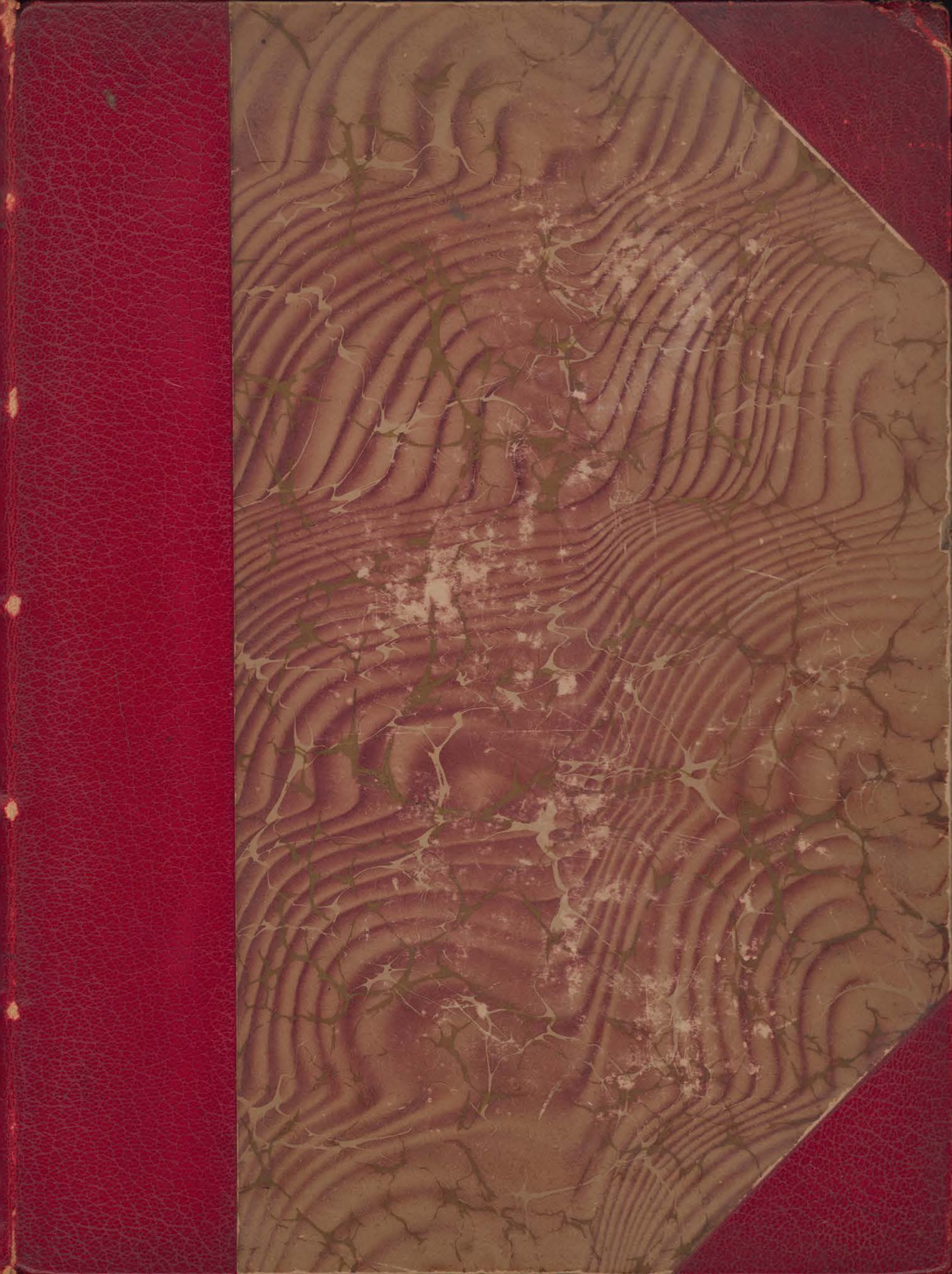

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BEING

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CONTRIBUTIONS THERETO

DURING THE YEARS

1887 - 1890

MEMORANDUM of RUDYARD'S CONTRIBUTIONS to the "PIONEER MAIL" during 1887, 1888, and 1889.

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LETTERS OF MARQUE.

OF THE BEGINNING OF THINGS—OF THE TAJ AND THE GLOBE-TROTTER—THE YOUNG MAN FROM MANCHESTER AND CERTAIN MORAL REFLECTIONS.

EXCEPT for those who, under compulsion of a sick-certificate, are flying Bombaywards, it is good for every man to see some little of the great Indian Empire and the strange folk who move about it. It is good to escape for a time from the House of Rimmon—be it office or kutcherry—and to go abroad under no more exacting master than personal inclination, and with no more definite plan of travel than has the horse, escaped from pasture, free upon the country side. The first result of such freedom is extreme bewilderment, and the second reduces the freed to a state of mind which for his sins must be the normal portion of the Globe-Trotter—the man who "does" kingdoms in days and writes books upon them in weeks. And this desperate facility is not as strange as it seems. By the time that an Englishman has come by sea and rail *viâ* America, Japan, Singapore and Ceylon to India, he can—these eyes have seen him do so—master in five minutes the intricacies of the Indian Bradshaw and tell an old resident exactly how and where the trains run. Can we wonder that the intoxication of success in hasty assimilation should make him overbold, and that he should try to grasp—but a full account of the insolent Globe-Trotter must be reserved. He is worthy of a book. Given absolute freedom for a month the mind, as I have said, fails to take in the situation and, after much debate, contents itself with following in old and well-beaten ways—paths that we in India have no time to tread but must leave to the country-cousin who wears his *pagri* tail fashion down his back, and says "cabman" to the driver of the ticca-gharri.

Now Jaipur from the Anglo-Indian point of view is a station on the Rajputana-Malwa line, on the way to Bombay, where half an hour is allowed for dinner, and where there ought to be more protection from the sun than at present exists. Some few, more learned than the rest, know that garnets come from Jaipur, and here the limits of our wisdom are set. We do not, to quote the Calcutta shopkeeper, come out "for the good of our 'ealth" and what touring we accomplish is for the most part off the line of rail.

For these reasons, and because he wished to study our winter birds of passage, one of the few thousand Englishmen in India, on a date and in a place which have no concern with the story, sacrificed all his self-respect and became—at enormous personal inconvenience—a Globe-Trotter going to Jaipur, and leaving behind him for a little while all that old and well-known life in which Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners, Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, Aides-de-Camp, Colonels and their wives, Majors, Captains and Subalterns after their kind move and rule and govern and squabble and fight and sell each other's horses and tell wicked stories of their neighbours. But before he had fully settled into his part or accustomed himself to saying:—"Please take out this luggage" to the coolies at the stations, he saw from the train the Taj wrapped in the mists of the morning.

There is a story of a Frenchman "who feared not God nor regarded man," sailing to Egypt for the express purpose of scoffing at the Pyramids and—though this is hard to believe—at the great Napoleon who had warred under their shadow! It is on record that that blasphemous Gaul came to the Great Pyramid and wept through mingled reverence and contrition, for he sprang from an emotional race. To understand his feelings it is necessary to have read a great deal too much about the Taj, its design and proportions, to have seen execrable pictures of it at the Simla Fine Arts Exhibition, to have had its praises sung by superior and travelled friends till the brain loathed the

repetition of the word and then, sulky with want of sleep, heavy-eyed, unwashen and chilled, to come upon it suddenly. Under these circumstances everything, you will concede, is in favour of a cold, critical and not too impartial verdict. As the Englishman leaned out of the carriage he saw first an opal-tinted cloud on the horizon, and later certain towers. The mists lay on the ground, so that the splendour seemed to be floating free of the earth; and the mists rose in the back ground, so that at no time could everything be seen clearly. Then as the train sped forward, and the mists shifted and the sun shone upon the mists, the Taj took a hundred new shapes, each perfect and each beyond description. It was the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come; it was the realization of the "glimmering halls of dawn" that Tennyson sings of; it was veritably the "aspiration fixed," the "sigh made stone" of a lesser poet; and over and above concrete comparisons, it seemed the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy and all things unhappy. That was the mystery of the building. It may be that the mists wrought the witchery, and that the Taj seen in the dry sunlight is only as guide books say a noble structure. The Englishman could not tell, and has made a vow that he will never go nearer the spot for fear of breaking the charm of the unearthly pavilions.

It may be too that each must view the Taj for himself with his own eyes; working out his own interpretation of the sight. It is certain that no man can in cold blood and colder ink set down his impressions if he has been in the least moved.

To the one who watched and wondered that November morning the thing seemed full of sorrow—the sorrow of the man who built it for the woman he loved, and the sorrow of the workmen who died in the building—used up like cattle. And in the face of this sorrow the Taj flushed in the sunlight and was beautiful, after the beauty of a woman who has done no wrong.

Here the train ran in under the walls of Agra Fort, and another train—of thought incoherent as that written above—came to an end. Let those who scoff at overmuch enthusiasm look at the Taj and thenceforward be dumb. It is well on the threshold of a journey to be taught reverence and awe.

But there is no reverence in the Globe-Trotter he is brazen. A young man from Manchester wa travelling to Bombay in order—how the words hurt!—to be home by Christmas. He had come through America, New Zealand and Australia, and finding that he had ten days to spare at Bombay conceived the modest idea of "doing India." "I don't say that I've done it all; but you may say that I've seen a good deal." Then he explained that he had been "much pleased" at Agra, "much pleased" at Delhi and, last profanation, "very much pleased" at the Taj. Indeed he seemed to be going through life just then "much pleased" at everything. With rare and sparkling originality he remarked that India was a "big place," and that there were many things to buy. Verily this young man must have been a delight to the Delhi boxwallahs. He had purchased shawls and embroidery "to the tune of" a certain number of rupees duly set forth, and he had purchased jewelry to another tune. These were gifts for friends at home, and he considered them "very Eastern." If silver filigree work modelled on Palais Royal patterns, or aniline blue scarves be "Eastern," he had succeeded in his heart's desire. For some inscrutable end it has been decreed that man shall take a delight in making his fellow man miserable. The Englishman began to point out gravely the probable extent to which the young man from Manchester had been swindled, and the Young Man said:—"By Jove! You don't say so. I hate being done! If there's anything I hate it's being done!"

He had been so happy in the "thought of getting home by Christmas," and so charmingly communicative as to the members of his family for whom such and such gifts were intended, that the Englishman cut short the record of fraud and soothed him by saying that he had not been so very badly "done" after all. This consideration was misplaced, for, his peace of mind restored, the Young Man from Manchester looked out of the window and, waving his hand over the Empire generally, said:—"I say! Look here! All those wells are wrong you know." The wells were on the wheel and inclined plane system; but he objected to the incline, and said that it would be much better for the bullocks if they walked on level ground. Then light dawned upon him, and he said:—"I suppose it's to exercise all their muscles. Y'know a canal horse is no use after he has been on the tow path for some time. He can't walk anywhere but on the flat y'know, and I suppose its just the same with bullocks." The spurs of the Aravalis, under which the train was running, had evidently suggested this brilliant idea which passed uncontradicted, for the Englishman was looking out of the window.

If one were bold enough to generalise after the manner of globe-trotters, it would be easy to build up a theory on the well incident to account for the apparent insanity of some of our cold weather visitors. Even the Young Man from Manchester could evolve a complete idea for the training of well-bullocks in the East at thirty seconds' notice. How much the more could a cultivated observer from, let us say, an English constituency blunder and pervert and mangle! We in this country have no time to work out the notion, which is worthy of the consideration of some leisurely Teuton intellect.

Envy may have prompted a too bitter judgment of the Young Man from Manchester; for, as the train bore him from Jaipur to Ahmedabad, happy in "his getting home by Christmas," pleased as a child with his Delhi atrocities, pink-cheeked, whiskered and superbly self-confident, the Englishman whose home for the time was a dâk bungaloathesome hotel watched his departure regretfully: for he knew exactly to what sort of genial, cheery British household, rich in untravelled kin, that young man was speeding. It is pleasant to play at globe-trotting; but to enter fully into the spirit of the piece one must also be going home for Christmas.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

II

SHOWS THE CHARM OF RAJPUTANA AND OF JEYPORE, THE CITY OF THE GLOBE-TROTTER—OF ITS FOUNDER AND ITS EMBELLISHMENT—EXPLAINS THE USE AND DESTINY OF THE STUD-BRED, AND FAILS TO EXPLAIN MANY MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS.

If any part of a land strewn with dead men's bones have a special claim to distinction, Rajputana, as the cockpit of India, stands first. East of Suez men do not build towers on the tops of hills for the sake of the view, nor do they stripe the mountain sides with bastioned stone walls to keep in cattle. Since the beginning of time, if we are to credit the legends, there was fighting, heroic fighting, at the foot of the Aravalis, and beyond in the great deserts of sand penned by those kindly mountains from spreading over the heart of India. The "Thirty-six Royal Races" fought as royal races know how to do, Chohan with Rahtore, brother against brother, son against father. Later—but excerpts from the tangled tale of force, fraud, cunning, desperate love and more desperate revenge, crime worthy of demons and virtues fit for gods, may be found, by all who care to look, in the book of the man who loved the Rajputs and gave a life's labours in their behalf. From Delhi to Abu, and from the Indus to the Chambul each yard of ground has witnessed slaughter, pillage and rapine. But, to-day, the capital of the State that Daola Rae, son of Soora Sing, hacked out more than nine hundred years ago with the sword from some weaker ruler's realm is lighted with gas, and possesses many striking and English peculiarities which will be shown in their proper place.

Dhola Rae was killed in due time, and for nine hundred years Jeypore, torn by the intrigues of unruly princes and princelings, fought Asiatically. When and how Jeypore became a feudatory of British power, and in what manner we put a slur upon Rajput honour—punctilious as the honour of the Pathan—are matters of which the Globe-trotter knows more than we do. He "reads up"—to quote his own words—a city before he comes to us, and, straightway going to another city, forgets, or, worse still, mixes what he has learnt—so that in the end he writes down the Rajput a Mahratta, says that Lahore is in the North-West Provinces and was once the capital of Sivaji and piteously demands a "guide-book on all India, a thing that you can carry in your trunk y'know—that gives you plain descriptions of things without mixing you up." Here is a chance for a writer of discrimination and void of conscience!

But to return to Jeypore—a pink city set on the border of a blue lake, and surrounded by the low red spurs of the Aravalis—a city to see and to puzzle over. There was once a ruler of the State, called Jey Singh who lived in the days of Aurangzeb and did him service with foot and horse. He must have been the Solomon of Rajputana, for through the forty-four years of his reign his "wisdom remained with him." He led armies, and when fighting was over, turned to literature; he intrigued desperately and successfully, but found time to gain a deep insight into astronomy and, by what remains above ground now, we can tell that "whatsoever his eyes desired, he kept not from him." Knowing his own worth, he deserted the city of Amber founded by Dhola Rae among the hills, and, six miles further, in the open plain, bade one Vedyadhar, his architect, build a new city, as seldom Indian city was built before—with huge streets straight as an arrow, sixty yards broad, and cross-streets broad and straight. Many years afterwards, the good people of America builded their towns after this pattern, but knowing nothing of Jey Singh they took all the credit to themselves.

He built himself everything that pleased him, palaces and gardens and temples, and then died and was buried under a white marble tomb on a hill overlooking the city. He was a traitor, if history speak truth, to his own kin, and he was an accomplished murderer, but he did his best to check infanticide, he reformed the Mahomedan calendar, he piled up a superb library and he made Jeypore a marvel.

Later on, came a successor, educated and enlightened by all the lamps of British Progress and converted the city of Jey Singh into a surprise—a big, bewildering, practical joke. He laid down sumptuous *trottoirs* of hewn stone and central carriage, drives, also of hewn stone, in the main street; he, that is to say Colonel Jacob, the Superintending Engineer of the State, devised a water-supply for the city and studded the ways with stand-pipes. He built gas-works, set afoot a School of Art, a Museum, all the things in fact which are necessary to Western municipal welfare and comfort, and saw that they were the best of their kind. How much Colonel Jacob has done, not only for the good of Jeypore city, but for the good of the State at large, will never be known, because the officer in question is one of the not small class who resolutely refuse to talk about their own work. The result of the good work is that the old and the new, the rampantly raw and the sullenly old, stand cheek by jowl in startling contrast. Thus, the branded bull trips over the rails of a steel tramway which brings out the city rubbish; the lacquered and painted *ruth*, behind the two little stag-like trotting bullocks, catches its primitive wheels in the castiron gas-lamp post with the brass nozzle atop, and all Rajputana, gaily-clad, small-turbaned, swaggering Rajputana, circulates along the magnificent pavements.

The fortress-crowned hills look down upon the strange medley. One of them bears on its flank in huge white letters the cheery inscription "Welcome!" This was made when the Prince of Wales visited Jeypore to shoot his first tiger, but the average traveller of to-day may appropriate the message to himself, for Jeypore takes great care of strangers and shows them all courtesy. This, by the way, demoralises the Globe-trotter whose first cry is:—"Where can we get horses? Where can we get elephants? Who is the man to write to for all these things?"

Thanks to the courtesy of the Maharaja, it is possible to see everything, but for the incurious who object to being driven through their sights, a journey down anyone of the great main streets is a day's delightful occupation. The view is as unobstructed as that of the Champs Elysées, but in place of the white-stone fronts of Paris, rises a long line of open-work screen-wall, the prevailing tone of which is pink—caramel pink, but house-owners have unlimited license to decorate their tenements as they please. Jeypore, broadly considered is Hindu, and her architecture of the riotous many-arched type which even the Globe-trotter after a short time learns to call Hindu. It is neither temperate nor noble, but it satisfies the general desire for something that "really looks Indian." A perverse taste for low company drew the Englishman from the pavement—to walk upon a real stone pavement is in itself a privilege—up a side-street where he assisted at a quail fight and found the low-caste Rajput a cheery and affable soul. The owner of the losing quail was a sowar in the Maharaja's army. He explained that his pay was six rupees a month paid bi-monthly. He was cut the cost of his khaki blouse, brown-leather accoutrements and jack-boots; lance, saddle, sword and horse were given free. He refused to say for how many months in the year he was drilled, and said vaguely that his duties were mainly escort ones, and he had no fault to find with them. The defeat of his quail had vexed him, and he desired the Sahib to understand that the sowars of His Highness's army could ride. A clumsy attempt at a compliment so fired his martial blood that he climbed into his saddle, and then and there insisted on showing off his horsemanship. The road was narrow, the lance was long, and the horse was a big one, but no one objected, and the Englishman sat him down on a doorstep and watched the fun. The horse seemed in some shadowy way familiar. His head was not the lean head of the Kathiawar nor his crest the crest of the Marwarri, and his fore-legs did not seem to belong to the stony district. "Where did he come from?" The sowar pointed northward and said "from Amritsar," but he pronounced it "Armtzar." Many horses had been brought at the spring fairs in the Panjab; they cost about Rs. 200 each, perhaps more, the sowar could not say. Some came from Hissar and some from other places beyond Delhi. They were very good horses. "That horse there," he pointed to one a little distance down the street, "is the son of a big Sirkar horse—the kind that the Sirkar make for breeding horses—so high!" The owner of "that horse." swaggered up, jaw-bandaged and cat-moustached and bade the Englishman look at his mount; bought, of course, when a *butcha*. Both men together said that the Sahib had better examine the Maharaja Sahib's stable where there were hundreds of horses—huge as elephants or tiny as sheep.

To the stables the Englishman accordingly went, knowing beforehand what he would find, and wondering whether the Sirkar's "big horses" were meant to get mounts for Rajput sowars. The Maharaja's stables are royal in size and appointments. The enclosure round which they stand must be about half a mile long—it allows ample space for exercising besides paddocks for the colts. The horses, about two hundred and fifty, are bedded in pure white sand—bad for the coat if they roll, but good for the feet—the pickets are of white marble, the heel-ropes in every case of good sound rope, and in every case the stables are exquisitely clean. Each stall contains above the manger, a curious little bunk for the syce who, if he uses the accommodation, must assuredly die once each hot weather.

A journey round the stables is saddening, for the attendants are very anxious to strip their charges, and the stripping shows so much. A few men in India are credited with the faculty of never forgetting a horse they have once seen, and of knowing the produce of every stallion they have met. The Englishman would have given something for their company at that hour. His knowledge of horseflesh was very limited, but he felt certain that more than one or two of the sleek, perfectly groomed country-breds should have been justifying their existence in the ranks of the British cavalry, instead of eating their heads off on six seers of gram and one of *goor* per diem. But they had all been honestly bought and honestly paid for; and there was nothing in the wide world to prevent His Highness, if he wished to do so, from sweeping up the pick and pride of all the horses in the Punjab. The attendants appeared to take a wicked delight in saying "eshtud-bred" very loudly and with unnecessary emphasis as they threw back the loin-cloth. Sometimes they were wrong, but in too many cases they were right.

The Englishman left the stables and the great central maidan where a nervous Biluchi was being taught, by a perfect network of ropes, to "monkey jump," and went out into the streets reflecting on the working of horse-breeding operations under the Government of India, and the advantages of having unlimited money wherewith to profit by other people's mistakes.

Then, as happened to the great Tatarin of Tarescon in Milianah, wild beasts began to roar, and a crowd of little boys laughed. The lions of Jeypore are tigers, caged in a public place for the sport of the people who hiss at them and disturb their royal feelings. Two or three of the six great brutes are magnificent. All of them are short-tempered and the bars of their captivity not too strong. A pariah-dog was furtively trying to scratch out a fragment of meat from between the bars of one of the cages, and the occupant tolerated him. Growing bolder, the starveling growled; the tiger struck at him with his paw and the dog fled howling with fear. When he returned, he brought two friends with him, and the trio mocked the captive from a distance.

It was not a pleasant sight and suggested Globe-trotters—gentlemen who imagine that "more curricles" should come at their bidding and on being undeceived become abusive.

III.

DOES NOT IN ANY SORT DESCRIBE THE DEAD CITY OF AMBER, BUT GIVES DETAILED INFORMATION OF A COTTON PRESS.

And what shall be said of Amber, Queen of the Pass—the city that Jey Singh bade his people slough as snakes cast their skins. The Globe-trotter will assure you that it must be "done" before anything else, and the Globe-trotter is, for once, perfectly correct. Amber lies between six and seven miles from Jaipur among the "tumbled fragments of the hills," and is reachable by so prosaic a conveyance as a ticca-*ghari* and so uncomfortable a one as an elephant. *He* is provided by the Maharaja, and the people who make India their prey are apt to accept his services as a matter of course.

Rise very early in the morning, before the stars have gone out, and drive through the sleeping city till the pavement gives place to cactus and sand, and educational and enlightened institutions to mile upon mile of semi-decayed Hindu temples—brown and weather-beaten—running down to the shores of the great Man Sagar Lake, wherein are more ruined temples, palaces and fragments of causeways. The water-birds have their home in the half-submerged arcades and the *mugger* nuzzles the shafts of the pillars. It is a fitting prelude to the desolation of Amber. Beyond the Man Sagar the road of To-day climbs up-hill, and by its side runs the huge stone-causeway of Yesterday—blocks sunk in concrete. Down this path the swords of Amber went out to kill. A triple wall rings the city, and, at the third gate, the road drops into the valley of Amber. In the half light of dawn, a great city sunk between hills and built round three sides of a lake is dimly visible, and one waits to catch the hum that should rise from it as the day breaks. The air in the valley is bitterly chill. With the growing light, Amber stands revealed, and the traveller sees that it is a city that will never wake. A few *meenas* live in huts at the end of the valley, but the temples, the shrines, the palaces and the tiers on tiers of houses are desolate. Trees grow in and split open the walls, the windows are filled with brushwood, and the cactus chokes the street. The Englishman made his way up the side of the hill to the great palace that overlooks everything except the red fort of Jeighur, guardian of Amber. As the elephant swung up the steep roads paved with stone and built out on the sides of the hill, the Englishman looked into empty houses where the little grey squirrel sat and scratched its ears. The peacock walked upon the house-steps and the blue pigeon roosted within. He passed under iron-studded gates whereof the hinges were eaten out with rust, and by walls plumed and crowned with grass, and under more gateways, till, at last, he reached the palace and came suddenly into a great quadrangle where two blinded, arrogant stallions covered with red and gold trappings, screamed and neighed at each other from opposite ends of the vast space. For a little time, these were the only visible living beings and they were in perfect accord with the spirit of the spot. Afterwards, certain workmen appeared, for it seems that the Maharaja keeps the old palace of his forefathers in good repair, but they were modern and mercenary and with great difficulty were detached from the skirts of the traveller. A somewhat extensive experience of palace-seeing had taught him that it is best to see palaces alone, for the Oriental as a guide is undiscriminating and sets too great a store on corrugated iron roofs and glazed drain-pipes.

So the Englishman went into this palace built of stone, bedded on stone, springing out of scarped rock, and reached by stone ways—nothing but stone. Presently, he stumbled across a little temple of Kali, a gem of marble tracery and inlay, very dark and, at that hour of the morning, very cold.

If, as Violet-le-Duc tells us to believe, a building reflects the character of its inhabitants, it must be impossible for one reared in an Eastern palace to think straightly or speak freely or—but here the annals of Rajputana contradict the theory—to act openly. The crampt and darkened rooms, the narrow smooth-walled passages with recesses where a man might wait for his enemy unseen, the maze of ascending and descending stairs leading nowhither, the ever present screens of marble tracery that may hide or reveal so much, all these things breath of plots and counter-plot, league and intrigue. In a living palace where the sightseer knows and feels that there are human beings everywhere, and that he is followed by scores of unseen eyes, the impression is almost unendurable. In a dead palace—a cemetery of loves and hatreds done with hundreds of years ago, and of plottings that had for their end—though the grey beards who plotted knew it not—the coming of the British tourist with guide-book and sun-hat—oppression gives place to simply impertinent curiosity. The Englishman wandered into all parts of the palace, for there was no one to stop him—not even the ghosts of the dead Ranis—through ivory-studded doors, into the women's quarters where a stream of water once flowed over a chiselled marble channel. A creeper had set its hands upon the lattice here, and there was dust of old nests in one of the niches in the wall. Did the lady of light virtue who managed to become possessed of so great a portion of Jey Singh's library ever set her dainty feet in the trim garden of the Hall of Pleasure beyond the screen work? Was it in the forty pillared Hall of Audience that the order went forth that the chief of Birjooghar was to be slain, and from what wall did the King look out when the horsemen clattered up the steep stone path to the palace, bearing on their saddle-bows the heads of the bravest of Rajore? There were questions innumerable to be asked in each court and keep and cell; but the only answer was the cooing of the pigeons on the walls.

If a man desired beauty, there was enough and to spare in the palace; and of strength more than enough. By inlay and carved marble, by glass and colour, the Kings who took their pleasure in that now desolate pile, made all that their eyes rested upon royal and superb. But any description of the artistic side of the palace, if it were not impossible would be wearisome. The wise man will visit it when time and occasion serve, and will then, in some small measure understand what must have been the riotous, sumptuous, murderous life to which our Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners, Colonels the Captains and the Subalterns after their kind have put an end.

From the top of the palace you may read if you please the Book of Ezekiel written in stone upon the hillside. Coming up, the Englishman had seen the city from below or on a level. He now looked into its very heart—the heart that had ceased to beat. There was no sound of men or cattle, or grind-stones in those pitiful streets—nothing but the cooing of the pigeons. At first, it seemed that the place was not ruined at all—that presently the women would come up on the housetops and the bells would ring in the temples. But as he attempted to follow with his eye the turns of the streets, the Englishman saw that they died out in wood tangle and blocks of fallen stone, and that some of the houses were rent with great cracks and pierced from roof to road with holes that let in the morning sun. The drip-stones of the eaves were gap-toothed and the tracery of the screens had fallen out so that zenana-rooms lay shamelessly open to the day. On the outskirts of the city, the strong, walled houses dwindled and sank down to mere stone-heaps and faint indications of plinth and wall, hard to trace against the background of stony soil. The shadow of the palace lay over two-thirds of the city and the trees deepened the shadow. "He who has bent him o'er the dead" *after* the hour of which Byron sings, knows that the features of the man become blunted as it were—the face begins to fade. The same hideous look lies on the face of the Queen of the Pass, and when once this is realised the eye wonders that it could have ever believed in the life of her. She is the city "whose graves are set in the side of the pit and her company is round about her graves," sister of Pathros, Zoan and No.

Moved by a thoroughly insular instinct the Englishman took up a piece of plaster and heaved it from the palace wall into the dark streets below. It bounded from a house-top to a window-ledge and thence into a little square, and the sound of its fall was hollow and echoing, as the sound of a stone in a well. Then the silence closed up upon the sound, till in the far away courtyard below, the roped stallions began screaming afresh. There may be desolation in the great Indian Desert to the westward, and there is desolation upon the open seas, but the desolation of Amber is beyond the loneliness either of land or sea. Men by the hundred thousand must have toiled at the walls that bound it, the temples and bastions that stud the walls, the fort that overlooks all, the canals that once lifted water to the palace, and the garden in the lake of the valley. Rênan could describe it as it stands to-day, and Vereschaguin could paint it.

Arrived at this satisfactory conclusion the Englishman went down through the palace

and the scores of venemous and suggestive little rooms to the elephant in the courtyard and was taken back in due time to the Nineteenth Century in the shape of His Highness the Maharajah's cotton press, returning a profit of 27 per cent. and fitted with two engines of fifty horse-power each, an hydraulic press capable of exerting a pressure of three tons per square inch, and everything else to correspond. It stood under a neat corrugated iron roof close to the Jaipur Railway Station and was in most perfect order, but somehow it did not taste well after Amber. There was aggressiveness about the engines and the smell of the raw cotton.

The modern side of Jaipur must not be mixed with the ancient.

IV.

THE TEMPLE OF MAHADEO AND THE MANNERS OF SUCH AS SEE INDIA. THE MAN BY THE WATER-TROUGHS AND HIS KNOWLEDGE. THE VOICE OF THE CITY AND WHAT IT SAID. PERSONALITIES AND THE HOSPITAL. THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL OF JEYPUR AND ITS BUILDERS.

