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THE BENGAL PEASANT.

CHAPTER IV.

The Natwan.

PEASANT poverty in Bengal does not, properly speaking, commence until we come down to the class of occupants styled *Natwans.* A *natwan* as we have stated already is one who is incapable of paying his rent with punctuality. This incident, though expressive of his incapability to meet a particular demand, is the index of his general financial position. In fact, the idea which the word 'Natwan' conveys is one of helplessness and want. The ratio of the *Natwans* varies according to the distinct pecularities, of each. In East Bengal, it is about the lowest. In the Presidency district it is about half, whereas in the poorer districts of Behar it has risen to an alarming maximum.

This class consists of men who have on account of debt or other impoverishing cause fallen from the superior peasant or Satwan class, as well as those who by the dint of their efforts have risen above the prospects of day-labourers. The bulk is made up of men with whom debt and want have been inherited as heir-looms.

The Natwan's property consists of one or two holdings for which he has to pay rent and in which he has generally a right of occupancy. His house is a part and parcel of the holdings from which he is liable to be ejected under certain circumstances. He has sometimes other small bits of rent-paying land in which his rights are no better than those of a tenant-at-will or an ordinary metayer. His homestead comprises one or two thatched huts and a small pond—some bamboo clumps—and a small kitchen-garden. The court yard of his house is relieved by a few sacks of hay, and his cow-shed gives shelter to two or three head of cattle whose jaded physique and woe-begone condition indicate unremitting toil. Inside the huts you may see a few earthen pots, pitchers and plates, with one or two brass things. The furniture consists of a few palm-leaf mats, some pillows stuffed with hay, a cocoa-nut pipe for smoking, a spinning instrument, some spades and hoes and a husking apparatus. A cane trunk located at one of the corners of the room, serving the double purpose of wardrobe and a safe, completes the fitting up of his rural abode.

Generally, he is restricted to one meal a day and this is taken between one o'clock and two clock in the evening. Boiled rice of the coarsest sort and some coarse roots and vegetables, with a chili and some tamarind, make up his meal. His tiffin taken at 10 in the morning and at night is fried paddy, a bit of ginger and some salt and a small cake of molasses. Fish is to him an article of luxury, except in the Eastern Districts where it is cheaper than other edibles, and is therefore the main stay of their provender. In many cases, a portion of the boiled rice left unconsumed for the morrow, is set before the children.

In respect to his habiliments, the Natwan wears a piece of cloth, descending not lower than his knee joint from his waist. All above the waist remains in primitive nudity. He carries about him a piece of rag, which serves the three-

fold purpose of a waist-band, a wet towel and a duster. The women are comparatively better clad, though their clothing is coarse and dirty for want of bleaching.

The only luxury which he enjoys is tobacco. It is to him the wealth of Crœsus, the wisdom of Socrates, and the ambrosia of the gods. Without this weed, which seems to be universally entwined with human destiny, he cannot work and cannot subdue hunger and fatigue and pain and privation.

It is a redeeming feature of his daily life that he is not a drinker. The ale house and the glaring gin-shop have no charm for him, taught as he is from infancy to view them as things forbidden. Intoxicating drugs he may smoke, but very rarely and quite in a harmless way. These are hemp and opium, but the habit of smoking rarely ruins him in the same way that gin ruins an English peasant.

The natwan's females have in addition to the task of cooking, husking grain and other in-door duties, out-door work to attend to. They do not actually plough up the soil, but when the crop is ripe, they go to the field to reap it, scythe in hand. Decoration of the person is wholly unknown to them. Some times the only sort of decoration they submit to is the dying of the soles of their feet with the juice of the lac and the spotting of their forehead with vermillion. But this is valued not for the sake of ornamentation but as necessary matrimonial appendages, when they are feme covert. In some instances, they wear brazen ornaments.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that ornamentation of the person is universally conspicuous by its absence among these women. English refinement has dived into native society and a sense of finery has seized the poorest peasant as much as the titled lord. I have seen gilded hookahs (native pipes) in the abode of the poorest peasant, who has no bread to eat on the morrow, and English wrappers on his person. But these are exceptional instances which do not affect the general rule.

In general, the Natwan's is a hard lot. He works from dawn till dewy eve. All the ploughing, the harrowing, the reaping and the harvesting are done with such insufficient aid as he obtains from the members of his family. And he works under great disadvantages. Sometimes he is short of seed, some times of men and sometimes of cattle.

For the seeds he is obliged to borrow of the Mahajan, promising to double the quantity of loan at the time of payment. For want of hands, he is obliged to assist his neighbour in tilling his land that he may have his neighbours' aid in return. This is called cultivation by 'gant'. And a like partnership is resorted to when he is short of cattle, and this is the 'bonta', system which is much in favour with our peasants. Sometimes the peasant works under an indigenous agreement, called the *'aidhai'*, stipulating to rear up a cow till it brings forth a calf, to return the cow to the owners and appropriate the calf himself, thereby removing his need of cattle.

These are not the only disadvantages he works under. It frequently falls into his lot to have the worst lands and to make them fertile he spares no trouble. Unlike his brethren of the Satwan class, the goal of all his endeavours is the maintenance of his family and children. This desire naturally induces him to raise such crops as would be necessary for domestic consumption. Simple minded as he is, the economical principle of barter at advantageous rates has never been understood and appreciated by him, and whereas he might have materially bettered his condition by raising a crop more valuable he sticks with doggedness to the raising of paddy which his ancestors up to the fourteenth had successively done.

Apart from these disadvantages incidental to his position, the *natwan* has generally no permanence of right in respect of his holding. We have stated that his *status* is either that of a tenant-at-will or an occupancy tenant, and as such he is liable to be evicted under certain circumstances. He has not therefore the cue to make any permanent improvement

on the land.

As a tenant-at-will, his occupancy generally terminates at the end of the year. The law presumes that it is a year's tenancy. So that if the landlord wants to evict him he has only to serve on him a notice to quit. If the tenant does not quit, the landlord has to sue him in ejectment. The Indian code does not authorize the landlord to take the law in his own hands with a view to effect the ejectment.

When the landlord wishes to eject in the middle of the year, a like notice is necessary, but if there be crops on the land, raised by the tenant, actual eviction is postponed till they are cut. In a great many instances, the tenancy instead of being expressly for one year, is continued from year to year with the sufferance of the landlord, the tenant paying rent. Where the tenancy is continued in this way, the law presumes it to determine only at the year's end.

It is manifest that the value of land has considerably risen and is continually on the rise. This has necessitated the institution of a larger number of ejectment suits. The landlord's hanker after increased rents is not therefore to be wondered at. It is this that prompts him to substitute one tenant for another, and as enhancement of rent under the statutory provisions is difficult to be had, ejectment is the only other remedy in which the landlord tries his chance.

Nothing is more painful to the tenant than to part with the land, however feeble his right to hold it may be. To part with it implies a total cessation of all work and what is worse the starvation of his family and children. So that if he musters up his scanty resources to defeat the law of ejectment, it is but the effect of his hard struggle for existence. His line of defence in an action for eviction is either the denial of the service of notice, which for a time throws his adversary over-board or the setting up of a permanent and transferrable right in the holding, thereby casting on his adversary's shoulders the onus of proving the yearly tenancy.

Under the statute, ejectment is claimed in other cases, viz where the tenant had arrears of rent due at the end of the year, or had not satisfied a decree for previous rent, or had violated the terms of a lease on which his tenancy hinged.

Where the cultivating tenant holds on from year to year or for a term of years and completes a twelve years' occupancy and pays rent, his occupancy is ripened into a right.

It is commonly supposed that the right of occupancy is wholly the creature of statutory law, that it found a place for the first time in the Rent Code of 1859, when Act X was passed, and that there was nothing in the customary law of the land equal or similar to it. Landlords have assailed it as a one-sided measure which the legislature had passed with a view to cripple their proprietary rights. The subject is one on which most opposite opinions have been broached. To attempt at a reconciliation of them is an arduous task. We think that the occupancy right is not wholly the creature of Act X of 1859.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the Bengal zemindar is like an English landlord. The latter is in every sense an absolute proprietor which the former is not. The predecessors of the zemindars before the Cornwallis' era were merely collectors of the land-tax, who received for their pains a certain percentage on the gross collections. They were officers of government paid in a particular way for doing their duty. The settlement inaugurated by Lord Cornwallis, while giving to the zemindars the rights of proprietors, enjoined them to respect such ryotti holdings as were of ancient date, subject to the payment of the fixed rent by the holders thereof. One would infer therefore that previous to the Permanent Settlement, the ownership of land was divided between the zemindar and the ryot, and the link which subordinate the latter to the former was the payment of rent. So that fixity of tenure must have vastly prevailed in those olden times. There are cogent reasons why matters should be so. Those were the

times of insecurity of the person and property. Those were the times when in consequence of lawlessness, the country would remain a dense jungle, and no body would think of cultivation. If the times were so, is it not natural that the ruling power should bestow certain rights and immunities on those who made the land arable and removed the jungle ?

Already we have in Bengal certain descriptions, which have outlived the period we have already alluded to above. They are the *Khood Khast* (resident) and the *istemrari*, the *mat-kadami* and the *mukururi* tenures, and from their nature one feels quite justified in concluding that labour bestowed on them in those dark times is the reason why they are and have been respected.

If then the application of labour to land was so much an object of respect in pre-English times, and as the tenures above cited show, if customary law has out of that respect, stamped the seal of permanence on them, surely the occupancy tenures under Act X are not startling innovations. They are only the extension of a principle that was admitted and acquiesced in at the time of the Decennial Settlement, a principle that viewed the cultivator by the Zemindar as owners of the soil with co-ordinate rights. In fact, the occupancy right is no more than a statutory recognitions of certain customary rights inherent in the cultivator which existed at the time of the settlement.

It follows from the nature of the right which an occupancy ryot enjoys, that his tenancy is not terminable at the will of the landlord. There are certain cases in which he may be ejected, viz where rent is due at the end of the Bengali year, or where he did not satisfy a decree for rent. But even here ejectment is not allowed until the period of grace (15 days), which the law ordains, has fairly ran out.

It is singular that while the right of occupancy may be had by succession, it cannot be transferred by sale, will or gift. In this respect the law appears to be anomalous. A

transfer by sale &c. is only possible where the landlord sanctions it, or where he acknowledges it after it is made, or where local usage admits its validity. In the first of these cases, the landlord actually sells his sanction by taking from the transferee a fine or premium which varies with the circumstances of each particular case. In the second, the right to object to the transfer is waived by the landlord when he actually receives rent from the transferee. The last is always a fruitful source of much distressful litigation.

To make the validity of a transfer turn upon local usage is at best a slippery proceeding. There is perpetually about it an air of uncertainty felt by the transferer, the tranrfered and the landlord, all alike. The difficulty which one meets on the threshold is to correctly determine what the local custom is. It is not our intention to depreciate the transcendental merits of the customary law. That law has rare virtues when it supplements the desiderata of *'lex scripta* and fixes the suitor and the judge to a rock, when without a chart they may toss to and fro in the midst of an unbounded sea of legislation. We regret only that in India all this compliment customary law does not deserve. A comparison between the customary law of England and ours would certainly be a very interesting work, but our limits would not allow such a thing to the done here. We can only say that though the jurisprudence of this country is considerably made up of customary law, and though for the most insignificant of our transactions we have a particular custom to follow, yet in the graver matters of right and property it is no better than a mere quicksand liable to be drifted by every strong wave that dashes against it.

English cutomary law is most zealously sustained by enlightened public opinion. It is interwoven with the English constitution, and its edicts have become with Englishmen household words. It has been cherished with fondness by English Judges, and its maxims have found a permanent place

in the literature of the country. It is hoary with age and tradition, and associated in the minds of Englishmen with some eventful era of their past history. So that do but doubt one of its unimportant principles, and you will have most convincing evidence to remove your doubts.

Our customary law knows of no such secure bases. It has never found a corner in the literature of the country nor is it connected with any portion of its past history. With us its dicta are not household words, and there is not the impress of age to embue it with a sense of reverence. The sources of our customary law are generally the *fiats* of the zemindar's gomastah, or the statements of mendacious villagers.

I shall proceed to show how in this country, a custom is subverted in a couple of years and another reared up on its ashes. Take, for instance, the very subject we are speaking of, the transferability or otherwise of occupancy rights. Suppose that in a particular estate, the custom was in favor of the transferability while it was under the *regime* of a forbearing zemindar. Directly a strong and unscrupulous man stepped into his shoes, he would commence oppressing his tenantry by subverting their ancient rights. He would ask them to abandon their old rights and execute engagements the terms of which he would dictate. It is not every body who can fight with him, and there must be always forthcoming some to assent to his terms. Generally one of the terms is the surrender of all the right of occupancy, and a declaration on the tenants' part of their incapacity to transfer their holdings. This becomes the nucleus of a new Custom which is destined to subvert the old. Gradually such of the tenantry as resist his unlawful demands are put into Court, and the whole lot of the engagements of the weak tenants are arrayed against the strong ones supplemented by such false evidence as the landlord can secure. Several collusive decrees evidentiary of a different custom are got up, and the subversion of the old custom is thereby completed.

But to return to our subject. Where local usage does not permit, a transferee's right is *nil*. The act of transfer operates as a forfeiture of the transferor's right and in pursuance of of a decison of a Full Bench of the Calcutta High Court, the transferor was evicted from his holding under that circumstance.

THE DRESS OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

OUR attention has been called to a letter with the above heading, bearing the signature of *Observer*, which appeared in the correspondence columns of the *Indian Church Gazette* of the 18th December last. Had the letter appeared in one of the morning papers we would not have noticed it, but would have looked upon it as the silly effusion of a person who wished to see himself in print; but the case is altered when it appears in the columns of so grave a journal as the *Church Gazette*, and of a journal too which is regarded as the organ of the Anglican Church in India. As the letter appears without any editorial note or comment, and as the Editor must be in the confidence of the Anglo-Indian clergy, are we to understand that the sentiments of *Observer* are the sentiments generally of the episcopalian chaplains? There is another reason which induces us to notice *Observer's* letter; and that is, that we have heard similar views expressed by other Europeans. We propose in this paper briefly to enquire whether the views expressed by *Observer* and other like-minded Europeans on the subject of the dress of Native Christians are just and reasonable.

Almost in the beginning of his letter *Observer* says—"But the fact remains that a considerable number of Native Christians *ape* European dress and fashions, as well as other European customs unsuited to either India or the people of India."

The writer's animus is at once perceived by the word which we have italicized in the above sentence. The word 'imitate' or 'copy' would not have served his purpose; it would not have sufficiently indicated his overflowing Christian charity. In the exuberance of his charity he must use the word 'ape' and thus class Native Christians among the progenitors of the Darwinian *homo*. And yet *Observer*, we presume, repeats Sunday after Sunday, the beautiful words of the litany —"From envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, Good Lord, deliver us."

In the sentence we have quoted above *Observer* gives two reasons why Native Christians should not adopt the European dress. The first reason is that European dress is "unsuited to India"; and the second is that it is unsuited to "the people of India." We shall now consider these two reasons.

1. European dress is "unsuited to India." When it is said of any sort of dress that it is unsuited to a particular country, the person who says so can only mean that the materials of that dress are unsuited to the country on account of its climate. He cannot mean that the shape or the cut of the dress is unsuited to the country. The materials of the dress of a Laplander or a Greenlander are certainly ill-suited to the inhabitants of a tropical country. The Laplanders clothe themselves in deer skins and bearskins, with the hair turned inside, and with collars of fur: they wear fur caps on their heads and their hands are wrapped in mitten's stuffed with straw. It would be simply absurd to use those materials of dress in a tropical country. But why may not the inhabitants of a tropical country change the materials of the European dress, and retain the shape or cut? Instead of broadcloth, why not use long Cloth or Cambric or Drill? But in point of fact this is what Europeans in India and other tropical countries do in order to suit their dress to the climate. And why may not Natives do the same? If there be an utter want of fitness between European dress and In-

dia, why do Europeans in India continue to put on that dress? Why do they not adopt the native dress? And why does not *Observer*, in order to illustrate the fitness of things, and at the same time to preserve his consistency, appear on Sundays at Church in a *dhoti* and *chadar*, or *ijar* and *chapkan*, and a *pugri* to boot? We thus see that between European dress on the one hand and India on the other there is no relation of essential unfitness.

2. But according to *Observer* European dress is unsuited not only to India, but to "the people of India." We should like to know the reason why. Is there any peculiarity in the make of the body of a European which is not to be found in that of a Native which makes the dress of the one unsuitable to the other? If the European had four legs and three arms, or had been blessed with that long and flexible caudal appendage called in vulgar English the tail, then no doubt his dress would not have suited the Native who has only two legs and two arms, and no tail. But as both the European and the Native have the same number of legs and arms, and the same configuration of the body, we do not see why the dress of the one should not suit the other.

Perhaps *Observer* means that European dress is unsuited to the people of India because they live in a warm country. If so, as we said above, the materials of the dress may be changed,—its shape or cut having nothing to do with the climate. Does *Observer* maintain that *in the nature of the thing* there is no fitness between a frock-coat or a dress coat and the corporeal frame of a Native of India? If he does, he must tell us in what this metaphysical unfitness consists.

Observer continues—"The result is deplorable in every way. Two such results may be sufficient to adduce here. One is, that, by adopting European dress, Native Christians appear unpatriotic and unnational in the view of their fellow countrymen. The other evil result is that Native Christians who adopt European dress are involved in expenses which they

are unable to meet, and are consequently in danger of losing their independence." Here are three reasons in addition to the two already given against Native Christians adopting European dress. It is unpatriotic—it is unnational—it is expensive. We shall examine these reasons, one by one.

3. It is unpatriotic for a Native Christian to put on European dress. Unfortunately for *Observer* the most patriotic native gentlemen of to-day are those who have adopted the European dress. If there are any patriots in Bengal at this moment, they are Messrs. M. M. Ghose, A. M. Bose, and W. C. Bonnerjee. They put themselves at the head of every movement in the country, political, social and moral. They all three have adopted the full European costume, and they are intensely patriotic; and what is more to our present purpose they are regarded by their countrymen as intensely patriotic. The people of this country have more sense than *Observer* would give them credit for. They are not so foolish as to suppose that patriotism consists in sartorial arrangements, in the shape of the dress or the cut of the coat. *Observer* evidently believes in cloth, as some of the Anglican clergy believe in Church millinery. The people of this country are wiser. They do not believe in cloth. They hold that a Bengali may adopt the European dress, aye, marry an English wife, and yet may be the greatest patriot in the country. We have mentioned the names of three Native gentlemen who have adopted the European costume, simply because they occupy a prominent position in the Native community, but there are scores of other non-Christian Native gentlemen who have also adopted the European dress, and who are highly respected by their countrymen and regarded as eminently patriotic. *Observer's* argument would have had some force if Native Christians alone had adopted the European dress. But they do not stand alone. They are in good company. They are in the company of the wisest, the best, and the most patriotic in the land.

Observer may have read Bolingbroke's dissertation on the "Idea of a Patriot King," but has he formed a correct idea of a patriot subject? A true patriot is he who endeavours by every means in his power to promote the peace and prosperity of his country, and to discourage to the utmost of his ability whatever tends to the contrary; who sets an example, in his own person, of dutiful and loyal respect to the first authority, of strict obedience to the laws, and respectful submission to the institutions of his country; who aids in the preservation of public tranquillity, and in the administration of public justice; and who zealously exerts himself in increasing the knowledge and improving the moral habits of his countrymen. Patriotism is an affection of the heart and has not the slightest connection either with *dhoti* or *chapkan* or a swallow tailed coat. It is a high civic and moral virtue which is unconnected with habiliments or with dietetics.

4. *Observer* asserts that a Native Christian becomes denationalized when he adopts the European costume. And what is this nationality about which so much nonsense is talked in our day? Nationality changes with the progress of civilization. The nationality of one century is different from that of another. National characteristics no doubt remain very much the same, though these also are greatly modified by culture. But nationality in dress, in manners and customs, is Proteus-like. It is always changing. The dress of an Englishman in the days of Alfred was not the same as that of John Bull in the nineteenth century, and *Observer* has become denationalized because he does not paint his body like his ancestors, the ancient Britons, in the brave days of old.

There would have been some justice in charging the Native Christian with denationalization if he alone had discarded the costume of his nation. But the fact is, that the whole nation, at least the educated portion of it, is fast getting denationalized. What *is* the genuine national costume of a respectable Bengali of the middle class, who has not received

an English education? A *dhuti* of thin and almost transparent cloth, covering from the waist downwards, a long-cloth *jama*, enveloping his chest, and a loose sheet worn over the body, no covering for his head, and slippers for shoes. But what is the dress of educated Bengalis? Who shall tell us what it is? It is an accumulation of patches from the costumes of many nations. It is a mixture of the Asiatic and the European. And what is particularly striking is, that a dozen educated Bengalis are scarcely dressed in the same fashion. Some use the up-country *ijar* with its prodigious circumference; others European pantaloons of all stuffs—wool, gin and drill, and of all colours "white, black and grey with all their trumpery"; some use the Mahammadan *piran*, others the European plaited shirt; some put on the up-country *chapkan*, others the European swallow-tailed coat, and the head-dress is borrowed from all nations and tongues. Is the Native Christian alone denationalized? Are not all educated Bengalis denationalized?

But the truth is, neither the Native Christian nor the non-Christian educated Bengali is denationalized. English education is introducing into the country English ideas and English tastes. The educated Bengali, whether Christian or non-Christian, is feeling dissatisfied with the old state of things. The national costume, national food, national manners and customs, are distasteful to him, because they do not suit his Europeanized ideas and tastes. Hence society is undergoing a revolution, and that revolution has not yet taken a definite form. The present is a transition state of society. Every thing is undergoing change, and what form every thing will take in future no one knows. People like *Observer* do not understand human nature, do not estimate the influence on Native society of the new ideas brought in by English education. Such people have misread history. *Observer* in his simplicity imagines that Native Christians think that change of religion implies change of costume. There is no Native Chris-

tian in India that thinks so. Change of costume, of fashions, of manners and customs, is not the result of change of religion; it is the necessary result of the influx of European ideas into the country.

5. *Observer* is simply impertinent when he says the Native Christian by adopting the European dress runs into debt. What if he did run into debt? What is that to *Observer*? By making this assertion *Observer* has let the cat out of the bag. He must be some unfortunate missionary who has under him a set of dependant illiterate Native Christians, who continually pester him for money to clear off their debts. Let *Observer* lecture to his own dependants on the costliness of the European dress and the inexpensiveness of the native costume. But let him hold his tongue with respect to educated Native Christian gentlemen. Out of the myriads of Native Christians in Bengal only a few have adopted the European costume, and those few are well-to-do gentlemen who can hold their own, and who stand in no need of *Observer's* lectures on economy.

But *Observer* shows worse taste when he speaks of Native Christian ladies. Just listen to what he says—"As to the Anglicized "young lady" Native Christian, I beg to indorse emphatically what your review asserts regarding the painfulness of the sight to all who wish to see true religion making progress in India. The latest mystery in "pinning back" appears to be explored by persons of this class, with a result which would mortify their vanity exceedingly if they could only understand the absurd appearance they present to those, to imitate whose foreign ways of clothing themselves they abandon the fit and graceful garb of their own country." Are we reading the language of an English, not to say Christian, gentleman, or that of a Vandal or a Hottentot? Has *Observer* by long residence in India lost that inborn respect for the fair sex which every Teuton has? He talks of the "young lady" Native Christian" sarcastically. Why, are all English-

women ladies, and all Native Christian women simply women? Are there no "young ladies" in the Native Christian community? We have seen English washerwomen and English char-women coming out to this country in ship-holds without the knowledge of the captain of the vessel, and not paying their passage,—we say we have seen such English women coming out to India, marrying some wealthy Anglo-Indians, driving about in barouche and pair, and giving themselves the airs of big ladies. Such "ladies" we certainly have not in the Native Christian community. But we have in that community ladies of the Brahmanical class whose ancestors from out of mind were the spiritual guides, the preceptors and priests of a hundred generations of Hindus. *Observer* so far forgets himself, so far forgets his English birth, that he calls Native Christian young ladies "*persons* of this class." Has this *person*—we mean *Observer*—ever associated with English gentlemen and heard them call ladies *persons*? And yet this man speaks of the "painfulness of the sight to *all who wish to see true religion making progress in India.*" As if the man who is wanting in gentlemanly courtesy and Christian charity cares a button for the progress of true religion. The hypocrite. Pray, why are petticoats and gowns a painful sight when seen on the person of a Native Christian woman, and not a painful sight when seen on the person of an English woman? Why should petticoats and gowns, and that "latest mystery of pinning back," retard the progress of true religion when made use of by a Native Christian woman only, and not when made use of by an English woman? And why should a Native Christian young lady who, to say the least, has as handsome features as her whiter English sister, present an "absurd appearance" by putting on the European dress, and not the English young lady when she puts on the same dress? There is neither ryhme nor reason in the *Observer's* gratuitous assertions. But we have done with the *Observer*. He evidently belongs to the class of those vulgar and low-bred Eng-

lishmen, who do not wish to see the advancement of the Natives of India in matters social, intellectual and moral ; who plume themselves upon their fancied superiority; who wish for a partition-wall, for ever separating the European from the Native ; who have not a single spark of ge nerosity or charity in their selfish nature ; but who are really actuated by feelings of malice and hatred against the subject ra ces, but who conceal their malice under the garb of religion.

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS QUESTION.

THE most remakable feature of American society, or the national existence of the American people, is the enthusiasm with which women are fighting, not only along side of, but in keen competition with men, for the great prizes of life. The sexes are literally brought together in a manner unknown in the old world ; and that under the public eye. You see them elbowing each other not only in Infant classes, not only in Elementary Institutions, but in schools and colleges of the very highest order. You enter a common school, and you see little boys and little girls having the same lessons in literature and science, working the same sums in Arithmetic and Algebra, and exhibiting their ingenuity and acumen in the same recitations and exercises; while you will be surprised to see the lady element overwhelmingly preponderant in its staff of teachers. You enter a high school, and you see half the seats before you occupied by young ladies who, in aptitude to learn and eagerness to compete, are not a whit behind their male competitors; while among the teachers not a few females are noticeable. And lastly you enter a University College, and though the lady element almost disappears in the Professorial and teaching staff, its presence and influence

in the classes are among the first things you take notice of. In the lists of graduates, junior and senior, published annually the lady element is prominent, while among the closing exercises of Colleges and schools the recitations given and the orations delivered by ladies have even a greater charm than those of their male competitors.

Nor is the spirit of competition between the sexes confined to educational establishments of a lower or higher order. It is seen in full swing in public literaries, in offices, in manufactories and in stores. A few departments of life excepted, you see the sexes fighting side by side with each other wherever you, and under whatever circumstances you may find yourself. And those who would shut them by arbitrary lines of demarcation out of certain spheres of usefulness do not "realize the situation." After having allowed the sexes to compete with each other up to a very high degree, they suddenly turn round and say—Here you must separate, the gentlemen must go on, and the ladies stand still! To such an arbitrary command the ladies most properly object; and we are not among those who show a disposition to oppose to their objections nothing but bitter biting sarcasms. On the contrary we admire their enthusiasm, and very gladly publish the following admirable paper read very gracefully in a crowded hall at Delaware amid loud bursts of applause, by Miss Jessie R. Edgerton, a young lady of considerable promise;—one object being to give our readers some idea of the calm and impressive manner in which the Woman's Rights question is being discussed in America by those who are most interested in it.

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

As the hand on the dials face, and the heavenly bodies by which it is moved, so the destiny of mankind is ever advancing, steadily and surely approaching that new era, wherein a universal humanity shall learn to live. The evidences

of this general progression are plainly visible all along the line of years, but it would seem that our own century, has been witness to increased power of movement, especially in one of its divisions (the so called social revolution) does this seem to be the case. While in the progress of this general humanizing revolution, the individual of every class and condition, has been elevated and brought nearer to the ideal perfect equality, the proof that the world is really moving out of barbarism, leaving the emblems and distinctions of brute force and servitude behind, is most striking in the chief element of the social revolution, the condition and power of woman. As the progress of mankind in every age and every land has been measured by the position of woman, so the rise of the race is to-day manifested by her increased power, although here in America, the land of liberty, she has always been granted more freedom, than in any other country, the privileges she enjoys to-day mark an extraordinary advance when contrasted with the approved restrictions of but a few years ago. We can only understand the sense of oppression and injustice that embittered, the lives of the noblest and bravest of women, by its fruit to-day. From amid the long, dreary struggle against unjust prejudice and the remnants of ancient tyranny, a country-woman whom all the world has honored, declared that it were better not to be born than to live a woman. Then while longing for a freer development and the use of natural capabilities, they pondered over the problem of why they had been given powers of mind and brain if the barriers of custom and sex were to always forbid their use, and the host of women who were forced to actively engage in the struggle for life, lifted up the cry for deliverance from the cruel restraints that bound them and made unavailing their best efforts in the unequal battle. From the rembrandt-shades of yesterday let us turn to the brightening tints of to-day. Even in its morning we find woman in possession of the advantages of education and cultivation as

afforded by a large proportion of the schools and colleges of our land, and as well the freedom to engage in most of the employments of life, her right and capacity are recognized to enter the different professions formerly the exclusive privilege of men, and she is everywhere occupying positions of trust, honor and service. The old theories concerning woman's sphere are giving place to higher and more enlightened ideas. The fact will soon be evident that instead of different spheres, there are only different responsibilities in the same sphere; for woman's sphere comprises every thing that needs to be done and that she can well do. The truth is becoming apparent that men and women must learn to work together in mutual helpfulness for the common good, that there can be no reasonable conflict concerning rights, for they are so associated in life that their interests cannot be separate; the basis of their relation is unity, they are always working for each other, and it can not be otherwise; one sex cannot advance nor deteriorate without the other. As in the past the interests of humanity have been best served by united labor, so will the future be blessed by a continual exercise of this better order. "Often do the spirits of great events stride on before the events, and in to-day already walks to-morrow", sings Coleridge. A series of facts now making themselves felt through all civilization, are significant spirits of events to come, as the action of the women of England during the late political campaign, when ladies of the highest rank with the greatest enthusiasm entered the canvass, and did efficient work all through that exciting period; and the part Russian women have played in the dark tragedies lately enacted in that unhappy realm; many have been the martyrs for country and liberty among them, and so zealous are they now that one of the late orders for the suppression of Nihilism among the student class, prohibits their marrying. And as in other countries (of which time will not permit us to speak) woman's influence in public affairs is now apparent, so in our own America we find many

proofs of the same spirit of the time, as in Wyoming for ten years she has had general suffrage, a vote on all questions. In several states, among them New York and the conservative New England states of Massachusetts and New Hampshire she votes on questions concerning the education of her children. In six states at least, a vote for woman in the protection of home against intemperance, has been largely petitioned for and endorsed by the best of our people. In more than one state, legislative committees have approved and recommended suffrage for women in municipal and city elections (a privilege the women of Great Britain have had for years by the way,) and the movement for creating a 16th amendment to our constitution, giving women the full rights of citizens, is constantly growing in strength and prospect, and among its advocates are to be found men and women whose characters for worth and wisdom were long ago established. All of these instances attest the liberality of the age and give conclusive evidence of the tendency for still increasing the present opportunities. On every side these prospective obligations seem about to descend on the American woman. It is wisdom to make good use of this period of preparation before the future of responsible activity appears. It is quite true that the great majority of women shrink from the right duties of citizenship, which it would seem the future holds for them. Women are the great conservatives, and they do not know what this would imply for them. Again thoughtful women recognize the dangers to the nation the new order would bring, as the increase of ignorant suffrage is an element threatening enough now in our country, where every citizen is possessed of political influence, and where all power is with the masses. And added absenteeism at the polls, which John Bright the English reformer, regards now as a most dangerous matter. Then the disasters that would arise from placing a new weapon in the hands of the unscrupulous politician. And again the large class of women under the control of the priesthood

and like influences. In fact a general present unfitness, a natural consequence of the system of subordination and irresponsibility, is reason enough for the opinion that the time for indiscriminate woman suffrage is not yet. But we can not but look forward to a time of universal suffrage, when *all* shall exercise an equal right from a common level, then surely woman must be ready for this claim, which may arise for her, whether she desires it or not. When the ballot is a more noble possession it will be more worthy of woman, and then she will be more worthy of it. Now she does not deserve it, nor need it, for she is not using the opportunities within her reach. She has a mission in the politics of to-day and she has hardly discovered it, she has not yet realized that the earnest of increased privilege to come, is in itself privilege and brings with it a coresponding duty. She is not alive to the truth that she is now responsible for the future welfare of the nation, and is now possessed of power of greater relative value than the ballot, which she is not exerting for her country's good. Instead of using all her influence for the just and the true, the pure and the good, in the political struggle, she stands afar off, and allows uncontrolled impulses and unconquered prejudices, to destroy the divine power for the good God has given her, and which is here demanded. No one class of freeborn citizens has the right to exclude themselves from the consideration of matters of common interest. It is unfair for them to take no intelligent interest in that which they in part support. "It is only natural for all, concerned to work together to the same end. Are not the honor and the safety of the country worth fully as much to the women of the country as to the men?" Yet it is not the crime of our women, but their misfortune, that they are under this apathy on the great questions of the nation. Their's has not been the inheritance of freedom of mind. They have not been amenable for their opinions, and therefore have not felt the necessity of forming them.

There has been a certain odium attached to the possession of political knowledge by women, but it belonged to the old days and not to the new. Now we know that if sound principles in government are to be maintained, the women of our land, who are the mothers, teachers, and constant associates of those who control the land, must be able to comprehend national questions, for while knowledge is power, ignorance is greater. But it has been said, "The most efficient service of society is also the noblest self service, and the worthiest of the world's praise." Woman needs the education an interest in politics will give her. What nobler subject can engage the minds of all than politics, considering as it does our relation to each other and so to God Himself, reaching the very basis of the association of humanity? Surely woman will be enlarged and strengthened by some sense of responsibility in such an undertaking as the right management of the country. Her vision will be extended, her aims broadened, her energies quickened, and such a force, such an impetus, must elevate her. "She needs always the liberality, comprehensiveness and wisdom, needed in a nation's government." But while she needs herself an interest in politics, the system in our land demands the purifying influence she might supply. While the country does not now need her vote, it does need her power exerted for the right, in its behalf. Great issues are depending on the permanent success of American institutions, as a country destined to be the richest and most powerful on the earth, and the home of the people who shall perpetuate the language. Naturally all the world looks with interest on her growth and development. Is the young nation to be also the guide of other nations in the wisest and best mode of ordering the ways of her people? Clearly the answer is with the people. Our system of government is based on a conception of political rights which is almost the ideal perfection of liberty. Our constitution is said by Premier Gladstone to be the noblest work, men ever

produced in politics, at a single stroke, (at its adoption, and it is surely worth more now than then). Political economy is called the dismal science, and we are ready to so denominate it, for we are to-day forced to admit that our admirable principles of government, have not entirely availed But a few months ago, a noted orator, before a representative audience, affirmed, that under that same constitution, " An American citizen, under the American flag, is safer to-day in Afghanistan, than he is in the south, if he chance to be a freedman and undertake to vote an unpopular political ticket", and no one denied the truth of the statement. A month ago as the time was approaching when the great political parties, were to assemble, for the decision of momentous public interests, the hearts of the people were cast down and then were filled with anxious forebodings. Why? Because they could not look forward in confidence to the sentence of men under the control of the party machine and given to fierce personal partisanship. The country witnessed with shame the preparations of demagogueism for those assemblages, where in form the people were to speak for the future. We were forced to view the spectacle of men of whom we are proud, in the position of slaves to party and ignoble management, and great states under a despotism, perfectly incompatible with our ideas. Our system of government seems to have been prostituted to simply an exemplification of the " spoils system." The thoughtful American, seeing these things, realizes that the future is hazardous. He sees ahead the menacing rocks threatening destruction, and he cannot trust entirely the pilot of party. In the light of our century's political experience, he discerns plainly the perils of the hour and finds it not reassuring to contrast the statesman, the true friend of the right and the people, of the early days, with the professional political trickster of to-day. He sees that amid crying wrongs from the east and west, north and south, demanding just legislation, politics are but mechanical

and offer no redress. But the genius of the nation is over all, and far above mere party spirit. American patriotism is is not a thing of the past, justice and honour still live, "and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. While we must have a party government, it may and it must be, pure principle and reason must control the party that controls. Our systems are yet open to reform and the people demand it. How this better order which is to endure shall be instituted, how the purification of politics shall be accomplished, is a pregnant question of the hour. Emerson tells us in his prophecy of the future of the republic, that morality must become the prime factor in our government, and his verdict is echoed in the heart of the nation. Those who have ranged themselves as opponents to the entrance of women into politics, in any way, argue that they would be contaminated by a nearer acquaintance with the system which has been so degraded that it is said none can remain pure and have to do with it. At the same time they tell us that while man is planned for conflict, woman is intended for moral influence; and as we consider the two points we cannot but ask,—Where is moral influence needed more than here? And why should not she exert this moral influence in the interest of that she holds most dear, God, her home, and native land? Patriotism in woman is naturally strong, it is based on her love of home which physiologists say is deeper and more intense than any element of her nature. In our own history woman's love for country has been amply exemplified. In the days of the early straggles for liberty, the bravery and noble deeds of the women of the revolution are sacredly embalmed in history. And it may even be said that our first declaration of independence was proclaimed by woman, months before Jefferson wrote the accepted document. Mrs. John Adams wrote thus to her husband in Philadelphia, (speaking of the proclamation for suppressing rebellion and sedition issued by the king)

"This intellegence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor, for a reconcilation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state and these colonies. Let us separate, they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them, and instead of supplications as formerly for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to burst their counsels and to bring to naught all their devices." And so Mrs. Adams proved her ability to comprehend the situation even in those perilous days, and used her influence in shaping events, the benefits of which we are enjoying to-day. Again in our late war, American women were found ready for the necessities of the hour. Without any thought of her sphere she responded to the call of duty, filling the place none else could fill, and while supplying most efficient aid herself, the war was to her a great benefaction. As she was occupied with matters of national significance she grew in mind and soul, the new sense of responsibility has been felt ever since manifesting itself in various reform movements and beneficent undertakings, and all belonging to her preparation for still extended fields of labor. Victor Hugo says, this 19th century belongs to woman. May she make good use of it here in America! Although her power is yet latent, may she arise to the new demand and give of her best endowments to the service of home in its largest sense! Give us a strong united womanhood alive to purity and justice in the affairs of the nation, and we shall have a public sentiment before which the forces of dishonor shall flee. When with all her energies aroused, she shall wield that power (compared with which her vote would be a small thing) of the social influences emanating, from her, her ability to mould public sentiment as she wills for her country's honor, we need not fear for its future. When as she saved the tomb of Washington, she shall feel a responsibility in the duty of keeping bright the fires before

the *living* shrine of liberty they shall never die out. Over yonder in the city of the marble dome, whose walls are girt about with the Majesty of Government, by the side of as pure an occupant of the executive chair as our people ever called their President, there sits a strong, heroic woman, whom we are proud to speak of as the first lady of the land. Mrs. Hayes has proved before the whole world, the power of a brave, true woman. Never faltering in her devotion to the right, and in the face of all opposition steadily adhering to her convictions of duty, her influence is felt to-day all through society; and all people honor her name. As always "the perfect woman nobly planned" stimulates all the rest of humanity by her own nobility, and while always *woman* herself "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," she demands the same of others. As America has been blessed by the gracious influence of this one of her daughters, so may she be redeemed from the power of those who would be her ruin, by the united strength of a womanhood, strong in mind and soul, and setting themselves to her highest good as "perfect music unto perfect words in all exercise of noble deeds!"

ATHENÆUM ANNIVERSARY,
19th June 1880.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Hinduism and the Hindu people. Being the Substance of Extempore Addresses delivered by Ram Chandra Bose, Delegate to General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church from North India. Boston 1880.

Mr. Ram Chandra Bose is no stranger to the readers of the *Bengal Magazine* to the pages of which he has contributed largely under the signature of *A Hindustani*. Mr. Bose was sent last year to America as a delegate from North India to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the brilliant success which he achieved in the New World as a platform orator and lecturer is known to every reader of the religious journals of the day. Before leaving America he published at Boston, which he calls the Athens of America, the thick pamphlet the title of which we have placed at the head of this notice. It consists of five excellent lectures. The first lecture is on "Hindu Philosophy," in which he dwells on Trialism, Dualism and Monism, which he considers to be the "three distinct lines of thought or speculation interweaving themselves with and forming the groundwork of Hindu Philosophy." The second leeture is on "The Religious Ideas of the Hindus," in which after a few introductory remarks on Buddhism, he expounds the Hindu idea of practical religion, the Hindu idea of God, the Hindu idea of sin, and the Hindu idea of salvation. The third lecture is on the "Manners and Customs of the Hindus." As to manners Mr. Bose gives credit to his countrymen for temperance and for mildness and gentleness of disposition. As regards customs, Mr. Bose dwells on the following,—the system of Caste, Kulin polygamy, female ignorance and female seclusion, and early marriage. The fourth lecture is on "The results of missionary labour in India." The number of Protestant Native Christians in India is about 450,000. Mr.

Bose lays stress on the following results of missionary labour, —1st, that it has raised "bright churches" in many parts of the country; 2nd, that it has raised "bright homes"; 3rd that it has raised "bright hearts"; and 4th, that it has begun "sending up glorified souls to heaven." The fifth lecture is entitled "Personal Experience". This to us is the most interesting of all the lectures as in it Mr. Bose gives an account of his conversion. Altogether the lectures are admirable and will amply repay perusal.

The Perpetuity of the Faith as our Ground of Hope. By W. Hastie, B.D., Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta. Calcutta: W. Newman & Co. 1880.

This is a magnificent discourse. It is the product of a mind thoroughly imbued with the highest culture of the day, and fully conversant with the results of modern thought. If delivered from the professorial chair of some Hall of Divinity, nothing could be imagined finer or more suitable; but as a sermon delivered on a Sunday to an ordinary congregation, it must be pronounced to be highly inappropriate. We suspect, to three fourths of the members of St. Andrews' Congregation to whom it was preached, the discourse was simply unintelligible. Many of those members, like many members of most congregations, must be credited with an amount of education similar to that which was possessed by the simple Scottish, woman who, when listening to a sermon of Dr. Chalmers caught hold of the word *Metaphysics*, and said—"That blessed word *Metaphysics!* Christ is *Metaphysics*—both *meat* and *physic* of the soul." But though preached over the heads of the congregation, it is a noble sermon. Mr. Hastie takes for his text the words of our Saviour—"Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh shall He find Faith on the earth?" St. Luke xvii. 8. To the question Mr. Hastie gives an answer in the affirmative, and states the grounds on which his assertion

is founded. But before stating the grounds, in a few introductory pages he attempts to show, by a variety of arguments, that "*our age is essentially in earnest about religion.*" The grounds of the affirmatory reply to the question of the text are three: *first*, "that religion is an essential and therefore an indestructible element in our spiritual nature which, as such, must survive all the external changes which human life in society may have yet to experience;" *second*, "that Christianity is identified with the purest and highest interests of the human spirit and therefore cannot be superseded by any new form of religion or by any substitute for religion in the future;" and the *third* ground is obtained by "a survey of the History of Christianity itself."

One passage in the sermon we have read with considerable surprise. It is the following:—"Our own Scottish Presbyterianism has been the least capable of all the ecclesiastical organizations of drawing the nutriment of a living faith from the Christian life of the past. We have paid the heaviest penalty for the self-limitations of our "perfervid genius" in isolated Christian life and insular modes of thought." This from a Scottish Presbyterian minister to a Scottish Presbyterian congregation! If Mr. Hastie is so much dissatisfied with the dreariness and isolation of Scottish Presbyterianism, why does he not leave the Church of his fathers and join an ecclesiastical organization which "draws the nutriment of a living faith from the Christian life of the past," for instance the Roman Catholic Church which, in this respect, stands pre-eminent? John knox, Andrew Melvill, Alexander Henderson, are much to be blamed for having rid the Church of Scotland of the superstitious mummery and traditional tomfoolery of the Middle Ages! And yet Mr. Hastie speaks elsewhere of his loyalty to the Church of Scotland.

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MAN AND THE ANIMALS.

By KANYE LAL MOOKERJEE, M.A., B.L.

THE able support which Mr. Darwin has lent to the theory of the development of Man from the ape species, has so increased the importance of the subject, that any thinking man cannot help asking himself the question "What am I?" The similarities and distinctions between himself and the lower animals immediately come under examination; and though the task proposed is one which ought to be left to philosophers for authoritative determination, every individual should no doubt think for himself, unless it be considered wise to be dormant and "to surrender judgment hoodwinked."

A thorough knowledge of the origin of species, their variation and distribution, and the causes which regulate their conduct in the different parts of the globe, is essential to a consideration of the subject for reasons of analogy and inference, and for an elaborate treatise on the Descent of Man. But natural philosophers are themselves divided on many important principles relating to the social instincts of animals, and their manner of life; and facts are so numerous, and scattered so wide that their study must be the special work of persons of a particular class. It is fortunate however that we shall not need

upon any disputed points of research, or principles of natural philosophy which it may be presumptuous to approach.

The theory of evolution is indeed a plausible one; and a great majority of the people of the world would eagerly wish to believe it true, as their dread of a moral responsibility attaching to themselves would then be reduced to a mere phantasy, and their epicurean doctrines would be sure to prevail. But let not that dread itself stifle free enquiry. Darwin has attempted to shew that natural selection and the struggle for existence have so operated in the economy of the animal kingdom that the idea of the separate creation of the different sorts of animals, is one of the vulgar errors that ought no longer to exist in the minds of men, calculated as it is to lengthen the rule of ignorance, and be a check to the progress of scientific thought. If Darwin is right, let not our fondness for old notions, or a pretended moral sense, prevent us from following him and asserting that man is naturally descended from the ape; and has become civilized in course of time, starting his career from the condition of the Australian savage.

The course of argument which Darwin and his school have followed to prove their proposition about the origin of man has been the establishment, in the first instance, of a lineal succession among the tribes of lower animals inhabiting the land, the sea, and the air; and in the second place of a similarity between the structures of man and the monkeys of the old and the new world. It must be observed, although we do not enter into the details of the question, that the scientific world, however, strong Darwin's party may be, are not at one in condemning the belief in "special creation". Spencer indeed characterises it as an illegitimate symbolic conception, worthless by reason of its intrinsic incoherence, and for other reasons founded on far weaker gounds, which we need not notice here. But it is a patent fact that notwithstanding all the arguments on the other side, there are natural philosophers who most emphatically assert that the connection

traced by the evolutionists between the different classes of animals does not in any way warrant them to conclude that one distinct class is derived from another. With greater emphasis do they repudiate the idea of the extraction of the species *man* from the savage ape. We may for the sake of argument go the length of conceding that the animals may be related in the way Professor Huxley, Darwin and others would have us believe; but when we come to the other part of the question, we think the teachings of those philosophers do not enlighten us in the least. We need not raise any contention about the similarity of the parts of man, the tiger, and the reptile—and indeed such a theory asserts in the strongest possible way the providence of God: but we shall consider one single point, open to the observation of all, which can be studied without difficulty, without any means and appliances, and with only a small degree of attention.

Metaphysicians have since the days of Socrates held that our thoughts and feelings are the actions of a power within which they have called "soul," and which has an existence independent of matter. Materialistic philophers are of the contrary opinion, as they affirm that the workings of the mind are but the results of action in the brain. Let us not however, discuss the question of the nature of the soul; but let us take our stand on firm ground where there are no loopholes or traps, and from where we shall be able to hail to those around us, and bring them together to a terminus, at which they may find themselves all of the same company. Our station is an open one, the meanest human being has admittance here, and he can tread securely on the platform; there are no doubts or uncertainties to take him down, and he can start off in the train of any of those guides who are every moment passing on the numerous diverging lines. The positive fact that *we think* is our starting point.

