture of your friend's sister or even her personal charms without harbouring any unholy thought in your breast. Society as constituted in India does not recognise this distinction; in fact, people who have known no higher forms of life think it impossible to separate the two. But I do not for a moment assert that society as constituted here has no evils. Far from it. There may be intrinsically nothing wrong in a young man saying to a young woman "what lovely black eyes you have got" and the girl may be pleased to hear the remark, not bestowing any attention on it, a minute afterwards. There may be nothing bad in a girl paying the utmost attention to the style of her dress so that it may be pleasing to the eyes of her friends. There may be nothing improper in a young man and a young girl going for a long walk together under shady groves in the evening. But there must be a limit to all kinds of liberties and the tendency of the age is to increase and unfortunately often to abuse the liberty of women.

The dress of the English woman is pretty —and she is prettier when she appears dressed in any colour except black. But there is a tendency in English women to waste a large protion of their time in dressing. It makes them vain and to judge of their æsthetic taste from the style of their hats, why, it is simply atrocious!

for instance! I don't think it adds even to an infinitesimal degree to the beauty of the person who wears it. But, she will have it and have it on any account.

The lady's hat is indeed a curiosity. It is monstrous to see how plants and shrubs of all kinds and colours are made to appear to grow on a fair lady's head in London. These shrubs and plants ought to find heir manure elsewhere. When they are not shrubs, plants or flowers, they are certainly feathers and feathers of all kinds and description. The tendency among English women is to carry on their heads something extraordinary tall and striking. Look at

now, which is considered more fashionable still. The taller the hat, the better. The greater the number of plants and shrubs and flowers, the lovelier. That seems to be the idea of many women. There is also a tendency in English women to appear like men. They seem to forget that sex is eternally fixed by nature, that it is an *alte terminus hœrens*. At the dinner table of a common friend I met once a lady whose presence in the room was a new revelation to me. She had a pleasant face and was agreeable:-but all the time she was with us, I could not but look at her, without of course appearing to be rude. The fact was she appeared to me to be a sort of puzzle—half man and half woman. She was of course in woman's clothes. But the way in which she sat, the way in which she spoke, the way in which she curled her lips, the way in which she turned up her nose, the way in which she walked, in fact, the way in which she did everything was so manly that I could not but gaze at her as aften as I could—which I would not do to any other young lady.

"I looked and scanned her o'er and o'er
The more, I looked, I wondered more"

She was a teacher of Calisthenic exercises in a public school: but she had ceased to be a woman in everything else but in name. Certainly, it is not desirable that there should be any development of women in England in this direction. There are several gymnasts among women, but off the stage, they appear womanly. I can't bear to see a woman in bloomers nor do I appreciate dancing when performed by a woman in man's clothes. She may be the cleverest cyclist, she may be the most perfect dancer—there is a charm in seeing woman in her own clothes, in seeing woman womanly and the grace with which a woman rides a cycle or exercises her light fantastic toe is lost when she gives up her usual dress

healthiest of exercises for women but the exhibition of women in swimming costumes which I saw at Brighton in England and Bray in Ireland is a positive scandal. Fancy women with plenty of muscles swimming in the waters with tight-fitting dress on, in different attitudes, not far from men similarly dressed, and being observed by hundreds and thousands of men and women at the seaside! After this, no Englishman has a right to find fault with the practice of men and women bathing together in the same river or tank which obtains in some places in India. The morals of the respectable middle class families in England are unexceptionable but on the whole it cannot be said that the morality of the English is much superior to that of the Indians. London is the moral grave of many an Indian student. Mostly studying at the different Inns of Courts in England which does not require any great intellectual exertion, the students from India are a happy lot, eating good dinners, drinking choice wines, dressed in fashionable style and leading a Bohemian sort of life, often in intrigue with the landlady or the landlady's daughter. To those who wish to lead the life of the wicked, there is no place more inviting than London, unless it be Paris.

HOTEL FOYOT, RUE DE TOURNON,
PARIS, *August 28*, 1897

LETTER IX.

WHILE in London, you are impressed with its immensity. While in Edinburgh, you are charmed by its beauty. The capital of England reminds you of the greatness and glory of the British Empire. The capital of Scotland tells you that you are in picturesque Britain. You see the hand of man everywhere in London; in Edinburgh, you find nature reigns supreme. The great advantage Edinburgh has, as a city, rests on the fact that it is set partly upon a hill. "Here," says Lockhart, in 'Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk,' "here is all the sublimity of situation and scenery, mountains near and far off, rocks and glens and the sea itself, almost within hearing of its waves. Everywhere, all around, you have rocks frowning over rocks in imperial elevation, and descents among the smoke and dust of a city into dark depths such as nature alone can excavate. Here the proudest palaces must be content to catch the shadows of mountains and the grandest of fortresses appear like the dwellings of pigmies perched on the bulwarks of creation." But it is not the appearance of the city alone that interests you in Edinburgh. Almost every portion of it, particularly of what is known as the Old Town is replete with historical interest. In the Old Town, nothing is more prominent than the Castle around which cluster a thousand fond associations of old. To foreigners, the Castle has already been rendered familiar by the popular poet of Scotland :—

> There, watching high the least alarms,
> Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
> Like some bold vet'ran gray in arms,

The pond'rous wall and massy bar
Grim, rising o'er the rugged rock :
Have oft withstood assailing war
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

Down on the plains, not far from the Castle you see the house in which Hume stayed while he wrote his "History of England." Close to it, is the lodging first occupied by Robert Burns. Here was Allan Ramsay's bookshop : there was his residence. Yonder is the house in which the poet Ferguson was born. A small building projects rather prominently into the street. That was the house of John Knox. Proceed, and you find the street which was inhabited by Smollett, the novelist, James Ballantyne, Scott's publisher, and the beautiful Miss Burnett. A few paces beyond, is the house in which Adam Smith lived and yonder the building which was for some time the poet Gay's home. Quite in a different part of the town you see the town house of Sir Walter Scott. Interesting as these places are, it is more amusing still to see to what use some of these buildings are now put. The lower portion of the house of John Knox has become the repository of the "best cigarettes" and against the bookshop of Allan Ramsay, the poet and publisher, you find the announcement "Hair-cutting and Shampooing—4d." A leap from the sublime to the ridiculous! There is also a churchyard in Edinburgh which contains the graves of many a man of merit—of Adam Smith the Political Economist, of Dugald Stewart, the Philosopher, of Adam Ferguson, the historian of the Roman Republic and of David Allen, the artist. Above all, the spot which is of greatest interest to the visitor is the place where lie the remains of the poet Robert Ferguson and over which Burns has erected a monument bearing the following well-known lines —

'No sculptured marble here ! no pompous lay !
No storied urn or animated bust !

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way ;
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.'

Pretty as a city which is known as 'Modern Athens' must be, none will realise thoroughly the picturesqueness of the "land of the mountain and the flood" unless he visits the Scotch lakes in the vicinity of the Trossachs. From Edinburgh to Glasgow is only a short distance. But the tour may be performed in a circular way through the Trossachs in a day by train, coach and steamer. The region of the Trossachs is all the more interesting to those who have in their school days read the "Lady of the Lake." Almost every spot you pass through has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott. On your way to the Trossachs you go over that wonderful piece of engineering skill, the huge bridge which spans the 'sluggish tides' of the Forth

'Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold'.