FROM the Cotton Press the Englishman wandered through the wide streets till he came into a Hindu Temple—rich in marble, stone and inlay and a deep and tranquil silence, close to the Public Library of the State. The brazen bull was hung with flowers, and men were burning the evening incense before Mahadeo, while those who had prayed their prayer beat upon the bells hanging from the roof and passed out, secure in the knowledge that the god had heard them. If there be much religion, there is little reverence, as Westerns understand the term, in the services of the Gods of the East. A tiny little maiden, child of a monstrously ugly priest with one chalk-white eye, staggered across the marble pavement to the shrine and threw, with a gust of childish laughter, the blossoms she was carrying in to the lap of the great Mahadeo himself. Then she made as though she would leap up to the bells and ran away, still laughing, into the shadow of the cells behind the shrine, while her father explained that she was but a baby and that Mahadeo would take no notice. The temple, he said, was specially favoured by the Maharajah and drew from lands an income of twenty thousand rupees a year. Thakoors and great men also gave gifts out of their benevolence; and there was nothing in the wide world to prevent an Englishman from following their example.

By this time, for Amber and the Cotton Press had filled the hours, night was falling, and the priests unhooked the swinging jets and began to light up the impassive face of Mahadeo with gas! They used Tændstikker matches.

Full night brought the hotel and its curiously composed human menagerie.

There is, if a work-a-day world will give credit, a society entirely outside, and unconnected with, that of the Station—a planet within a planet, where nobody knows anything about the Collector's wife, the Colonel's dinner-party or what was really the matter with the Engineer. It is a curious, an insatiably curious thing, and its literature is Newman's *Bradshaw*. Wandering "old arms" sellers and others live upon it, and so do the garnet-men and the makers of ancient Rajput shields. The world of the Innocents Abroad is a touching and unsophisticated place, and its very atmosphere urges the Anglo-Indian unconsciously to extravagant mendacity. Can you wonder, then, that a guide of long standing should in time grow to be an accomplished liar?

Into this world sometimes breaks the Anglo-Indian returned from leave, or a fugitive to the sea, and his presence is like that of a well-known landmark in the desert. The old arms-seller knows and avoids him, and he is detested by the jobber of gharis who calls everyone "my lord" in English and panders to the "glaring race anomaly," by saying that every carriage not under his control is "rotten, my lord, having been used by natives." One of the privileges of playing at tourist is the brevet-rank of "Lord." *Hazur* is not to be compared with it.

There are many, and some very curious, methods of seeing India. One of these is buying English translations of the more Zolaistic of Zola's novels and reading them from breakfast to dinner-time in the verandah. Yet another, even simpler, is American in its conception. Take a Newman's *Bradshaw* and a blue pencil, and race up and down the length of the Empire, ticking off the names of the stations "done." To do this thoroughly, keep strictly to the railway buildings and form your conclusions through the carriage-windows. These eyes have seen both ways of working in full blast and, on the whole, the first is the most commendable.

Let us consider now with due reverence the modern side of Jeypur. It is difficult to write of a nickel-plated civilisation set down under the immemorial Aravalis in the first state of Rajputana. The red-grey hills seem to laugh at it and the ever-shifting sand-dunes under the hills take no account of it, for they advance upon the bases of the monogrammed, coronet-crowned lamp-posts, and fill up the points of the natty tramways near the Waterworks which are the outposts of the civilisation of Jeypur.

Escape from the City by the Railway Station till you meet the cactus and the mud-bank and the Maharajah's cotton press. Pass between a tramway and a trough for wayfaring camels till your foot sinks ankle-deep in soft sand, and you come upon what seems to be the fringe of illimitable desert—mound upon mound of tussocks overgrown with plumed grass where the parrots sit and swing. Here, if you have kept to the road, you shall find a bund faced with stone, a great tank, and pumping machinery fine as the heart of a municipal engineer can desire—pure water, sound pipes and well-kept engines. If you belong to what is sarcastically styled an "able and intelligent municipality" under the British Raj, go down to the level of the tank, scoop up the water in your hands and drink, thinking meanwhile of the defects of the town whence you came. The experience will be a profitable one. There are statistics in connection with the Waterworks, figures relating to "three-throw-plungers," delivery and supply, which should be known to the professional reader. They would not interest the unprofessional who would learn his lesson among the thronged standpipes of the City.

While the Englishman was preparing in his mind a scathing rebuke for an erring municipality that he knew of, a camel swung across the sands, its driver's jaw and brow bound mummy-fashion to guard against the dust. The man was evidently a stranger to the place, for he pulled up and asked the Englishman where the drinking-troughs were. He was a gentleman and bore very patiently with the Englishman's absurd ignorance of his dialect. He had come from some village with an unpronounceable name, thirty coss away, to see his brother's son who was sick in the big Hospital. While the camel was drinking, the man talked, lying back on his mount. He knew, nothing of Jeypur except the names of certain Englishmen in it, the men who, he said, had made the Waterworks and built the Hospital for his brother's son's comfort.

And this is the curious feature of Jeypur; though happily the city is not unique in its peculiarity. When the late Maharaja ascended the throne, more than fifty years ago, it was his royal will and pleasure that Jeypur should advance. Whether he was prompted by love for his subjects, desire for praise, or the magnificent vanity with which Jey Singh must have been so largely dowered, are questions that concern nobody. In the latter years of his reign, he was supplied with Englishmen who made the State their fatherland, and indentified themselves with its progress as only Englishmen can. Behind them stood the Maharaja ready to spend money with a lavishness that no Supreme Government would dream of; and it would not be too much to say that the two made the State what it is. When Ram Singh died, Madho Singh, his successor, a conservative Hindu, forebore to interfere in any way with the work that was going forward. It is said in the City that he does not overburden himself with the cares of State, the driving power being mainly in the hands of a Bengali who has everything but the name of Minister. Nor do the Englishmen, it is said in the City, mix themselves with the business of Government: their business being wholly executive.

They can, according to the voice of the City, do what they please, and the voice of the City—not in the main roads but in the little side-alleys where the stalless bull blocks the path—attests how well their pleasure has suited the pleasure of the people. In truth, to men of action few things could be more delightful that having a State of fifteen thousand square miles placed at their disposal, as it were, to leave their mark on. Unfortunately for the vagrant traveller, those who work hard for practical ends, prefer not to talk about their doings, and he must, therefore, pick up what information he can at second-hand or in the City. The men at the standpipes explain that the Maharaja Sahib's father gave the order for the Waterworks and that Yakub Sahib made them—not only in the city but out away in the districts. "Did people grow more crops thereby?" "Of course they did: were canals made to wash in only?" "How much more crops?" "Who knows? The Sahib had better go and ask some official." Increased irrigation means increase of revenue for the State somewhere, but the man who brought about the increase does not say so.

After a few days of amateur globe-trotting, a shamlessness great as that of the other loafer—the red-nosed man who hangs about compounds and is always on the eve of starting for Calcutta—possesses the masquerader; so that he feels equal to asking a Resident for a parcel-gilt howdah, or dropping in to dinner with a Lieutenant-Governor. No man has a right to keep anything back from a Globe-trotter, who is a mild, temperate, gentlemanly and unobtrusive seeker after truth. Therefore, he who without a word of enlightenment sends the visitor into a City which he himself has beautified and adorned and made clean and wholesome, deserves unsparing exposure. And the City may be trusted to betray him. The *malli* in the Ram Newas Gardens, gardens—here the Englishman can speak from a fairly extensive experience—finer than any in India and fit to rank with the best in Paris—says that the Maharaja gave the order and Yakub Sahib made the gardens. He also says that the Hospital just outside the gardens was built by Yakub Sahib, and if the Sahib will go to the centre of the gardens, he will find another big building, a Museum, by the same hand.

But the Englishman went first to the Hospital, and found the out-patients beginning to arrive. A hospital cannot tell lies about its own progress as a municipality can. Sick folk either come or lie in their own villages. In the case of the Mayo Hospital they came, and the operation-book showed that they had been in the habit of coming. Doctors at issue with provincial and local administrations, Civil Surgeons who cannot get their indents complied with, ground-down and mutinous practitioners all India over, would do well to visit the Mayo Hospital Jeypur. They might, in the exceeding bitterness of their envy, be able to point out some defects in its supplies, or its beds or its splints, or in the absolute isolation of the woman's quarters from the men's.

Envy is a low and degrading passion, and should be striven against. From the Hospital the Englishman went to the Museum in the centre of the gardens and was eaten up by it, for museums appealed to him. The casing of the jewel was in the first place superb—a wonder of carven white stone of the Indo-Saracenic style. It stood on a stone plinth, and was rich in stone-tracery, green marble columns from Ajmir, red marble, white marble colonnades, courts with fountains, richly carved wooden doors, frescoes, inlay, and colour. The ornamentation of the tombs of Delhi, the palaces of Agra and the walls of Amber have been laid under contribution to supply the designs in bracket, arch, and soffit; and stone-masons from the Jeypur School of Art, have woven into the work the best that their hands could produce. The building is in essence, if not in the fact of to-day, is the work of Freemasons. The men were allowed a certain scope in their choice of detail and the result ... but it should be seen to be understood, as it stands in those imperial gardens. And, observe, the man who had designed it, who had superintended its erection, had said no word to indicate that there was such a thing in the place, or that every foot of it, from the domes of the roof to the cool green chunam dadoes and the carving of the rims of the fountains in the courtyard was worth studying! Round the arches of the great centre court are written in Sanskrit and Hindi, texts from the great Hindu writers of old, bearing on the beauty of wisdom and the sanctity of knowledge.

In the central corridor, are six great frescoes, each about nine feet by five, copies of illustrations in the Royal Folio of the Razmnameh, the Mahabharata, which Akbar caused to be done by the beast artists of his day. The original is in the Museum, and he who can steal it will find a purchaser at any price to fifty thousand pounds

A KING'S ASHES.

ON Wednesday morning last, the 28th December, the ashes of the late ruler of Gwalior were consigned to the Ganges without the walls of Allahabad Fort Scindia died in June of last year, and, shortly after the cremation, the main portion of the ashes were taken to the water. Yesterday's function, the disposal of what remained (it is impossible not to be horrible in dealing with such a subject) was comparatively of an unimportant nature: but sufficiently grim to witness.

Beyond the melon-beds and *chappar* villages that stand upon the spit of sunbaked mud and sand at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, lies a flag-bedizened home of *faquirs*, *gurus*, *gosains*, *sanyasis*, and the like. A stone's throw from this place boils and eddies the line of demarcation between the pure green waters of the Jumna and the turbid current of the Ganges; and here they brought the ashes of Scindia. With these came minor functionaries of the Gwalior State, Rao Sahib Mavi, and Babu Sahib Khasgi, with six Brahmins of the Court and nine of Scindia's relatives. In his lifetime, the Maharaja had a deep and rooted distrust of his own family and clan, and no Scindia was ever allowed office about him. Indeed, so great was his aversion, that he would not even permit them to die in the Luskar, or city of Gwalior. They must needs go out when their last hour came, and die in a neighbouring *jaghir* village which belonged to Sir Michael Filose, one of that Italian family which has served the State so long and faithfully. When such an one had died, Scindia, by his own command, was not informed of the event till the prescribed days of mourning had elapsed. Then notice was given to him by the placing of his bed on the ground—a sign of mourning—and he would ask, not too tenderly: "Which Scindia is dead?"

Considering this unamiable treatment, the wonder was that so many as nine of his own kin could be found to attend the last rites on that sun-dried mud-bank. There was, or seemed to be, no attempt at ceremony and, naturally enough, no pretence at grief; nor was there any gathering of native notables. The common crowd and the multitude of priests had the spectacle to themselves, if we expect a few Artillerymen from the Fort who had strolled down to see what was happening to "one of them (qualified) kings." By ten o'clock, a tawdry silkin litter bearing the ashes and accompanied by the mourners, had reached the water's edge where wooden *faquirs' charpoys* had been run out into the stream, and where the water-deepened boats had been employed to carry the press of sight-seers. Underfoot, the wet ground was trodden by hundreds of feet into a slimy pulp of mud and stale flowers of sacrifice; and on this compost slipped and blundered a fine white horse whose fittings were heavy with bosses of new silver. He, and a big elephant, adorned with a necklace of silver plaques, was a gift to the priests who in cash and dinners would further profit to the extent of between eight and ten thousand rupees by the day's work.

Overhead, a hundred *faquirs'* flags, bearing devices of gods, beasts, and the trident of Shiva fluttered in the air; while all round, like vultures drawn by carrion, crowded the priests. There were burly, bull-necked freshly-oiled ruffians, sleek as to paunch and jowl, clothed in pure white linen; mad wandering mendicants carrying the peacock's feather, the begging bowl and the patched cloak; salmon-robed *sanyasis* from up-country, and evil-eyed *gosains* from the south. They crowded upon the wooden bedsteads, piled themselves upon the boats, and jostled into the first places in the crowd in the mud, and all their eyes were turned towards two nearly naked men who seemed to be kneading some Horror in their hands and dropping it into the water. The closely-packed boats rocked gently, the crowd babbled and buzzed, and uncouth music wailed and shrieked, while from behind the sullen, squat bulk of Allahabad Fort, the booming of minute-guns announced that the Imperial Government was paying honour to the memory of His Highness Maharaja Jyaji Rao Scindia, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., once owner of twenty thousand square miles of land, nearly three million people, and treasure untold if all tales be true. Not fifty yards up stream, a swollen dead goat was bobbing up and down in the water in a ghastly parody on kidlike skittishness; and green filth was cast ashore by every little wave.

Was there anything more to see? The white horse refused to be led into the water and splashed all the bystanders with dirt, and the elephant's weight broke up the sand it was standing on and turned it to a bog. That much was visible but little else; for the clamouring priests forbade any English foot to come too near, perhaps for fear that their gains might be lessened. Where the press parted, it was possible to catch a glimpse of this ghoulish kneading by the naked men in the boat and to hear the words of the chanted prayer. But that was all.

Special Correspondence.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

V.

OF THE SORDIDNESS OF THE SUPREME GOVERNMENT ON THE REVENUE SIDE; AND OF THE PALACE OF JEYPUR, A GREAT KING'S PLEASURE-HOUSE, AND THE WORK OF THE SERVANTS OF STATE.

INTERNALLY, there is, in all honesty, no limit to the luxury of the Jeypur Museum. It revels in "South Kensington" cases—of the approved pattern—that turn the beholder home-sick, and South Kensington labels whereon the description, measurements and price of each object are fairly printed. These make savage one who knows how labelling is bungled in some of the Government Museums—those starved barons that are supposed to hold the economic exhibits, not of little States but of great Provinces.

The floors are of dark red chunam, overlaid with a discreet and silent matting; the doors, where they are not plate-glass, are of carved wood, no two alike, hinged by sumptuous brass hinges on to marble jambs and opening without noise. On the carved marble pillars of each hall are fixed revolving cases of the S. K. M. pattern to show textile fabrics, gold lace and the like. In the recesses of the walls are more cases, and on the railing of the gallery that runs round each of the three great central rooms, are fixed low cases to hold natural history specimens and models of fruits and vegetables.

Hear this, Governments of India from the Punjab to Madras! The doors come true to the jamb, the cases, which have been through a hot weather, are neither warped nor cracked, nor are there unseemly tallow-drops and flaws in the glasses. The maroon cloth, on or against which the exhibits are placed, is of close texture, untouched by the moth, neither strained nor meagre nor sunfaded; the revolving cases revolve freely and without rattling; there is not a speck of dust from one end of the building to the other, because the menial staff are numerous enough to keep everything clean, and the Curator's office is a veritable office—not a shed or a bath-room, or a loose-box partitioned from the main building. These things are so because money has been spent on the Museum, and it is now a rebuke to all other museums in India, from Calcutta downwards. Whether it is not too good to be buried away in a Native State is a question which envious men may raise and answer as they choose. Not long ago, the Editor of a Bombay paper passed through it, but having the interests of the Egocentric Presidency before his eyes, dwelt more upon the idea of the building than its structural beauties; saying that Bombay who professed a weakness for technical education, should be ashamed of herself. And herein he was quite right.

The system of the Museum is as complete in intention as are its appointments in design. At present, there are some fifteen thousand objects of art, "suprising in themselves" as Count Smalltork would say, a complete exposition of the art, from enamels to pottery and from brass-ware to stone carving, of the State of Jeypur. They are compared with similar arts of other lands. Thus a Damio's sword—a gem of lacquer, plaited silk and stud-work—flanks the *tulwars* of Morwar and the *jezails* of Tonk; and reproductions of Persian and Russian brass-work stand side by side with the handicrafts of the pupils of the Jeypur School of Art. A photograph of His Highness the present Maharaja is set among the arms, which are the most prominent features of the first or metal-room. As the villagers enter, they salaam reverently to the photo, and then move on slowly, with an evidently intelligent interest in what they see. Ruskin could describe the scene admirably—pointing out how reverence must precede the study of art and how it is good for Englishmen and Rajputs alike to bow on occasion before Geisler's cap. They thumb the revolving cases of cloths to these rustics, and artlessly try to feel the texture through the protecting glass. The main object of the Museum is avowedly provincial—to show the craftsman of Jeypur the best that his predecessors could do, and to show him what foreign artists have done. In time—but the Curator of the Museum has many schemes which will assuredly bear fruit in time, and it would be unfair to divulge them. Let those who doubt the thoroughness of a museum under one man's control, built, filled, and endowed with royal generosity—an institution perfectly independent of the Government of India—go and exhaustively visit Dr. Hendly's charge at Jeypur. Like the man who made the building, he refuses to talk and so the greater part of the work that he has in hand must be guessed at.

At one point indeed, the Curator was taken off his guard. A huge map of the kingdom showed in green the portions that had been brought under irrigation, while blue circles marked the towns that owned dispensaries. "I want to bring every man in the State within twenty miles of a dispensary, and I've nearly done it," said he. Then he checked himself, and went off to food-grains in little bottles as being neutral and colourless things. Envy is forced to admit that the arrangement of the Museum—far too important a matter to be explained offhand—is Continental in its character, and has a definite end and bearing—a trifle omitted by many institutions other than museums. But—in fine, what can one say of a collection whose very labels are gilt-edged! Shameful extravagance? Nothing of the kind—only finish, perfectly in keeping with the rest of the fittings, a finish that we in *kutcha* India have failed to catch. That is all!

From the Museum go out through the City to the Maharaja's Palace—skilfully avoiding the man who would show you the Maharaja's European billiard-room, and wander through a wilderness of sunlit, sleepy courts, gay with paint and frescoes, till you reach an inner square where smiling grey-bearded men squat at ease and play *chaupur*—just such a game as cost the Pandavs the fair Draupadi—with inlaid dice and gaily-lacquered pieces. These ancients are very polite and will press you to play, but give no heed to them, for *chaupur* is an expensive game—expensive as quail-fighting, when you have back the wrong bird and the people are laughing at your inexperience. The Maharaja's Palace is arrogantly gay, overwhelmingly rich in candelabra, painted ceilings, gilt mirrors and other evidences of a too hastily assimilated civilisation; but, if the evidence of the ear can be trusted, the old game of intrigue goes on as merrily as of yore. A figure in saffron came out of a dark arch into the sunlight, almost falling into the arms of one in pink. "Where have you come from?" "I have been to see ——the name was unintelligible. "That is a lie: you have *not*!" Then, across the court, some one laughed a low croaking laugh. The pink and saffron figures separated as though they had been shot, and disappeared into separate bolt-holes. It was a curious little incident, and might have meant a great deal or just nothing at all. It distracted the attention of the ancients bowed above *chaupur* cloth.

In the Palace-gardens there is even a greater stillness than that about the courts, and here nothing of the West, unless a hypercritical soul might take exception to the lamp-posts. At the extreme end, lies a lake-like tank swarming with *muggers*. It is reached through an opening under a block of zenana buildings. Remembering that all beasts by the palaces of Kings or the temples of priests in this country would answer to the name of "Brother," the Englishman cried with the voice of faith across the water, in a key as near as might be to the melodious howl of the "monkey faquir" on the top of Jakko. And the mysterious freemasonary did not fail. At the far end of the tank rose a ripple that grew and grew and grew like a thing in a nightmare, and became presently an aged *mugger*. As he neared the shore, there emerged the green slime thick upon his eyelids, another beast, and the two together snapped at a cigar-butt—the only reward for their courtesy. Then, disgusted, they sank stern first with a gentle sigh. Now a *mugger's* sigh is the most suggestive sound in animal speech. It suggested first the zenana buildings overhead, the walled passes through the purple hills beyond, a horse that might clatter through the passes till he reached the Man-Sagar lake below the passes, and a boat that might row across the Man-Sagar till it nosed the wall of the palace tank and then—then uprose the *mugger* with the filth upon his forehead and winked one horny eyelid—in truth he did!—and so supplied a fitting end to a foolish fiction of old days and things that might have been. But it must be unpleasant to live in a house whose base is washed by such a tank.

And so back as Pepys says, through the chunamed courts, and among the gentle sloping paths between the orange trees, up to an entrance of the Palace guarded by two rusty brown dogs from Kabul, each big as a man, and each requiring a man's charpoy to sleep upon. Very gay was the front of the Palace, very brilliant were the glimpses of the damask-couched, gilded rooms within, and very, very civilised were the lamp-posts with Ram Singh's monograms devised to look like V. R., at the bottom, and a coronet, as hath been shown, at the top. An unseen brass band among the orange-bushes struck up the overture of the *Bronze Horse*. Those who know the music will see at once that that was the only tune which exactly and perfectly fitted the scene and its surroundings. It was a coincidence, and a revelation.

In his time and when he was not fighting, Jey Singh the Second, who built the City was a great astronomer—a royal Omar Khayyam, for he, like the tent-maker of Nishapur, reformed a calendar, and strove to wring their mysteries from the stars with instruments worthy of a king. But in the end, he wrote that the goodness of the Almighty was above everything, and died; leaving his observatory to decay without the Palace grounds.

From the *Bronze Horse* to the grass-grown enclosure that holds the Yantr Samrat, or Prince of Dials, is rather an abrupt passage. Jey Singh built him a dial with a gnomon some ninety feet high to throw a shadow against the sun, and the gnomon stands to-day, though there is grass in the kiosque at the top and the flight of steps up the hypotenuse is worn. He built also a zodiacal dial—twelve dials upon one platform—to find the moment of true noon at any time of the year, and hollowed out of the earth place for

two hemispherical cups, cut by belts of stone, for comparative observations.

He made cups for calculating eclipses and a mural quadrant and many other strange things of stone and mortar, of which people hardly know the names and but very little of the uses. Once, said, the keeper of two tiny elephants, *Indul* and *Har*, a *Sahib* came with the *Burra Lat Sahib*, and spent eight days in the enclosure of the great neglected observatory, seeing and writing things in a book. But *he* understood Sanskrit—the Sanskrit upon the faces of the dials, and the meaning of the gnoma and pointers. Now-a-days, no one understands Sanskrit—not even the Pundits; but without doubt Jey Singh was a great man.

The hearer echoed the statement, though he knew nothing of astronomy, and of all the wonders in the observatory was only struck by the fact that the shadow of the Prince of Dials moved over its vast plate so quickly, that it seemed as though Time, worth at the insolence of Jey Singh, had loosed the Horses of the Sun and were sweeping everything, dainty Palace-gardens, and ruinous instruments, into the darkness of eternal night. So he went away chased by the shadow on the Dial, and returned to the hotel, where he found men who said—this must be a catch-word of Globe-trotters—that they were "much pleased at" Amber. They further thought that "house-rent would be cheap in those parts," and sniggered over the witticism. Jey Singh, in spite of a few discreditable *laches*, was a temperate and tolerant man; but he would have hanged those Globe-trotters in their trunk-straps as high as the Yantr Samrat.

Next morning, in the grey dawn, the Englishman rose up and shook the sand of Jeypur from his feet, and went with master Coryatt and Sir Thomas Roe to "Ajmir," wondering whether a year in Jeypur would be sufficient to exhaust its interest, and why he had not gone out to the tombs of the dead Kings and the passes of Gulta and the fort of Motee Dungri. But what he wondered at most—knowing how many men who have in any way been connected with the birth of an institution, do, to the end of their days, continue to drag forward and exhume their labours and the honours that did *not* come to them—was the work of the two men who, together for years past, have been pushing Jeypur along the stone-dressed paths of civilisation, peace and comfort. "Servants of the Raj" they called themselves, and surely they have served the Raj past all praise. The pen and tact of a Wilfred Blunt are needed to fitly lash their reticence. But the people in the City and the camel-driver from the sand hills told of them. They themselves held their peace as to what they had done, and, when pressed, referred—crowning baseness—to reports. Printed ones!

VI.

SHOWING HOW HER MAJESTY'S MAILS WENT TO UDAIPUR AND FELL OUT BY THE WAY.

ARRIVED at Ajmir, the Englishman fell among tents pitched under the shadow of a huge banian tree, and in them was a Punjabi. Now there is no brotherhood like the brotherhood of the Pauper Province; for it is even greater than the genial and unquestioning hospitality which, in spite of the loafer and the Globe-Trotter, seems to exist throughout India. Ajmir being British territory, though the inhabitants are allowed to carry arms, is the head-quarters of many of the banking firms who lend to the Native States. The complaint of the Shetts to-day is that their trade is bad, because an unsympathetic Government induces the Native States to make railways and become prosperous. "Look at Jodhpur!" said a gentleman whose possessions might be roughly estimated at anything between thirty and forty-five lakhs: "Time was when Jodhpur was always in debt—and not so long ago, either. Now, they've got a railroad and are carrying salt over it, and, as sure as I stand here, they have a *surplus*! What can we do?" Poor pauper! However, he makes a little profit on the fluctuations in the coinage of the States round him, for every small king seems to have the privilege of striking his own image and inflicting the Great Exchange Question on his subjects. It is a poor State that has not two seers and five different rupees.

From a criminal point of view Ajmir is not a pleasant place. The Native States lie all round and about it, and portions of the district are ten miles off, Native State-locked on every side. Thus the criminal, who may be a burglarious Meena lusting for the money bags of the Shetts, or a Peshawari down south on a cold weather tour, has his plan of campaign much simplified.

The Englishman made only a short stay in the town, hearing that there was to be a ceremony—*tamasha* covers a multitude of things—at the capital of His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur—a town some hundred and eighty miles south of Ajmir, not known to many people beyond Viceroys and their Staffs and the officials of the Rajputana Agency. So he took a Nimach train in the very early morning and, with the Punjabi, went due south to Chitor, the point of departure for Udaipur. In time, the Aravallis gave place to a dead, flat, stone-strewn plain, thick with dhak-jungle. Later the date-palm fraternised with the dhak, and low hills stood on either side of the line. To this succeeded a tract rich in pure white stone, the line was ballasted with it. Then came more low hills each with a comb of splintered rock atop, overlooking dhak-jungle and villages fenced with thorns—places that at once declared themselves tigerish. Last, the huge bulk of Chitor showed itself on the horizon. The train crossed the Gumber River and halted almost in the shadow of the hills on which the old pride of Udaipur was set.

It is difficult to give an idea of the Chitor fortress; but the long line of brown wall springing out of bush-covered hill suggested at once those pictures, such as the *Graphic* publishes, of the *Inflexible* or the *Devastation*—gigantic men-of-war with a very low free-board ploughing through green sea. The hill on which the fort stands is ship-shaped and some miles long, and, from a distance, every inch appears to be scarped and guarded. But there was no time to see Chitor. The business of the day was to get, if possible, to Udaipur from Chitor Station, which was composed of one platform, one telegraph-room, a bench and several vicious dogs.

The State of Udaipur is as backward as Jeypur is advanced—if we judge it by the standard of civilisation. It does not approve of the incursions of Englishmen, and, to do it justice, it thoroughly succeeds in conveying its silent sulkiness. Still, where there is one English Resident, one Doctor, one Engineer, one Settlement Officer, and one Missionary, there must be a mail at least once a day. There was a mail. The Englishman, men said, might go by it if he liked, or he might not. Then, with a great sinking of the heart, he began to realise that his caste was of no value in the stony pastures of Mewar, among the swaggering gentlemen who were so lavishly adorned with arms. There was a mail, the ghost of a tonga, with tattered side-cloths and patched roof, inconceivably filthy within and without, and it was Her Majesty's. There was another tonga—an *aram* tonga—but the Englishman was not to have it. It was reserved for a Rajput Thakur who was going to Udaipur with his "tail." The Thakur, in claret-coloured velvet with a blue turban, a revolver—Army pattern—a sword, and five or six friends, also with swords, came by and endorsed the statement. Now the mail tonga had a wheel which was destined to become the Wheel of Fate, and to lead to many curious things. Two diseased yellow ponies were extracted from a dung-hill and yoked to the tonga; and after due deliberation Her Majesty's mail started, the Thakur following.

In twelve hours, or thereabouts, the seventy miles between Chitor and Udaipur would be accomplished. Behind the tonga cantered an armed sowar. He was the guard. The Thakur's tonga came up with a rush, ran deliberately across the bows of the Englishman, chipped a pony, and passed on. One lives and learns. The Thakur seems to object to following the foreigner.

At the halting-stages, once in every six miles that is to say, the ponies were carefully undressed and all their accoutrements fitted more or less accurately on to the backs of any ponies that might happen to be near: the released animals finding their way back to their stables alone and unguided. There were no *syces*, and the harness hung on by special dispensation of Providence. Still the ride over a good road, driven through a pitilessly stony country, had its charms for a while. At sunset the low hills turned to opal and wine-red, and the brown dust flew up pure gold; for the tonga was running straight into the sinking sun. Now and again would pass a traveller on a camel, or a gang of *Bunjarras* with their pack-bullocks and their women; and the sun touched the brasses of their swords and guns till the poor wretches seemed rich merchants come back from travelling with Sindbad.