In justice to the other animals must it be said here that certain processes of sensation and perception take place in

their minds. They have memory and some power of distinguishing one from another. Further they do, as we observe in ordinary instances of fights between domestic cats or dogs over a piece of flesh or fish, assert their rights, which action of theirs clearly indicates a sense of possession. The mother among beasts and birds has often been observed to weep, and be sullen over the loss of her offspring, and the dog has been found to recognize his old master after a long absence; from which and similar other facts, it is clear that the principle of association of ideas, which some metaphysicians hold is the basis of all mental operations, is the ruling power in animals; and the simple word instinct, which it may be for convenience, ignorance or selfishness, we have coined to distinguish the animals from ourselves, is perhaps too weak a barrier now against our being forced into the admission that they possess powers which that word was never meant to signify. The expression however, is in itself a very useful one, and we do not desire that it should be expunged from the vocabulary. We shall take it to comprise all those operations which take place in the brain of the lower animals and attempt to examine them in relation to the mental powers of man.

The direction in which Darwin's energies have been thrown is no doubt the development, altogether of a material and physical nature, of the body and parts of man from a species of lower animals; but not satisfied with his conclusions being based only upon observations of natural facts, and incidents, he calls out to the metaphysician and challenges him to a discussion of the inevitability and correctness of his theory, by asserting that the difference between the mental powers of man and similar attributes of the other animals, is one of degree and not of kind: man possesses the same powers only with superior development and greater strength. The inference is extremely alluring. Any man with a scientific turn of mind would like to believe that Darwin is right. He connects the phenomena of nature in such a beautiful chain

of sequence, establishes such a happy affinity between the creatures of God, and discovers such a marvellous unity of design and purpose in creation, that every believer in the Supreme Being would be charmed with his arguments, not to speak of a materialistic philosopher, who must feel proud at the idea that the so-called intellectual and moral man has been at last proved to be no better than a harmonious combination of the forces of life. Apart from his body and vitality man has nothing to be careful about, he is mad if he supposes that there can be any thing within matter, which is not of the same material. This is in substance what Darwin says.

It has been urged by a popular and able English writer that man is notably distinguished by his ability to progress, whilst the animals do not show that tendency at all. The question of progress, however, says Darwin, is a relative one, dependent for its selection upon two important circumstances; first, that man is a social animal, and secondly, that the time that has passed since his transformation or descent into his present condition is immense, and has therefore brought about improvements in his society which now can be explained only by a reference to what has happened among the animals—"look to the interval for instance between the mental powers of one of the higher apes and of a fish, or between those of an ant and a scale insect." If we are prepared to accept his evolution theory as correct even to that extent in which it is applied to the animals, the proposition above set forth is well answered, but as we are not yet ready to declare ourselves one way or the other, we must let the discussion rest here.

There is, however, a physical fact which demands explanation from the evolutionist, and it cannot be supposed that it would altogether escape the observation of such a philosopher as Darwin. He says, we quote from the general summary of his work on the Descent of Man, "a great stride in the development of the intellect will have followed, as soon as the half-art and half-instinct of language came into use: for the continued use

of language will have reacted on the brain and produce an inherited effect; and this again will have reacted in the improvement of language." This is indeed very brief, nor could it be otherwise, as here we have only an evasion, a turning away from the real difficulty with a show of correct reasoning calculated to divert the mind of an enquirer from the object he seeks. He sees the animals and man, and he finds that although all have the power mental or instinctive of expressing their emotions in a more or less distinct way, man in special has the power and a vehement inclination as well of presenting his mental states by words. We are not aware that any name has ever been given to this most peculiar power, notwithstanding that the mind of man has been dissected—how many times who can tell?—by philosophers of great and small abilities, and belonging to all natural and metaphysical schools. We shall be asked to believe that it is only an emotion or a desire, albeit it is an original function. Should Darwin oppose us by saying that it is but an improvement due partly to the physical condition of man, and partly to his superior instinct arising from the inarticulate language of the animals, we would go further.

We agree with Darwin in saying that the animals display those attributes, mental or instinctive no matter, which man has been proved to possess by philosophers from time immemorial. We hold that in the minds of animals thoughts follow one another, ideas have a sequence and an association. But what is the nature of those thoughts or ideas? A thought of a material object, or a physical action, and a sense of imminency and physical probability, are ideas which are not foreign to animals that have acquired some degree of development. Discretion in them is not a strange fact. But do their sentiments and reasonings go beyond the limits of matter and material connection? Their sensations bring them the impressions of the external world, and these impressions become arranged under the influence of the powers

they possess. Besides these passive thoughts they have the appetites and emotions which lead them to action. Instances are innumerable and too common to be specially noted, of the weaker animal avoiding the stronger, of revenge taken by animals for wrong done, which show that in the minds of animals there exist sagacity and determination. But it must be remarked that all thoughts and trains of thoughts that we observe in the animal mind relate to matter. There is in them reasoning to be sure, but all its manifestations are with regard to physical facts. The animal-mind does not separate the thought or idea from the matter that produces the same; nor can it do so. It observes differences, but they are understood only as they are related to the subjects from which they arise. Distinct from the material sense the animal-mind does not possess any purer element.

We shall next see whether it is possible for animals to improve in such a way as that they may have ideas of any other description. The animal that is the most perfect of all, is wanting in speech. It can receive impressions from without, it may act under these impressions, it may store them up, but it cannot give names, it cannot communicate by means of sounds to which it attaches any signification. The method of expression he has, is confined only to material objects, actions and impressions. He cannot go beyond his limits, because he cannot speak. But did man speak when he started his career? Probably not. His first accents might have been very indistinct, probably the first sounds uttered by one aboriginal man could not be understood by another. But it is a fact that the sounds soon came to be understood, and that mutual converse was not a matter of very late development, and we shall see hereafter that this will not interfere with our conclusions.

The speech of man—is there any thing mysterious and marvellous about it? To ordinary observation, there is in it nothing peculiar—man speaks, because he has the organs which

enable him to do so. But is it the organs that speak? Are they not the instruments only? Does the chisel carve into noble shapes the rough and strong marble? Does the tongue or the palate utter the meaningful words? Is it not a power within that causes the tongue to move or the throat to omit the gutterals, the nose the nasals, and the lips the labials? Is that power common to man with the brutes? It may be said that man has the organs in perfect order and development and it is therefore he is able to speak by the exertion only of such a power as the animals possess, and display when they give out their cries. But does not the Cockatoo or a Mayna utter such words as the sounds of which constantly falling on their ears they become accustomed to? They do not however know the import of what they pronounce. The sounds they have learnt, are physical phenomena; and they will utter them when they are placed under such circumstances as by material connection and association, will remind them of the same. Animals do utter words and syllables, but they do not know what ideas are embraced by them; they utter emotional cries also, but in that too they do not know that particular sounds express particular emotions. The cries come out spontaneously and owing to some physical connection that the brain has with the different parts of the body. The animals have thoughts, but only such as are produced by matter. They can not speak, therefore they cannot convey those thoughts to other animals, and gestures and movements of the bodily parts, are not sufficient for communication. We should not however care whether animals be able to communicate with one another, as if it were only that in their minds those processes do actually pass which are generally asserted in the case of man, it would be enough support to the theory of the evolutionists that man possesses the mental powers in a superior state of development for the reason of the physical advantage he has derived by being only a higher species; the advantage namely, of the free use of the organs of speech

Our argument therefore cannot rest here.

The speech of man has very appropriately been compared to a stream that, rising from a fountain takes its meandering course and scatters plenty as it passes over uncultivated tracts and meadows. The human mouth is indeed the fountain, but on a much higher or deeper level must the great repository be, whence the fountain receives its flow. The words uttered are produced by contacts of the different parts of the mouth, but whence does the compulsion arise which causes the particular words to be spoken? The propelling force comes from within. The mind thinks, and when there is a desire felt that certain thoughts should be given out, words are uttered. The words therefore are in the mind. Perhaps it may be contended that it is not a desire in the mind that causes the particular physical change; the effect is produced by an emotion. It, however, does not signify much for the requirements of our discussion whether we call the mental state which is followed by the physical phenomenon of speech, a desire or an emotion; we shall be satified if it is admitted to be a certain state of the mind. Whilst the mind is in that state there is a discrimination exercised as to the meaning and applicability of words. In this state the mind is active in the selection of words which are in store within it for the proper representation of its thoughts, because unless they are expressed in a way known to and understood by others, the attempt at communication will be vain. We have thus in the human mind thoughts and words—thoughts which animals have, and words, or meaningful symbols of sounds, which animals have not.

We must now pass from the selection of words to their original formation, that is to say, from civilized man to man in his primitive state. It would indeed be highly instructive reading if any book of travels or any other work giving an account of barbarous tribes, did give us thorough information about the speech of any community of savages; it would

indeed be furthering the cause of science and true enquiry into a very important subject, if any benevolent missionary or explorer were to mix with savages of the very earliest type and mark their ways and observe their methods of communication; but even in the absence of a knowledge of the actual circumstances as they may probably be discovered in very remote parts, a consideration of the powers and capacities of the mind, and of the course of natural causes and effects, will leave no doubt whatever on the subject. Comparative philology has smoothed the way for us. It has been proved and established beyond controversy that in certain parts of the world speech, however different channels it may have passed through, can be traced to one common origin. It has not yet been determined what relationship or connection there might be between one such parent speech, and another, but as that on the one hand does not much affect our discussion, we can have on the other hand a clear indication as to how the original words—whatever they might be—first came in to being. Certain natural philosophers contend that onomatopoeia was the principle, others hold that emotional cries were developed into the exuberance of a vocabulary; others again affirm that there is in the human mind an instinctive disposition to represent its states by signs spoken or materially represented, the force of which naturally exhibited itself in the adoption and use of such sounds as by onomatopoeia or otherwise exactly agreed with the thoughts of the savage in the wilderness. Let us take the case of an animal and a man living in the same forest under similar circumstances—we might note that the earliest man could not be supposed to be living in a place where there were absolutely no animals; what would enable, we ask, the man to speak, and go on improving his speech whereas the animal would remain dumb? The prior development of man's physical part does not, as we have seen above, explain the fact. Therefore there must be some cause within man which is absent in the animal, which gives the man his superiority.

It is by the strength of that cause that man gives names to things and actions, and recognizes them when the names are pronounced. The names separate the idea from the subject or the action, which in the animal mind are connected only with the facts. The shrewdest ape knows an elephant as he is, but does not know the animal apart from his actual existence. The idea of a name being peculiar to man, the difference between an animal and a man in respect of their thoughts begins here.

We have above in several places used the word speech meaning spoken words. We have remarked that words are in the mind, and we have seen some power in the mind which not only chooses between them, but invents them. We call this power *language*, as we are not aware of any other name, and as the whole category of mental functions generally mentioned by metaphysicians does not furnish us with one that explains the mental process under consideration. So besides the expression and communication of thoughts, language performs two functions, first the invention of words, and secondly, their selection. We are humbly of opinion that this two-fold work is done by the same power, and that that power is as original as we can suppose a mental function to be. Could not the principle of association of ideas explain the process? The man treading on dried leaves might hear the sound of *mar mar*; the tendency of the mind might connect the sound with the fact, and the man might for the sake of an expression of some humor utter the fanciful word. If another man be supposed to learn the expression in a similar way, how are we to account for the fact that both will understand each other when either may pronounce the sound, unless each has taken the idea away from the object. Languge, as we have termed the power, enables man to do that work. Language like the other powers is now in its germ only. As the number of words increases, this power developes itself with the other powers, until we come to that stage where we find it

man, not satisfied with giving names only to words and actions and inventing nouns and verbs, goes on to consider qualities, similarities and facts like these, and then to group some of them together as to his ideas may seem proper. Later on he generalises. But the animals also generalise, it may be said on the other hand. We have to say in reply that their generalization is recognition only, they can not describe, nor can they define.

Here we must consider the case of a mute. Darwin can suggest only that he has a physical construction superior to that of the animals, and that he has inherited much development from his parents, and that from these reasons follows whatever of superiority may be observed in him. We have it however forcibly presented to and impressed in our mind that the dumb man, notwithstanding his inability to speak, displays a desire of expressing his thoughts in a remarkable way, and not only tries his vocal parts, but makes signs and gestures, draws images, and does whatever he can possibly do with his physical parts, to convey to his fellows what is passing in his mind. Although words may be foreign to his mind, or some only might be known to him for very exceptional reasons, he has yet in him the power by which he forms his ideas and distinguishes them from their material sources. He has language within him, and he may have only a peculiar way of exercising the function.

We have next to consider the case of a child. If language be what we say it is, and if it is a derived notion impressed upon the mind in some early stage of its development, if it is independent of spoken words and not the result of training and knowledge, it must appear though probably in a faint degree in children that have not learnt the art of speaking words. Is it beyond a doubt that there is a manifestation of it when a child attempts to pronounce *ba* or *ma*, and does not the young raven when it is hungry crow *ka* to its mother who is just come to it with food in its beak? Is there a difference

between the principles of utterances of these syllables, by the child and the infant raven? It is here where the starting point is, and the difference at this point is the smallest; but we can only maintain the affirmative by observing how the divergence begins, and we admit that we should be entirely defeated if the linguistic superiority of man could be susceptible of any explanation from the superior physical and mental development of man according to the theory of the evolutionist. Even in the case of the child apart from the first syllables, we have a clear indication of its thoughts by its cries and its smiles. The child's smile is not the physical effect of an external affection only of the nerve system, but it proceeds from the mind as an indication of a happy thought. And the question next arises, does the smile proceed spontaneously? No, the principle which we advocate, namely language, is the active power which causes the expression.

The maniac and the idiot now demand our attention. In the one we find a vehemence mostly physical, conjoined with a reasoning passing internally in what sane men must suppose an irregular way. The other is placed on no better footing as regards the succession of his ideas: he may probably be extremely slow in comprehension whereas the maniac often fiercely jumps to conclusions wrongly argued out. There is language in the minds of all such people, although each instance may have an explanation peculiar to itself. The raving madness of a human being is in itself an intelligent action; but the reasons which render the man utter words which to us may have no meaning, or express ideas which we cannot connect in any intelligent way, remain obscure and unknown to us in most cases; and indeed if we succeed in interpreting his thoughts, his cure and return to sanity would not be beyond hope, if it be within human means. There is in the actions of a lunatic evidence of the operation of the mental functions, and there is evidence also to show that these operations are not in the regular way. The intellect of the man may be

deranged, but he has language still. He does not lose that power as he does not lose the rest.

We have already remarked that the first and earliest manifestation of language was the giving of names to external objects and actions, and that this was done by means of speech on various principles. The next step in mental improvement is the bringing together in the mind all such names, and the examination of equalities and dissimilarities. This would lead to generalization, and then we proceed to abstraction. The processes we are speaking of do not relate to things directly—the mind whilst deducing general conclusions and forming abstract notions is concerned only with the ideas which are already in store in it. The ideas we refer to are embodied in words which are in the mind, and it is by means of language that we conceive, think and reason. We are aware that philosophers are divided ou this great point —whilst we have on the one hand Professor Max Muller affirming that "there is no thought" without words, as little as there are words without thought, we have on the other a host of natural philosophers who ask in derision what a strange definition must then be given to the word thought. We are humbly of opinion however that the thoughts which are aroused and follow one another in the mind, when the mind withdrawing itself from external sensations occupies itself in meditation, are the result of the actions of the faculty of language; and whilst we say so, we of course do not pretend to assert that that function in its operations is altogether unaided by the other functions of the mind. These thoughts are independent of matter, and no sort of physical affections, except ill health or the like which only give a tenor to the mind, have any concern whatever with them. Thoughts of a different class must those be which are the direct results "physico-mental", if we may use the expression, of impressions received from matter. These we call *thoughts animal* in as much as we have them in common with animals, and as the

mental power of language is not brought into play in relation to them. Thoughts which proceed from language we designate as *thoughts human*. They are peculiar to man. It is impossible by any physical development whatsoever for the Chimpanzee to attain to that position where he may feel that he is discussing in his mind questions which do not relate to the world of matter. The notion of a geometrical point or line, the sense of right and wrong, and ideas of that description, are so far as we can judge from our experience of things of this world, inconceiveable by a mind which does not possess the highest and most peculiar attribute of man the power of language. We affirm this to be the supreme power, because without it, we humbly think, our sense of self-existence would be an impossibility: separate self-consciousness from language, and it dwindles to mere consciousness, and man is reduced to an animal. He might know that he was different from any other being or body, but he would have not the power neither the means of knowing that, irrespective of a comparison, he had an existence—man would then be in a state of mental dumbness so to speak. The double mental operation that of thinking and of being conscious of the self being active in a particular way would then cease to happen. But we need not be afraid. We ask all to put themselves the question whether it is not a mere hypothesis that self consciousness is independent of language. We ask all to endeavour to think of himself without allowing the idea of "I am" or अहं to enter into his mind. That idea is a component part of each human thought, and the source of that idea is language. It is the source moreover of all abstract ideas and notions, of general principles, and in fact of all thoughts which for the sake of distinction we have called *thoughts human*.

Man therefore is distinguished from animals by the faculty of language. We cannot too strongly insist upon its being understood that we do not derive this faculty from the physical fact of speech. If that were so, our proposition clearly

would have no value at all, and we could not be supposed to talk sense, for the theory of evolution then would be palpably true. If it were possible for any superior class of mamals of Catarhine monkeys to rise to the platform which man occupies in the animal creation, if they could have those physical developments which man is possessed of, why should it be impossible for them to speak and to think by means of language? But we stand on far different ground. We maintain that even if the Darwinian theory be true so far as the animals are concerned, it would not be true in the case of man. The animals might go on improving from generation to generation, they would notwithstanding have to be within certain bounds; they could not by physical development attain the power of language. To illustrate the relative position of man and the animals, we may probably with advantage borrow the sense of a well known writer of the golden age of England, and represent the latter to be like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to the other for all eternity without a possibility of touching the same.

We have already remarked that in its operations language is assisted by reason, memory and the other powers, and necessarily so. In the minds of animals there is an entire absence of one faculty, and the action of others is only instinctive; we mean to say that the thoughts of animals springing from those powers subside when the material affection which gave the first touch ceases. The animals can not deal with anything that is not of material connection, and the only way known to us in this earth to progress and perfection is closed against them. Animals can not therefore rise in moral sense wherein consists the true supremacy of man. But why should not they be supposed to have that sense, it matters not whether they can by words show that they have when they have the powers we have admitted they possess? In answer we must consider what the moral sense is. It is, we are humbly of opinion, a sense of propriety derived from correct reasoning

from true facts. What we *ought* to do and the reverse, are ideas that do not form a part of intuition—are not ideas which man has brought with his soul. They are but a development of the sense of "what is right." The child knows what is, it will never think of representing it as what it is not. Arguments made correctly with few premisses, and begun from the sense of the existence of a fact as right, will lead to a thorough and accurate knowledge of all that is right. This knowledge cannot be supposed to have been implanted in the mind as innate, as it has for its basis a recognition of existing facts as true, and for its means a process of reasoning from simple truths to correct conclusions which are right. The knowledge of acts as right or otherwise is therefore extremely complex. The precepts of morality which declare certain acts in regard to persons and property as wrong and vicious, are conclusions which priests, legislators and headmen found to be inevitable and potent in societies where peace and order were aimed to be preserved. If it were not for that purpose, removal of goods from the possession of one by another would not have that heinous aspect which it now bears. True reasoning would forcibly suggest that the wrongfulness of the act is in the intention of the doer; and where it appears that there is an attempt to subvert truth, an attempt to represent what is as what is not, morality meets an infringement, and the man is declared a delinquent. Immorality begins with a lie, and assumes dangerous proportions as the untruth proceeds from stage to stage, led through narrow and covered channels devised by cunning intelligence. Thus, progress in virtue or vice is altogether of human concern; the animals do not possess the power of excelling in the one or deteriorating in the other.

RAMBHADRA; ON THE MOFUSSIL HAKIM.

Chapter XXII.

In those days, the name of Chaitanya operated as a spell on the minds of the people. That great man by the vigor of his wonderful intellect and force of his exemplary character, established his spiritual supremacy, which nothing could shake. Born of parents who gloried in the profession of genuine Aryan blood and high Brahminical rank this wonderful man threw up the insignia of aristrocracy and by a life of stern asceticism, showed by his personal example that all caste-distinctions were chimerical, that all men were members of a Universal Brotherhood, and that the Brahmins had deliberately misinterpreted the teachings of the sages to further their own selfish purposes. He threw up his sacred thread, became a voluntary exile from his parental abode and betook himself to stern asceticism. Alone and friendless, he travelled from place to place, district to district, province to province preaching a regular crusade against Brahminical tyranny, Brahminical superstition and Brahminical infidelity. Many a persecution he suffered. He was the butt of many a ridicule and invective. But nothing could shake his holy purpose. And if his name is still held in high reverence, his character is deemed as exemplary, and his being as deified, it is because they were pre-eminently his deserts.

All religious reformers have a knot of followers about them—some of whom are good, others bad. One day when Chaitanya and his disciples were bathing at Katwa, on the right bank of the Bhagirathi, teaching and preaching, an idea struck him, and he wanted to verify it. He doubted the sincerity of his disciples and so he put them one by one to a crucial test. how, Chaitanya and his party lived upon the charity of believers. His disciples used to beg from door to door at noontide so much as absolutely necessary. One morning he asked a disciple of his to let him have a nutmeg. This

was immediately brought. Chaitanya asked him, how he got it in the morning as it was not alm's time. The disciple looked confused and answered it was yesterday's remnant. Chaitanya took him to task for taking thought for the morrow and dismissed him with the remark that he was not morally qualified to be his disciple. The poor man left his master in great grief of mind and committed suicide by drowning in the river at Tribani.

Another disciple, who had charge of Chaitanya's dinner, one day set before him boiled rice of one quality. Chaitanya asked how it was that by begging rice of one quality was got. The disciple answered that it was got in exchange of the alm's rice from Dukhi Moyrani's shop. This put out the great teacher, so he dismissed the erring disciple on the score of his desire after delicacies. The guilty man put an end to his existence by hanging.

One night, when the disciples were fast asleep, Chaitanya got up for seeing the way in which they slept. He found one of them resting his head on the top of the inclined plane of the floor as a position of greater ease. So next morning he told him to go away, as he was constitutionally fond of ease. The poor man cried like a child, implored his master to forgive him. Chaitanya stood unmoved. At last taking pity on the delinquent, he advised him to repair to Agradwipa, on the banks of the Bhagirathi, bathe thrice in the river and to catch hold of the first stone his hand would come in contact with on the third immersion, and the stone would give him a living. The man bowed and went away. He did as Chaitanya had bidden him to do. The stone was got and the idol Gopinath of Agradwipa was carved out of it. Gopinath or rather his priest has the good luck of having rich endowments, and he has up to this day, dishes of Indian delicacies to eat off.

Here, early in spring, on the occasion of the Barani festival, a fair of no inconsiderable magnitude is annually held. All

sects and denominations of Vaishnavas here congregate by hundreds and thousands to show their spiritual obeisance to Gopinath. In a spacious mangoe-tope situated beside a large and limpid lake, which the generous Bhagirathi has constructed, the jubilee is annually celebrated. Here you witness splendid sweetmeat stalls exhibited to entice your taste and tax your purse. There you see hills of earth-pots and pans of all colours and sizes reminding you of your domestic economy. Huge piles of reed mats are exposed for sale, stimulating your soporiphic instincts. Umbrellas, shoes, knick knacks of all descriptions—cutlery, basket-work, stone-work, cotton fabrics are conspicuous by their presence. Vegetable and fruiterer's stalls are there exhaling their native aroma to captivate your senses. Here a swinging machine is making its gleeful rotation with the contents of its boxes, females of sweet seventeen and octogenarian grand-sires compressed as if they were under hydraulic pressure. There you come across a band of male and female mendicants singing some popular ballad in honor of Chaitanya. Hundreds of country girls in their holiday costume enliven your eye,—with plenty of vermillion on their forehead and plenty of cocoanut-oil glossing their raven hair. Here you see a deep furrow lending its inflammatory aid to the cooking of mountains of rice, there you see hundreds of males and females perching on mother earth to break a long day's fast. The old Vaishnava in the company of his tender Vaishnavi is enjoying his customary doze of hemp smoke, articulating with a hoarse but subdued voice the bliss of the next world and its infinite joys.

But if the Agradwipa jubilee has any charm outshining all the rest, it is the spirit of the songs sung there. Their terse and simple, homely yet sublime—character strike our imagination and knock against our reason.

Rambhadra and Kokila had sojourned from their native place to Agradwipa, while the Festival was at its height.

With their youthful years they formed in every body's eye an interesting couple indeed. They danced and sung to the infinite delight of the assembled spectators and were rewarded for their pains. One ballad was specially liked by them, which we cannot help reproducing here. It was sung by Kokila.

'Oh Heavenly stream! on thy banks,
Have I witnessed Gour,
From that time, I wot not what
Has taken place in my mind's temple.
Amidst my domestic toils, I often see that Form
In sleep and dream, that Form is awake in my mind.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE intelligent reader has already guessed that Vycepur is the destination of the couple whose exploits we have been narrating in the two last chapters. And he is quite in the right. From Agradwipa to that place is a good week's task on foot and this they had no difficulty in achieving. The more they receded from their native village, the greater was their mental ease. In the first place they were now much farther from the scene of their past reported misdoings, and therefore further from detection. In the second place, love did wonders, as it always does, and put spurs to their heels, in expectation of having bliss at no very distant date. Kokila's heart yearned after Rambhadra's love, and Kokila appeared in his eyes, a doe worthy of being fondled and caressed. She longed for the hour, when she would pour out her soul to the object of her sustained interests, unchecked by the maudlin sentiments of her neighbours, and unfettered by the considerations of her early village associations.

The week of trouble of daily wanderings and nocturnal vigils was about to expire. They were now at their journey's end. The palace of Mr. Joe Vyce with its spires appeared to them from a distance to be a heaven of security and hope.

Rambhadra was there no less than Vyce's Dewan's son-in-law. Vyce was the magistrate's friend, what law could touch the person of Rambhadra ? what Policeman could with his raw head on his shoulders enter Vyce's precincts to do a public duty ? These thoughts passed across Rambhadra's mind in rapid succession. He smiled a complacent smile. Kokila felt herself much edified. In a moment Rambhadra's brow was darkened. It was most true that his and Kokila's person were safe, but where was she to be stowed ? How to screen her from the gaze of Mr. Vyce ? Supposing that the Dewan had come to know of it, what then? These queries really proved embarrassing, portending in the long run ominous consequences. Once Rambhadra thought of retracing his steps —of adopting a mendicant's life for good—of bidding fare-well to his wife and father-in-law for ever. But a second consideration led him to abandon this idea. He perceived that there was prosperity in store for him. His father-in-law's estate claimed him as its future possessor, and Taraka might bring forth an heir to perpetuate his and his ancestor's name.

Such were his cogitations, as Rambhadra and his fair companion proceeded towards Vycepur. Kokila could perceive what was passing in her lover's mind. So addressing him, she said

'My dear, you feel greatly perplexed ?'

Rambhadra. 'Why no, darling.'

Kokila. 'Your generous nature says, no, but I must certainly be a burden to you.'

Rambhadra. I'm thinking where to house you. Mr. Vyce is a very wary man. He may smell you out in no time. I dread the result.'

Kokila. 'Oh just house me in your mind and leave the rest to me.'

Rambhadra had faith in the chapter of accidents and when he found that his fair friend was similarly disposed, he felt himself greatly relieved.

The approach to Vyce's plantation from the back side was a foot path that lay over the rugged hills. It was hidden from the public gaze by the gentle elevation of the plantation, which as it came nearer the hills, terminated abruptly so that there was between the hills and plantation, something like a valley. In a retired nook of this hollow, the couple went to doff their disguise, he betaking to his mourning—for the mourning had not yet expired and she wearing the ordinary garb of a peasant woman. Accommodating Kokila in a poor char woman's hut which stood in the obscure wild as fast as he could and whispering into her ears something which we could not gather, Rambhadra addressed himself to going to his father-in-law's.

Since his departure, a great change had come over this blessed abode. Poor Megha's aunt, the maid of all work and Hirimba's confidant had departed this life, Ghaneshyam lay in sick-bed much to the grief and annoyance of his dear wife. Taraka was quite hale but had in the meantime become somewhat moody. So that when Rambhadra entered the house, he imparted life to the drooping spirits of a woe-begone mother-in-law and a pensive wife. What a fast is to habitual fulness, returning health to lingering disease, masterly inactivity to busy statesmanship, that is absence from home to a home-worm. Such a being by the accident of being a fixture there loses half the relish of life. He is either a burden or a common-place entity devoid of interest. Friends, parents, relations, aye the wife herself, view him in no better light. It is just the effect of the negation of absence. With him, food means swallowing, sleep tossing in bed, pleasure sameness *ad nauseam*. Philosophers say that contrast is very often the source of pleasure. So it is in the present case. A home-worm is lamentably familiar to, and has become equally familiar with, the family members and relations. And every body knows what familiarity breeds. It breeds a feeling of stolid indifference bordering upon neglect. An absent son is almost killed with embraces by his parents on his return from absence. What rare dainties

are put before him as substantial manifestations of their ecstatic joy. An absent husband on return from temporary exile encounters the dazzle and glitter of connubial love. She appears in your eyes, a living automaton of softness and sweetness, melody and charm, which make you quite spell-bound. When she fixes her tender eyes upon you you are tempted to mistake them for transcendental sapphires of unspeakable lustre. Her gait and goose-like locomotion conjure up Orpheus and his lyre to enchant your sense of sight and enslave your poetic instincts. She may croak like the raven, but you hear the nightingale nevertheless. There is a scent of freshness throughout the entire house-hold, rousing your dormant energies and bringing back all those joyous feelings feelings of youth and buoyancy, happy to enjoy but thrice happy to contemplate. She sets before you all the infinite varieties of food and drink, her culinary or confectionary art could achieve, varieties of exquisite flavour as to rouse appetite in the most hopeless of dyspeptics. She arranges them in poetic order, so that you might discern in the plate you eat off a cone here, a cylinder there, and other geometrical figures. Fruits and vegetables are set before you, not in their barbarous state, but cut and carved with her unfailing chisel. An embroidered sweetmeat, here a cake with a relieve or cornice there, make up the full complement. Dinner over, if you are a Hindu you are regaled with betel leaves, nuts and spices, which make your mouth juicy.

Oh! what a ring of joys girdles the betel-leaf in India! with us Hindus, it is emblematic of peace and prosperity, softness and juiciness. No household ceremony is complete without it. With it the young bride welcomes her lord at the nuptials, and with it she makes him happy. To abstain from food, to live a veritable pauper in the streets, are nothing compared with the abstention from this precious leaf, prepared by one's good wife. It is such a sweet luxury—sweet to the taste and sweet to the feeling. Where I see your lady handing over the

betel-leaf she has prepared, I consider it as a metaphorical surrender of her love to you.

But to resume our narrative. Rambhadra's advent under Ghashyam's roof had a vivifying effect on the household. In a moment they understood the significance of the dress which the young man had worn. A few scanty drops fell from his eyelids—which drew Hirimba near him. She affectionately bad him be of good cheer, wiped away his tears and consoled him by saying that old people must die. Taraka did not like the consolation. She thought it had a sinister reference to the precarious state of her father's life. But for obvious reasons she did not remonstrate with her mother.

Hirimba then caused her daughter to go into mourning according to the custom of the country. As for Kokila, why, no body knew there was such a being in existence.

Be fickle, fortune;
For thee I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.'

A SEA VOYAGE.

My first bit of experience when I was borne in a sedan chair up the hills on my way towards Nynee Tal was delicious indeed. I cannot describe the exhilaration I experienced as the cold blasts from the upper regions of the mountains raised my drooping spirits, and an endless variety of new objects and new sights refreshed my eyes. Dame nature appeared in an entirely new garment; and my thoughts were quickened and imagination heightened as I beheld a continuous wall of forest-clad mountain overshadowing me on one side, and lovely valleys and beautiful slopes smiling several hundreds of feet below me on the other. But I continued my journey, the monotony of life returned, and when

fatigued and fagged I felt disposed to curse the picturesque hills around me, or rather the day when I had made up my mind to exchange the comforts of my poor bed down in the plains for the pleasures and discomforts of a romantic journey. One's experience in a sea voyage is by no means unlike one's experience in a journey among the magnificent heights of the Himalayas. My first bit of experience in my recent trip to America was of the most delicious kind. With feelings sad, indeed, but at the same time with glorious anticipations I entered one of the floating palaces of P. and O. Company, and stood on the deck wrapped up in meditation till the lights of the Bombay harbour and the forest of vessels in it faded out of sight. I then retired into my cabin, crawled into my berth, and was rocked into a profound sleep. On the following morning as soon as I got up and made myself presentable, I hastened up to the deck, and found the vessel rolling in the midst of what the sailors call a lively sea My head became dizzy, my legs became unsteady, and I felt as if I had spent the previous night in carousal amid a hundred bottles of brandy and gin. And who can describe my restlessness? Flying from the saloon to the deck, from the deck to the cabin, and from the cabin back to the deck through the saloon, turning up the nose at the best dishes arranged on the table at meal times, driven backwards and forwards by a formidable combination of "rude savours maritime", now lying supine on the deck, then falling prostrate on the berth,—why Roman Catholic priests need not have gone out of this world in quest of a purgatory! A couple of days passed in this not-over-agreeable manner; but on the third day the sea became calm, I got rid to some extent of my squeamishness, and my enjoyment commenced. All nature appeared in a novel aspect, and the interest with which I watched for hours the magnificent expanse of waters around me cannot be described. The sights on the bosom of the fitful, capricious waters were all new to me, and therefore objects

of intense interest, the sea-gulls flying for miles alongside of the steamers, the porpoises darting up and down one after another in almost endless succession, the flying fish glistening in the sunbeams, or huge sea-animals making their existence and power known by unmistakeable signs. But what interested me most was the Protean aspect of the sea itself. Now it is a sea of glass, with the shadow of the vessel reposing undisturbed on one side, and the sun-beams broken into innumerable spangles, playing on the other—so calm, so still, one could almost hear the sound of one's own breath. Then it is a sea of ripples, straight lines of water receding one after another in endless succession and melting into the circular line of the horizon around. Again it is a sea of radiant smiles, the little waves opening their pearly teeth in innumerable places, but scarcely displaying their incipient mirth in an audible sound. Once more it is a sea of broad laughter and wild merriment, the hydra-headed monster not only showing innumerable pairs of white teeth, but displaying its intensified mirth in a cachination in which the buxom winds unite their voices with the roaring waters. But enough—who can describe the changes of which the interminable mass of waters under your feet or the heavens above your heads are the theatres!

The rising and the setting sun, object of interest on dry land, attracts particular attention on the bosom of the waters. The sun emerges from and sinks beneath the surface of the sea, and its appearance both when it rises and when it sets, is peculiarly fascinating. Imagine a huge globe of fire struggling slowly and gradually out of an interminable mass of waters—lifting up first its glorious crown, the upper portion of its radiant body, and by and by the entire effulgent ball with only its lower parts immersed, and ultimately the disentangled disk looking down in triumph over its prostrate foe. Reverse the picture, and you have the setting sun, a glow of fire plunging its shining

head and body slowly and gradually, under a canopy of rosy light, into sometimes a calm sea reflecting the glories above its head. These and other objects of interest, to me perfectly new, made the first few days of my voyage very pleasant indeed. But I have to reverse the picture now, and show its dark side. Before however I do so, I wish to allude to the grandest sight I saw in the course of my journey to and from America. While returning from Brindisi to my native land, rendered doubly dear in consequence of a long season of absence, I appeared on the deck early, as I used to do every morning almost, to see the splendours of the rising sun; and I was literally entranced by the etherial glory which burst on my view. I noticed first of all a mass of grey light spread over the bosom of a lovely hill. The light became a dazzling flame, covered the hill as with a garment of fire, and displayed its glossy view in the waters beneath its feet. The flame moved forward, concealed one hill after another within its radiant folds, till one long range of mountains appeared wrapped up in glory, somewhat similar perhaps to what the disciples were dazzled by on the mount of transfiguration! The first few days over the monotony of life returned with a vengeance, and the varied glories of the sea underneath my feet or of the sky over my head failed to retain the mind in a state of healthy excitement. I became home-sick, and oppressed by headache and eternal nausea, I felt disposed almost to curse the day when with romantic anticipations I had left my native land. My companions were courteous and even kind, but they were most decidedly opposed to anything like aggressive piety, and their conversation at the meals, full of encomiums on trashy novels, was by no means calculated to raise my drooping spirits. I had to look for a kindred spirit, and I found it in a character amiable in some respects, queer in others, but fitted withal to set forth a solidity and earnestness that could not be despised.

One evening, as I was walking to and fro on the deck, I

observed an old man seated on the cover of one of the hatchways, evidently wrapped up in serious thought. I approached him, and said, somewhat abruptly—"Sir, you seem very old." 'Yes", was his reply, "I have passed the boundary line of seventy." "Are you, Sir", I added, "ready for death?" "Yes", was his ready reply, "my trust is in Jesus only." No further introduction was needed. I sat down beside him, and in the course of an interesting conversation obtained an insight into the following significants fact of his life. He had been both a soldier and a sailor, and had distinguished himself on dry land in many a field of battle and on the sea in many a storm. But though brave, good natured and, in some respects, generous, he had been a desperate character, a slave to drink, disposed, like the unjust judge in the parable of our Lord, neither to fear God nor to regard man. One evening he was found dead drunk in one of the streets of London, and taken by some benevolent persons to one of those "Homes", which have been and are being organized to counteract the rampant vice of that city. Here he was put in a nice, worm bed; but as soon as he got up on the following morning, he, true to the instincts of the inveterate drunkard, hastened to go to the nearest grogshop to quench his unnatural thirst. But the kind-hearted lady in charge of the establishment ran after him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and almost instinctively exclaimed—"Who will save this brother from ruin?" The man had stood unmoved amid the carnage of battles and the roar of storms; but this was too much for him. He wept as a child, followed the lady as a lamb, and began a course the result of which was his conversion. He was enabled to give up both drinking and smoking at about the same time, and he had led a new life for about a year before I had the pleasure of seeing him on board our steamer. He was called "grandfather" on account of his age, and a dash of eccentricity noticeable in his conversation.

Every body almost had his or her joke at him, and he had

a ready reply to every pleasantry of which he was made the target. A man apt to be unsteady enquired as to what "grand-father" thought of his habits of life. Grandfather's reply was curt and incisive—"You were drunk last night and you were drunk this morning." A woman having said in his presence, "I don't believe in cold water," grandfather immediately exclaimed—"their kind never does". Grand father's political predilections were as decidedly stiffened and hardened as his bones and muscles. A person on board having expressed his distrust of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, grandfather said with all possible emphasis—"A great man is Beaconsfield; if he were not at the head of affairs in our country, the *Russ* would be our masters!" But theology, not politics, was grandfather's forte, and it was really amusing to hear him relate Bible stories in his quaint style, and reason high of some of the abstruse points of christian theology. When we entered the Suez Canal, and were looking scarcely enraptured at the dreary wilderness on both sides, grandfather exclaimed:—"These waters are bitter on account of the curse pronounced by God on these regions centuries ago!" The trifling facts, that the waters are not bitter, and that the Bible mentions no curse pronounced on these regions, could not of course alter grandfather's opinion. On the whole grandfather appeared to me an admirable character, firm as a rock, bold as a lion, willing at all hazards to state the truth and nothing but the truth, and never disposed to fawn and flatter. I dwell upon his story to point out the significant facts that the philanthrophy and saving power associated with this man's conversion have never been displayed by any of the religions of the world besides our own, which however is not of this world. It is very easy to harp on the vices of Christendom, and there are vices enough in Christendom for us to harp on till doomsday; but it is instructive to note that there are excellencies in Christendom which have not their counterparts in India or any other non-Christian country, and

the most prominent among these are the philanthropy to which under God this man owed his salvation, and the saving power manifested in it !

I must not forget to refer to the guesses in which the native members of the crew indulged as to the object of my long journey. One evening, a day or two after leaving Bombay, I was engaged in conversation with a lot of them ; and I could not but be surprised and flattered to find that I was an object of intense interest, if not an inscrutable mystery, to them. I found myself surrounded by a number of interlocutors, and our dialogue took some such turn as the following :—

Q. Going to Aden of course ?

A. No—much further

Q. To England ?

A. Further still.

Q. What do you mean ? Going further than England ? Where on earth could you be going ?

A. I am going to America

Q. America ! What could be your business there ? Your business mercantile ?

A. No.

Q. Any relations there ?

A. No. I am going on a religious Mission.

Q. Ah ! I see, I see—the Missionaries have deceived you, and you are going to lodge a complaint against them. They always deceive !

A. The Missionaries have never deceived me, and they are my best friends.

Q. Oh ! then you are going to pass an examination, and have your salary increased.

A. No—I don't care to have my salary increased.

This was enough. They came to the conclusion that I was a humbug, gathering as they could not but do from the tenor of my conversation that I was not fool enough to be blind to my own interests.

It is neither necessary nor possible for me to refer to the innumerable facts of history that rushed to my mind as we steered between the barren hills that skirt the Red Sea, careered through the Canal with a dreary wilderness on both sides relieved only by the scattered patches of vegetation gathering around the villas and cottages reared for the accomodation of engineers and their helpers, and floated on the bosom of the Mediterranean, the vast, ocean-like expanse of blue waters around which cluster perhaps the brightest recollections of the past. Nor can I depict the pleasurable emotions with which I saw the harbour of Malta, with its broad channels overlooked by ranges of magnificent buildings and lofty cathedrals, and roaring here and there under smiling downs and forest-clad slopes. But our troubles commenced after we had left this beautiful harbour, so rich in the decorations of art as the other harbours I saw appeared rich in the beauties of nature. One evening we descried from our deck a vessel as large almost as our own tossed up and down by what sailors call head-seas and head-winds. It was in a miserable plight indeed! It was most capriciously lifted up and thrown down, its prow now buried under the roaring waters, and now thrust up by a swelling billow, so as to cause the stern to share its fate, while the merciless breakers dashed on the sides, washed the decks, and made the gigantic vessel to reel and stagger as if it were a play-thing in the hands of the clashing elements. I watched the fearful sight, and almost spontaneously repeated the well-known lines of Byron, beginning with—"The armaments which thunder strike &c." Little did I then imagine that such would be our own fate the very next morning. But so it was. The morning salutations, as well as "the well" and "the pitch" of which we were made disagreeably conscious heralded a bit of rough sailing indeed. "The sea is a bit lively this morning"—exclaimed a weather-beaten sailor who had encountered a hundred storms. "Fine weather—perpetual shower-bath", ex-

claimed another. I had to go up to the deck to understand clearly the meaning of these matin ejaculations. But there was no standing on the deck; I had to balance myself in a sheltered corner by catching hold of a door-post with both my arms, and so to look on. What a sight! An angry sea manifesting its rage in swells of prodigious dimensions, clashing madly on the sides and over the decks, and causing the spray to rise high and fall in showers around me!—this with the eternal roar of the elements might have gratified one's sense of the sublime, if only one could plant one's self on a commanding watch-tower, and feast on the wild scene below without giddiness and nausea. But the gales we encountered in the Mediterranean were but earnests of the regular storms we had to weather in the uproarious Bay of Biscay and across the tempestuous Atlantic. A storm however is on the whole an agreeable break in the tiresome monotony of sea-life; and when you see your plates and dishes moving backwards and forwards within the barricades raised to prevent them from being shattered to pieces around our feet, and your spoons and forks merrily flying about, ringing as they go, and your soup coming down in a stream on your thighs, and so eliciting loud laughter and pleasant jokes, you are by no means in a position to curse your "day," and separate it for good out of the days of the year. But when the storm continues for days successively, as it did both when we were crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, when you find it impossible day after day to stand on your legs or walk alone the narrow corridors without breaking your head right and left, when the stench in the state-rooms and saloon drives you up to the deck, and the slash on the deck, drives you back to the state-rooms and the saloon, and when moreover your head becomes dizzy, and an incurable tendency to sickness makes it impossible for you to read or think, you are forced to acknowledge that too much of even a good thing is after all good for nothing. A storm then has its sombre as well as its blithesome aspects, and when

after some days of rough sailing towards America I saw lady after lady brought up to the deck, pale, emaciated, more dead than alive, I sympathized with one of them who said:—"After I have once gone back, no body shall buy *me* a steamer ticket again!"

But a storm sometimes makes its aspect too terrible to be made fun of; and this we had an opportunity of noticing when we were crossing the terrible Atlantic. After we had left the Banks of NewfoundLand behind us, we encountered a frightful storm which lasted several days, and which made stout-hearted men tremble in their shoes. One evening, as we were seated around the long table with our dinner temptingly placed before us, a slash was heard over our heads, and a current of water poured in. The captain at the head of the table stood up, and hastened up to the deck, and the faces of not-a-few became pale as death. All night the officers and crew were on their legs, the vessel was adrift in the midst of a howling sea, the powerful waves washed away two of the hanging life-boats, broke a portion of the railing around, and even lifted up their heads to dash upon and break the bridge above. Within, the scene was tragic indeed. The ladies were screaming, and the gentlemen eying each other, with death-like countenances, in blank despair. The only passenger, who was in undress that night, is your humble servant, dear reader, and he lay in his berth in his cabin unconscious of the full extent of the danger we were in! On the following morning when the storm abated its strength a little, we got up, heard the night's tragedy related, saw the damage done, and said with pardonable pride:—"Though belonging to the most timid people on the surface of the globe, I have shown more courage than all of you put together!" Throughout my journey to and fro, whatever might have been my trials, I was not troubled by fear even for a moment.

A sea-voyage, especially when accompanied with gales and storms, is very depressing, and I could not but be amused one

evening by a smart repartee called forth by a remark made by a German geutleman of a stalwart make and more than average height. Finding him sad one evening I enquired what the matter was, "I am tired of life", he replied with his German accent. "Tired of life", said a by-stander, "why the remedy is within your reach : (jump overboard) ?" Of course he was not *so* tired of life, and so he laughed a little, and tried to be himself again. With very great interest, I watched some characters of a typical nature, fitted by inherent worthlessness or inherent worth, to stand a long continued storm, to pass through it unaffected. The first of these characters was an old gentleman who appeared to be the very incarnation of worldly-mindedness, prone to condemn in the strongest terms possible all enthusiasm but that arranged around the sacred altar of his God, Mammon. This man tried, by varieties of arguments coolly and persistently plied, to make a convert of me, and I was obliged to put an end to his fruitless labor in this way. Once when he was gazing on the interminable mass of water below I said to him.—Sir, did you hear of a hero in our country who drunk the waters of a huge ocean at three sips : it is easier for you, let me tell you, to do so than convert me !" This man was as cool and calculating during the storm as before and after it. He seemed to have had human nature extinguished in him, and besides the displeasure he manifested whenever he heard a religious man named, he did not seem to have any remains of human feeling in him. He began his journey, passed through the terrible storm, and gazed upon the green hills succeeding the grand harbour of New York without betraying the slightest emotion. This man, I felt soon would pass through the valley of the shadow of death unmoved, or ascend the scaffold, if he were called upon to do so, with the iron stoicism of our Nandcoomar. The very antipodes of this petrified man of secularity was a young lady, by no means omnipotent in charms, but blessed with a fund of constitutional cheerfulness

that seemed inexhaustible. When almost all the ladies on board were literally languishing on their berths in their columns, she graced the table, amused and puzzled the gentlemen with her fun and riddles, moved lightly along the corridors, occupied gracefully the only seat available in front of the deck, and showed by unmistakable signs that no storm outside her heart could interrupt the perpetual sun-shine within! She was in reality the soul of all the cheerfulness noticed in the vessel, and the ground of her perpetual, overflowing hilarity was, not religion but a good appetite. Once when a gentleman playfully said that she seemed to have lost her appelite, she said with characteristic energy: "I never lost my appetite in my life.!" There were perhaps a few on board, who were supported by the consolation of religion amid the troubles incident to a storm.