You soon pass Stirling whose 'turrets melt in sky' and reach Aberfoyle where the train deposits you in a coach. From Aberfoyle you proceed to Loch Katrine and all this distance you realise was the scene of the chase so admirably described by Sir Walter Scott.

'The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow ;
Where, broad extended, lay beneath
The varied realms of fair Monteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil
By far Loch Ard or Aberfoyle ;
But nearer was the copsewood gray
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue.'

The view of the Trossachs from Loch Achray is

'So wondrous wild the whole might seem,
'The scenery of a fairy dream'!

Loch Katrine itself is so supremely beautiful, as you see it

'In all her length far winding, lay
With promontory, creek and bay
And islands that, empurpled bright
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.'

As you sail through Loch Katrine, you pass the Goblins' cave, the Silver Strand and Ellen's Isle described so accurately by the poet. Approaching Ellen's Isle you realise the correctness of Scott's description of the surrounding views :—

'High to the south, huge Ben Venue,
Down to the lake in masses threw
Rocks, mounds and knolls confusedly hurled
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar !
While on the north in middle air
Ben A'an heaved high his forehead bare.'

Crossing Loch Katrine you reach Stronachlachar and the beautiful wooded space between it and Inversnaid was the scene of the exploits of the famous Rob Roy. It was at Inversnaid that Wordsworth met that "sweet Highland girl" whose praises he has sung so well. From Inversnaid, you are launched into another lake—Loch Lomond —which is even more beautiful than that "burnished sheet of living gold," Loch Katrine. What Sir Walter Scott has done for Loch Katrine in verse, he has done for Loch Lomond in prose. "Certainly, this noble lake" he wrote "boasting of innumerable beautiful islands of every varying form and outline which fancy can form—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains—while gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the

affords one of the most surprising, beautiful and sublime spectacles in nature."

From "Caledonia, stern and wild" to the fair "land of Erin!" Ireland is not less beautiful than Scotland. You realise it as you enter Dublin Bay of which Lady Dafferin wrote :—

'Oh! Bay of Dublin! My heart you 're troublin,'
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream ;
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubblin'
My heart's blood warms when I hear your name'.

Dublin itself is well worth a visit—with its broad roads, beautiful buildings and splendid statues. A few walks through the city soon tell you who were Ireland's greatest men. It is impossible for you to miss the statues of O'Connell, William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Moore, Burke, Goldsmith and Grattan. The statue of O'Connell is a magnificent work of art. The massive granite base on which the huge figure of the "Liberator" stands is a very interesting subject for study. There are several figures represented on it, such as Fidelity holding a compass with an Irish hound gazing into her face, Patriotism, stern and determined grasping sword and shield, impassioned Eloquence, book on lap, and Justice fixed and rigid, one hand holding the serpent of sedition, the other grasping axe and rods. The features of the people of Ireland are somewhat different from those of the people of England and Scotland. Their customs and manners too are slightly different. They are certainly poorer as a class and less polished in manners, but more demonstrative by nature. There is not much difference in diet except perhaps that the meals of the Irish are simpler and that they eat potatoes—of which they are fond—"in jackets." The weather in Ireland is even more fitful than in England or Scotland. You may see the bright dawn of a day to be followed in an hour by sharp cold winds which give way in

their turn to a heavy shower ; and as the raindrops drip heavily from the boughs of trees you see the sun again shining in all its glory. The wet ground below, the green leaves of the trees and the sparkling rain-drops around, and the bright sky above render the scene a truly enchanting one. This sudden appearance of the sun in the sky amidst rain, reminds one of the following patriotic lines by Ireland's greatest poet :—

'Erin ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies ;
Shining thro' sorrow's stream, sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,
Thy Suns, with doubtful gleam, weep while they rise !

'Erin ! thy silent tear never shall cease
Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
Till like the rainbow's light, thy various tints unite
And form in Heaven's sight one arch of peace !'

Wales which has a dialect of its own and which has preserved it better than Scotland or Ireland is not in point of natural beauty inferior to either of them. Not far from its borders is the quaint old town of Chester with a fragment of a Roman wall and with several antiquated wooden buildings not differing much in shape or appearance from the wooden houses seen to this day in some parts of Malabar and Travancore. From Chester, Hawarden the residence of the Grand Old Man, which is situated in Wales, is only six miles distant and they are few who passing through Chester will not break their journey here to go on a pilgrimage to Hawarden. But fewer by far are those who succeed in—not to speak of a personal audience—catching a glimpse of that political saint who has made Hawarden his home,

Where far from noise and smoke of town,
He *watches* the twilight falling brown,
All round *his* careless ordered garden.

It was a Sunday. A few minutes before 9 o'clock in the morning a coach drawn by four horses was drawn up

at the gate of Queen's Hotel in Chester. In a few minutes all the seats in the coach were filled and off we went Walesward. There was of course nothing to mark the exact spot were Wales began and England efided. But there were two public houses not far from each other: one of them was closed while the other was open. The public house which was kept open was in England; the one that was closed was in Wales. Between, was the boundary: and the state of the public houses was an index to the observance of the Sabbath in the two places. Off we went, through a road running amidst green fields, pretty hills and luxuriant vegetation and in an hour we were in sight of Hawarden Park. Our hearts beat loud and our hopes ran high. We were all bound for the Church in Hawarden. We knew how religious the Grand Old Man was and how regularly he attended divine service. We were, therefore, in expectation of seeing him in the Church; but is he gone there, will he be there, and after all, if he does not turn up, what then? We approached the gate of Hawarden Park and all faces were eagerly turned towards the gate-keeper. Was Mr. Gladstone at home or is he gone to Hawarden Church? Neither. He has gone out but to a different place altogether, to the Church in Buckley, three miles away from Hawarden to attend divine service there. What a disappointment! The faces of the passengers, all of whom had come all the way from Chester with the expectation of meeting Mr. Gladstone in the Church at Hawarden, was well worth study. What to do under the circumstances was the problem of the hour. The coach stopped and all alighted. Some walked dreamily towards the Church, others tried to persuade the man in charge of the coach to drive to Buckley. But he was obdurate: nothing would move him. We saw Rev. Stephen Gladstone and Miss Helen Gladstone going to Hawarden Church and in the Church we

heard Mr. Stephen Gladstone preach. Evidently, the father had gone to a different church, as his son was preaching in Hawarden. Surely, it was no consolation to have heard Mr. Stephen Gladstone to those who came to see Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. Some of us resolved to proceed at once to Buckley—at whatever cost. Six of us, a merchant and his sister, a missionary and his wife, a solicitor—all Americans—and myself hired a trap and drove at once to Buckley. Entering the church, we found