On a rock on the right hand side, thirty-four great vultures were gathered over the carcase of a steer. And this was an evil omen. They made unseemly noises as the tonga passed, and a raven came out of a bush on the right and answered them. To crown all, one of the hide and skin castes sat on the left hand side of the road, cutting up some of the flesh that he had stolen from the vultures. Could a man desire three more inauspicious signs for a night's travel? Twilight came, and the hills were alive with strange noises, as the red moon, nearly at her full, rose over Chitor. To the low hills of the mad geological formation, the tumbled strata that seem to obey no law, succeeded level ground, the pasture lands of Mewar, cut by the Beruch and Wyan, streams running over smooth water-worn rock, and, as the heavy embankments and ample waterways showed, very lively in the rainy season.

In this region occurred the last and most inauspicious omen of all. Something had gone wrong with a crupper, a piece of blue and white punkah-cord. The Englishman pointed it out, and the driver, descending, danced on that lonely road an unholy dance, singing the while:—"The *dumchi*! The *dumchi*! The *dumchi*!" in a shrill voice. Then he returned and drove on, while the Englishman wondered into what land of lunatics he was heading. At an average speed of six miles an hour, it is possible to see a great deal of the country; and, under brilliant moonlight, Mewar was desolately beautiful. There was no night traffic on the road—no one except the patient sowar, his shadow an inky blot on white, cantering twenty yards behind. Once the tonga strayed into a company of date-trees that fringed the path, and once rattled through a little town, and once the ponies shyed at what the driver said was a rock; but it jumped up in the moonlight and went away.

Then came a great blasted heath whereon nothing was more than six inches high—a wilderness covered with grass and low thorn; and here, as nearly as might be midway between Chitor and Udaipur, the Wheel of Fate, which had been for some time beating against the side of the tonga, came off, and Her Majesty's Mails, two bags including parcels, collapsed on the way side; while the Englishman repented him that he had neglected the omens of the vultures and the raven, the low-caste man and the mad driver.

There was a consultation and an examination of the wheel: but the whole tonga was rotten, and the axle was smashed and the axle-pins were bent and nearly red-hot. "It is nothing," said the driver, "the mail often does this. What is a wheel?" He took a big stone and began hammering the wheel proudly on the tyre, to show that that at least was sound. A hasty court-martial revealed that there was absolutely not one single "break-down tonga" on the whole road between Chitor and Udaipur.

Now this wilderness was so utterly waste that not even the barking of a dog or the sound of a nightfowl could be heard. Luckily, the Thakur had, some twenty miles back stepped out to smoke by the roadside, and his tonga had been passed meanwhile. The sowar was sent back to find that tonga and bring it on. He cantered into the haze of the moonlight and disappeared. Then said the driver:—"Had there been no tonga behind us, I should have put the mails on a horse, because the Sirkar's dâk cannot stop." The Englishman sat down upon the parcels-bag, for he felt that there was trouble coming. The driver looked East and West and said:—"I too will go and see if the tonga can be found, for the Sirkar's dâk cannot stop. Meantime, Oh Sahib, do you take care of the mails—one bag and one bag of parcels." So he ran swiftly into the haze of the moonlight and was lost, and the Englishman was left alone in charge of Her Majesty's Mails, two unhappy ponies and a lop-sided tonga. He lit fires, for the night was bitterly cold, and only mourned that he could not destroy the whole of the territories of His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur. But he managed to raise a very fine blaze, before he reflected that all this trouble was his own fault for wandering into Native States undesirous of Englishmen.

The ponies coughed dolorously from time to

time, but they could not lift the weight of a dead silence that seemed to be crushing the earth. After an interval measurable by centuries, sowar, driver and Thakur's tonga re-appeared; the latter full to the brim and bubbling over with humanity and bedding. "We will now" said the driver, not deigning to notice the Englishman who had been on guard over the mails, "put the Sirkar's dak into this tonga and go forward." Amiable heathen! He was going, he said so, to leave the Englishman to wait in the Sahara, for certainly thirty hours and perhaps forty-eight. Tongas are scarce on the Udaipur road. There are a few occasions in life when it is justifiable to delay Her Majesty's Mails. This was one of them. Seating himself upon the parcels-bag, the Englishman cried in what was intended to be a very terrible voice, but the silence soaked it up and left only a thin trickle of sound, that any one who touched the bags would be hit with a stick, several times, over the head. The bags were the only link between him and the civilisation he had so rashly foregone. And there was a pause.

The Thakur put his head out of the tonga and spoke shrilly in Mewari. The Englishman replied in English-Urdu. The Thakur withdrew his head, and from certain grunts that followed seemed to be wakening his retainers. Then two men fell sleepily out of the tonga and walked into the night. "Come in," said the Thakur, "you and your baggage. My *banduq* is in that corner; be careful." The Englishman, taking a mail-bag in one hand for safety's sake—the wilderness inspires an Anglo-Indian cockney with unreasoning fear—climbed into the tonga, which was then loaded far beyond Plimsoll mark, and the procession resumed its journey. Every one in the vehicle,—it seemed as full as the railway carriage that held Alice Through the Looking Glass—was *Sahib* and *Hazur*. Except the Englishman. He was simple *tum*, and a revolver, Army pattern, was printing every diamond in the chequer-work of its handle, into his right hip. When men desired him to move, they prodded him with the handles of *tulwars* till they had coiled him into an uneasy lump. Then they slept upon him, or cannoned against him as the tonga bumped. It was an *aram* tonga, or tonga for ease. That was the bitterest thought of all.

In due season the harness began to break once every five minutes, and the driver vowed that the wheels would give way also.

After eight hours in one position, it is excessively difficult to walk, still more difficult to climb up an unknown road into a dák bungalow; but he who has sought sleep on an arsenal and under the bodies of burly Rajputs, can do it. The gray dawn brought Udaipur and a French bedstead. As the tonga jingled away, the Englishman heard the familiar crack of broken harness. So he was not the Jonah he had been taught to consider himself all through that night of penance!

A jackal sat in the verandah and howled him to sleep, wherein he dreamed that he had caught a Viceroy under the walls of Chitor and beaten him with a *tulwar* till he turned into a dâk-pony whose near foreleg was perpetually coming off, and who would say nothing but *um* when he was asked why he had not built a railway from Chitor to Udaipur.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

VII.

Touching the Children of the Sun and their City, and the Hat-marked Caste and their Merits, and a Good Man's Works in the Wilderness.

It was worth a night's discomfort and a revolver-bed to sleep upon—this city of the Suryavansi, hidden among the hills that encompass the great Pichola lake. Truly, the King who governs to-day is wise in his determination to have no railroad to his capital. His predecessor was more or less enlightened, and had he lived a few years longer, would have brought the iron horse through the Dobarri—the green gate which is the entrance of the Girwa or girdle of hills round Udaipur; and, with the train, would have come the tourist who would have scratched his name upon the Temple of Garuda and laughed horse-laughs upon the lake. Let us, therefore, be thankful that the capital of Mewar is hard to reach, and go abroad into a new and a strange land rejoicing.

Each man who has any claims to respectability walks armed, carrying his tulwar sheathed in his hand, or hung by a short sling of cotton passing over the shoulder, under his left arm pit. His matchlock, or smooth-bore if he has one, is borne naked on the shoulder.

Now it is possible to carry any number of lethal weapons without being actually dangerous. An unhandy revolver, for instance, may be worn for years, and, at the end, accomplish nothing more noteworthy than the murder of its owner. But the Rajput's weapons are not meant for display. The Englishman caught a camel-driver who talked to him in Mewarri which is a heathenish dialect, something like Multani to listen to; and the man, very gracefully and courteously, handed him his sword and matchlock, the latter a heavy stump-stock arrangement without pretence of sights. The blade was as sharp as a razor, and the gun in perfect working order. The coiled fuse on the stock was charred at the end, and the curled ram's-horn powder-horn opened as readily as a whisky-flask that is much handled. Unfortunately, ignorance of Mewarri prevented conversation; so the camel-driver resumed his accoutrements and jogged forward on his beast—a superb black one, with the short curled *hubshee* hair—while the Englishman went to the City which is built on hills on the borders of the lake. By the way, everything in Udaipur is built on a hill. There is no level ground in the place, except the Durbar Gardens, of which more hereafter. Because colour holds the eye more than form, the first thing noticeable was neither temple nor fort, but an ever-recurring picture, painted in the rudest form of native art, of a man on horseback armed with a lance, charging an elephant-of-war. As a rule, the elephant was depicted on one side the house-door and the rider on the other. There was no representation of an army behind. The figures stood alone upon the whitewash on house and wall and gate, again and again and again. A highly intelligent priest grunted that it was a *tazwir*; a private of the Maharana's regular army suggested that it was a *hathi;* while a wheat-seller, his sword at his side, was equally certain that it was a Raja. Beyond that point, his knowledge did not go. The explanation of the picture is this. In the days when Raja Maun of Amber, put his sword at Akbar's service and won for him great kingdoms, Akbar sent an army against Mewar whose then ruler was Pertap Singh, most famous of all the princes of Mewar. Selim, Akbar's son, led the army of the Toork; the Rajputs met them at the pass of Huldighat and fought till one-half of their bands were slain. Once, in the press of battle, Pertap, on his great horse, "Chytak," came within striking distance of Selim's elephant, and slew the *mahout*, but Selim escaped, to become Jehangir afterwards, and the Rajputs were broken. That was three hund-

red years ago, and men have reduced the picture to a sort of diagram that the painter dashes in, in a few minutes, without, it would seem, knowing what he is commemorating. Elsewhere, the story is drawn in line even more roughly.

Thinking of these things, the Englishman made shift to get at the City, and presently came to a tall gate, the Gate of the Sun, on which the elephant-spikes, that he had seen rotted with rust at Amber, were new and pointed and effective. The City gates are said to be shut at night, and there is a story of a Viceroy's Guard-of-Honour which arrived before daybreak, being compelled to crawl ignominously man by man through a little wicket-gate, while the horses had to wait without till sunrise. But a civilised yearning for the utmost advantages of octroi, and not a fierce fear of robbery and wrong, is at the bottom of the continuance of this custom. The walls of the city are loopholed for musketry, but there seem to be no mountings for guns, and the moat without the walls is dry and gives cattle pasture. Coarse rubble in concrete faced with stone, makes the walls moderately strong.

Internally, the City is surprisingly clean, though with the exception of the main street, paved after the fashion of Jullundur of which, men say, the pavement was put down in the time of Alexander and worn by myriads of naked feet into deep barrels and grooves. In the case of Udaipur, the feet of the passengers have worn the rock veins that crop out everywhere, smooth and shiny; and in the Rains the narrow gullies must spout like fire-hoses. The people have been untouched by cholera for four years—proof that Providence looks after those who do not look after themselves, for Nimach Cantonment, a hundred miles away, suffered grievously last summer. "And what do you make in Udaipur?" "Swords," said the man in the shop, throwing down an armful of *tulwars*, *kuttars* and *khandas* on the stones. "Do you want any? Look here!" Hereat, he took up one of the commoner swords and flourished it in the sunshine. Then he bent it double, and, as it sprang straight, began to make it "speak." Arm-vendors in Udaipur are a genuine race, for they sell to people who really use their wares. The man in the shop was rude—distinctly so. His first flush of professional enthusiasm abated, he took stock of the Englishman and said calmly :—"What do *you* want with a sword?" Then he picked up his goods and retreated, while certain small boys, who deserved a smacking, laughed riotously from the coping of a little temple hard by. Swords seem to be the sole manufacture of the place. At least, none of the inhabitants the Englishman spoke to could think of any other.

There is a certain amount of personal violence in and about the State, or else where would be the good of the weapons? There are occasionally dacoities more or less important; but these are not often heard of and, indeed, there is no special reason why they should be dragged into the light of an unholy publicity, for the land governs itself in its own way, and is, always in its own way which is by no means ours, very happy. The Thakurs live, each in his own castle on some rock-faced hill, much as they lived in the days of Tod; though their chances of distinguishing themselves, except in the school, sewer and dispensary line, are strictly limited. Nominally, they pay *chutoond*, or a sixth of their revenues to the State and are under feudal obligations to supply their Head with so many horsemen per thousand rupees; but whether the *chutoond* justifies its name and what is the exact extent of the "tail" leviable, they, and perhaps the Rajputana Agency, alone know. They are quiet, give no trouble except to the wild boar, and personally are magnificent men to look at. The Rajput shows his breeding in his hands and feet which are almost disproportionately small, and as well shaped as those of women. His stirrups and sword-handles are even more unusable by Westerns than those elsewhere in India, while the Bhil's knife-handle gives as large a grip as an English one. Now the little Bhil is an aborigine which is humiliating to think of. His tongue, which may frequently be heard in the City, seems to possess some variant of the Zulu click; which gives it a weird and unearthly character. From the main gate of the City the Englishman climbed up hill towards the Palace, and the Jugdesh temple built by one Jaggat Singh at the beginning of the last century. This building must be, but ignorance is a bad guide, Jain in character. From basement to the stone socket for the temple flag-staff, it is carved in high relief with friezes of elephants, men, gods and monsters in wearying profusion.

The management of the temple have daubed a large portion of the building with whitewash; for which their revenues should be "cut" for a year or two. The main shrine holds a large brazen image of Garuda, and, in the corners of the courtyard of the main pile, are shrines to Mahadeo, and the jovial, pot-bellied Ganesh. There is no repose in this architecture, and the entire effect is one of repulsion; for the clustered figures of man and brute seem always on the point of bursting into unclean, wriggling life. But it may be that the builders of this form of house, desired to put the fear of all their many gods into the heart of the worshippers.

From the temple whose steps are worn smooth by the feet of men, and whose courts are full of the faint smell of stale flowers and old incense, the Englishman went to the Palaces which crown the highest hill overlooking the City. Here, too, whitewash had been unsparingly applied, but the excuse was that the stately fronts and the pierced screens were built of a perishable stone which needed protection against the weather. One projecting window in the façade of the main Palace, had been treated with Minton tiles. Luckily it was too far up the wall for anything more than the colour to be visible, and the pale blue against the pure white was effective.

A picture of Ganesh looks out over the main courtyard which is entered by a triple gate, and hard by, is the place where the King's elephants fight over a low masonry wall. In the side of the hill on which the Palaces stand, is built stabling for horses and elephants, proof that the architects of old must have understood their business thoroughly. The palace is not a "show place," and, consequently, the Englishman did not see much of the interior. But he passed through open gardens with tanks and pavilions, very cool and restful, till he came suddenly upon the Pichola lake and forgot altogether about the Palace. He found a sheet of steel-blue water, set in purple and grey hills, bound in on one side, by marble bunds, the fair, white walls of the palace, and the grey, time-worn ones of the city; and, on the other, fading away through the white of shallow water, and the soft green of weed, marsh, and rank pastured river field, into the land. To enjoy open water thoroughly, live for a certain number of years barred from anything better than the yearly swell and shrinkage of one of the Five Rivers, and then come upon two and a half miles of solid, restful lake, with a cool wind blowing off it and little waves spitting against the piers of a veritable, albeit hideously ugly, boathouse. On the faith of an exile from the Sea, you will not stay long among palaces, be they never so lovely, or in little rooms panelled with Dutch tiles, be these never so rare and curious. And here follows a digression. There is no life so good as the life of a loafer who travels by rail and road; for all things and all people are kind to him. From the chill miseries of a dak-bungalow where they slew one hen with as much parade as the French guillotined Pranzini, to the well ordered sumptuousness of the Residency, was a step bridged over by kindly and unquestioning hospitality. So it happened that the Englishman was not only able to go upon the lake in a soft-cushioned boat, with everything handsome about him, but might, had he chosen, have killed wild-duck with which the lake swarms.

The mutter of water under a boat's nose was a pleasant thing to hear once more. Starting at the head of the lake, he found himself shut out from sight of the main sheet of water in a loch bounded by a sunk, broken bund, to steer across which was a matter of some nicety. Beyond that, lay a second pool spanned by a narrow arched bridge built, men said, long before the city of the Rising Sun which is little more than three hundred years old. The bridge connects the city with Brahmapura—a white-walled enclosure filled with many Brahmins and ringing with the noise of their conches. Beyond the bridge, the body of the lake, with the City running down to it, comes into full view; and Providence has arranged for the benefit of such as delight in colours, that the Rajputni shall wear the most striking tints that she can buy in the bazaars, in order that she may beautify the ghats where she comes to bathe.

The bathing-ledge at the foot of the City wall was lighted with women clad in raw vermillion, dull red, indigo and sky blue, saffron and pink and turquoise; the water faithfully doubling everything. But the first impression was of the unreality of the sight, for the Englishman found himself thinking of the Simla Fine Arts Exhibition and the over-daring amateurs who had striven to reproduce scenes such as these. Then a woman rose up and clasping her hands behind her head, looked at the passing boat, and the ripples spread out from her waist, in blinding white silver, far across the water. As a picture, a daringly insolent picture, it would have been superb.

The boat turned aside to shores where huge turtle were lying, and a stork had built her a nest, big as a hay-cock, in a withered tree, and a bevy of coots were flapping and gabbling in the weeds or between great leaves of the *Victoria Regia*—an "escape" from the Durbar Gardens. Here were, as Mandeville hath it, "all manner of strange fowle"—divers and waders, after their kind, kingfishers and snaky-necked birds of the cormorant family, but no duck. They had seen the guns in the boat and were flying to and fro in companies across the lake, or settling, wise birds, in the glare of the sun on the water. The lake was swarming with them, but they seemed to know exactly how far a twelve-bore would carry. Perhaps their knowledge had been gained from the Englishman at the Residency. Later, as the sun left the lake and the hills began to glow like opals, the boat made her way to the shallow side of the lake, through fields of water-grass and dead lotus-raffle that rose as high as the bows, and clung lovingly about the rudder, and parted with the noise of silk when it is torn. There she waited for the fall of twilight when the duck would come home to bed, and the Englishman sprawled upon the cushions in deep content and laziness, as he looked across to where two marble palaces floated upon the waters, and saw all the glory and beauty of the City, and wondered whether Tod, in cocked hat and stiff stock, had ever come shooting among the reeds, and, if so, how in the world he had ever managed to bowl over. . . .

"Duck and drake, by Jove! Confiding beasts weren't they. Hi! Lalla, jump out and get them!" It was a brutal thing, this double-barrelled murder perpetrated in the silence of the marsh when the kingly wild-duck came back from his wanderings with his mate at his side, but—but—the birds were very good to eat. After this, and many other slaughters, had been accomplished, the boat went back in the full dusk, down narrow water-lanes, and across belts of weed, disturbing innumerable fowl on the road, till she reached open water and "the moon like a rick afire was rising over the dale" and—it was not the "whit, whit, whit" of the nightingale but the stately "*honk, honk*" of some wild geese thanking their stars that these pestilent *shikarris* were going away.

If the Venetian owned the Pichola Sagar he might say with justice :—"See it and die." But it is better to live and go to dinner, and strike into a new life—that of the men who bear the hall-mark on their brow as plainly as the well-born native carries the *trisul* of Shiva.

They are of the same caste as the toilers on the Frontier—tough, bronzed, men, with wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, gotten by looking across much sun-glare. When they would speak of horses, they mention Arab ponies, and their talk, for the most part, drifts Bombaywards, or to Abu which is their Simla. By these things the traveller may see that he is far away from the Presidency; and will presently learn that he is in a land where the railway is an incident and not an indispensable luxury. Folk tell strange stories of drives in bullock-carts in the Rains, of break-downs in nullahs fifty miles from everywhere, and of elephants that use to sink "for rest and refreshment" half-way across swollen streams. Every place here seems fifty miles from everywhere, and the "legs of a horse" are regarded as the only natural means of locomotion. Also, and this to the Indian Cockney who is accustomed to the bleached or office man is curious, there are to be found many veritable "tiger men"—not story-spinners but such as have, in their wanderings from Bikaneer to Indore, dropped their tiger in the way of business. They are enthusiastic over princelings of little known fiefs, lords of austere estates perched on the tops of unthrifty hills, hard riders and good sportsmen. And five, six, yes fully nine hundred miles to the northward, lives the sister branch of the same caste—the men who swear by Pathan, Biluch and Brahui with whom they have shot or broken bread.

There is a saying in Upper India that the more desolate the country the greater the certainty of finding a Padre-Sahib. The proverb seems to hold good in Udaipur where the Scotch Presbyterian Mission have a post, and others at Todgarh to the North and elsewhere. To arrive, under Providence, at the cure of souls through the curing of bodies certainly seems the most rational method of conversion: and this is exactly what the Mission are doing. Their Padre in Udaipur is also an M. D., and of him a rather striking tale is told. Conceiving that the City could bear another hospital in addition to the State one, he took furlough, went home, and there, by crusade and preaching, raised sufficient money for the scheme, so that none might say that he was beholden to the State. Returning, he built his hospital, a very model of neatness and comfort and, opening the operation-book, announced his readiness to see any one and everyone who was sick. How the call was and is now responded to, the dry records of that book will show; and the name of the Padre-Sahib is honoured, as these ears have heard, throughout Udaipur and far around. The faith that sends a man into the wilderness, and the secular energy which enables him to cope with an ever-growing demand for medical aid, must, in time, find their reward. If patience and unwearying self-sacrifice carry any merit, they should do so soon. To-day, the people are willing enough to be healed, and the general influence of the Padre-Sahib is very great. But beyond that . . . . Still, it was impossible to judge aright.

VIII.

DIVERS PASSAGES OF SPEECH AND ACTION WHENCE THE NATURE, ARTS AND DISPOSITION OF THE KING AND HIS SUBJECTS MAY BE OBSERVED.

In this land men tell "sad stories of the death of kings," not easily found elsewhere; and also speak of *sati*, which is generally supposed to be an "effete curiosity" as the Bengali said, in a manner which makes it seem very near and vivid. Be pleased to listen to some of the tales, but with all the names cut out, because a King has just as much right to have his family affairs respected as has a British householder paying income-tax.

Once upon a time, that is to say when the British power was well established in the land and there were railways, there was a King who lay dying for many days, and all, including the Englishmen about him, knew that his end was certain. But he had chosen to lie in an outer court or pleasure-house of his palace; and with him were some twenty of his favourite wives. The place in which he lay, was very near to the City: and there was a fear that his womenkind should, on his death, going mad with grief, cast off their veils and run out into the streets, uncovered before all men. In which case, nothing, not even the power of the Press, and the locomotive, and the telegraph, and cheap education and enlightened municipal councils, could have saved them from *sati*, for they were the wives of a King. So the Political did his best to induce the dying man to go to the Fort of the City, a safe place close to the regular zenana where all the women could be kept within walls. He said that the air was better in the Fort, but the King refused; and that he would recover in the fort, but the King refused. After some days, the latter turned and said:—"*Why* are you so keen, Sahib, upon getting my old bones up to the Fort." Driven to his last defences, the Political said simply:—"Well, Maharana Sahib—the place is close to the road you see, and . . . ." The King saw and said:—"Oh *that's* it! I've been puzzling my brain for four days to find out what on earth you were driving at. I'll go to-night." "But there may be some difficulty" began the Political. "You think so," said the King. "If I only hold up my little finger, the women will obey me. Go now, and come back in five minutes, and all will be ready for departure." As a matter of fact, the Political withdrew for the space of fifteen minutes, and gave orders that the conveyances which he had kept in readiness day and night should be got ready. In fifteen minutes, those twenty women with their handmaidens were packed and ready for departure; and the King died later at the Fort, and nothing happened. Here the Englishman asked why a frantic woman must of necessity become *sati* and felt properly abashed when he was told that she *must*. There was nothing else for her if she went out unveiled deliberately.

The rush-out forces the matter. And, indeed, if you consider the matter from a Rajput point of view it does.

Then followed a very grim tale of the death of another King; of the long vigil by his bedside, before he was taken off the bed to die upon the ground: of the shutting of a certain mysterious door behind the bed-head, which shutting was followed by a rustle of woman's dress; of a walk on the top of the Palace, to escape the heated air of the sick room, and then, in the grey dawn, the wail upon wail breaking from the zenana as the news of the King's death went in. "I never wish to hear anything more horrible and awful in my life. You could see nothing, You could only hear the poor wretches!" said the Political with a shiver.

The last resting place of the Maharanas of Udaipur is at Ahar, a little village two miles east of the City. Here they go down in their robes of state, their horse following behind, and here the Political saw, after the death of a Maharana, the dancing-girls dancing before the poor white ashes, the musicians playing among the cenotaphs, and the golden hookah, sword, and water-vessel laid out for the naked soul doomed to hover twelve days round the funeral pyre, before it could depart on its journey towards a fresh birth in the endless circle of the Wheel of Fate. Once, in a neighbouring State it said, one of the dancing-girls stole a march in the next world's precedence and her lord's affections, upon the legitimate queens. The affair happened, by the way, after the Mutiny and was accomplished with great pomp in the light of day. Subsequently, those who might have stopped it but did not were severely punished. The girl said that she had no one to look to but the dead man, and followed him, to use Tod's' formula, "through the flames." It would be curious to know what is done now and again among these lonely hills in the walled holds of the Thakurs.

But to return from the burning-ground to modern Udaipur, as at present worked under the Maharana and his Prime Minister Rae Punna Lal, C.I.E. To begin with, His Highness is a racial anomaly in that, judged by the strictest European standard, he is a man of temperate life, the husband of one wife whom he married before he was chosen to the throne after the death of the Maharana Sujjun Singh in 1884. Sujjun Singh died childless and gave no hint of his desires as to succession and—omitting all the genealogical and political reasons which would drive a man mad—Futteh Singh was chosen, by the Thakurs, from the Seorati Branch of the family which Sangram Singh II. founded. He is thus a younger son of a younger branch of a younger family: which lucid statement should suffice to explain everything. The man who could deliberately unravel the succession of any one of the Rajput States would be perfectly capable of clearing the politics of all the Frontier tribes from Jumrood to Quetta.

Roughly speaking, the Maharana and the Prime Minister—in whose family the office has been hereditary for many generations—divide the power of the State. They control, more or less, the Mahand Raj Sabha or Council of Direction and Revision. This is composed of many of the Rawats and Thakurs of the State, *and* the Poet Laureate who, under a less genial administration, would be presumably the Registrar. There are also District Officers, Officers of Customs, Superintendents of the Mint, Masters of the Horse, and Supervisor of Doles, which last is pretty and touching. The State officers itself, and the Englishman's investigations failed to unearth any Bengalis. The Commandant of the State Army, about five-thousand men of all arms, is a retired non-commissioned officer, a Mr. Lonergan; who, as the medals on his breast attest, has "done the State some service," and now in his old age rejoices in the rank of Major-General, and teaches the Maharaja's guns to make uncommonly good practice. The infantry are smart and well set up, while the Cavalry—rare thing in Native States—have a distinct notion of keeping their accoutrements clean. They are, further, well mounted on light wiry Mewar and Kathiawar horses. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the Pathan comes down with his pickings from the Punjab to Udaipur and finds a market there for animals that were much better employed in—but the complaint is a stale one. Let us see, later on, what the Jodhpur Stables hold; and then formulate an indictment against the Government. So much for the indigenous administration of Udaipur. The one drawback in the present Maharaja, from the official point of view, is his want of education. He is a thoroughly good man, but was not brought up with a seat on the *guddee* before his eyes. Consequently, he is not an English-speaking man.

There is a story told of him which is worth the repeating. An Englishman who flattered himself that he could speak the vernacular fairly well paid him a visit and discoursed, with a round mouth. The Maharana heard him politely and turning to a satellite demanded a translation; which was given. Then said the Maharana :—"Speak to him in *Angrezi*." The *Angrezi* spoken by the interpreter was the vernacular as the Sahibs speak it, and the Englishman, having ended his conference, departed abashed. But this backwardness is eminently suited to a place like Udaipur, and a "varnished" prince is not always a desirable thing. The curious and even startling simplicity of his life is worth preserving. Here is a specimen of one of his days. Rising at four—and the dawn can be bitterly chill,—he bathes and prays after the custom of his race, and at six is ready to take in hand the first instalment of the day's work which comes before him through his Prime Minister, and occupies him for three or four hours till the first meal of the day is ready. At two o'clock he attends the Mahand Raj Sabha, and works till five, retiring at a healthily primitive hour. He is said to have his hands fairly firmly upon the reins of rule, and to know as much as most monarchs know of the way in which the revenues—about thirty lakhs—are disposed of. The Prime Minister's career has been a chequered and interesting one, including, *inter alia*, a dismissal from power (this was worked from behind the screen), an arrest and an attack with words which all but ended in his murder. He has not so much power as his predecessors had, for the reason that the present Maharaja allows little but tiger-shooting to distract him from the supervision of the State. His Highness, by the way, is a first-class shot and has bagged eighteen tigers already. He preserves his game carefully, and permission to kill tigers is not readily obtainable.

A curious instance of the old order giving place to the new is in process of evolution and deserves notice. The Prime Minister's son, Futteh Lal, a boy of twenty years old, has been educated at the Mayo College Ajmir, and speaks and writes English. There are few native officials in the State who do this; and the consequence is that the lad has won a very fair insight into State affairs and knows generally what is going forward both in the Eastern and Western spheres of the little Court. In time he may qualify for direct administrative powers, and Udaipur will be added to the list of the States that are governed "English fash" as the irreverent Americans put it. What the end will be, after three generations of Princes and Dewans have been put through the mill of Rajkumar Colleges, those who live will learn.

More interesting is the question, for how long can the vitality of a people whose life was arms be suspended. Men in the North say that, by the favour of the Government, the Sikh Sirdars are rotting on their lands; and the Rajput Thakurs say of themselves that they are growing "rusty." The old, old problem forces itself on the most unreflective mind at every turn in the gay streets of Udaipur. A Frenchman might write :—"Behold there the horse of the Rajput—foaming, panting, caracoling, but always fettered with his head so majestic upon his bosom so ample filled with a generous heart. He rages but he does not advance. See there the destiny of the Rajput who bestrides him, and upon whose left flank bounds the sabre useless—the haberdashery of the iron-monger only. Pity the horse in reason, for that life there is his *raison d'etre*. Pity ten thousand times more the Rajput, for he has no *raison d'etre*. He is an anachronism in a blue turban."