Before I bring my gossip to a close, let me refer to a brilliant headmaster which gave me an insight into one phase of aneliced life. But I may by way of preface state that, while in an aristocratic vessel like that of the Cunard Line in which I secured a passage while going to America, caste-distinctions are scrupulously maintained, so that you see the passengers separating into groups drawn together by birth and social status, in a democratical vessel like that of the Gyon Line which brought me back to England, the passengers, 'fewer in number and perhaps on one level as regards respectability, never hesitate to unite into a common fraternity, and throw an air of domesticity around them. Not that I had any reason to complain of slight while on board the largest of the steamers that float on the waters of the Atlantic. On the contrary, the most respectable man on board, after an hour's conversation with me on the varied phases of modern unbelief, said to me—"Will you give me the liberty of making a remark—you seem to me a man of education: why do you address me, "sir", at almost every pause of our conversation: if I were to go to Mr. Gladstone I would say 'sir' only once, and

not keep saying 'sir' 'sir.' "My answer was—" I would be hanged in India if I did not keep saying 'sir', 'sir.'" I may mention by the way that I once escaped a censure, if not loss of appointment by copiously making use of the word 'sir.' A Deputy Commissioner, evidently set on by a kind friend had made a bad report of my conduct, and I went to him, and spoke vehemently as follows :—" I, Sir, did not, Sir, know, Sir, &c" " The Deputy Commissioner concluded that a man who put in so many 'Sirs' could not he a bad man, and I escaped being pilloried, if not hanged, drawn and quartered ! But to resume the thread of my narrative. The few passengers on board the *Musconsin* of the Gyon Line allowed themselves in a day or two to be merged into one fraternity; and the intercourse between the ladies and gentlemen, who were almost without exception young and of a buoyant disposition, was of a pleasant kind, though by no means tinged with the slightest approach to vulgarity. One evening the ladies had their fun and, taking each of them some flour in a bit of paper, stealthily went round the smoking room, where the gentlemen were seated, throwing the contents on them through the open windows. After performing their feat, they ran back into the room in which the stair case terminates, and shut the doors. The gentlemen, determined to have their revenge, came to the entrenchments, and first, tried volleys of eloquence to have the doors opened; but they spoke as one that beateth air. They then procured a syringe, and sent in streams of watter, which however the ladies avoided by crouching on the ground, and at the same time screaming. Foiled in this manner, they came into the saloon through the steerage pathway; but the ladies were determined not to be outmatched even in close encounter, and so they plied their bodkins and hairpins with wonderful success And ultimately when both the parties were tired a capitulation was signed, and the fight came to an end. I was of course a man of peace, and I stood wonder-struck amid the

freedom and joviality of the intercourse between the two hostile bands; but I saw nothing which might lead even an Asiatic, bread up as I had been, to denounce it as improper. What a host of humanizing influences, as well as refined pleasures our countrymen cut themselves off from by locking their female relations up in iron safes.

The return journey from Suez to Bombay was something like a very delightful river trip, the sea so calm, the sky so bright and the water so agreeable; while the privilege of having a man of Dr. Tholmin's piety and ability as our companion cannot be overrated. I was called upon by a sense of duty, despite personal considerations, to animadvert in America on a policy with which this really great and good man was for a time, if he has not been always, identified; but that did not in the slightest degree impair his kindly feeling towards me. Indeed I cannot sufficiently praise his generosity, a generosity common enough among high-minded politicians who expect this policy to be, more or less severely, criticised, though by no means common among a class of writers who are but too prone to characterise any exhibition of independent thought on the part of a poor Native as rebellion; a generosity in marked contrast to the animus which has not scrupled to trace the attitude I felt compelled to assume to race antipathy and race antagonism.

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

MY WIFE.

To the Editor of the Bengal Magazine.

Sir,—Turning over the leaves of an old volume the other day, I came across this little tit-bit of a French lyric. It so took possession of my fancy, that I kept turning it over and over in my mind. The result is an attempt to crystallize it in our own language. If you deem my attempt worthy of insertion in your Magazine, kindly give it a corner in your next issue. The words are well adapted for a song, being short and full of sentiment, and it would be a source of no little gratification to me if some musical composer in Calcutta, Signor Nicolini, for example, were to think it worth his while to wed them to music.

Yours, &c.,
W. E. C.

The blue wave as it lies
Hushed in the mere,
Mirrors the azure skies;
But I love better the eyes
of my dear.

The woodland music is sweet
To the tired ear,
Lulled in some summer retreat;
But I love better to greet
The voice of my dear.

Vain are its pleasures, I wis,
And short is life;
But O! to forget all this,
All I want is one kiss
From my wife.

From folly to folly men waver,
Fickle through life;
But I, to my last breath, ever
True with my heart's 'best' endeavour,
Will be to my wife.

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NEW YORK AND ITS VICINITY.

It is impossible for me to express the sense of joy with which we rode into the New York harbour after encountering a series of gales fitted to remind us of the horrors of purgatory. "In what respects does the harbour of Gibralter differ from that of Malta?" I once enquired while floating on this side of the neck of sea that connects the Mediterranian with the Atlantic, or on this side of the once formidable Pillars of Hercules. A by-stander, an old sailor, who had seen almost all the great ports of the world, said in his elegant style?—"There is more of the green stuff in Gibralter than in Malta." The beauty of the Malta Harbour is the beauty of art, of art mainly, if not solely—ranges of magnificent buildings, castles, mansions and cathedrals, crowning the hilltops and covering the slopes, intersected very sparingly by lovely patches of vegetation and a few clumps of trees. The beauty of Gibralter, however, is the beauty of nature, and of nature mainly, if not solely. The massive fortifications do indeed rise before you, tier above tier, in all the grandeur of their frowning batteries and peeping guns. The European town does indeed seem to repose on the borders of the waters towards the right beneath the overhanging

crags of a stupendous rock; and the native town does occupy a similar position towards the left; while an embankment of solid masonry seems to connect them as with a wall of adamant. But the beauty of the harbour is not in those products of arts. It is when you look around you, and behold the surrounding hills clothed in living green, and smiling under a radiant sun above lovely arms of the sea that laves their feet, and murmurs and brawls and not unfrequently roars as it moves backwards and forwards, that you have an adequate idea of its beauty and picturesqueness. This is more emphatically true of the Queen's Town harbour below Ireland, the emerald glory of which seems concentrated in it. But the New York harbour presents the beauties of art side by side with the glories of nature, and as I stood on the deck, amid a forest of prodigious vessels and tall masts I did not know what to wonder at most, the green hills with here and there a castellated or a mansioned brow around, or the clusters of docks and houses and steeples before me! while the ferry steamers plying right and left gave me some idea of the feverish activity of which the New World is the famous scene. A little suspense preceded the examination of the vessel by the health officer, whose finely curled mustachios, *goat-like* imperial beard, sallow complexion and American features were calculated to remove only doubts which might arise in our minds as to our proximity to the land, where "one man is as good as another and a great deal better!" We were "passed," the vessel moved to the dock, a rush out of its cabins through its decks, and down the staircase spanning bridge-like its landward side, and we found ourselves congregated in groups in the Custom-houses. Two young American gentlemen, who had been amongst my kindest acquaintances on board, helped me out of its massive walls, guided me along one or two of the streets till we came to the southern extremity of Broadway, saw me into the proper "horse-car," and, asking me to look for the Mission House, No. 805, towards the

left, pressed my hand and took leave perhaps for ever so far as this life is concerned. The first bit of notice which I saw hanging before my eyes in the car viz. "Beware of Pick-pockets," was by no means of the most assuring or consoling kind. The first warning to me in a Christian land !—it drew my mind into a reverie, in which I could indulge unmolested, as my pockets were quite safe in consequence of their emptiness, and general unattractiveness ! I alighted at the proper place, got into the proper rooms, presented my credentials, was warmly received by a venerable father of the Methodist Church, who embraced me, saying "The skins differ but the life within is the same," and felt at home under his hospitable roof, and the exuberance of kindness shown by him, his pious, simple minded and kind-hearted lady, and exceedingly well brought-up children.

My host's house seemed a portion of almost an unbroken range of lofty, fine-looking buildings which overlook a pretty broad road, which connects one of the main arteries of the city with one of its numerous smaller parks, and run parallel to another unbroken block on the other side. The street is adorned on both sides with private dwellings, and the beautiful shops, which line the public streets as a rule, and temptingly expose for sale the choicest commodities of the world, are unseen within its limits. As you walk along its side walks, you see open windows on both sides decorated with snow-white net hangings, and occasionally a lovely face peeping out of the holds in all the beauty of nature set off by the refinements of art. If you wished to secure admittance into one of the over-hanging houses, you have to press in a handle which comes out of one of its main door-posts, and so to cause a bell to ring in the kitchen or some other convenient place. The servant girl hears the bell, though you do not, opens the door, and after proper enquiries lets you into the ante-chamber, a sitting-room in front as a rule of the parlour, and situated alongside of a small corridor in the centre of which you find a

table and a hat-rack; you wait for a few minutes, and the party you wish to see comes down, and either finishes conversation with you in the ante-room, or asks you into the parlour which is as a rule magnificently furnished with fine carpets, cushioned seats, and splendid loouges, and which has in one corner a costly piano with a cashioned stool in front. The Americans are proud of their "elegant" homes, and the amount of money they lay out to bring together articles of furniture of the most valuable kind, is fitted to surprize all, but the Nabob to whom ostentatious display is all in all. Our trans-Atlantic cousins, I mean the trans-Atlantic cousins of the sober people of England and Scotland, are a little, or to a pardonable extent, fond of show as well in their domestic arrangements as in the choice expressions they are never tired of employing. One of these last is the word "elegant" which is literally one of the hobbies they ride to death. They speak of elegant homes, elegant equipages, elegant dresses, and elegant grapes; and they pride themselves on the success with which they surround themselves with a choice collection of elegancies in their "sweet" homes. But to return—if you are a guest, you are conducted through two or three stair-cases rising one above another into an upper-room, which is of course "elegantly" carpeted, and in which you see a splendid bedstead, a wash-stand with all its appurtenances in a chest below, two or three large hanging looking-glasses in proper positions, a nice table with perhaps a copy of the Bible on it, a nice, cushioned easy chair and two others of an ordinary kind, and a chest of drawers wherein you are to put your clothes ready for the laundress; while in one corner you see a door opening into a little shelf-like room with hooks to hold your coats, hats &c. A hanging gas lamp with perhaps one or two fine pictures completes the furniture of what becomes your room during your stay. A word about your bed seems needed to prevent you from falling into the ludicrous mistake which I made at Cincinnati. On the bedstead you see a prodigious

thick mattress with a sheet spread over it, and a pair of blankets sandwitched between two clean sheets over that, and the whole bedding covered with a piece of thick, embroidered, though not laced, cloth. The real pillow lies concealed beneath two sham pillows which are mere ornamented appendages, and which have to be laid aside before the bed is made use of. Before you lie down, you have, American fashion, something to do; to remove the ornamental pillows and the upper cover, take out the blankets with their covering sheets, put the real pillow in its proper place, and then to pass quietly into dream-land. I knew nothing about these varied processes, and so I shivered all night on the upper cover with one of the sham-pillows under my head, while the splendid blankets underneath "did wonder more and more" as to "what thing" had "got on" them! The servant girl knew at a glance the sort of animal she had to deal with, and so on the following night she changed the order, so as to render the blankets visible; and while enjoying their warmth I could not but thank her from the bottom of my heart for her penetration and foresight!

The rule regarding meal hours is almost as strict as the law of the Medes and Persians; and, if you are late, a cold collation, to make use of words which may not offend you, will be your portion. But you need not be late, inasmuch as the meals are heralded by bell-chimes which do not give uncertain sound. The break-fast time, which is between 7 and 8 as a rule, is mentioned to you when you retire; and while lying perhaps supine on your bed you hear in the morning a bell which commands you, sometimes in a disagreeable hour, to get up and wash. The bell is followed by a gentle tap on your door, which means that a vessel of warm water is waiting at the door to be pitched in by your own hands; and when you have made yourself presentable, you have not long to sit before you hear the bell which calls you down to the breakfast table sometimes in a basement room, or a subterranean room somewhat like those called *Taikhanas* in Upper India. Your kind-hearted

hostess and her daughters are already seated to do the honours of the table, which groans under various dishes of meat, fish and eggs, fine loaves and splendid butter, and a large tray before your hostess with tea, coffee, cups, saucers, &c. You have your choice between tea and coffee, and if you are not particularly fond of the favorite breakfast dish of America, I mean the red, fatty meat which may not be named, you are considered as decidedly outlandish as when you put in a large quantity of cream and sugar to make your cup drinkable. The peculiarly American dish, which, besides the sacred meat referred to, causes your mouth to water is a kind of pan-cake which is brought in fresh, and eaten with maple syrup, the finest kind of syrup I have tasted in my life-time. The waitress does not stand before or behind you, but a bell is ready to summon her when her services are needed. The breakfast over, you retire into an adjoining room, or the antechamber, and if you are a preacher of the Gospel, be your color what it may, you have a Bible handed to you, and the duty of conducting family prayer laid on your shoulders. The dinner which comes off as a rule between 1 and 2, is heralded by a bell for preparation and a bell for what may be called fruition; and at dinner time you are sure to see the whole family assembled. It consists as a rule of two or three courses, beginning orthodox-fashion with some kind of roast beef or mutton or fowl, and ending in one or two kinds of puddings of the most delicious kind. But a grand dinner in America is not a tame affair and consists of several courses. You have first a dish of oysters which is the richest delicacy in America. Then comes the soup which, first in India, occupies the second place in the gastronomic warrant of precedence in America. Then pass in succession dishes of boiled fish, roast meat and puddings. Last of all, when your jaws begin to pain, comes the dessert consisting of berries, grapes and other choice fruits, of which more will have to be said by and bye; while your appetite is whetted in temperate Methodist homes by glasses of

lemonade or gingerade, which take the place of the red-eyed goddess so freely worshipped in the chosen abodes of gaiety & pleasure. The hour between 6 and 7 sees you seated y your host and family around the supper table, which, be pieces of meat of by no means the holiest nature, has var of fruits and perhaps ice-creams arranged over it. The A icans are fond as well as proud of their luscious fruit, and pears and cherries; but their eloquence grows w enthusiastic when they speak of their national fr strawberries. And the varieties of expedients to wh resort to make these berries, both red and dark, go dc hibit their ingenuity as decidedly as the trophies of in you see around you in a place of manufacture. The qu for solution was—How to make these national fruits, t looking berries with, not a slight tinge, but a s acidity, these fruits so well calculated to rer cal man of his sulphuric, muriatic and other acids, to go down. Sugar of course commen if to the national intellect as the thing likely to secure to them a smooth passage down the throat. But sugar miserably failed. Another nation would have then cast them down, we mean sent them up to the heavens as too good for this sinful world! But the Americans were not to be baffled, and so milk, bits of cake and varieties of ice-creams were pressed into service, and the national fruits were sent down very nearly in the way in which a dear friend of mine gulped down a bit of fragrant cheese sandwitched between two bits of bread!

The adage—After dinner sit a while: after supper walk a mile,—had been a mystery to me till I visited America. Supper hour, I thought, was between 9 and 10; and I did not quite see how it was practicable to have a mile's walk after it. But the scales fell from my eyes, and the enigma was unriddled when my mistake about supper time was removed. In England, where the meals are as numerous as they are in India, there is a supper which comes off between 9 and 10, and gives the

finishing stroke to the dietetic exercises of the day; but in America the time-hallowed supper is over before dusk, and a mile's walk after it is a pleasure eminently fitted to neutralise the wear and tear of the day.

My gossip about breakfasts and dinners ought not to come to an end till I have said a word about the innumerable and magnificent restaurants and dining saloons one meets with in almost every great city in America. You get into a first class restaurant, and you see innumerable little tables with snow-white little sheets spread over them, and napkins and tumblers placed in proper positions, standing on the magnificent carpeted floor of a magnificently furnished spacious hall. Each table has a cushioned chair before and one behind it, so as to seat two persons enjoying a sumptuous meal *tete-a-tete*. If you wish for a wash you have to get into an adjoining room where water, warm and cold, and all the appurtenances of a wash-stand are at your command. As soon as you are seated comfortably behind or before one of these tables a waiter or waitress, as the case may be, hands to you a printed bill of fare, which contains every dish available in the world and its price noted down. You have to write down the dishes you order on a separate piece of paper, and wait a few minutes; and then—who can describe the pleasure which delicacies delicately looked and elegantly served in gilded plates bring to your jaws, and the other parts of your body! But the pleasure, my friend, is followed by a proportionate quantity of pain when your little bill is presented to you, and your unfortunate self called upon nearly to empty your purse! But why so many eating houses of all grades in American cities and towns? Their number discloses one feature of American life, what may be called its out-door character. There are lots of persons who have elegant homes for purposes of show, but who really live in hotels; while the floating elements of population could not have come in and gone out so frequently as they do if these restaurants had not existed. Add to this the fact, that

office people cannot very well go home and come back within the short hour allotted for dinner, and so eating houses in the vicinity of their office establishments are a necessity of an indispensable character.

A word about New York and its sights now. The city of New York is somewhat like an irregular rectangle, or trapezium encompassed by two rivers, the Hudson and the East River, and tapering towards the points whereat these two broad streams meet. It is about 17 miles long with an average breadth of about 4 miles ; and its street system, together with that for its internal and external safety, is as complete as it can be. The lines of communication which intersect it from North to South or lengthwise are called avenues, and those which cut it breadthwise are called streets. Both the avenues and the streets are graded, numbered and labelled, while the overhanging houses are in the same predicament, so that a man must have something wrong in his upper story if he can not find out a particular house, when the street or avenue in which it is located and its number are indicated. It is one of the oldest cities in the United States, though but a parvenue when compared with a city like Benares, which can trace its existence through historical land marks clearly discernible, to the time when the temple of Solomon was built, if not earlier. It was visited by Henry Hudson in 1609, made a Dutch colony in 1614, surrendered to the English in 1654, and christened by the Duke of York into whose hands it subsequently passed. During the War of Independence, it was at first captured by the American army, but soon after retaken by the British forces whose headquarters it continued to be till the end of the war. Its rise, like that of all the great cities of America, has been wonderful. In 1800 its population was 60,489 ; in 1820,123,706 ; in 1850,515,847 ; in 1860,812,869 ; in 1870, 942,377 ; and in 1875,1046,037 ; and to-day in population it is universally admitted to be the third city of the world, the first being London and the second Pekin. Its increase in commerce

and industry is even more astonishing. But I will not trouble the reader with statistics any further, specially as he can see the details presented in an ordinary guide-book, the details so eminently fitted to show that in the New world, under the genius of the American people, cities and towns are rising up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd ; and colossal fortunes before which even Crœsus would stand wonderstruck are being reared with the same rapidity !

Let me come to my own element, the element of gossip, and let me ask the reader to follow me as I start along, not the despised *Nigger* unable to lift up my head, but the white man's equal and guest, the busiest street in New York, Broadway, a spacious, but rather widely road with sides walks made of solid stone. As we go on we see on the middle path an endless procession of conveyances of all kinds, horse-cars, omnibusses, gigs of an elegant style moving on one after another in unbroken lines, which cover the road so thickly that the most dangerous feat you have to perform is to go from one end to the other; while on the sidewalks you see never-ending streams of pedestrians either moving hurriedly towards places of business or loitering before the shop-casements. You are of course a pleasure seeking traveller, and your complaint is want of work and superabundance of leisure, and so you accompany me leisurely. And the first thing that engages your attention and refreshes your eyes is the beauty of the shops called Stores in the New World, with which the sidewalks are lined. The first store you see is perhaps a fruitstore, and your mouth waters as you see all kinds of luscious fruits, apples and pears and grapes and plums, the bananas of your own country and the pomegranates of Affganistan, arranged into pyramids behind the casement. You move on, and the next store is perhaps a confectioner's, and your mouth again waters as you see behind the casement pyramids and towers of sweets of all kinds temptingly exposed behind huge glass bottles of lozenges and the other nice little things so well appreciated by your children,

and by no means despised by your sober self. The baker's store with loaves pyramidal, cylindrical, quadrangular and undulating, arranged beside trays full of biscuits of as many kinds, but of decidedly more tempting quality. Then appears the butcher's stall, and oh how different it is from a butcher's stall in this land, the girl with a clean apron and lovely face standing amid huge pieces of meat as clean as meat can be hanging below the ceiling over wooden floor as clean as floor can be. A butcher's shop here gives you a dislike to meat-eating and makes you a vegetarian; while the sight of one in Europe and America leads you to thank your star for the teeth which enable you to gratify your carnivorous propensities. You pass on, and you see behind another set of casements all the articles of the fashionable lady's dress, from varieties of false fair in varieties of fantastic forms down to varieties of stockings rich in varieties of glowing tents, tastefully arranged and temptingly exposed for sale. Another store tempts the fashionable gentleman as this tempts the fashionable lady; while a third gives you intellectual amusement as you gaze lingeringly and thoughtfully on the beautiful pictures, sweet lovely emblems of devotion, modesty and truth, hanging behind the transparent windows. Nothing can surpass the neatness and refinement you notice every where in the arrangement of the goods exposed for sale; while the overhanging windows with their beautiful hangings attract your notice as they disclose varied articles of furniture tastefully arranged behind, or welldressed gentlemen and ladies engaged in various occupations. Indeed a walk through a frequented street is one of the principal enjoyments you can secure in a grand city like New York; while you stand wrapped up in admiration and wonder as you see in the evenings innumerable groups of beautiful women and fine-looking men, clad in all the refinement and polish of the fashion of the hour, loitering along the side walks, lingering before the store-windows, buzzing

merrily by you as the never ending processions move up and down. And your admiration and wonder are brightened when in the night you see the merry streets "flashing in rivers of light" and the shops illuminated with lamps which tend to convert the night into day.

The most fashionable street, however, of New York is not Broadway, but the famous Fifth Avenue, which with its palaces hotels and cathedrals attracts the beauty and fashion of the city, as well as extorts the admiration of even the most fastidious traveller. It has what Americans call the finest residences in New York, or in American style, in the whole world. It will do you good to gaze lingeringly upon these private mansions, each surrounded by fine lawns with perhaps a couple of fountains playing, and a conservatory replete with the glory of tropical plants and tropical fruits peeping through the furniture of fresh grass and streams of sprouting waters; while a Louvre dome, or a dome like one of those with which the celebrated Louvre palace at Paris is crowned, looks down upon you from an aerial height. You can not, by the way, visit American cities and American parks without noticing their partiality for domes and fountains. They scarcely consider a grand building, whether a private mansion or a public structure, perfected till it is crowned with one, or a series of domes; while a park without grand fountains playing right and left would be a dreary scene of desolation, rather than an attractive resort to beauty and fashion. This street presents a very fascinating aspect in the evenings and when illuminated, as it is every night, splendid equipages with ladies in a blaze of silks peeping through the glass doors, and streams of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen along the side walks adding to the beauty of its "residences" and the freshness of its lawns.

The public buildings of New York, as of all the cities of America, are gigantic piles of architecture, piles before which not a few of the structures considered magnificent in India

dwindle into insignificance. Its palaces of public amusement its theatres, operas and music-halls, are amongst its grandest structures; while the decorations within and without and the blaze of light in which they are robed every night show that nothing fitted to make them doubly fascinating is wanting. Then again its educational buildings, its schools, lecture-halls, museums and picture galleries occupy no mean place among its grand structures; while its innumerable palaces of manufacture add to its beauty and grandeur. Nor are its hotels, one of which can esumptuously accommodate and feed about 1,200 persons of a night, and public offices with their saloons, corridors and business apartments, to be despised. Some of its stores and blocks with apartments "to let" are magnificent palaces. No one ought to leave New York without walking leisurely, up and down, through the varied floors of the grand store, called Stewart's, an immense blocks made of iron, with a white-coating very much like the plaster with which the walls of a grand house in this country are overlaid, four stories high, with beautiful staircases leading up to spacious halls and circular corridors. The finery exposed for sale on its varied floors, the ladies' gowns on one floor, bonnets on another, and nicknacks on the third, together with parlour beauties, carpets and hangings of the costliest kind on the fourth, cannot possibly be described even by the devotees of fashion. A sheet of net enbroidery was pointed out to me on one of the floors is worth two hundred thousand dollars, that is about four lacs and fifty thousand rupees! I could not help exclaiming spontaneously—"the person must be a fool who is going to buy that at such a price!" The reply was,—"The sheet had been made for the Empress Eugene, and, but for her misfortune, would have adorned one of the beautiful halls of one of her quondam palaces in or in the vicinity of Paris." The loftiest building at New York is its Post Office a fire-proof building made of hard granite, five stories high, surmounted by a number of Louvre

domes, from which a splendid view of the city may be had. This lofty structure, with its steam-engines working a dozen elevators, the ponderous frameworks which lift you up and send you down through hollow towers and thereby spare your legs the trouble of going up and down stair-cases, its apparatus for supplying steam gas and electric light, its office saloons and the corridors in front, its excellent arrangements for receiving and distributing letters, cheques, &c., its detachments of officers and armies of employes, is a wonder indeed. But the thing that struck me as perfectly new is its wall of vaults, or the wall on which you see innumerable little vaults opened, each with a brass door, on which its number is marked, and which is opened by the owner whose letters are deposited within. If you are the fortunate owner of one of these vaults you have during delivery hours, and the New York Post office has at least a dozen such in the course of a day and night, to go to the office, open your own vault, take out your letters, close and come back with the treasure in your pocket. From the Post Office I would advise you to go to the Bank, which is near it, and notice remarkable instances of that ingenuity in which the Yankees beat all the nations of the world. The walls in the treasure room of the Bank have innumerable little vaults opened, which the parties depositing money own, and which they may lock and unlock as they please during office-hours; for out of office-hours the room cannot be opened by human hands. It is fortified or guarded by a couple of locks, one of which is a "Time-lock," or a lock which is opened by a combination of letters, which letters do not come together in consequence of a delicate piece of machinery except after a certain number of hours. If it is closed, say, at nine at night, it cannot be opened by any earthly power till about nine the following morning, when the business of the Bank begins. The other lock is of such a description that, the moment it is tampered with, it causes by means of electricity a bell to ring in the nearest Police-station, and of course the honest gentleman who

handles it has the privilege of being escorted by Police officers right and left, as he starts towards his adopted home, the jail. But suppose a number of ruffians get into the room during office hours, and begin robbery, a steam-pipe is opened, and the rioters are suffocated to death! When looking into its arrangements for depositing and guarding money, I almost involuntarily exclaimed—"Here treasure is as safe as in heaven where thieves do not break through nor steal!"

No description of New York is complete without a word about its beautiful parks. Here and there you come across an enclosure in which a number of broad streets seem to terminate, an enclosure tapestried with fresh grass, intersected by winding and not unfrequently shaded walks, which are furnished with seats and lounges, and adorned with bronze statues and playing fountains. Within an enclosure of this sort or a Park, you see varieties of sights almost at all hours of the day; men and women of regular habits enjoying their constitutional in the morning, sallow-visaged invalids pasing slowly backwards and forwards when the sun is not too hot, little children running about in the afternoon, gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen promenading in the evening, and groups of loungers buzzing along the walks or crowding on the seats when festoons of light seem ready to chase away the darkness of the night; while, when all around is quiet and loungers are snoring in their beds, mourners may be seen pouring forth their sorrows or lovers exchanging their protestations of love and fidelity. But these innumerable little parks cluster around one grand Park, called the Central Park, which covers 843 acres, and is intersected by innumerable walks and drives passing under little hills crowned with woods, slopes covered with fresh grass, and terraces adorned with beautiful flower-beds, and terminating in artificial lakes of crystal water The tourist will notice within this vast enclosure, which is said to be second only to the grandest Park of Paris, Bois-de-Boulogne, some buildings of an antique shape and some monuments

of a historical character; but if he is wise he will not bestow more than a cursory attention on them; inasmuch as he will have to spend all his leisure in the American museum of Natural History, which occupies one of its castellated mansions, and which is one of the largest collections of living animals in the world. I need not add that this park is the most fashionable resort at New York, and that the brilliant processions of carriages and loungers along its streets are calculated to attract notice even more than the beauties of nature and the trophies of art in which it abounds!

The modes of conveyance or facilities for travelling at your disposal will strike you as worthy of a grand centre of civilisation. You have the "horse-car," a high railway carriage furnished with cushioned seats arranged around a fine piece of carpet spread over the floor and drawn on rails by a couple of hardy horses; the omnibus smaller in size but higher in what may be called stature, with similar arrangements within, drawn in a similar manner but not on rails; the cab somewhat like an Indian gig drawn by one horse; the coupe somewhat like a chaise with a semi-circular bottom, glazed sides and glass doors drawn by two horses; and hacks of all forms from the long rectangular wooden framework drawn by four horses down to the light box which rattles along paved streets making a noise from which may the car be delivered! But over and above these varieties of conveyances to which recourse may be had, you have the Elevated Railway supported by iron pillars with locomotives and cars passing up and down at the rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour between 20 and 30 feet above your head. As you walk along one of the avenues favored with these aerial loads, you come across winding staircases where it is intersected by broad streets; and if you go up one of these, you find yourself ushered into a room where tickets are obtained, and through which you have to go to the nice open platform. And here you do not have to stand even five minutes before your train rushes in, and you find

yourself in a splendid car amid the luxury of a carpeted floor and cushioned seats. What a contrast between the sense of exhilaration with which you travel thus through aerial regions between grand piles of architecture, and above beautiful shops, and the sense of depression with which you travel through Egyptian darkness on one of the underground railways of London! But being a stranger, you naturally enquire how you are to know the place where you are to drop. Well, the guard called in America the conductor in the car repeats the names of the streets at the top of his voice when they are reached; and if you have ears to hear and your wits about you all difficulties will vanish. The cars on two of these elevated lines of communication ascend from and descend to the northern terminus on the avenue below through magnificent iron curves; and one of the enjoyments at New York is to see one rising up and the other coming down these parallel arches of tremendous height and grand appearance.

I find I have little space left for even a cursory notice of the places of interest in the vicinity of New York; but it is enough to mention that many of its wealthy capitalists and crowds of the hands employed in its innumerable offices and manufactories live in the cities and towns clustering around it. The facilities for travelling which render the ingress and egress of these floating elements of the city population both practicable and easy are astonishing. Ferries, which remind one of the floating palaces across the Atlantic, and which present a marked contrast to the miserable vessels one sees on the Thames, give no rest either to the engines by which they are propelled or to the rivers the waters on which they ceaselessly flow. Steamers beautifully furnished are ready to give you the pleasure of a river trip to neighbouring or distant cities and towns, or that of a sea-voyage to neighbouring or distant sea-side resorts; while trains leave the crowded stations, called Depots in America, twice, thrice, and not unfrequently four times every hour from morning to midnight.

When does the train leave?—I once enquired in my simplicity. When!—why my friend, go to the station, and you will find a train leaving every half hour towards the place you wish to go to! I had to go to a place called East Orange, a nice suburban town situated in a beautiful valley overlooked by picturesque hills, to see the parents of a respected Indian missionary. I got into the right car above to the river-side station, sat down for a minute or two in the waiting room, a magnificent hall with seats arranged around stores of all descriptions specially of comestibles, walked into the Ferry, a large vessel with two suites of apartments, both furnished with cushioned seats, one reserved for ladies and non-smoking gentlemen and the other for smokers, on two sides of the Central engine, crossed a broad sheet of water almost in the twinkling of an eye, passed through another waiting room, found myself on something like an embankment with several trains standing along-side of narrow platforms stretched out before me, received proper directions and stepped into the right one. An ordinary railway car in America is longer than a railway carriage here, and decidedly better furnished. A sort of aisle passes between the seats arranged transversely one after another, and connects the doorways, outside which you see projecting stands with stairs leading up and down. The seats are cushioned with moveable backs, so that if you wish to sit *tete-a-tete* with the two persons behind your backs, you have only to stand up and throw the back of your seat on the other side, and sit down with your face towards those of your friends. In one corner of the car, you see a stone, and attached to it are pipes which go round the ceiling, and keep the carriage, which by the way is protected by glass-doors and shutters, warm,—a little too warm for Indians accustomed to fresh air; while an apparatus for supplying you with drinking water and a side room for purposes of nature complete the arrangements made for the comforts and convenience of travellers. No class distinction exists in ordinary cars, and

you may see a refined lady sitting along-side of a shoe-maker with a basket full of boots on his knees, or a millionaire elbowed by a penniless pauper. The only distinction made is between non-smokers and smokers who have a car set apart for them, a car which they invariably convert into a hell by spitting.

In the house of my kind host I had a vivid idea of the greatness of the sacrifice which missionaries make in forsaking their home and country for the good of heathen lands. He is a medical practitioner of considerable reputation and large practice, and lives in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances in a nice house with his grown-up sons, all doing very well indeed, about him. He gave his boy, the missionary, a thoroughly good professional education, was delighted to see his academic career crowned with brilliant success, and joyfully looked forward to the substantial help he might get from him in the discharge of his onerous duties. But his disappointment was great indeed when the dutiful son and successful student expressed, respectfully but firmly, his determination to come out as a missionary. Being a pious man, however, and assured of his call, he gave his consent; but as his family had never known the pang of a separation before, their distress, when the brave young man left his country and sailed before their eyes, can scarcely be conceived, far less described. The mother remained disconsolate for a long, long time, and the sister wept herself asleep for upwards of a month, and her health received a shock from which it has not recovered, though seven years have rolled away since the critical moment of separation. A story as touching as this is associated with the departure of every missionary from Christendom for heathen lands; and the story maliciously circulated by designing men as to their being driven out of their native lands by poverty or paucity of employments are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred gross libels. But does the sacrifice of the missionary, heroic as it undoubtedly is,

raise him above criticism? No—he brings with him unhappily a little of human nature, and his circumstances here give prominence to its angularities, insomuch that if his plans were thrown out of the pale of criticism he would be demoralized. "We are all the better", Bishop Cotton used to say, "for being a little looked after!"

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

GUNS AND GUNPOWDER IN ANCIENT INDIA.

INDIA, the cradle of Eastern Civilization, had her days of glory. But those days are gone. Our *Yogees* and *Rishis* are of opinion that India once had an age when every one was replete with knowledge and when there was no ignorance in men. No sober mind can have any reason to be sceptical on this point. A flood of light has broken in upon the ancient history of India by the researches and publications of English, German and Native Sanscrit *savants*. Two books relating to the weapons and military organization of ancient India have been brought to the surface. These prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Gunpowder was invented and used in India many centuries before the days of Barthold Schwartz or Roger Bacon. These also shew conclusively that the Indians knew and used cannon and guns in very early times.

The two books above alluded to are the Dandaniti (দণ্ডনীতি) of *Usanas* or *Sukracharya* and the Nitiprakasika (নীতি-প্রকাশীকা) of Vaisampayan. These works are full of interesting information, and we propose in this article to say something on "Fire-arms and Gunpowder in Ancient India." The first work was edited with a *Prakrita* translation, a few

years ago, by Pandit Ramchandra Govinda Sastri under the patronage of the Maharaja Holkar. But as very few copies of it were then printed, it is not available at present. Dr. Gustav Oppert of the Madras Presidency College is now busy with an edition of this very valuable work, which will be out in a short time. This learned Doctor has also given to the world a ,monograph on "The Weapons, Army Organization and Political Maxims of the Ancient Hindus, with special reference to Gunpowder and Firearms." He deserves our best thanks for devoting himself to the study of the past history of our noble country with so great zeal and earnestness. The *Dandaniti* of Sukracharya is divided into five books, the last of which is merely supplementary. The first three books are on the duties of a monarch; the status of the Crown Prince; and the Income and Expenditure on Servants and Wages. The fourth book contains seven sections and is, by far, the most important. The last of these sections treats of the army and a variety of subjects connected with it. The other work gives the substance of a larger work, the Nitisastram (নীতিশাস্ত্রম্) of Vaisampayan (বৈশম্পায়ন,) the compiler of the Yajurveda and Reciter of the Mahabharat to King Janmejaya of Hastinapur. It contains eight books; the first five of which describe the several kinds of arms and weapons; the sixth and seventh treat of the army; and the eighth deals with the king and his subjects.

The Dhanurveda (ধনুর্ব্বেদ) of Viswamitra, the Yuddhasastram (যুদ্ধশাস্ত্রম্) of Usanas and the Yuddhajayarnava (যুদ্ধজয়ার্ণব) are other works on the subject. The first of these is a treatise on Archery, regarded as an Upaveda (উপবেদ) connected with the *Yajurveda* and ascribed to Viswamitra or, according to some, to Bhrigu (ভৃগু). Here we meet with a description of four sorts of arms: *viz.* 1. *Mukta* or *Páni-mukta* which are thrown by the hand at the adversary, such as disk, quoit, noose, &c.; 2. *Amukta* which are not thrown off the hand, such as sword, shield &c.; 3. *Muktá-*

mukta which are applied both ways (*i.e.*, which are thrown or not thrown at the option of the person), such as spears, lance &c.; and 4. *Yantramukta* which are thrown by machines, such as arrows, gun-shots and cannon balls. The work also contains directions for the application of these arms and various other matters about the discipline of an army. Nothing more than the significant name of the *Yuddhasastram* or Science of War has been bequeathed to us. It might be identical with the author's *Dandaniti* above adverted to. We are not in a position to speak aword about the authorship of the third work, "the Ocean of Victory in War," in which are given instructions about the motion of the stars and planets and the conduct of war.*

Leaving these minor works we come at once to the Dandaniti or Polity of Sukracharya, the eminent preceptor of the Asuras. This sage is too well known to every Indian to require any introduction. His name goes hand in hand with wisdom. His work commonly goes under the name of Sukraniti (শুক্রনীতি). Before citing any passages from it, let us first make good its genuineness and authoritativeness. In the Dhanurveda sections of the Agnipurana weapons are classified into five sorts, and the bow is said to be the best weapon. In another section the constitution of a state is treated of with more than usual interest Here we find Sukraniti mentioned by name and description. The *Mudra-Rakshasa*, a well known Sanskrit drama by *Visakdatta*, also contains the name of this work in the first part of the first Act in connection with a master of several arts and sciences.† The Mahabharat and the Harivansa refer to the Polity of Sukracharya in

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* Vide Tatwa-Bodhini Patrika IX Kalpa, III Part, No. 407 an article on *Samartahwa* or Science of War.

† অস্তি চাস্মাকং সহাধ্যায়ি মিত্রং বিষ্ণুশর্ম্মা নাম ব্রাহ্মণঃ ঔশনস্যাং দণ্ডনীতৌ চতুঃষষ্ট্যাঙ্গে জ্যোতিশাস্ত্রে চ পরং প্রাবীণ্যমুপগতঃ। প্রথমাঙ্ক।

several places and in different connections. In the Rajadharma section of the Santiparva we read that *Usanas* made a digest of all the voluminous works on Polity then extant, and made it accessible to man by writing a readable volume on the subject. At the end of the fourth book of the Sukraniti, we find the length of the work measured by 2,200 slokas or verses. In the 56th chapter of the Rajadharma section two slokas* are quoted from the work of Usanas. Again in the 57th chapter we come across another reference to Usanas.† In the 18th chapter of the Harivansa we meet with a wise saying of Usanas.‡ All these are sufficient for our purpose; as it is not our business to tire the reader's patience by like quotations as completely prove the authenticity of the Dandaniti of Sukracharya. The age of the work is plainly shewn by its simple, terse and antiquated language, and its many half-verses. It preceded the Mahavarat.

Having made good the age and genuineness of Sukraniti, let us turn to the seventh section of its fourth book, where firearms are described. The Sanskrit name of a fire-arm is *Nálika* or tubular weapon. According to the Sukraniti it was of two kinds:—1. Laghu-Nalika (লঘুনালিক) or small gun (musket, carbine &c.,) and 2. Brihat-Nalika (বৃহন্নালীক) or large gun (cannon.) The tube of the former was five spans or three feet and nine inches in length, and had a perpendicular and horizontal hole at the breech end, and sights at the breech-end and the muzzle-end to guide the eye in taking aim. The small gun had at the breech-end a vent or touch-hole carrying powder, and a flint stone for making fire by striking upon a mechanism. The tube had a hole one *Anguli* (finger) broad

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* শ্লোকৌ চোশনসা গীতৌ পুরা তাত মহর্ষিণা।
তৌ নিবোধ মহারাজ ত্বমেকাগ্র মনা নৃপ॥ মহাভারত।

† ফগবানুশনা হ্যাহ শ্লোকমত্র বিপাশ্চিতে।
তদহৈকমনা রাজন্ গদতস্তং নিবোধ মে॥ মহাভারত।

‡ স বিনশ্যত্যসন্দেহম্ আহৈবমুশনানৃপ॥ হরিবংশ।

in the middle, and was fitted with a good wooden handle at the side. It was very firm, and a ramrod was attached to its side for the purpose of compressing the fire-powder (gun-powder) in its inside. This weapon was carried by footsoldiers and horsemen. When its outside was hard, its hole broad, and its ball long and broad, the ball reached a distant aim.* The large gun was conveyed on cars. It had no wooden handle and obtained the just direction of the aim by the movement of the breech with a wedge. It gave victory when properly wielded. It was like the modern cannon.† The two guns were made of strong iron or of any other strong metal. They were to be rubbed clean every day and kept covered by gunners. The balls for the big gun were made of iron, and were either solid or had other small balls in the middle. The shots or small balls for the small gun were made solid of lead or any other metal. The barrel of the guns was first cleaned, then loaded with *Agnichurna* or gunpowder and filled with balls or shots. The whole was then firmly compressed with the ramrod, and a quantity of powder was placed in the vent or touchhole. The guns were discharged by putting fire into the vent or by striking fire upon it with the flint. The fire was conveyed to the charge through

* নালিকং দ্বিবিধং জ্ঞেয়ং বৃহৎক্ষুদ্রবিভেদতঃ। ১৩৫
ভির্যাগূর্দ্ধচ্ছিদ্রমূলং নালম পঞ্চবিতস্তিকম্।
মূলাগ্রয়োলক্ষ্যভেদিতিলবিন্দুযুতং সদা ॥ ১৩৬
যন্ত্রামাতাগ্নিকৃদ্গ্রাবচূর্ণধৃক্কর্ণ মূল বম্।
সুকাষ্ঠোপাঙ্গবুন্নঞ্চ মধ্যাঙ্গুলবিলান্তরম্ ॥ ১৩৭
স্বান্তেহগ্নিচূর্ণসন্ধাতৃশলাকাসংযুতং দৃঢ়ম্।
লঘুনালিকমপ্যেনৎ প্রধার্যং পত্তিসাদিভিঃ ॥ ১৩৮
যথা যথৈতৎ ত্বক্সারম্ যথা স্থূলবিলান্তরম্।
যথা দীর্ঘবৃহদ্গোলং দূরভেদি তথা তথা ॥ ১৩৯

† মূলকীলভ্রমাৎ লক্ষ্যসমসন্ধানভাজি যৎ।
বৃহন্নালীকসংজ্ঞংতৎ কাষ্টবুন্নবিবর্জ্জিতম্।
প্রবাহ্যং শকটাদ্যৈস্তু সুযুক্তং বিজয়প্রদম্ ॥

this opening; and the whole exploded with a loud report. The direction of the aim was settled by means of the sights, and the ball was discharged towards its mark so as to strike it.*

We have now to explain the composition of gunpowder. It is called *agnichurna* or firepowder. It was prepared from the composition of *Suvarchilavan* or saltpetre, *gandhak* or sulphur and *angára* or charcoal of the wood of the *Akanda* or *Snuhi* plant, or any such light wood. The proportions of these components were five *palas* or twenty *tolas* of saltpetre, one *pala* or four *tolas* of sulphur and one pala of *Akand* or *Snuhi* charcoal. This charcoal was prepared by burning the wood in a closed vessel without letting the smoke escape. All these things were cleansed, ground, mixed together with the juice of *Akanda, Snuhi* or *Rasona,* dried in the sun and then reduced to fine powder like sugar. This mixture became fire-powder and was combustible in the highest degree. In the powder for guns the proportion of saltpetre was six or seven *palas,* while the proportions of sulphur and charcoal remained the same.† At present gun-powder is prepared by taking

* লৌহসারময়ং বাপি নালাস্ত্রং ত্বন্যধাতুজম্।
নিতাসম্মর্জনস্বচ্ছম্ অস্ত্রপাতিভিরাবৃতম্ ॥ ১৪৫
গোলো লৌহময়ো গর্ভগুটিকঃ কেবলোপি বা।
মীসসা লঘুনালার্থে হ্যনথাতুভরোপি বা ॥ ১৪৪
নালাস্ত্রং শোধয়েদাদৌ দদ্যাৎ তত্রাগ্নিচূর্ণকম্।
নিবেশয়েৎ তৎ দণ্ডেন নালমূলে যথা দৃঢ়ম্ ॥ ১৫০
ততঃ সুগোলকং দদ্যাৎ ততঃ কর্ণেঽগ্নিচূর্ণকম্।
কর্ণচূর্ণাগ্নিদানেন গোলং লক্ষ্যে নিপাতয়েৎ ॥ ১৫১

† সুবর্চ্চিলবণাৎ পঞ্চ পলানি গন্ধকাৎ পলম্।
অন্তর্ধূমং বিপক্কার্কং স্নুহ্যাদঙ্গারতঃ পলম্ ॥ ১৪১
শুষ্কাৎ সংগ্রহাহ্য সঙ্চূর্ণ্য সম্মীল্য প্রপুটেৎ রসৈঃ।
স্নুহ্যর্কাণাং রসোনস্য শোষয়েদাতপেন চ।
পিষ্টা শর্করবৎ চৈতৎ অগ্নিচূর্ণং ভবেৎ খলু ॥ ১৭২
সুবর্চ্চিলবণাৎ ভাগাঃ ষট্ বা চত্বার এব বা।
নালাস্ত্রার্থাগ্নিচূর্ণে তু গন্ধাঙ্গারৌ তু পূর্ব্ববৎ ॥ ১৪৩

13 weights of sulphur, 11 weights of charcoal and 76 weights of saltpetre. All these substances were and are still found throughout India, and the people very well know all their properties.

The Nitiprakasika describes the Nalika (gun) as dark-coloured, straight-bodied, thin-limbed, hollow in the middle, piercing the vital parts of the body, and discharging *dronichapa* missiles or balls.* We have here also the mention of gulika (গুলিকা) or ball and dhumagulika (ধূমগুলিকা) or smoke-ball, which the commentator explains as churnagola (চূর্ণগোল), powder-ball or gunball. We have not seen this book; but we state this on the authority of Dr. Gustav Oppert.

Let us now turn to the several references to guns and gunpowder in our ancient epics and poems. In the first *kanda* of the Ramayana we find the fortification of Ayodhya with *Sataghnis* or cannons on its ramparts. In the description of Lanka, the capital of Ravana, in the fifth *kanda* we meet with *Sataghnis* on the top of its forts, and muskets in the hands of its sentinels.† The *sataghni* (hundred-killer) was made of black iron and was provided with a handle. Its exact nature is not known; but there can be no doubt that it was itself a projectile weapon, a gun or cannon. In the Harivansa we read in one place that Krishna, king of Dwarka in Guzerat, fortified his capital by depositing gunpowder in subterranean

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* নলিকা ঋজুদেহা স্যাৎ তন্বঙ্গী মধ্যরন্ধ্রিকা।
মর্ম্মচ্ছেদকরী নীলা দ্রোণিচাপশরেরিণী ॥ ৪।৪০
See Dr. Opert's book p. 14. Note 25.