MR. GLADSTONE

seated in a prominent place between Mrs. Gladstone and his daughter Mrs. Drew. The Communion Service was held in the Church that day. And as Mr. Gladstone was kneeling to receive the minister's blessing—*tick*, the Kodak of my companion, the American Solicitor was put into operation and he obtained a snap-shot. The service over, Mr. Gladstone accompanied by his wife and daughter walked out

of the Church compound to his carriage which was waiting outside. To me Mr. Gladstone appeared to be extremely feeble—much feebler than I had reason to expect from what I had read of him in the papers. His eyes appeared languid and he walked slowly and gently, feeling his way through, as if it were, and where the ground was not even, he took some time to make sure of his footing. As they walked to the carriage, the American solicitor was again at work and he obtained a second snapshot. Having come near his carriage, Mr. Gladstone stopped to put on his overcoat which took him some time. In the meantime, his daughter and his wife had got in, and as he was getting in himself, my American companion took a third snapshot, seated by my side in our trap. Mr. Gladstone drove past us and as he did so, we took off our hats and he retuned the salute similarly. For three miles, from Buckley to Hawarden, we followed him, our carriage being immediately behind that of the Gladstones, and we found the old man chatting away with his wife and daughter. Mr. Gladstone wore a long coat and had a top hat. He was seated at the back seat on the left side. To his right was Mrs. Gladstone who held an umbrella and opposite to them was Mrs. Drew. I saw Mr. Gladstone again the next morning at Hawarden under quite altered circumstances—of which, however, nothing in print. Hawarden Park is very extensive and is deeply studded with trees. A small brook flows through it, the water of which is by no means clear. The Castle is almost at the centre of the Park and Mr. Gladstone's study at its north-western extremity. It is filled with books—books which cannot find a place in the splendid library adjoining. In the study, there are three writing tables in three different places, two for the use of Mr. Gladstone and the third one for Mrs. Gladstone. Around on the walls are pictures and busts of men whom Mr. Gladstone has known or admired, but

when the Grand Old Figure is in the room one is scarcely tempted to look around or away.

HÔTEL FOYOT, RUE DE TOURNON
PARIS, *September 5*, 1897.

LETTER X.

TO London for labour; to Paris for pleasure. It is in Paris, in this, the gayest of gay cities that you realise all "the wonders of life and gladness." Paris is always at play. From year's end to year's end, it is one long holiday with her. Go wherever you may, to whatever part of Paris, you feel the throb of pleasure. In shade and shine, she appears alike—flushed with animation, sparkling with excitement. Every part of Paris is meant for enjoyment. It is a town of parks and pleasure-walks, cascades and fountains, pictures and statues, opera-houses and music-halls, cafés and restaurants, wines and women, paint and colour, much gilding and abundant looking-glass. The city is traversed by a number of roads both sides of which are fringed with rows of trees at fixed intervals and as you walk through these 'Boulevards' as they are called, almost at every step, you come across garden seats which tempt you with offers of repose to your body and comfort to your mind. What is more tempting still, you behold on every side at the front of every café, numerous seats with small marble tables close by under beautiful canopies, inviting you to taste the choicest of wines or the best of foods, while you rest your weary limbs and observe the animated scene in the street. Fountains are by no means few but frequent, and at every fountain, you find abundant evidence of the superiority of the French in decorative art. You see figures of men, women and children and animals in all attitudes imaginable, carved with an ease and grace which is simply marvellous and water gushing from a thousand corners in a thousand directions, from up below, from

below upwards, from east westwards, from north southwards,—in fact, in all possible directions. The parks appear remarkably prim ; the flowers are of a thousand variegated colours ; the paths are beautiful curves : the grass is velvetty green. The buildings are of great architectural beauty and almost every spot in Paris is historically famous. Spires and steeples abound on every side and you are struck with the symmetry of the design of every building you visit. They are generally of such exquisite beauty that you do not know which building to visit first, or where to begin. You go to the *Place de la Concorde* and you admire its splendid statuary, its Egyptian Obelisk, its ornamental fountains and its charming surroundings where fashion and beauty reign suprême. But, turn to its past history and you become gloomy with the thought that it was here that Louis XVI, Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette, Philip Egalité, Hebert, Danton, Robespierre, Saint Just and Camille Desmoulins were guillotined, not to speak of the two thousand and eight hundred persons who lost their lives similarly between 21st January 1793 and 3rd May 1795. You proceed to *Palais de l'Industrie.* This edifice, the home of innumerable exhibitions of art, agriculture, industry and science, is another of the attractions of the city. You visit next the *Arc de Triomphe* erected in memory of the great victory won by Napoleon, which is considered the finest and largest structure in the world, and which in the words of President Garfield, "means a world of memories, a world of deeds, a world of tears and a world of glories." Next, to the *Trocadero* "the immense palace of colored stone" built in the Arabesque style where Lamartine lived and Rossini died. Now, to *Hotel des Invalides* which contains an interesting collection of innumerable military trophies taken from Austria, Germany, Holland, Russia, Italy and Algeria as well as the tomb of that remarkable man who took them from the respective countries; then

to the Chamber of Deputies, the home of Guizot, of Thiers and of Gambetta, in front of which you see in stone the statues of Sully, D'Aguesseau and Colbert; next to the *Palais du Luxembourg*, a superb example of the skill of the architect and the sculptor, where Josephine was imprisoned with her first husband, and where Buonaparte resided for some time; then again, to the *Pantheon*, the Mecca of French thoughts and aspirations where lie buried Mirabeau and Marat, Moliere and Voltaire and above all, Victor Hugo; and then to the *Louvre*, wherein are gathered the priceless treasures, specially in art, of a slowly evolved civilisation extending over thirty centuries, and the sight of which, as aptly remarked by Madame de Stael "is like a ceaseless, changeless melody." You may next proceed to *Notre Dame* that "vast symphony in stone" in which is centred the whole history of France, to the magnificent Town Hall known as the *Hotel de Ville*, to the *Palais Royal* where you find a gorgeous display of Parisian Jewellery, to the *Bourse* where the Almighty Dollar rules, the *Bastille*,

> "Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
> Thou home of horror! Hideous nest of crimes!
> Ye thick barred sunless passages for air,
> To keep alive the wretch that longs to die"

and to the Grand Opera House which is one of the largest and most sumptuous theatres in the world, and wind up by a visit to that eighth wonder of the world, the Eiffel Tower mounted on one of whose high platforms you obtain a panoramic view of Paris while you refresh yourself in a restaurant.

It is not merely the place that interests you, but the people. You observe everywhere the great courtesy and politeness of French men and women. The men generally are good looking and are neatly dressed and wear their moustaches, the late Maharajah of Vizianagram fashion. In fact, the way in which they trim their moustache is

peculiar and often lends additional charm to good looks. The men are also fond of colours like the women, which is indicated by the fashionable neckties they wear. But there really seem to be two types of men in Paris; one well-formed and good looking and the other fat and short with flat faces who, to add to their deformity, shave their moustaches clean and leave an apology for a beard at the lower ends of their cheeks. The men are more demonstrative than the English which you observe while in conversation. They give a peculiar shrug to their shoulders when they talk, and it is often amusing to see how a fashionable man greets you. The women are no doubt pretty but you miss in their faces the ruddy glow which adorns the cheeks of the women of Great Britain. They are, however, graceful: their movements are easy: and their form is well developed and symmetrical—a result probably due to their love of dancing of which they are even more passionately fond than their British sisters. It is unnecessary to say how fashionably they are dressed. The ambition of every woman is to convert her head into a flower-garden and to cover her body with laces and silks of variegated colours. If I could manage a brush, I know how to paint Vanity. Imagine, a girl, tall and graceful and fashionably dressed, holding her long, flowing dress, high up to her knees so as to render visible the beautiful tesselated folds of her bright petticoat. She pretends not to be conscious that as she walks along, she attracts a thousand eyes through her petticoat, though she does not fail to cast her eyes about in expectation of seeing the cheeks of the passers by suffused with pleasure. That is Vanity! It is curious that the dress of women—even in the name of fashion—should be made longer that it ought to be. Surely, if one conld judge of their inner feelings from the way in which the women walk about, they cannot be in love with their dress. The manner in which they hold their dress,