The Gaul might be wrong, but Tod wrote things which seem to support this view, in the days when he wished to make "buffer-states" of the land he loved so well.

Let us visit the Durbar Gardens where little naked Cupids are trampling upon fountains of fatted fish, all in bronze, where there are cypresses and red paths, and a deer-park full of all varieties of deer, besides two growling, fluffy, little panther cubs, a black panther who is the Prince of Darkness and a

gentleman, and a terrace full of tigers, bears and Guzerat lions bought from the King of Oudh's sale.

On the best site in the Gardens is rising the Victoria Hall, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Maharana in the 21st of June last. It is built after the designs of Mr. C. Thompson, Executive Engineer of the State, and will be in the Hindu-Saracenic style; having two fronts, west and north. In the former will be the principal entrance, approached by a flight of steps leading to a handsome porch of carved pillars supporting stone beams—the flat Hindu arch. To the left of the entrance hall will be a domed octagonal tower eighty feet high, holding the principal staircase leading to the upper rooms. A corridor on the right of the entrance will lead to the Museum: and immediately behind the entrance hall is the reading-room, 42 by 24 feet, and beyond it the library and office. To the right of the reading-room will be an open Courtyard with a fountain in the centre, and, beyond the courtyard, the museum—a great hall one hundred feet long. Over the library and the entrance hall will be private apartments for the Maharana approached by a private staircase. The communication between the two upper rooms will be by a corridor running along the north front having a parapet of delicately cut pillars and cusped arches—the latter filled in with open tracery. Pity it is that the whole of this will have to be whitewashed to protect the stone from the weather. Over the entrance-porch, and projecting from the upper room, will be a very elaborately cut balcony supported on handsome brackets. Facing the main entrance will be a marble statue, nine feet high, of the Queen, on a white marble pedestal ten feet high. The statue is now being made at home by Mr. Birch, R. A. The cost of the whole will be about Rs. 80,000. Now it is a curious thing that the statue of Her Majesty will be put some eighty feet below the level of the great bund that holds in the Pichola lake. But the bund is a firm one and has stood for many years.

Another public building deserves notice, and that is the Walter Hospital for native women, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Countess of Dufferin on that memorable occasion when the Viceroy, behind Artillery Horses, covered the seventy miles from Chitor to Udaipur in under six hours. The building, by the same brain that designed the Hall, will be ready for occupation in a month. It is in strict keeping with the canons of Hindu architecture externally, and has a high, well ventilated waiting-room out of which, to the right, are two wards for in-patients and to the left a dispensary and consulting-room. Beyond these, again, is a third ward for in-patients. In a Courtyard behind are a ward for low caste patients and the offices.

When all these buildings are completed Udaipur will be dowered with three good hospitals including the State's and the Padri's, and a first instalment of Civilization.

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A LITTLE MORALITY.

Morality, heavenly link.
It is to thee that I drink!
I'm awfully fond,
Of that heavenly bond,
Morality, heavenly link!
Bab Ballads.

The Government of India woke up with a start. The air was full of flippant language. "Bless our Souls," said the Government of India, "this is painful! They are actually getting irreverent. We must do something." They called up all the Secretaries and took their opinions, and the Secretaries said with one voice that there was nothing like Morality. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control", murmured all the Secretaries, because they had read Tennyson in the six-shilling edition and had ideas on governing India. "The fact of the matter is," said the Government of India, impressively, "something has gone wrong somewhere. We don't quite know what it is, but we are determined to set it right." All the Secretaries murmured applausively:- "Set it right. By all means, set it right."

And, really, the state of affairs demanded some sort of correction. The Government of India was in thae habit of giving little boys four rupees a month to sit still andi load themselves up with Spenser's Faery Queen, pp. 1 to 131 incluusive, and Kingsley's Westward Ho! and Colenso as far as Decimal Frractions, and Fawcett's Political Economy, and Hypatia, and The EElements of Logic, and whole pages of Chaucer, besides unlimited quanttities of History, and things of that nature. On the strength of his four rupees a month, the boy took a wife, and by the time thatt his subsistence allowance came to an end, he was usually the owner of two children, in addition to a mass of mixed information regarrding Magna Charta, Deucalion, Empedocles on Etna, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," "Wilkes and Number 45," Colonel Olcott's lectures and the back-numbers of the Theosophist. Just as he was comfortably settling

attended to him.

The boy went on his wonderful way, his poor head swimming with the things he had picked up in the days of his subsistence allowance, and at last created the "New English". Everybody laughed at it, but it was all his own - unique and unapproachable. And the Government of India shook its head, for the "New English" seemed a poor distillation from the strong wine poured out so lavishly. Then the boy found his métier, poor fellow. You must understand that his mother-tongue was almost inconceivably rich in terms of abuse, and the language of his home life bristled with peculiar terms and strange twists of expression which would have deeply shocked the Government of India had it heard them. But, as the Government of India was nervously anxious not to penetrate into the sacredness of his domestic life or to upset his religious prejudices, it missed the wonderful language which the boy would use towards his wife, or his mother, when the one had been misbehaving herself, or the other had slapped one of his children. When to the immense natural resources of the country were added some Emerson, Carlyle, Swift and Johnson, the result even in temperate hands would have been fine. But, the boy was, by heredity and national temperament, devoid of any sense of proportion, and constitutionally prone to exaggeration. The style and composition of the oldtime histories might have convinced the Government of India of this; but they never cared to look.

So the boy found his métier which was to abuse the Government of India; and here everything was in his favour. By the irony of Destiny he abused it, not for half poisoning him and giving him indigestion, but for not poisoning him half quickly enough. The New English was a flexible tongue and the boy was an apt copyist; albeit he had no notion of the value of words. This was curious, because, for generations and generations, words had been things to his people. He turned up his books and abused it as the French peasantry abused the aristocracy before the Revolution; then he abused it in the Ciceronian style beginning:- Quousque tandem, &c.; then he cursed it in the Swiftian manner which was rather more vitriolic than the others;

then he pulverised it on paper in Macaulay periods, and, when he was nearly exhausted, a cynical Fate put the Pall Mall Gazette and some American papers in his way. He copied everything and made no doubt but that he was doing well; and the cry of his torment, for he was nearly dead with the terrible indigestion of half-bolted studies, was heartrending. But over and above, and through and under, the Swiftian, Ciceronian, and Steadish invective could be heard the winged words of the bazaars in which he had been brought up. It was a pitiful, a pathetic thing; and the worst of it was that the boy did not know what was the matter with him, any more than does a baby suffering from colic. To its eternal credit be it written, the Government of India did not add a fresh mistake to its original sin. Any other Government on hearing the language the boy used would have imprisoned him. One Government would have hanged him as high as Haman. The Indian Government felt dimly that it had done him a great wrong, and appointed a Commission to soothe him. But his trouble was not curable by Commissions, though he himself said it was, He had mixed up the proverbs about climbing over other men's shoulders to employment, with Smiles on Self-Help and the curious teachings he had learnt at his mother's knee. He drank, so to speak, brandy and curds, heady port and arrack, together, and the natural indigestive result was extreme discomfort. Then said the Government of India who had been lavishing Lakhs and lakhs on subsistence allowances in order to make him what he was:- "He is irreverent! We must seriously consider the matter. His language is really shocking." And so it was!

The Conference of the Secretaries held itself, and unanimously resolved that Morality was what he lacked. The boy had three hundred and thirty three million, three hundred and thirty three thousand , three hundred and thirty three Gods of his own; but the Secretaries thought that he might endure yet more - a colourless and abstract sort of God, carefully arranged so as not to hurt his religious feelings. When they were all settled down, the Military Secretary drifted in, booted and spurred, on his way to the race-

course. "Irreverence is it?" said he. "Morality be dashed. When I did anything wrong at school I was flogged to bring me to my bearings, and so were you." He departed tempestuously, while a Secretary murmured:- "You can't flog a married man - boy - what is it?" A Lieutenant-Governor said:- "Hang it, no. They'd make a Dacca schoolboy's case out of it!" And that was the stumblingblock. The boy was not only a married man, but also claimed to be the people of the country. In England, a future Prime Minister can be birched till he bleeds and no one says anything. In India, a future anybody cannot be touched without serious discussion; and this, too, is the fault of the Government of India. "Make prefects," said a Secretary. "No end of good in prefects I was a prefect once." Another Secretary exploded with a cackle and said:- "They'd take bribes". But the recommendation was written down. Then a brilliant genius said:- "Give 'em a primer to teach 'em Morality," and Lord Cross, seven thousand miles away, in a London fog and all among the Societies for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, the Protection of Aborigines, the Lying-in Hospitals and the Missions to Fallen Women, sent some sample primers across the sea to the boy who was, on one side, as old as all Asia, as wise as all Asia, and, on the other, Younger than the youngest puppy that was ever born, dying of indigestion in the spirit and dead in the flesh before his fiftieth year. He knew rather more about Morality than any of his examiners, for, many, many ago, his forefathers had walked through Morality and come out on the other side. His complaint was indigestion - acute mental dyspepsia, and for that the Government of India gave him a fresh book to swallow.

Just as the Great Morality Manifesto had been drafted, the Secretary in the Revenue and Agriculture Department entered. He had lost his way to his office in a fit of absence of mind, and there was the light of deep thought in his far away, eyes. "Oh! you here!" said he. "By the way, what's the best thing for a cow that has gorged herself with clover?" The question had nothing to do with the Educational Department, and it remained for the Military Secretary, fresh

from his morning gallop to answer it. "You can't do anything," he said, "but, if she recovers keep her on dry diet."

The Great Morality Manifesto went forth to the World.

And the World laughed.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

IX.

OF THE PIG-DRIVE WHICH WAS A PANTHER-KILLING, AND OF THE DEPARTURE TO CHITOR.

ABOVE the Durbar-Gardens lie low hills in which the Maharana keeps, very strictly guarded, his pig and his deer, and anything else that may find shelter in the low scrub or under the shattered boulders. These preserves are scientifically parcelled out with high red-stone walls; and, here and there, are dotted tiny shooting-boxes in the first sense of the term—masonry sentry-boxes, in which five or six men may sit at ease and shoot. It had been arranged—to entertain the Englishmen who were gathered at the Residency to witness the investiture of the King with the G.C.S.I.—that there should be a little pig-drive in front of the Kala Odey or black shooting-box. The Rajput is a man and a brother, in respect that he will ride, shoot, eat pig and drink strong waters like an Englishman. Of the pig-hunting he makes almost a religious duty, and of the wine-drinking no less. Read how desperately they used to ride in Udaipur at the beginning of the century when Tod, always in his cocked hat be sure, counted up the tale of accidents at the end of the day's sport.

There is something unfair in shooting pig; but each man who went out consoled himself with the thought that it was utterly impossible to ride the brutes up the almost perpendicular hillsides, or down the rocky ravines, and that he individually would only go "just for the fun of the thing." Those who stayed behind made rude remarks on the subject of "pork butchers," and the dangers that attended shooting from a balcony. These were treated with the contempt they merited. There are ways and ways of slaying pig—from the orthodox method which begins with "*The Boar—the Boar—the mighty Boar!*" overnight, and ends with a shaky bridle hand next morn, to the sober and solitary pot-shot, at dawn, from a railway embankment running through river marsh. But the Perfect Way is this. Get a large four-horse break, and drive till you meet an unlimited quantity of pad-elephants waiting at the foot of rich hill-preserves. Mount slowly and with dignity, and go in swinging procession, by the marble-faced border of one of the most lovely lakes on earth. Strike off on a semi-road, semi-hill-torrent path through unthrifty thorny jungle, and so climb up and up and up, till you see, spread like a map below, the lake and the Pal ce and the City, hemmed in by the sea of hills that lies between Udaipur, and Mount Abu a hundred miles away. Then take your seat in a comfortable chair, in a pukka, two-storeyed Grand Stand, with an awning spread atop to keep off the sun, while the Rawut of Amet and the Prime Minister's heir—no less—invite you to take your choice of the many rifles spread on a ledge at the front of the building. This, gentleman who screw your pet ponies at early dawn after the sounder that vanishes into cover soon as sighted, or painfully follow the tiger through the burning heats of Mewar in May, this is shooting after the fashion of Ouida—in musk and ambergris and patchouli.

It is demoralising. One of the best and hardest riders of the Lahore Tent Club in the old days, as the boars of Bouli Lena Singh knew well, said openly:—"This is a first-class *bundobust*," and fell to testing his triggers as though he had been a pot-hunter from his birth. Derision and threats of exposure moved him not. "Give me an arm-chair!" said he. "This is the proper way to deal with pig!" And he put up his feet on the ledge and stretched himself.

There were many weapons to have choice among—from the double-barrelled, ·500 Express whose bullet is a tearing, rending shell, to the Rawut of Amet's regulation military Martini-Henri. A profane public at the Residency had suggested clubs and saws as amply sufficient for the work in hand. Herein they were moved by envy, which passion was ten-fold increased when—but this comes later on. The beat was along a deep gorge in the hills, flanked on either crest by stone walls, manned with beaters. Immediately opposite the shooting-box, the wall on the upper or higher hill made a sharp turn down hill, contracting the space through which the pig would have to pass to a gut which was variously said to be from one hundred and fifty to four hundred yards across. Most of the shooting was up or down hill.

A philanthropic desire not to murder more Bhils than were absolutely necessary to maintain a healthy current of human life in the Hilly Tracts, coupled with a well-founded dread of the hinder, or horse, end of a double-barrelled ·500 Express which would be sure to go off both barrels together, led the Englishman to take a gunless seat in the background; while a silence fell upon the party, and very far away up the gorge, the hea ed afternoon air was cut by the shrill tremolo squeal of the Bhil beaters. Now a man may be in no sort or fashion a *shikarri*—may hold Buddhistic objections to the slaughter of living things—but there is something in the extraordinary noise of an agitated Bhil, which makes even the most peaceful of mortals get up and yearn, like Tartarin of Tarescon for "lions"—always at a safe distance be it understood. As the beat drew nearer, under the squealing—the "*ul-al-lu-lu-lu*"—was heard a long-drawn bittern-like boom of "*So-oor!*" "*So-oor!*" and the crashing of boulders. The guns rose in their places, forgetting that each and all had merely come "to see the fun," and began to fumble among the little mounds of cartridges under the chairs. Presently, tripping delicately among the rocks, a pig stepped out of a cactus-bush, and—the fusillade began. The dust flew and the branches chipped, but the pig went on—a blue-grey shadow almost undistinguishable against the rocks, and took no harm. "Sighting shots," said the guns sulkily; and the company mourned that the brute had got away. The beat came nearer, and then the listener discovered what the bubbling scream was like; for he forgot straightway about the beat and went back to the dusk of an Easter Monday in the gardens of the Crystal Palace, before the bombardment of Kars, "set piece ten thousand feet square," had been illuminated, and about five hundred 'Arries were tickling a thousand 'Arriets. Their giggling and nothing else was the noise of the Bhil. So curiously does Sydenham and Western Rajputana meet. Then came another pig, who was smitten to the death and rolled down among the bushes, drawing his last breath in a human and horrible manner.

But full on the crest of the hill, blown along—there is no other word to describe it—like a ball of thistle-down, passed a brown shadow, and men cried:—"*Bagheera!*" or "Panther!" according to their nationalities, and blazed. The shadow leaped the wall that had turned the pig down-hill, and vanished among the cactus. "Never mind," said the Prime Minister's son consolingly, "we'll beat the other side of the hill afterwards and get him yet." "Oh! he's a mile off by this time," said the guns; but the Rawut of Amet, a magnificently handsome young man, smiled a sweet smile and said nothing. More pig passed and were slain, and many more broke back through the beaters who presently came through the cover in scores. They were in russet green and red uniform, each man bearing a long spear, and the hill side was turned on the instant to a camp of Robin Hood's foresters. Then they brought up the dead from behind bushes and under rocks—among others a twenty-seven inch brute who bore on his flank (all pigs shot in a beat are *ex-officio* boars) a hideous, half-healed scar, big as a man's hand, of a bullet wound. Express bullets are ghastly things in their effects for, as the *shikarri* is never tired of demonstrating, they knock the inside of animals into pulp.

The second beat, of the reverse side of the hill, had barely begun when the panther returned—uneasily, as if something were keeping her back—much lower down the hill. Then the face of the Rawut of Amet changed, as he brought his gun up to his shoulder. Looking at him as he fired, one forgot all about the Mayo College at which he had been educated, and remembered only some trivial and out-of-date affairs, in which his forefathers had been concerned, when a bridegroom, with his bride at his side, charged down the slope of the Chitor road and died among Akbar's men. There are stories connected with the house of Amet, which are told in Mewar to-day. The young man's face, for as short a time as it takes to pull trigger and see where the bullet falls, was a light upon all these tales.

Then the mask shut down, as he clicked out the cartridge and, very sweetly, gave it as his opinion that some other gun and not his own had bagged the panther who lay shot through the spine, feebly trying to drag herself down-hill into cover. It is an awful thing to see a big beast die, when the soul is wrenched out of the struggling body in ten seconds. Wild horses shall not make the Englishman disclose the exact number of shots that were fired. It is enough to say that four Englishmen, now scattered to the four winds of heaven, are each morally certain that he and he alone shot that panther. In time, when distance and the mirage of the sands of Jodhpur shall have softened the harsh outlines of truth, the Englishman who did *not* fire a shot, will come to believe that he was the real slayer, and will carefully elaborate that lie.

A few minutes after the murder, a two-year old cub came trotting along the hillside, and was bowled over by a very pretty shot behind the left ear and through the palate. Then the bea ers' 'ances showed through the bushes, and the guns began to realise that they had allowed to escape, or had driven back by their fire, a multitude of pig.

This ended the beat, and the procession returned to the Residency to heap dead panthers upon those who had called them "pork-butchers," and to stir up the lake of envy with the torpedo of brilliant description. The Englishman's attempt to compare the fusillade which greeted the panther to the continuous drumming of a ten-barrelled Nordenfeldt was, however, coldly received. So harshly is Truth treated all the world over.

And then, after a little time, came the end, and a return to the Road in search of new countries. But shortly before the departure, the Padre Sahib who knows everyone in Udaipur, read a sermon in a sentence. The Mahrana's investiture, which has already been described in the *Pioneer*, had taken place and the carriages, duly escorted by the Erinpura Horse, were returning to the Residency. In a niche of waste land, under the shadow of the main gate, a place strewn with rubbish and shards of pottery, a dilapidated old man was trying to control his horse and a *hookah* on the saddle-bow. The blundering garron had been made restive by the rush past, and the *hookah* all but fell from the hampered hands. "See that man?" said the Padre tersely. "That's——Singh. He intrigued for the Throne not so very long ago." It was a pitiful little picture, and needed no further comment.

For the benefit of the loafer it should be noted, that Udaipur will never be pleasant or accessible until the present Mail Contractors have been hanged. They are extortionate and untruthful, and their one set of harness and one tonga are as rotten as pears. However, the weariness of the flesh must be great indeed to make the wanderer blind to the beauties of a journey by clear starlight and in biting cold to Chitor. About six miles from Udaipur, the granite hills close in upon the road, and the air grows warmer until, with a rush and a rattle, the tonga swings through the great Dobarra, the gate in the double circle of hills round Udaipur on to the pastures of Mewar. More than once the Girwa has been a death-trap to those who rashly entered it; and an army has been cut up on the borders of the Pichola lake. Even now, the Genius of the Place is strong upon the hills, and, as he felt the cold air from the open ground without the barrier, the Englishman found himself repeating the words of one of the Hat-marked Tribe whose destiny kept him within the Dobarra. "You must have a *shouk* of some kind in these parts or you'll die." Very lovely is Udaipur, and thrice pleasant are a few days spent within her gates, but, ... read what Tod said who stayed two years behind the Dobarra, and accepted the deserts of Marwar as a delightful change.

It is good to be free, a wanderer upon the highways, knowing not what to-morrow will bring

forth—whether the walled-in niceties of an English household, rich in all that makes life fair and desirable, or a sleepless night in the society of a goods-*cum*-booking-office-*cum*-parcels-clerk, on fifteen rupees a month, who tells in stilted English the story of his official life, while the telegraph gibbers like a maniac once in an hour and then is dumb, and the pariah dogs fight and howl over the cotton-bales on the platform.

Verily, there is no life like life on the Road—when the skies are cool and all men are kind.

X.

A LITTLE OF THE HISTORY OF CHITOR, AND THE MALPRACTICES OF A SHE-ELEPHANT.

THERE is a certain want of taste, an almost actual indecency, in seeing the sun rise on the earth. Until the heat-haze begins and the distances thicken, Nature is so very naked that the Actæon who has surprised her dressing blushes. Sunrise on the plains of Mewar is an especially brutal affair.

The moon was burnt out and the air was bitterly cold, when the Englishman headed due east in his tonga, and the patient sowar behind nodded and yawed in the saddle. There was no warning of the day's advent. The horses were unharnessed, at one halting-stage, in the thick soft shadows of night, and ere their successors had limped under the bar, a raw and cruel light was upon all things, so that the Englishman could see every rent seam in the rocks around—see "even to the uttermost farthing." A little further and he came upon the black bulk of Chitor between him and the morning sun. It has already been said that the Fort resembles a man-of-war. Every distant view heightens this impression, for the swell of the sides follows the form of a ship, and the bastions on the south wall make the sponsions in which the machine-guns are mounted. From bow to stern, the thing more than three miles long, is between three and five hundred feet high, and from one-half to one-quarter of a mile broad. Have patience, now, to listen to a rough history of Chitor.

In the beginning, no one knows clearly who scarped the hill-sides of the hill rising out of the bare plain, and made of it a place of strength. It is written that, eleven and a half centuries ago, Bappa Rawul, the demi-god whose stature was twenty cubits, whose loin-cloth was five hundred feet long, and whose spear was beyond the power of mortal man to lift, took Chitor from "Man Singh the Mori prince," and wrote the first chapter of the history of Mewar which he reived ready-made from Man Singh who, if the chronicles speak sooth, was his uncle. Many and very marvellous legends cluster round the name of Bappa Rawul; and he is said to have ended his days, far away from India, in Khorassan where he married an unlimited number of the Daughters of Heth, and was the father of all the Nowshera Pathans. Some who have wandered, by the sign-posts of inscription, into the fogs of old time, aver that, two centuries before Bappa Rawul took Chitor, the Mori Division of the Pramar Rajputs who are the ruling family of Mewar, had found a hold in Bhilwar, and for four centuries before that time had ruled in Kathiawar; and had royally sacked and slain, and been sacked and slain in turn. But these things are for the curious and the scholar, and not for the reader who reads lightly. Nine princes succeeded Bappa, between 728 and 1068 A. D. and among these was one Alluji who built a Jain tower upon the brow of the hill, for in those days, though the Sun was worshipped, men were Jains.

And here they lived and sallied into the plains, and fought and increased the borders of their kingdom, or were suddenly and stealthily murdered, or stood shoulder to shoulder against the incursions of the "Devil men" from the North. In 1150 A.D. was born Samar Singh, and he married into the family of Prithi Raj, the last Hindu Emperor of Delhi, who was at feud, in regard to a succession question, with the Prince of Kanauj. In the war that followed, Kanauj, being hard pressed by Prithi Raj and Samar Singh, called Shahabuddin Ghori to his aid. At first, Samar Singh and Prithi Raj broke the army of the Northman somewhere in the Lower Punjab, but, two years later, Shahabuddin came again, and, after three days' fighting on the banks of the Kaggar, slew Samar Singh, captured and murdered Prithi Raj and sacked Delhi and Amber, while Samar Singh's favourite queen became *sati* at Chitor. But another wife, a princess of Patun, kept her life, and when Shahabuddin sent down Kutbuddin to waste her lands, led the Rajput army, in person, from Chitor, and defeated Kutbuddin.

Then followed confusion, through eleven turbulent reigns, that the annalist has failed to unravel. Once in the years between 1193 and the opening of the fourteenth century, Chitor must have been taken by the Mussalman, for it is written that one prince "recovered Chitor and made the name of Rana to be recognised by all." Six princes were slain in battles against the Mussalman, in vain attempts to clear far away Gya from the presence of the infidel.

Then Ala-ud-din Khilji, the Pathan Emperor, swept the country to the Dekkan. In those days, and these things are confusedly set down as having happened at the end of the thirteenth century, a relative of Rana Lakhsman Singh, the then Rana of Chitor, had married a Rajput princess of Ceylon—Pudmini. "And she was fairest of all flesh on earth." Her fame was sung through the land by the poets, and she became, in some sort, the Helen of Chitor. Ala-ud-din heard of her beauty and promptly besieged the Fort. When he found his enterprise too difficult, he prayed that he might be permitted to see Pudmini's face in a mirror, and this wish, so says the tale, was granted. Knowing that the Rajput was a gentleman he entered Chitor almost unarmed, saw the face in the mirror, and was well treated; the husband of the fair Pudmini accompanying him, in return, to the camp at the foot of the hill. Like Raja Runjeet in the ballad the Rajput:—

"..... trusted a Mussalman's word
Wah! Wah! Trust a liar to lie!
Out of his eyrie they tempted my bird,
Fettered his wings that he could not fly."

Pudmini's husband was caught, and Ala-ud-din demanded Pudmini as the price of his return. The Rajputs here showed that they too could scheme, and sent, in great state, Pudmini's litter to the besiegers' entrenchments. But there was no Pudmini in the litter, and the following of handmaidens was a band of seven hundred armed men. Thus, in the confusion of a camp-fight, Pudmini's husband was rescued, and Ala-ud-din's soldiery followed hard on his heels to the gates of Chitor where the best and bravest on the rock were killed before Ala-ud-din withdrew, only to return soon after and, with a doubled army, besiege in earnest. His first attack men called the half-sack of Chitor, for, though he failed to win within the walls, he killed the flower of the Rajputs. The second attack ended in the first sack and the awful *sati* of the women on the rock.

When everything was hopeless and the very terrible Goddess, who lives in the bowels of Chitor, had spoken and claimed for death eleven out of the twelve of the Rana's sons, all who were young or fair women betook themselves to a great underground chamber, and the fires were lit and the entrance was walled up and they died. The Rajputs opened the gates and fought till they could fight no more, and Ala-ud-din the victorious entered a wasted and desolated city. He wrecked everything excepting only the palace of Pudmini and the old Jain tower before mentioned. That was all he could do, for there were few men alive of the defenders of Chitor when the day was won, and the women were ashes in the underground palace.

Ajai Singh, the one surviving son of Lakhsman Singh, had, at his father's insistence, escaped from Chitor to "carry on the line" when better days should come. He brought up Hamir, son of one of his elder brothers, to be a thorn in the side of the invader, and Hamir overthrew Maldeo, chief of Jhalore and vassal of Ala-ud-din into whose hands Ala-ud-din had, not too generously, given what was left of Chitor. So the Sesodias came to their own again, and the successors of Hamir extended their kingdoms and rebuilt Chitor, as kings know how to rebuild cities in a land where human labour and life are cheaper than bread and water. For two centuries, saith Tod, Mewar flourished exceedingly and was the paramount kingdom of all Rajasthan. Greatest of all the successors of Hamir, was Khumbha Rana who, when the Ghilzai dynasty was rotting away and Viceroys declared themselves kings, met, defeated, took captive and released without ransom Mahmoud of Malwa. Khumbha Rana built a Tower of Victory, nine stories high to commemorate this and the other successes of his reign, and the tower stands to-day a mark for miles across the plains. Of this more hereafter.

But the well-established kingdom weakened, and the rulers took favourites and disgusted their best supporters—after the immemorial custom of too prosperous rulers. Also they murdered one another. In 1535 A. D. Bahadur Shah, King of Gujarat, seeing the decay, and remembering how one of his predecessors, together with Mahmoud of Malwa, had been humbled by Mewar in years gone by, set out to take his revenge of Time and Mewar, then ruled by Rana Bikrmajit who had made a new capital at Deola. Bikrmajit did not stay to give battle in that place. His chiefs were out of hand, and Chitor was the heart and brain of Mewar; so he marched thither, and the gods were against him. Bahadur Shah mined one of the Chitor bastions and wiped out in the explosion the Hara Prince of Boondee with five hundred followers. Jowahir Bae, Bikrmajit's mother, headed a sally from the walls, and was slain. There were Frank gunners among Bahadur Shah's forces, and they hastened the end. The Rajputs made a second *johur* greater than the *johur* of Pudmini; and thirteen thousand were blown up in the magazines, or stabbed or poisoned, before the gates were opened and the defenders rushed down.

Out of the carnage was saved Udai Singh, a babe of the Blood Royal, who grew up to be a coward and a shame to his line. The story of his preservation is written large in Tod and Edwin Arnold sings it. Read it, who are interested. But, when Udai Singh came to the throne of Chitor, through blood and mis-rule, after Bahadur Shah had withdrawn from the wreck of the Fort, Akbar, sat on the throne of Delhi and it was written that few people should withstand the "Guardian of Mankind." Moreover, Udai Singh was the slave of a woman. It was Akbar's destiny to subdue the Rajputs and to win many of them to his own service; sending a Rajput Prince of Amber to get him Arrakan. Akbar marched against Chitor once and was repulsed; the woman who ruled Udai Singh heading a charge against the besiegers because of the love she bore to her lover. Something of this sort had happened in Ala-ud-din's time, and, like Ala-ud-din, Akbar returned and sat down, in a huge camp, before Chitor in 1568 A. D. Udai Singh fled what was coming; and because the Goddess of Chitor demands always that a crowned head must fall if the defence of her home is to be successful, Chitor fell as it had fallen before—in a *johur* of thousands, a last rush of the men, and the entry of the conqueror into a reeking, ruined slaughter-pen. Akbar's sack was the most terrible of the three, for he killed everything that had life upon the rock, and wrecked and overturned and spoiled. The wonder, the lasting wonder, is that he did not destroy Kumbha Rana's Tower of Victory and memorial of the defeat of a Mahomedan prince. With the third sack, the glory of Chitor departed, and Udai Singh founded himself a new capital, the city of Udaipur. Though Chitor was recovered in Jehangir's time by Udai Singh's grandson, it was never again made the capital of Mewar. It stood and rotted where it stood, till enlightened and loyal feudatories in the present years of grace, made attempts with the help of Executive Engineers, to sweep it up and keep it in repair. The above is roughly, very roughly indeed, the tale of the sacks of Chitor.