† সর্ব্ব যন্ত্রায়ুধবতীমুষিতাং সর্ব্বশিল্পিভিঃ।
উচ্চাট্টালঙ্গবতীং শতঘ্নী শতসংকুলাম্ ॥ ১।৫।১০
বপ্র প্রকার জঘনাং বিপুলাম্বুবনাম্বরাম্।
শতঘ্নী শূলকেশান্তাম্ অট্টালকবতং সকাম্ ॥ ৫।২।২১
The commentator explains শতঘ্নী as "শতঘ্নীনাম প্রাকারোপরি স্থিতঃ প্রাকারসংরক্ষণার্থ মযোত্তারনির্ম্মিতঃ আয়ুধবিশেষঃ।

mines and by ordering his men to load their cannons with balls.* Gunpowder is here mentioned under the name of *Urvagni* or the fire of *Urva* who probably invented it. The use of guns and gunpowder becomes also evident from a passage in the Vanaparva of the Mahabharat where the invasion of Ceylon by the monkey troops of Ramchandra is described. We see from this passage that the monkeys threw *sataghnis* (cannon) fitted with wheels, filled with balls and capable of producing loud terrible sounds, into the city of Lanka.† In Naishadcharita we read in the 28th verse of the second canto that "the two brows of Damayanti are like the two bows of Cupid and Rati for the conquest of the world, and her two elevated nostrils are like two guns for throwing balls on you (Nala)." In the commentary on this passage Mallinath, the prince of Commentators, correctly explains the word *nalika* as *Dronichapa* (the weapon by which *dronichapa* missiles or balls are thrown).‡ We have learnt from the *Nitiprakashika* that the *Dronichapa* or gun discharged *dronichapasaras* or balls. We have not spoken anything upon the "Polity of Kamandaki." We reserve it for another article.

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* "ঊর্ব্বাগ্নিং প্রোথিতং কৃত্বা শতঘ্নীঃ সগুড়োপলাঃ।" হরিবংশম্.

† পরিগৃহ্য শতঘ্নীশ্চ সচক্রাঃ সগুড়োপলাঃ।
চিক্ষিপুঃ ভুজবেগেন লঙ্কামধ্যে মহাস্বনাঃ॥ বনপর্ব্ব ২৮২ অধ্যায়ঃ।

Sir Arthur Cautley when excavating the Ganges Canal came upon the supposed site of Hastinapur and found a cannon many yards below the surface of the ground.

‡ ধনুষী রতিপঞ্চবাণয়োরুদিতে বিশ্বজয়ায় তদ্ভ্রুবৌ।
নলিকে ন তদুচ্ছ্বসিতে স্থায়ি নালীকবিমুক্তিকাময়োঃ॥ ২ ২৮

The Commentator explains thus :—

নালীকানাং দ্রোণিচাপশরাণাং বিমুক্তিং কাময়েতে ইতি তথোক্তয়োস্তয়ো নলিকে দ্রোণিচাপে ন কিমিতি কাকুঃ। মল্লিনাথঃ।

Another modern commentator wrongly explained নলিকে as শরাধারনলৌ or quivers.

Let us next see what Manu, the oldest of legislators, says on the subject in his *Samhita* or Code of Laws. Manu knew what was within the province of his work, and never transgressed beyond the limits of it. His business was to draw a picture of the institutions, usages, manners and social and intellectual condition of the people. In the 90 to 96 verses of the seventh chapter of his Code he gives the law to military men. The 91, 92 and 93 verses agree almost exactly with the 282, 283 and 284 verses in the seventh section of Sukraniti. In the 90th sloka Manu says:—"No men, engaged in combat, should smite his foe with sharp concealed weapons, nor with barbed arrows, nor with poisoned darts, nor with arms kindled by fire *i.e.*, fire-arms."* The commentator Kulluka Bhatta could not explain it correctly. He mistook the sense and explained the last foot of the verse by "নাপি অগ্নিদীপ্তফলকৈঃ" or darts blazing with fire. This is not the only passage in which he failed to catch the proper meaning. He failed in several passages to give the correct interpretation. But it does not matter. If we compare the verse with what is said by Sukra in his Polity† we can at once understand that Manu speaks of fire-arms and nothing else. The 45th verse in the VII chapter of the Nitiprakasika settles the matter most conclusively. In this verse we read "No one should strike in a combat his enemy with concealed weapons, nor with poisoned arrows, nor with machines (guns) kindled by fire, nor with various stratagems".‡ We quote this from Dr Oppert's Monograph, to which we owe a good deal in this article. In another verse we find the mention of different kinds of arrows, some barbed and some envenomed, and of

* ন কূটৈরায়ুধৈর্হন্যাৎ যুধ্যমানো রণে রিপূন্।
ন কর্ণিভির্নাপি দিগ্ধৈঃ নাগ্নিজ্বলিততেজনৈঃ॥ ৭।৯০

† Verses 277—282 of the seventh section, Book IV.

‡ ন কূটৈরায়ুধৈর্হন্যাৎ যুধ্যমানো রণে রিপূন্।
ন দিগ্ধৈরগ্ন্যুজ্জ্বলৈশ্চৈব তথৈবাশ্চ পৃথগ্বিধৈঃ॥ ৭।৪৫

arms kindled by fire. Manu then speaks of fighting on a plain with armed chariots and horses; on water, with manned boats and elephants; on ground full of trees and shrubs, with bows and arrows; and on clear ground, with swords, shields, and other weapons.* Manu's interdict stood much in the way of the use of firearms. The work of Sukra contradicts, in some places, the precepts of Manu. In other places the precepts of both of them coincide in several respects. Hence we may infer that these two works were not very distant in time from one another. They might be contemporaneous works or one of them preceded the other. In our opinion the *Sukraniti* is the older compilation. Blind regard for Manu has led to the disuse of firearms.

We fear that what we have said in this article would startle some Europeans, for the gun was not invented in Europe before the fourteenth century. About 1280 Roger Bacon suggested the possibility of applying the preparation, since called gunpowder, to the purposes of war. But long after an experiment in the laboratory of Bartholemew Schwartz, a German monk, accidentally blowing a body to a distance, confirmed the suggestion of Roger Bacon. Guns were originally made of iron bars soldered together and strengthened with iron hoops.

By the way we find that a blind critic made some foolish and childish remarks on the 21st October, 1880 in "Nature", a Weekly Journal of Science published in London. We have gone through his short critique on Dr. Oppert's Monograph. We would advise the critic to look before he leaps. His short note shews clearly that he was thrown at his wit's end when he read Dr. Oppert's treatise and that he purposely enlisted himself as a champain on the other side.

We can not better conclude our article than by sincerely thanking Dr. Ramdas Sen of Berhampore, who first gave notice

* সান্দনাশ্বৈঃ সমে যুধ্যেৎ অনূপে নৌদ্বিপৈস্তথা।
রুক্ষগুল্মাবৃতে চাপৈঃ অসিচর্ম্মাযুধৈঃ স্থলে ॥ ৭।১৯২

of Sukraniti, and made a few quotations from it too in a number of the *Bangadarsan* wherein he proved conclusively that the Hindus in very early times possessed firearms and knew how to prepare guns and gunpowder; and we especially thank Dr. Gustav Oppert of Madras, who has already given to the world his very valuable treatise, already mentioned in the course of our article, and who is now engaged in an edition of the Polity of Sukra. Dr. Oppert's book is scarcely known in Bengal, and we would recommend it to all who are interested in the past history of our country.

RAMA NATH SARASWATI.

THE LATE KAILAS CHUNDER BANERJEA.

BY THE EDITOR.

KAILAS CHUNDER BANERJEA was born of Brahman parents, about the year 1826 at Palasi, a village in the district of Burdwan, about five miles to the north-east of the town of that name. As I was also born in that village, as our houses were situated in the same quarter of the village, and as I was of about the same age with Kailas, we were often thrown into each other's company, though we were not very intimate with each other as boys from the circumstance that he attended one vernacular school, and I another. When I left the village for Calcutta for receiving English education, Kailas remained at home and perfected himself in the various branches of vernacular education. As a boy he did not learn English, though in after life he got a smattering of that language. His natural parts, however, were very good; indeed, as a boy he was very precocious. When thirteen or fourteen years old, he could to my great wonder, improvise off-hand

Bengali verses by the dozen, and this habit growing upon him, he formed a small company of amateur singers of boys of the same age with himself; and on festive occasions Kailas and his company used to entertain the people of the village with songs composed by himself set to music and other musical performances. He had, however, whole of the month more serious duties to discharge. Son of a priest, Kailas was himself a priest, and I remember seeing him sometimes enter into a temple of Siva, with a very white knot of the sacred thread around his person—and he prided himself on the whiteness of his sacred thread—discharge his priestly functions before the god, and take away with him the sacred rice, plantains and other offerings. His father,—and I remember the old man well—oftener, however, discharged the sacerdotal functions.

As Kailas's elder brother Tarachand was an assistant in a clothier's shop at Calcutta, Kailas was sent thither to make his fortune. He soon became the second assistant in that shop. As the lodgings of Kailas and his brother were not far from mine in Calcutta, we often saw each other and from this time an intimacy grew between us. There was scarcely a week in which we did not see each other. We became so intimate with each other that I well remember he told me he would follow me to any part of the country I went. In a short time Kailas left the clothier's shop and took service in the firm of a Bengali merchant. It was while he was in this firm that I embraced the Christian religion. Kailas visited me at Cornwallis Square before my baptism, wept over me, and was present at my baptism. While I was in the Mission house as a convert he sometimes visited me, and lamented that I had become a Christian. After this I lost sight of him for some years. When after my ordination to the holy ministry in 1855 I was sent to Culna in charge of the Mission there, remembering the resolution Kailas had formed in his youth that he would follow me

wherever I went, I wrote to him and offered him the head-mastership of the vernacular school at Culna. He at once accepted the offer, and went to Culna with his newly married wife. There he began to read the New Testament in Bengali; he also commenced teaching his wife to read and write Bengali. She also began to read the New Testament and the Pilgrim's Progress. I often visited them in their cottage, read and preached to them. Kailas's heart was touched and he put his trust in the Saviour. The Lord also opened the heart of his wife, and they both sought to be admitted into the visible Church by the rite of Baptism. As I had good reason to believe in the sincerity of the couple, I baptized the Brahman and the Brahmani in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

Kailas naturally had the gift of fluent speech in his mother tongue. I therefore took him out shortly after his baptism, to preach with me in the streets of Culna and the markets in its vicinity. He preached with considerable power; he especially excelled in laying bare the absurdities of Hinduism, with which as a Brahman and a priest he was familiarly acquainted. Knowing his power of verse-making and of composing songs, and his musical taste, I encouraged him to compose Christian hymns in the popular tunes of the country. He composed several; and these he used to sing in the streets of Culna and in the market-places, and drew great crowds to whom both he and I preached. He taught those hymns to the boys of the Vernacular school, and to the girls of the Girls' School, and these boys and girls, who were either Hindus and Mahommedans, sang them not only at school but in their houses; and I remember myself hearing a Mahommedan carter sing one of Kailas's Christian hymns while driving his cart through the streets. The reason of the popularity of those hymns was, that they were composed in the simplest colloquial Bengali and in the most popular Vaishnava tunes. When Dr. Duff went up to Culna in 1858 to see

the schools, he expressed himself highly pleased with the good work Kailas was doing.

From Culna Kailas was transferred to Mahanad, where under the superintendence of the Rev. Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya he preached in the villages around. From Mahanad he was sent back to Culna, and from Culna he was sent to Bansberriah, where for some years he preached the Gospel in the villages around. From Bansberriah he was sent to Inchura, a station temporarily occupied by the mission. From Inchura he was next transferred to Sonatigri, a sub-station of Mahanad, where for some years he not only gave religious instruction to the boys and girls of the vernacular school but preached in all the villages round about. From Sonatigri he was sent to Culna where he had scarcely taken up his abode when he was laid prostrate with epidemic fever. For recruiting his shattered constitution he had to go to his native village Palasi with his family which altogether numbered ten souls, including himself and his wife. But the change did no good; indeed, he got worse in his native village where the Burdwan fever was raging. On returning from Palasi on his way to Culna he visited me at Hooghly with his whole family. I then saw what havoc the epidemic fever had made not only upon himself but upon his whole family, and felt that a change was absolutely necessary for their health. He went back with his family to Culna; but knowing, as I did, that the Rev. Kedar Nath De, Superintendent of our Mission at Chinsurah, was in want of a vernacular preacher, I asked him to get Kailas transferred from Culna to Chinsurah. Mr. Kedar Nath De readily agreed to the proposal, and with the sanction of the Rev. K. S. Macdonald, at that time Superintendent of the Bengal Mission, Kailas was transferred to Chinsurah in December 1880. But the change was too late. Kailas's constitution had been thoroughly undermined by repeated attacks of epidemic fever, and scarcely had he settled down with his family at Chinsurah when another attack of malarious fever laid him prostrate in his bed from which he never got up.

Mr. Kedar Nath De and I procured for him as good medical advice as was procurable in the place, but it was all in vain. When I saw that humanly speaking, there were no hopes of recovery I said to him—"Kailas, your illness is serious. You must prepare to meet your God." He repeated the word "serious," and then added, "My trust is in Jesus, I wish to see Jesus." I expected that he would speak of his wife and children to me before his death. But no, it seems that all worldly thoughts, all secular considerations were excluded from his mind. He spoke only of seeing Jesus. For a day or two he remained almost in a state of unconsciousness. But on the day he died he was livelier than usual. I was not present when Kailas breathed his last, my house being two miles distant; but an hour before his death his eldest son went running to Mr. Kedar Nath De, whose house is close to Kailas's quarters, and said that his father was dying. Mr. De immediately went and saw that Kailas was dying. Mr. De called out—"Kailas" and the dying man answered in a faltering tone, "Sir." Mr. De offered up prayer in which Kailas seemed from the posture of his hands to join; and then shortly after he fell asleep in Jesus. This happened on 25th of January 1881, about 7 o'clock in the evening.

Kailas is the author of a small tract consisting of Christian hymns, and of a Bengali metrical version of the Psalms of David. His wife also wrote for the Tract Society a short account in Bengali verses of the Life of our Saviour. He has left behind him a widow and eight children.

THE LAST DAY OF POMPEII.

[Pompeii and Herculaneum were two celebrated towns of Campana and Italy situated at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, and looking out on the beautiful Gulf of Cumae (now the Bay of Naples). Their unrivalled situation, especially that of Pompeii, made them the favourite resort of the wealthy Roman gentry, whose palaces and villa residences imparted to them an air of grandeur only inferior to that of the capital. The fate of both these cities, numbering some 20,000 inhabitants each, is most

lamentable to contemplate as well for the suddenness of the catastrophe* as for its completeness. They were both destroyed in the course of a single day, by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, the most terrific on record, which occurred in A. D. 79. Pompeii was overwhelmed by showers of sand, ashes, and cinders, while a torrent of burning lava rolled over parts of Herculaneum the remainder (like the sister city) being buried beneath a thin layer of ashes and tufa.

Vide Chambers's Encyclopædia.]

Broad o'er the ridgy Apennines and bright,
In cloudless splendour rose the orb of light.
On Herculaneum's towers its glory streams,
And famed Pompeii like a diamond gleams.
Unnumbered beauties gild each ripple's crest,
Dance on each wave, and fire the bay's wide breast.
The busy hum of life and toil and trade,
Swells in the teeming streets and paved arcade.
Here, Pleasure leads her pageant train along,
There, Gossip congregates an idle throng.
Some to the temples' sculptured porch repair,
Some in forensic strife to take a share.
That crowd with minstrel band and flags so gay,
A bridal festival intends this day;
While further still, yon slow procession dull
Bespeaks the mourners at a funeral.
But is there none to mark that vap'ry spire
That curls so thick from yonder mount of fire?
None in the signs of nature skilled to pry,
Who sees not in yon smoke the fate that's nigh?
Ah no! that meteor flag so oft they 've seen,
That 'neath its folds no danger can they ween.
Tis noon, and with the same revolving sun
Unfolding life pursues its usual run.
As yet no shadow of th' impending doom
Casts on the dial of Time its boding gloom;
Though from the sea's far verge, upheaving slow,
Dark bellying clouds their Alpine masses show.
Gradual they rise, and thick'ning as they roll,
Blot heaven's I fair face with one terrific scroll.
And now a solemn rumbling fills the ear,
And deeper throbs prelude an earthquake near.
In blacker wreaths the smoky folds ascend,
With louder claps the central gases blend;
With fiercer energies the pent fires glow,
And stronger shocks attest the strife below;
Till groaning, hissing, roaring, forth they burst,
One jet of lurid flame far upwards thrust.

Dense showers of ashes then fall fast around,
And massive rocks shot upwards, strew the ground.
Boils Ocean too with sympathetic roar,
And foaming surges lash the trembling shore.
A hideous darkness canopies the earth,
As right oe'r Chaos ere the primal birth.
Far round, the subterranean tremors spread,
While on the mountain's flanks, in fissures dread,
Earth opes her heaving crust, whence fuming rise
Clouds of sulphureous steam, and charge the skies.
Man's dearest works the general havoc share,
Graves, vineyards, terraces all once so fair,
But prostrate now and in confusion tossed,
Or 'neath huge mounds of smoking cinders lost.
And where is he, the-lord of all this life,
While nature's elements thus reel in strife?
Crazed at the sight of instantaneous fate,
In doubt he faters or to flee or wait.
Some to the public squares, to temples some,
In trembling groups and frantic bodies come.
To drown their fears, the madd'ning bowl some ply,
As if oblivion were security.
Some bind their household gods on flight intent,
Some curse the gods that could such ills have sent.
Oaths, groans, and woman's agonizing cries
With vows commingled from all quarters rise.
O some are virgins there both young and fair,
To-morrow's sun, the spousal rites would share.
But now with locks strewn on the death-winged gale,
Urging a bootless pray'r with piercing wail.
And there are mothers too, with looks how wild,
Each clutching in despair her own loved child.
O! would some Power their bleeding woes assuage!
But nought may still the tempest's fiery rage.
So stood they, fled they, singly or entwined,
Whilst shower on shower, the sleety cinders fall,
And like a deluge loosed, o'cowhelming all.
The streets are cumbered with a hideous wrack,
The plains are stamped with desolation's track;
Roofs, towers, and battlements, and household gear,
And all by human heart most prized as dear,
Dismantled, strewn, or swallowed in the ground
And epitaphed by many a calcined mound.
The peasant, as he stalks those dreary plains,
Stumbles perchance on some antique remains,
And pauses in those knolls to read once more.
The fate of grandeur that rose there of yore.

W. E. C.

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TO AND AT CINCINNATI.

My trip from New York to Cincinnati was completed in a style somewhat above my ordinary modes of living and travelling in India, but by no means unbefitting the position I temporally held in America as a Delegate to the highest ecclesiastical Conference of the Methodist Church; and as reduced tickets had been issued by Railway Companies for the benefits of Delegates in general I could afford to be "grand" for at least nine short days. I travelled in a palace car in company with learned Doctors of Divinity and ladies and gentlemen of position and influence, by whom moreover I was not kicked into a corner! A palace-car is very different indeed from an ordinary car—it is grander in appearance and better furnished, and it presents conveniences which are never found in a railway carriage outside the New world. You stand before the door, and you see a narrow aisle richly carpeted passing between rows of seats with moveable backs both covered with rich velvet cushions, arranged transversely as in ordinary cars, the walls blazing, as it were, with fine looking glasses, the window-openings guarded by glass-doors, lattices and green shutters, and the ceiling adorned with hanging lamps of the ornamental as well as useful type, Adjoining this saloon on one side you find a small sitting room, as well furnished as itself, set apart for gentlemen of

smoking proclivities; while on both sides of the car you see two bath rooms with all the appurtenances thereof, marble wash stands with tubes for a perennial supply of warm and cold water, cakes of soap, towels, one reserved for ladies and the other for gentlemen. I found myself comfortably seated amid good company in one of these moving palaces; and we flashed on at the rate of about 30 miles an hour. I had an opportunity of noticing the aspect of the country. The scenery which regaled my eyes was, in elements of beauty and picturesqueness, by no means richer than what we ordinarily notice under similar circumstance in our own country; —an almost endless succession of groves, orchards and cornfields, separated by wooden fences, rising on a back ground of extensive green fields, the whole overlooked by low ranges of lonely hills. It was when I transferred my eyes from the wealth of natural scenery to the triumphs of art that the difference appeared marked. What a contrast between our squalid villages and the clusters of neat cottages around village schools and village fanes I noticed as I went on—what a difference between our straggling towns and the rows of solid buildings arranged along fine streets or clustering around beautiful squares which appeared occasionally to place the triumphs of art in contrast to the beauties of nature. Occasionally a broad river with a white sheet of water would seem to repose majestically beneath elevated banks fringed with rows of lofty trees; while the matchless fertility of the country around seemed fitted to remind me of home, sweet home. We passed through the extensive state of Pennsylvania, and the scenery improved, after we had left behind us its capital Philadelphia, in ruggedness and wild grandeur. The green fields gave place to smiling slopes, while terraces rising one above another, covered with blossoming peaches and apple trees, overshadowed and protected by the lofty battlements of nature appeared to me to be an approximation to a distant approach, I should say, to the unutterable grandeur

of our Himalayan scenery. On this part of the road also, we, Indians, would find ourselves beaten in triumphs of art, if not in wealth of natural scenery; extensive iron works with glowing furnaces and lofty towers and quarries by the score appearing to convince the everlasting hills that there is a power in man which they themselves do not possess! After passing through the Alleghany mountains we crossed the river Ohio in the night, and after travelling for some hours in the Ohio state we reached our destination on the following morning at about 11 A.M., thus completing a journey of about 700 hundred miles in about 24 hours, or somewhat less than 30 hours.

But before I speak of the city proper, Cincinnati the largest city of Ohio, I must say how I managed to have my meals while travelling towards it in a palace-car. We got into it after breakfast, and spent the intervening hours between that meal and dinner in pleasant chit-chat as well as in enjoying the picturesque scenery around us. But when the dinner time came, and our famished "breakbaskets" craved a fresh supply of food, the waiter gave to each of us a printed bill of fare with all the viands of the world, beginning with the most sacred roast Pork or roast Beef, down to what might gratify the untrained gastronomic propensities of the vegetarian, indicated with their prices. The orders we gave were noted down, and when the preliminaries had been arranged, we were conducted through an adjoining car into our dining hall, where we saw small tables covered with clean sheets and furnished with clean napkins, plates, tumblers &c.,—each with a couple of seats one in front and one in the rear. I sat down before one of these tables, had dishes I had ordered placed before me one after another in the most orthodox style, set my jaws in agreeable motion, and I had the pleasure of enjoying a hearty meal while travelling at the rate of 30 miles an hour;—a feat never performed even by the Governor General in India! You can have your supper in the same manner, while you can have no end of fruits and ice-creams sand-

witched between the two. How? A railway carriage in America, palace car or ordinary car, is a bit of a Bazaar; and as you sit, absorbed in enjoyment of surrounding scenery or engaged in brooding over your own sorrows, as is oftener the case, your reverie is disturbed first by the newspaper vendor, who walks leisurely by you crying "*New York Tribune*," "*Philadelphia Gazette*" "*Pittsburg Herald*" &c; then by the book seller who passes by with a collection of picture books and trashy volumes, placing one of these on the seat beside you to be examined by you, and paid for if taken, or returned if not taken, when the worthy makes his appearance after a few minutes; again by the fruitseller who passes by with a basket full of apples, peaches, bananas, or, in one word, fruits of the season; and yet again by a sandwich purveyor from whom as he sells abominable meat between abominable pieces of bread, may heaven defend you! And as to ice-creams, you have only to speak to the waiter, and you have any quantity and quality of them placed at your disposal. You have all kinds of food in such abundance that even when you find it necessary to make a railway carriage your home for a week, as one has to do when one goes in a direct line of three thousand and two hundred miles from New York to San Francisco, you need not come down from your wooden domicile or feed upon your neighbour's flesh!

But what of sleep?—asks the reader. The arrangements for sleep are even more astonishing than those for food. The Americans are a nation of magicians, and their magical power is nowhere brought into prominence more thoroughly than in the case with which the saloon of a palace-car is converted into a dormitory. The shades of night fall around your car; thick darkness without contrasts with the brilliant illumination within; objects of interests besides those around the wooden walls and below the wooden ceiling fade out of sight; the fatigues of the journey overpower you, and even the generally unbearable rattling of the wheels underneath becomes

music to your ear and composes you to sleep. You become drowsy, and wish you were stretched, full length, within the curtains of your own bed. The waiter by some mesmeric power reads your thoughts, stands up, waves the magic wand in his hand; and lo! hanging-beds with the full complements of pillows, blankets and bed sheets and separated from one another by fine curtains appear all around you, and bring you to the comforting assurance that a good night's rest in the arms of sleep is reserved for you even in a moving dashing rattling railway carriage! Below the seats there are boxes which contain all the bedding stuff needed to effect the magical change, while above them are planks attached to the walls and all but incorporated with them. Planks thrown between the seats convert them into lower berths, and the planks let down from the wall make up the upper ones; while screens let down secure the advantages of privacy to the beds thus conjured up,—beds which by the way were broader and more comfortable than the best we have in the largest and best furnished of the Atlantic Steamers, not to mention the inferior ones we see in the Indian Ocean or the Mediterranean Sea!

The charitable reader perhaps will come to the conclusion that in the new world I was mad after food, and the creature comforts associated with good living—especially as I scarcely speak of any thing else. Well—my reply is—I believe in good dinners and in sound sleep especially while travelling! But gastronomic abundance and somnolent quietude were not the only enjoyments I had during this exceedingly pleasant journey. I had the privilege of travelling with Dr. Reid the Missionary Secretary and some gentlemen who in learning, sound common sense and piety of a genial type were not behind him; and the rich talk of these pillars of the Methodist Church fed my soul, as the meals of which I am never tired of speaking nourished my body. I have in my life come across many worthy men; but I have never come across

a man of a more amiable disposition, better informed or better able to entertain and instruct than Dr. Reid, while his ready wits and smart repartees completely whiled away the tedium of a long continued railway journey. He had a ready answer to every question put to him, a pleasantry of a refined character to oppose to every flash of wit or display of humour. While crossing the river Susquehanna I said—"Sir—I now believe that these rivers really exist!" "Sir", he replied with miraculous readiness, "we are glad your faith is increasing!" While passing through a tunnel I said—Sir—civilization says to the mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea and it obeys." "But it is the work of shovels as well as of faith," was the ready reply, Ah! faith and shovels! faith and works! the principle of co-operation between God and man! How many men have sunk in gross scepticism on one side or in gross fanaticism on the other in consequence of their inability to recognize this principle! Some people, and among them some of our well educated countrymen, are for work, all work. Learn the great lesson of self-reliance, depend upon your ownselves, exercise the faculties of your minds and the powers of your body, and you will be able to fulfil the duties of life. Why conjure up a phantom of the by-gone theological times, and waste your precious hours in prayer and supplication? These gentlemen belong to the progressive order; and we poor mortals cannot stand in their way while they are engaged in the agreeable work of converting realities into myths and myths into realities! The other class consists of rabid fanatics, and faith, all faith is their principle. Make no provision either for yourself and your family, go to the vineyard and work, and the Lord of the vineyard will bring a perennial supply of the necessaries of life within your reach through the instrumentality of crows, if men keep out of the way. Did not the Lord Jesus Christ send out the apostles and disciples without scrip, bread or money? Yes—undoubtedly He did. But what right have you to imitate

Him in this matter? Because He, who has all power in heaven and earth given Him, sent out some persons unprovided to preach to their countrymen the kingdom of heaven which they were eagerly looking for, are you, a frail mortal, to send missionaries abroad similarly unprovided to destroy time-hallowed faiths, and naturalise a system, not only not looked for but positively hated. We certainly recognize the right of the Master to send us as He sent the apostles; but it will be sometime before we allow human beings to exercise a similar authority over us, or to dispose of as they please.

But I am flying from my text. I reached Cincinnati a little before dinner time, and after spending a night in a hotel, where, as I shall have occasion to speak, I was not welcome, I found shelter, through the kindness of Dr. Reid, in one of the most refined homes within its precincts. The kindness I received from the members of the family entertaining me, the refined way in which that kindness was shown, the cheerful cast of piety I noticed, and the instructive conversation I profited by, all combined to leave a lasting impression on my mind. It is impossible for me to enumerate the varied elements of domestic felicity, I could not but admiringly notice —suffice it to say that during a month's stay I saw nothing inconsistent with refinement of the highest order, and piety of a deep but joyous stamp; while, as my host and hostess and their grown-up sons and daughters are amongst those Christians of a quiet, unobtrusive disposition whose right hands do not know what their left hands do, nothing should be said of the splendid hospitality extended to some of the worthiest of the delegates or the kindness shown me personally.

Cincinnati is a picturesque city built on two terraces, the one rising above the other, in the midst of a fine amphitheatre of hills some of which rise about 500 feet above the level of the river Ohio on which it stands. Its frontage on the river is about 10 miles, and it extends about three miles inland, thus forming a long cluster of buildings bounded on

the South by a sheet of muddy water, and on all other sides by picturesque ranges of hills, from the top of any of which a splendid view, not only of it but of the neighbouring towns and cities may be obtained. It is about a hundred years old, and its rise has been as marvellously rapid as that of American cities in general. Its foundation was laid in 1788, and its population rose from 750 in 1800 to 115,436 in 1850, 161,044 in 1860 and 216,239 in 1870. Its population to-day must be about 300,000, if not more. Its principal interest is manufacture, not commerce, and it has about 4,500 manufacturing establishments. The worst part of its industry is pork-packing, in which it is beaten only by Chicago, which has the largest hoggeries in the world; and which corrupt the faith and vitiate the taste of almost half the globe. With its numerous manufacturing establishments, which mean lofty chimneys and towering columns of smoke, Cinninati has a dingy appearance; but some of its suburban avenues running along romantic valleys which smile under them on one side and skirted by truly lovely and beautiful villas on the other make ample amends for its dullness. The cemetry at some distance from the city proper is a beautiful place; and the inhabitants of Cincinnati, when suffocated by smoke and tormented by heat, wistfully fix their gaze upon its green fields and many-colored flower-beds, thickly studded with obelisks and tombs, as the terminus of all their troubles!

Duty first, pleasure afterwards! Let me first speak of what I had to do as a Delegate to the General Conference, and then it will be time for me to allude to what I said and did in this picturesque but smoky city. That Conference, the highest Legislative and Executive Council of the Northern Branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, was held in Pike's Opera, a large hall standing on a lofty platform on one of the noisiest streets of Cincinnati, and consisting orthodox-fashion of an elevated stage looking down upon an extensive pit, and overlooked by hanging galleries;—the whole arranged

in what may be called its gala dress within decorated walls and below a celing adorned with beautiful and significant frescoes. The assembly, consisting as it did of delegates from all parts of the globe, and representing as its did the piety, learning and eloquence of one of the youngest and most vigorous sections of the Church Universal, was grand indeed; but as an unworthy member of a worthy ecclesiastical council I saw in its operations what was fitted to surprize me both agreeably and disagreeably. I was most agreeably surprized by the Missionary enthusiasm, which prevailed, and which manifested itself in cheers as soon as my name was called out, and in the innumerable tokens of kindness with which I was literally loaded. The Methodist Church through the worthiest of its representatives gave a poor representative of a poor Church raised in a distant land by its Missionaries a reception of which a Bishop might be proud. But I must say that I was disappointed to some extent by what may be summarized in the two well known expressions—much talk, little deed! Every question proposed elicited a debate with an amount of irrelevant talk, which would be pardonable enough in a meeting of raw schoolboys, but which was entirely out of place in an ecclesiastical assembly consisting of learned Ministers and pious laymen assembled to legislate for the good of a great Church. But this is an American defect, and to it I shall have to allude by and bye. My post was on the whole a sinecure, as I had made up my mind not to open my lips excepting when questions affecting the interests of our little Church in India were on the tapis. But such questions were laid aside, and we Indians had no business to open our lips. I did speak two or three times with special reference to our work here, and on behalf of a despised community the members of which are struggling out of degradation artificially stereotyped, as we here are doing. There is a Fund in connection with the Church called the Freedmen's Aid Fund, a Fund raised by persons who contribute liberally under the

conviction that America owes a great deal to the people whom she had wickedly slaved and degraded and who, though now freed, were looked down upon, rather than treated with paternal kindness. It was proposed to make this Fund available to the poor whites of the South, and I felt it my duty to stand up and protest against such misdirection of a public fund. I said that the General Conference had no more right to spend money raised for one community for the benefit of another than it had to spend money raised for the heathen in India for the benefit of its Christian population. The substance of what I said then, and on subsequent occasions in America, was expresed by a colored brother in these words:—"Let every thing be done, that can be done, to improve the condition of the poor whites, *but not at our own expense!*" A little casuistry was resorted to, and an expression in the original document was so explained that the whites, in whose behalf a great deal of wild and pointless eloquence was arrayed, come in as a matter of course for a share in this Fund; but sensible men like Dr. Currie, an Editor of widespread reputation, saw in the decision arrived at the ultimate collapse of the efforts, which had been put forward to elevate the members of the injured community. A remark made by Dr. Currie is worthy of special attention at a time when a growing party in some Mission are clamouring for a large outlay of Mission money for the benefit of our European and East-Indian brethren;—"Whenever a fund is raised for the benefit of a superior and an inferior race, it is sure to be swallowed up by the superior race, while the inferior people are quietly sent to the wall!"

Business over, gossip again! It is time for me to utter a word or two, of "learned length and thundering sound" of course, in self-praise. Do you know, gentle reader! what the Ganesh pujah of our educated countrymen is? You of course know what the Ganesh-pujah of the country is. Parvati, the principal goddess of this favored land, gave birth to a beauti-

ful boy, whose rotund limbs and two *extra* arms she could not but contemplate with honest maternal pride. In honor of his birth, she celebrated a feast to which many of the national gods and goddesses were invited; heaven itself not having a table long enough to entertain all the deities of the Hindu pantheon, 330,000,000, a trifleless than the population of China! Among the gods invited was her own brother from whom the Indian Saturday derives its name, and benignant influences. This god is represented as a person of an exceedingly amiable disposition; and the benevolence of his heart finds its outset through his expressive eyes. It is stated, to his praise, that whatever he fairly looks upon is ruined? He gazed upon the new-born god,—away flew his head, leaving the decapitated body trembling in a stream of blood on the floor. "What hast thou done brother?" exclaimed the bereaved mother in an agony of grief. Hearing her cry the gods came to the rescue, sat in conclave, and sent a messenger with instructions to fetch the first head he might come across. The messenger hastened and came back with an elephant's head, which was attached to the headless trunk, and the baby god revived. But when the disconsolate mother looked at the ugly head, she refused to be comforted. The assembled gods sat in conclave once more, and decided that homage should be paid to the elephant-headed god at the commencement of every festival or worship. This is one of the many versions of the story which originally made the worship of Ganesh an introduction to every act of worship in India. This is the Ganesh-poojah of the country. But that of our educated countrymen is different, they being wise enough to cast overboard all faith in Hindu mythology. They worship their country rather than any of the deities worshipped in it. Whenever and wherever one of our rising orators speaks, he begins with a noble panegyric on India. Whatever may be the nature of his theme, literary, scientific, social or moral, a grandiloquent prologue fitted to disclose the

past grandeur of our country and the unutterable greatness of its Munis and Rishis is sure to be the first out-come. I am going to improve upon this custom and make my ownself the subject of a glowing eulogy. When I visited Cincinnati, that city had the honor of entertaining many distinguished guests. The General Conference and the May-festivities combined to bring within its precincts not a few of the great ones of the Church and State in America. But the most observed among its guests was—who do you think, dear reader?—Why your humble servant. When I walked along the streets all eyes were fixed upon me, and when I entered a public meeting I concentrated its gaze upon my august self. I was of course the lion of private parties, and when I entered a humble factory or a palace of manufacture, it was more to be seen than to see! The people were delighted to see one of the "missing links" between the Negro and the white man; and even the famous monkey in the Zoological Gardens of London who could smoke cigars and shake hands, might covet the honor showered down upon me from all quarters. And the guesses in which persons indulged with reference to my nationality were of the most flattering kind. A worthy gentleman seeing me on one occation walking in a white coat, long as a surplice, remarked;—"Here goes a Turkish Prince!" On another I observed a troop of boys running after me, and turned back, confronting them in imperial fashion, when one of them respectfully enquired if I was "a king of the Sandwich Islands!" I felt disposed to say that I was a king indeed, but not of the Sandwich Islands. On a third two persons approached me, and one of them said politely—"Sir, we have a wager laid as to your nationality; this friend says, you are a Chinaman, but I say, no!" "You have won, Sir!" I said "I am *not* a Chinaman." I was a Turkish Prince, an American Indian, a Spaniard, a native of Mexico, John Chinaman—anything and every thing but a nature of Hindustan. And when I introduced myself as such the amount of intelli-

gence I noticed in some quarters could not but surprize me. One gentleman guessed that India was a part of Australia; while another opined that, as I was a native of India, I must have been in Afganisthan when the Prince Imperial had been slain by the Zulus there!

My first Saturday evening at Cincinnati was spent in pleasant rambles amid some of the glorious suburban scenes for which, rather than for its intrinsic beauty, that city is famous. At night I received a visit from the Secretary of the Young-men's Christian Association there; and he asked me to preach to the convicts in the Work-house on the following morning, and in the Association's Chapel in the evening. I of course consented, though thoroughly unprepared, and looked forward to the anticipated meetings with confidence such as a calm trust in superhuman help might inspire. Brightly did the Sabbath morning dawn upon me, and a short season of devotion was all the preparation I could make for the duties before me. A little before nine we drove to the Work-house, a long block with a facade of 510 feet in length, standing on by no means a crowded street, and surmounted by a lofty chimney, a clock-tower, a couple of belfries and a number of turrets. The structure consists of a main building, 54 feet square, and five stories high, and two wings each 228 feet long and 50 feet deep, that towards the south divided into 336 cells, all built around a passage-way, being reserved for male prisoners, and that towards the north divided into 240 cells reserved for female prisoners. The building has of course kitchens and laundries and workshops attached to it, and a large steam-engine in the basement story to supply all the heat needed to set its varied business agoing. It has also a Chapel, 68 feet by 65, capable of seating about 600 persons. To the high and long platform of this hall we were conducted after we had had a little rest in one of the ante-rooms adjoining the gate. I occupied the seat reserved for the preacher, and found an organ and some ladies ready to lead the singing towards the

left, and a number of gentlemen, officers evidently of the establishment, towards the right; while below me I saw a large hall separated into two compartments by means of a partition wall, the one towards the right reserved with its rows of seats for male prisoners, and the other towards the left with its rows of seats for female prisoners. When we were fairly seated, the prisoners were marched in, and they came in perfect order, and occupied the seats spread before me. Then commenced the singing, which consisted of solos given by one of the ladies around the harmonium, and what might be called choral symphonies, and which in either of these forms was unspeakably sweet. While the singing was in progress I watched the faces of the prisoners assembled, and I must say I was aggrieved by the rascality evidently impressed on not a few of them. The countenance bespeaking a seared conscience, the face dead to remorse and shame, the brow fitted to set forth considerable force of character misdirected and misapplied, and the eye disclosing a fearful mixture of hypocrisy, cunning and knavishness,—these and other distortions by which the image of God in man is so often disfigured were before me. But they combined with the unmistakable marks of sympathy and compassion stamped on the countenances of the philanthropic ladies and gentlemen around me to stir up the best feelings of my heart, and I spoke as I had never spoken before, and as I have never spoken since. I began by assuring them that if they thought, that they were worse than I had been, they were grievously mistaken: and I exhorted them to repentance and faith by simply directing their attention to the depths of degradation from which I had been picked up by divine grace. All present felt that I had been enabled by God to speak a word in season and when some of the unfortunate persons spoken to signified the interest with which they had heard I could not but be exceedingly thankful to Him who had manifested His power in weakness!

Here I must pause and call attention to some facts regarding this institution, and the services held within its precincts. The Cincinnati Work-House is an intermediate link between an honest work house and the jail, maintained at the public expense, for the reformation of juvenile criminals, or criminals, who have not become adepts in crime, and who, while, separated from society and punished with due severity, ought to be shielded from the demoralizing influences of regular jail life. It is a matter of fact, that some get into it who ought to be sent either as vagrants to a Poor-house, or as patients to a Hospital, or as hardened criminals to the jail; but as a rule the institution gives shelter to, and throws its reformatory influences around those who may be called beginners in crime, and whose reclamation can be secured by punishment lighter than what is associated with the hardship, infamy and degradation of regular jail discipline. Such criminals are housed, paid and worked, so that the institution is to some extent self-supporting; and discipline of the strictest order is maintained without the demoralizing ratan,—by the fear inspired by dark cells and reduced fare, not by corporal punishment. The services within this institution are conducted under the auspices of the Young-men's Christian Association by men whose only reward is the good done, and whose efforts are backed by philanthropic ladies, who lend their skill in music and their sweet voice to make that entertaining which without such adventitious help might be regarded as dull. Every great city in America, and I believe every great town has its Young-men's Christian Association, and the buildings connected with it are among its chief glories. The members of these Associations meet, not so much for literary or political, as for philanthropic purposes. They do meet often for the purpose of improving their minds, and have essays read and Lectures delivered fitted to subserve this end; and sometimes burning political questions are discussed in their meetings with the enthusiasm with which such questions are invariably discussed

in America. But their main object is philanthropy, to visit the sick, succour the poor, reform the criminal, and bring men and women living in sin to-a knowledge and acceptance of the truth fitted to make them children of God and heirs of glory. Such associations do not exist in India,—are sarcely known and heard of outside the pale of Christendom. We see here Associations growing up like mushrooms, and perishing like mushrooms; but an association having for its main object the reformation of persons sunk in degradation or the regeneration of persons wandering away from God, has never been witnessed in heathendom. And therefore these Youngmen's Christian Associations may justly be represented as proofs of the infinite superiority of our religion over those professed in heathen countries.

In the evening I preached to a large congregation of youngmen, belonging mostly to the artizan classes, in the Chapel belonging to the Association at Cincinnati; and here also I saw a company of lady volunteers ready to make the service attractive by means of music and song. Every where almost you see ladies of deep piety and refined education co-operating with accredited Ministers of the Gospel, and philanthropists and preachers not accredited, in raising the fallen, reforming the vicious, and bringing wanderers back to God. You not only see them in Churches and Cathedrals, but in all spheres of philanthopic labor, in orphanges, poor houses and hospitals.—nay sometimes you see them singing vice and crime away in public streets. and in front of taverns and the caves and dens of vice. And the perseverance and enthusiasm with which some of them work cannot be sufficiently praised. In the work-house I saw two young ladies, one of whom had been singing for the benefit of its wretched inmates for twelve live-long years, and the other for five; and ladies who have literally grown grey in such noble service may be seen in every street of this and other cities of America. Let our countrymen show anything of the sort in India, and then

we shall admit that the difference between our religion and those of heathendom is only a difference of degree, not of kind.

But these philanthropic associations, associations having for their object the elevation of the lower orders of society in America the performance of what is called "Home Mission" work, are not the only organizations you see at work in the United States. There are others based on broader principles and set apart, so to speak, for loftier work;—associations connected with "foreign mission" work, and therefore called Missionary Associations. These rise in gradations from the little associations at work among little children, through those at work among young ladies and young gentlemen, up to those to which the energies of noble matrons and grey-headed sires are consecrated. Let me confine myself in this paper to those with the working of which I obtained an insight at Cincinnati. I was invited one afternoon to visit a society of "Busy Bees" or little girls of a pious and philanthropic disposition assembled in the parlour of the house in which I found shelter. I found before me a number of little girls not higher than the table seated around the chair occupied by the president, a girl a little higher than the table, the whole band working under the guidance of a young lady of superior attainment both in piety and intellectual culture. The little president conducted the business of the meeting with the dignity of a Bishop. She called upon the little secretary seated towards her right hand to read the minutes of the preceding meeting, and, when these were read, she put them to the vote in the most orthodox manner. Then the details of business were finished with propriety and decorum. Then came recitations and singing. The order and propriety with which the meeting was conducted took me by surprize, while the fact, that these little girls were engaged in gathering subscriptions and supporting a girl in the Methodist Girls' School at Lucknow, brought tears into my eyes when

stated by the benevolent lady who was guiding them thus early into piety and philanthropy. On another occasion I was called upon to visit a meeting of an Association of young ladies having for its object the spread of Gospel truth in heathen lands. Through a number of narrow but fine streets I was conducted into a small hut well-furnished room, where I found a number of young ladies assembled, and seated in a circular row of chairs in front of a large Piano. A young lady presided, and the business of the meeting was conducted with both propriety and grace; and when the details were polished off, each of the ladies present repeated a passage of scripture, gave a bit of missionary information fitted to stir up Missionary zeal and lead to renewed efforts to make the Association a success. A Piano duet of a stirring character brought the meeting to a close. These ladies collect subscriptions, and, among other good things, support a female preacher in a small town near Shajehanpore. It is very easy indeed to dilate on the vice and crime noticeable in Christian lands; but till our countrymen can show such Missionary enthusiasm embodied in such types of what may be called corporate life, we can not but give the palm to that religion, which draws the human heart, naturally so selfish, out in acts of such far-reaching and all embracing philanthropy!

I must now speak a word about the May festivities, which in addition to the General Conference had brought so many illustrious strangers into the city. One evening, while enjoying a stroll along one of its most fashionable streets, I was agreeably surprized to find almost every house decorated with flags and gonfalons, and not a few overhanging balconies draped with crimson cloth. The whole city seemed in a gala dress ready to celebrate some favorite festival, of the nature of which I of course was as ignorant as the reader is of the nature of the pen with which I am writing, or of the ineffable beauty of my handwriting. The May festival is celebrated in this city, and perhaps in others also, amid illumi-

nations and theatrical performances by the gay, and amid concerts and other amusements of an unobjectinable character by the serious and sober-minded. My lot was most fortunately cast in with the latter, and so two of the best concerts in the city had the honor of receiving the august personage, now mistaken for a Turkish Prince and now for a King of the Sandwich Islands, as a visitor. The first was the Children's Concert held in the Music Hall, the largest hall perhaps in the world, certainly the largest I have seen, apart from the nave and aisles of St. Paul's and those of some of the grandest of Continental Cathedrals. It is 192 feet long and 112 feet wide, and has a stage in front 112 feet wide and 56 feet deep, and it has on the floor and on the overhanging galleries, and the balcony above one of these no less than 4428, seats and 1500 on the stage, and it has standing room around the chairs for about 3000 persons; so that on a grand occasion you might see about 9000 persons assembled, the majority seated and the minority on their legs, within this Mammoth Hall, which, with the surrounding buildings and the facade crowned with an ornamental gable and many little printed columns, has a very imposing aspect. As a guest I was conducted to the stage whereon I occupied a seat in front of the grand organ between the rows of seats, the organ which, if Americans are to be believed, has not its rival in the whole world. On the floor I saw a sea of waving fans of all shapes and colors, while the overhanging galleries and the seats around me on the stage presented the same sight. Thermantidotes and Punkahs of Indian notoriety are unknown in America, though at times needed as decidedly as in our country; and so in American meetings held in the summer season, while you notice perfect quietude below the ceiling a buzz, if you will permit the expression; of waving hand-fans, which serve the purposes of comfort and ornament to the assembled ladies, regales your ear. As the many-colored, beautiful fans move gently backwards and forwards, you

catch glimpses of the varieties of refinements by which the beauty and taste of the favoured daughters of civilisation are set off; the rich dresses, the beautiful bonnets, the glittering earrings, the innumerable little ringlets of hair adorning the forehead, and the long curls hanging gracefully around the neck. And when you look around you, and gaze on the bright faces and the refinement and polish visibly embodied in each, you are perchance led to imagine that you have left the world of sin behind you, and get into one of those intermediate regions which according to our national poets form a stair case between heaven and earth. But to return to the concert. I sat in a conspicuous place on the stage with a sea of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen below, and waves of the same precious commodities, living freight I mean, over and around my head in the galleries; but the most lovely sight was the wave of the little girls all in theirs holiday attire towards the right and the wave of little boys towards the left. On the seats arranged, gallery fashion, on the stage on my two sides, there were seated no less than 1500 children, the members of the choir whose skill in music and song was to charm and fascinate the grand audience. The grand organ sent forth its strains of sublime music, the girls jointly gave a song which was followed by one given by the boys; and then fifteen hundred voices were united in a jubilant song which was rich in that modulation and harmony of souls which distinguishes English singing from our own. The choral symphonies over, a young lady came to the stage in a blaze of silks, and gave a grand solo and elicited deafening cheers, which were prolonged after her disappearance till she was obliged to reappear and entertain her captivated hearers with a fresh song. Another lady somewhat older came forward, and entertained the audience percisely in the same manner and with similar effect. Two or three more songs from the choir brought the concert of school-children to a close. The second concert at which I was present was of

course a grander affair, and came off at night when the grand hall was brilliantly illuminated, and an audience, such as I had never seen assembled any where for any purpose, literally graced it. The stage showed a regular orchestra at work and the singing was grand enough to compose my common and anxious mind into a dreamy state of wakeful repose;—a state I often wish to be, but can not be in when worried to death by flights of irrelevant and pointless talk.