behind their back, some on one side, some on the other, though a good many on both sides, makes them seem to say "Oh! this encumbrance! How we wish we could get rid of it!" Probably, this is one of the reasons, why in Paris you see a far larger number of women who have exchanged pantaloons for petticoats, not merely when on cycles but even when they take a stroll. But, dress alone does not constitute fashion in Paris. If dress is indispensable, the dog is an inseparable companion. It is common to meet with a fashionable lady dressed elegantly, holding her umbrella high up, followed by her pet dog—and a sweet little creature it is! The first time I saw a lady's dog, in Paris, I was puzzled. It was a dog, surely: but I had never seen such a dog before. One-half of its body was hairy and I found clusters of hair at the end of its fore-feet and at the tip of its tail. It was a wonder to me when I first saw it and it was not after I had stared at it steadfastly for about five minutes that I realised that the razor was responsible for the dog's appearance. Not long afterwards, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the manufacturer of the fashionable dog, the dog barber. In fact, the dog barber is a more familiar figure in the streets than that superior man, the man barber. In London you meet him everywhere, in every street, at every corner. But you have to look for it for some time before you discover the operating bureau of a barber in Paris. The greater the demand, the greater the supply. Evidently, the dogs are more in need of barbers in Paris than the men. But I doubt the dogs, if left to themselves, would welcome the barber. The operation itself may not be painful; but the after consequences are not pleasant, even in Paris where piercingly cold winds are the order of the day. Certainly, every dog is supposed to know its own barber: and should it meet its operator in the streets with a box of tools on his back, alone and not in the company of its mistress, I shall not be sur-

prised if it flies for very life at the sight of the tormentor. In a Republic like France, I am surprised why the dogs should not convene a meeting and make up their mind to refuse to place themselves in the hands of the dog barbers. But joking apart, that is Fashion. First dress, nicely done, then dog closely shaved; next, a horse to ride on, in some delightful park. And nothing is more fashionable in Paris than society on horseback. Ladies and gentlemen ride gracefully in Paris. But with several, the wheel is taking the place of the horse, and very many women ride on wheels, if not for the pleasure of it, at least to show off their nicely turned ankles and shapely calf muscles. And the men—oh! it is horrible to see them cycle—most of them stoop so low that I dread to think of their future. It is hoped, at any rate, that it won't become the fashion to stoop, to wheel !

Paris is France in a nutshell and all Paris is centred in its Cafés and Brasseries. These take the place of the restaurants and public houses in London and certainly look better. You see them in their glory between 7 P. M., and 2 A. M., every night. They are brilliantly lit up and are filled with men and women engaged in eating and drinking. You can see them as you walk along the streets—for in Paris, nothing is private. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers, all are eaten in the streets and so pleasant they are! The seats outside always welcome you, provided you take at least a cup of coffee and after you taste coffee in Paris, you will not care to ask for it in London. The cafés are very important institutions in their own way. It is in these cafés that several love intrigues as well as political conspiracies have been hatched and it is here you can find men and women of all sorts and conditions, from the highest to the lowest. Probably, the glory of cafés is a thing of the past. You no longer find them frequented by women who bathe daily in Clicquet champagne or strew their ball-room floor with a thousand pounds worth of violets or of their

admirers who send them bags of candied chestnuts wrapped in £40 currency notes. It is perhaps equally rare to find in these cafés, shoes with diamond buttons, cigarettes lighted with thousand-franc notes, baths made of mother o'pearl or water scented with otto of roses, straight from the gardens of Stamboul. Still, you find the cafés the great centres of attraction in Paris and there are several of them where you can have a dinner for £6, where you can obtain the most luxurious repast and the most delicious wines. Dinner at a French café is certainly much superior to dinner at an English restaurant. The English love to eat half-boiled, under-done meant. The French want their meat better cooked. The English eat far more meat than vegetables and the vegetables they eat are often raw. The French consume more vegetables and they know how to cook them. But as the French are superior to the English in the art of cooking, so are the Hindus superior to the French. Both the French and the English have much to learn in cooking and they ought not to hesitate to take lessons from the Indian. In the Paris café, dinner is defined as eating and drinking and when you pay for your dinner, you pay for what you ate and for what you drank. The payment for dinner includes payment for the dishes you had and the wines you drank. Whether you drink or not, a bottle of wine is always placed on your table. But in the London restaurant, the charge for your dinner means the fee for what you eat. For what you drink, you pay extra. The French dinner table is not complete without the bottle. But on the English dinner-table, the bottle rules. With the French at dinner, the bottle holds only a subordinate place. But with the English, the bottle is supreme. French wines are but slightly intoxicating and one has to consume a large number of bottles before one gets drunk. But English drinks are much stronger and "potations pottle deep" are sufficient to make a man roll

on the ground. It is always beer or whiskey or gin in England and street brawls incited by drink are the order of the day. But it will be a marvel to see a drunken man in the streets in Paris. Compared to the English, the French are certainly a very sober lot. "The English are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German and your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your English."

H. M. S. Peninsular,
September 17, 1897.

LETTER XI.

BACK to our café. As the Graces are three, as the Fates are three, as the Furies are three, so are the attractions of the café three. As Jupiter is represented with three-forked lightning, as Neptune is represented with a trident, as Pluto is represented with a three-headed dog, so is the café set off to advantage by three things—the electric light, the brilliant mirror and the pretty waitress. The French waitress is as active as her contemporary across the waters. In her dress, she is the same, except in one respect. It is not merely the front portion of her dress that is protected by a long, flowing white piece of muslin ; but her arms are likewise protected. Two pieces of white cloth cover her fore-arms as well. She has always with her a *serviette* and when she carries a number of dishes in both her hands, the *serviette* is dexterously tucked under her arm. Forget for a moment she is the waitress, and you are in a café and you will be tempted to believe she is going to perform some conjuring tricks. In Paris, I have been at the mercy of many a waitress. Not knowing French and not able to read the French menu or understand the French waitress, I have ordered dishes at random, very often leaving it to the waitress to bring me what she liked. In London, I never cared to know the ingredients of a dish, provided I liked it. But in Paris, I was always tormented by an uneasy feeling whenever I tasted anything of the nature of which I was absolutely ignorant. I was told in London that the French ate frogs and almost every dish I got in a French café or restaurant I imagined to be frog-curry and it was not till I was assured by a good friend in

Paris that the frog-story was a pure invention that I began to eat with an easy conscience. I stared at the contents of the dish and easily constructed out of them in my imagination, a live frog about to jump out of the dish down my throat. Waiters are commoner in Paris than waitresses. In some of the high class cafés, they appear gorgeously dressed and look little West End flunkeys. The Paris waiters generally are fat, stout, big made men with broad, clean-shaven faces, except in some instances, for their sidelocks. A long white piece of cloth covers their nether limbs and taking a front view of them, they look as if they are dressed in *mundus, a la Malabar* and except as regards their complexion several of them look like some of the well-fed Syrian Christian landlords in Travancore. In some restaurants, the waiter when you wish to have roast mutton or roast beef, wheels a little machine into your presence with the spirit lamp burning underneath and when he appears knife in hand ready to cut a slice for you, he has all the appearance of a Mahomedan butcher. The waiter and the waitress have a kinswoman in Paris, who is unknown in England. She is the sole surviving relic of an old institution and at almost all hotels, you will see her in a room near the entrance. She answers your queries: she opens the door for you when you return to your hotel late in the night: she gives you a candle-stick to take you to your room, which candle-stick you will find on examination bears the same number as that of your room; she delivers to you your letters and as she greets you with "Bon Jour" when you go to leave the key of your room with her before your morning drive or walk out, so does she say "Bonne Nuit" as you climb the stairs wearily at night to find your way into your bed-room. She is known as "Madame la Concierge." My acquiantance with "Madame" was limited. "Monsieur" and "Merci" were the only two words she used which I understood. For the rest, we managed with smiles and nods and

shakes of the head. "Madame" has a cousin—the Janitor. At the entrance to well-known buildings, outside some big houses, you will find the janitor keeping watch, though you may sometimes see him absorbed in a newspaper with his broomstick tucked safely under his arm.