Follows an interlude, for the study even of inaccurate history is indigestible to many. There was an elephant at Chitor, to take birds of passage up the hill, and she—she was fifty-one years old and her name was Gerowlia—came to the dâk-bungalow for the Englishman. Let not the word dâk-bungalow deceive any man into believing that there is even moderate comfort at Chitor. Gerowlia waited in the sunshine, and chuckled to herself like a female pauper when she receives snuff. The *mahout* said that he would go away for a drink of water. So he walked, and walked, and walked, till he disappeared on the stone-strewn plains, and the Englishman was left alone with Gerowlia aged fifty-one. She had been tied by the chain on her near hind-leg to a pillar of the verandah; but the string was *moonj* string only, and more an emblem of authority than a means of restraint. When she had thoroughly exhausted all the resources of the country within range of her trunk, she ate up the string and began to investigate the verandah. There was more *moonj* string, and she ate it all, while the *mistri* who was repairing the

dâk-bungalow cursed her and her ancestry from afar. About this time, the Englishman was roused to a knowledge of the business, for Gerowlia, having exhausted the string, tried to come into the verandah. She had, most unwisely, been pampered with biscuits an hour before. The *mistri* stood on an outcrop of rock and said angrily:—"See what damage your *hathi* has done Sahib!" "Tisn't my *hathi*" said the Sahib plaintively. "You ordered it," quoth the *mistri*, "and it has been here ever so long, eating up everything." Herewith he threw pieces of stone at Gerowlia and went away. It is a terrible thing to be left alone with an unshackled elephant, even though she be a venerable spinster. Gerowlia moved round the dâk-bungalow, blowing her nose in a nervous and undecided manner and, presently, found some more string, which she ate. This was too much. The Englishman went out and spoke to her. She opened her mouth and salaamed; meaning thereby "biscuits." So long as she remained in this position she could do no harm.

Imagine a boundless rock-strewn plain, broken here and there by low hills, dominated by the rock of Chitor and bisected by a single, metre-gauge railway track running into the Infinite, and unrelieved by even a way-inspector's trolly. In the foreground put a brand-new dâk bungalow furnished with a French bedstead and nothing else; and, in the verandah, place an embarrassed Englishman, smiling into the open mouth of an idiotic female elephant. But Gerowlia could not live on smiles alone. Finding that no food was forthcoming, she shut her mouth and renewed her attempts to get into the verandah and at more *moonj* string. To say "Hi!" to an elephant is a misdirected courtesy. It quickens the pace, and if you flick her on the trunk with a wet towel, she curls the trunk out of harm's way. Special education is necessary. A little breechless boy passed, carrying a lump of stone. "Hit on the feet, Sahib!" said he; "Hit on the feet!" Gerowlia had by this time nearly scraped off her pad and there were no signs of the *mahout*. The Englishman went out and found a tent-peg, and returning, in the extremity of his wrath, smote her bitterly on the nails of the near-fore foot.

Then, as Mr. Rider Haggard is used to say—though the expression was patented by at least one writer before he made it his own—a curious thing happened. Gerowlia held up her foot to be beaten, and made the most absurd noises—squawked, in fact, exactly like an old lady who has narrowly escaped being run over. She backed out of the verandah, still squawking, on three feet and in the open held up near and off forefoot alternately to be beaten. It was very pitiful, for one swing of her trunk could have knocked the Englishman flat. He ceased whacking her, but she squawked for some minutes and then fell placidly asleep in the sunshine. When the *mahout* returned, he beat her for breaking her tether, exactly as the Englishman had done but much more severely, and the ridiculous old thing hopped on three legs for fully five minutes. "Come along, Sahib!" said the *mahout*, "I will show this mother of bastards who is the *mahout*. Fat daughter of the Devil sit down! You would eat string would you? How does the iron taste?" And he gave Gerowlia a headache which affected her temper all through the afternoon. She set off, across the railway line which runs below the rock of Chitor, into broken ground cut up with *nullahs* and covered with low scrub, over which it would have been difficult to have taken a sure-footed horse—so fragmentary and disconnected was its nature.

XI.

PROVES CONCLUSIVELY THE EXISTENCE OF THE DARK TOWER VISITED BY CHILDE ROLANDE, AND OF "BOGEY" WHO FRIGHTENS CHILDREN.

THE Gamberi river—clear as a trout-stream—runs through the waste round Chitor, and is spanned by an old bridge, very solid and massive, said to have been built before the sack of Ala-ud-din. The bridge is in the middle of the stream—the floods have raced round either end of it—and is reached by a steeply sloping stone causeway. From the bridge to the new town of Chitor, which lies at the foot of the hill, runs a straight and well-kept road, flanked on either side by the scattered remnants of old houses, and, here and there, fallen temples. The road, like the bridge, is no new thing, and is wide enough for twenty horsemen to ride abreast.

New Chitor is a very dirty, and apparently thriving, little town, full of grain-merchants and sellers of arms. The ways are barely wide enough for the elephant of dignity and the little brown babies of impudence. The Englishman went through, always on a slope painfully accentuated by Gerowlia who, with all possible respect to her years, must have been a baggage-animal and no true *Sahib's* mount. Let the local Baedeker speak for a moment:—"The ascent to Chitor which begins from within the south-east angle of the town, is nearly a mile to the upper gate, with a slope of about 1 in 15. There are two zig-zag bends and, on the three portions thus formed, are seven gates, of which one, however, has only the basement left." This is the language of fact which, very properly, leaves out of all account the Genius of the Place who sits at the gate nearest the new city and is with the sightseer throughout. The first impression of repulsion and awe is given by a fragment of tumbled sculpture close to a red daubed *lingam*, near the Padal Pol or lowest gate. It is a piece of frieze, and the figures of the men are worn nearly smooth by Time. What is visible is finely and frankly obscene to an English mind.

The road is protected on the *khud* side by a thick stone wall, loopholed for musketry, one aperture to every two feet, between fifteen and twenty feet high. This wall is being repaired throughout its length by the Maharana of Udaipur. On the hill-side, among the boulders, loose stones and *dhao*-scrub, lies stone wreckage that must come down from the brown bastions above.

As Gerowlia laboured up the stone-shod slope, the Englishman wondered how much life had flowed down this sluice of battles, and been lost at the Padal Pol—the last and lowest gate—where in the old days, the besieging armies put their best and bravest battalions. Once at the head of the lower slope, there is a clear run-down of a thousand yards with no chance of turning aside either to the right or left. Even as he wondered, he was brought abreast of two stone chhatris, each carrying a red daubed stone. They were the graves of two very brave men, Jeemal of Bednore, and Kalla, who fell in Akbar's sack fighting like Rajputs. Read the story of their deaths, and learn what manner of warriors they were. Their graves were all that spoke openly of the hundreds of struggles on the lower slope, where the fight was always fiercest.

At last, after half an hour's climb, the main gate, the Ram Pol, was gained, and the Englishman passed in to the City of Chitor and—then and there formed a resolution, since broken, not to write one word about it for fear that he should be set down as a babbling and a gushing enthusiast. Objects of archæological interest are duly described in an admirable little book of Chitor which, after one look, the Englishman abandoned. One cannot "do" Chitor with a guide-book. The Padre of the English Mission to Jehangir said the best that was to be said, when he described the place three hundred years ago, writing quaintly:—"Chitor, an auntient great kingdom, the chief city so called which standeth on a mighty high hill, flat on the top, walled about at the least ten English miles. There appear to this day above a hundred ruined churches and divers fair palaces which are lodged in like manner among their ruins, as many Englishmen by the observation have guessed. Its chief inhabitants to-day are Zum and Ohim, birds and wild beasts, but the stately ruins thereof give a shadow of its beauty while it flourished in its pride." Gerowlia struck into a narrow pathway, forcing herself through garden-trees and disturbing the peacocks. An evil guide-man on the ground waved his hand, and began to speak; but was silenced. The death of Amber was as nothing to the death of Chitor—a body whence the life had been reived by riot and sword. Men had parcelled the gardens of her palaces and the courtyards of her temples into fields; and cattle grazed among the remnants of the shattered tombs. But over all—over rent bastion, split temple-wall, pierced roof and prone pillar—lay the "shadow of its beauty while it flourished in its pride." The Englishman walked into a stately palace of many rooms, where the sunlight streamed in through wall and roof, and up crazy stone stairways, held together, it seemed, by the marauding trees. In one bastion, a wind-sown peepul had wrenched a thick slab clear of the wall but held it tight pressed in a crook of a branch, as a man holds down a fallen enemy under his elbow, shoulder and forearm. In another place, a strange, uncanny wind, sprung from nowhere, was singing all alone among the pillars of what may have been a Hall of Audience. The Englishman wandered so far in one palace that he came to an almost black-dark room, high up in a wall, and said proudly to himself:—"I must be the first man who has been here;" meaning thereby no harm or insult to any one. But he tripped and fell, and as he put out his hands, he felt that the stairs had been worn hollow and smooth by the tread of innumerable naked feet. Then he was afraid, and came away very quickly, stepping delicately over fallen friezes and bits of sculptured men, so as not to offend the dead; and was mightily relieved when he recovered his elephant and allowed the guide to take him to Kumbha Rana's Tower of Victory.

This stands, like all things in Chitor, among ruins, but Time and the other enemies have been good to it. It is a Jain edifice, nine stories high, crowned atop—Was this designed insult or undesigned repair?—with a purely Mahomedan dome wherein the pigeons and the bats live. Excepting this blemish, the Tower of Victory is nearly as fair as when it left the hands of the builder whose name has not been handed down to us. It is to be observed here, that the first, or more ruined, Tower of Victory, built in Alluji's days, when Chitor was comparatively young, was raised by some pious Jain, as proof of conquest over things spiritual. The second tower is more wordly in intent.

Those who care to look, may find elsewhere a definition of its architecture and its more striking peculiarities. It was, in kind, but not in degree, like the Jugdesh temple at Udaipur, and, as it exceeded it in magnificence, so its effect upon the mind was more intense. The confusing intricacy of the figures with which it was wreathed from top to bottom,—the recurrence of the one calm face, the God enthroned, holding the Wheel of the Law, and the appalling lavishness of decoration, all worked towards the instilment of fear and aversion.

Surely this must have been one of the objects of the architect. The tower, in the arrangement of its stairways, is like the interior of a Chinese carved ivory puzzle-ball. The idea given is that, even while you are ascending, you are wrapping yourself deeper and deeper in the tangle of a mighty maze. Add to this the half-light, the thronging armies of sculptured figures, the mad profusion of design splashed as impartially upon the undersides of the stone window-slabs as upon the door-beam of the threshold—add, most abhorrent of all, the slippery sliminess of the walls worn smooth by naked men, and you will understand that the Tower is not a soothing place to visit. The Englishman fancied presumptuously that he had, in a way, grasped the builder's idea; and when he came to the top storey and sat among the pigeons his theory was this.—To attain power, wrote the builder of old, in sentences of fine stone, it is necessary to pass through all sorts of close-packed horrors, treacheries, battles and insults, in darkness and without knowledge whether the road leads upward or into a hopeless *cul-de-sac*. Kumbha Rana must many times have climbed to the top storey, and looked out towards the uplands of Malwa on the one side and his own great Mewar on the other, in the days when all the rock hummed with life and the clatter of hooves upon the stony ways, and Mahmoud of Malwa was safe in hold. How he must have swelled with pride—fine insolent pride of life and rule and power,—power not only to break things but to compel such builders as those who piled the Tower to his royal will! There was no decoration in the top storey to bewilder or amaze—nothing but well-grooved stone-slabs, and a boundless view fit for kings who traced their ancestry:—

"From times when forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down,
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown."

The builder had left no mark behind him—not even a mark on the threshold of the door, or a sign in the head of the topmost step. The Englishman looked in both places, believing that those were the places generally chosen for Mark-cutting. So he sat and meditated on the beauties of Kingship, and the unholiness of Hindu art, and what power a shadow-land of lewd monstrosities had upon those who believed in it, and what Lord Dufferin, who is the nearest approach to a King in this India, must have thought when A. D. C.'s clanked after him up the narrow steps. But the day was wearing, and he came down—in both

senses—and, in his descent, the carven things on every side of the Tower and above and below, once more took hold of and perverted his fancy, so that he arrived at the bottom in a frame of mind eminently fitted for a descent into the Gau-Mukh, which is nothing more terrible than a little spring, falling into a reservoir, in the side of the hill.

He stumbled across more ruins and passed between tombs of dead Ranis, till he came to a flight of steps, built out and cut out from rock, going down as far as he could see into a growth of trees on a terrace below him. The stone of the steps had been worn and polished by naked feet till it showed its markings clearly as agate; and where the steps ended in a rock-slope, there was a visible glair, a great snail-track, upon the rocks. It was hard to keep safe footing on the sliminess. The air was thick with the sick smell of stale incense, and grains of rice were scattered upon the steps. But there was no one to be seen. Now this in itself was not specially alarming; but the Genius of the Place must be responsible for making it so. The Englishman slipped and bumped on the rocks, and arrived, more suddenly than he desired, upon the edge of a dull blue tank, sunk between walls of timeless masonry. In a slabbed-in recess, water was pouring through a shapeless stone gargoyle, into a trough; which trough again dripped into the tank. Almost under the little trickle of water, was the loathsome Emblem of Creation, and there were flowers and rice round it. Water was trickling from a score of places in the cut face of the hill, oozing between the edges of the steps and welling up between the stone slabs of the terrace. Trees sprouted in the sides of the tank and hid its surroundings. It seemed as though the descent had led the Englishman firstly, two thousand years away from his own century and secondly into a trap, and that he would fall off the polished stones into the stinking tank, or that the Gau-Mukh would continue to pour water placidly until the tank rose up and swamped him, or that some of the stone slabs would fall forward and crush him flat.

Then he was conscious of remembering, with peculiar and unnecessary distinctness, that, from the Gau-Mukh, a passage led to the subterranean chambers in which fair Pudmini and her handmaids had slain themselves. Also, that Tod had written and the Station-master at Chitor had said, that some sort of devil, or ghoul, or some Thing, stood at the entrance of that approach. All of which was a nightmare bred in full day, and folly to boot; but it was the fault of the Genius of the Place, who made the Englishman feel that he had done a great wrong in trespassing into the very heart and soul of all Chitor. And, behind him, the Gau-Mukh guggled and choked like a man in his death-throe. The Englishman endured as long as he could—about two minutes. Then it came upon him that he must go quickly out of this place of years and blood—must get back to the afternoon sunshine, and Gerowlia, and the dâk-bungalow with the French bedstead. He desired no archæological information, he wished to take no notes, and above all he did not care to look behind him where stood the reminder that he was no better than the beasts that perish. But he had to cross the smooth, worn rocks and he felt their sliminess through his boot-soles. It was as though he were treading on the soft oiled skin of a Hindu. As soon as the steps gave refuge, he floundered up them, and so came out of the Gau-Mukh, bedewed with that perspiration which follows alike on honest toil or—childish fear.

"This" said he to himself "is absurd!" and sat down on the fallen top of a temple to review the situation. But the Gau-Mukh had disappeared. He could see the dip in the ground, and the beginning of the steps, but nothing more.

In defence, it may be urged that there is moral, just as much as there is mine, choke-damp. If you get into a place laden with the latter you die, and if into the home of the former you . . . . behave unwisely, as constitution and temperament prompt. If any man doubt this, let him sit for two hours in a hot sun on an elephant, stay half-an-hour in the Tower of Victory, and then go down into the Gau-Mukh, which it must never be forgotten is merely a set of springs "three or four in number issuing from the cliff face at-cow mouth carvings, now mutilated. The water, evidently percolating from the Hathi Kund above, falls first in an old pillared hall and thence into the masonry reservoir below, eventually when abundant enough, supplying a little waterfall lower down." That, Gentlemen and Ladies, on the honour of one who has been frightened of the dark in broad daylight is the Gau-Mukh, as though photographed.

The Englishman regained Gerowlia and demanded to be taken away, but Gerowlia's driver went forward instead and showed him a new Mahal just built by the present Maharana. If a fourth sack of Chitor could be managed for a Viceroy's edification, the blowing up of the new Mahal would supply a pleasant evening's entertainment. Near the Mahal, lie the remains of the great tanks of Chitor, for the hill has, through a great part of its length, a depression in the centre which, by means of bunds, stored, in the old time, a full supply of water. A general keeping in order is visible throughout many of the ruins; and, in places, a carriage-drive is being constructed. Carriage drives, however, do not consort well with Chitor and the "shadow of her ancient beauty." The return journey, past temple after temple and palace upon palace, began in the failing light, and Gerowlia was still blundering up and down narrow bye-paths—for she possessed all an old woman's delusion as to the slimness of her waist—when the twilight fell, and the smoke from the town below began to creep up the brown flanks of Chitor, and the jackals howled. Then the sense of desolation which had been strong enough in all conscience in the sunshine began to grow and grow:—

> "The sun's eye had a sickly glare
> The earth with age was wan
> The skeletons of ages stood
> Around that lonely man"

Near the Ram Pol, there was some semblance of a town with living people in it, and a priest sat in the middle of the road and howled aloud upon his Gods, until a little boy came and laughed in his face heretically, and he went away grumbling. This touch was deeply refreshing; in the contemplation of it, the Englishman clean forgot that he had overlooked the gathering in of materials for an elaborate statistical, historical, geographical account of Chitor. All that remained to him was a shuddering reminiscence of the Gau-Mukh and two lines of the "Holy Grail."

> "And up into the sounding halls he passed
> But nothing in the sounding halls he saw."

Post Scriptum.—There was something very uncanny about the Genius of the Place. He dragged an ease-loving egotist out of the French bedstead with the gilt knobs at head and foot, into a more than usually big folly—nothing less than a seeing of Chitor by moonlight. There was no possibility of getting Gerowlia out of *her* bed, and a mistrust of the Maharana's soldiery who in the day time guarded the gates, prompted the Englishman to avoid the public way, and scramble straight up the hillside, along an attempt at a path which he had noted from Gerowlia's back. There was no one to interfere, and nothing but an infinity of pestilent nullahs and loose stones to check. Owls came out and hooted at him, and animals ran about in the dark and made uncouth noises. It was an idiotic journey, and it ended—Oh horror! in that unspeakable Gau-Mukh—this time entered from the opposite or brushwooded side, as far as could be made out in the dusk and from the chuckle of the water which, by night, was peculiarly malevolent.

Escaping from this place, crab-fashion, the Englishman crawled into Chitor and sat upon a flat tomb till the moon, a very inferior and second-hand one, rose, and turned the city of the dead into a city of scurrying ghouls—in sobriety, jackals. Also, the ruins took strange shapes and shifted in the half light and cast objectionable shadows.

It was easy enough to fill the rock with the people of old times and a very beautiful account of Chitor restored, made out by the help of Tod, and bristling with the names of the illustrious dead, would undoubtedly have been written, had not a woman, a living breathing woman, stolen out of a temple—What was she doing in that galley?—and screamed in piercing and public-spirited fashion. The Englishman got off the tomb and departed rather more noisily than a jackal; feeling for the moment that he was not much better. Somebody opened a door with a crash, and a man cried out:—"Who is there?" But the cause of the disturbance was, for his sins, being most horribly scratched by some thorny scrub over the edge of the hill—there are no bastions worth speaking of near the Gau-Mukh—and the rest was partly rolli partly scrambling, and mainly bad language.

When you are too lucky sacrifice something, beloved pipe for choice, to Ganesh. The Engli man has seen Chitor by moonlight—not the b moonlight truly, but the watery glare of a ne spent moon—and his sacrifice to Luck is th He will never try to describe what he has seen but will keep it as a love-letter, a thing for o pair of eyes only—a memory that few men to-d can be sharers in. And does he, through th fiction, evade insulting, by the dauberie of p and ink, a scene as lovely, wild, and unmat able as any that mortal eyes have been privile to rest upon?

An intelligent and discriminating public are p fectly at liberty to form their own opinions

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INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

From Yakub Khan, Kuki Khel, of Lala China, Malik, in the Englishman's City of Calcutta with Vahbtahn Sahib, To Katal Khan, Kuki Khel, of Lala China, which is in the Khaibar, this letter to go by the Sirkar's dâk to Pubbi, and thence Mahbub Ali, the writer, takes delivery and, if God pleases, gives to my son.

Also, for my heart is clean, this writing goes on to Sultan Khan, on the upper hill over against Kuka Ghoz, which is in Bara, through the country of the Zuka Khel. Mahbub Ali goes through if God please.

To MY SON. Know this. I have come with the others and Vahbtahn Sahib, as was agreed, down to the river, and the rail-dâk does not stop at Attock. Thus the Mullah of Tordurra lied. Remember this when next he comes for food. The rail-dâk goes on for many days. The others who came with me are witnesses to this. Fifteen times, for there was but little to do in the dâk, I made all prayers from the *niyah* to the *munajat*, and yet the journey was not ended. And at the places where we stopped there were often to be seen the fighting-men of the English, such as those we killed, when certain of our men went with the Bonerwals in the matter of Umbeyla, whose guns I have in my house. Everywhere there were fighting men to be seen; but it may be that they were afraid of us, and so drew together all their troops upon the line of the rail-dâk and the fire-carriage. Vahbtahn Sahib is a very clever man, and he may have given the order. None the less, there must be many troops in this country; more than all the strength of the Afridis. But Yar Khan says that all the land, which runs to the east and to the west many days' journey in the rail-dâk, is also full of fighting-men, and big guns by the score. Our Mullahs gave us no news of this when they said that, in the matter of six years gone, there were no more English in the land, all having been sent to Afghanistan, and that the country was rising in fire behind them. Tell the Mullah of Tordurra the words of Yar Khan. He has lied in respect to the rail-dâk, and it may be that he will now speak the truth regarding what his son saw when he went to Delhi with the horses. I have asked many men for news of the strength of the fighting-men in this country, and all say that it is very great. Howbeit, Vahbtahn Sahib is a clever man and may have told them to speak thus, as I told the women of Sikanderkhelogarhi to speak when we were pressed by the Sangu Khel, in that night when you, my son, took Torukh Khan's head and I saw that I had bred a man.

If there be as many men throughout the place as I have seen and the people say, the mouth of the Khaibar is shut, and it were better to give no heed to the Mullahs. But read further and see for what reasons I, who am a Malik of the Kuki Khel, say this. I have come through these cities—all larger than Cabul, setting aside Peshawur:—Rawal Pindi, which is far beyond the Attock, whence came all the English who fought us in the business of six years gone. This is a great city, filled with fighting men—four thousand of both kinds, and guns. Lahore is also a great city, with another four thousand troops, and that is one night by the rail-dâk from Rawal Pindi. Amritsar has a strong fort, but I do not know how many men are there. The words of the people who go down with the grapes and the almonds in the winter are true, and the Mullahs have lied. Jullundur is also a place of troops, and there is a fort at Phillour, and there are many thousand men at Umballa which is one night, going very swiftly in the rail-dâk, from Lahore. And at Meerut, which is half a day from Umballa, there are more men and horses; and at Delhi there are more also, in a very strong fort. Our people go only as far south as Delhi; but beyond Delhi, there are no more strong Punjab people—only a mean race without strength. The country is very rich here, flat, with cattle and crops. We, of the villages of the Khaibar alone, could loot these people; but there are more fighting men at Agra, and at Cawnpore, and at Allahabad, and many other places whose names do not stay with me. Thus it is, my son, by day and by night, always going swiftly in the rail-dâk down to this very big city of Calcutta.

My mouth dripped when I saw the place that they call Bengal—so rich it was; and my heart was troubled when I saw how many of the English were here. The land is very strongly held, and there are a multitude of English and half-English in the place. They give us great honour, but all men regard us as though we were strange beasts, and not fighting-men with hundreds of *jezails*. If Yar Khan has spoken truth and the land throughout is as I have seen, and no show made to fill us with fear, I, Yakub Khan, tell you my son, and you, O'Sultan Khan, that the English do well to thus regard us; for on the Oath of a Pathan, we are only beasts in their sight. It may be that Vahbtahn Sahib has told them all to look at us in this manner—for, though we receive great honour, no man shows fear, and busies himself with his work when we have passed by. Even that very terrible man, the Governor of Cabul, would be as no one in this great city of Calcutta. Were I to write what I have seen, all our people would say that I was mad and a liar. But this I will write privately, that only you, my son, and Sultan Khan may see; for ye know that, in respect to my own blood and in matters without the *jirgah*, I am no liar. There are lights without oil or wood burning brightly in this city; and, on the water of the river, lie boats which go by fire, as the rail-dâk goes, carrying men and fighting-men by two and three thousand God knows whence they come. They travel by water, and therefore there must be yet another country to the eastward full of fighting-men. I cannot make clear how these things are. Every day more boats come. I do not think that this is arranged by Vahbtahn Sahib; for no man by the boats takes any notice of us; and we feel, going to and from every place, that we are children. When that Kafir came to us, three years agone, is it in thy memory how, before we shot him, we looked on him for a show, and the children came out and laughed? In this place, no children laugh at us, but none the less do we feel that we are all like that man from Kafiristan.

In the matter of the safe-conduct, be at ease. We are with Vahbtahn Sahib and his word is true. Moreover, as we said in the *jirgah*, we have been brought down to see the richness of the country, and for that reason they will do us no harm. I cannot tell why they being so strong—if these things be not all arranged by Vahbtahn Sahib—took any trouble for us. Yar Khan, whose heart has become soft within him in three days, says

that the louse does not kill the Afridi, but none the less the Afridi takes off his upper-coat for the itching. This is a bitter saying, and I, O my son, and O my friend Sultan Khan, am hard upon believing it.

I put this charge upon you. Whatever the Mullah of Tordurra may say, both respecting the matter that *we* know of, which it is not prudent to write, and respecting the going-out in spring against the Sangu Khel, do you, my son, and you, Sultan Khan, keep the men of the Khaibar villages, and the men of the Upper Bara, still, till I return and can speak with my mouth. The feuds are between man and man, and these must go forward by custom; but let there be no more than single shots fired. We will speak together and ye will discover that my words are good. I would give hope if I could, but I cannot give hope. Yar Khan says that it were well to keep to the blood-feuds only, and he hath said, openly among us, in the smoking-time, that he has fear of the English, greater than any fear of the curses of the Mullahs. Ye know that I am a man unafraid. Ye knew when I cut down the Malik of the Sipah Khel when he came into Kadam, that I was a man unafraid. But this is no matter of one man's life, or the lives of a hundred or a thousand; and albeit I cursed Yar Khan with the others, yet in my heart I am afraid even as he is. If these English, and God knows where their home *sungars* lie, for they come from a strange place, we do not know how strong in fighting men—if, O my son, and friend of my heart Sultan Khan, these devils can thus fill the land over four days' journey by this very swift rail-dâk from Peshawur, and can draw white light, as bright as the sun, from iron poles, and can send fire-boats full of men *from the east*, and moreover as I have seen, can make new rupees as easily as women make cow-dung cakes—what can the Afridis do?

The Mullah of Tordurra said that they came from the west, and that their rail-dâk stopped at Attock, and that there were none of them except those who came into our country in the great fight. In all three things he has lied. Give no heed to him. I myself will shoot him when I return. If he be a Pir, there will be miracles over his tomb, which I will build. If he be no Pir, there is but one Mullah the less. It were better that he should die than take the Khaiber villages into a new blockade; as did the Mullah of Kardara, when we were brought to shame by Jan Larens and I was a young man.

The black men in this place are dogs and children. To such an one I spoke yesterday, saying, "Where is Vahbtahn Sahib?" and he answered nothing but laughed. I took him by the throat and shook him, only a little and very gently, for I did not wish to bring trouble on Vahbtahn Sahib, and he has said that our customs are not the customs of this country. This black man wept, and said that I had killed him, but truly I had only shaken him to and fro. He was a fat man, with white stockings, dressed in woman's fashion, speaking English, but acting without courtesy either to the Sahibs or to us. Thus are all the black people in the city of Calcutta. But for these English, we who are here now could loot the city, and portion out the women. Who are fair.

I have bought an English rifle for you, my son, better than the one which Shere Khan stole from Cherat last summer, throwing to two thousand paces; and for Sultan Khan an English revolver as he asked. Of the wonders of this great city I will speak when we meet, for I cannot write them.

When I came from Lala China the tale of blood between our house and the house of Zarmat Shah lacked one on our side, I have been gone many days and I have found no news from you that it is made even. If ye have not yet killed the boy who had the feud laid upon him when I went, do nothing but guard your lives till ye get the new rifle. With a steady rest it will throw across the valley into Zarmat Shah's field, and so ye can kill the woman at evening.

Now I will cease, for I am tired of this writing. Make Mahbub Ali welcome, and bid him stay till ye have written an answer to this, telling me whether all be well in my house. My blood is not cold that I charge you once again to give no ear to the Mullahs, who have lied as I will show; and, above all else, to keep the villages still till I return. Nor am I a clucking hen of a Khuttuck if I write last, that these English are devils, against whom only the will of God can help us.

> "And why should we beat our heads against a rock,
> for we only spill our brains:
> And when we have the Valley to content us, why
> should we go out against the Mountain?
> A strong man, saith Kabir, is strong only till he meet
> with a stronger."

Special Correspondence.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

XII.

CONTAINS THE HISTORY OF THE BHUMIA OF JHARWASA, AND THE RECORD OF A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF STRANGE STORIES. DEMONSTRATES THE FELICITY OF LOAFERDOM, WHICH IS THE VERITABLE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE, AND PROPOSES A SCHEME FOR THE BETTER OFFICERING OF TWO DEPARTMENTS.

COME away from the monstrous gloom of Chitor and escape northwards. The place is unclean and terrifying. Let us catch To-day by both hands and return to the Station-master—who is also booking parcels and telegraph-clerk, and who never seems to go to bed—and to the comfortably wadded bunks of the Rajputana-Malwa line.