The days I spent at Cincinnati, or elsewhere in America, were to me busy days, and the Sabbaths were specially so. The Americans were most agreeably surprized to find that I could speak a little more intelligibly than ovrang-qutang, and they made me a great preacher for the nonce, and I had to pay the penalty, and forfeit the pleasure of hearing the great preachers of their country. With difficulty I snatched an evening from the engagements that crowded around me to listen to a sermon delivered by perhaps the greatest preacher of the Methodist Church, Bishop Simpson, in this spacious hall. The meeting was magnificent, the stage occupied mainly by a large assembly of delegates, and the floor, galleries and balcony by a brilliant and appreciative audience. Upwards of five thousand persons were present, and when they all stood up and reverently united their services with the sublime strains of the abovementioned organ in a song of praise to the Great Redeemer of the world, the Blessed Jesus, I caught the inspiration of the moment, and felt as if I had been suddenly lifted up beyond myself, and made to stand enraptured amid the reverberating psalmody of the redeemed in heaven. The Bishop's sermon was worthy of the occasion and with the exception of an unfortunate reference to the Chinese at San Francisco,—a reference liable to misconstruction and fitted therefore to foster and strengthen the spirit of race-antagonism already evoked—it was eminently fitted to set forth the impassable distance between our heaven-bestowed religion and the man-invented and false religions of the

world. While the Bishop's discourse was in full swing I could not but think of our educated countrymen who might have seen some of the borrowed arguments, on which they are apt to plume themselves, grappled with in a masterly manner, and torn to pieces! I specially thought of the hood-winked souls beguiled by designing men into the conviction that Christianity is dying out in Christendom. A meeting of this description, held at a time when the pulpits of Cincinnati were occupied by the most celebrated of preachers and surrounded by crowds of devout worshippers, when in hundreds of thousands of churches and in millions of homes God was being worshipped in Christ Jesus, is pre-eminently fitted to give the lie to the misrepresentation to which in their simplicity such souls have succumbed!

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

THE BENGAL PEASANT.

CHAPTER IV.—(continued).

THE *natwan* is also a *metayer* of the primitive type. The *metayer* holdings are mainly of the following descriptions:—

First. The Bhag-jote.

Second. The Borga.

In regard to the first, rent is paid partly in money and partly in kind. When the crops are harvested the landlord's men estimate the quantity of produce and assess the share to be paid. The variableness of the market and the inability of the cultivator to pay rent in coin are the reasons why this ancient method of payment is tolerated.

The second class embrace those holdings, where the tenant appropriates a fixed ratio of the outturn in consideration of his labour devoted to cultivation. These holdings are the relics of an ancient system of land tenure, when the advantages of exchange and barter were imperfectly known and understood.

There are other holdings of a *quasi metayer* type, notably the *Goola* and *Otbandi* or *churcha* tenures, where the owner receives in lieu of rent, a share of the produce from the cultivator. These largely prevail in lower Bengal and are sustained by these primary considerations, *viz.*, the continued rise of the price of grain leading the landlord to prefer the receipt of grain in the place of money, the inability of the cultivator to convert the grain speedily into money, a want of confidence in the cultivator even when he actually succeeds in making the conversion, and the insecurity of the land itself, being situated near the bed of a whimsical stream which may wash it away any moment. In some of these holdings the seed is supplied by the owner in whole or part to the cultivator.

In the outlying districts of the Chota-Nagpur Division, rent is sometimes paid by so many heads of cattle. And I have heard of instances where a few pairs of shoes are annually given to the landlord in recognition of his right as such.

But whether the system the Natwan is subject to, be rental or metayer, the payment of rent or other dues generally entails on him hardship of no inconsiderable magnitude. Judging from his economical condition, he is seldom punctual in the payment of his rent and is charged an exorbitant rate of interest by the zemindar's people for his default. If he does not pay half of it by the middle of October, three fourths by the middle of January and the remainder by the middle of April, he is saddled with interest at the rate of 300 per cent. per annum. This is certainly not the rate prescribed by law, which never exceeds 12 per cent per annum. It is a rate which he prefers paying to being on unfriendly terms with the zemindar.

In regard to the collection of rent from this class of the peasantry, the agents of the zemindar display an amount of rascality which is inconceivable. Not to speak of the payment of the illegal cesses, which is made the condition precedent to the payment of rent, a perquisite here, a bonus there, are

extorted with the greatest unscrupulousness. The gomastah (collector) perpetually hankers after his *parvani* (douceur) and his *hisabana* (fee for looking into the accounts), and even when he has squeezed something from the tenant, he gives him a fraudulent receipt. The receipt given is generally not a discharge for a particular year or a portion of a year but as token of payment in part of 'the current and back' rents. So that in a suit for rent the tenant, with such a receipt in hand, cannot effectually claim a discharge from a particular demand. In some cases the sum actually receipted falls short of that paid, and the difference goes to remunĕratĕ the writer of the receipt. In other cases, the receipt is drawn in favor of some tenant, who has ceased to exist notwithstanding the gomasta was well aware of the payor being the *de facto* tenant. Sometimes the illegal cesses are first deducted from the payment made for rent.

It would be wearisome to enumerate all the tricks which the landlord's agent practises. Suffice it to say that the greater the helplessness of the tenant, the greater is the peculation he is subjected to. We should not be justified in charging all zemindars with the innumerable acts of fraud and peculation which their agents perpetrate; but we think it our duty to declare our conviction that a great many of them are to be ascribed to the zemindar's tacit consent, if not direct orders. It is all well for the zemindar to say that he is located at such a distance from his estate that he could not possibly know of the doings of his men on the spot. But does not the zemindar understand the more he hankers after increase of his receipts, the greater is the motive in his men to extort? The zemindar may command his men to treat his tenants kindly, but the finale of such a command is 'but send more money.' What should we say of a zemindar, who fully understanding the nature of his responsibilities towards his tenantry, keeps himself aloof from his estate, and does not bother his head about enquiring how his tenants are being

treated? Is he not just as bad as a landlord who sees them fleeced? This winking at the malpractices of their agents has become quite fashionable now with a particular class of zemindars. In fact it is a necessity with them. The morbid dread of the existing Criminal Code is the reason why the zemindar does not like to have a direct hand.

The methods prescribed by law for the realization of rent are firstly, suing the tenant for it and enforcing the decree by taking out writs of *fi fa* and *sci fa*; and secondly by, distraining his crops. In attaching his property, movables (and where his holding in arrears is transferable) the holding itself should first be seized. Our law views the landlord as having a lien upon the holding in arrears, and the crops standing thereon. When the under tenure is sold, it is an out and out sale of the under tenure and not of the rights and interests of the tenant. So that if it had been encumbered by the tenant, the purchaser acquires it, except in certain cases, free from all incumbrances.

In the case where the landlord has recourse to distraint of the standing crops it can only take place to recover the current year's rent. Where he apprehends resistance, he may apply for assistance of the court. The sale must be made by an officer of the Court under its express orders.

All that we should say regarding distraint is, that theoretically it is a good law, only somewhat in advance of our times, which are characterized by unconscionable proceedings on the part of the zemindar and helplessness and ignorance on the part of the ryot.

But if the zemindar is tyrannical towards the peasants the *mahajan* is no less. The zemindar and the mahajan are respectively the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* which the peasant's bark should steer clear of. We have described elsewhere the nature of the malpractices of the *mahajan*, and we do not care to reproduce them. Taking interest at fabulous rates, allowing the debt to accumulate till it becomes an heirloom, ignor-

ing payments, and in matters of appropriation of payments, sticking to the principle of 'heads I win, tails I lose', are some of his every-day malpractices. The greater the helplessness of his debtors, the more elaborate is his system of fraud and peculation.

In certain parts of Bengal and Behar, the *natwan* has another of his 'dearest foes' to contend with. The fact is, his weakness and helplessness always court oppression; and if the Indigo planter walks in the heels of the Zeminder and the mahajan, and becomes an oppressor, it is because he can not resist the temptation of being otherwise. It is not our intention to brand each and every planter with the infamy of oppression. There are planters who for their generosity, justice and forbearance are an honour to their race. What we find fault with is the system, under which the cultivation of indigo has taken place in this country, a system which in the generality of cases is prejudicial to the interests of the working classes.

We have stated that with the natwan, borrowing is almost constitutional, and the same instinct which prompts him to whine at the mahajan's door prompts him to go to the planter for 'advances.' I do not believe that these advances were ever forced on him as a rule. There might have been exceptional cases of duress of that sort. But whether they were forced or voluntarily accepted, the difference in the nature and extent of the after consequence is but inappreciable. In either case, the stumbling-block was a difficulty of repayment; and it was this sense of difficulty which led the planter to take the undue advantage of the cultivator's distressed condition.

The relationship of planter and cultivator is created by the latter receiving an advance of money from, and executing an agreement in favor of the former. This agreement is styled a *shattanamah*, and contains besides the ordinary stipulations to grow indigo, others which are peculiar. For instance, the

cultivator covenants not to side with the planter's enemies, not to grow any other crop, not to go over to the side of a rival planter. There is a penalty attached to the possible breach of each and every one of these covenants.

In many instances, these covenants are not at all enforced, and the object of the planter in having them down, is to keep the cultivator in perpetual dread of a possible violation thereof. Where a violation actually happens, the planter sits in judgment on the cultivator and inflicts a fine, which he realizes in an arbitrary manner. All this is in contravention of law, and it is only where the cultivator's dependance on him is thorough that he takes upon himself the illegal arbitrement of his own cause. Where this extra-judical proceeding is impossible, the cultivator is put into court, and the machinary of law is set in motion with a view to harass him and complete his ruin.

The manner in which the cultivator repays the loan is by raising the indigo crop and making the same over to the planter. When the indigo plants are made over, they are measured by a chain six feet long, and the quantity engirdled by the chain each time is called a bundle. During the process of bundling as it is called, the plants undergo extreme pressure, the reason being that the factory men would have more plants than if they were put to light pressure. So that if the cultivator had calculated the outturn at say ten bundles the measurement secures him five only. Then in the receipts, given by the factory people to the cultivator, credit is sometimes not given for the entire quantity of the plants thus measured. So that it very frequently happens that if a cultivator obtain five rupees for advance, he cannot get through his debt until he has actually grown indigo for two or three successive years. It is not the principal the repayment of which is difficult, but the interest which accumulates; and its rate is rarely less than 75 per cent. per annum.

Indigo was cultivated to a large extent in Nuddea, Jessore,

Pubna, Tirhoot, Dacca, Burdwan and the 24-Purgannas, but the cry of planters' oppression rose principally from Nuddea and Jessore. There are two plans observed by planters in growing that commodity. Firstly, what is called the *neej-abadi* or direct cultivation, and secondly the *ryotti* [by ryots]. About the time of the Indigo crisis the ratio of *neejabadi* to *ryotti* cultivation was one-fifth or one sixth of the whole. For every 2000 bigahs of *neej-abadi* land, there were 10 or 12 thousand bigahs under *ryotti* culture. In the case of *neej-abad*, the land is held under leases by the indigo concern, and the seed, the plough and labour belong to the concern. The labourers are chiefly the *boonas* [jungly people] who periodically emigrate from their homes in Sonthalia, Beerbhoom and Western Bengal. The planters give them moderate wages, and shelter them in a corner of their factory compound. At one time their wages varied from one and half anna to two annas, but it has risen to three and four annas now. This system of cultivation has little objectionableness about it. The agency employed is a free and voluntary one, and barring exceptions, the planters as a rule have not been worse masters than the Zemindars or the Mahajans. Cases have happened where a particular planter was an exacting and hard-hearted task-master, but these are faults of the system.

It is only in the second kind of cultivation, namely, the *ryotti* that the element of objection becomes obtrusive, *Ryotti* cultivation is carried on by ryots on their own lands, under contract, and by advances made by the planter. The *ryotti* is further divided into cultivation of two kinds, one carried on in villages or estates, of which the planter has acquired, temporarily or permanently, the rights of the zemindar or Talookdar; and the other in villages belonging to other parties. These two kinds are familiarly known under the names of *ilaka* and *be-ilaka*.* When the cultivator is the tenant of

* Report of the Indigo Commission, p. 7.

the planter, he is necessarily a more hopeless dependant than where he is another's tenant. So that in the case of the tenant cultivator, the planter's motive at exaction and duress was considerably stronger, and this conclusion was arrived at by the Commission.

Recent events have proved beyond dispute that, if the tenant cultivator was a willing victim of the planter's oppression, he is no less a victim of the Zemindar's or Mahajan's exactions and foul play. The planter's power is now considerably on the wane, and yet the cultivator does not prosper. Why then paint the planter a blacker monster than the Zemindar or the mahajan? The planter is no doubt guilty of robbery, kidnapping, arson, abduction and wrongful confinement, but are we sure that the Zemindar is innocent of them? Why should the name of indigo be associated with those crimes, when they are the effects of depraved human nature on one side acting on weakness and helplessness on the other?

Much of the hue and cry against Indigo cultivation was raised by the Zemindars. And one can understand the reason why. Zemindars have hitherto been the absolute lords of their ryots' destinies, and the advent of the planter on the scene threatened to effect a division of that absolute power. It is just the old story of one vulture flying at another's throat for the sole appropriation of the carcass.

Living as the natwan does in a state of chronic indebtedness it is natural that whenever there is a famine or scarcity, he is the first to feel its keenness. Ever since the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, these famines have become periodical. Not a year passes, in which we do not hear of its visitation in some part or other of the country. In our school days we were taught that a famine was an impossibility in the nineteenth century, and we accepted it as truth. But the history of India for the last quarter of a century has taught us quite the reverse. We have schooled ourselves to draw a line of demarcation between Indian famines and European ones. The former are gigantic

calamities, while the latter are Liliputian distresses. An Indian famine means not only the want of food but want of resources wherewith to buy it. A European famine is implicative of a scarcity of corn which is soon remedied with the aid of steam by the importation of corn from St. Petersburg, Madrid or New York. There may be a scarcity of corn in England, and yet her trade may not suffer a little thereby, and the working classes may not starve. But in an agricultural country like India, scarcity of corn means the paralysis of the important limbs of its people. If Indian famines had been simple economical problems which any body and every body could have solved, our best administrators would not have resigned, our financiers would scarcely have staggered, and our statesmen would not have been deported in shame and disgrace to their native land.

Orthodox Hindus labour under the false belief that the periodicity of the famines is due to the sins of the king, and to maintain their position, they would quote you instances from their ancient books, of kings who were punished for their wickedness by a visitation of famine in their kingdoms. To our mind the occurrence of these famines has much to do with the increase of population, the system of exportation in vogue, and a great variety of causes. But these are matters which we can only advert to for the present. The failure of crops is greatly owing to the imperfect system of irrigation in the country. The din that constantly assails our ears is 'excess of rain', or 'no rain', and this is followed by the usual famine-cry. It would, we venture to think, materially better the condition of the natwan, if the right of occupancy which the law invests him with be declared transferable, instead of being dependant upon custom as at present. Transferability is an incident of permanent right, and once you declare the permanence of that right, you make the *Natwan's* position economically better. Once vested with such a right, he would be in a position to make such permanent improvements on his

land, as under any other circumstances ordinary prudence would not allow him to do. At the same time, the country would be saved from one of the fertile sources of litigation.

THE DREAM OF AN ANTIQUARIAN.

ANTIQUITY, I love, I admire, I adore. To me a mad lover and worshipper of the hallowed relics of olden times, the worm-eaten pages of some old archives mouldering in decay in an odd nook of a dilapidated building are more attractive —far more precious than all the wonderful inventions of modern science; everything new methinks is hollow and insipid and worthless. That celestial light in which everything old is apparelled, which bids the spontaneous flow of my homage, is sadly denied to things modern. This belief was, of late so-predominant in me, that many a time I visited our national museum in L—simply to gratify my feverish curiosity by gazing with ceaseless admiration on the friaze of the Parthenon or the sculptured pillars from the temple of the Ephesian Diana; and it was this maddening passion or excessive veneration for the sublime works of the mighty dead, that has brought me here to India, that I might examine the broken fragments of Indian marble work, blazing with jasper and agate and lapis lazuli, to form at least a conception of the grandeur and glory of Delhi and Agra.

Such being my aspirations and such my vocation I went the other day to visit the ruins of the Imperial D— in course of my desultory peregrinations among the cities and villages of the North Western provinces. This city once the seat of Moslem magnificence, and decidedly one of the grandest and

loveliest cities of the East, was seen in ruins, not a brick of which attracted the searching eye of your dreamer, who is as he believes himself to be, a piece of an antiquarian. The full harvest had been repeatedly reaped by my rubbish—raking brethren who had come before me, and what still remained were so common place, so uninteresting that they held not the slightest prospect of rewarding the painful search of a toiling reaper like me with a sheaf.

Utterly disconcerted at the failure of my expedition, I returned in time to A—to dine with my learned friend Mr. F—the provost of A—college—(I like not the modern title principal). He received me kindly, and Mrs F., for my friend was not like me a bachelor, putting me lots of questions about my affairs, expressed her deep sympathy for my concerns, read some papers, as she said with great pleasure. We then sat down to breakfast, which being over Mrs. F. retired while her husband sat over my manuscript. My friend went through a good bit of it, made some suggestions here and there, and concluded with a remark that the book would undoubtedly be an interesting one. Just at this moment the clock struck ten, and I was ushered into a magnificent hall, surrounded on all sides by a dozen of compartments, into which the Hall opened. Several of these side-rooms were occupied by native students, most of whom were up-countrymen—some Hindoo, some Mahomedan and a few Bengalis. At our unexpected presence, in one of these rooms, the lecturer, a stout tall Mahomedan gentleman, for the room we entered was appropriated for the study of Persian, made a profound bow, the fashionable mode of obeisance in the East, and on our desiring him to go on he caught the broken thread of his discourse, and went on more vigorously than before. He commenced a sonorous declamation in praise of Fardoosi, Hafiz, and other great Persian poets, and sesquipedalian words of thundering sound rushed out with uncommon vehemence from his lips, like volleys of grape shot discharged through the muzzle

of a nine pounder. I understood but little, excepting that the torrent of eloquence flowed from the name of some Persian poet whose words were to our friend, of oracular importance. We left the Mouloovi, for such was the title of our learned lecturer, to his more agreeable audience, and entered another room where an old Hindoo gentleman, a Brahmin by caste was explaining through the intervals of snuffing and sneezing, the exquisite passages of a Sanskrit drama, and quoting grammatical rules from the celebrated Sanskrit grammarian Panini to expound and elucidate the text. We rapidly visited some two or three English classes, and then greatly fatigued with my journey I returned to my lodgings at a little distance from the college at about 6 o'clock, and before going to bed I arranged my alarm clock, as it was always my custom, to strike at 7. At first finding myself not disposed to sleep I began to ruminate on the occurrences of the foregone day. The ruins of the Imperial city, its decayed temples and far-shooting columns, the passengers in the Railway train from D to A with all the peculiarities of their dress, their manners, their language, the beautiful college building—its boards, its benches, its maps, the dog-eared Shakspeare, the turban-headed Mouloovi, all and every one of them came on imperceptibly and rose before my mind. Such was the past-reviving force of memory—so strong and vivid were the impressions of the objects seen, that I could not but recall to my mind, though involuntarily, the deeds of the princely magician Prospero and his storm-subduing world of spirits. But of this motley group nothing arrested my attention more strongly and detained it longer than the stout-built Mouloovi and his loud rattling talk. His illustrations, his arguments carried so much conviction about them, that they remained a considerable while, fresh and working in my memory, until at last the mind fatigued with thought gave way to the forcible oppression of slumber and sleep; whilst fancy unwilling yet to drop the subject presented me with the following vision.

Methought I just awoke out of sleep and found myself in the midst of a spacious plain surrounded on all sides by the dim circle of the distant horizon, a circle considerably indented by the unequal tops of trees of luxuriant foliage, and presenting to a musing eye the fantastic form of a huge toothed wheel. The plain was surrounded on three sides by huge, thorny trees, craggy hills, and by an immense variety of stinging shrubs and weeds which formed an insurmountable barrier to passengers, almost all of whom were young men of delicate sensibility. There was only one side which seemed to favour the admission of passengers, and this too was guarded by a rapid torrent whose deep waters rolled in blue waves to a distant ocean. Strange to say, the bed of the river sank and rose alternately, and this alternate sinking and rising of the river bed, was so instantaneous, that in a moment the bed of the river was left dry, and various forms of marine insects cautiously crawled upon the slimy bottom, and in the next moment it was suddenly filled with water and waves which, like an immense flock of black sheep, sought their way to the great and unknown oceanic pasturage. Young passengers from all parts of India, for my dream is pre-eminently an Indian one, stood in a line near the bank of the river, and the line deepened every moment as innumerable young folks came, rushing and pushing forward to cross the Entrance. But many a passenger retired in hurried confusion at the deafening sounds of lashing waves and at the depth and blackness of the water.

But one circumstance there was which enlivened the sinking hearts of the passengers; it was this; the river, though rough and rude to passengers, was kind and useful to many—it maintained a host of hungry fellows who with great celerity ran up and down the river with flat bottomed skiffs, *Pansies*, to take them to the other side of the river. These men have written upon their boats names which have no meaning and promises which they do not fulfil. Among them I found a host

of annotators, expounders, commentators, critics, solvers of problems, and removers of obstacles, givers of *copious* notes, and answerers of University questions, in short performers of every feat, possible or impossible under the sun. My heart sickened at the idea that men of so much learning—of such high-flown titles, should degrade themselves so much as to turn ferrymen of fishing boats. Every one of them bawled out " Come, one and all ;—I will make you *pass* ; I will carry you to yonder marble wharf; the University water is our natural element, and the examiner is but a tiny fish, sure to be caught and entangled in our complicated net. I construct a new boat every year, and it is invariably the *lightest* and most *successful* of all."

The passers paused for a time, as if uncertain whose boat to prefer ; but young men of tender age are frequently in the wrong where there are no abler and more experienced friends to assist them to see the right. Many an unfortunate lad leaped into their boats in hope of passing, but no sooner did they reach —the middle of the pitchy flood, than the waves like so many angry sheep buffetted the boats, and down went the boats, the passengers and the boatmen ; but the last, who were expert and untiring swimmers, swam to the opposite shore with their faces completely besmeared with the black water of infamy, half dead with terror and vexation.

Such was the fate of many of these unfortunate lads; but a nobler sort came after them, who knew well the wiles of these men. No sooner did they urge their petitions than out came a valley of abuse from the indignant multitude. " Away", said they, " you makers of blunders and murderers of the Queen's English come not here with your leaky boats." At their frown this immense host of ferrymen retired in utter confusion, and a few of them who were more jolly than the rest quickly applied themselves to their oars with a peal of laughter, in which they were ably seconded by their insulted brethren, who lost no opportunity to follow their

example; as they retreated, they now and then whispered something to the ears of their jolly comrades in their rude nautical phrases which, Heaven knows what they meant, acted like potent charms and set their lungs on a roar. But suddenly this uncouth merriment of the unwashed multitude came to an end, the black waters vanished, and our spirited lads crossed the river on foot.

They then took their way towards the centre of the vast plain where they found a gigantic Banyan tree, whose grey branches spread themselves in all directions, as if the old monarch of the vegetable world flung his long arms in different directions to defy the full sweep of an Indian cyclone. The main trunk with its branches shaded many an acre of uncultivated land, covered with a thick and rich carpet of green grass, and thousands of aerial roots suspended from various points sought the ground; each of these roots looked like an independent tree so that the whole tree with its branches resembled more like a grove of many trees than a single tree. Near this shady grove stood a palatial building from the roof of which numberless tall steeples rose at measured distances. A sort of darkness overhang the sky and the steeples mingled with the gloom which completely enveloped their tops.

Above the entrance of this hall there was written in gigantic characters of flame "The Grand Hall of Refreshment". We entered the Hall, and found a few gentlemen habited like traders and merchants, drinking a sparkling thin beverage which they called "The current Beverage", or "the Newspapers". These were grave men of grey hair, their venerable looks inspired the minds of beholders with an awe unfelt before. They could digest all sorts of food solid or liquid. Each of them had a table spread before him upon which various dishes of meat and cups of drink were placed. The flavour of these delicious viands was so sweet that none who ever tasted them could forget their ambrosial relish. They never inflicted upon their relishers the curse of satiety;—they quickened their

appetite, improved their mind and nourished their body. In short, their relish was so sweet, so pure, that all our modern professors of the culinary art, in spite of the remarkable ingenuity they possess in altering the natural appearances of things dressed, could not produce anything equal to them. They had a sweetness of their own—inexpressible, unattainable. Many of our passengers offered to buy them, but the merchants, the old men in grey beards, smiled sweetly on them and said—Lads, do you think you will be able to digest them ? On their answering in the affirmative, they gave them each a clean platter of pure gold, containing, amongst solid food Meat prepared by Messrs Newton & Co., carefully cooked and salvaded for modern taste by Messrs Todhunder, Smith and Co.; among liquid food, Drinks entitled "Sweet syrup of Shakspeare", "Essence of Kalidas," Milton's "Food of Angels", and Popes 'Salmagundi', a mixture of various ingredients, sweet, bitter or sour. Many of the guests could not digest them, especially the solid 'Meat' which, they said, loosened and broke their jaws, and thus rendered them utterly incapable of chewing anything solid; others, whose number was extremely small, ate them and said that nothing could surpass their relish.

Leaving the "Grand Hall of Refreshment", we retired to the shade of the Banyan tree, which was undoubtedly a scene of immense activity. I never saw the like of it. Thousands of men were running up and down; some, with something smooth and round which they constantly applied to their eyes; others with long forks in their hands, but what purpose these instruments served, I could not understand at first. I then drew closer and closer to the shade of the tree till I found that the place we resorted to, was a great market. Blacksmiths, carpenters, engravers, architects, sculptors, engineers, in short, men of all professions flocked to this great emporium of trade from all parts of the globe. Among them the makers of fire-arms and optical instruments had the largest number

of customers. In fact, so great was the crowd of buyers and sellers that I could not force my way to the centre of the place of sale. I asked one of them why so many millions of pistols, rifles, muskets and revolvers were daily made, and what purpose they were intended to serve. He answered with a look of disgust and said, "Do you not know, the world is fast hastening to decay, and how shall that grand object be accomplished without the help of those sure messengers of destruction?" These words of my friend filled me with a horror I had never felt before; my hair stood on end, and a terrible sensation of pain ran, like a powerful current of electricity, through all parts of my body and fired my veins; at last out of terror and vexation I involuntarily cried out—"Happy those ages which knew not the dreadful fury of artillery! those instruments of hell (where I verily believe the inventor is now receiving the reward of his diabalical ingenuity), by means of which the cowardly and base can deprive the bravest soldier of life."

At these words my friend laughed heartily and said that the place was called—"The cradle of Modern Science—The Sempiternal Source of Material Improvement". From this place I resorted to another part of the market, and found the place full of tremendous noise which grew deeper and deeper as I approached nearer and nearer; at last when I actually reached the place I thought perhaps a strong fortress was being bombarded, or an armament in full sail was discharging their broadsides. Here I saw a workshop, where steam engines were being made and driven by force of engine; now and then a huge boiler burst and a terrible sound of explosion shook the ground like an earthquake. Huge bars of iron were cut into pieces by heavy instruments, and things of the finest design and most exquisite workmanship were prepared by hundreds of workmen. Here we found the greatest inventors of the world. Here I saw, not without emotions of joy, Stevenson, Watts, Arkwright and a host of others, but none pleased

me more than poor Stevenson. His calm face, his sweet smile, his conscious look of satisfaction, and his remarkable assiduity, all spoke as if success was written on his brow. Here my soliloquy was suddenly broken by a confused noise. I instantly left this place to enquire the cause of this sudden panic, but none seemed willing to inform me. In a few moments the consternation became general, terrible sounds of explosions were heard, and shrieks of agony grew fainter and fainter. Men were seen running towards the horizon. At last we perceived by the blaze that a great fire was kindled at some distance, and they were running towards it. I followed some but soon found that they had no definite road to follow. I knew not what to do; my mind was filled with an oppressive anxiety which disturbed the soundness of my sleep; but at this moment the alarm clock came to my relief, and as if angry at the unwholesome prolongation of sleep, admonished me in audible words which seemed to say, Stop Stop. At these words of my admonisher the spell vanished, sleep's potent rod of magic broke, and I eager to learn the conclusion of my dream tried to sleep, but all in vain. The tumultuous assemblage of ideas vanished like the loose clouds of an evening, never to reunite again. They shrank away like the ghost in the play at the crowing of the morning cock. At last unsatisfied with the half performed feats of my imagination I left my bed to renew my antiquarian excursions.

Many a reader of these lines may censure the dreamer for not dreaming more reasonably. To them I say that they must allow something for human frailty; they should recollect that a dream even at the best is but a dream. They shall hardly find a philosophic fool or a logical dream. Any attempt therefore to discover connection, or extract moral out of it, would be like seeking wool from an ass or milk from a male tiger. As a member of society I discharge, when not asleep, some of those moral duties which bind man to man.

If the dream is dull I have no hand in it. I am not one whose mission is to do good to all whether awake or asleep.

A TOURIST AMONG THE VINDYAS.

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AMERICAN CITIES AND TOWNS.

Of course I am not going to attempt what I cannot very well do,—a graphic description of each of the great cities I had the pleasure of visiting in America, with some account of its origin, growth and progress. A task so Herculean I would not undertake even if I had leisure and ability enough to do justice to it, for the simple reason that its performance would be superfluous and unnecessary. A bird's-eye-view of two of these cities has already been presented, and that is enough; when you have an insight into one great city in America, you have an insight, not only into all its great cities, but into all the great cities of the civilized world. All the great cities of America, as all the great cities of the civilized world, have their broad avenues with their middle paths crowded with processions of vehicles of all kinds and colors, and their side-walks resounding with the ceaseless tread of streams of pedestrians, with their eyes either uplifted towards the overhanging balconies and windows or fixed on the rare articles of food, clothing and furniture temptingly arranged behind the casements of the skirting shops; their palaces of manufacture and business rearing their massive walls, domes and chimneys in their most noisy portions, and overlooking

roads all astir with the hurried steps of crowds of business-men and the rattle and rumble of innumerable conveyances; their mansions of public amusement, theatres and operas, inviting attention in the day time by their architectural finish and elaborate decorations, and converted every night into fairy abodes by gay festoons of light and illuminated sign-boards; their magnificent hotels, with their almost innumerable rooms clustering around richly furnished saloons and dining halls or skirting richly tapestried corridors and promenades; their private residences with their pleasant lawns smiling around their feet, and long, rectangular conservatories gleaming behind them; their extensive and beautifully laid out parks, ablaze in the afternoons and evenings with groups of gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen loitering along the sheltered walks or seated on the lounges spread beneath the outstretched branches of giant trees; their educational establishments and benevolent institutions spreading light and love; and their cathedrals and churches holding up an ideal of life which civilisation apart from religion utterly fails to realize in this sinful world. These and other material beauties and adornments are to be found in all the great cities of the civilized world; but American cities are distinguished by certain excellencies which are peculiarly their own; and to these let me call attention for a moment.

1. American cities have a freshness peculiarly their own. They are all *new* cities, scarcely any being above two hundred years old, and some having their first centenary yet to celebrate. Philadelphia, the first city in the United States in area and the second in population, received a charter from William Penn in 1701, when properly speaking its city life began. Its population has risen in about two hundred years from 2,500 to 846,984 according to the last census. Brooklyn, the third city in population, was the scene of many revolutionary conflicts, from which it came out crowned with honor. Its population was 3,296 in 1800,—it is now 5,666,891. Boston celebrated

its two hundred and fiftieth birth day about the time when I visited that city—and great rejoicings, processions, illuminations and fire-works. It was founded by John Winthrop in 1630, but its city life properly so called could not have commenced earlier than 1822 when it had a population of 45,000, which number has risen in about 60 years to 362,535. Baltimore, called after Lord Baltimore, received a charter in 1797, when its population was 26,000. It is now the seventh city as regards population in the States with 332,190. *A short history of Chicago will show how rapidly cities have risen to magnificence and glory in America. This city was made a settlement in 1804, and it passed through varied fortunes, now abandoned and now rebuilt, till 1837 when it was incorporated as a city, and when a census was taken, which showed its population to be 4,170. This number increased to 29,963 in 1850, 112,172 in 1860, and 298,977 in 1870. In October 1871, the city was all but completely desolated by one of the most frightful conflagrations of modern times. The fire began its destructive work, in consequence of a lighted kerosene lamp being upset, on Sunday evening, October 8th, and raged till the morning of the following Tuesday, destroying the wooden houses and the timberyards along the margin of the river by which the city is intersected, sweeping across its main channels over its Southern and Northern Divisions, and converting an area of nearly three square miles into a scene of desolation. The number of houses destroyed was 17,450 and the number of persons killed was about 200, while that of persons rendered homeless was 98,500. I came across a learned minister of the Gospel, who was there when this calamity of gigantic proportions was being inflicted on the devoted city; and he said to me that innumerable persons living in comfortable and even affluent circumstances had been converted into homeless beggars in the course of a night. The loss of property, besides depreciation of real estate and serious interuption of business, was estimated at £190,000,000, of which fabulous

amount a fractional part was recovered from the Insurance Companies. The calamity brought into play some of the amiable traits of the American character. Chicago became the centre of universal sympathy. and hacks full of comestibles and articles of clothing moved towards it in endless streams from all the great cities and towns of America. A lady at Cincinnati was on the move with stores of food and clothing in about two hours' notice, and the promptitude with which relief was conveyed would have been an impossibility, not only among apathetic and indolent races like our own, but even among the more sympathetic and active races of Europe. Nay, Chicago became the centre, not only of American sympathy, but of the sympathy of the civilized world at large. Relief of the most substantial kind flowed into it in copious streams from all the countries of Europe, even from distant Russia; and for a time the differences of race and creed in Christendom, together with national jealousies, were completely overpowered, if not extinguished, by the grand enthusiasm of humanity evoked by a great sorrow and a great distress. Chicago rose from the baptiasm of fire regenerated,—buildings grander in appearance and made of less combustible substances rose on the ruins of those destroyed, roads more spacious were constructed, and a fire deparment was organized, which is one of the wonders of the world. It has now a population of 503,304; and in beauty and magnificence it is behind no city in America, while in freshness of appearance it beats all its rivals.

The cities of America being fresh, scarcely anything like an incongruous mixture of varied styles of architecture, recalling to our minds varied periods of its history, is seen within their precincts. In older cities you sometimes see some building like a medieval castle or a relic of an earlier style of architecture side by side with structures which are more modern and therefore fresher. Or perhaps you see a road of a peculiarly antique construction running parallel to others of a more

recent type, or a market with arrangements which carry the mind back to a bygone fashion standing not far from one in perfect accord with the fashion of the day. In a word, you see in older cities what may justly be characterized as anachronisms in its rows of buildings, its net-work of streets and lanes, and its general garniture and adornments. But anachronisms you rarely, if ever, come across in American cities. No relics of Greek or Roman architecture, no medieval castles or dilapidated forts of an age long since gone by kept standing by huge buttresses, appear to mar their freshness. The buildings, the streets, the parks—all are fitted to show that they have been beautified within the memory of an elderly man. I came across several persons who had seen the city of Chicago raised to glory, as if by the word of a magician, burnt down by a destructive conflagration, and re-raised to even greater glory within their life time!

2. American cities are large and indefinitely expansible. Philadelphia, the greatest in extent, is 22 miles long with a breadth of 5 to 8 miles, and can take in several square miles of territory, and so accommodate twice or even thrice the number of people who make it their home. Boston, which has also passed through a baptism of fire, not of course so far-reaching in its consequences as the one which has regenerated Chicago, has outlying districts, which are sparsely, if at all populated, and which have a broad margin for its growth to twice, and even thrice its present importance in population. As to cities like Chicago, they are rising fast, and will ere long be in a position to rival, if not surpass the greatests cities of the Union in population and importance. In a word, the cities of the United States are, with perhaps a very few exceptions, passing through their incipient stages of development, and have not yet reached their normal strength, and so they are expansible in a sense in which the older cities of the world are not.

3. The cities owe their rapid growth and magnificence to

a spirit of rivalry, wholesome on the whole, though by no means unattended by what is questionable. The cities literally vie with one another in improving their appearance and adding to their glory. The municipal arrangements are as perfect as they could possibly be, and whatever is calculated to pain the eye or offend taste is removed with the greatest promptitude. There is quite a rage for stupendous piles of architecture, or buildings of gigantic proportions. In every city almost you see some building or other in process of construction, before which the stupendous structures that we see and admire in India, a few castellated palaces excepted, would dwindle into insignificance. A building in progress at Chicago has consumed about seven or eight hundred thousand dollars, and is yet to consume two or three more. A vast structure at Philadelphia bids fair to rival it in expenditure and magnificence. But the climax is to be seen in the huge building called the Capitol, an imitation by no means exact of the Capitol at Washington, in course of construction or rather nearly finished at a small city called Albany. This tremendous pile has already cost fourteen hundred thousand dollars, or about 30 lacs of rupees, and is to consume a few more. These tremendous amounts or fabulous sums are fitted to conjure up before our mental eye the phantom of the reckless waste, which is the great virtue of our Public Works Department, if not the more grisly phantoms of peculation and embezzlement. Public servants in America, as we shall have occasion to show, are by no means above corruption; and it is safe to assume, nay it is generally taken for granted in the States that a great deal of the public money laid out for these gigantic structures never reaches its destination, or finds big pockets to repose in between its starting point and its goal. But the rivalry among the cities, a source doubtless of this rapid growth in population, wealth, grandeur and influence, is not unaccompanied with features of a questionable character. Associated with it, you notice the spirit of self-praise which

is in perfect accord with American notions of etiquette, and the spirit of festive malice which invents stories, droll but mischievous, at the expense of parties regarded with perhaps unconscious dislike. You go to a city like St. Louis in the west, and you are sure to hear its native-born inhabitants speaking of it in the highest terms possible, and of all other cities very disparagingly indeed. St. Louis is indeed a paradise in this world, but Chicago—why it is a sink of filth and squalor, not a city by any means! Go to Chicago, and you will find the compliment repaid with compound interest. Then every city has a road, a building, or a Church, if not several, which is loudly and emphatically declared to be the best in the United States, and of course best in the world. Speaking of an avenue in a city called Cleaveland, a lady said most unhesitatingly, and with the greatest emphasis, that it was "the finest in the world". Another lady, an inhabitant of Baltimore, assured me with similar emphasis, that a Church in it was "the grandest in America". I very respectfully said—"Madam! this is the American style of speaking." But I cannot conclude this portion of my gossip without alluding to the racy and humorous stories which are circulated by the cities at the expense of one another, and which are relished every where but the places to which they are by no means very complimentary. Boston, for instance, prides itself on its intellectual superiority over all the other cities of the United States, but a story is fabricated and ventilated, eminently fitted to humble it. A Bostonian gentleman advised a fellow-citizen of his to read the Plays of Shakespeare, and, when he had done so, enquired what he thought of them. The man in a whispering tone replied—"My friend, let me tell you that there are not twenty men at Boston who could have written those Plays." This poor man, I was assured, was *not* a true Bostonian, for had he been one, he would not have made this confession. But the story circulated at the expence of Chicago beats in its apparent drollery and concealed sarcasm any I heard in America,

excepting one having for its objects, not the depreciation of a city, but that of a noisy statesman. A native of Chicago went to heaven and knocked at the gate. Peter, who had the keys came out and enquired:—"Where have you come from?" The man replied:—"From Chicago." Peter's reply was curt and incisive:—"We know nothing about your place: no body ever came here from Chicago." I must in this connection relate the story of which the unfortunate statesman alluded to is the hero. The statesman, whom we will call A, was very able, but very noisy at the same time. After he had spoken in Congress in his usual stentorian style, a member got up, and expressed a wish to speak. The house was called to order, and the member began thus:—"Last night I dreamed, and found myself in hell. The Devil received me kindly, asked me in, gave me a cigar, and asked me to play at cards with him. While we were thus engaged, we were interrupted by a loud rapping at the door. "Boy!" said the Devil "who is there?" The boy ran and came back saying "It is A." "A!," said the Devil "the noisy A: what does he want?" "He wants to come in," said the boy. "We cant have him here: he is too noisy: let him go back to his own city." "But his city wont have him," suggested the boy "he has no place to go to." The Devil spent a short moment in meditation, and said—"We cant have him here, give him a little sulphur and fire and let him make a hell of his own!"

4. The cities, moreover, are rich, not only in architectural beauty and material decorations, but in modes of conveyance, facilities of communication, and copious supplies of the necessaries and luxuries of civilized life. Every city has its innumerable street-cars, coupes and hacks, and some cities have conveyances of a peculiar construction demanded by their hilly and therefore uneven and undulating surfaces. Cincinnati, for instance, has a peculiar kind of conveyances called *Dummies*, or street-cars, propelled by steam, and not drawn by horses; and these run up rugged roads to the terraces on which some

of its beautiful suburbs are situated. This city moreover has cars which literally go up and come down a steep, precipitous ascent, which leads up to one of its most romantic terraces; and these occupy no mean place among the samples of Yankee ingenuity: standing at the foot of this ascent you see a broad steep path rising over your head to a great height, and a couple of cars loaded with living freight, one let down and the other pulled up by means of a piece of machinery with which it is crowned. A more beautiful sight you can scarcely think of except when standing on a vantage-ground, you see a couple of trains ascending and descending the magnificent iron curve which is one of the great beauties and wonders of New York. Every city moreover has its richly furnished steam-vessels of all kinds and sizes, either standing in rows on the river on which it stands or clustering forest-like on the expansive bosom of the Bay or Channel which it commands, so that communication of the swiftest kind, both by land and by water, is within its reach. Again, every city has its water supply secured by a system of tubes, which run like arteries and veins underneath its surface, through the walls of its buildings. and up into the topmost rooms of its palaces of manufacture or business or pleasure. The machinery connected with the water supply of Chicago, and some other cities, standing, as it does, on the margin of extensive and magnificent lakes, is worthy of careful observation and study. You see a lofty tower, 150 feet high, on the margin of the lake on which this city stands, and you are tempted to mistake it for a monument raised to honor some historical character or commemorate some heroic adventure. What event does this monument perpetuate the memory of?—you ask. Your American friends smile at you, and open your eyes to unsuspected fact by calling it the water-tower of Chicago. Not far from it, you see the water-works, the stupendous engines, which bring water, not from the borders of the lake, but from a great distance from the borders, force

it up the neighbouring tower, and there disperse it through a grand system of tubes all over the city. In every city moreover you see another system of tubes at work to maintain telephonic communication between its different parts. My first insight into the wonders of this system was obtained in a beautiful town in the vicinity of New York, in the house of a medical gentleman of established reputation and large practice. He maintained telephonic communication with hundreds of families, and that at a cost only of about Rs. 200 a year. If one of his numerous patients needs advice, he causes an electric bell in the Doctor's room to ring: the doctor rises from his seat, moves forward, and applies his ear to the tube jutting out of one of its walls. The patient communicates his case through it, and the doctor returns answer; and in this way medical advice is placed within call, so to speak, of about 500 families living within an area of several miles of the practitioner's house. At Cincinnati I talked through a telephon to a person in an extremity of a large, colossal hospital opposite to the one I occupied, and, though I spoke in a whispering tone and he replied in the same, our conversation was as entertaining as if we were seated *tete-a-tete*. At Detroit I was ill, and needing medical advice I asked my kind and generous hostess to send for a doctor. She walked down into one of her own rooms, spoke to her Doctor through telephonic tubes, and came up with his assuring reply. At another place I saw a lady sending through the magic tubes an order for some extra pounds of meat to a butcher living at some distance from her house. At a place, called Elgin, I wished to look into a large watch manufactory, one of the grandest in the world, and communicated my intention to the manager through a kind-hearted minister, who had accompanied me to the establishment, within which about 1,200 persons, about 600 males and 600 females, were at work. The manager said that he could not let me in without a special permission obtained from the Superintendent at Chicago,

a distance of upwards of thirty miles. He however asked us to wait a minute in the reception room, walked up, sent a telephonic massage to, and received a reply from the proper party, and allowed us in with a clear conscience, under the guidance of an intelligent man who could, and did explain the processes, as we looked at them. This is one of the wonders of the new world not yet thoroughly naturalized in the old. The communication in large cities is maintained through a central office, wherein the arteries and veins of this system meet, as in a common centre. Suppose you wish to speak to the butcher on the other side of your city, you have first of all to cause an electric bell to ring in this office. The man on the watch receives your order, attaches the tube to the butcher's house to that close to your mouth, and makes an interchange of thoughts and ideas with that dignitary as practicable as if he were standing before you! After what has been said in former papers, I need not enlarge on the innumerable vestiges of affluence and prosperity noticeable in the great cities of the United States. Indeed the world cannot boast of many cities wherein you see so much architectural beauty combined with so little deformity, such profusion of wealth with so little poverty, so many proofs of abundance and prosperity with so few of want and wretchedness, such intense activity and earnestness in conjunction with so little indolence and levity.