As you walk along the streets of Paris, you come across, at every few paces a small turret-like enclosure, hexagonal in shape, surmounted by a dome-like covering with a steeple in the centre. All sides of it are covered with advertisements except one where you find the entrance. Inside it, you perceive an old woman sitting quite contented and busy plying the needle. In front of her is a table loaded with the newspapers of the day and outside at the entrance you find long rows of newspapers hung within easy reach of you. That is the "Newspaper Kiosk." It is quite a novel institution peculiar to France. It takes the place of the English bookstall. The old woman inside is always ready to give you any paper you want—provided it is a French newspaper. English papers are sold only in a few "kiosks," in certain well-known localities and when you get them you have to pay double their price in England. There is however, one English paper which is published in Paris and which you can obtain every morning, and that is the European edition of the *New York Herald.*

The counterpart of the London newsboy is, however, not absent in Paris. He comes out with the evening papers and in front of favourite cafés, he will linger long giving vent to his musical cry "La Patrie, "Le Petit Journal." For, it is at the café, where you sit with your favourite drink ever so long before you, admiring the buoyant and bright faces around and the eyes that sparkle and tongues that clatter, that you are tempted to buy a paper. The Sandwichman is also there *L'homme aux announces*, dressed somewhat like the English postman exhibiting his advertisements on his back and above his head but not in front

like his English brother. At the cafés you will find two favourite figures, one is that of the soldier and the other that of the student. Both are favourites with the fair sex and both may be found at any time in the cafés, the favourite resort of the fair sex. The soldier attracts the attention of the stranger easily. His peculiar costume and his peculiar walk are peculiar to France. You see him everywhere. Almost every man in Paris you see is a soldier. But seldom is it that you meet with a man who bears the dignified attitude of a real British soldier. The French soldier is fond of colours, is dressed in blue, yellow or red and what makes his appearance a little bit comic, his dress never fits him. Either it is too long or too short and it is always very loose. It is amusing to see him walk, the numerous folds of his trousers just above his boots almost impeding his locomotion. Very often, his helmet has a long pendant like the dark flowing hair of a woman and this makes his appearance still more comic. The simple Nambudri Brahmin of Malabar when he first met a Nair sepoy in uniform, began to wonder how the man could have got into the contrivance—it was indeed a daring thing to do—and the Nambudri's admiration for the sepoy increased tenfold when he had a look at the buttons which he thought were so many nails driven into the sepoy's body to keep his uniform in position. The Nambudri's suspicions will be fully confirmed if he only saw the French soldier. From the numerous folds in his uniform, the Nambudri would have no hesitation in concluding that the soldier should have had a fierce struggle with his uniform, before he crept into it. The truth seems to be that in France, the dresses of soldiers as of other servants of state such as the postman and the policeman, are made to order according to a certain regulated measurement and the men chosen have to put them on whether they fit them or not. But it makes them look comic, no doubt. And their

general appearance makes me think that they are sworded cupids engaged in conquering the hearts of Parisian women. Cupid is generally winged but the Cupids of France are sworded and they walk the earth as Infantry soldiers and Republican Guards. Nevertheless, these are the men who conquered almost the whole of Europe once and there is no doubt it is a mistake to judge of their courage and their fighting qualities from their appearance. As well one might say, the soldiers of the old Nabob of the Carnatic were unfit to fight as their uniform appeared altogether comical. But the Republican Guard in Paris, has a finer, a smarter appearance and as I threaded my way to the *College du France* on the morning of the opening of the International Congress of Orientalists at Paris, through two rows of Republican Guards, I felt I ought to modify my opinion of the French soldier. The Republican soldier when grown old and bent with age is provided with a pension, and well looked after by a benevolent Government in the *Hotel des Invalides* where you may realise the scene painted in the "Deserted Village".—

> 'The broken soldier kindly bade to stay
> Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away ;
> Wept over his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
> Shouldered his crutch and shewed how fields were won.

Neither the soldier nor the policeman is able to preserve order in the streets of Paris as efficiently as the Police and the Military do in London. Here you see no policeman raising his hand ; nor does he command the same amount of authority. His uniform hardly befits him and he is neither so active nor so prompt as his British neighbour. On the evening of the triumphant return to Paris of President Faure from Russia after concluding the Franco-Russian alliance, it was with the greatest difficulty that the soldiers and the policemen were able to keep the way clear for the President. The way was clear at this

moment; the next moment, hundreds invaded the forbidden ground and when the soldiers turned round to clear the way again, they were confronted by a row of pretty women at whose sight their hearts began to give way. Perhaps, in a Republic where the people reign supreme, law and order cannot be enforced as strictly as in monarchical England. In vain do you look in Paris for that machine-like movement of soldiers which you see in England as well as in India.

But, let us not forget the other favourite of the Parisian beauty, the student. The school-boy in Paris is a force to be reckoned with. He walks with an independent air. His hands thrust into his nether pockets, a cigar between his teeth, his waistcoat tightly buttoned, his cap fixed on his head coquetishly, he struts about as if he realises that he lives under the "people's Government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." The school-boy develops into the student and he finds his abode in the Latin Quarter. There he is in his element. He wanders about in the evenings free from cares and with an easy manner, all his own. All night, he is found in his favourite café, the *Café d' Harcourt* where he drinks, chats, laughs and bubbles over with the intoxication of delight. It is here also that he engages in serious conversation with his fellow students, plans a conspiracy against the College authorities or plots a scheme against Government. At all these convivial gatherings you find another figure without whom the student cannot exist, and that is his "fair Innamorata." She hates marriage. She detests bondage born of wedlock, she abhors the unnecessary multiplication of the human race, she is a *feminist*, she loves the student and is loved in return. She lives with him as long as she likes him and he likes her. She may have her own profession. She may be a waitress. She may be an Abigail. She may be a shop-girl. She declines to accept money from her lover. She is as independent as he. Only, the student has to pay for

her drinks and for their common table at their common lodgings. There is nothing the student will not do to please the independent girl. On one occasion, a student is known to have poured wine into a girl's slippers and quaffed its contents—such was his great admiration for her! But if *grisettes* are partial to students, nursemaids are partial to soldiers. The gardens of the Luxembourg or the Tuilleries are the favourite resorts of nursemaids. If you enter these gardens in the afternoon you will find nurses strolling about in groups or sitting on rows of chairs, protecting their babies under large pink or blue-lined parasols, and while the baby is fast asleep under the transparent veil and lace frills of its little cap drinking in the balmy air, the nursemaid casts around a conquering glance, tosses her head high up and gossips with her companions. The air is balmy, the flower beds are fragrant, an odour of resin and honey falls from the budding chestnut trees. Not far from where she is seated, a military band strikes up a waltz, she is excited and she finds approaching her, her little soldier lost in admiration of her radiant figure and her becoming dress. They spend the evening together, sometimes forgetful of the baby which might occasionally tumble out of her hands on to the ground below but which is none the worse for the fall. The nurse, however, has to hie back home. And the soldier calls a cab.