While the train is running, be pleased to listen to the perfectly true story of the *bhumia* of Jharwasa, which is a story the sequel whereof has yet to be written. Once upon a time, a Rajput landholder, a *bhumia*, and a Mahomedan *jaghirdar* were next-door neighbours in Ajmir territory. They hated each other thoroughly for many reasons, all connected with land; and the *jaghirdar* was the bigger man of the two. In those days, it was the law that victims of robbery or dacoity should be reimbursed by the owner of the lands on which the affair had taken place. The ordinance is now swept away

as impracticable. There was a highway robbery on the *bhumia's* holding; and he vowed that it had been "put up" by the Mahomedan who, he said, was an Ahab. The reive-gelt payable, nearly ruined the Rajput, and he, labouring under a galling grievance or a groundless suspicion, fired the *jaghirdar's* crops, was detected and brought up before the English Judge who gave him four years' imprisonment. To the sentence was appended a recommendation that, on release, the Rajput should be put on heavy securities for good behaviour. "Otherwise," wrote the Judge, who seems to have known the people he was dealing with "he will certainly kill the *jaghirdhar*." Four years passed, and the *jaghirdar* obtained wealth and consideration, and was made, let us say, a Khan Bahadur, and an Honorary Magistrate; but the *bhumia* remained in gaol and thought over the highway robbery. When the day of release came, a new Judge hunted up his predecessor's finding and recommendation, and would have put the *bhumia* on security. "Sahib," said the *bhumia*, "I have no people. I have been in gaol. What am I now? And who will find security for me? If you will, send me back to goal again. I can do nothing and I have no friends." So they released him, and he went away into an outlying village and borrowed a sword from one house, and had it sharpened in another, for love. Two days later fell the birthday of the Khan Bahadur and the Honorary Magistrate, and his friends and servants and dependants made a little durbar and did him honour after the native custom. The *bhumia* also attended the levée, but no one knew him, and he was stopped at the door of the courtyard by the servant. "Say that the *bhumia* of Jharwasa has come to pay his salaams" said he. They let him in, and in the heart of Ajmir City, in broad daylight, and before all the *jaghirdhar's* household, he smote off his enemy's head so that it rolled upon the ground. Then he fled, and though they raised the country-side against him he was never caught, and went into Bikanir.

Five years later, word came to Ajmir that Chimbo Singh, the *bhumia* of Jharwasa, had taken service under the Thakur Sahib of Palitana. The case was an old one, and the chances of identification musty, but the suspected was caught and brought in, and one of the leading native barristers of the Bombay Bar was retained to defend him. He said nothing and continued to say nothing, and the case fell through. He is believed to be "wanted" now for a fresh murder committed, within the last few months, out Bikanir way.

And now that the train has reached Ajmir, the Crewe of Rajputana, whither shall a tramp turn his feet? The Englishman set his stick on end, and it fell with its point north-west as nearly as might be. This being translated, meant Jodhpur which is the city of the Houuhnhyms and, that all may be in keeping, the occasional resting place of fugitive Yahoos. If you would enjoy Jodhpur thoroughly, quit at Ajmir the decent conventionalities of "station" life, and make it your business to move among gentlemen.—Gentlemen in the Ordnance or the Commissariat or, better still, gentlemen on the Railway. At Ajmir, gentlemen will tell you what manner of place Jodhpur is, and their accounts, though flavoured with crisp and curdling oaths, are amusing. In their eyes, the desert that rings the city has no charms, and they discuss affairs of the State, as they understand them, in a manner that would curl the hair on a 'Political's' august head. Jodhpur has been, but things are rather better now, a much-favoured camping ground for the light-cavalry of the Road—the loafers with a certain amount of brain and great assurance. The explanation is simple. There are more than four hundred horses in His Highness's City stables, alone; and where the Houuhnhym is, there also will be the Yahoo. This is sad but true.

Besides the Uhlans who come and go on Heaven knows what mysterious errands, there are bag-men travelling for the big English firms. Jodhpur is a good customer and purchases all sorts of things, more or less useful, for the State or its friends. These are the gentlemen to know, if you would understand something of matters which are not written in Reports.

The Englishman took a train from Ajmir to Marwar Junction which is on the road to Mount Abu, westward from Ajmir, and, at five in the morning under pale moonlight, was uncarted at the beginning of the Jodhpur State Railway—one of the quaintest little lines that ever ran a locomotive. It is the Maharaja's very own, and pays about ten per cent.; but its quaintness does not lie in these things. It is worked with rude economy, and started life by singularly and completely falsifying the Government estimates for its construction. An intelligent Bureau asserted that it could not be laid down for less than—but the error shall be glossed over. It was laid down for a little more than seventeen thousand rupees a mile, with the help of second-hand rails and sleepers; and it is currently asserted that the Station-masters are flagmen, pointsmen, ticket-collectors and every thing else, except platforms and lamp-rooms. As only two trains are run in the twenty-four hours, this economy of staff does not matter in the least. The State line, with the comparatively new branch to the Pachpadra salt-pits, pays handsomely and is exactly suited to the needs of its users. True, there is a certain haziness as to the hour of starting, but this allows laggards more time and fills the packed carriages to overflowing.

From Marwar Junction, to Jodhpur, the train leaves the Aravallis and goes northwards into "the region of death" that lies beyond the Luni River. Sand, *āk* bushes, and sand-hills, varied with occasional patches of unthrifty cultivation make up the scenery. Rain has been very scarce in Marwar this year, and the country, consequently, shows at its worst, for almost every square mile of a kingdom nearly as large as Scotland is dependent on the sky for its crops. In a good season, a large village can pay from seven to nine thousand rupees revenue without blenching. In a bad one, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" may think themselves lucky if they raise "rupees fifteen only" from the same place. The fluctuation is startling.

From a country side, which to the uninitiated seems about as valuable as a stretch of West African beach, the State gets a revenue of nearly forty lakhs; and men who know the country vow that it has not been one tithe exploited, and that there is more to be made from salt and the marble and—curious thing in this wilderness—good forest conservancy, than an open-handed Durbar dreams of. An amiable weakness for unthinkingly giving away villages where ready cash failed, has somewhat hampered the revenue in past years; but now—and for this the Maharaja deserves great credit—Jodhpur has a large and genuine surplus, and a very compact little scheme of railway extension. Before turning to a consideration of the city of Jodhpur, hear a true story in connection with the Hyderabad-Pachpadra project which those interested in the scheme may lay to heart.

His State line, his "ownest own," as has been said, very much delighted the Maharaja who, in one or two points, is not unlike Sir Theodore Hope of sainted memory. Pleased with the toy, he said effusively, in words which may or may not have reached the ears of the Hyderabad-Pachpadra people:—"This is a good business. If the Government will give me independent jurisdiction, I'll make and open the line straight away from Pachpadra to the end of my dominions, *i. e.*, all but to Hyderabad."

Then "up and spake an elder knight, sat at the King's right knee" who knew something about the railway map of India and the Controlling Power of strategical lines:—"Maharaja Sahib—here is the Indus Valley State and here is the Bombay-Baroda. Where would you be?" "By Jove," quoth the Maharaja, though he swore by quite another god "I see!" and thus he abandoned the idea of a Hyderabad line, and turned his attention to an extension to Nagore, with a branch to the Makrana marble-quarries which are close to the Sambhur salt lake near Jaipur. And, in the fullness of time, that extension will be made and perhaps extended to Bahawulpur.

The Englishman came to Jodhpur at mid-day, in a hot, fierce sunshine that struck back from the sands and the ledges of red rock, as though it were May instead of December. The line scorned such a thing as a regular ordained terminus. The single track gradually melted away into the sands. Close to the station, was a grim stone dâk-bungalow, and in the verandah stood a brisk, bag-and-flask-begirdled individual, cracking his joints with excess of irritation. He was also snorting like an impatient horse.

Nota-bene. When one is on the Road it is above all things necessary to "pass the time o' day" to fellow-wanderers. Failure to comply with this law implies that the offender is "too good for his company;" and this, on the Road, is the unpardonable sin. The Englishman "passed the time o' day" in due and ample form. "Ha! Ha!" said the gentleman with the bag. "Isn't this a sweet place? There ain't no ticca-gharries, and there ain't nothing to eat, if you haven't brought your vittles, an' they charge you three-eight for a bottle of whisky. An' Encore at that! Oh! It's a sweet place!" Here he skipped about the verandah and puffed. Then turning upon the Englishman he said fiercely:—"What have you come here for?" Now this was rude, because the ordinary form of salutation on the Road, is usually:—"And what are you for?" meaning, "what house do you represent?" The Englishman answered dolefully that he was travelling for pleasure, which simple explanation offended the little man with the courier-bag. He snapped his joints more excruciatingly than ever:—"For pleasure! My God! For pleasure! Come here an' wait five weeks for your money, an', mark what I'm tellin' you now, you don't get it then! But per'aps your ideas of pleasure is different from most peoples. For pleasure! Yah!" He skipped across the sand towards the station, for he was going back with the down-train, and vanished in a whirlwind of luggage and the fluttering of female skirts: in Jodhpur women are baggage-coolies. A level, drawling voice spoke from an inner room:—'E's a bit upset. That's what 'e is! I remember when I was at Gworlior"—the rest of the story was lost, and the Englishman set to work to discover the nakedness of the dâk-bungalow. For reasons which do not concern the public, it is made as bitterly uncomfortable as possible. The food is infamous and the charges seem to be wilfully pitched about eighty per cent. above the tariff, so that some portion of the bill, at least, may be paid without bloodshed, or the unseemly defilement of walls with the contents of drinking-glasses. This is short-sighted policy, and it would, perhaps, be better to lower the prices and hide the tariff, and put a guard about the house to prevent jackal-molested donkeys from stampeding into the verandahs. But these be details. Jodhpur dâk-bungalow is a merry, merry place and any writer in search of new ground to locate a madly improbable story in, could not do better than study it diligently. In front lies sand, riddled with innumerable ant-holes, and, beyond the sand, the red sandstone wall of the city, and the Mahomedan burying-ground that fringes it. Fragments of sandstone set on end, mark the resting places of the Faithful who are of no great account here. Above everything, a mark for miles round, towers the dun-red pile of the Fort which is also a Palace. This is set upon sandstone rock whose sharper features have been worn smooth by the wash of the windblown sand. It is as monstrous as anything in Doré's illustrations of the *Contes Drolatiques* and, wherever it wanders, the eye comes back at last to its fantastic bulk. There is no greenery on the rock, nothing but fierce sunlight or black shadow. A line of red hills forms the background of the City, and this is as bare as the picked bones of camels that lie bleaching on the sand below.

Wherever the eye falls, it sees a camel or a string of camels—lean, racer-built *sowarri* camels, or heavy, black, shag-haired trading-ships bent on their way to the Railway Station. Through the night, the air is alive with the bubbling and howling of the brutes who, assuredly, must suffer from nightmare. In the morning, the chorus round the station is deafening. A camel has as wide a range of speech as an elephant. The Englishman found a little one, crooning happily to itself, all alone on the sands. Its nose-string was smashed. Hence its joy. But a big man left the Station and beat it on the neck with a seven-foot stick, and it rose up and sobbed.

Knowing what these camels meant, but trusting nevertheless that the road would not be *very* bad, the Englishman went into the City, left a well-kunkered road, turned through a sand-worn, red sandstone gate, and sank ankle-deep in fine reddish white sand. This was the main thoroughfare of the city. Two tame lynxes shared it with a donkey; and the rest of the population seemed to have gone to bed. In the hot weather, between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, all Jodhpur stays at home for fear of death by sunstroke, and it is possible that the habit extends far into what is officially called the "cold weather:" or, perhaps, being brought up among sands, men do not care to tramp them for plea-

sure. The City internally is a walled and secret place; each courtyard being hidden from view by a red sandstone wall, except in a few streets where the shops are poor and mean.

In an old house now used for the storing of tents, Akbar's mother lay two months, before the "Guardian of Mankind" was born, drawing breath for her flight to Umerkot across the desert. Seeing this place, the Englishman thought of many things not worth the putting down on paper; and went on till the sand grew deeper and deeper and a great camel heavily laden with stone came round a corner and nearly stepped on him. As the evening drew on, the City woke up, and the goats and the camels and the kine came in by hundreds, and men said that wild pig, which are strictly preserved by the Princes for their own sport, were in the habit of wandering about the roads. Now if they do this in the capital, what damage must they not do to the crops in the District? Men said that they did a very great deal of damage, and it was hard to keep their noses out of anything they took a fancy to. On the evening of the Englishman's visit, the Maharaja went out, as is his laudable custom, alone and unattended, to a road actually *in* the City along which one specially big pig was in the habit of passing. His Highness got his game with a single shot behind the shoulder, and in a few days it will be pickled and sent off to the Maharana of Udaipur, as a love-gift, on account of the latter's investiture. There is great friendship between Jodhpur and Udaipur, and the idea of one king going abroad to shoot game for another, has something very pretty and quaint in it.

Night fell and the Englishman became aware that the conservancy of Jodhpur might be vastly improved. Strong stenches, say the doctors, are of no importance; but there came upon every breath of heated air—and in Jodhpur City the air is warm in mid-winter—the faint, sweet, sickly, reek that one has always been taught to consider specially deadly. A few months ago, there was an impressive outbreak of cholera in Jodhpur, and the Residency Doctor, who really hoped that the people would be brought to see sense, did his best to bring forward a general cleansing-scheme. But the city fathers would have none of it. Their fathers had been trying to poison themselves in well-defined ways for an indefinite number of years; and they were not going to have any of the Sahib's "sweeper nonsense."

To clinch everything, one travelled member of the community rose in his place and said:—"Why I've been to Simla. Yes to Simla! And even *I* don't want it!" This compliment should be engrossed in the archives of the Simla Municipality. Sanitation on English lines is not yet acceptable to Jodhpur.

When the black dusk had shut down, the Englishman climbed up a little hill and saw the stars come out and shine over the desert. Very far away, some camel-drivers had lighted a fire and were singing as they sat by the side of their beasts. Sound travels as far over sand as over water, and their voices came in to the City wall and beat against it in multiplied echoes.

Then he returned to the House of Strange Stories—the Dâk Bungalow—and passed the time o' day to the genial, lighthearted bagman—a cockney in whose heart there was no thought of India, though he had travelled for years throughout the length and breadth of the Empire and over New Burma as well. There was a fort in Jodhpur, but, you see, that was not in his line of business exactly, and there were stables, but "you may take my word for it, them who has much to do with horses is a bad lot. You get hold of the Maharaja's coachman and hell drive you all round the shop. I'm only waiting here collecting money." Jodhpur dâk-bungalow seems to be full of men "waiting here." They lie in long chairs in the verandah and tell each other interminable stories, or stare Citywards and express their opinion of some dilatory debtor in language punctuated by free spitting. They are all waiting for something; and they vary the monotony of a life they make wilfully dull beyond words, by waging war with the dâk-bungalow khansamah. Then they return to their long chairs, or their couches, and sleep. Some of them, in old days, used to wait as long as six weeks—six weeks in May, when the sixty miles from Marwar Junction to Jodhpur was covered in three days by slow-pacing bullock carts! Some of them are bagmen, able to describe the merits of every dâk bungalow from the Peshin to Pagan, and southward to Hyderabad—men of substance who have "The Trades" at their back. It is a terrible thing to be in "The Trades," that great Doomsday Book of Calcutta in whose pages are written the names of doubtful debtors, Let light-hearted purchasers take note.

And the others, who wait, and swear and spit and exchange anecdotes—what are they? Bummers, land-sharks, skirmishers for their bread. It would be cruel in a fellow-tramp to call them loafers, Their lien upon the State may have its origin in horses, or anything else; for the State buys anything vendible, from Abdul Raymon's most promising importations to—a patent self-acting corkscrew. They are a mixed crew; but amusing, and full of strange stories of adventure by land and by sea. And their ends are as curiously brutal as their lives. A wanderer was once swept into the great, still backwater that divides the loaferdom of Upper India—that is to say Calcutta and Bombay—from the north-going current of Madras, where Nym and Pistol are highly finished articles with certificates. This backwater is a dangerous place to break down in, as the men on the Road know well. You can run Rajputanna in a pair o' sack breeches an' an old hat, but go to Central Injia with pice" says the wisdom of the Road. So the waif died in the bazaar, and the Barrackmaster Sahib gave orders for his burial. It might have been the Bazar Sergeant, or it might have been an hireling who was charged with the disposal of the body. At any rate it was an Irishman who said to the Barrackmaster Sahib:—"Fwhat about that loafer?'" "Well what's the matter?" "I'm considtherin whether I'm to mash in his thick head, or to break his long legs. He won't fit the store-coffin anyways."

Here the story ends. It may be an old one; but it struck the Englishman as being rather unsympathetic in its nature; and he has preserved it for this reason. Were the Englishman a mere Secretary of State instead of an enviable and unshackled vagabond, he would remodel that Philanthropic Institution for Teaching Young Subalterns how to Spell—variously called the Intelligence and the Political Department—and, giving each *omedhwar* the pair of sack breeches and old hat, above prescribed, would send him out for a twelvemonth on the Road. Not that he might learn to swear Australian oaths (which are superior to any ones in the market) or to drink bazaar-drinks (which are very bad indeed), but in order that he might gain an insight into the tertiary politics of States—things less imposing than succession-cases and less wearisome than boundary disputes but—here speaks Ferdinand Count Fathom, in an Intermediate compartment, very drunk, and very happy—"Worth knowing a little—Oh no! Not at all."

A small volume might be written of the ways and the tales of Indian loafers of the more brilliant order—such Chevaliers of the Order of Industry as would throw their glasses in your face did you call them loafers. They are a genial, blasphemous, blustering crew, and pre-eminent even in a land of liars.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

XIII.

A KING'S HOUSE AND COUNTRY. FURTHER CONSIDERATION OF THE HAT-MARKED CASTE.

THE hospitality that spreads tables in the wilderness, and shifts the stranger from the back of the hired camel into the two-horse Victoria must be experienced to be appreciated.

To those unacquainted with the peculiarities of the native-trained horse, this advice may be worth something. Sit as far back as ever you can, and, if Oriental courtesy have put an English bit and bridoon in a mouth by education intended for a spiked curb, leave the whole contraption alone. Once acquainted with the comparative smoothness of English ironmongery your mount will grow frivolous. In which event, a four-pound steeplechase saddle, accepted through sheer shame, offers the very smallest amount of purchase to untrained legs.

The Englishman rode up to the Fort and by the way learnt all these things and many more. He was provided with a racking, female, horse who swept the gullies of the city by dancing sideways.

The road to the Fort which stands on the Hill of Strife, wound in and out of sixty-foot hills, with a skilful avoidance of all shade; and this was at high noon, when puffs of heated air blew from the rock on all sides. "What must the heat be in May?"'s The Englishman's companion was a cheery Brahmin, who wore the lightest of turbans and sat the

smallest of neat little country-breds. "Awful!" said the Brahmin "But not so bad as in the District. Look there!" and he pointed from the brow of a bad eminence, across the quivering heat-haze, to where the white sand faded into bleached blue sky, and the horizon was shaken and tremulous. "It's very bad in summer. Would knock you, Oh yes, all to smash, but we are accustomed to it." A rock-strewn hill, about half a mile, as the crow flies, from the Fort was pointed out as the place whence, at the beginning of this century, the Pretender Sowae besieged Raja Maun for five months, but could make no headway against his foe. One gun of the enemy's batteries specially galled the Fort and the Jodhpore king offered a village to any of his gunners who should dismount it. "It was smashed," said the Brahmin. "Oh yes, all to pieces" Practically, the City which lies below the Fort is indefensible and during the many wars of Marwar has generally been taken up by the assailants without resistance.

Entering the Fort by the Jaipur Gate, and studiously refraining from opening his umbrella, the Englishman found shadow and coolth, took off his hat to the tun-bellied, trunk-nosed God of Good-luck who had been very kind to him in his wanderings, and sat down near half a dozen of the Maharaja's guns bearing the mark, "A. Broome, Cossipore, 1857," or "G. Hutchinson, Cossipore, 1838." Now, rock and masonry are so curiously blended in this great pile, that he who walks through it loses sense of being among buildings. It is as though he walked through mountain-gorges. The stone-paved, inclined planes, and the tunnel-like passages driven under a hundred feet height of buildings, increase this impression. In many places, the wall and rock runs up unbroken by any window for forty feet.

It would be a week's work to pick out even roughly the names of the dead who have added to the buildings, or to describe the bewildering multiplicity of courts and ranges of rooms; and, in the end, the result would be as satisfactory as an attempt to describe a nightmare. It is said that the rock on which the Fort stands is four miles in circuit, but no man yet has dared to estimate the size of the city that they call the Palace, or the mileage of its ways. Ever since Ras Joda, four hundred years ago, listened to the voice of a *Jogi* and leaving Mundore built his eyrie on the "Bird's Nest," as the Hill of Strife was called, the palaces have grown and thickened. Even to-day the builders are still at work. Takht Singh, the present ruler's predecessor, built royally. An incomplete bastion and a Hall of Flowers are among the works of his pleasure. Hidden away behind a mighty wing of carved red sandstone, lie rooms set apart for Viceroys, Durbar Halls and dinner-rooms without end. A gentle gloom covers the evidences of the catholic taste of the State in articles of "bigotry and virtue;" but there is enough light to show the *raison d'être* of the men who wait in the dâk-bungalow. And, afterall, what is the use of Royalty in these days if a man may not take delight in the pride of the eye? Kumbha Rana, the great man of Chitor, fought like a Rajput, but he had an instinct which made him build the Tower of Victory at who knows what cost of money and life. The fighting-instinct thrown back upon itself, must have some sort of outlet; and a merciful Providence wisely ordains that the Kings of the East in the nineteenth century shall take pleasure in "shopping" on an imperial scale. Dresden China snuff-boxes, mechanical engines, electro-plated fish-slices, musical boxes, and gilt, blown-glass, Christmas-Tree balls do not go well with the splendours of a palace that might have been built by Titans and coloured by the Morning Sun. But there are excuses to be made for Kings who have no work to do—at least such work as their fathers understood best.

In one of the higher bastions, stands a curious specimen of one of the earliest *mitrailleuses*—a cumbrous machine carrying twenty gun-barrels in two rows, which small-arm fire is flanked by two tiny cannon. As a muzzle-loading implement its value after the first discharge would be insignificant: but the soldiers lounging by assured the Englishman that it had done good service in its time. —It was eaten with rust.

A man may spend a long hour in the upper tiers of the palaces, but still far from the roof-tops, in looking out across the desert. There are Englishmen in these wastes, who say gravely that there is nothing so fascinating as the sand of Bikanir and Marwar. "You see," explained an enthusiast of the Hat-marked Caste, "you are not shut in by roads, and you can go just as you please. And, somehow, it grows upon you as you get used to it, and you end, y'know, by falling in love with the place." Look steadily from the Palace westward where the City with its tanks and serais is spread at your feet, and you will, in a lame way, begin to understand the fascination of the desert which, by those who have felt it, is said to be even stronger than the fascination of the Road. The City is of red-sandstone and dull and sombre to look at. Beyond it, where the white sand lies, the country is dotted with camels limping into the Eiwigkeit or coming from the same place. Trees appear to be strictly confined to the suburbs of the City. Very good. If you look long enough across the sands, while a voice in your ear is telling you of half-buried cities, old as old Time and wholly unvisited by Sahibs, of districts where the white man is unknown, and of the wonders of far-way Jeysulmir ruled by a half distraught king, sand locked and now smitten by a terrible food and water-famine, you will, if it happen that you are of a sedentary and civilised nature, experience a new emotion—will be conscious of a great desire to take one of the lobbing camels and get away into the desert, away from the last touch of To-day, to meet the Past face to face. Some day, a novelist will exploit the unknown land from the Rann, where the wild ass breeds, northward and eastward, till he comes to the Indus. That will be when Rider Haggard has used up Africa and a new "She" is needed.

But the officials of Marwar do not call their country a desert. On the contrary, they administer it very scientifically and raise, as has been said, about thirty-eight lakhs from it. To come back from the influence and the possible use of the desert to more prosaic facts. Read quickly a rough record of things in modern Marwar. The old is drawn in Tod, who speaks the truth. The Maharaja's right hand in the work of the State is Maharaj Sir Pertab Singh, Prime Minister, A.-D.-C. to the Prince of Wales, capable of managing the Marwarri who intrigues like a—Marwarri, equally capable, as has been seen, of moving in London Society, and Colonel of a newly raised "crack" Cavalry corps. The Englishman would have liked to have seen him, but he was away in the desert somewhere, either marking a boundary or looking after a succession case. Not very long ago, as the Shetts of Ajmir knew well, there was a State debt of fifty lakhs. This has now been changed into a surplus of three lakhs, and the revenue is growing. Also, the simple Dacoit who used to enjoy himself very pleasantly has been put into a department, and the Thug with him.

Consequently, for the department takes a genuine interest in this form of *shikar*, and the gaol leg-irons are not too light, dacoities have been reduced to such an extent that men say "you may send a woman, with her ornaments upon her, from Sujat to Phalodi, and she will not lose a nose-ring." Also, and this in a Rajput State is an important matter, the boundaries of nearly every village in Marwar have been demarcated, and boundary *rixes*, in which both sides preferred small-arm fire to the regulation *lathi*, are unknown. The open-handed system of giving away villages had raised a large and unmannerly crop of *jaghirdars*. These have been taken and brought in hand by Sir Pertab Singh, to the better order of the State.

A Punjabi, Sirdar Har Dyal Singh, has reformed, or made rather, Courts on the Civil and Criminal Side; and his hand is said to be found in a good many sweepings out of old corners. It must always be borne in mind that everything that has been done, was carried through over and under unlimited intrigue, for Jodhpore is a Native State. Intrigue must be met with intrigue by all except Gordons or demi-gods; and it is curious to hear how a reduction in tariff, or a smoothing out of some tangled Court, had to be worked by shift and by-way. The tales are comic, but not for publication. Howbeit, Har Dyal Singh got his training in part under the Punjab Government, and in part in a little native State far away in the Himalayas, where the *gumnameh* was not altogether an unknown animal. To the credit of the "Pauper province" be it said it is not easy to circumvent a Punjabi. The details of his work would be dry reading. The result of it is good, and there is justice in Marwar and order and firmness in its administration.

Naturally, the land revenue is the most interesting thing in Marwar from an administrative point of view. The basis of it is a tank about the size of a swimming-bath, with a catchment of several hundred square yards, draining through leeped channels. When God sends the rain, the people of the village drink from the tank. When the rains fail, as they failed this year, they take to their wells, which are brackish and breed guinea-worm. For these reasons the revenue, like the Republic of San Domingo, is never alike for two years running. There are no canal questions to harry the authorities; but the fluctuations are enormous. Under the Aravallis, the soil is good: further north they grow millet and pasture cattle, though, said a Revenue Officer cheerfully:—"God knows what the brutes find to eat." *Apropos* of irrigation, the one canal deserves special mention, as showing how George Stephenson came to Jodhpore and astonished the inhabitants. Six miles from the City proper, lies the Balsamand Sagar, a great tank. In the hot weather, when the City tanks ran out or stank, it was the pleasant duty of the women to tramp twelve miles at the end of the day's work to fill their *lotas*. In the hot weather Jodhpore is—let a simile suffice. Sukkur in June would be Simla to Jodhpore!

The State Engineer, who is also the Jodhpore State Line, for he has no European subordinates, conceived the idea of bringing the water from the Balsamand into the City. Was the City grateful? Not in the least. It said that the Sahib wanted the water to run up-hill and was throwing money into the tank. Being true Marwarris, men betted on the subject. The canal—a built out one, for water must not touch earth in these parts—was made at a cost of something over a lakh, and the water came down because the tank was a trifle higher than the City. Now, in the hot weather, the women need not go for long walks, but the Marwarri cannot understand how it was that the "waters came down to Jodhpore." From the Marwarri to money matters is an easy step. Formerly, that is to say up to within a very short time, the Treasury of Jodhpore was conducted in a shiftless, happy-go-lucky sort of fashion not uncommon in Native States, whereby the Mahajuns "held the bag" and made unholy profits on discount and other things, to the confusion of the Durbar Funds and their own enrichment. There is now a Treasury modelled on English lines, and English in the important particular that money is not to be got from it for the asking, and the items of expenditure are strictly looked after.

In the middle of all this bustle of reform planned, achieved, frustrated and replanned, and the never-ending, underground warfare that surges in a Native State, move the English officers—the irreducible minimum of exiles. As a caste, the working Englishmen in Native States are curiously interesting; and the traveller whose tact by this time has been Wilfred-blunted by tramping, sits in judgment upon them as he has seen them. In the first place they are, they must be, the fittest who have survived; for though, here and there, you shall find one chafing bitterly against the burden of his life in the wilderness, one to be pitied more than any chained beast, the bulk of the Caste are honestly and unaffectedly fond of their work, fond of the country around them, and fond of the people they deal with. In each State, their answer to a certain question is the same. The men with whom they are in contact are "all right when you know them, but you've got to know them fust" as the music-hall song says. Their hands are full of work; so full that, when the inconsequent wanderer said:—"What do you find to do?" they looked upon him with contempt and amazement—exactly as the wanderer himself had once looked upon a Globe-Trotter who had put to him the same impertinent query. And—but here the Englishman may be wrong—it seemed to him that, in one respect, their lives were a good deal more restful and concentrated than those of their brethren under the British Government. There was no talk of shiftings and transfers and promotions, stretching across a Province and a half, and no man said anything about Simla. To one who has hitherto believed that Simla is the hub of the Empire, it is disconcerting to hear:—"O Simla! That's where you Bengalis go. We haven't anything to do with Simla down here." And no more they have. Their talk and their interests run in the boundaries of the States they serve, and, most striking of all, the gossipy element seems to be cut out altogether. Is it a backwater of the river of Anglo-Indian life—or is it the main current, the broad stream that supplies the motive power, and is the other life only the noisy ripple on the surface? You who have lived, not merely looked at, both lives, decide. Much can be learnt from the talk of the Caste—many curious, many amusing, and some startling things. One hears stories of men who take a dour, impoverished State as a man takes a wife, "for better or worse," and, moved by some incomprehensible ideal of virtue, consecrate—that is not too big a word—consecrate their lives to that State in all single-heartedness and purity. Such men are few, but they exist to-day, and their names are great in lands where no Englishman travels. Again, the listener hears tales of grizzled diplomats of Rajputana—Machiavellis who have hoisted a powerful intriguer with his own intrigue, and bested priestly cunning, and the guile of the Oswal, simply that the way might be clear for some scheme which should put money into a tottering Treasury, or lighten the taxation of a few hundred thousand men—or both; for this can be done. One tithe of that force spent on their own advancement would have carried such men very far.