5. In the cities the stranger notices not merely symptoms of plenty and prosperity, but vestiges innumerable of that ingenuity in which the Americans beat most decidedly all the other nations of the world. These you notice, not merely in the manufactories wherein you see varieties of metalic instruments at work, whirling and dashing and thumping, under the guidance of operatives of both sexes, not merely in workshops in one of which you see perhaps a hundred sewing machines worked by steam and turning out shirts at a fabulous rate, or some contrivances turning out hose at the rate of a thousand

a day, but even in the streets and lanes. Some of these have been incidentally referred to, and so I will content myself with a cursory allusion to two of the wonders of Yankee ingenuity I noticed with special admiration, not where these are ordinarily looked for but in the streets of cities. The city of Chicago is divided by the river of the same name flowing through it into three distinct parts, which are connected with one another by 33 bridges and two stone tunnels under the bed of the river. Some of these bridges are moveable, rather than fixed; and when needed they are easily turned from one position to another. One evening I arrived at one of these bridges, intending to cross it and go to the other side. But I found a lot of conveyances and a crowd of people blocking up the road, and making a move towards the river almost impossible. I advanced, and saw the bridge, the long, ponderous wooden bridge, turned aside and made to be as so much lumber on the bosom of the river, to let some vessels pass along from one side to the other. The vessels moved on slowly along both sides of the bridge, now lying on, rather than spanning the river; and when they had passed away, the long, ponderous frame work was brought back to its original position by one man. The mystery was revealed as soon as I walked down, and saw the system of wheels, which rested on a huge, unmoveable wood, and supported the huge frame-work above, and which could be worked by one man so as to effect the changes of position needed to make navigation on its bosom, as well as travelling several feet above it, practicable. In another place I saw a bridge even larger turned aside, by steam working the system of wheels underneath, as if it were a plaything in the hand of a giant. At Chicago, moreover, I saw big houses of solid masonry lifted up from their foundations, and removed from one locality to another! This is a feat of ingenuity never performed anywhere else, and so it needs special notice. At a place called Albany I saw big wooden houses in progress on the roads from their original to

a fresh locality. They appeared like Jagannath's cars of tremendous height, and prodigious dimensions, resting on a system of wheels, and drawn by means of machinery, more than by the muscular strength of leaping and dancing and shouting devotees. These houses are lifted up by means of huge screws, and placed on tremendous planks of wood thrust in; and on these placed above a system of wheels, they are drawn, with all their rooms and furniture intact, from their original locality, and then made to stand on the foundations reared for them in another. When the municipality of a city wishes to see some of its buildings removed from one locality to another, it has simply to pay for their transit, and the desired move is effected. I saw only wooden houses, big as well as small on the move, but I was assured that houses of brick and stone might be, sometimes were, transferred from one part of a city to another with equal ease. Are not the Americans a race of magicians?

It is time for me to pass from the cities on to the towns of America. But before the desirable transition is realized, I must allude to a peculiarity in what may be called its civic orgainzation. The greatest cities of America are not its metropolitan cities. The capital, for instance, of New York State, is not New York the greatest city in America, but Albany which in size, population and wealth is more a pigmy than a giant. The capital of Ohio is not Cincinnati, its biggest city, but Columbus, a large and prosperous town rather than a city of metropolitan proportions. Every rule has its exceptions, and so has this. The largest city in Indiana is Indianapolis, which is also its capital. But exceptions, such as this, only prove the rule, which is that state capitals are by no means the largest and the wealthiest cities of the States, and that the Federal Capital, though the seat of the Legislature and the abode of the highest executive officers, is, in population, wealth and grandeur decidely inferior to many of the first class cities of the Union. But Washington, the Federal Capital, the

centre of all administrative influences of a broad national character, has some peculiar charms; and some detailed notice of it seems fitted to crown our cursory survey of American cities.

Washington stands on the river Potomac, consists of a somewhat undulating plain covering about 11 square miles, and is surrounded, except where the crystal water of the above named stream smiles at its feet, by ranges of low, but lovely hills, some of which are crowned with imposing edifices. The glory of this city, the central structure, around which its ranges of fine buildings cluster, and from which many of its broad avenues radiate, is the celebrated Capitol, the foundation of which was laid, as the city itself was planned, by George Washington himself. The Capitol is a building of gigantic proportions and surpassing splendour, and the dome which crowns it is, with its circular balustrade adorning its base and its lantern and ball surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of Liberty setting off its head, is one of the most beautiful and imposing in the world. It stands on the Capitol hill, 90 feet high, and consists of a main building of light yellow free-stone painted white, and two wings made of white marble, the facade being 751 feet and 4 inches long, and the building covering about three and a half acres of ground. The surrounding grounds embrace about 30 acres, and are not merely laid out with taste but adorned with fountains and statues, the principal of the latter being Greenough's colossal statue of Washington. The main front of the structure consists of three grand porticoes of Corinthian pillars, which with their pediments tastefully, though by no means profusely, decorated, add considerably to the grandeur of its appearance. The main stair-case, with its groups of statuary, one of them specially showing the triumph of civilization over barbarism, leads up to the central portico, and terminates in the entrance which has colossal statues of Peace and War on its two sides, and a basrelief of Washington crowned with laurels by Peace and Fame over

the doorway. A few steps beyond is the Bronze Door which is 17 feet high and 9 feet wide, and which weighs 20,000 lbs. This huge door was cast at Munick and the total cost of its preparation and setting amounted to about 70,000 Rupees. Its *alto-relievo* decorations commemorating the principal scenes in the life of Columbus, and its statuettes representing the great contemporaries of that famous navigator are of course worthy of a closer inspection than I could bestow. The Bronze Door leads into the Rotunda, which is adorned with eight large pictures representing stirring scenes in American history, such as the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, &c. &c., besides some *alto-relievo* in the panels over the entrances of equal significance. Over the Rotunda rises the majestic dome, which in the interior is 96 feet in diameter, and 241 feet high, and which is adorned with fresco-painting covering 6,000 feet, and costing about 80,000 Rs. To have a fine view of the frescoes, which form two concentric circles, one of female forms representing the colonies with George Washington in a sitting posture at their head, and a banner with the American motto *E. Plaribus Unum* (one out of many) inscribed held aloft by some, and the other of groups representing civilization, agriculture, commerce &c,—all the figures being of colossal proportions so as to appear life-size from the floor—to have a fine view of the frescoes, as well as of the city itself and its suburbs, it is necessary to go up through the stair-case between the outer and inner shells. This is certainly not a very easy job, but till it is undertaken and finished, a correct idea of the proportions of the building, the decorations of the dome, and the varied objects of interest in the city cannot be had. But let us speak of the inner glories of this vast pile of architecture, rather than of the scenery it commands from the topmost accessible point of its majestic dome. Adjoining the Rotunda there is a semi-circular hall, about 90 feet long and 57 feet high, crowned with a cupola resting on an entablature supported by twenty four light,

graceful and green colored columns. This is the Old Hall of Representatives, now used as a National Statuary Hall; and it has a circular row of statues, mostly of marble, though a few of Bronze, standing in solemn state, George Washington with his well-complexioned and well-favored face and his hair or wig tied into a knot behind his neck facing Abraham Lincoln standing on small platform with his comparatively fleshless and evidently careworn countenance, and the others, effigies of the great men of America, appearing as lesser lights around the two great luminaries. A few significant panel pictures complete the adornments of the room, the walls of which once resounded with the eloquence of distinguished speakers or the debates of veteran statesmen. On one side of this hall, separated of course by corridors and apartments, is the present Hall of Representatives, which with its velvet-cushioned seats and overhanging galleries is worthy of careful inspection. But I confess this hall, as well as the House of Commons in London or the Senate Hall of Versailles near Paris, disappointed me. Nothing, apart from religious influences, had thrilled my heart so often as choice specimens and glowing reports of Parliamentary eloquence; and these had led me to look for Halls of gigantic proportions, larger even than the Music Hall of Cincinnati, as scenes of senatorial state and eloquence; and my disappointment was great indeed, when these halls appeared less spacious than the Town Hall of Calcutta, though richer by far in elaborate decorations and ornaments. The truth, "distance lends enchantment to the view" burst on my mind every where almost, except when I walked in mute astonishment along the aisles of St. Paul's and some of the colossal cathedrals on the continent. On the other side of the Statuary Hall you see the Senate House decorated and furnished as the Hall of Representatives. Innumerable rooms and offices, all grandly furnished, and a Library with about 400,000 volumes,—increasing at the late of 1500 volumes a year—invite attention;

while so many pictures and statues of George Washington meet the eye that I could not help making my companion laugh by exclaiming—"it is all George Washington!"

But Washington has several objects of interest besides its central and magnificent pile of architecture;—the White House or the President's Palace with its Portico of Tonic pillars in front, its colonnade of the same style in the rear, and its nicely laid out pleasure grounds, converted every Saturday evening into a favorite resort of beauty and fashion attracted by sweet music; the Treasury Department with its long rows of columns, its rooms, corridors and staircases,, all rendered imposing by elaborate and profuse decorations, and its almost innumerable employes, ladies and gentlemen, handling paper money, in which America beats England, if not all the nations on the Continent, as well as gold and silver coins; its State, war, and navy building with its rows of windows, rising one above another, and terminating upward in a roof surmounted by domes, turrets and slender spires; its national observatory, perched on a small hill, with its large moveable dome and the largest equatorial telescope in the world, besides a large library and a large collection of astronomical instruments; &c. &c. But to two of its inferior luminaries clustering around its grand Capital I would call attention for a moment. The *Patent Office* is a large building, 410 feet long and 275 deep, made of marble and whitened sandstone, adorned with porticos and pillars which form its external decorations, and showing in the interior many office rooms beautifully furnished on the various floors, and four large, rectangular halls on the main floor, wherein the wonders for which the structure is famous are collected. Within these halls you see long rows of glass cases running parallel to one another, alongside of narrow aisles, and these as a rule are full of models representing all kinds of mechanical art. The ingenuity of the American people is a marvel to strangers, specially to one like myself from a stationary, non-progressive country in Asia;

and its wondrous result can not be studied and rightly appreciated even by a man of universal genius in a century. An ordinary man, like myself, with little or no aptitude for such studies, might spend a millennium in America without being able to change the vague, undefined, yet boundless admiration inspired by a cursory view of its stupendous triumphs of art into that intelligent appreciation, which is the result of mechanical knowledge and careful examination. I could not visit a Railway workshop and see several pieces of machinery at work, some cutting bars of iron, others polishing their surfaces, others again boring holes through them and so on; or a Paper manufactory converting by means of a variety of contrivances almost every conceivable thing, barks of trees, husks of gram &c. into paper of the largest size and finest stamp; or a match manufactory showing the various delicate operations connected with the business of matchmaking begun, continued and consummated by means of a large number of instruments under the guidance of skilful operators, both male and female;—I could not walk through the various work shops of large manufacturing establishment, without exclaiming instinctively:—"Oh for some knowledge of mechanical science and six months' study of these processes!" But the model room of the Patent Office with its quarter of a mile of hall-floor covered with glass cases, and its 120,000 or more models, representing mechanical art in all its departments, drew from me the exclamation—"Oh for an extraordinary amount of mechanical knowledge and the quiet study of a life as long as that of Methuselah!" The Model Room has moreover some rare relics of the Revolutionary period of American history, such as Benjamin Franklin's Press, the uniform General Washington wore when he resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief, and several articles belonging to him, along with the original treaties made in those stormy days.

The Art Gallery of Washington drew my attention for the first time to a grand and glorious feature of the decorations

of the great cities of the New World. These are eminently fitted to ensure æsthetic culture. The innumerable vestiges of taste and refinement one sees in the very streets, in the adornments of the overhanging buildings and the arrangements of the skirting shops, are fitted to develop that portion of our nature, which may be represented as a connecting link between the earnestness of its deep intellectual and moral life and the grossness of its animal and material existence. But to secure the blessings of aesthetic culture of the broadest type there are, in the great cities of America, Art Museums with splendid collections of pictures and statues, imitations and models of the master-pieces of ancient and mechanical art, as well as the original choice productions of eminent native artists. The collection at Washington is the gift to the city of a private gentleman, and may therefore be called private in one sense of the term. But it is one of the grandest private collections in the world, and an hour spent among its glories is an hour of fine culture and exquisite enjoyment. The best Art Gallery I saw in the United States is at Boston, situated in one of its airy and thinly inhabited parts, not far from one of its most magnificent cathedrals. It is a two-storied house, the halls of the lower floor being full of statuary, models of some of the grand statues I saw afterwards at Rome, as well as originals fashioned and shaped and beautified by the chisel of American sculptors ; and the halls of the upper floor being as a rule full of choice paintings, imitations of some of the master-pieces seen on the continent, and originals the glory of which is attributable to the genius and pencil of American painters.

Having done with cities I must speak a word about Towns, and then take leave of the reader for one complete revolution of the moon. But why make Towns the subject of a separate dissertation? Are not towns cities in miniature? And when American cities have been described, more or less graphically, materials fitted to enable the reader to catch a glimpse of

American towns have been placed within his reach. Why then devote a separate paragraph to them? Yes, towns are indeed cities in miniature, and villages towns in miniature, and hamlets villages in miniature, and a single dwelling house a hamlet in miniature. But it needs a very broad flight of the imagination to picture a city of metropolitan dimension and grandeur with nothing but a dwelling house, however grand before us. To bridge the gulf between a dwelling house and a grand city an experience rich enough to embrace all the intermediate stages of corporate existence or social life is an inevitable necessity. Nay, to expand a town on the canvass of the imagination till its dimensions and grandeur warrant its assumption of the title of a city, or to contract a city on the same invisible canvass till its narrowed limits and humbled glory compel it to take the unassuming name of a town,—the process needs practical observation to prove a success, rather than day dreams and night visions. A Town in America presents an aspect very different indeed from that presented by a city, inasmuch as no mere agglomeration of towns can secure the taste, beauty and magnificence characteristic of cities properly so called. The Town in America has however its own beauty not to be despised. As a rule it radiates from its *bazar*, which consists of a few stores, such as the butcher's, the grocer's, the shoe-maker's, occupying the lower stories of a few good, substantial, though not very lofty brick buildings, arranged in parallel rows along two or three broad streets, and interspersed, so to speak, with houses of entertainment and amusement, such as hotels and theatres and drinking saloons. The streets radiate from this central cluster of buildings, and if you trace the course of one of these, you will see it skirted on either side by a row of wooden houses, each surrounded by a little patch of green sward overgrown with a few scattered trees and plants, and terminating in a spacious field or wood. A number of such streets thus adorned and thus bounded, running towards all the points of the compass

may be represented as the arteries issuing out of its heart, while a few narrower streets with smaller houses similarly arranged may be called its viens. Some of the towns of America are very beautiful indeed, being situated amid lovely hills or embowered amid romantic woods; but every town, whether particularly beautiful or not, has much that is fitted to relieve the monotony of life. Every town for instance has a council hall, which often becomes the scene of large meetings and animated debates, and in which public lectures and orations are not unfrequently delivered in the hearing of appreciative audiences composed of intelligent ladies and gentlemen. Every town has a superb school building consisting of several floors and chambers set apart for several scholastic purposes; and the meetings of school girls and school boys held on various occasions bring the citizens together, and prove sources of healthy excitement to them. Every town has of course its Churches and sunday schools, diffusing light and love, unhappily its places of public amusement ready always to counteract the wholesome influence emanating from its centres of ecclesiastical organisation. Again every town has a little library, its associations literary and philanthropic, its bands and concerts, its serenading gentlemen and singing ladies. Life in American towns is by no means ensufferably dull and monotonous, as all sorts of enjoyments from the sublime pleasures of piety and benevolence down to the less refined ones fitted to satisfy the cravings of our animal nature, and culture in the highest sense of the term, culture moral, intellectual, aesthetic and physical, are available, to some extent, within their precincts.

KHOKA BABOO.

Hark! what hurly—burly in the adjoining village! The entire population seems to be moonstruck. Men, women, boys, girls, manservants, maidservants all all join in the insane chorus

of the howl as musical as a jackal concert in the depth of night. License is allowed for clamorous mirth on certain occasions. In order to entrap their neighbours people assemble in churches and shower loud congratulation on a young couple though the hypocrites know to their bitter cost that the whole affair from Alpha to Omega is a gigantic sham. That the oath ventroloquized at the altar is the very alcohol of barefaced perjury; that the nuptial knot needs no Macedonian sabre to untie it. A side-look, a half suppressed smile, a single sigh, dissolves the bond, and converts the "My dear" of Saturday into a bore on Monday following maliciously poking her nose into private letters and accounts at home and eternally croaking decorum in company. But to return to the *gull mall.* Is the village on fire? In these dog days of equality, liberty and fraternity every brat in his teens sports a tobacco probosis in dimensions large enough it is true to ignite with its cinders not only the combustible materials of a village but also the fair orchards of Ceylon as did the flambeau made of the tail of his prototype. But there is no smoke and *Jattra dhooma tattra burnih.* What can be the cause then? So mused a couple at their gate when they spied a female figure approaching from the scene under contemplation. To her they referred the matter and were told in reply that old *Bharadraj* is blessed with a son.

Woe unto thee, *Bharadraj*, woe unto thee. For the little peace that dwelt in thy house is banished, and banished for ever. Thy authority which was never very great is absolute *nil* at present. 'Here *Khoka Baboo* reigns supreme enjoying triplicate recreation with impunity whenever and wherever he pleases perfuming the Turkey carpet, the damask table cloth, the velvet sofa and mewling all the while that there was novedro channels for additional operations. Dare you grudge the liberty? The irate mother flies at you like a fury, and in accents neither oversope nor overrespectful reminds you that it is not every female that can boast of a cherub-like

khoka. Urchins there are and heaven knows their name is a legion to disfigure and disgrace every creek and corner of the metropolis. Go through the whole batch of young monsters where will you find, says she, such divine lineament that lend truth and significance to the poetry of "Human face divine"? What divinity is lodged in that little bundle of swaddling clothes *sans* every thing we will not here stop to enquire. Certain it is that he exacts divine worship more catholic than falls to the lot of any god or goddess in the whole pantheon. As for the father he is a mere cypher now. They can do without him barring his annual income. Fool that he was to marry a third wife in old age expecting to be taken care of and his infirmities duly watched and made allowance for. Alas! poor Yorick! such is not the fashion of the world. You may cry yourself hoarse for an additional sheet to cover your benumbed limbs or for a drop of water to moist your parched lips but you cry in vain. "*Khoka* is awake" is the uniform response. The bagatelle of humanity towards a rotten carcass on the wrong side of fifty is exploded throughout the civilized world, and the nursery tale of life-long bondage to a husband has been justly classed with the exploits of Ali Baba or Tom Thumb the great.

The solar car moved on. Relieved from leading strings our hero arms himself with a rod to split mahogany tables and marble sideboards, and to extract bitter tears from the eyes of his aged father who had pinched himself black and blue to furnish the drawing-room in style for humouring Mamma, who would fain pass among her neighbours for the very pink of fashion. A few years more and *Khoka Baboo* or *Huttat* Babu as he is now more generally called is expense personified, expense for his school which he never attends, expense for his books which he never reads, expense for his private tutor whom he keeps at bay. Expense, expense, expense from the beginning to the end of the chapter. It is niggardly to stint oneself for considerations of pound,

shilling and pence. Nothing is worth having unless it is quite new and according to fashion up to date. Mr. D'Cruz, the probationer in the Census Commissioner's Office, is the man for it. You recollect how readily he pawned his wife's wedding ring for a pair of Wellingtons. The secretary himself is not indifferent to the beatific influence of the genuine Japan. And then the music! Any comparison between it and the harp or the piano is to make use of a very bold hyperbole. To trudge them with a pair of collossus Taltollah slippers in these days of enlightenment while there is sweet *mosh mosh* all around is simply monstrous. HUTTAT BABU must have a pair like that. As to the wherewithal it is no business of his. That is Papa's look-out. He must ponder not only to the babooism but also to the vices of young Bengal or else Jezebel is at him.

Human flesh cannot stand a continued strain. It may struggle for a while but ultimately succumb it must. The thick copper sheet of the boiler when overcharged with steam bursts, so bursts the strongest human constitution sapped and undermined by intemperance. Three bottles of undiluted brandy at a sitting! Bap! Call you this conviviality? Is suicide a national re-creation? The Hindoo widow who mounts the funeral pile of her deceased husband amidst loud plaudits of her friends and relatives has at least this consolation that she is paving her way to the celestial regions. She is mistaken you know, I know every body knows. But yet through the dense cloud of superstition there peeps out a ray of constancy worthy of angels. What is your portion pray? Execrations loud and deep from every body, friend or foe, who has the misfortune to approach the polluted sphere of your drunken freaks. Is intoxication necessary for health, wealth or reputation? Were there poppy fields in paradise? Did Adam and Eve quaff Jamaica rum in running brooks? Small wonder then that Nemesis soon overtakes these culprits and lays them prostrate to point a moral or to adorn a tale.

The royal sappers and miners, Ague and Nausia, prepare the way for their lord by removing every obstacle in the way, especially two deep rooted rocks Appetite and Exercise, which successfully resisted inroads from all quarters. In their wake followed Spleen and Liver, who proclaimed by *ah ah* and sundry other musical notes played to announce the near approach of Sir Omnivorous Dropsy X. Y. Z., the commander-in-chief of the grim potentate who at last comes, sees, and conquers. *Khoka Baboo* is dead! What a splendid array of castles did the wretched father's fancy erect, what numberless Grand Vixier's wives did he witness kicked by the toper engaged in a game of "Hide and Seek" with moles in the utters? Where are they now? Alas! where is he who leaves him the legacy of vexation, pauperisim and anguish.

THE COCK APOSTROPHISED.

Though I would not have my brethren relapse into barbarism, and make an idol of every biped that flaps a pair of wings, yet taking into account the various ways in which thou hast benefited mankind, I should be unjust, if I did not shew some consideration for those that have a partiality for thee, most adorable Biped. Like the sadly sweet and sweetly sad descant of the Nightingale has thy prosaic Cock-a-doodledoo ever brought a tear into the eyes of love-lorn Miss, or like the Lark hast thou a charm to stay the morning star? Why then in the name of wonder shouldst thou be so much made of, and why should such a lot of Cock and Bull stories be told of thee, good-for-nothing Cock? Bless my soul! I quite lost sight of those boon companions, the Borgias, the litigious Leos, the grand Propoganda, the vast Vatican, when I called thee good-for-nothing. Indeed where should all these be, if thou didst not crow thrice to remind Peter of his fall. Why should not thy bones be canonised and incense and candles

burnt in thy honour? I admit it would be awkward to enter thee in the Calender as St. Cock; but St. Bantam doubtless would pass muster with the very tip-top saints. If Catholic gentlemen feel scruples to offer thee the calves of their lips and mutter mystic Latin over thy crimson comb, ought they not in gratitude at least to keep their lips off thy juicy calves and ask Betty the kitchen maid not to bring her fingers within reach of thy real presence.

It has been the custom in this amiable world of ours, with poets to set up business with a small capital of love. It does not matter much whether their ardent appeals are responded to, and whether they get in return a throb for a throb, a sigh for a sigh, a tear for a tear. They would love all the same, and sigh their souls away to a star and blow their breath out in kisses to a flower. If you have not pluck enough to make love to your father's nicce, Miss Rose, you may in all propriety, make love to the rose of your father's garden, prattle sweet nonsense into its ears, make it bristle up with rage, flush up with shame, or pale with fear. No matter if either fails you. You can just as well make up to doves in the dove-cote, there hold forth on their constancy, turn a neat couplet or a sonnet if that is the fashion, and end the affair by making dove rhyme with love. Why doves? Birds of all feathers from the sparrow up to the eagle have been balladed, sonnetted and elegised. All but thee poor Cock! Though the waters of Helicon, the poet's Jordan, have not been sprinkled over thy honest wings, though Catholic gentlemen feel ashamed to own the founder of their Power, yet be of good cheer, thou shalt be righted at last. Thou shall have a pedestal—not a dung-hill as that bungling fellow Æsop gave thee—to stand upon, and sing thy canticle, and startle nations with the din of thy throat.

Of all the brilliant pictures that fill up the gay canvass of the morning thou art the brightest and best! What a sight, when balanced on a hedge, thy crest glancing in the morning

sun, thy wings flapping with glee, thou tellest thy bevy of feathered beauties around, how thou didst catch the finical Morn at her toilette daubing her blanched cheeks with paint. There is a ring of honesty in thy voice which no body can resist. Those that hear thee must believe thee, and those that believe thee must love thee, till they make thee the bone of their bone and the flesh of their flesh, a love which is the highest type of sanctified affection. Though Carey, Marshman and Ward have done themselves to death and pulpits have croaked themselves hoarse, it was reserved for thee to bring about the regeneration of India. At the sound of thy voice the Vedas and the Puranas tremble in their places of power, bigotry slinks away into a corner, superstition flies off and caste hides its diminished head. Jews and Gentiles, Christians and Mahommedans, Brahmins, Sudras and Khetriyas, all devoutly attend at thy ministrations, assemble at thy altar, and chant the triumphs of thy name. Comtism has lost its hold upon India. The effervescence of Deism has also died away, and it is Bipedism alone that holds the myriads of India in pleasant bondage. There is no heresy to distract its Church. No nonconformists, no Dissenters. All approve of its creed of Roast, Curry and Cutlet, and all adore the Prince of Primates and thy bishop Baburchi.

In vain young declaimers invoke our Aryan ancestors, to bring about the unity of India. The Aryan salt has lost its savour, and it will no more suit India's palate. It is useless to hoist up this flag and that flag, with this devise and that devise. It will not do. Dub Cock our king, and make the table our rallying point, and from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin there will be one soul and one body. India must first learn to call the Cock, in whatever questionable shape it chooses to come, whether trussed up like a Smith field martyr or floating in a sea of gravy, King Father, Royal Bird, before the glorious consummation is accomplished.

JIM.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG HINDUS.*

This day is observed throughout Christendom in commemoration of the death, by crucifixion, of Jesus Christ. You have doubtless heard of the name of Jesus Christ if you have not read His life. You ought to have at least some idea of the great event which the Christian Church specially commemorates to-day. We, Christians, believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God who took on Himself the nature of man, and gave His life on the Cross in order that He might save sinners and bring them unto God reconciled. It is this great act of salvation, His dying on the cross, that we specially meditate on this occasion. The fact of the birth of Christ was made known to the Wise Men of the east by the appearance of a star. These Wise Men were not Jews but heathens, evidently scholars versed in the science of astronomy; they followed the star and came to the place where the infant Jesus lay in order to worship Him and place their offerings before Him. This circumstance is significant, in that though Christ was born a Jew His mission was not to be confined to the Jews but was to extend to the whole human race. Divinely instructed these Wise Men came from the far east. There can be no doubt whatever of the authenticity of this narrative. It bears testimony to the fact that God in mercy, at the very commencement of the unfolding of Divine purpose for the salvation of the whole human race, invited the Gentiles to participate in the joys of the advent of the promised Messiah. We have it also as an historical fact that these Wise Men did not merely honor the Infant as a great man of the world, but they paid to Him divine adoration. The sacred writer thus describes the event.—"And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures

* Delivered on Good Friday 1861.

they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

The incarnation of Christ was good tidings of great joy not only to the Jews but to all people. Hear what the Angel said who announced the birth of Christ to the Jewish shepherds watching their flocks by night; "for behold I bring you good "tidings of great joy which shall be *to all* people." Immediately after this proclamation we are informed by the same writer that a multitude of the heavenly host* appeared praising God and saying "Glory to God in the highest, on Earth peace, good will toward men". We have in the Gospel narrative direct evidence that the birth of Christ was proclaimed as an event which concerns all mankind, both Jews and Gentiles.

Passing over the period of this extreme infancy, we notice that when only 12 years of age He was in the Jewish temple "sitting in the midst of the Doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions and all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers". In His life we observe that before He commenced His public ministry, He went through a special course of preparation. This preparation may broadly be put under two heads; the first was that brought about by the ministry of John the Baptist; and the other which consisted of the Temptation. The Christian Church has so divided the year as to follow several portions of the life of Christ for special commemoration. At this season of Lent the Temptation of Christ is one of the incidents of His life to which the Church directs our attention. You will find a full narrative of the Temptation given in the 1st chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Here we have an illustration of all the various forms of temptation, which the great enemy of man, the Devil, is always presenting before us, and in Christ, who is the only sinless and perfect man, Himself God and man, we observe a complete withstanding and overcoming of all these temptations. The Devil was complete-

ly successful with the first man Adam in tempting him to disobey the divine command and thus bring sin, with all its woe and misery, into the world; but in Christ there was perfect triumph, and an exhaustive victory over the Tempter's power. Here is the plainest evidence of the divine nature of Christ. The very first man, created in the image of God while yet pure and holy, yielded to temptation, but the second man Christ overcame the Tempter's power. He must therefore be something greater than the first man Adam was. He must possess in Him that which was wanting in Adam. This period of Christ's life is very fitly placed by the Church as a matter of contemplation antecedently to the event of His death. We must bear in mind that the narrative clearly shows that this temptation of Christ proceeded from without and not from within. It was the work of the Devil. It was His divine nature that rendered the attacks of Satan perfectly innocuous.

After overcoming the temptations of the Devil, Christ entered upon His public ministry. Coming as a Jew to fulfil all prophecy, His ministrations were directed in the first instance to showing that the time had now come when the Mosaic Dispensation, which was only a type, should cease to exist with Him, the promised Messiah, all types and symbols coming at an end. He describes Himself as the Son of God, and also as the Son of Man, herein proclaiming that He is both God and Man. Who can read the Sermon on the Mount without being touched with the feeling that the lecturer was more than human.

There are abundant passages in His teachings and sayings in the Gospel narratives showing that Christ claimed for Himself to be the only way of salvation. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavily laden and I will give you rest." "I am the way, the truth and the life." "No one cometh unto the Father but by me." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son so that whosoever believth in Him should not perish

but have everlasting life". Numerous other passages are to be found in the Gospels in which Christ claimed to be Himself the only means whereby man could be saved. What is this means of salvation ? This brings us to the event we commemorate to-day.

The whole life of Christ is most precious to us, and we can hardly give preference to any one portion; but the cardinal doctrine of Christianity rests on His death and Resurrection. The Gospels give a very full account of all the circumstances connected with His death. His was not a natural death, not the result of the feebleness of age, neither the consequence of fleshly ailments. His death was a real sacrifice. The Jewish nation, or more properly the Jewish hierarchy, finding that Christ did not fulfil their expectations of the promised Messiah were roused with the strongest feelings of bitterness and enmity. They were not able to resist the force of His teachings nor refute His exposition of their Law and Prophets. They were wont to give one interpretation to them, and they were unable to unlearn their own traditions and to appreciate the exposition of the Levitical law which Christ put before them. They failed to recognize Him as the Messiah. They could not see how Jesus could possibly be the Messiah. And yet they could not resist His arguments or account for His acts. Several attempts were made but they all failed. The working of miracles was attributed by them to the agency of Beelzebub, the prince of Devils, but the answer of Christ was a complete refutation;—If Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself: how shall then his kingdom stand? Thus in the fierceness of their animosity to crush the influence which the teachings and doings of Christ were producing on the minds of the people, and seeing that a mighty revolution was steadily working the fall of their accepted traditions and beliefs the Jewish hierarchy resolved to destroy Him, the author of all this confusion. Actuated by all these feelings they sought for a pretext to have Him condemned to death. The history of Christ's

trial before the Jewish ecclesiastical tribunal shows how all the false witnesses who were produced entirely failed to bring home conviction of any offence. It was then that the High Priest called on Him in the name of the living God to declare whether or not he was the Messiah, the Son of God. It was His answer which was seized as sufficient evidence for a conviction. The offence was blasphemy. It is most remarkable that when all evidence failed He should convict Himself by His answer. Surely then the declaration which He made in answer to the question of the High Priest could only have been so made because of its truth. His answer was "Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." The Sanhedrim condemned Him as deserving of the punishment of death; but the administering of the extreme penalty of the law was vested only in the Roman Governor before whom it became necessary to place Christ. In the account of His trial before this heathen officer, we learn that the Roman Procurator enquired of Him "What is truth", and was convinced that He was not guilty of any offence deserving of the punishment of death. The Roman Governor notwithstanding allowed Christ to be sacrificed in order to meet the wishes of the excited Jewish populace.

Thus we see the fulfilment of prophecy. He laid down His life on the cross. That Christ is the saviour of the world is testified to on the very cross to which He was nailed. There were two malefactors crucified with Him, one on each side. One of them railed at Christ saying "If thou be the Christ save thyself and us." "But the other answering rebuked him saying, Dost not thou fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation, and we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss; and he said unto Jesus Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom, and Jesus said unto him verily I say unto thee to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Here we have in the very hour of death evidence of sincere faith on the Saviour founded on genuine repentance and of the promise of immediate bliss. Throughout the whole life of Christ we have an uniform assertion by Him of His divine origin. The death of Christ on the cross is then "a full perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world."

Man has incurred divine wrath and displeasure and is incapable of working out his own salvation. There is no good in him which is capable of appeasing this divine wrath and of removing the penalty of sin. The Christian scheme of redemption at once affords entire relief. Christ has paid the penalty of sin by laying down His life on the cross, and the only condition required of man is to acknowldge Christ by baptism, to believe in Him, to have faith in Him grounded on genuine repentance, and He will bring us to God as reconciled and redeemed. Through Him alone can that union with God be restored which by reason of our sinful nature we have lost. We Christians at all times keep this great event in the life of Christ before us, but more particularly do we in our public devotions draw prominence to it at this season. Let us reflect for a moment. Do we feel that we are sinners, that we have offended God and incurred His displeasure? Do we feel that we shall have to render an account to God for our life, that we are responsible beings? Do we feel that by reason of our sinful nature we are incapable of our ownselves to make us acceptable to God? Do not our hearts condemn us of sin? How then are we to escape from the inevitable result of our sins? Here then is a means of salvation laid before us. The death of Christ. I would most earnestly exhort you to direct your most serious attention to this means of salvation presented to you. Enquire into it Receive the message with a desire honestly to try whether it really contains the remedy. The Members of this Mission are always ready to afford you every help in your enquiry and

search after truth. Depend on it the disease under which we and all mankind are suffering is not one to be trifled with. Let us then seriously, earnestly and honestly set to work in testing this remedy, and if we are unable to reject it as spurious, let us then without delay have recourse to it.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

In the Parsi community of Western India there is no name which stands higher for intelligence, for disinterested patriotism for uprightness of purpose, for pure benevolence, and for enthusiastic devotedness to the cause of education, and especially of female education, than the honoured name of Mr. Sorabji Shapurji Bengali, the present sheriff of Bombay. To us Bengalis the career of Mr. Sorabji is of some interest, as he has assumed the Surname of "Bengalee" from the circumstance that his grandfather lived for years in Bengal, and built at Baliaghatta, in the suburbs of Calcutta, a Tower of of Silence, which is, we believe, the only Tower of Silence in the Lower Provinces. Mr. Sorabji commenced life, we believe, as a clerk in a Bombay bank, and he has risen to distinction and to comparative affluence, not by toadyism, which in this country is the usual road to notoriety and riches, but by sheer force of talent and a character highly moral and pure in its tone. Mr. Sorabji did immense benefit to his countrymen as a journalist. As editor and chief contributor of the *Rast Goftar*, the *Stri Bodha* and other periodicals, he educated the community to which he belongs to just views of politics, society and education. In politics, his views were characterized by a moderation and sobriety unhappily too rare amongst the educated native gentlemen of India; and whilst he sought by all constitutional means to redress the grievances under which his race laboured, he never joined those extreme sections which

are animated by feelings of hostility to the British Government. The same moderation characterized his views of social reform. Sincerely attached to the institutions ascribed to Zoroaster, he well knew that long residence in India had to a certain extent hinduized his countrymen; he therefore directed his efforts to the elimination of the Hindu element from the pure social usages of the ancient Persians. As regards female education, Mr. Sorabji was one of the chief promoters of the Alexandra Institution, a school which is doing so much good to the Parsi community; and his zeal in the cause of female education is such that only a few months ago he gave the magnificent donation of 50,000 Rs for the erection of a Girls' School.

As secretary to the Parsi Law Association Mr. Sorabji did more than any one else towards the amending of the Parsi laws of marriage and inheritance, unless we except Sir Henry Anderson who ably advocated the reforms and carried the bills through the Imperial Legislative Council. For conferring this boon on his fellow-religionists in India, Mr. Sorabji is entitled to their everlasting gratitude.

The Bombay Government has not been slow to recognize the merit of so patriotic a citizen. He has been more than once a member of the Bombay Legislative Council, and the Government has done honour to itself by making him a Companion of the Indian Empire.

We have been led into these remarks about Mr. Sorabji in consequence of a work which he has just published. The work is in two splendid volumes, written in the Gujarati language, and illustrated with drawings of buildings &c of ancient Iran. It treats of a great variety of subjects, political, historical, biographical, antiquarian, sociological, moral educational and religious. It is a reprint of some works formerly published and a selection of leaders in newspapers and articles contributed to magazines. We have seen it stated somewhere that these two volumes do not contain a

twentieth part of what Mr. Sorabji wrote for the press. But as most of the articles must have been of ephemeral interest, Mr. Sorabji has shown good taste in selecting for republication those articles which are likely to be of permanent interest. With these remarks we commend these volumes to the Parsis of India, and to those who read and understand the Parsi Gujarati language.

Principles of Muhammadan Law. By Sir William H. Macnaghten. Compiled by Prosunno Coomar Sen, Editor of Legal Companion. Calcutta: Law-publishing Press. 1881.

The service which Baboo Prosunno Coomar Sen rendered to Hindu Law in his first treatise he now renders to Muhammadan Law in the volume before us. Macnaghten's "principles of Muhammadan Law" is a standard work on that subject; but as it was written many years ago, its value has somewhat diminished on account of the changes and modifications which Muhammadan Law has undergone in consequence of subsequent legislation and the decisions of courts. This defect Mr. Sen supplies in the treatise before us by bringing Macnaghten's work up to date. Besides, Macnaghten's original work is very costly, and therefore not accessible to the general reader. Mr. Sen deserves the thanks of the public for bringing a standard work up to date, and for making it cheap.

Garhasthya Vijnan. By Sarat Chandra Choudhuri. Mayamansingha. B.E. 1287.

This is an excellent treatise on household midwifery, similar to Bull's *Hints to Mothers*. Every Bengali family ought to have a copy of this book.

Aranya-Pasuna. Calcutta. B. E. 1288.

The author of this volume of lyrical poems in the Bengali language has through modesty not affixed his name to it; but some of the pieces are of sufficient merit to induce the writer to appear in the second edition in his own person.

From Nature to Christ. Four Lectures delivered to educated Hindoos. By the Rev. E. F. Brown, M. A. of the Oxford Mission. Calcutta : Oxford Mission Press. 1881.

The tone of these Lectures is excellent. We are sure they will do a great deal of good to those for whom they are intended. We trust the reverend author will pardon us for saying that Greek quotations from the *Nicomachean Ethics* of Aristotle are too much of a good thing for the audience to whom they were addressed. Barring this pedantry, and the school-boyish habit which the author seems to have of interlarding his compositions with quotations from the poets, the Lectures are in every way admirable.

Prayer Books. By W. Harper, B. D., Church of Scotland Mission, Sealkote. Lahore. 1881.

Are printed prayers to be used in divine worship in Churches? The Rev. W. R. Blackett of the Church Mission says —"Yes;" the Rev. W. Harper of the Church of Scotland says,—"No." Without giving our own opinion of the subject, so far as the arguments reproduced in this pamphlet are concerned, we think Mr. Blackett comes off second best.

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THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

THE most obvious thing about America, the thing that strikes even the most superficial observer, is its territorial vastness. Americans are of course aware of this glory of their land, and they never lose an opportunity of flaunting it in the presence of strangers. An American traveller said, with humour somewhat mixed with contempt, that England was so small a country that he did not relish the idea of sleeping in it, afraid as he could not but be of being thrown into the sea while asleep! Another while looking along with a Scotchman at the beautiful lake, and the grand scenery around, so graphically sketched in the *Lady of the Lake*, exclaimed somewhat contemptuously—"It's a miserable pool: the poet has made the place famous!" The Scotchman retorted with scarcely concealed indignation—"but you have not the poet!" An English gentleman was pluming himself, Anglo-Saxon fashion, on the vastness of the English Empire, "in which", he emphatically said, "the sun never sets" The American who heard him, and who was determined not to be outmatched in bragging said—"That is nothing: our country is a great deal vaster, it being bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the precession of the equinoxes, on

the north by the aurora borealis, and on the south by the day of judgment!" The American conquered, and does conquer, for his country is a world in itself, an agglomeration of States and Territories, one of the largest of which say Nebraska would, if peopled as it might be, form a country nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, or about twice as large as the Madras Presidency. Its territorial aggrandizement is scarcely matched by its wonderful growth in population or wealth. The Thirteen Original States, lying on the sea-ward of the Atlantic between Canada on the North and Florida on the south, which ratified the fundamental constitution of the United States during the first administration of George Washington, or between the years 1789 and 1793, comprized about 316,938 square miles, and had a population of 3,929, 214 souls. In 1870, or about two decades earlier than a century after, the Union embraced thirty-seven States and eleven territories, comprizing 3,604,000 square miles, and having a population of 38,508,700 souls. Its population has since risen to upwards of Fifty millions. In a word, it is somewhat more than twice the size of India, with a fifth of the confessedly underestimated population of our country. Hence its unparalleled prosperity! It should also be borne in mind that America is, like its rising cities and towns, almost indefinitely expansible, and may in time extend over regions, from which, as loyal subjects of Her Majesty, we should like to see it keeping aloof. But there is a fatality in favor of its extension, such as no earthly power seems fitted to resist; and it may do what Rome never did—realize the idea of a universal empire!

Nor does the extent of the country outrival the magnificence of its scenery. Extensive fields rich with waving grain, meadows covered with fresh grass, dense forests vocal with the rustle of leaves and the music of singing birds, ranges of hills of varied heights and shapes covered with lovely woods, large sheets of fresh water glistening under the glare of a

cloudless sky, orchards and groves alternating with green swards and beautiful downs, broad rivers smiling under mounds and embankments some covered with vegetation and some with prickly shrubs, majestic rocks showing their rugged grandeur around valleys full of giant trees—the traveller stands lost in admiration amid the wealth and variety of its scenery. But in view of its richness and glory, we, Indians need not, as I repeatedly said in America, be ashamed of our beloved father-land. "Do you really wish to go back to your country?"—this question was repeatedly put to me. My answer of course was:—"I am guilty of the unpardonable solecism, if not sin, of ardently wishing to go back!" "Why?" "Why—because we have a country as grand upon the whole as yours, with a history which you will have to live about four thousand years more to be able to point to with honest pride!" Yes, in wealth of scenery and variety of resource we certainly do not give the palm to America. If America is begirt with ranges of mountains emanating from rocky centres and crossing it in all directions, we have the same features of beauty and sublimity, having the snow-covered elevations and the glaciers of the Himalayas, to which no country on the surface of the globe can afford a parallel. If America is intersected by broad and majestic rivers like the Mississippi and Missouri, throwing out their innumerable branches, and forming thereby a network of natural canals, some of prodigious dimensions, the river system of our country smiling under grand watersheds is as complete almost as it can be. If America is interspersed with romantic forests adorned in some seasons of the year with a garniture of fresh leaves, rustling as a rule in the gentle breezes, though shaken at times to their centres by the howling wind and the roaring tempest, one who has walked through the dense forests of Central India with his life in his hand, and his blood curdled in his heart, would be prone to question its claim to pre-eminence in this respect. If America has spacious and rich fields of waving grain indicating by

their general appearance an unusual degree of fertility, the same sight would regale our eyes here if our country were as lightly taxed as it is, and its agricultural population as far advanced in the art of cultivation as their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. If America has picturesque valleys surrounded by chains of lofty, forest-clad hills, and variegated by sheets of vegetation smiling amid woods of giant trees, one who like myself has gazed enraptured on the valley of the Soane from a giddy height, or feasted on the varied elements of the scenery pronounced by Dr. Duff the most romantic he had seen either in the Old or in the New World, would not willingly give it the palm of victory. If America has an almost interminable line of sea-coast, rich in fisheries and opportunities of navigation, India can even in this respect stand a competition with it; while the beauties of its extensive prairies are not unseen within the precincts of our fertile plains. And lastly, if America unites within its broad limits all diversities of climate and varieties of soil, India may even more appropriately be called, or has more appropriately been called, the epitome of the world.

Indeed, the external aspect of America does not appear at first sight to be different from that presented by our country. As you travel in that distant land, the successions of cornfields and meadows, orchards and groves, hills and valleys, rivers and rivulets you see are fitted to recall to your mind familiar scenes in your own country. It is when you narrowly examine the varied elements of the scenery before you that you notice the difference. The woods in external appearance are not different from those here, but the trees of which they consist are certainly different. The elm, the beach, the maple, the sycamore, the sturdy oak and the aspen with its quivering leaves,—these are the inanimate grandeurs of the American forests; while a single tree which you can hail as an old friend is not visible within their often broad limits. The trees moreover are not so umbrageous; they do not spread

around their crowns rich canopies of branches and leaves of a hemisphrical shape as trees here ; while a tree approaching in grandeur the giant banian with its daughter plants forming "a pillared-shade" is of course unknown in American fortests. I had no opportunity of seeing the romantic forests of the Western regions of that vast country, but I have come back with the impression that in forest-scenery we beat the Americans as decidedly as they beat us in their grand lake scenery. Some of the States, particularly the New England States, on the Atlantic Seaward, are full of small, natural lakes, which spread their transparent, silver waters in the vicinity of thriving towns or on the out skirts of frequented railroads; and the regions west of the Rocky Mountains have extensive sheets of water variegating the scenery associated with them. But these, though sure to be considered splendid inland lakes in any other country, are but earnests of the grandeur of the lake-scenery of America. The five inland seas on the North, Lake Superior connected with Lakes Michigan and Huron and communicating by means of broad channels with Lakes Eirie and Ontario, are really the giants ; and the thousands of miles of inland navigation they render feasible, together with the forests covering the shores and the towns raised thereon, together also with their innumerable docks and wharves and the beautiful steamers plowing their waters, often calm but at times lashed up into uncontrollable violence, are among the luxuries and conveniences of American life unknown in this or any other country of Asia, or perhaps the world. Speaking of these inland seas, an American gentleman said :— "Britishers speak of the Lake scenery of England, Scotland and Ireland in extravagant terms of praise : let me however tell you that the smallest of these five lakes is big enough to swallow up England, Scotland and Ireland with all the beauty of their lake scenery !" This is a fair specimen of American brag and bluster, for the largest of these lakes, Lake Superior, is about one-half of the size of England and Wales, and

the five taken together could not perform the gastronomic feat alluded to by my American friend!

From the stupendous fresh water lakes of America to the crowning glory of American scenery, the Falls of Niagara, the transition is natural enough. Americans boast of these sights, as constituting the peculiar physical excellency of their country, and as fitted to give it the foremost place among the countries of the world in natural scenery. These are the Yosemite valley, west of the Rocky Mountains in California, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and the Falls of Niagara between the Lakes Eirie and Ontario. The Yosemite valley with its giant trees, its stupendous rocky walls, and numerous cataracts dashing along their sides is grand indeed; but though I had no opportunity of feasting on this scene of rugged grandeur I believe it has its counter part in our country, which in sublimity of mountain scenery surpasses all the other countries of the world. The Mammoth Cave with its magnificent distances is certainly a unique feature of American scenery; and we have nothing of the kind to put in competition with it. We are however by no means over-anxious to have a subteranean continent wherein whole cities may be buried, or a safe burial place secured, compared with which the catacombs of Rome are what a pigmy is compared with a giant! Certainly the crowning glory of American scenery is the Niagara with its green waters, surging rapids and precipitous and majestic Falls. The world has many cataracts and falls, and I have seen not a few of them. Years ago I was more than once lulled into a sort of meditative, dreamy repose, while seated in the veranda of a small villa raised on one of the well-known hills in the vicinity of Mirzapore, by the warbling sound of a rivulet descending through a series of natural platforms on one side, and the thundering noise of a narrow stream of water sprouting out of a big hole and plunging furiously into a broad basin about a hundred and fifty feet below on the other. About four years ago on my way to Nynee Tal I traced

a cataract from a green volcanic lake up through a narrow precipitous gorge till its pleasant, lulling hum thickened into a deafening roar. And two years ago I stood before rugged rocks in the vicinity of Simla, and saw several streams of pouring water issuing out their river sides, and dashing down into deep basins with a momentum which nothing in nature seemed fitted to resist. But these roaring cataracts ought not even to be named in the same breath with Niagara, just as the Mirzapore hills ought not to be named in the same breath with the acreal snow-covered, glittering heights of the Himalayas! The world has many cataracts, but only one Niagara, and the scenery associated with it is unutterably glorious, as well as unique.