The Paris cab, is nothing like the cab in London. In style it is different, in comfort it is inferior, in appearance it is worse. The Paris cab is a phæton pure and simple, drawn by a horse which in breadth of hoof or hipbone, cannot approach the English horse. While the horse seems to be under-fed, the cabby always appears to be over-fed. The cabman, the coachman and the busman are all well-fed. Big and burly, they seem to enjoy life much better than their horses. If the horses had a voice in their management in Republican France, the first resolution, they would unani-

mously adopt is that their drivers should change places with them at least for a week. The cabmen follow the principle " better rust than rub " and they work their horses on the principle "better rub than rust." But even a Parisian cabby can be heroic at times. It was a glorious day in Paris. Flags were floating gaily. Parisian beauties were walking about merrily. Fun and frolic reigned supreme. Cafés and Brasseries looked more neat, brilliant and attractive. Soldiers were lining the streets, and with difficulty had cleared the way for the coming man. The people stood on tiptoe, in momentary expectation of the President. Just then there appeared on the scene in lieu of the President a cabby sitting majestically and driving his cab at a rapid rate : and as he was cheered by the enthusiastic crowd that was collected, he graciously removed his hat and bowed gracefully to the admiring crowd. The more often he did it, the more enthusiastically he was cheered. No doubt, the cabby must have been consoled by the thought that there is nothing to prevent him from becoming the President of his Republic. There is another favourite conveyance of the people in Paris and that is the river boat. The Seine is always buoyant and bright with cockleboats and pleasure steamers which lie serried near the neat and tidy shore, like sweets upon a silver skewer. The banks of the Seine are kept very clean and the embankments on either side make you believe that it is a

River diverted from its native course
And bound with chains of artificial force.

Many and varied are the characters you meet with in the streets of Paris. Long before the grey hours of the morning, you find a woman picking her weary way along the gutters of the roads, lantern in hand, bending under the heavy burden of her huge basket of rags and refuse. That is the poor Rag-picker dependent on the rag and refuse of the town for her living. She is indifferent alike to wind and

weather. With the morn there appears the Flower-dealer with her little cart full of flowers picked from the nearest flower garden, inviting her customers to relieve her of the load. With the morn also comes the craving for bread and you see the Flour-carrier, stout of body and soul, carrying his commodity to a place where he knows it will be welcome. You see next the Bread-carrier, a woman with a strange look in her face, with breads of different shapes and sizes, some yards long, others round and circular, all resting on a piece of white cloth tied above her left shoulder; and then you meet with the Pastry Cook's boy with a small load on his head held by his right hand while in his left hand he carries a milk jug. The Coalman is another of those men whose services are wanted in the morning and you see him early out of bed, walking along crying 'Coal'. The streets must be cleaned early and you observe the Crossing-sweeper at work. The female crossing sweeper is more common in Paris than the male. Old and decrepit, she sweeps the streets early till she is relieved by the Street-waterer armed with his water tubes set on wheels which he easily turns to any direction he pleases. Then begins the tramp of the itinerant Vendors crying out at the top of their voice the names of the articles they have for sale. Here and there, at street corners, you seet the Boot-black standing in expectation of custom, his appliances ready spread for operation. A big, uncouth figure carries a basket and cries out something which you cannot understand. He attracts a number of street boys. It is "Chestnuts, all hot." Here goes the Laundress-girl, basket in hand, lean and lank, very much like a scare crow. And there comes running, the young and pretty Milliner's Assistant, exhibiting her nicely turned ankles, as she runs. It is evening and you see the Fish-woman with a basket in each hand full of fish, walking leisurely along. These are but some of the characters you meet with in fair Paris, whom you cannot study as

closely as you wish unless you can converse with them in their own dialect. But whether you are able to speak to them or not, go wherever you may, you are struck with their politeness, their courtesy, the gentleness of their behaviour. To the study of the arts and sciences, they are devotedly attached, though they are inferior to their English neighbours in their general business capacity. There is something of the mixture of the Oriental in the Frenchman—his love for colours and for finery, his ease-loving nature and his openness of mind. Nobody enjoys life like the Parisians. They are almost always found out of doors, either walking up and down the fashionable and far-famed promenades bound for the *Bois* in landaus and victorias; while little children are found playing in the winding paths and fern-clad lawns in gardens. Paris in its best dress and brightest colours is seen either on the promenade or at the café. Paris is dearer to many than the liberty which Paris prices.

> 'Oh, could I worship aught beneath the skies,
> That earth has seen or fancy can devise,

it is Paris. And well may man in Paris disdain to die!

H. M. S. *Peninsular*,
September 22, 1897.

LETTER XII.

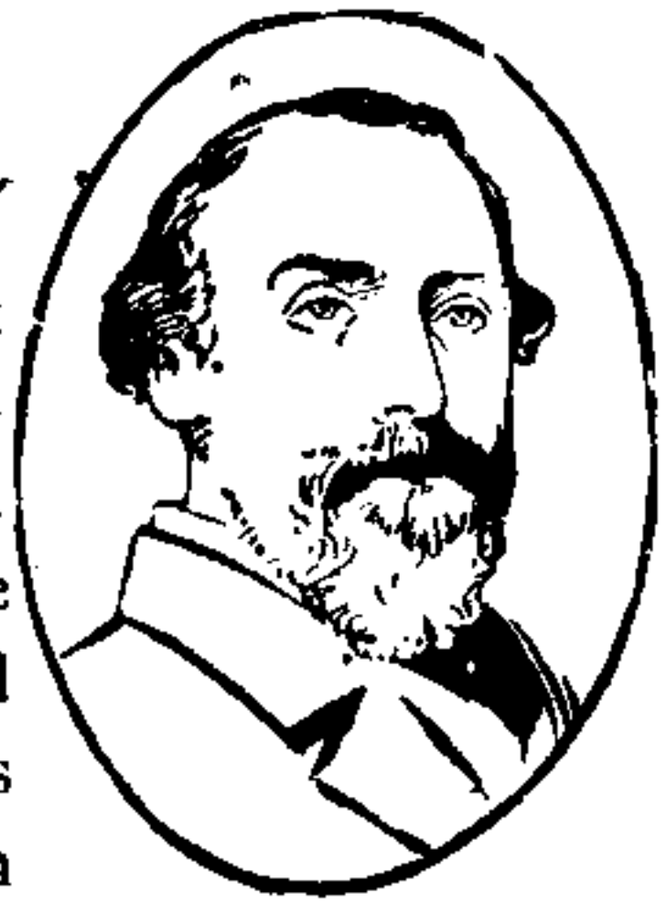
BACK to London for a minute. To visit London and not to visit the House of Commons is an impossibility. The building which controls the destinies of the Empire is imposing enough; but one cannot say the same of the House in which the Commons hold their Council. As you enter, you pass through two rows of statues of statesmen of old who had laboured in shaping the constitution of the empire which it has now assumed. That is satisfactory enough,—particularly as a fitting introduction to their modern successors in the Chamber above. And, if you are lucky as I have been, you may, as you sit on one of the benches outside, calmly awaiting the arrival of the hour when visitors are admitted to the gallery, see the big and burly form of