Those who know anything of the internals of government, know that such men must exist, for their works are written between the lines of the Administration Reports; but to hear about them, and to have them pointed out, is quite a different thing. It breeds respect and a sense of shame and frivolity in the mind of the mere looker-on, which may be good for the soul.

Truly the Hat-marked Caste are a strange people. They are so few and so lonely and so strong. They can sit down in one place for years, and see the works of their hands and the promptings of their brain, grow to actual and beneficent life, bringing good to thousands. Less fettered than the direct servant of the Indian Government, and working over a much vaster charge, they seem a bigger and a more large-minded breed. And that is saying a good deal.

But let the others, the little people bound down and supervised, and strictly limited and income-taxed, always remember that the Hat-marked are very badly off for shops. If they want a necktie they must get it up from Bombay, and in the Rains they can hardly move about; and they have no amusements and must go a day's railway journey for a rubber, and their drinking-water is doubtful; and there is rather less than one lady *per* ten thousand square miles.

After all, comparative civilisation has its advantages.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

XIV.

Among the Houyhnhnms.

Jodhpur differs from the other States of Rajputana in that its Royalty are peculiarly accessible to an inquiring public. There are wanderers, the desire of whose life it is, "to see Nabobs," which is the Globe-trotter's title for any one in unusually clean clothes, or an Oudh Taluqdar in gala dress. Men asked in Jodhpur whether the Englishman would like to see His Highness. The Englishman had a great desire to do so, if His Highness would be in no way inconvenienced bhen they scoffed :—"Oh, he won't *durbar* you you needn't flatter yourself. If he's in the humour he'll receive you like an English country-gentleman." How in the world could the owner of such a place as Jodhpur Palace be in any way like an English country-gentleman? The Englishman had not long to wait in doubt. His Highness intimated his readiness to see the Englishman between eight and nine in the morning at the Raika-Bagh. The Raika-Bagh is not a palace, for the lower storey and all the detached buildings round it, are filled with horses. Nor can it in any way be called a stable, because the upper storey contains sumptuous apartments full of all manner of valuables both of the East and the West. Nor is it in any sense a pleasure-garden, for it stands on soft white sand, close to a multitude of litter and sand training-tracks, and is devoid of trees for the most part. Therefore the Raika-Bagh is simply the Raika-Bagh and nothing else. It is now the chosen residence of the Maharaja who loves to live among his four hundred or more horses. All Jodhpur is horse-mad by the way, and it behoves anyone who wishes to be anyone, to keep his own race-course. The Englishman went to the Raika-Bagh which stands half a mile or so from the City, and passing through a long room filled with saddles by the dozen, bridles by the score and bits by the hundred, was aware of a very small and lively little cherub on the roof of a garden-house. He was carefully muffled, for the morning was chill. "Good morning," he cried cheerfully in English, waving a mittened hand, "Are you going to see my faver and the horses?" It was the Maharaj Kanwar, the Crown Prince, the apple of the Maharaja's eye, and one of the quaintest little bodies that ever set an Englishman disrespectfully laughing. He studies English daily with one of the English officials of the State, and stands a very good chance of being thoroughly spoiled, for he is a general pet. Also, as befits his dignity, he has his own carriage or carriages, his own twelve-hand stable, his own house and retinue, and everything handsome about him.

A few steps further on, in a little enclosure in front of a small, two-storeyed white bungalow, sat His Highness the Maharaja, deep in discussion with the State Engineer. He wore an English ulster, and within ten paces of him was the first of a long range of stalls. There was an informality of procedure about Jodhpur which, after the strained etiquette of other States, was very refreshing. The State Engineer, who has a growing line to attend to, cantered away, and His Highness after a few introductory words, knowing what the Englishman would be after, said :—"Come along, and look at the horses." Other

formality there was absolutely none. Even the indispensable knot of hangers-on stood at a distance, and behind a paling, in this most ra[illegible] country residences. A well-bred fox-terrier took command of the proceedings, after the manner of dogs all the world over, and the Maharaja led to the horse-boxes. But a man turned up, bending under the weight of much bacon. "Oh! here's the pig I shot for Udaipur last night. You see that is the best piece. It's pickled and that's what makes it yellow to look at." He patted the great side that was held up. "There will be a camel-sowar to meet it half way to Udaipur; and I hope Udaipur will be pleased with it. It was a very big pig." "And where did you shoot it Maharaja Sahib?" "Here," said His Highness smiting himself high up under the arm-pit. "Where else would you have it?" Certainly this descendant of Raja Maun was more like an English country gentleman than the Englishman in his ignorance had deemed possible. He led on from horse-box to horse-box, the terrier at his heels, pointing out each horse of note; and Jodhpur has many. "There's *Raja* twice winner of the Civil Service Cup." The Englishman looked reverently and *Raja* rewarded his curiosity with a vicious snap, for he was being dressed over and his temper was out of joint. Close to him, stood *Autocrat*, the grey with the unt[illegible] marks on the off-shoulder, a picture of a horse also disturbed in his mind. Next to him was a chesnut Arab, a hopeless cripple, for one of his knees had been smashed and the leg was doubled up under him. It was *Turquoise*, who, six or eight years ago, rewarded good feeding by getting away from his *sais* falling down and ruining himself, but who, none the less, has lived an honoured pensioner on the Maharaja's bounty ever since. No horses are shot in the Jodhpur stables and when one dies—they have lost not more than twenty-five in six years—his funeral is an event. He is wrapped in a white sheet which is strewn with flowers, and, amid the weeping of the *saises* is borne away to the burial ground.

After doing the honours for nearly half an hour the Maharaja departed and as the Englishman has not seen more than forty horses, he felt justified in demanding more. And he got them. *Eclipse* and *Young Revenge* were out, down country but *Sherwood*, at the stud, *Shere Ali*, *Co*[illegible], *Tynedale*, *Sherewood II.* a maiden of Abdul Rahman's and many others of note were in, and were brought out. Among the veterans, a wrathful rampant red horse still, came *Brian Boru*, whose name has been written large in the chronicles of the India turf, jerking his *sais* across the road. His near-fore is altogether gone, but as a pensioner he condescends to go in harness and is then said to be a "handful." He certainly looks it.

At the two hundred and fifty-seventh horse, and perhaps the twentieth block of stables, the Englishman's brain began to reel, and he demanded rest and information on a certain point. He had gone into some fifty stalls, and looked at all the rest, and in the looking had searchingly sniffed. But, as truly as he was then standing far below *Brian Boru's* bony withers, never the ghost of a stench had polluted the keen morning air. This City of the Houyhnhnms was specklessly clean—cleaner than any stable, racing or private that he had been into. How was it done? The pure white sand accounted for a good deal, and the rest was explained by one of the Masters of Horse :—"Each horse has one *sais* at least—old *Ringwood* he had four—and we make 'em work. If we didn't, we'd be mucked up to the horses' bellies in no time. Everything is cleaned off at once; and whenever the sand's tainted its renewed. There's quite enough sand you see hereabouts. Of course we can't keep their coats so good as in other stables, by reason of the rolling; but we can keep 'em pretty clean."

To the eye of one who knew less than nothing about horseflesh, this immaculate purity was very striking, and quite as impressive was the condition of the horses, which was English—quite English. Naturally, none of them were in any sort of training beyond daily exercise, but they were fit and in such thoroughly good fettle. Many of them were out on the various tracks, and many were coming in. Roughly, two hundred go out of a morning and it is to be feared, learn from the heavy going of the Jodhpur courses, how to hang in their stride. This is a matter for those who know; but it struck the Englishman that a good deal of

the unsatisfactory performances of the Jodhpur stables might be accounted for by their having lost the clean stride on the sand, and having to pick it up gradually on the less holding down-country courses—unfortunately when they were not doing training gallops, but the real thing. This small theory is given for instant contradiction by those who understand.

It was pleasant to sit down and watch the rush of the horses through the great opening—gates are not affected,—going on to the country-side where they take the air. Here, a boisterous-unschooled Arab, his flag spun-silk in the sunlight, shot out across the road and cried "Ha! Ha!" in the scriptural manner, before trying to rid himself of the grinning black imp on his back. Behind him, a Cabuli—surely all Cabulis must have been born with Pelhams in their mouths—bored sulkily across the road, or threw himself across the path of a tall, mild-eyed Kurnal-bred youngster, whose cocked ears and swinging head showed that, though he was so sedate, he was thoroughly taking in his surroundings, and would very much like to know if there were any body better than himself on the course that morning. Impetuous as a schoolboy and irresponsible as a monkey, one of the Prince's polo-ponies, not above racing in his own set, would answer the query by rioting past the pupil of Parrott, the monogram on his body-cloth flapping free in the wind, and his head and hogged tail in the elements as Uncle Remus hath it. The youngster would swing himself round, and polka-mazurka for a few paces, till his attention would be caught by some dainty Child of the Desert, fresh from the Bombay stables, sweating at every sound, backing and filling like a rudderless ship. Then, thanking his stars that he was wiser than some people, Number 177 would lob on to the track and settle down to his spin like the gentleman he was. Elsewhere, the eye fell upon a cloud of nameless ones, purchases from Abdul Rahman, whose worth will be proved next hot weather, when they are seriously taken in hand—skirmishing over the face of the land, and enjoying themselves immensely. High above everything else, like a collier among barges, screaming shrilly, a black, flamboyant Marwari stallion with a crest like the crest of a barb, barrel-bellied, goose-rumped and river-maned, pranced through the press, while the slow-pacing waler carriage-horses eyed him with deep disfavour, and the Maharaj Kunwar's tiny mount capered under his pink, roman nose, kicking up as much dust as the *Foxhall* colt who had got on to a lovely patch of sand and was dancing a saraband in it. In and out of the tangle, going down to or coming back from the courses, ran shuffled, rocketed, plunged, sulked or stampeded countless horses of all kinds, shapes and descriptions—so that the eye at last failed to see what they were, and only retained a general impression of a whirl of bays, greys, iron greys and chesnuts with white stockings, some as good as good as could be desired, others average, but not one distinctly bad.

"We have no downright bad 'uns in this stable. What's the use?" said the Master of Horse calmly. "They are all good beasts and, one with another, must cost more than a thousand each. This year's new ones bought from Bombay and the pick of our own studs, are a hundred strong about. May be more. Yes, they look all right enough; but you can never know what they are going to turn out. Live-stock is very uncertain." "And how are the stables managed; how do you make room for the fresh stock?" "Something this way. Here are all the new ones and Parrott's lot, and the English colts that Maharaja Pertab Singh brought out with him from Home. '*Winterlake* out o' *Queen Consort* that chesnut with the two white stockings you're looking at now. Well, next hot weather we shall see what they're made of and which is who. There's so many that the trainer hardly knows 'em one from another till they begin to be a good deal forward. Those that haven't got the pace, or that the Maharaja don't fancy—they're taken out and sold for what they'll bring. The man who takes the horses out has a good job of it. He comes back and says :—'I sold such and such for so much and here's the money?' That's all. Well, our rejections are worth having. They have taken prizes at the Poona Horse-show. See for yourself. Is there one of those there that you wouldn't be glad to take for a hack, and look well after too? Only they're no use to us, and so out they go by the score. We've got sixty riding-boys, perhaps more, and they've got their work cut out to keep them all going. What you've seen are only the stables. We've got one stud at Bellara, eighty miles out, and they come in sometimes in droves of three and four hundered from the stud. They raise Marwaris there too, but that's entirely under native management. We've got nothing to do with that. The natives reckon a Marwari the best country-bred you can lay hands on; and some of them are beauties! Crests on 'em like the top of a wave. Well there's that stud, and another stud and, reckoning one with another, I should say the Maharaja has nearer twelve hundred than a thousand horses of his own. For this place here, two wagon-loads of grass come in every day from Marwar Junction. Lord knows how many saddles and bridles we've got. I never counted. I suppose we've about forty carriages, not counting the ones that get shabby and are stacked in places in the City, as I suppose you've seen. We take 'em out in the morning, a regular string all together, brakes and all; but the prettiest turn-out we ever turned out was Lady Dufferin's pony four-in-hand. Walers—thirteen-two the wheelers I think, and thirteen-one the leaders. They took prizes at Poona. That *was* a pretty turn out. The prettiest in India.—Lady Dufferin, she drove it when the Viceroy was down here last year. There are bicycles and tricycles in the carriage department too. I don't know how many but when the Viceroy's camp was held, there was about one a piece for the gentlemen, with remounts. They're somewhere about the place now, if you want to see them. How do we manage to keep the horses so quiet? You'll find some o' the youngsters play the goat a good deal when they come out o' stable but, as you say there's no vice generally. It's this way. We don't allow any curry-combs. If we did, the *saises* would be wearing out their brushes on the combs. Its all elbow grease here. They've got to go over the horses with their hands They must handle 'em, and a native he's afraid of a horse. Now an English groom, when the horse is doing the fool, clips him over the head with a cu'rry-comb, or punches him in the belly; and that hurts the horse's feelings. A native, he just stands back till the trouble is over. He *must* handle the horse or he'd get into trouble for not dressing him, so it comes to all handling and no licking, and that's why you won't get hold of a really vicious brute in these stables. Old *Ringwood* he had four *saises* and he wanted 'em every one, but the other horses haven't more than one *sais* apiece. The Maharaja he keeps fourteen or fifteen horses for his own riding. Not that he cares to ride now, but he likes to have his horses: and no one else can touch 'em. Then there's the horses that he mounts his visitors on, when they come for pig-sticking and such like, and then there's a lot of horses that go to Maharaja. Pertab Singh's new cavalry regiment. So you see, a horse can go through all three degrees sometimes before he gets sold, and be a good horse at the end of it. And I think that's about all!"

A cloud of youngsters, sweating freely and ready for any mischief, shot past on their way to breakfast, and the conversation ended in a cloud of sand and the drumming of hurrying hooves.

In the Raika-Bagh are more racing cups than this memory holds the names of. Chiefest of all was the Delhi Assemblage Cup—the Imperial Vase, of solid gold, won by *Crown Prince*. The other pieces of plate were not so imposing. But of all the Crown Jewels, the most valuable appeared at the end of the inspection. It was the small Maharaj Kanwar lolling in state in a huge barouche—his toes were at least two feet off the floor—that was taking him from his morning drive. "Have you seen *my* horses?" said the Maharaj Kanwar. The four twelve-hand ponies had been duly looked over and the future ruler of Jodhpur departed satisfied.

"STRUCK ILE."

"Two years ago Sir A. Colvin, in introducing the Income Tax Bill, described that year as the last of the fat kine. He said that the lean kine were come in."—*Vide Mr. Westland's Financial Statement, Jan. 30th.*

"Peace, peace such a small lamp illumes on this highway,
So dimly, so few steps in front of our feet."
The Song of the Bower.

W-stl-nd, the bank-note man,
Holding the Treasury keys,
Promised "to pay the bearer"
Eighty crores of rupees,
And C-lv-n was caught up to Allahabad—Valhallahabad of L. G's.

W-stl-nd, the bank-note man,
Proved in a lucid way
Nobody ought to be wrath if
Government couldn't pay;
And C-lv-n leaned from the bar of Heaven and cheered him on to the fray.

W-stl-nd, the bank-note man,
Served up the usual hash,
Added a grain of salt, and
Drew pro-notes for the cash;
Devastating the *P—r* with seven columns of trash.

A scrape from the golah's mouth—
A tea cupful of the brine—
A crutch and a stay and we pull through the day,
And blunder along the line,
While Krishna W-stl-nd tootles his flute to C-lv-n's starveling kine.

W-stl-nd, the bank-note man,
Trusting to Time and Chance,
Tinkered the leak with a kerosine-can
In the name of paraffinance;
And C-lv-n lighted a hurricane lamp to shine on the dreary dance

Knaust where we lack the now:—
Thora mutti-ki-tel—
A pinch and a shift and away we drift
With a dying wind in the sail;
But what shall we do when the cruize is run and the last, least catspaws fail?

Here is a study in oils—
Naught in the world could be fairer—
W-stl-nd making his Bearer pay,
Instead of "paying the bearer,"
And an Empire starting a *bunnia's* shop, as the *pice* grow rarer and rarer.

R. K.

THE BRIDE'S PROGRESS.

> And school foundations in the act
> Of holiday, three files compact,
> Shall learn to view thee as a fact
> Connected with that zealous tract
> "Rome, Babylon and Nineveh."
>
> *The Burden of Nineveh.*

It would have been presumption and weariness deliberately to have described Benares. No man, except he who writes a guide-book, "does" the Strand, or Westminster Abbey. The foreigner—French or American—tells London what to think of herself, as the visitor tells the Anglo-Indian what to think of India. The neighbour over the way always knows so much more about us than we ourselves. The Bride interpreted Benares as fresh youth and radiant beauty can interpret a city grey and worn with years. Providence had been very good to her and she repaid Providence by dressing herself to the best advantage—which, if the French speak truth, is all that a fair woman can do towards religion. Generations of untroubled ease and well-being must have builded the dainty figure and rare face, and the untamable arrogance of wealth looked out of the calm eyes. "India," said The Bride philosophically, "is an incident only in our trip. We are going on to Australia and China, and then Home by San Francisco and New York. We shall be at Home again before the season is quite ended." And she patted her bracelets, smiling softly to herself over some thought that had little enough to do with Benares or India—whichever was the "incident." She went into the city of Benares. Benares of the Buddhists and the Hindus—of Durga of the thousand names—of two thousand temples, and twice two thousand stenches. Her high heels rang delicately upon the stone pavement of the gullies, and her brow, unmarked as that of a little child, was troubled by reason of the stenches. "Why does Benares smell so?" demanded The Bride pathetically. "*Must* we do it, if it smells like this?" The Bridegroom was high-coloured, fair-whiskered and insistent as an Englishman should be. "Of course we must. It would never do to go home without having seen Benares. Where is a guide?" The streets were alive with them, and the couple chose him who spoke English most fluently. "Would you like to see where the Hindus are burnt?" said he. They would, though The Bride shuddered as she spoke, for she feared that it would be very horrible. A ray of gracious sunlight touched her hair as she turned, walking cautiously in the middle of the narrow way, into the maze of the bye-ways of Benares. The sunlight ceased after a few paces, and the horrors of the Holy City gathered round her. Underfoot, neglected rainbow-hued sewage sprawled across the path, and a bull, rotten with some hideous disease that distorted his head out of all bestial likeness, pushed through the filth. The Bride picked her way carefully, giving the bull the wall. A lean dog, dying of mange, growled and yelped among her starveling puppies on a threshold that led into the darkness of some unclean temple. The Bride stooped and patted the beast on the head. "I think she's something like *Bessie*," said The Bride, and once again her thoughts wandered far beyond Benares. The lanes grew narrower and the symbols of a brutal cult more numerous. Hanuman, red, shameless and smeared with oil, leaped and leered upon the walls above stolid, black, stone bulls, knee-deep in yellow flowers. The bells clamoured from unseen temples, and half-naked men with evil eyes rushed out of dark places and besought her for money, saying that they were priests—*padris* like the *padris* of her own faith. One young man—who knows in what mission school he had picked up his speech?—told her this in English, and The Bride laughed merrily, shaking her head. "These men speak English," she called back to her husband. "Isn't it funny!"

But the mirth went out of her face when a turn in the lane brought her suddenly above the burning-*ghat*, where a man was piling logs on some Thing that lay wrapped in white cloth, near the water of the Ganges. "We can't see well from this place," said the Bridegroom stolidly. "Let us get a little closer." They moved forward through deep grey dust—white sand of the river and black dust of man blended—till they commanded a full view of the steeply sloping bank and the Thing under the logs. A man was laboriously starting a fire at the river end of the pile, stepping wide now and again to avoid the hot embers of a dying blaze actually on the edge of the water. The Bride's face blanched and she looked appealingly to her husband, but he had only eyes for the newly-lit fire. Slowly, very slowly, a white dog crept on his belly down the bank, towards a heap of ashes among which the water was hissing. A plunge followed by a yelp of pain showed that he had reached food, and that the food was too hot for him. With a deftness that marked long training, he raked the capture from the ashes on to the dust and slobbered above it, nosing it tentatively. Then, as if cooled, he settled, with noises of animal delight, to his meal and worried and growled and tore. "Will!" said The Bride faintly. The Bridegroom was watching the newly-lit pyre and could not attend. A log slipped sideways, and through the chink showed the face of the man below, smiling the dull thick smile of death which is such a smile as a very drunken man wears when he has found in his wide swimming brain a joke of exquisite savour. The dead man grinned up to the sun and the fair face of The Bride. The flames sputtered and caught and spread. A man waded out knee-deep into the water, which was covered with greasy black embers and an oily scum. He chased the bobbing driftwood with a basket, that it might be saved for another occasion, and threw each take on a mound of such economy or on the back of the unheeding dog deep in the enjoyment of his ghastly dinner.

Slowly, very slowly, as the flames crackled the Smiling Dead Man lifted one knee through the light logs. He had just been smitten with the idea of rising from his last couch and confounding the spectators. It was easy to see, through the chink in the logs, that he was tasting the notion of this novel, this stupendous practical joke, and would presently, always smiling, rise up, and up and up and ——.

The straining fire-shrivelled knee gave way, and with its collapse little flames ran forward and whistled and whispered and fluttered from heel to head. "Come away, Will," said The Bride, "come away. It is too horrible. I'm sorry that I saw it." They left together, she with her arm in her husband's for a sign to all the world that, though Death be inevitable and horrible, Love is still the greater, and in its sweet selfishness can set at naught even the piled up horrors of a burning-*ghat*.

"I never thought what it meant before," said The Bride, releasing her husband's arm as she recovered herself; "I see now." "See what?" "Don't you know?" said The Bride, "what Edwin Arnold says:—

> 'For all the tears of all the eyes
> Have room in Gunga's bed,
> And all the sorrow is gone to-morrow
> When the white flames have fed.'

I see now, and I think it is very, *very* horrible." Then to the guide, suddenly, with a deep compassion:—"And will you be—will you be burnt in that way, too?" "Yes, your Ladyship," said the guide cheerfully, "we are all burnt that way." "Poor wretch," said The Bride to herself. "Now show us some more temples." A second time they dived into Benares city, but it was at least five long minutes before The Bride recovered those buoyant spirits which were hers by right of Youth and Love and Happiness. A very pale and sober little face peered into the filth of the Temple of the Cow where the odour of Holiness and Humanity are highest. Fearful and wonderful old women, crippled in hands and feet, body and back, howled round her, some oven touching the hem of her dress. And at this she shuddered, for the hands were very foul. The walls dripped filth, the pavements sweated filth, and the contagion of uncleanliness walked among the worshippers. There might have been beauty in the Temple of the Cow: there certainly was horror enough and to spare; but The Bride was conscious only of the filth of the place. She turned to the wisest and best man in the world, asking indignantly:—"Why don't these horrid people clean the place out?" "I don't know," said the Bridegroom; "I suppose their religion forbids it." Once more they set out on their journey through the city of monstrous creeds—she in front, the pure white hem of her petticoat raised indignantly clear of the mire, and her eyes full of alarm and watchfulness. One perfectly gloved hand grasped the red-backed guide-book, as a proof of the existence of the present and a key to the labyrinth in which the guide was bewildering her. Closed galleries crossed the narrow way, and the light of day fainted and grew sick ere it could climb down into the abominations of the gullies. A litter of gorgeous red and gold barred the passage to the Golden Temple. "It is the Maharani of Hazaribagh," said the guide, "she coming to pray for a child." "Ah!" said The Bride; and turning quickly on her husband said: "I wish mother were with

us." The Bridegroom made no answer. Perhaps he was not in love with his mother-in-law, or perhaps he was beginning to repent of dragging a young English girl through the iniquities of Benares. He announced his intention of returning to his hotel, and The Bride dutifully followed. At every turn lewd gods grinned and mouthed at her, the still air was clogged with thick odours and the reek of rotten marigold flowers and disease stood blind and naked before the sun. "Let us get away quickly," said The Bride, and they escaped to the main *chowk*, having honestly accomplished nearly two-thirds of what was written in the little red guide-book. An instinct inherited from a century of cleanly English housewifes made The Bride pause before getting in o the carriage, and, addressing the seething crowd generally, murmer:—"Oh! you horrid people! Shouldn't I like to wash you."

Yet Benares—which name must certainly be derived from *be* without and *nares* nostrils—is not entirely a Sacred Midden. Very early in the morning, almost before the light had given promise of the day, a boat put out from a *ghat* and rowed upstream till it stayed in front of the ruined magnificence of Scindia's Ghat—a range of ruined wall and drunken bastion. The Bride and Bridegroom had risen early to catch their last glimpse of the city. There was no life abroad at that hour, and, except for three or four stone-laden boats rolling down from Mirzapur, they were alone upon the river. In the silence a voice thundered far above their heads: "*I bear witness that there is no God but God.*" It was the mullah from The Minars, proclaiming the Oneness of God in the City of the Million Manifestations. The call rang across the sleeping city and far over the river, and be sure that the mullah abated nothing of the defiance of his cry for that he looked down upon a sea of temples and smelt the incense of a hundred shrines. But The Bride could make neither head nor tail of the business. "What is he making that noise for, Will?" she asked. "Worshipping Vishnu," was the ready reply; for at the outset of his venture into matrimony a young husband is at the least infallible. The Bride snuggled down under her wraps, keeping her delicate chill-pinked little nose towards the City. Day broke over Benares, and The Bride stood up and applauded with both her hands. It was finer, she said, than any transformation-scene; and so in her gratitude she clapped the earth, the sun and the everlasting sky. The river turned to a silver flood and the ruled lines of the *ghats* to red gold. "How can I describe this to mother?" she cried, as the wonder grew and timeless Benares roused to a fresh day. To few people has it been given to set fairly on paper the morning-glory of the mysterious city. The Bride nestled down in the boat and gazed round eyed. As water spurts through a leaky dam or as ants pour out from an invaded nest, so the people of Benares poured down the *ghats* to the river. Wherever The Bride's eye rested it saw men and women stepping downwards, always downwards, by rotten wall, worn step, tufted bastion, riven water-gate and stark, bare dusty bank, to the water. The hundred priests drifted down to their stations under the large mat umbrellas that all pictures of Benares represent so faithfully. The Bride's face lighted with joy. She had found a simile. "Will! Do you recollect that pantomime we went to ages and ages ago—before we were engaged—at Brighton? Doesn't it remind you of the scene of the Fairy Mushrooms—just before they all got up and danced, you know? Isn't it splendid?" She leaned forward, her chin in her hand, and watched long and intently; and Nature, who is without doubt a Frenchwoman, so keen is her love for effect, deftly arranged that the shell-like pink of The Bride's cheek should be turned against a dull-red river house in the windows of which sat women in blood-red clothes, letting down crimson turban-cloths for the morning breeze to riot with. From the burning-*ghat* rose lazily a welt of thick blue flame, and an eddy in the air blew a wreath across the river. The Bride coughed. "Will," she said, "promise me when I die you won't have me cremated—if cremation is the fashion then." And "Will" promised lightly, as a man promises who is looking into a long life of happiness with no such a thing as Death to mar it.

The life of the city went forward. The Bride heard, though she did not understand, the marriage song, and the chaunt of prayers, and the wail of the mourners. She looked long and steadfastly at the beating heart of Benares and at the dead for whom no day had dawned. The place was hers to watch and enjoy if she pleased. Her enjoyment was tempered with some thought of regret; for her eyebrows contracted and she thought. Then the trouble was apparent. "Will!" she said softly, "they don't seem to think much of us do they?" Did she expect then that the whole city would make obeisance to young Love, robed and crowned in a grey tweed travelling dress and velvet *toque?*

The boat drifted down stream, and an hour or so later the Dufferin Bridge bore away The Bride and Bridegroom on their travels in which India was to be "only an incident." But India is avenged, for behold! this magnificent egoist was herself "only an incident," and has been treated as such; since all the other ways of seeing Benares are written large in very many books.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

XV.

TREATS OF THE STARTLING EFFECT OF A REDUCTION IN WAGES AND THE PLEASURES OF LOAFERDOM. PAINTS THE STATE OF THE BOONDI RAJ AND THE TREACHERY OF GANESH OF SITUR.

"A TWENTY-FIVE per cent. reduction all round an' no certain leave when you wants it. Of course the best men goes somewhere else. That's only natural, and 'eres this sanguinary down mail a stickin' in the eye of the Khundwa down! I tell you, Sir, India's a bad place—a very bad place. 'Tisn't what it was when I came out one and thirty year ago an' the drivers was getting their seven and eight 'undred rupees a month an' was treated as *men.*"

The Englishman was on his way to Nasirabad, and a gentleman in the Railway was explaining to him the real reason of the decadence of the Empire. It was because the Rajputana-Malwa had cut all its employés twenty-five per cent. And, in truth, there is a good deal of fine free language where gentlemen in the carriage department, foremen fitters, station and assistant, station masters do foregather. It is ungenerous to judge a caste by a few samples, but the Englishman had on the Road and elsewhere seen a good deal of gentlemen on the Railway, and is prepared to write down here that they spend their pay in a manner that would do credit to an income of a thousand a month. Now they are saying that the twenty-five per cent. reduction is depriving them of the pleasures of life. So much the better if it makes them moderately economical in their expenditure. Revolving these things in his mind, together with one or two stories of extravagance not quite fit for publication, the Englishman came to Nasirabad, before sunrise, and there to a tonga. Imagine an icy pause of several minutes followed by Language. Quoth Ram Baksh, proprietor, driver, *sais* and everything else calmly:—"At this time of the year and having regard to the heat of the sun who wants a top to a tonga? I have no top. I have a top, but it would take till twelve o'clock to put it on. And behold Sahib, Padre Martum Sahib went in this tonga to Deoli. All the officer Sahibs of Deoli and Nasirabad go in this tonga for *shikar.* This is a 'shutin-tonga'"! When Church and Army are brought against one, argument is in vain. But to take a soft, office-bred unfortunate into the wilderness, upon a skeleton, a diagram of a conveyance, is brutality. Ram Baksh did not see it, and headed his two thirteen-hand rats straight towards the morning-sun, along a beautiful military road. "We shall get to Deoli in six hours," said Ram Baksh the boastful, and, even as he spoke, the spring of the tonga bar snapt "mit a harp-like melodious twang." "What does it matter?" said Ram Baksh. "Has the Sahib never seen a tonga-iron break before? Padre Martum Sahib and all the officer Sahibs in Deoli"—"Ram Baksh," said the Englishman sternly, "I am not a Padre Sahib nor an officer Sahib, and if you say anything more about Padre Martum Sahib or the officers in Deoli I shall grow very angry, and beat you with a stick, Ram Baksh."