Before however I state what I saw of the Falls and in the vicinity of the Falls, I must recall to the reader's mind some well known facts regarding them. The river Niagara is only thirty-six miles long, and its business is to carry the superfluous waters of the Inland Seas clustering around Lake Eirie, and connected with it by broad channels, with Lake Ontario, and hurl them through the river St Lawrence into the Atlantic. To clear this short distance and perform its duty, it has to do what no river on the surface of the globe has, viz., to proceed in a majestic course for some miles, and then to tumble and dash and foam for about a mile down a rugged descent, then to leap over ledges of rocks about a hundred and sixty feet high and fall headlong into a circular basin of unknown depth, then to proceed in an under current for about a couple of miles, then to break out into a roaring whirlpool, and ultimately to enter its resting place with the calm majesty with which it set out. No river in the world passes through so many vicissitudes as Niagara, and therefore no river attracts such crowds of admiring visitors.

My starting point was the railway station at Buffalo, the thriving city which the magic of civilization has raised at the very source of this wonderful little river; and of course we

dashed at railway speed along its course, occasionally catching glimpses of its splendid sheet of green waters. On this iron road I saw what I had never seen in my life-time, a locomotive race. I had seen celebrated racers spurring their trained horses, "neck or naught" with railway speed along circular paths guarded by palisades; our national *eccas* flashing along macadamised roads in all the glitter of their brazen appendages set on by a spirit of competition deprecated in vain by their tortured inmates; elephants of prodigious size and stature goaded by iron pikes into the hurry and excitement of a furious, competitive run; big camels with their long necks and unsightly gear running side by side with one another with a fury indicative of the rivalry of their owners, or their determination to beat one another; and human runners moving forward by giant strides towards the goal lured on by tempting prizes. I had moreover seen on the blue waters of the Nynee Tal lake nice barges guided by beautiful ladies and manned by pleasure-seeking gentlemen, dashing along at furious speed towards porticos and verandas crowded with groups of gaily dressed spectators, ready to express their gratulation in deafening cheers and shouts of applause. But a locomotive race, two locomotives with trains of cars full of travellers behind them running a race along two parallel roads, the drivers engaged in working the engines into extraordinary speed;—this grand, but by no means assuring sight cannot be seen out-side the pale of the New World. In the race between the train we were in and that running alongside of us we were, I must candidly confess, thoroughly beaten. The driver of the rival train had the gallantry or astuteness to give us the victory at the outset: we outran our fellow-competitor, smiled at his defeat, and looked at our triumph with self-complacency. But our exaltation was shortlived, for before we had once more settled down into the monotony of life, the train left behind approached, drove past, and left us very far indeed behind. The whole scene was once more

enacted, and then our enemy left us behind to be seen no more. I must say I felt relieved when the competition was over. I arrived after about an hour's drive at the small town called Niagara in the vicinity of the Falls, took up lodgings, left my bag and baggage in a nice room, hired a conveyance, and hastened to gratify a curiosity, which had been intensified in proportion as I had approached the object fitted to set it at rest, and which was now entirely uncontrollable, or too violent to be restrained. We drove through one or two of the streets of the rising town, passed through a shady walk, and found ourselves before the lofty towers of what is called the New Suspension Bridge, a light and graceful bridge built at a cost of about six lacs of rupees, 1268 feet long and 190 feet above the surface of the waters. While driving through this long but narrow bridge, I had my first view of the Falls towards the left. "Are these the celebrated Falls of Niagara?" "Yes, they are", said the driver. My spirit sank within me, my bright anticipations changed into gloomy disappointment, and I felt disposed to say—"never believe in glowing descriptions of natural scenery." We crossed the beautiful bridge, and as we approached Table Rock, the vantage ground on the Canadian side whence a magnificent view of the Falls might be obtained, my drooping spirits began to rise, and the cataracts grew upon me. Approaching this rock, and standing beneath the magnificent hotel by which it is overshadowed with my face towards the river, I carefully surveyed the Falls. Towards the right I saw the Horse-shoe Fall, a sheet of green water 2376 feet broad overleaping a ledge of rocks once somewhat like a horse-shoe but now like the letter A inverted, about 158 feet high, and dashing down in an unbroken series of foaming streams, variegated with lines, so to speak, of descending waters with their original green color unchanged, on the bosom of the basin below, and sending up by virtue of the law reaction a bright cloud of curling spray, almost as high as the curiously shaped hill from which it falls down

headlong. Towards the left, at some distance, on the other side of the river, I saw the American Fall, another sheet of water about 900 feet broad overleaping a straight line of rocks 163 feet high, and descending in a similar series of forming streams similarly variegated, but looking much brighter on account of the intervening distance, into the basin, and sending up a similar cloud of spray. Between these two majestic falls there is the Centre Fall, a sprout of foaming water, inconsiderable when compared with either of its two great neighbours, but broader than any fall our country can boast of. It is about a hundred feet broad, and from a distance appears to be only a portion of the American Fall. While you stir, on the other side of the bridge, you see a couple of falls, by no means larger than the cataracts in the vicinity of Simla. The smaller falls unite their ceaseless roar with the eternal thunder of the larger ones; and a wild melody, somewhat like that raised in a tempestuous sea by the jarring elements, is perpetually, unintermittently heard. The celebrated female poet, whose apostrophe to the Falls of Niagara is nearly as sublime as Coleridge's apostrophe to Mont Blanc, represents their melody as grander than that of the sea, for the sea has its seasons of calm preceding and succeeding its seasons of agitation, while the thundering roar of the Falls is eternal, ceaseless, unintermittent and unremitting. If Byron could appropriately say to the ocean—"Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now," it might be said of the Falls—Such as creation's dawn heard, ye roar now!

While standing on this vantage ground, with my head cooled by the scattered spray descending on and around its in pleasant showers, I was led, I know not by what magic power, to fix my gaze on the American Fall so completely that I almost forgot the existence of that toward my right, or of those smaller ones which no body cares much about. And my thoughts interwove themselves into a glorious vision. The heavens, methought, were suddenly opened, and a grand stream of blazing diamonds,

with here and there a streak of emeralds and sapphires descended therefrom to enrich our poor earth. And the vision was sweet to me, and I gazed and gazed till the tears trickled down my cheeks. Never in my life-time have I been more deeply affected by a natural scene; and never has the connection of this sin-stricken world with one infinitely more durable and more glorious burst on my view with such definiteness of shape and vividness of coloring! I gazed upon the Falls from the various well-known points of interest; the American Fall hurled down convulsive from Prospect Park; the entire sweep of falls and bridges from Luna Island, the majestic curve of the Horseshoe Fall from a point of Goat Island so thickly covered with grand forest trees;—I gazed on the rapids from a bridge nearly a mile above the Falls manifesting their fury in a broad mass of seething, boiling, tumbling and dashing waters on the fearful whirlpool caused by the sudden outburst of the under-current set in motion by the descending waters, perhaps a hundred feet below the surface of the river; but nothing seen in the vicinity made so deep an impression on my mind; and as I now think of Niagara I have before the eye of my mind the blazing streams of diamonds and emeralds on which my gaze was fastened when I stood on Table Rock.

The remark, "man only is vile" forces itself on the mind with special emphasis when it is in deep communion with the beauty and sublimity of nature. The majestic Falls of Niagara seem eminently fitted to lift up our souls from the dust, "their cradle," towards things unseen, eternal and glorious; the unutterable splendours of the world above. But the dark stories of murder and suicide that haunt, ghostlike, their varied points of interest, prove indisputably that their unutterable grandeur has had an effect upon frail and sinful man other than might legitimately have been anticipated. The guide showed spots surrounded by gloomy, as well as those encompassed by bright associations. Here a love-lorn swain threw himself into the rapids and was instantaneously hurled

over the ledge by the bounding Fall; there a jilted maid closed her career of sorrow and remorse in a deliberate leap into the bosom of the dashing waters; and yonder a person in a moment of "temporary insanity" coolly walked to the brow of a projecting crag and jumped down into destruction. But all the stories clustering around this unique acme of dashing waters and wild melody are not of a gloomy, repellent character. Some are fitted to stir up within us a mingled feeling of admiration and sadness; and with one of these I will conclude my most incomplete, imperfect and unworthy sketch of the Falls of Niagara. There was a tall, slender, palefaced hermit by name Francis Abbot, who came, with a few books and instruments of music, to cultivate what might be called an intimate personal acquaintance with the magnificent falls. He gazed upon them from all points of interest, and became so passionately enamoured of them that he made up his mind never to leave the vicinity during the remaining days of his life. Foiled in an attempt to build a new hut, he made an old one in Goat Island his abode. Here he led a retired life, shunning intercourse with men, and concealing his own antecedents with scrupulous care; his business being gazing on the scene by day and singing its praise by night. He made a point, not only of looking at the Falls daily from unfrequented crags, but of enjoying a daily bath in the stream fearfully near the seething rapids. One morning he jumped into the waters to take his usual bath, and was seen no more. His body was found after a week at the mouth of the river; and buried with honor as that of a man who was a devotee of Niagara, and sealed his singular devotion to it with the blood of martyrdom!

I have scarcely space left for reference to the heroic adventures connected with this stream, such as that completed by Blondin, when, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, he carried a man on his shoulders on a rope thrown across the whirlpool rapids from one end to the other. Suffice it to

say that these adventures, many of which have resulted in casualties, are worthy of a race which has not been surpassed in foolhardiness, as well as in many features of character of an exceedingly commendable type. The sketch of the majestic Falls, though very, very poor and unworthy, may extort the exclamation—"Out of thy own mouth will I judge thee!" I have repeatedly affirmed that in wealth and magnificence of natural scenery our country is by no means behind the United States of America; but in what I have said regarding this pride and glory of the States I have given them the palm in the most unqualified and emphatic manner conceivable. I admit that we have not a Fall that deserves even to be named in the same breath with Niagara; but we have certainly some scenes of magnificence, peculiar to our country, which we may cast in the teeth of those who cast the eternal dash and roar of the Falls in ours. We have the Himalayas with their alabaster crowns reposing in ethereal glory far above the mist and clouds which so often come between the pure sapphire of the ethereal regions and the beauties of nature clustering on the bosom of mother earth. We have our magnificent glaciers reflecting on crystal bosoms the varied prismatic colours of the rainbow, our snow-covered mountain sides now wrapped in a heavenly flame, then covered with a sheet of sapphire, and anon presenting in agreeable succession the varied glowing hues between the dull grey of an ordinary piece of marble and the glittering splendour of polished, shining silver with the sun-beams playing upon it. Surely we have enough of glory to balance, if not surpass that of the world-famous Niagara with its dashing torrents, clouds of spray, and grand, rainbow curves. But alas! our boast must stop here. When from the physical condition of the two countries, in which either of them need not blush when placed in fair comparison with the other, we pass to that of their populations, the difference noticeable is of the most striking kind. When we go from India or Asia itself to America, we com-

plete a broad leap from social and moral stagnation to feverish activity and ceaseless progress!—from iron immoveable conservation to *go-aheadism* of the most radical type;—from death to life! It is impossible for me in a tissue of gossip, such as these papers are, to present an adequate view of the progressive tendencies of the American people; and I will not attempt such a task. Let me content myself with a brief reference to, not of course a graphic delineation of the varied traits of character one notices in America as one flashes along, railway speed, from place to place within its ample bounds.

1. The Americans are a great people for "guessing," as Englishmen are for "fancying." Ask an Englishman if he will go to a fair, his reply is sure to be—"I fancy I will" or "I fancy not." Put the same question to an American, and the answer will be the same with the slight difference, that for the word "fancy" you will see the word "guess" substituted. Sentences, short and long, beginning with or ending in "I guess" are the staple, so to speak, of friendly chitchat in America; nay the national habit of "guessing" is sometimes apparent in serious conversation, platform oratory and even in pulpit elocution. It is by "guessing" that the Trans-Atlantic cousins of our masters decide whether they are to eat a particular dish, take a particular food, or be "on the cars" at a particular hour of a particular day. And their habit of "guessing" is leading them, like the shrewd guesses of consummate politicians and the clever hypotheses of eminent scientists, to truth, and nothing but truth. A gentleman at Cincinnati "guessed" that India was a part of Australia, how big he could not very likely divine; while another in an Eastern State guessed that, as I was a native of India, I must have been in Afghanistan when the Prince Imperial had been slain by the Zulus there! ! ! It is but fair to add that such confusion of ideas is very rarely noticed in a country which in general intelligence is, if not ahead of, by no means behind any other country on the surface of the globe.

2. The science of "puffing" has nowhere made such grand progress as in America. Puffing is the very antipodes of guessing. Guessing indicates modesty and diffidence, but puffing shows impudence and brass. That the two should flourish in one and the same country, progressing hand in hand, is a marvel, and this marvel one sees realized in the New World. Advertisements are really ubiquitous, being seen on the walls of houses, arches of bridges, panes of windows, and sides of lamp-posts;—being thickly strewn around you in streets cars, on sidewalks, along the rattling rail, and over the foaming channel. And the columns of advertisements in Newspapers a man could not hurriedly glance over in an ordinary life-time. The tone is the same in all. Messrs A and Co's tonic has been proved by a hundred thousand experiments a potent remedy for debility of all descriptions; while Messrs B and Co. have been cordially thanked by thousands of persons of both sexes snatched from the very jaws of death by their excellent and sure remedy for consumption and all kinds of pulmonary disorders. Mr. C's Hair restorer is sure, not merely to restore grey heir to its original color, but even to crown "bald decrepitude" with a rich cluster of luxuriant ringlets; and Mr. D has a magic preparation which, rubbed over the rinkled cheeks of a lady who is celebrating the eightieth year of her life amid a troop of children and grandchildren, is sure to spread over them the tenderness and blush of "sweet seventeen," and so enable her to cut a brilliant figure in balls and theatres before her dust is mingled with that of her fathers. But these oracular advertisements are not confined to the New World, and so can not be brought forward as specimens of the progress the science of puffing is making there. But America has its peculiar methods of crying up rarities, and I must allude to them. Do you know, dear reader, what a Brass Band is? Imagine a long car with a number of musicians, each furnished with a musical instrument of polished brass and prodigious size, seated

around, drawn by six caparisoned horses of "mettle true." As the grand vehicle passes on, slowly and majestically, sweet strains of music are wafted by the buxom winds to your captivated ears! and of course your eyes naturally turn towards the gay centre of your present enjoyment! and the first thing you see is an advertisement of theatrical importance either dancing in the air above or pasted around the sides of the magic car. What a gulf impassible between this contrivance of advertizing music and the *tom-toms* of our country! But the science we are speaking of has been carried even to a higher stage of development. On the roof of one of the houses in New York, occupying a prominent position in a square where a number of streets meet, and a park smiling along side one of them invites streams of gaily dressed loungers in the evening, you see a large canvass hung up, and magic lantern views exhibited on it for apparently public good. You thank the owner from the bottom of your heart, and pause in front of the building to enjoy the views. Your eyes are regaled by a grand view of a watering place about thirty or forty miles off; and a wish springs up in the inmost recesses of your heart to go and see the romantic spot. The difficulty with you is simply expressed by the monosyllable. "How?" But, thanks to the owner, you have not far to go for all necessary information. Do you not see the names of at least two or three companies running conveyances and steamers to the favored resorts with the rates and prices written in broad characters below the colossal view before your eyes? Advertisement by Brass Bands and Magic Lanterns are improvements indeed on all the varied forms of puffing known in the World, so at least known to us!

3. Another marked feature of the American character is *inquisitiveness*. The stranger who goes to America, specially from an old country representing a crystallized form of antique civilisation must be redoubtable enough to stand volleys of questions emanating from the varied points of the compass,

and appertaining to all varieties of subjects. The nature of the volley you have to stand depends on the sort of place you visit, and the nature of the mind you come across. You go to a quiet village, and come across a thriving farmer, and he is sure to besiege you with questions fitted to elicit all sorts of information regarding the varieties of soil in your country, the modes of agriculture resorted to, the implements employed, seed time, harvest, the quality of the grain gathered in, and the varied processes through which it has subsequently to pass. If you visit a picturesque town embowered amid clumps of trees, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, all about the towns of your own country, the locality of each, its surroundings, its street system, its houses, its municipal regulations, and its arrangements for promoting the cause of education and religion, will be scrutinizingly enquired into. If you go to a city, you will be called upon to submit for the favorable consideration of your interlocutors a roughly sketched plan of one of your great cities, and vivid pictures of one and all the component parts of your city life. If you come across a doctor, the diseases of your country, and the directions of the pharmacopeia, which bring them to an end, sometimes in cure but oftener in death, will be the topic of your conversation; while if you come across a learned Doctor of Divinity or a Professor or Principal of some noted University, woe be to you if you are not well up in all the isms and ologies of your country and continent! Nor is it enough for you to be a living encyclopedia in all matters appertaining to your country;—you must be a Hercules in physical strength and a Job in power of endurance. For, whatever may be the condition of your mind or body, or the nature of your circumstances, reply you must to long strings of questions about things to your interlocutors novel and therefore interesting. You may be suffering from a headache, pain in the breadbasket within, or sore throat; you may have to speak in a public meeting and so need a little preparation, you may have

given sufficient exercise to your lungs in a crowded hall, and so need a little rest; you may have after a day's hard work just come out of a snug library to breathe a little fresh air, You may—but why multiply possibilities? All of them put together will not shield you from the necessity of satisfying the curiosity your presence elicits, or replying to the innumerable questions repeatedly put to you by the group of anxious enquirers you find yourself surrounded by. This inquisitiveness is a grand element of the American character, though a source of no little annoyance to the traveller. Sometimes, however, it takes rather a ludicrous turn. A gentleman in one place after having narrowly examined my tall, spare and slender frame, the geometrical line, length without breadth, within which I conceal my worthy self, enquired if all my countrymen were as tall and as thin as I was. Of course my interlocutor did not know that we have in Calcutta Babus each of whom could engulf or entomb within his prodigious corporiety all the Presidents of the United States from Abraham Lincoln downwards! Another gentleman after having spoken of the Himalayas had the continuity of his thought interrupted by a stone of rather a disagreeable size on the way, and immediately raised the question—"Are there stones in India?"

4. The inquisitiveness of the American people is balanced by their communicativeness. Americans are lovers of fair play like John Bull to whom they are so very nearly related; and the gist of all they tell you is this—"You tell me all about your country, and we will tell you all about our own." And it must be admitted that their knowledge of the history of their own country is both comprehensive and accurate. Nor is this to be wondered at, inasmuch as its history extends over a period at the most of about two hundred years. A broad stream of historical facts receding and narrowing as one books back across the chasm of ages untold, and ultimately losing itself among the uncertain legends of prehistoric

times,—such is not the theme of their study and meditation. Their country is perhaps the only broad and extensive country on the surface of the globe, which is without interesting antiquities, and traditions fitted to span bridgelike the chasm between a hazy past and the luminous present. And consequently much study or research is not needed to enable them to master the history of their country. But what of mounds and mound-builders? In the vicinity of some American towns you see mounds of prodigious dimensions, and these certainly are monuments of much historical value, inasmuch as they speak of by-gone races playing their part on the stage of history amid the haziness of a distant past. But the average American is too busy to study the page of history concealed beneath these high and extensive mounds. The Revolutionary war and the streams of events meeting in it, the constitution of the Republic and its wonderful development, the Rebellion and its causes and consequences,—in a word events great and small embracing in their course a period of about two hundred years preceding the year of grace 1881, are his study, and his comprehensive knowledge of them it does not require much research to acquire. The communicativeness of the Americans you notice wherever you go. You enter a store and a stream of information is poured into your listening ears as you go round, and see the varieties arranged in the apartments. You go into a manufactory, and volumes of explanation are offered *gratis* by the person who acts as your guide through its varied departments. Of course you now and then come across in the palaces of manufacture a sensible man, who forms a right estimate of your worth and never bores you with learned explanations, regarding which you have to say what an unsophiscated peasant said to Scott the commentator, after having read his *Notes* on the Pilgrim's Progress :—"Sir I have understood the book, and hope to be able to understand the *notes* by and bye!" At Cincinnati I came across one of the shrewdest men in America, and had the pleasure

of being shown round a Loaf Manufactory by him. The first question he asked as he took me in was "do you know Chemistry?" On being assured that I did not, he knew the sort of animal he had to deal with, and offered explanations, such as evoked in my heart gratitude different indeed from that stirred up in the heart of a prisoner, when the Presiding Judge warned him against *self-incrimination*, and when he thanked his Lordship for using a long word which he did not understand! American communicativeness, like American inquisitiveness, takes sometimes a ludicrous turn. After I had been upwards of two months in America, and spoken in several public meetings, a gentleman very kindly informed me that women had more liberty granted them in America than amongst ourselves in India! While I could not but feel deeply indebted for the piece of interesting information couched in these words:—"We Americans have no King, the person at the hand of our administration is called the President!"

5. Love of free speech and fair argument is another excellent trait of the American character. I noticed several instances of this praiseworthy disposition, but I will only mention one. While travelling southward, and ignorant of the fact that I had crossed the Rubicon of the North, I created quite a sensation against me by denouncing the reported Negro Massacres in the Southern States. "I had been among rabid Northerners or Yankees," said a number of voices, "and my mind had been poisoned!" "I had listened to lies, believed in lies, and was uttering lies!" I respectfully said that my information was derived from respectable newspapers and respectable politicians. "Respectable Newspapers and respectable politicians were liars!" That, I humbly suggested, was no great compliment to their much beloved country. My opponents were fairly cornered, and smiles of approbation brightened many faces, and commendatory exclamations issued out of many lips. My principal opponent changed his

tone, and in a calm, persuasive manner advised me to avoid what he called "side issues," and abstain from jumping to unfavorable conclusions. He however added with emphasis that as I was in a *free* country I was at liberty to say what I pleased! I was assured by a friend, to whom I reported this conversation, that, if I had gone down further south, this liberty of free speech would have been denied me. I am apt to think differently. Free speech is appreciated in the South as well as in the North; but Negroes are scrupulously debarred from the privilege. People there have for such a long time been in the habit of looking down upon them, that the idea of sharing equal rights with a despised people has become positively distasteful to them. The case is by no means different here. Englishmen are passionately fond of free speech, but they assume an awkward attitude, and growl the moment they see a despised native bold enough to make use of that which they believe to be an inalienable right of humanity. The axiom with all dominant classes is, that independence of thought and speech is a good thing, except when indulged in by the inferiors whom they are in the habit of despising.

6. I will pass over certain traits of American character for the time-being, as they will appear prominently enough in the course of my gossip; but I must refer to two of them before I bring this paper to an end. The strongest feature of American character is American veneration for the past. Americans at first sight appear to enjoy the present, look forward with glorious anticipations to the future, and despise the past. No people congratulate themselves so warmly on their present attainments or regard their present condition with such exuberance of self-complacency. And no people look forward to the future with such glowing hopes and bright anticipations. That the country is the best country on the surface of the globe, the greatest in civilization and prosperity, is to them an axiomatic truth. They can not find words even in the

rich vocabulary of their highly developed language to express their idea of the grandeur of its scenery, the greatness of its resources, and the glory of its unparalleled progress in everything grand and good. And they are astonished at the intellectual obtuseness, which fails to see that they are leading the van of civilisation in the world, and which is unmistakably evinced by some of the ridiculously self-complacent nations of the world. That they look forward with a superabundance of joy to the time when such ludicrous obtuseness will vanish into thin air, and the whole world will clearly see the necessity of following their lead. What glorious visions, visions of monarchies converted into republics, and republics clustering around the Great Republic, acknowledging it as their Leader, committing themselves unreservedly to its guidance, and conducted by it to opulence and prosperity, dance before the eyes of their minds as soon as they look forward to the future. The future, then, not the past, is that which brightens the imagination, gilds the fancy and fires the soul of the American. And yet, paradoxical as it may appear, he combines his extraordinary enjoyment of the present and the future with a degree of veneration for the past, by no means inferior to that which characterizes nations which can trace their existence to prehistoric times. Get into the Hall of Independence at Philadelphia, the Hall from the steps of which the Declaration of Independence was read on the 4th of July 1776, and you will see Revolutionary Reliques preserved with the care, and pointed at with the pride, with which the Ethnologist preserves and points to the remains of the Stone or Bronze period, which by the way is often by no means more ancient. Every city in America has its halls of archæology of which its inhabitants are as proud as the Romans are of theirs, though the contents of these halls do not lead the mind back even to the recent date when Luther was seen rising on his knees the stair-case of Pilate in the neighbourhood of one of the grandest cathedrals of Rome!

7. The other feature of the national character of the Americans to be noticed is their romantic kindness to strangers. This has been an abiding good disposition of theirs, and has perhaps increased with their wealth and prosperity. It was praised by Sydney Smith in his festive style, and it may be praised by the greatest humorist of the day in the same pleasant manner. Americans are justly proud of their boundless hospitality, and the various orders of their society literally vie with one another in showing kindness to strangers. Of this fact I was made sensible by a variety of cheering incidents. On being introduced by a minister to the General in charge of one of the largest, if not the largest, Ammunition Depots in America, he almost instinctively said:—"Sir you have come from a distant country, and we must offer you the hospitalities of the place." An order was instantaneously issued, and I was conducted through the store rooms, so full of uniforms, arms, insignia, tents &c., forming the boundary apartments of a quadrangle tastefully laid out. I entered a store-store at New York, and selected a pair of boots, the price of which was said to be five dollars. I asked if any reduction was made, as in other stores, for preachers of the Gospel. He took my companion aside, had a quiet talk with him, came back, and said:—"I will deduct five per cent for your being a stranger!" I was shivering in a Railway car on account of a sudden attack of fever. A gentleman saw me in this condition, brought a number of seats together, made a nice little bed for me, asked me to make one of his valise as my pillow, and made me as comfortable as under the circumstances I could be. When we both reached our terminus, my kind unknown friend would not even bear to be thanked. He took back his valise, paid me a compliment, saying "that from my very look he could find that I was a gentleman," and walked off. I once got into a street car, asked the conductor to have the kindness to show me, a stranger, a particular railway station or "Depot." When I reached the spot,

he stopped the car, jumped out, showed me the proper by-path, and then took leave. Innumerable proofs of such kindness were showered down upon me by all classes of people. And it would take a volume to enumerate the varied tokens of kindness lavished upon me in the almost innumerable houses in which I was entertained as a guest, at all times, but specially when I was ill. But American hospitality has a limit; and woe be to you if you are mistaken either for a Negro or even for a Chinaman! I shall have, when speaking of American politics, to refer to the Negro and the Chinese questions; and I shall not prematurely call up *skin* discussions, the keenest of any discussions known to human beings. Let me conclude with the remark of a kindhearted Minister of the Gospel on the subject!—"We are as a nation disposed to be kind to every body but a Negro!"—a remark which elicited from me the response—"just as English people and Americans in India are disposed to be kind to every body but a poor native of India!" The white and the dark man may occasionally *meet* on excellent terms of friendship, but, unless radically changed by religious influence of the most potent type, they can not *live* together in peace. And yet the world is said by the optimist to be in a *natural* condition!

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A BEHAR VILLAGE.

INTRODUCTION.

To an inquisitive native of Lower Bengal nothing can be more interesting—more deeply striking than a study of the rude and unvarnished life of the rural population of interior Behar. The genuine children of the soil, compelled by wholesome want, to shun the corrupt influences of the refinement and civilization of Western Europe, seem like philosophers-

born, enamoured of distress, and lead up to this day a life of antedeluvian simplicity. Their children, the offspring of temperance and moderation, know no want which their village homes do not supply, no happier state of which they may be envious. Bred up in ignorance, and accustomed from their infancy, to circumscribe and control the unruly desires of the human mind, they feel and make others feel, that their humble lot is the lot of the whole human race, and it is owing to this happy delusion, that the children are found here to revel up to their 11th or 12th year in a state of Adamic nudity.

The isolated hamlets and villages, scattered far and wide over the pleasant districts of Bhagulpore and Monghyr, bear a fantastic resemblance to small coral islands dotting the broad expanse of the Pacific, in as much as they, like them, scorn to defiance the never ending ebb and flow of the tide of civilization; and the inhabitants of these villages bear at least in one point of view, perhaps a still stronger resemblance to the mountaineers of Switzerland, or the hill tribes of Thibet.

The penniless philosophic traveller of Ireland, speaking of the Swiss mountaineers, tells us that those dwellers of the Snowy Alps are so zealously fond of their mountain homes, that they seem unwilling to yield a jot of their genuine manners for a world of Italian civilization; and this traveller among the Himalayas assures us with the veracity of a historian that whilst the fiercest storms and hurricanes rage in the valleys and ravines of the mountains and scatter ruin and devastation far and wide among the hapless villages of the plains, the happy tribes of the mountains inhabiting regions beyond the reach of storm live in comparative peace and enjoy the cheering sunshine of a cloudless firmament.

Whatever truth there may be in the reports of these mountain travellers, experience and observation will shew that the common people of Behar are certainly like those tribes

of the Himalayas, beyond the reach of one kind of storm, viz the storm of expensive civilization which perhaps in no distant day will sweep over the whole length and breadth of India in its tempestuous career; but happily for the repose of these people who struggle hard for their precarious subsistence and force the churlish soil of the mountains to yield a scanty supply of food, that luxury and refinement have been bunished to towns and cities. Happy are they, who even to this day are "far from the maddenning crowd's ignoble strife," and who still enjoy the advantages of pure air and heathful exercise and of all that is most refreshing and invigorating in its effects.

The principal motive I have in view in writing these pages, is to present a faithful picture of the manners and habits of the Beharees to our brethren in Bengal, who remarkably accurate, as they are, in their knowledge of even the Highlanders of Scotland or the mountaineers of Wales, betray a shameful ignorance when they are called upon to speak anything about the character of their turban-headed neighbours. It is to dispel this awful gloom of ignorance that I light up this oil-lamp, depending entirely upon the sympathy of my countrymen among whom there are many who have learnt to gaze with eagle eye at the dazzling splendour of truth—who like her more in her modest attire of simple words than in the meretricious ornaments of rhetoric, more suited to hide the loathsome deformity of a town wench, than to improve the native charms of a lovely virgin.

The age of fiction is gone by, the thrice-told tale of a grandmother does not please us—few people sympathise with the sorrows of lovers though their tears may be as salt as those of Hamlet, shed in honor of his god-like father, and as plentiful as those of Niobe melting into and feeding endless fountains. An humble photographer of village life like me should not indulge in dreams of fancy. It is safe to forsake regions of speculation for regions of truth.

Therefore avaunt, ye winged horses of the muses, tempt not a homely pedestrian to ruin. Truth is my watchword. I will follow her closely as a bird's eye view of a Behar village will not satisfy the growing scepticism of my brethren in Bengal. They would come to the perusal of my work with full expectation of every thing which nothing less than a diary or an almanack can supply. They expect me to eat the Behari meal, to put on his dress, to sleep on his restless couch, to smoke his favorite *Ganja* and then send forth volumes of contaminated smoke through the nostrils, yawning like the half-extinct craters of some moving volcano, to sing his gipsy like songs with the wild music of bladder and bar, to marry a Behari girl, to know fully their marriage rites and the nature of their nuptial jollity, and perhaps to shoulder the wooden foot of a bier, to convey the lifeless body of the deceased to the holy waters of the Ganges. These and nothing less than these will satisfy the obstinate scepticism of modern free-thinkers. Ask a school-boy the reason of his enquiring after the authenticity of a narrative or the veracity of a historian and he will readily burst forth in the language of indignation, and perhaps ask like the author of the village.

"On Mincio's banks in Cæsar's bounteous reign
If Tyterus found the golden age again
Shall sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan Song ?
Shall we from Truth and Nature widely stray
Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way. ?"

And thus giving out his reason in rhyme, he will plume himself on his laudable love of truth and manly rejection of fiction. Such being the fate of a projector in the republic of letters, especially that of a romance writer, I would fain leave the flowery field of fictitious literature to those powerful minds that can successfully lift themselves up to the etherial regions of imagination, and soar, if their arguments demand, to the highest heaven of invention; and thus leaving

the rhetoric, the rhyme and the eloquence to dignify their compositions, I would fain seek repose in an humble theme and homely style, and lying at tolerable ease upon the restless sofa of my beloved people, will drink in the torrents of words rushing forth with uncommon vehemence and wonderful rapidity from the trumpet tongue of an infuriated termagant.

Before I invite my readers to the perusal of this humble production I must inform them at the outset that it is a narrative essentially composed of one's own personal observations, replete with such facts only as have been collected in and course of my peregrinations. This being the scope of the work, it would be seen that each chapter of this little treatise will be a short essay complete and finished in itself. Such being the design there will be very little of construction or harmonious development of plot.

One word more and I shall bring the introductory part of my narrative to a close. Men who have seen the light of heaven upon the richest and most picturesque of Persian carpets, who have been cradled in the midst of alternate luxury and repose and fed from their infancy from every possible variety of viands richly suited only to the fastidious taste of the silken children of the nobility, who have been carried when young from lap to lap like a golden ball in the hands of needy nurses—who have been accustomed to inflict wrongs upon wrongs, upon their less fortunate brethren, who have in the prime of their life voluntarily exposed themselves to the fiery ordeal of temptation and ensnared and burnt many a hapless damsel with the consuming fire of brutal lust, and then triumphed over the ruins of a cuckolded husband without the slightest trace of remorse, whose nocturnal delight is to wallow with swinish avidity upon the filthy mere of liquor, and then perhaps leave their pestilential haunts and noisy taverns to reel with zoneless waist upon streets to shew to the grinning multitude a brute in the form of a man—who at the unexpected break of day, advance to their homes with

tottering steps and half-shut eyes, to sleep off the debauch and convert day into night, and then turn up in their sober moments reformers and patriots and boast of their courtly ignorance of village manners and village life,—such people will find little of interest here. I venture not to take in my company the sons of patricians and inmates of palaces, lest the rude and unsavoury smell of barley and poppy, of wheat and Indian corn invade the nice nose of nobility. If any lover and admirer of truth, in spite of my open avowal, favor me with his company, I will take him from house to house to satisfy his curiosity, and procure for him such refreshment as the sincere hospitality of this humble people will place at his disposal.

Regarding ourselves suffice it to say that I will not thin and lengthen the tedious thread of my narrative when I shall necessarily grow dull for lack of matter. Moreover, it is not my aim to supply the deficiency of matter by taxing the faculty of imagination. A man who depends entirely upon his imagination not supported by facts, foolishly seeks an unabated course of popularity. He is ambitious of supplying water to a large town with a single fountain. The more he draws the liquid, the dirtier and dirtier it grows, and at last he finds that the sparkling treasure which once allayed the thirst of many is liked by few, and the fountain itself allowed to be choked up with *every species* of *aquatic weeds* becomes at last an abode of eternal pestilence.

The historical novelist, whose duty it is "to make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb, to show us over their houses," may obtain much to interest and amuse him, if he condescends to make the life of this unnoticed people the theme of his reflections. For a study like this can not but be highly useful to them as the most sublime study of mankind is but man, and we who lack the inventive power of a poet or a novelist, and boast not the energy and zeal of a historian, will content ourselves with the humbler function of furnishing materials to those whose deep penetration and ripe scholarship will render the subject more attractive than if they were handled by men of mean capacities like ourselves—suffice it to say that the subsequent pages, will but present a dim picture of the dress, habits manners and customs of this interesting race of Behar.

If they awaken the curiosity of far abler and more reflecting minds we shall feel our wildest expectations realized.

G. L. G.

DIALOGUES OF THE TIMES.

DIALOGUE I.

The New Dispensation.

Interlocutors.

Bhai Bhakta-bitel.—A missionary of the Brahmo Somaj of India.

Manomohan Bose, M. A., B. L.—An educated Bengali gentleman.

M.—I am very glad to see you, Mr. Bhakta-bitel. I have been very anxious to meet you, and enquire about the strange sayings and doings of your Somaj. As you are one of the greater gods of the Somaj, you will no doubt be able to give me correct informatiou.

B.—Please don't call me one of the greater gods of the Somaj. I am nobody of the Somaj. I am a very humble person. The greater gods of the Somaj are those who are its pillars. There is our venerable Minister, the founder of our Church; there is Bhai Mahatap, the St. Xavier of our Church, who has visited every nook and corner of India, and preached Theism; and last, not least, is the Editor of the *Sunday Mirror*, the literary champion of our Church. These are the greater gods; it is absurd to compare me with them; the water in which their *Kapni** is washed I am not worthy to drink.

M.—I know the commanding position which you occupy in the Somaj. It is only your excessive modesty and profound humility that lead you to form such a low estimate of yourself. However that may be, allow me, Mr. Bhakta bitel, to ask you some questions about the Somaj. I hear that your Minister has proclaimed a New Dispensation and has hoisted a Flag. What tomfoolery is this? How do educated men submit to all this nonsense? How can you gulp down all this stuff?

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* A bit of rag covering the nudity of a Faquir.

B.—Why, what absurdity is there in proclaiming a New Dispensation and in hoisting a flag? If you and I did such things we should be justly laughed at; but our Minister is an ispired Prophet, and receives *adesha* (commands) from God. No doubt he has received divine communications on the subject.

M.—Quite so. He received divine communication in connection with the Cooch Behar marriage; and a second communication in connection with the New Dispensation; and others are no doubt to follow. He is evidently playing the *role* of a Bengali Muhammad. It is not inspiration but conceit which has originated the New Dispensation. Your Minister has some good qualities. He has a handsome appearance; he is intelligent; he is amiable; he has a sort of eloquence: but——but—excuse me for adding, he is eaten up with conceit. He thinks no end of himself. Moses proclaimed a Dispensation; Jesus Christ proclaimed a second; Muhammad proclaimed a third; and your Minister thought in his mind—"If others have proclaimed Dispensations, why should not I?" Behold a greater than Muhammad is here! Æsop relates that once on a time a frog attempted to distend itself to the dimensions of a bull, and you know with what result.

B.—You are very uncharitable, Mr. Bose.

M.—I am not uncharitable, Mr. Bhakta-bitel, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. But what on earth is the object of this Dispensation?

B.—The object is the bringing upon earth the kingdom of heaven; the destruction of all error and sin, and the diffusion of truth and holiness.

M.—Noble objects, truly. But how are they to be accomplished? By the hoisting of a Silver Flag? Eh?

B.—You joke, Mr. Bose, upon a serious subject.

M.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Bhakta-bitel, but it is *not* a serious subject. It is a most ludicrous subject. Suppose a fellow clad in rags and lying on a torn mat were to proclaim himself to be the Emperor of Germany; what would you do? Would you reason and argue with him and try to convince him that he was not the Emperor of Germany? If you did so I should call you a fool for your pains. My answer to the supposed man would simply be—ha! ha! ha! hi! hi! hi! My wonder is, that any man possessing a single *Kancha* of common sense believes in this nonsensical rubbish.

B.—But our Minister is neither a madman nor a knave. You have admitted that he is intelligent; and that he is a holy man is evident from his asceticism. Have you not heard that some days he abstains from all food till something is set before him by his followers, and not by the members of his household?

M.—No, I have not heard of this dodge. You mean to say that on some days he does not ask for food though hungry, but goes on fasting until somebody sets something before him. Were you ever present on such an occasion in the Minister's house? Did you see him fasting on till the evening?

B.—Yes, I was present, but the Minister did not require to fast till the evening; for though nobody knew that that day was appointed by him for voluntary fast, yet such is the power of his faith that food dropped, as it were, from the clouds.

M.—And how, in the name of wonder?

B.—Why, whilst I was sitting with the Minister, a Brahmo came with a plateful of *loochees* and *chhoka*.

M.—Excuse me for interrupting you,—but I am anxious to know how many *loochees* the plate contained.

B.—Well, about 20 or 24.

M.—A whole *dista* (quire) of *loochees*! Well?

B.—And the Minister ate them all, as they were the offerings of faith.

M.—Poor man! Fancy, only 24 *loochees*, and no more. Well?

B.—Shortly after, another brother came with a plate of *sandesh*—first-rate *ratabi* from Burra-Bazaar; and the Minister ate it all for the reason given above.

M.—Poor man! Well?

B.—Most wonderful to relate, such is the power of the Minister's faith that a third brother came with a large cup of *Khir*—it must have been at least 3 or 4 seers of milk boiled down, and he ate it too.

M.—Poor man! He is much to be pitied. If he goes on fasting at this rate he will soon be reduced to a skeleton. Thanks, Mr. Bhakta-bitel, for the information you have given me. Good bye, I must be off.

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THE BENGAL PEASANT.

Chapter V.

The last great subdivision consists of the peasant labourers. They are either day labourers or are engaged for a term or season. The ratio of these to the whole peasant population it is difficult to state. One-tenth would not be an incorrect approximation. It varies in particular districts and according as a particular year is one of plenty or scarcity. Behar and Chotanagpur supply large numbers of such labourers, who for want of employment at home immigrate into Assam and all that country below the Himalaya Chain, to work in the tea plantations. This state of things has been brought about by European enterprize. With the ordinary run of the pesants, emigration has no charm, and if they stick to their homes with tenacity, it is because their instinct can brook no distant clime. As a rule they prefer to work in their own village, when this is not possible they go to some neighbouring village for it. In the rural economy of Bengal, it is generally the labourer who goes a-begging for work and not *vice versa*, The labourer is seen slowly wending his way with the hoe or other tool on his shoulder in search of work. Sometimes he takes up your work with your permission, being quite sure that you would pay him or give him a mouthful to eat. In Sonthalia,

Behar, Orissa and in some of the poor districts of Bengal labour is still very cheap. In the Presidency districts, thanks to European enterprise, it has risen in value and the labourers find continued employment.

Peasant labourers are remunerated in different ways, regard being had to the nature of the engagement. The engagement is either for an indefinite period or for a year or season or a day. The system of engagements for an indefinite period closely resembles the villeinage of the feudal times. The labourer villein is transplanted into his employer's family and becomes a de facto member thereof. He dines at the family table, occupies a corner of the family house, and all his time is his master's. His labour is not confined to a particular sort of work. Sometimes he is a digger, at others a sower or transplanter or reaper. He repairs his master's hedge-rows, fells trees to make fire-wood of them, while occasionally fondles a baby in his lap quite nurse-like. It is a general rule that this class of labourers are their master's favorites, and are reared up as children. In many instances the master helps them with his purse when they are to be married, or when the funeral of an old parent of theirs is to be solemnized. To see them settled in life with a small farm to dig up, and plenty to eat, are esteemed by them as charity and good works. The rate of wages allowed to them rarely exceeds a rupee per month. This sum though very small is allowed to accumulate till after four or five years it becomes a small capital wherewith to purchase a farm.

The labourers hired for a season or a year generally work in the field or in the barn. Besides the food and clothes which they get, the employer pays them very nearly the same wages where the principle of exchange is imperfectly understood, grain is preferred to coin for wages.

Ordinary day labourers are paid at the rate of one anna to four annas (six pence) per diem. In some cases they get food or tiffin and oil from their employers in addition.

The work exacted from the labourers is great. They are made to work from the morning till dusk, the only intermission permitted to them, is when they take food or bathe or smoke tobacco.

As it is, this class of peasants is quite contented with their lot. They view their employers as benefactors, whom a benign providence has placed over them for mitigating their distress. So that the idea of making a strike, as they do in European countries very frequently, is wholly unknown to them.

Generally the labouring peasants are recruited from the lowest castes of Indian society and if we see a man of a comparatively higher caste among them, it is to be ascribed to his loss of property, indigence or some such cause. We identify him with some luckless Satwan or Natwan whom extravagance or folly, litigation or Zemindar's spoliation has reduced to misery. But the bulk of this class consists of men who have been poor labourers from generation to generation and fortune never smiled on them.

In India, marriage has about it a tinge of religion, it is associated with our future salvation. The Hindu sages say that a sonless man may despair of obtaining eternal bliss. But whether the popular notion of marriage be the effect of this religious edict or whether it be innate in human nature, the fact remains that there are more marriages here than in any other country under the sun. Our labourers must needs marry and beget children even though their means of subsistence are as precarious as ever. Instances are known of these people going about and begging, that may give hostages to fortune. Distressful as the condition of these people might appear, they are not only wived, but curiously enough they have a shelter which they can call their 'home.' Some spot in the outskirts of the village which is taken for a small quit-rent or rent free or as a service tenure for faithful services, is selected for their homestead. In many cases, a corner

in a man's garden is allotted to them, that they may raise a hut thereon and keep guard over the garden itself.

There is not much difficulty in setting up a house in India if you wish to have it. No bricks or mortar or timber are needed to protect yourself from the inclemencies of the weather. Our soil is not like the soil of England, hard and rocky. Our winters do not bring in their train snow or frost from the icy pole. It is sufficient if we can escape from the tropical sun and the autumnal rains. Dame nature is singularly munificent in bestowing on our poor building materials. The country is strewed with bamboo-clumps, which, so far as the habitation of the poor is concerned, afford them the necessary posts, beams and rafters. The Indian bamboo is so cheap that some times it can be had for the cutting and even if a price is taken it is simply nominal. Be that as it may, straw grows in abundance and can he had for the gathering. The poor are the architects of their own huts, and thus their habitations rise from almost nothing.

Their household furniture consists of one or two brass things, some earthen vessels and pitchers, one or two mats—a cocoanut pipe, a hoe or scythe or axe. A portion of the homestead is used as a kitchen garden for raising sundry vegetables thereon. The thatch of the hut is converted into an arena for certain tribes of the pumpkin to vegetate yielding juicy cucumbers. The poultry consists of a few ducks [fowls are reared only by Mahomedans]. A few goats or sheep and milch-cows complete his livestock.

The labouring peasant, strictly speaking, lives from hand to mouth. Whatever he earns for the day goes to feed him and his family for the day, and it rarely happens that he has a surplus for the morrow. His staple food is rice which he boils in the evening for service sufficient alas! only for one meal. A portion of this is left unconsumed for the children to eat in the following morning. Vegetables as can be had for gathering as water-lilies, and other herbs growing

outside of hedges are culled, made into a soup or curry, and taken with the rice. Where such cannot be had, salt or a little tamarind or one or two chillies are substituted.

The tiffin consists of some fried or raw rice, gram, some cheap melon or cucumbers. Sometimes fish is procured by angling or with the aid of a fisherman's net, from some public pool of water. Tobacco is however indispensable and it is used sometimes to ward off fatigue and hunger. Some betake to the smoking of hemp, but this is rare.

Among low caste labourers the drinking of *pachvi* is much in vogue. This is a sort of rice-beer, which can be had for a trifle. Rice is first boiled and then made into balls. These balls are then put into a jar containing some infusion of *dhatura* (a narcotic) until fermentation takes place. The entire composition is then disturbed and after filtration the drink is drawn out. This is more an article of food than a drink, and to the drinker it is very invigorating, albeit its effect at first is intoxicating.

In districts where pachvi is not available, toddy (fermented juice of palm-tree) is drunk. The effect is inebriating, but it does not permanently cause any injury to the drinker's health.

Besides the smoking of tobacco and hemp that of opium considerably prevails, among the lower labourers. The following is the recipe for the preparation of opium pills for smoking: Put the opium in a small metallic open-faced retort, and hold it over a flame till liquefaction of the opium takes place. While this process goes on, put some chips of the leaves of guava on the boiling liquid till they are fried. Disturb the liquid till the scum comes on the surface. Throw away the scum and allow the liquid to cool till it becomes like a paste. Make pills of the paste and commence smoking. These pills are called *gooli*, and the opium smoker passes by the name of *goolikhoar* (one addicted to pills.)