THE PRIME MINISTER

himself, as he winds his way from the Upper Chamber to the street outside. But I must confess that when I entered the Commons' chamber, a feeling of utter disappointment took possession of me. Is this the House of Commons after all, of which one had heard so much? How small a place! And how dark! * However, you take your seat and calmly watch the proceedings. As I sat there looking on, absorbed in what was transpiring below, I found the dark chamber lit up with a sudden flood of soft light which brought the outlines of the Chamber into greater prominence and exhibited the features of the members to greater advantage. Looking up, I found that the light was thrown into the interior of the chamber by a number of gas lights arranged outside the ceiling of glass of a light yellow tint. The contrivance after a few minutes ceased to evoke my curiosity. Then I brought my eyes down and looked at the row of newspaper Reporters ranged exactly opposite to me; and as I was looking at them, my attention was disturbed by the shadows of some moving objects, behind and above the Reporters' Gallery. I saw shades of different colours. Green and red preponderated and I saw quick movements. It was red here; it was green there; it was yellow in another place. For a moment, I was puzzled. But I soon succeeded in perceiving the quick movements of fans and concluded at once that that was the place where enlightened Parliamentarians still wished their ladies to be cooped up. The House does not recognise ladies; and they could see and be seen only through a heavy brass network

* After my return to India, I read the following observations in confirmation of my impression of the House in "The Book of Parliament" By Mr. Michael Macdonagh:—"A first visit to the House of Commons is usually attended by a feeling of disappointment. The limited size and unpretentious character of the Chamber strike the visitor with surprise. It is hardly credible to him that in this simple, modest Chamber, the destinies of a mighty empire are controlled: that this has been the scene of many exciting and momentous battles between political parties since 1852; and that these walls have really echoed with the potent voices of great Parliamentarians of the present reign—Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Cobden, Disraeli, Bright, Parnell, Churchill and Gladstone."

behind which they are supposed not to be. However, I banished the thought of ladies soon from my mind and I wished to know what Parliamentary oratory was like. It was an important night—a night when a congratulatory Address to the Queen was to be adopted in the House in connection with the Jubilee, a night when that so-called prince of Parliamentary leaders, Mr. Balfour, and that old Parliamentary hand, Sir William Harcourt, were expected to speak. I was again doomed to disappointment. Mr. Balfour's speech was a failure. It was a string of commonplaces; there was nothing original in it, nothing brilliant and nothing striking, and though carefully prepared beforehand, he delivered it with an effort which reminded one of the schoolboy who having committed his speech to memory wished to deliver it with telling effect and without betraying the secret that it was merely a nemonic performance. Sir William Harcourt followed. His speech was no doubt better conceived and more befitting the occasion, but it was no speech at all: he had it all written before him and though he pretended to deliver it with some animation, his delivery was certainly indistinct. Sir William was followed by Mr. John Redmond and it must be said to his credit that he made a good speech. He was followed by Mr. Dillon whose oratory was somewhat of the style of some National Congress orators—unnecessarily forcible and over-enthusiastic. I must confess, if I am to judge of Parliamentary oratory from what I had heard on the Jubilee Address night, there are several speakers in India who could give points to some of the best orators of the House. Among the well-known Members present, there was who has been very prominently before the public in con-



MR. LABOUCHERE

nection with the South African Committee. Mr. Labouchere has a large heart and is deeply in sympathy with the political aspirations of the people of India. He approves of the propaganda of the Indian National Congress and is aware of the nature of the work the National Congress Committee does in London. But he deplores the indifference of Parliament to Indian affairs and though in earnestness and deep-seated devotion to work, a better man than Sir William Wedderburn could not be found, Mr. Labouchere thinks that Sir William is scarcely up to the mark in the House and is seldom or never heard as, he is neither a prompt nor a clear speaker. The discussion of the Indian Budget in Parliament, Mr. Labouchere is convinced, is a sham and the only way in which India could be more satisfactorily governed is by reducing expenditure. He feels that it is disgraceful that natives of the country are denied the higher appointments in the Army though they have been found very courageous and efficient. Among other distingushed men present in the House on the Jubilee Address night were Mr. John Morley, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Courtney, Sir Henry Fowler and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

If Parliament is interesting, Parliamentary elections are none the less so. At bye-elections, you don't see the great enthusiasm which you meet with everywhere at a General Election: nor do you, in these days meet with ladies like the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire who wooed the electors on behalf of Fox, with smiles and kisses. But you see piles of posters and pamphlets, squibs and cartoons everywhere and the candidate may be seen going about making promises and pledges, with his partisans ever ready

> "To point the path, the missing link supply
> Oft prompt a name and hint with word or eye;
> Back each bold pledge, the fervid speech admire
> And still add fuel to their leader's fire."

And in the heat of the election, all manners of things

are practised. An old rhyme thus describes an "Election Day":—

Now greeting, hooting, and abuse
To each man's party prove of use;
And mud, and stones, and waving hats,
And broken heads and putrid cats,
Are offerings made to aid the cause
Of order, Government, and laws.
Now lampoons, idle tales, and jokes,
And placards over-reach and hoax;
Whilst blustering, bullying and brow-beating
And maltreating, a little pommelling
And elbowing, soothing and cajoling
And all the jockeyship of polling
Deep manœuvre and duplicity
Prove all elections fair and free."

Enough! I must now conclude. I must confess that I am returning to India more deeply impressed than ever with the power and the glory, the ability and the uprightness of the British nation. India must stand or fall with Britain. And the only way in which this fact can be made real is by unifying the interests of India and Great Britain, by removing the gap which unfortunately separates the British and the Indians in India; in fact, by obliterating all distinctions of colour. No such distinctions are observed in Great Britain; why should they be in India? Colour is certainly an object of curiosity in Great Britain. In the streets of London, I have been stared at; in Edinburgh, little boys and girls running about, have suddenly stopped to look at me; in Dublin, fair women found it impossible to suppress their laughter on seeing me; and in Chester, on the borders of Wales, I have been pointed at as a black man, by fond mothers to their little children. Nevertheless, neither in England, Scotland, Ireland nor Wales, have I heard a single unkindly word used with reference to me by anybody. The people have been uniformly courteous and even anxious to please me. In some places

I have been welcomed as the countryman of

PRINCE RANJIT SINGHI,

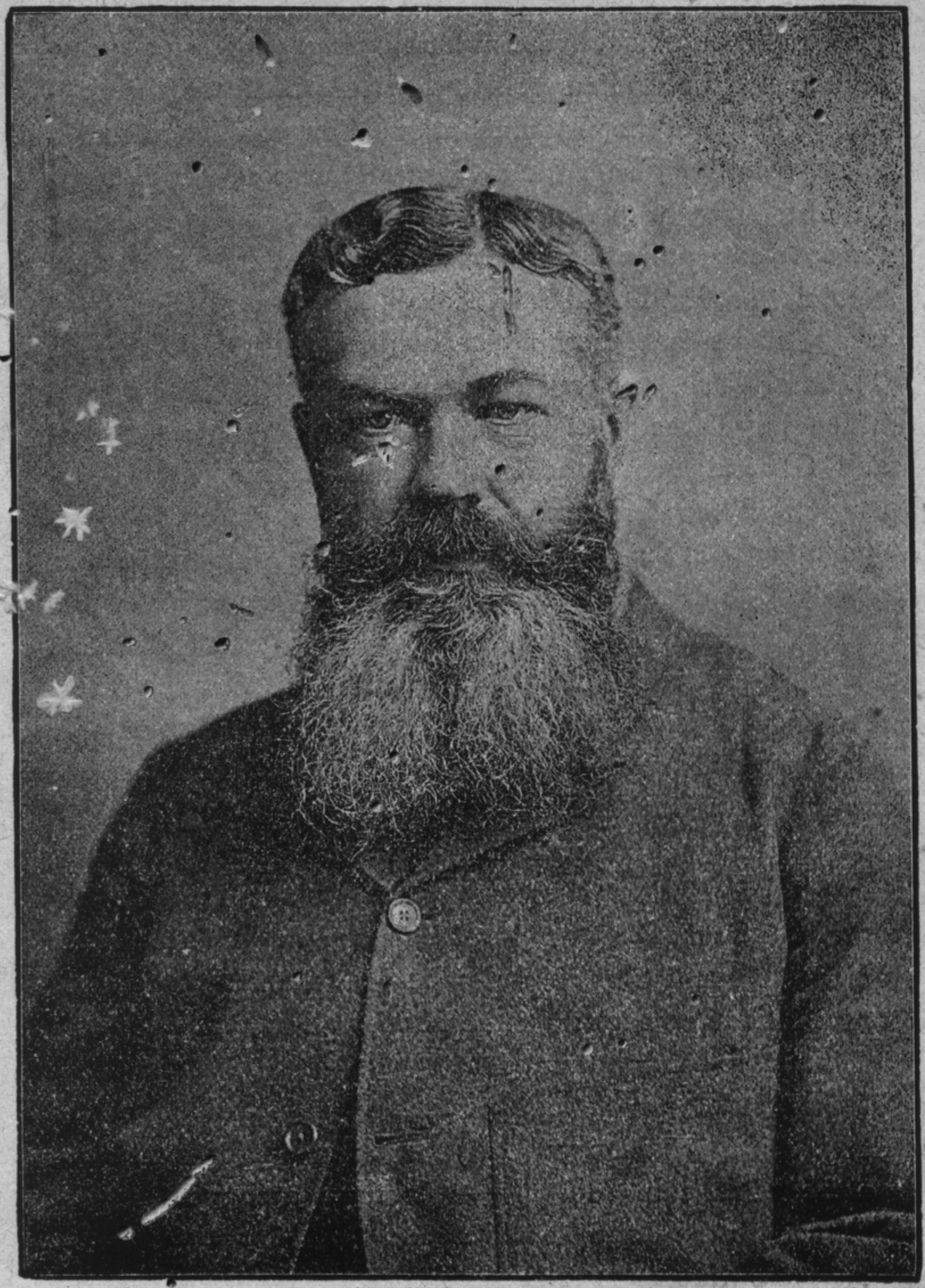
and I need hardly say there is no Indian name better known in English households than that of this Prince of Cricketers. They are many who have treated me with the utmost consideration and cordiality and though I cannot give a complete list of them all, I must not omit to mention Miss Billington, the able and accomplished author of "Woman in India," for a long time a contributor to the *Daily Graphic*, and now on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. William Senior who is on the staff of the *Daily News*, Mr. Pullen, also on the staff of the *Daily News*,

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

the able administrator of several Indian provinces who, having retired from his labours in India and in Parliament, now seeks repose amongst his books in Hampstead,

MR. ALFRED WEBB,

the ex-President of the Indian National Congress who, in his simple and quiet home in Dublin, is engaged in a sympathetic study of Indian problems, Mr. A. O. Hume, the well-known father of the "Indian National Congress," as enthusiastic as ever though aged, Rev. James Harwood, the Unitarian Missionary who recently visited India, Miss Manning the courteous and obliging Secretary to the National Indian Association, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, the "Grand Old Man," whose name is something to conjure with in India, Mr. Thomas Cash, the aged and respected Chairman and Managing Director of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, Mr. J. P. Goodridge, the retired Civilian from the Central Provinces in deep sympathy with the National Congress, Mr. Morgan Browne, once of the National Congress, now on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, Mrs. Christie Mackenzie, (now Mrs. E. A. Gibson) the amiable and pious President of Women's Total Abstinence Union at Bickley, Sir William Hunter, the great historian and statistician, who in his quiet and pleasant retreat at Oaken Holt near Oxford is labouring by night and day in the interests of India, Rev. Mr. Whitamore, the retired Madras Missionary, Dr. Robert Harvey, my dear old Professor now in Edinburgh and the members of the Menant family in Paris—M. Menant, the aged and much respected cuneiformist, Madame Menant his amiable and accomplished wife, and Mademoiselle Menant their able, highly cultured and distinguished daughter now engaged in writing a stupendous work on the "Parsis in India"——who form a connecting link between India and France and the doors of whose house are wide open to every Indian. Last, and above all, I must not omit to record my great obligation to one who, besides rendering all the necessary assistance to make my stay in London comfortable, treated me with uniform courtsey and unfailing kindness—and that was



MR. W. S. CAINE.

There is none more devoted to India in England than Mr. Caine. Mr. Caine has reason to be proud not only of the services he has rendered to his party in

England and to India and of the esteem in which he is held by all those who know him, but of being the husband of his wife and the father of his children. Mrs. Caine, like her husband, is devoted to the cause of Total Abstinence and is an able and ready speaker. Two of their daughters are the wives of Members of Parliament, one of them being also a graduate of the University of Cambridge and the third daughter is an M. B. of the London Uiversity now practising in London. All Indians feel perfectly at home at the breakfast or dinner-table presided over by Mrs. Caine, and there is no home in England where Indians are more heartily welcome. Considering the great pains Mr. Caine takes to make his Indian friends comfortable in England—ever ready with advice on any matter and always willing to render any service—the reception that is accorded to him in India, whenever he visits this country, is but a trifle.

During my short sojourn in England I have lived and moved amongst the people, men and women of the middle and respectable class, not venturing to look a live Lord or Duke in the face, much less to seek an audience with any member of the Royal Family; and I believe, I can now fairly claim to know something of the inner life of the people of England. While there are a few practices which I condemn in Britons, there are a great many which Indians might copy with advantage from them; and on the whole, I return to my native land a great admirer of the British nation, though still an Indian to the backbone, whose faith in some of the homely Hindu virtues has been scarcely shaken by living contact with the West.

APOLLO BUNDER HOTEL, BOMBAY,
September 26, 1897.

Extract from a letter addressed by Miss Billington, Author of 'Woman in India,' to Mr. G. P. Pillai.

"Now that your interesting series of English studies is (I fear) at an end, will you permit me to write, first to thank you for sending them; second to offer you my hearty congratulations upon them. It is not only that they are extremely well written, in English that a practiced English-born writer might well envy, and with a fund of such apt quotation that you shame the reading of many indeed of us, but their absolute truth, their shrewd and penetrating observation, and their capital deductions impress one very strongly as to the excellent use you made of your time. I should hardly have thought it possible that on so short a visit, you could have gleaned such full and accurate knowledge of us, **our ways and our Methods of thinking.** *You are certainly a born observer! I hope I may see more of your work."*