Smoking opium contributes to much physical enervation, and in the case of labourers it is to be strongly deprecated. But the evil though existing has not risen to the magnitude of a popular vice.

In regard to dress, the labouring peasant is raggedness itself. Not to speak of the upper half of his body which is naked by prescription, the rags he wears seldom reach his knees. In the cold season he has to light a fire to preserve the temperature of his body.

Turning from the males to the females belonging to this class of society, we find that in matters of food they are certainly worse off. Their dress is much more decent albeit more ragged than what the males have. There is no ornamentation of the female person save one or two brass trinkets and some shell-lac nicnacs. Tattooing is much in fashion among them, especially between the eyebrows, on the nose and the chin.

In addition to discharging the ordinary house-hold work, the women betake to other indoor work which goes to remunerate them a little. They prepare baskets and other wicker work, spin cotton, husk other's grain, fry paddy for sale, make gunny bags and so forth. Their outdoor work consists of menial service under their betters, carrying loads as porters, selling vegetables and grain, catching fish, collecting fire-wood and working as coolies on roads or other public works. Their personal labour after these pursuits certainly betters their otherwise helpless condition, and it is no secret that in many cases, it is the female who supports her feeble and broken down husband.

Inured to a life of hardship as the labouring peasant is, and subjected to continuous buffets from mankind as is his lot, it is nothing strange that he would sometimes be their tormentor. In fact it would be strange if he were otherwise. In Bengal, he is a bold adventurer taking an important part in every enterprise 'that hath a stomach in it'. His services under a belligerent chief, sirdar or zemindar, are priceless, and

the key-note of his success in that department is his unflinching faithfulness to him whom he serves. In all affrays, the labouring peasant is seen to fight out his masters' battles with undaunted bravery and much strategical skill. Sometimes his services are permanently retained, but generally they are hired for a particular purpose. They are styled *luttials* (club-men) in Bengal and lawlessness is intimately connected with *lattialism*. In most of the Eastern districts, especially in Backergunge, *lattialism* has attained a degree of perfection, which causes much uneasiness to the officers of peace. If you want to see the sudden disappearance of your enemy or to see his house plundered or his estate forcibly taken possession of, you have only to invoke the aid of these lattials. As it is, thanks to the energy and vigilance of the executive, latitalism is much on the decrease, and the time is not far off when it will wholly be a thing of the past.

Once accustomed to a life of lawlessness, the peasant breaks through all fear of law and becomes a veritable plague to society. A large proportion of crime that is actually committed is directly or indirectly traced to him. The offences in which he has a hand are those relating to property. Burglary, theft, criminal misappropriation, house-breaking, arson, are some of the crimes he habitually perpetrates. Unfortunately some of the criminals are hardened ruffians whom no law can terrify and no punishment can deter. Whipping, incarceration in prison and even transportation are but sorry deterrents. They facetiously style the prison-cell as their 'father-in-law's house' where there is plenty to eat and plenty to enjoy. So that when their term of imprisonment is over, they long to get in again without much ceremony.

All punishments must have deterrent effect, but what should we say of a punitive system which instead of deterring men from crime makes them confirmed criminals? Our jail code contains too much of the punitive and little or nothing of the reformative element. Breaking of stones, treading on

oil-mills, and other tasks, form the kernal of jail discipline. Half diets are sometimes prescribed to the strong and able-bodied. No sort of education or moral training within the jail-walls is tolerated. Feeble attempts at the education of the convicts in useful arts are made from time to time, but greater attention is paid to large profits from the outturn and the jailor's commission than to the bettering of the moral condition of the convicts.

Considering that a very large ratio of crime is directly or indirectly attributable to poverty, it should, we submit, be the endeavour of the authorities, to keep the causative phenomenon steadily in view, in any plan of jail-discipline they devise. But far from that being the case, the punishments prescribed show a reverse policy. To a famished beggar, is half diet any punishment at all? Far from being a punishment is it not a blessing, as he gets it without any trouble? Breaking stones or treading on the mill may be a punishment to you or me, but what punitive effect has it upon a strong, robust fellow whose whole life has been one of hardships, privations and fatigues? It is therefore no wonder that the Bengal jail should be styled 'father-in-law's house' and that there should be music and dancing, mirth and revelry within the prison walls.

But apart from the principle which regulates the infliction of punishments, the administration of Bengal jails now in vogue is productive of great demoralization. The promiscuous herding of convicts which prevails is pernicious in the extreme, and as a sure result, the boy convicts leave the jail with the seeds of crime impregnated in their inward nature. The classification of convicts and the separate housing of them have on more occasions than one been seriously proposed, but financial considerations always stood in the way. So that this reform awaits to be executed when nobody knows.

With regard to the morale of the jailors and their subordin-

ates, it is to be regretted that we cannot speak highly of it. Convicts of well-to-do circumstances are treated with an amount of consideration that is absolutely unjustifiable. It is one tale of fecing from the jailor down to his meanest subordinate. In consideration of the fee, such of the convicts as can pay are put down on the invalid list. Those that have the means and yet do not pay, are insulted and maltreated at the instigation of the jailor. We have heard of instances where fellow-convicts were induced to throw dirt on the face of the well-to-do ones until a sort of compromise was effected.

Besides the jail-officers, it is customary to have a set of veteran convicts selected, with a view to keep the jailor informed of every thing which takes place in his kingdom. These veteran convicts are spies, without whom the jailor feels powerless, but in most cases they are engaged to hunt out whether any of the convicts are men of substance, and if they are so to negociate for fees.

But to return to the peasant labourer. That cause which tends to make him a hardened criminal, tends to make his woman immoral. It is not our intention to denounce each and every peasant woman as unchaste. There are women of the peasant class who outstrip their sisters of the superior classes in point of honour and chastity, but these constitute the exception.

In all countries, vice and poverty are intimately associated together, and if in civilized England poor-house morality has passed into a proverb, it is no wonder that the pauper woman should have the taint of immorality in her character in India. It is not to be supposed that promiscuous unions are tolerated by our social laws. Such have ever been the objects of public abhorrence, and there is nothing in the religion or social morals of his country, to stamp on them the impress of excusable delinquencies. I have stated elsewhere that India is the land of marriages. Marriage is associated with our fate beyond

the grave. With us it is not merely a civil contract but a sacrament administered by the priest in the presence of the household god. There is nothing which females prize so much as chastity. Chastity is to her the passport wherewith to approach the gates of Heaven. Her husband is her lord incarnate, her submission to him, which foreigners mistake for servility, is but an extension of the notion of chastity itself. In such a land as ours, where female chastity is so strongly fenced it might appear singular that there should be immorality among the women of the labouring classes. But this is at once explained, when we reflect that poverty is already sapping their existence, that in the presence of this avenging demon, religion is but a dream and morality a delusion.

Intermediate between marriage proper and illicit living, there are one or two kinds of unions which require a passing notice here. These are the Mahomedan '*Nika*' and the aboriginal, 'Shanga.'

The *nika* is just the remarriage of a widow. The ceremony must be always performed in the presence witnesses, and the couple represented by two persons who are tyled the *Vakils* (pleaders). It is customary with the husband to execute at the time of the contract an agreement called the *Kabinnamah* (a deed of dower) in which he promises to pay a sum of money or jewels, as a consideration for the marriage. The offspring of this kind of union are under Mahomedan law legitimate heirs. All this is unexceptional. But the 'nika' marriage has about it this vice that you can, if you choose, *nika* a public prostitute, ahd thereby innoculate your other females with the *virus* of immorality.

The 'Shanga' is but a *nika* Hinduized. It is a cheap marital union, the consideration paid for it used to be a Rupee and quarter or two shillings six pence of English currency. We are told that with the rise of prices, the consideration has somewhat risen. We are not positive as to whether the offspring of this form of union are legitimate, but reasoning

from analogy, we fancy they must be so. It is largely in vogue among the lower orders.

Barring these which are *quasi* marital, there are a host of illicit unions among the labourer class. The woman is either a widow who can't remarry or a deserted wife or one who has deserted her husband by reason of his inability to support her. One reason why these unions are more common among labourers than others is the facility which they have of intermingling with members of the other sex. The zenana system is intended for the upper ten of society, to the labourers the seclusion of women is unknown. Whether it be out-door work or work done inside the house, the association of men and women of all ages is not forbidden by the social code of the poor.

One deplorable result which follows these illicit unions is the increase of prostitution. The census returns do not show what the former position of the unfortunates was, but we have strong reasons for believing that a very large number of the unfortunates is recruited from the labourer-classes. In large towns, such an inference may appear to be doubtful, but if we go to villages where the evil exists in a diminutive shape the inference becomes irresistible. The rural unfortunates almost wholly belong to the working classes, and are the victims of illicit unions, prostituted.

It is a fact that some of them leave their degraded profession for more honourable employment. For instance they set up grocer's shops or accept service in well-to-do families. Possibly in many cases, advanced years are an inducement to their altering their avocation, but in others it is brought about by a sincere desire of reforming their life.

Illicit unions may be common among the working classes, and prostitution may exist in an abnormal degree, it is nevertheless true that the vices which are in their rear are comparatively few. Abortion or infanticide is scarcely committed and the casting of foundlings almost unknown.

There is however another of these after-vices which requires to be promptly suppressed. We mean the permissive practice of selling girls for prostitution. With the famine and its annual visitation, the practice is steadily on the increase.

Before taking leave of our subject, it behoves us to say a few words, as to what should be done to ameliorate the condition of the working classes.

It is manifest that a great deal of their poverty is due to the excess of population. In certain parts of the country there are more people to work than work available. This is undisputable—as the lowness of wages abundantly proves. The labour market is over-stuffed, and the surplus labour should therefore be diverted towards some point where it may be productive. This can be achieved by a rational system of emigration as admirably fitted to cure our social organism of its plethora. We have had of late some amount of emigration, but for one reason or other not sufficient to substantially thinning the ranks of the poor.

The mills and factories which are now raising their heads in cities and towns already keep a large number of the local poor occupied. But their number is not sufficiently large to utilize the whole of the surplus labour of the country. We think the time has arrived for considering whether at the head quarters of each District, working houses for the poor should not be set up. The Municipal system, which is in existence since 1864, has done literally nothing for the poor, and it is high time for our Civil authorities to inaugurate a permanent system of relief for the working classes and put them in the way of learning the useful or ornamental arts.

POSITIVISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

A Lecture.

"The heavens declare the glory of God," says the Bible, "The heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, of Kepler, of Newton, and of all those who have aided

in establishing their laws," says the philosophic Positivist. And surely these two declarations, so simple and yet so utterly opposed the one to the other, are sufficiently indicative of the nature and tendency of the two systems respectively which among others, are striving at the present day, to obtain the religious assent of educated Hindus, to form their character and to influence their lives,—the former pointing to God the Creator, Preserver and bountiful Benefactor of all as the Being who alone is worthy to receive all honour, glory and praise; the latter pointing to Man, (Humanity in the abstract) as his own God (Etre Supreme) to which—I can not say to whom, for it is a pure abstraction—he may render whatever worship he may be capable of rendering.

The Hindus, it has been said, are a people pre-eminently religious. A distinguished writer has remarked, that a Hindu can do nothing without religion. From sitting and walking to eating and sleeping he does everything religiously. One might therefore have supposed that whatever others might do no Hindu at least would think it worth his while to spend a thought upon such a system of "blasphemous negations" as Positivism considered as a religion is. As a matter of fact, however, the case is far otherwise, for it is well known that intellectually at least, not a few Hindus, all belonging to the educated class of course, have already adopted this system of negations as their creed. Here in this town * I am told the number of those who ardently admire both Comte and his doctrines is by no means small. Now, while I am not without hopes that even to all such the few words that I may now say, adopting largely the thoughts and language of well-known authors, may be both interesting and useful, my chief desire in this discourse is to *warn* others against the false glare of this ignis fatuus of modern times, and to invite their attention to the true light of him who is the Sun of Righteousness, the Light and Life of the world.

* Krishnaghur where this lecture was delivered as one of a series of popular lectures on Christianity.

In that grand old book the Bible which we Chistians believe to be the word of God, we read, "In the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of self, covetous, BOASTERS, PROUD, BLASPHEMERS, disobedient to parents, UNTHANKFUL, unholy."* My friends, how wonderfully is this prophecy of inspiration being fulfilled in these latter days! 'Boasters, proud, blasphemers," men "unthankful" to their Maker, do we not meet with these everywhere, but especially in those who profess themselves to be wise and learned, philosophers and scientists? Thus the author of Positivism tells us that in the whole domain of astromony, he sees "not the glory of God," but "the glory of man." Nay, he goes further even than this, and with an insane self-confidence declares that the elements of the solar system, "are not disposed in the most advantageous manner," and that science "can easily conceive a happier arrangement." In the same manner John Stuart Mill writes, "It is impossible that any one who habitually thinks, and who is unable to blunt his inquiring intellect by sophistry, should be able without misgiving to go on ascribing absolute perfection to the author and ruler of so clumsily made and capricously governed a creation"† And *Physicus*, a more recent writer, triumphantly assures us that "viewing the question as to the existence of a God only by the light which modern science has shed upon it, there no longer appears to be any semblance of an argument in its favour. There can no longer be any doubt that the existence of a God is wholly unnecessary to explain any of the phenomena of the universe, than there is doubt that if I have go of [S] my pen, it will fall upon the table."‡ In

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* 2 Timothy III. 1-2.

† *Essays* p. 112.

‡ 'A Candid Examination of Theism,' p. 64. Compare with this the following:—

"I can not for a moment admit that the theory of evolution will alter our theological ideas.....The precise reason why we want back-bone, two hands with opposable thumb, an erect stature, a complex brain, about two hundred and twenty three bones, and many other peculiarities, is only to be found in the original act of creation. I do not, any less than Paley, believe that the

view of these arrogant assumptions of science and a material pholosopy, you will perhaps allow me to make a few brief remarks pointing out what is the legitimate province of Science, (by which of course I mean physical science, the only science recognized by the modern *boasters* of science), and what is not its province.

One of the crudest dogmas of the positive philosophy is that "we know, and can know nothing except physical phenomena".* Now I refer to this positive dogma here not to find out its fallaciousness, nor to show how it contradicts facts —"facts which the experience of every moment of conscious existence testifies to in the most direct and decisive manner,"† but merely to apply it to science. It seems to me that if instead of saying as Mill does, that "we have no knowledge of anything but phenomena,"‡ we were to say that *science* has no knowledge of anything but phenomena, we should be perfectly correct. Nor, as maintained even by Comte himself, without question the province of science is simply to occupy itself with phenomena, or the perceived course of nature and with the laws which govern them. Now it is readily and gladly conceded that science may search into these with the utmost minuteness. It may see that these are regularly governed by general laws; and from the universality of phenomena, may discover a general principle which acts into all of them. It may see too "that certain phenomena are constantly consequences of other phenomena, so far as, that when certain phenomena occur, these are, if not hindered by some external power, followed by certain other phenomena which are their consequences. There are certain constant facts, and facts which flow

eye of man manifests design. I believe that the eye was gradually developed; but the ultimate result must have been contained in the aggregate of causes; and these, so far as we can see, were subject to the arbitrary choice of the Creator." Prof. Jevons. *Principles of Science*, Vol ii. p p. 461, 462.

* I say *assumptions*, because science has not yet produced a single instance of Spontaneous generation, and till this is done the existence of life must be explained by the existence of a *Giver* of life.

† 'Anti-theistic theories' by Prof. Flint p. 183. ‡ Auguste Comte and Positivism, p. 6.

from other facts, with (as a general rule) a regularity which constitutes a law of nature" * All this science may see and investigate ; and from such investigations it may discover certain general uniform principles such as the principle of gravity, or ascertain certain general laws and productive causes such as the laws of electricity and the chemical action of one substance upon another. But science can go no further than phenomena or the course and order of the *Kosmos* or ordered universe. With phenomena only it can occupy itself, and that in order to discover the facts and the laws which govern them. Of existence itself or the *source* of laws which govern force or produce effects, it can absolutely tell nothing. "Adams or Leverrier could discover that there must be a planet in a certain place because of certain disturbances in the movements of Neptune, and there it was found." This no doubt, showed that Adams and Leverrier had very thoroughly mastered the operation of certain uniform laws of nature. But could Adams and Leverrier tell us why Neptune and the starry heavens or any matter at all existed ? So Kepler discovered "elliptic orbits and equal spaces in equal times and the like." But could Kepler tell us why space and time at all existed ? Similarly chemistry has ascertained "the combination of elements in regular proportion." But can chemistry tell us why the elements at all exist ? No Science can discover the laws of what does exist, but there it must stop ; its existence science has no law for. Now all that has been now advanced I have said nothing that is not conceded by Scientists. Men eminent for their knowledge of science admit that Science knows nothing of the origin of existence. "If you ask the materialist," says Professor Tyndall, in his memorable address, "where is this matter of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them the necessity of running into organic

* 'Science and Scripture,' by J. N. D. in the Bible Treasury' No. 266 from which these remarks have been adopted.

forms, he has no answer. Science is also mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded and science rendered dumb, who else is entitled to answer? To whom has the secret been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, one and all." Poor Professor Tyndall! Had he only read his Bible, he could have known that ages before, "the secret" had been "REVEALED,"—yes, that is the word—to a poor Hebrew who wrote, "In the beginning GOD CREATED the heavens and the earth". My friends! there is an ignorance which is not ignorance but pride. Let no one mistake his pride for his ignorance, nor be a "martyr by mistake."

Thus therefore having to deal only with phenomena or what the perceptive mind can take cognizance of, and with the laws that govern them, Science has no right to tell me that there is no no God, no soul, no immortality. It is not her province to pronounce upon these. Nevertheless if, disregarding her province and jurisdiction, she still insist upon witnessing and declaring that these do not exist, then I should have no hesitation in telling her that in these matters she is out of court, and I do not believe her. Nay, I may go further, and even remind her of the rebuke given by the Rhodian sculptor to his cobbler-judge and say, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, let not the cobbler over step his last. Or I may adopt the impassioned language of the poet and say,

"Shriek thou on
Thy clamourous lies—for but a cur thou art,
That yelpest at the unattainable moon!
Howl on! thy yelpings shall not reach the sky."

Let me illustrate the principle which has been just laid down by an example taken from the writer already referred to. Suppose a man of science meets with a peasant with his cart and tells him that the cart he is driving was never made, that it has *no maker*. Will the poor peasant believe the great man of science? I am sure he won't. For peasant though he is, he

is not without the intuitive conviction which we all possess, that every effect must have a cause, and that therefore there cannot be a cart without a maker. Doubtless the philosopher may explain to the swain many things which he had never heard of before. He may explain to him the curves produced by a fly on the periphery of the wheel as it turns. He may explain what the principles of the pressure of weight on the parts of the cart are, and the plane of draught and how far equal wheels affect the draught and much more. Nay he may explain to him, "how the stimulus of the whip applied to the horse, set the centripetal nerves to produce an effect on the cells, or combination of cells, in the horse's brain, and by some unknown reflex action set the *moter efferent* fibres in activity, so as to act on his hind heels, and even his forelegs, at the same time to move the cart." All this the man of science may explain to the poor peasant and the poor peasant may listen to the philosopher's explanations of these things, whether however intelligently or not, I will not undertake to say. But when the learned man tells the peasant that his cart has *no maker*, the peasant, I am sure, will laugh the philospher to scorn and answer him in his bold blunt fashion saying, 'Nay master, ye know nothing, the carpenter there is the maker of my cart.' Now, my friends, in the same way, if a man of science comes to me and tells me that there is 'no Creator, no God,' I answer, "nay wise man, to decide whether there is or is not a Creator or God, is not your business. You know only of time and space, of phenomena and their laws, of effects and forces, and I am willing to learn of *these* from you. But with the existence of the creation or of the laws which govern it, you have nothing to do. You know nothing of the *source* of existence or the *source* of laws which govern force or produce effects. A distinguished member of your own profession (Professor Huxley) has said "of the causes which have led to the origination of living matter, it may be said that we know absolutely nothing." Please then stick to your business,

and do not overstep your last. The belief in causation is intuitive in the human mind, and man necessarily believes that there is a God, and his conscience tells him that that God is his moral Governor. These are intuitive beliefs of the human mind, and your science, O wise man! will try in vain to shake them. "Men can never give up belief in causation. If we know there has been evolution in the universe, we know that there has been an Evolver; and if design, a Designer; for every change must have a sufficient cause. It will not be to-morrow, nor the day after, that men will give up self-evident axiomatic truths.,'* My friends, this is how I would deal with a man of science who tells me that there is no Creator, no Moral Governor, in short, no God. And I would earnestly advise all enquirers after religion, of whom I hope there are many here to-night, similarly to deal with all atheistic science or scientific men. When these men come to tell you of the inutility of religion, of the baselessness of theology, of the non-existence of God, a soul and immortality—I say when these men come to tell you of these things—when they bring to you their message of despair and death, you should simply tell them to go about their proper business and not meddle with truths which are not in their sphere or province. You should tell them, whoever they may be, tell them unreservedly and without fear or favour, that although science is very useful within her own province, she has simply nothing to do in the domain of FAITH, and that if she insist upon interfering in the latter, she must be turned out with the rebuke of the sculptor, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam,' let not the cobbler overstep his last.

So much for science and its legitimate province. I shall now proceed to give a running sketch of a few of the leading events of the life of M. Comte the reputed founder of Positivism, and to show how his scientific pretensions have been estimated by such masters of science as Dr. Whewell and

* *Biology. Boston Monday lectures.* p. 51.

professor Huxley; as the merits of a system cannot be adequately judged without a knowledge of the life and character of its founder, and as positivists always try to make much capital out of the alleged superior scientific attainments of their master. Moreover, the scientific attainments of Comte are a true measure of the scientific value of positivism as a system. For, if Comte himself was but an ignoramus in science, as he has been proved to have been, surely his system can not possibly possess such a high scientific value as his followers would fain have us believe.

Born at Montpellier in the south of France on January 19th 1798, while the French Revolution was still convulsing all Europe, Auguste Comte, when only nine years old, was put into the Lycee or College of his native town, as his parents found it impossible to manage him at home on account of his "insurgent disposition." In the college young Comte soon manifested great mental powers and an extraordinary industry, but here (as at home) he also distinguished himself by his rebellious disposition. He was "daring, defiant and insurgent towards all authority." From the Lycee he was sent to the celebrated mathematical school in Paris, the Ecole Polytechnique, where he soon mastered the whole course but whence he was shortly afterwards expelled for his unfortunate habits of insubordination. He had to return home and there to remain under "the surveillance of the police." But the restraints of home he could not bear. Accordingly in 1816 he returned to Paris where he supported himself by giving private lessons in mathematics. At this time he became Private Secretary to the celebrated French minister Cassimer Perier, but the connection lasted only for three weeks as the minister soon became disgusted with the "freedom" of Comte's remarks, and the latter also found the service disagreeable. In 1818 Comte became acquainted with the philosopher and enthusiast Claude Henri de Saint Simon, one of the founders of modern socialism, to whom he attach-

ed himself as "private secretary and disciple." The two philosophers lived together in amity for six years, a long period for Comte. But in 1824 their friendship came to a violent close, and the great socialist teacher repudiated the teacher of mathematics, while the latter avenged himself by denying all his obligations which were undoubtedly great, to his former master and friend. In 1825 Comte married Caroline Massin, a book-seller. In his will prepared two years before his death Comte speaks of this event as "my single really serious fault since my youth."* Not that Madame Comte was a bad woman, for Comte himself admits "that her moral conduct was unimpeachable, that she was never guilty of anything to forfeit his respect and admiration and that she was not deficient in true tenderness." The devotion with which she nursed him during the two years of his insanity was truly heroic. She was then indeed what the poet says woman is "When pain and anguish wring the brow."—

"A ministering angel." Still Comte did not look upon her as his angel. (*His* angel was yet to appear in the person of the wife of a 'galley slave.') On the contrary he so frequently and violently quarrelled with her that at last she was obliged to leave her home, and a formal separation took place between husband and wife. After his death Madame Comte 'pleaded in law that he was a madman, an atheist, and immoral; repudiated his will, seized the consecrated relics of his dwelling'† and occupied the "Sacerdotal chamber."

One day in 1845, Comte made a "new and brilliant discovery." It was "the most wonderful of all his discoveries." That day he found "an unsuspected law of life within himself; he discovered that he had a heart," and a heart that showed itself for the first time in a passionate love for one Madame Clotilde de Vaux, his mediating angel *ange mediatrix*, as he called her. To many this passionate attachment of

* *Positivism.* North British Review, September, 1868.

† *Lectures on Positivism* by Rev. W. Jackson.

Comte is "the black spot on his memory. They can not receive his love, nay his frantic adoration, of the lonely wife of a convict absent in the gallies, as a piece of pure Platonism." But however that be, after a year's happiness to Comte and after transforming him from an Aristotle to a St. Paul, Clotilde Vaux died, and the philosopher's sweeter life was buried with the dead who to him could never rise again. She left him, however, as he supposed, an enlightened and a religious man. On Saturday the 5th September 1857, after a painful illness "the founder of the Religion of Humanity heaved his last sigh," at half past six o'clock in the evening, surrounded by a few faithful friends.

Such are a few of the leading events connected with the life of M. Auguste Comte, a life that was throughout marked by a rebellious and quarrelsome disposition, an insubordinate and insolent conduct, and an "arrogance which was undoubtedly sublime"; and latterly, by a passionate love, amounting to a "frantic adoration" of an absent convict's wife,—a life in short, that never for a moment showed the faintest trace of that noblest quality of human nature—Self-sacrifice.* And this is the man whom positivsts delight to call their "incomparable master"! Incomparable indeed! for sure enough there never was a man gifted with such remarkable mental powers, but possessing such a poor and unlovely character.

Now, need I contrast this life, the life of this great philosopher and man of science, the founder of the religion of humanity, with the life of the poor and despised Nazarene, the crucified author of the Christian religion, who, in life went about doing good, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and the lame to walk, cleansing the lepers, raising up the dead and preaching the Gospel to the poor; who, while dying prayed for his very murderers saying, 'Father forgive

* Positivism indeed teaches that "the ideal of man must be in all circumstances and conditions to 'Live for others.'" But this is a mere theory. So far as we may judge from his life, the author of positivism never lived but for himself and his Clotilde. Can his followers do better? Can the disciples be greater than their master?

them, for thy know not what they do'; whose whole life was a prolonged act of self-sacrifice, and whose death on the cross was the highest expression of it; who with body and soul, with all the faculties, the activities, the latent powers of each, sought only to do the Divine Will; whose self-command and self-possession, never-agitated repose, calm God-like majesty; in short, every word and action, combined to make Him a perfection for which we can find no name, unless it be of that ineffable Wisdom by which the crowned sage designated Him of old,—I say, need I contrast the life of the crucified author of Christianity with the life of the reputed author of Positivism as I have depicted it? Or should we not rather imitate Carlyle and say, "The greatest of all heroes is one whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter." But if the silence must be broken, and if we must make a comparison, then may we not adopt the language of Rousseau, and substituting a much inferior name for that of Socrates, say, 'If the life and death of Comte were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God.'

But what about the scientific attainments of Comte? Were they not beyond all comparison Were they not perfectly transcendental?* I answer that to us who know little or

* The question has been often discussed whether Comte has any just claims to originality. On this point it may be interesting to quote the opinion of Dr. Flint who writes, "M. Comte has no valid claim to be considered the originator of the theory to which he gave a new name and a vigorous impulse. It was taught in all its essential principles by Protagoras and others in Greece more than four hundred years before the Christian era. Positivism is the phenomenalism of the Greek sophists revived and adapted to the demands of the present age. Hume and Kant and Saint Simon were positivists before the appearance of positivism.', *Anti Theistic Theories*, p. 177. Even the North British Reviewer admits that there can be no question that some of Comte's "most important doctrines were suggested to him by others, or were discovered, though not applied by others. So far as the Positive Philosophy in its primary sense is concerned Comte regarded himself as only continuing and completing the intellectual movement begun by Bacon and Descartes in modern times. His sociological theories, though not due to, were certainly originated under the influences of Saint Simon; and some of his greatest thoughts, such as the unity of the human race, seem to have been derived from De Maistre. Even his great law of historical evolution was anticipated by another, Turgot in his *Histoire des progres de l, esprit humain*, as has been pointed out by M. Ravaisson." *North British Review*, Septr. 1868. pp. 211-12.

nothing of science they may appear to be great, but to really competent judges who took the trouble to estimate them, they appeared to be very small indeed. Here, for example, is the opinion of Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Author of the "History" and "Philosophy" of the "Inductive Sciences," and of innumerable mathematical and scientific works, "a giant both in science and in literature." In an article entitled "Comte and Positivism" in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March 1866, speaking of the undulatory theory in Optics, Dr. Whewell says:—

"But M. Comte was too ignorant of modern optics to know this. The language in which he speaks of modern optics (and of all modern sciences except Astronomy) is that of a *shallow pretender*, using general phrases in the attempt to make his expressions seem to be knowledge. Thus he says that Fresnel applied the principle of interferences to the phenomena of coloured rings, "on which the ingenious labours of Newton left much to desire"; as if Fresnel's labours on this subject had been the supplement of those of Newton." In the next sentence Dr. Whewell adds:—"I regard Comte as a notable example of the character generated in France by the prominence given to the study of mathematics in the last generation. He was in some degree a distinguished scholar of the Polytechnic School, though his attainments in this way have been much exaggerated; and his pretensions to discoveries are, as Sir John Herschel has shown, absurdly fallacious." Concluding his remarks on the scientific part of the Positive Philosophy, the late Master of Trinity says—"I have written so much of M. Comte and his Positive Philosophy with great reluctance; for I cannot conceal my opinion that *he is quite unworthy to be made the serious subject of discussion among philosophers.*"

The next testimony I shall adduce is that of Professor Huxley, one of the greatest scientific men in England at this hour. In his celebrated *Lay Sermons*, the learned Professor

tells us that he "was led to the study of the works of M. Comte partly by the allusions to them in Mill's "Logic," partly by the recommendation of a distinguished theologian, and partly by the urgency of Professor Henfry who looked upon them as a 'mine of wisdom."' "After due perusal", continues Mr. Huxley, "I found myself in a position to echo my friend's words though I might have laid more stress on the "mine" than on the "wisdom." For I found the veins of ore few and far between, and the rock so apt to run to mud that one incurred the risk of being intellectually smothered in the working." Referring to those parts of Comte's writings which deal with the philosophy of physical science, Professor Huxley writes:—they "appeared to me to possess singularly little value and to show that he [Comte] had but the most superficial and merely secondhand knowledge of most branches of what is usually understood by science. . . . What struck me was his want of apprehension of the great features of science, his strange mistakes as to the merits of his scientific contemporaries, and his ludicrously erroneous notions about the part which some of the scientific doctrines current in his time were destined to play in the future. . . . In so far as my study of what specifically characterizes the Positive Philosophy has led me, I find therein *little or nothing of any scientific value and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as any thing in ultramontane Catholicism.* . . . No one who possesses even a superficial acquaintance with physical science can read Comte's "Leçons" without being aware there he was at once *singularly devoid of real knowledge on these subjects* and singularly unlucky . . . . Appeal to mathematicians, astronomers, physicists, chemists, biologists, about the 'Philosophie Positive', and they all with one consent, begin to make protestations that whatever Comte's other merits, he has shed no light upon the philosophy of their particular studies."*

* *Lay Sermons, Essays and Reviews.* Sermons Nos. VII and VIII.

The disciples of Comte generally base their master's claims to be considered "a representative of scientific thought" and "the greatest thinker of modern times," upon his famous "law of the three estates," and his "Classification of the sciences." Now, this is what Professor Huxley says on these much boasted excellences of Comte's System.—"A critical examination of what Comte has to say about the 'law of the three states,' brings out nothing but a series of more or less contradictory statements of an imperfectly apprehended truth; and his classification of the sciences,' whether regarded historically or logically is, in my judgment, absolutely worthless." * Referring to Comte's statement that "the special study of living beings is based upon a general study of the laws of life," Professor Huxley adds, "what little I know about the matter leads me to think that if M. Comte had possessed the slightest practical acquaintance with biological science, he would have turned his phraseology upside down, and have perceived that we can have no knowledge of the general laws of life except that which is based upon the study of particular living beings." †

Such is the estimate formed of the scientific attainments of Comte and of the scientific value of his philosophy by two of the greatest physicists of the age. Dr. Whewell calls him a *shallow pretender*, and professor Huxley declares that he was *singularly devoid of real knowledge of most scientific subjects; that the positive philosophy contains little or nothing of any scientific value and a great deal which is thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science*; and that Comte's classification of the sciences is *absolutely worthless*. Accustomed as I am largely to read controversial literature, it is rarely that I have seen an author with such lofty pretensions as to call himself an Aristotle and a St. Paul, so severely condemned by competent and impartial judges. The fact is, that of all pretenders a pretender in science has the least chance of success, and M. Comte was such a pretender,

* *Sermons* VIII. p. 156. † *Lay Sermons* p. 165.

It has been already remarked that Comte's so called "law of the three states" is the *noeud essentiel* of his philosophy. Let us now see for a moment how this alleged law stands the test of facts. But first of all what is this law? Briefly stated it is this. According to Comte there are three states or stages through which "the mind of man in nations, individuals, and each distinct order of conceptions", successively passed in the course of its history. These states are (1) the theological (2) the metaphysical and (3 the positive. In the first or theological state, "the facts and events of the universe are attributed to supernatural volitions, to the agency of beings or a being adored as divine. The lowest and earliest form of this stage is Fetichism in which man conceives of all external bodies as endowed with a life analogous to his own," and the last and highest form is monotheism. With monotheism and catholicism its last and highest type, "the long infancy of human thought terminates." And now commences its youth. "Theology dies and the intellect of humanity" enters into the second or the metaphysical state. "In this state for supernatural agents, abstract forces are substituted. Phenomena are supposed to be due to causes and essences inherent in things. First causes and final causes, these are what the mind in this state longs and strives to know, but in vain; and it begins slowly and gradually to recognize in one sphere of nature after another that a knowledge of these is unattainable; and so it reaches a third and final state, that of positive science. In this state the mind surrenders the illusions of its infancy and youth, ceases to fancy that it can transcend nature, or know either the first cause or end of the universe, or ascertain about things more than experience can tell us of their properties and their relations of co-existence and succession. It is a state of learned ignorance in which intelligence sees clearly and sharply its own limits and confines itself within them. Within these limits lie all the positive sciences, beyond them theology and metaphysics."* Such is Comte's "law of the three states."

* *Philosophy of History in France and Germany.* By R. Flint D.D. p. p. 267-68.

Let us now see whether this alleged law has any foundation in fact. Comte maintains that in the first or theological state every fact and event of the universe was attributed to supernatural volitions. But in the words of Professor Flint I ask, "Had man no positive conceptions even then? Did he live by fetichism alone? How could he build a hut, or cook his food or shoot with precision otherwise than by attention to the physical properties and relations of things. Without some conceptions identical in kind, however different in degree, with the latest discoveries of positive science, life were impossible."* This is so obvious that Comte and his disciples have not been able altogether to ignore it. Comte himself writes:—"Properly speaking, the theological philosophy even in the earliest infancy of the individual and society, has never been strictly universal. That is, the simplest and commonest facts in all classes of phenomena have always been supposed subject to natural laws and *not ascribed to the arbitrary will of supernatural agents.*† And Mill says, "Mathematics from the very beginning of its cultivation can hardly at any time have been in the theological state, though exhibiting many traces of the metaphysical." And again, "There never can have been a period in any science when it was not in some degree positive, since it always professed to draw its conclusions from experience and observations."‡ And yet both Comte and Mill maintain the 'law of the three states,' "three mutually exclusive phases of thought, to be the law of historical evolution, an invariable and necessary law," without apparently the slightest suspicion either of self-contradiction or of breaking to pieces what the latter calls 'the back-bone of Comte's philosophy.' Well does Professor Flint remark "A more inconsistent and futile expedient could not be imagined. By having recourse to it, they have exposed themselves to the charge of the grossest ignorance of what is meant by a

* Flint's *Philosophy of History* p. 269.
† *Philosophie Positive*, IV, 491.
‡ See *Auguste Comte and Positivism* pp. 47, 48, and 51.

l aw of nature. A law which does not apply to a class of phenomena is surely not the law of these phenomena; and many a so-called law, which only *sometimes* or *in part* applies to a class of phenomena can surely be no true law. The most elementary notion of a law of nature is a rule *without* a *uniformity* of connection among co-existent or successive facts."*

And now what does all this prove? Why, it proves that Comte mistook "three *coexistent* stages for three successive states of thought, three aspects of things, for three epochs of time." History can not be invoked to show that theology and metaphysics are merely stages preparatory for positive science. On the contrary history shews that positive science and they began at the same time and have always existed along side of each other. Not one has yet passed away, nor is it likely that any will pass away in the future.

So much for the vaunted Comtian 'law of the three states'—the "back bone" of Comte's philosophy. Time will not allow me to enter into a further examination of the principles of the Positive Philosophy. Nor is it my desire in this lecture to examine Positivism so much in its philosophical and scientific as in its religious aspects. Accordingly I now hasten to a consideration of the Positive Religion, or the Religion of Humanity.

(To be continued)

"THE HINDUS AS THEY ARE."*

We have seldom read any book with greater interest—and we have read it, not as reviewers generally read, glancing a little here and a little there, but we have read every word of it from the beginning to the end—we have seldom read any

* *Philosophy of History*, p. 273.

* *The Hindoos as they are.* A description of the Manners, Customs and Inner Life of Hindoo society in Bengal. By Shib Chander Bose. With a Prefatory Note By the Rev. W. Hastie, B. D. Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta. W. Newman &c. 1881.

book with greater interest than the volume the title of which heads this article. It is a complete picture—we do not say a favourable or even a faithful one—of the life of a Hindu from the moment of his birth to the moment when the navel of his lifeless corpse is consigned to the waters of the holy river. So far as we know there is no book in the English language—and for that matter in the Bengali language either—which gives so many details of the inner life of the Hindus as the book before us. The author, Babu Shib Chunder Bose is not a young man; from the fact that he witnessed the burning of a Suttee when he was a boy attending a vernacular school, he must be now about sixty years old: and as he has all along remained an integral member of Hindu society, he must be thoroughly acquainted with all its phases. However much we may differ from him as to his opinions of the character of Hindu life, we may rest assured that the facts he describes are true. We therefore offer our thanks to Babu Shib Chunder Bose for the deeply interesting volume which he has presented to the world. For ourselves we confess, that we have learned from him some details of Hindu customs with which we were not previously acquainted.

The book is divided into twenty-two chapters, the several subjects of which are as follows:—"the Hindu house-hold; the birth of a Hindu; the Hindu schoolboy; vows of Hindu girls; marriage ceremonies; the brother festival; the son-in-law festival; the Durga Puja festival; the Kali Puja festival; the Saraswati Puja festival; the festival of cakes; the Holi festival; Caste; A Brahman; the Bengali Babu; the Kaviraj or Native Physician; Hindu females; polygamy; Hindu widows; sickness, death and *shrad* or funeral ceremonies; Suttee, or the immolation of Hindu widows; the admired story of *Savitri Vrata*, or the wonderful triumph of exalted chastity."

It is unnecessary in these pages to make any lengthened remarks on the subject of the first chapter, namely, the

Hindu Household, as that subject was sometimes ago handled in the *Bengal Magazine*, in a series of articles by a well-known writer, who brought to bear upon its discussion a mastery of the subject in all its bearings, social, economical and legal, a fulness of knowledge, and a fertility of illustration to which Babu Shib Chunder Bose cannot lay claim. As it is, the chapter gives on the whole an accurate and faithful picture of a joint Hindu family. Chapter second is interesting as it contains a detailed account of all the doings in the lying—in room of a Hindu woman; equally interesting is the chapter on the vows of Hindu girls; but the most interesting chapter—at least to us—in the whole book is the chapter on marriage ceremonies, the minute details of which are described with a fulness and an accuracy which could have been acquired only by observations extending over many years. There are some chapters in the book which might well have been left out, like those on Caste, polygamy, Hindu females; they consist for the most part of general and common-place remarks, and read like essays written by a grown up school-boy. The chapter on Hindu widows is hardly better; it contains the usual jeremiade on their miseries, though the only privation to which, in the opinion of our author, they are subjected, seems to be that they are allowed only one meal in twenty-four hours. Our author admits that Hindu widows are generally healthy, stout and long-lived. That fact is sufficient to show that the miseries of Hindu widows are more imaginary than real.

The chapter on the Bengali Babu does not give a favourable representation of the rising generation. Our author tries to be humorous at the exepense of Young Bengal, but his humour is of an elephantine character; and when he laughs at the foibles of the same young gentleman, his laughter sounds like the laughter of a hippopotamus. The Bengali Babu of the period has faults, but on the whole he is an improvement on the old orthodox Babu.

We cannot, we are sorry, congratulate Babu Shib Chunder

Bose on the literary merits of his performance. We have noted many scores of passages containing grammatical and idiomatic mistakes; indeed, there is hardly a page in the book in which there does not occur at least one instance of slipshod English, and on many pages there are more instances than one. We shall here give only a few instances, for to give all of them would be to quote a good part of the book.

In the "Introduction" is found the following passage:—"To supply this desideratum, and not merely to gratify the natural curiosity to know the inner life of the Hindus, but to do something in the line of social amelioration by "bringing the stagnant waters of Eastern life into contact with the quickening stream of European progress," *have been* the chief aim of the following pages." On the very first page of the book we find the following sentence:—"But as it is impossible to describe the manifold gradations of social condition in a single sketch I shall draw from the domestic arrangements of a family of one of the higher castes *and* provided with a convenient share of worldly prosperity."

We give some more instances:—

(3). "They are generally lively and loquacious, and the chief passion of the life is *for* the acquisition of ornaments," page 8.

(4). "Far *advanced* in the *van* of civilization," page 8.

(5). *Fishes* are dressed in a part of the kitchen &c.," page 14.

(6). "Should a male member of the family be ever disposed to eat *goat flesh*," page 15.

(7). "In *the* large Hindu house-holds, the lot of the wife who is childless is truely deplorable," page 19.

(8). "From his very birth his view is imbued with superstitious ideas, which subsequent mental culture can hardly eradicate, so strong *being* the influence of his early impressions," page 22.

(9). "And giving it *cow* milk," page 29.

(10). "Such as become capable of keeping accounts pass for *the* clever boys," page 31.

(11). "He took a *farewell leave*," 33.

(12). "These men are destitute of principle, they know how to pander to the frailties of human nature; most of them being gross flatterers, *endeavour* to impose on the parents in the most barefaced manner," page 41.

(13). "Serving the dinner to their new friends *with* silver salvers," page 47.

(14). "*The* Bengalis have become so much anglicised of late that they have not hesitated to give an English name to their *sweetmeats*," page 52.

(14). "A Cook's carriage with a postilion is not unfrequently observed &c.," page 56.

(16). "The articles consist of silver ghara * * glass," page 60. What is "silver glass"?

(17). "When confusion and bustle subside, the bridgeroom is slowly conducted into a room in the inner apartment which bears the euphonious name of *Bassur ghur*, the bed-chamber of the happy pair, or rather the store-house of jokes and banter, where are grouped together his wife, his mother-in-law, and *the* whole galaxy of beauty," page 67.

Our author is not happy in the management of the English articles. There ought to be *the* before "confusion," and *a* before *whole galaxy*.

(18). He must either submit or bear the opprobrium *of* a foolish discourteous boy," page 69.

(19). "There is no harm done in taking the name of *a* husband," page 70.

(20). "Which embody a prayer to *the* God for her everlasting happiness," page 71.

(21). "On this occasion the officiating priest reading, and the bridegroom repeating the service after him, presents offerings of rice &c.," page 87. Who presents offerings of rice? The priest or the bridegroom?

(22). "They scramble with each other to *get striking* the gong &c.," page 99.

(23). "Some of the Babus send *their* orders to England for new patterns," page 101.

(24). And cast *a twinkling* of her eye," page 106.

(25). "It has an *excellent* tendency to promote social union," page 129.

But we shall never end if we go on at this rate. We have said enough to show that our author has not so mastered the English language as to write with the ease and idiomatic accuracy of an Englishman—a distinction to which a few educated Bengali gentlemen have attained. We are, however, thankful for what Babu Shib Chunder Bose has given us, and trust that any remarks we have made will not prevent him from making further disclosures of the inner life of the Hindus. We have found fault only with the manner, the matter of his book is of the deepest interest.

CRITICUS.

DIALOGUES OF THE TIMES.

DIALOGUE II.

Developments of the New Dispensation.

Interlocutors.

Bhai Bhakta-bitel.—A missionary of the New Dispensation.

Manomohan Bose, M.A., B.L.—An educated Bengali gentleman.

M.—Ha! ha! ha! Hi! hi! hi! Ho! ho! ho!—

B.—What's the matter, Mr. Bose? You seem to be in a merry vein. Has anything on my person tickled your fancy?

M.—The fact is, Mr. Bhakta-bitel, your presence operates like laughing gas upon me. The bare sight of you called to my mind all the strange scenes that have been lately enacted in the Brahmo Mandir and the Lily Cottage,—scenes as ludicrous as any enacted by the knight of La Mancha. I wish there were a Cervantes to immortalize the doings of the New Dispensationists.

B.—What scenes do you mean, Mr. Bose? I am not aware that any ludicrous exhibition takes place in the Brahma Mandir; and as for the Lily Cottage, it is the abode of the great Rishi of the age, our venerable Minister: nothing ludicrous can take place there.

M.—What scenes? Why, what did your minister mean by performing the *Homa* ceremony in your Mandir? Can any thing be more ludicrous than to see a man bring logs of wood and a vessel of clarified butter into a religious assembly, and kindle a fire, and offer up prayers before that fire? Your Minister has become a stage-player. He has turned the Mandir into a theatre. If I were you I would have protested against this tomfoolery. But your New Dispensationists seem to be a flock of silly sheep ready to follow your daft shepherd whithersoever he leads you. I confess if I had been present in the Mandir at the time I would have burst out into a loud guffaw.

B.—You don't understand the meaning of that ceremony. Our idolatrous countrymen perform the *Homa* ceremony in an idolatrous manner. We want to restore it to its primitive form. We want to sanctify that ceremony, and shew it to our countrymen in its purified aspect. Ours is a catholic religion. We borrow the good things of every religion.

M.—There you are right, Mr. Bhakta-bitel. Your New Dispensationism is a hodge-podge of all religions—it is an Olla-podrida of all sorts of religious confectionery; and your temple is an omnium Gatherum of all religious nondescripts. My only wonder is, that your Minister, as you call him, has any followers; but I fancy, the number of his followers is diminishing daily and becoming beautifully less. I hear that your Minister baptized himself the other day in a tank near the Lily Cottage, and that some of you followed his example.

B.—Yes, what you have heard is quite true. We performed the ceremony of baptism for the same reason for which we performed the *Homa* ceremony. We want to restore the rite of baptism to its pirmitive purity as Jesus instituted it. Some Christians have misunderstood baptism and turned it into a superstitious rite, giving to the water of baptism a mysterious efficacy.

M.—I see, I see. You want to reform all the religions of the world. You have reformed Hinduism by performing the true *Homa* ceremony; and you have reformed Christianity by restoring baptism to its primitive purity. Your Minister will perhaps now take to reforming Judaism and Muhammadanism.

B.—Very likely.

M.—Well, if so, he might take up the rite of circumcision, which is common both to Judaism and Muhammadanism. When we meet next week, you will, I hope, inform me that your Minister has circumcised himself, and that his followers have followed suit.