"Hmph," said Ram Baksh, "I knew you were not a Padre Sahib." The little mishap was patched up with string and the tonga went on merrily. It is Stevenson who says that the "invitation to the road," nature's great morning song, has not yet been properly understood or put to music. The first note of it is the sound of the dawn-wind through long grass, and the last, in this country, the creaking of the bullock wains getting under way in some unseen *serai.* It is good, good beyond expression, to see the sun rise upon a strange land and to know that you have only to go forward and possess that land—that it will dower you before the day is ended with a hundred new impressions and, perhaps, one idea. It is good to snuff the wind when it comes in over grassy uplands or down from the tops of the blue Aravallis—dry and keen as a new-ground sword. Best of all it is to light the First Pipe—is there any tobacco so good as that we burn in honour of the breaking day?—and, while the ponies wake the long white road with their hooves and the birds go abroad in companies together, to thank your stars that you are neither the Subaltern who has Orderly Room, the 'Stunt who has *kacherri*, or the Judge who has Court to attend; but are only a loafer in a flannel shirt, bound, if God please, to "little Boondi," somewhere beyond the faint hills across the plain.

But there was alloy in this delight. Men had told the Englishman darkly that Boondi State had no love for Englishmen, that there was no where to stop, and that no one would do anything for money. Love was out of the question. Further, it was an acknowledged fact that there were no Englishmen of any kind in Boondi. But the Englishman trusted that Ganesh would be good to him, and that he would, somehow or other, fall upon his feet as he had fallen before. The road from Nasirabad to Deoli, being military in its nature, is nearly as straight as a ruler and about as smooth. It runs for the most part through "Arthurian" country, just such a land as the Knights of the Round Table went a-looting in—is gently, sloping pasture ground, where a man could see his enemy a long way off and "ride a wallop" at him, as the Morte D'Arthur puts it, of a clear half mile. Here and there, little rocky hills, the last off-shoots of the Aravallis to the west, break the ground; but the bulk of it is fair and without pimples. The Deoli Force are apparently so utterly Irregular that they can do without a telegraph, have their mails carried by runners, and dispense with bridges over all the fifty-six miles that separate them from Nasirabad. However, a man who goes shikarring for any length of time in one of Ram Baksh's tongas would soon learn to dispense with anything and everything. "All the Sahibs use my tongas; I've got eight of them and twenty pairs of horses," said Ram Baksh. "They go as far as Gangra, where the tigers are, for they are 'shutin-tongas.'" Now the Englishman knew Gangra slightly, having seen it on the way to Udaipur; and it was as perverse and rocky a place as any man would desire to see. He politely expressed doubt. "I tell you my tongas go anywhere," said Ram Baksh testily. A hay-waggon—they cut and stack their hay in these parts—blocked the road. Ram Baksh ran the tonga to one side, into a rut, fetched up on a tree-stump, rebounded on to a rock, and struck the kunkur. "Observe!" said Ram Baksh; "But that is nothing. You wait till we get on the Boondi road and I'll make you shake, shake like a botal." "Is it *very* bad?" "I've never been to Boondi myself, but I hear it is all rocks—great rocks as big as the tonga." But though he boasted of himself and his horses nearly all the way, he could not reach Deoli in anything like the time he had set forth. "If I am not at Boondi by four," he had said, at six in the morning, "let me go without my fare." But by midday he was still far from Deoli, and Boondi lay twenty-eight miles beyond that station. "What can I do?" said he. "I've laid out lots of horses—any amount. But the fact is I've never been to Boondi. I shan't go there in the night." Ram Baksh's "lots of horses" were three pair between Nasirabad and Deoli—three pair of undersized ponies who did wonders. One place, after he had quitted a cotton waggon, a drove of *bunjaras* and a man on horseback, with his carbine across his saddle-bow, the Englishman came to a stretch of road, so utterly desolate that he said:—"Now I am clear of everybody who ever knew me. This is the beginning of the waste into which the Scape-goat was sent."

From a bush by the road side sprang up a fat man who cried aloud in English:—"How does Your Honour do? I met Your Honour in Simla this year! Are you quite well. Ya-as, I am here. Your Honour remembers me? I am travelling. Ya-as. Ha! Ha!" and he went on, leaving His Honour bemazed. It was a Babu—a Simla Babu, of that there could be no doubt; but who he was or what he was doing, thirty miles from anywhere, His Honour could not make out. The native moves about more than most folk, except railway people, imagine. The big banking firms of Upper India naturally keep in close touch with their great change-houses in Ajmir, despatching and receiving messengers regularly. So it comes to pass that the necessitous circumstances of Lieutenant McRannamack, of the Tyneside Tail-twisters, quartered on the Frontier, are thoroughly known and discussed, a thousand miles south of the cantonment where the lighthearted Lieutenant goes to the "beastly *shroff.*"

This is by the way. Let us return to the banks of the Banas river, where "poor Carey," as Tod calls him, came when he was sickening for his last illness. The Banas is one of those streams which runs "over golden sands with feet of silver," but, from the scarp of its banks, Deoli in the rains must be isolated. Ram Baksh, questioned hereon, vowed that all the Officer Sahibs never dreamed of halting, but went over in boats or on elephants. According to Ram Baksh the men of Deoli must be wonderful creatures. They do nothing but use his tongas. A break in some low hills give on to the dead flat plain in which Deoli stands. "You must stop here for the night," said Ram Baksh, "I will not take my horses forward in the dark; God knows where the dâk-bungalow is. I've forgotten, but anyone of the Officer Sahibs in Deoli"—Those in search of a new emotion would do well to run about an apparently empty cantonment, in a disgraceful shooting-tonga, in search of a place to sleep in. Chaprassis come out of back verandahs, and are rude, and regimental Babus hop out of godowns and are flippant, while in the distance a Sahib looks out of his room, where he has evidently been sleeping, and eyes the dusty forlorn-hope with silent contempt. It should be mentioned that the dust on the Deoli road not only powders but masks the face and raiment of the passenger.

Next morning, Ram Baksh was awake with the dawn, and clamourous to go on to Boondi. "I've sent a pair of horses, big horses, out there and the *sais* is a fool. Perhaps they will be lost. I want to find them." He dragged his unhappy passenger on to the road once more and demanded of all who passed the dâk bungalow which was the way to Boondi. "Observe!" said he, "There can be only one road and if I hit it we are all right, and I'll show you what the tonga can do." "Amen," said the Englishman devoutly, as the tonga jumped into and out of a larger hole. "Without doubt this is the Boondi road," said Ram Baksh; "it is so bad."

Beyond Deoli the cultivated land gave place to more hills peppered with stones, stretches of *ak*-scrub and clumps of thorn varied with a little jhil here and there for the benefit of the officers of the Deoli Irregular Force.

It has been before said that the Boondi State has no great love for Sahibs. The state of the road proves it. "This," said Ram Baksh, "tapping the wheel to see whether the last plunge had smashed a spoke," is a very good road. You wait till you see what is a-head." And the funeral staggered on—over irrigation cuts, through buffalo wallows, and dried pools stamped with the hundred feet of kine (this, by the way, is the most cruel road of all), up rough banks where the rock ledges peered out of the dust in a tilt-towards, down step-cut dips ornamented with large stones, and along two-foot deep ruts of the rains where the tonga went slantwise even to the verge of upsetting. It was a royal road—a native road—a Raj road of the roughest, and, through all its jolts and bangs and bumps and dips and heaves, the eye of Ram Baksh rolled in its blood-shot socket, seeking for the "big horses" he had so rashly sent into the wilderness. The ponies that had done the last twenty miles into Deoli were nearly used up, and did their best to lie down in the dry beds of nullahs. *Nota bene.*—There was an unbridged nullah every five minutes, for the set of the country was towards the Mej river. In the rains it must be utterly impassable.

A man came by on horseback, his servant walking before with platter and meal bag. "Have you seen any horses hereabouts?" cried Ram Baksh. "Horses! horses! What the Devil have I to do with your horses? D'you think I've stolen them?" Now this was decidedly a strange answer, and showed the rudeness of the land. An old woman under a tree cried out in a strange tongue and ran away. It was a dream-like experience, this hunting for horses on a "blasted heath" with neither house not hut nor shed in sight. "If we keep to the road long enough we must find them. Look at the road! This Raj ought to be smitten with bullets." Ram Buksh had been pitched forward nearly on to the off-pony's rump, and was in a very bad temper indeed. The funeral found a house—a house walled with thorns—and near by were the two big horses, thirteen-two if an inch, and harnessed quite regardless of expense.

Every thing was repacked and rebound with triple ropes, and the Sahib was provided with an extra cushion; but he had reached a sort of dream-some Nirvana; having several times bitten his tongue through, cut his boot against the wheel-edge, and twisted his legs into a true-lovers-knot. There was no further sense of suffering in him. He was even beginning to enjoy himself faintly and by gasps. The road struck boldly into hills with all their teeth on edge, that is to say, their strata breaking across the road in a series of little ripples. The effect of this was amazing. The tonga skipped merrily as a young fawn, from ridge to ridge, and never seemed to have both wheels on the ground at the same time. It shivered, it palpitated, it shook, it slid, it hopped, it waltzed, it ricochetted, it bounded like a kangaroo, it blundered like a sledge, it swayed like a top-heavy coach on a down-grade, it "kicked" like a badly coupled railway carriage, it squelched like a country-cart, it squeaked in its torment, and, lastly, it essayed to plough up the ground with its nose. After three hours of this performance, it struck a tiny little ford, set between steeply-sloping banks of white dust, where the water was clear brown and full of fish. And here a blissful halt was called under the shadow of the high bank of a tobacco field.

Would you taste one of the real pleasures of life-Go through severe acrobatic exercises in and about a tonga for four hours; then, having eaten and drank till you can no more, sprawl, in the cool of a nullah bed with your head among the green tobacco, and your mind adrift with the one little cloud in a royally blue sky. Earth has nothing more to offer her children than this deep delight of animal well-being. There were butterflies in the tobacco—six different kinds and a little rat came out and drank at the ford. To him succeeded the flight into Egypt. The white bank of the ford framed the picture perfectly—the Mother in blue, on a great white donkey, holding the Child in her arms, and Joseph walking beside, his hand upon the donkey's withers. By all the laws of the East, Joseph should have been riding and the Mother walking. This was an exception decreed for the Englishman's special benefit. It was very warm and very pleasant, and, somehow, the passers by the ford grew indistinct, and the nullah became a big English garden, with a cuckoo singing far down in the orchard, among the apple-blossoms. The cuckoo started the dream. He was the only real thing in it, for the garden slipped back into the water, but the cuckoo remained and called and called, for all the world as though he had been a veritable English cuckoo. "Cuckoo—cuckoo—cuck;" then a pause and renewal of the cry from another quarter of the horizon. After that the ford became distasteful, so the procession was driven forward and in time plunged into what must have been a big city once, but the only inhabitants were oil-men. There were abundance of tombs here, and one carried a lifelike carving in high relief of a man on horseback spearing a foot-soldier. Hard by this place the road or rut turned by great gardens, very cool and pleasant, full of tombs and black-faced monkeys who quarrelled among the tombs, and shut in from the sun by gigantic banians and mango trees. Under the trees and behind the walls, priests sat singing; and the Englishman would have enquired into what strange place he had fallen but the men did not understand him.

Ganesh is a mean little god of circumscribed powers. He was dreaming, with a red and flushed face, under a banian tree; and the Englishman gave him four annas to arrange matters comfortably at Boondi. His priest took the four annas, but Ganesh did nothing whatever, as shall be shown later. His only excuse is that his trunk was a good deal worn, and he would have been better for some more silver leaf, but that was no fault of the Englishman.

Beyond the dead city was a jhil, full of snipe and duck, winding in and out of the hills; and beyond the jhil, hidden altogether among the hills, was Boondi. The nearer to the city the viler grew the road and the more overwhelming the curiosity of the inhabitants. But what befell at Boondi must be reserved for another chapter.

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

HE set up conclusions to the number of nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four . . . . . . he went afterwards to the Sorbonne where he maintained argument against the theologians for the space of six weeks from four o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, except for an interval of two hours to refresh themselves and take their repasts, and at this were present the greatest part of the lords of the court, the masters of request, presidents, counsellors, those of the accompts, secretaries, advocates and others; as also the sheriffs of the said town.—*Pantagruel.*

"The Bengal Legislative Council is sitting now. You will find it in an octagonal wing of Writers' Buildings. Straight across the *maidan.* It's worth seeing." "What are they sitting on?" "Municipal business. No end of a debate." So much for trying to keep low company. The longshore loafers must stand over. Without doubt this Council is going to hang some one for the state of the city and Sir Steuart Bayley will be chief executioner. One does not come across Councils every day.

Writers' Buildings are large. You can trouble the Bethesdas of half a dozen departments before you stumble upon the black-stained staircase that leads to an upper chamber looking out over a populous street. Wild chuprassis block the way. The Councillor Sahibs are sitting, but any one can enter. "To the right of the Lot Sahib's chair and go quietly." Ill-mannered minion! Does he expect the awe-stricken spectator to prance in with a jubilant war whoop or turn Catharine-wheels round that sumptuous octagonal room with the blue domed roof? There are gilt capitols to the half pillars, and an Egyptian patterned lotos-stencil makes the walls decorously gay. A thick piled carpet covers all the floor, and must be delightful in the hot weather. On a black wood throne comfortably cushioned in dark green leather, sits Sir Steuart Bayley, ruler of Bengal. The rest are all great men or else they would not be there. Not to know them argues oneself unknown. There are a dozen of them and they sit six aside at two slightly curved lines of beautifully polished desks. Thus Sir Steuart Bayley occupies the frog of a badly made horse-shoe split at the toe. In front of him at a table covered with books and pamphlets and papers toils a secretary. There is a seat for the Reporters and that is all. The place enjoys a chastened gloom, and its very atmosphere fills one with awe. This is the heart of Bengal and uncommonly well upholstered. If the work matches the first class furniture, the inkpots, the carpet and the resplendent ceiling there will be something worth seeing. But where is the criminal who is to be hanged for the stench that runs up and down Writers' Buildings staircases, for the rubbish heaps in the Chitpore road, for the sickly savour of Chowringhee, for the dirty little tanks at the back of Belvedere, for the street full of small-pox, for the reeking gharri-stand outside the Great Eastern, for the state of the stone and dirt pavements, for the condition of the gullies of Shampooker, and for a hundred other things?

"This, I submit, is an artificial scheme in supersession of Nature's unit the individual." The speaker is a slight spare native in a flat hat-turban, and a black alpaca frock-coat. He looks like a *vakil* to the boot-heels and, with his unvarying smile and regulated gesticulation, recalls memories of up-country courts. He never hesitates, is never at a loss for a word, and never in one sentence repeats him-

self. He talks and talks and talks in a level voice rising occasionally half an octave when a point has to be driven home. Some of his periods sound very familiar. This, for instance, might be a sentence from the *Mirror* :—"So much for the principle. Let us now examine how far it is supported by precedent." This sounds bad. When a fluent native is discoursing of "principles" and "precedents" the chances are that he will go on for some time. Moreover, where is the criminal, and what is all this talk about abstractions? They want shovels not sentiments in this part of the world.

A friendly whisper brings enlightenment :—"They are ploughing through the Calcutta Municipal Bill—plurality of votes you know, here are the papers." And so it is! A mass of motions and amendments on matters relating to ward votes. Is A to be allowed to give two votes in one ward and one in another? Is section 10 to be omitted, and is one man to be allowed one vote and no more? How many votes does three hundred rupees worth of landed property carry? Is it better to kiss a post or throw it in the fire? Not a word about carbolic acid and gangs of *doms*. The little man in the black *choga* revels in his subject. He is great on principles and precedents, and the necessity of "popularising our system." He fears that under certain circumstances "the status of the candidates will decline." He riots in "self-adjusting majorities," and "the healthy influence of the educated middle classes."

For a practical answer to this, there steals across the council chamber just one faint whiff. It is as though some one laughed low and bitterly. But no man heeds. The Englishmen look supremely bored, the Native Members stare stolidly in front of them. Sir Steuart Bayley's face is as set as the face of the Sphinx. For these things he draws his pay, and his is a low wage for heavy labour. But the speaker now adrift is not altogether to be blamed. He is a Bengali who has got before him just such a subject as his soul loveth—an elaborate piece of academical reform leading nowhither. Here is a quiet room full of pens and paper, and there are men who must listen to him. Apparently there is no time limit to the speeches. Can you wonder that he talks? He says :—"I submit" once every ninety seconds, varying the form with "I *do* submit." "The popular element in the electoral body should have prominence." Quite so. He quotes one John Stuart Mill to prove it. There steals over the listener a numbing sense of nightmare. He has heard all this before somewhere—Yea; even down to J. S. Mill and the references to the "true interests of the rate-payers." He sees what is coming next. Yes, there is the old Sabba, Anjuman, journalistic, formula "Western education is an exotic plant of recent importation." How on earth did this man drag Western education into this discussion? Who knows? Perhaps Sir Steuart Bayley does. He seems to be listening. The others are looking at their watches. The spell of the level voice sinks the listener yet deeper into a trance. He is haunted by the ghosts of all the cant of all the political platforms of Great Britain. He hears all the old, old vestry phrases and once more he smells the smell. *That* is no dream. Western education is an exotic plant. It is the Upas Tree and it is all Our fault. We brought it out from England exactly as we brought out the ink bottles and the patterns for the chairs. We planted it and it grew—monstrous as a banian. Now we are choked by the roots of it spreading so thickly in this fat soil of Bengal. The speaker continues. Bit by bit. We builded this dome, visible and invisible, the crown of Writers' Buildings, as We have built and peopled the Buildings. Now We have gone too far to retreat, being "tied and bound with the chain of our own sins." The speech continues. We made that florid sentence. That torrent of verbiage is Ours. We taught him what was constitutional and what was unconstitutional in the days when Calcutta smelt. Calcutta smells still, but we must listen to all that he has to say about the plurality of votes and the threshing of wind and the weaving of ropes of sand. It is Our own fault absolutely.

The speech ends, and there rises a grey Englishman in a black frockcoat. He looks a strong man and a worldly. Surely he will say:—"Yes, Lala Sahib, all this may be true talk, but there's a *burra krab* smell in this place, and everything must be *saf-karoed* in a week, or the Deputy Commissioner will not take any notice of you in *durbar*." He says nothing of the kind. This is a Legislative Council where they call each other "Honourable So and So's." The Englishman in the frockcoat begs all to remember that "we are discussing principles and no consideration of the details ought to influence the verdict on the principles." Is he then like the rest? How does this strange thing come about? Perhaps these so English office fittings are responsible for the warp. The Council Chamber might be a London Boardroom. Perhaps after long years among the pens and papers its occupants grow to think that it really is, and in this belief give *resumés* of the history of Local Self-Government in England.

The black frockcoat emphasising his points with his spectacle-case is telling his friends how the parish was first the unit of self-government. He then explains how burgesses were elected, and in tones of deep fervour announces "Commissioners of Sewers are elected in the same way." Whereunto all this lecture? Is he trying to run a motion through under cover of a cloud of words: essaying the well known "cuttle-fish trick" of the West?

He abandons England for a while, and *now* we get a glimpse of the cloven hoof in a casual reference to Hindus and Mahomedans. The Hindus will lose nothing by the complete establishment of plurality of votes. They will have the control of their own wards as they used to have. So there is race-feeling, to be explained away, even among these beautiful desks. Scratch the council and you come to the old, old trouble. The black frockcoat sits down, and a keen eyed black-bearded Englishman rises with one hand in his pocket to explain his views on an alteration of the vote qualification. The idea of an amendment seems to have just struck him. He hints that he will bring it forward later on. He is academical like the others, but not half so good a speaker. All this is dreary beyond words. Why do they talk and talk about owners and occupiers and burgesses in England and the growth of autonomous institutions when the city, the great city, is here crying out to be cleansed? What has England to do with Calcutta's evil, and why should Englishmen be forced to wander through mazes of unprofitable argument against men who cannot understand the iniquity of dirt?

A pause follows the blackbearded man's speech. Rises another Native, a heavily built Babu, in a black gown and a strange head-dress. A snowy white strip of cloth is thrown *jairun*-wise over his shoulders. His voice is high and not always under control. He begins :—"I will try to be as brief as possible." This is ominous. By the way, in Council there seems to be no necessity for a form of address. The orators plunge *in medias res*, and only when they are well launched throw an occasional "Sir" towards Sir Steuart Bayley who sits with one leg doubled under him and a dry pen in his hand. This speaker is no good. He talks but he says nothing, and he only knows where he is drifting to. He says:—"We must remember that we are legislating for the metropolis of India, and therefore we should borrow our institutions from large English towns and not from parochial institutions." If you think for a minute, that shows a large and healthy knowledge of the history of Local Self-Government. It also reveals the attitude of Calcutta. If the city thought less about itself as a metropolis and more as a midden, its state would be better. The speaker talks patronisingly of "my friend," alluding to the black frock coat. Then he flounders afresh and his voice gallops up the gamut as he declares, "and therefore that makes all the difference." He hints vaguely at threats, something to do with the Hindus and the Mahomedans, but what he means it is difficult to discover. Here, however, is a sentence taken *verbatim*. It is not likely to appear in this form in the Calcutta papers. The black frockcoat had said that if a wealthy native "had eight votes to his credit, his vanity would prompt him to go to the polling booth, because he would feel better than half a dozen *gharri-wans*, or petty traders." [Fancy allowing a *gharri-wan* to vote. He has yet to learn how to drive!] Hereon the gentleman with the white cloth :—"Then the complaint is that influential voters will not take the trouble to vote. In my humble opinion if that be so, adopt voting-papers. *That* is the way to meet them. In the same way—the Calcutta Trades Association—you abolish all plurality of votes : and that is the way to meet *them*." Lucid, is it not? Up flies the irresponsible voice and delivers this statement—"In the election for the House of Commons plurality are allowed for persons having interest in different districts." Then hopeless, hopeless fog. It is a great pity that India ever heard of anybody higher than the heads of the Civil Service. The country appeals from the *chota* to the *burra* *Sahib* all too readily as it is. Once more a whiff. The gentleman gives a defiant jerk to his shoulder-cloth and sits down.

Then Sir Steuart Bayley :—"The question before the council is," &c. There is a ripple of Ayes and Noes, and the Noes have it, whatever it may be. The black-bearded gentleman springs his amendment about the voting qualifications. A large senator in a white waistcoat and with a most genial smile rises and proceeds to smash up the amendment. Can't see the use of it. Calls it in effect rubbish. The black frockcoat rises to explain his friend's amendment and incidentally makes a funny little slip. He is a Knight, and his friend has been newly knighted. He refers to him as "Mister." The black *choga*, he who spoke first of all, speaks again and talks of the "*sojorner* who comes here for a little time and then leaves the land." Well, it is for the black *choga* that the sojorner does come, or there would be no comfy places wherein to talk about the power that can be measured by wealth and the intellect "which Sir, I submit, cannot be so measured." The amendment is lost, and trebly and quadruply lost is the listener. In the name of sanity and to preserve the tattered shirt tails of a torn illusion, let us escape. This is the Calcutta Municipal Bill. They have been at it for several Saturdays. Last Saturday Sir Steuart Bayley pointed out that at their present rate they would be about two years in getting it through. Now they will sit till dusk, unless Sir Steuart Bayley, who wants to see Lord Connemara off, puts up the black frockcoat to move an adjournment. It is not good to see a Government close to. This leads to the formation of blatantly self-satisfied judgments which may be quite as wrong as the cramping system with which We have encompassed ourselves. And in the streets outside Englishmen summarise the situation brutally thus:—"The whole thing is a farce. Time is money to us. We can't stick out those everlasting speeches in the Municipality. The Natives choke us off, but we know that if things get too bad the Government will step in and interfere, and so we worry along somehow." Meantime Calcutta continues to cry out for the bucket and the broom.

Special Correspondence.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

XVI.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS AND THE EXPLOITATION OF BOONDI. THE CASTAWAY OF THE DISPENSARY AND THE CHILDREN OF THE SCHOOLS. A CONSIDERATION OF THE SHIELDS OF RAJASTHAN AND OTHER TRIFLES.

IT is high time that a new treaty were made with Maha Rao Raja Ram Singh Bahadur, Raja of Boondi. He keeps the third article of the old one too faithfully, which says that he "shall not enter into negotiations with anyone without the consent of the British Government." He does not negotiate at all. Arrived at Boondi Gate the Englishman asked where he might lay his head for the night, and the Quarter Guard with one accord said:—"The Sukh Mahal which is beyond the city," and the tonga went thither through the length of the town, of which more presently, till it arrived at a pavilion on a lake—a place of two turrets connected by an open colonnade. The "house" was open to the winds of heaven and the pigeons of the Raj; but the latter had polluted more than the first could purify. A snowy-bearded chowkidar crawled out of a place of tombs which he seemed to share with some monkeys, and threw himself into Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He was a great deal worse than Ram Baksh, for he said that all the Officer Sahibs of Deoli came to the Sukh Mahal for *shikar* and—never went away again, so pleased were they. The Sahib had brought the honour of his Presence, and he was a very old man and without a *purwana* could do nothing. Then he fell deeply asleep without warning; and there was a pause, of one hour only, which the Englishman spent in seeing the lake. It, like the jhils on the road, wound in and out among the hills, and, on the bund side, was bounded by a hill of black rock crowned with a *chhatri* of grey stone. Below the bund, was a garden as fair as eye could wish, and the shores of the lake were dotted with little temples. Given a habitable house—a mere dâk-bungalow—it would be a delightful spot to rest in. Warned by some bitter experiences in the past, the Englishman knew that he was in for the demi-semi-royal, or embarrassing reception, when a man, being the unwelcome guest of a paternal State, is neither allowed to pay his way and make himself comfortable, nor is he willingly entertained. When he saw a one-eyed munshi, he felt certain that Ganesh had turned upon him at last. The munshi demanded and received the *purwana*. Then he sat down and questioned the traveller exhaustively as to his character and profession. Having thoroughly satisfied himself that the visitor was in no way connected with the Government or the "Agenty Sahib Bahadur" he took no further thought of the matter; and the day began to draw in upon a grassy bund, an open work pavilion, and a disconsolate tonga.

At last, the faithful servitor, who had helped to fight the Battle of the Mail Bags at Udaipur, broke his silence and vowing that all these devil-people—not more than twelve—had only come to see the tamasha, suggested the breaking of the munshi's head. And, indeed, that seemed the only way of breaking the ice; for the munshi had, in the politest possible language, put forward the suggestion that there was nothing particular to show that the Sahib who held the *purwana* had really any right to hold it. The chowkidar woke up, and chaunted a weird chaunt, accompanied by the Anglo-Saxon attitudes, a new set. He was an old man, and all the Sahib-log said so, and

within the pavilion were tables and chairs and lamps and bath-tubs and everything that the heart of man could desire. Even now, an enormous staff of *khalassis* were arranging all these things for the comfort of the Sahib Bahadur, and Protector of the Poor, who had brought the honour and glory of his Presence all the way from Deoli. What did tables, and chairs, and eggs, and fowls, and very bright lamps matter to the Raj. He was an old man and. . . . . "Who put the present Raja on the guddee?" "Lake Sahib," promptly answered the chowkidar. "I was there. That is the news of many old years." Now Tod says it was he himself who installed "Lalji the beloved" in the year 1821. The Englishman began to lose faith in the chowkidar. The munshi said nothing but followed the Englishman with his one workable eye. A merry little breeze crisped the waters of the lake and the fish began to frolic before going to bed.

"Is nobody going to do or bring anything?" said the Englishman faintly; wondering whether the local jail would give him a bed if he killed the munshi. "I am an old man," said the chowkidar, "and because of their great respect and reverence for the Sahib in whose Presence I am only a bearer of orders and a servant awaiting them, men, many men, are bringing now *kanats* which I with my own hands will wrap, here and there, there and here, in and about the pillars of this place; and thus you, O Sahib, who have brought the honour of your Presence to the Boondi Raj over the road to Deoli, which is a *kutcha* road, will be provided with a very fine and large apartment over which I will watch while you go to kill the tigers in these hills."

By this time, two youths had twisted *kanats* round some of the pillars of the colonnade, making a sort of loose-box with a two-foot air-way all round the top. There was no door, but there were unlimited windows. Into this enclosure the chowkidar heaped furniture on which many generations of pigeons had evidently been carried off by cholera, until he was entreated to desist. "What," said he scornfully, "are tables and chairs to this Raj?" If six be not enough let the presence give an order and twelve shall be forthcoming. Everything shall be forthcoming." Here he filled a *chirag* with kerosine oil and set it in a box upon a stick. Luckily, the oil which he poured so lavishly from a quart bottle was bad, or he would have been altogether consumed.

Night had fallen long before this magnificence was ended. The superfluous furniture—chairs for the most part—was shovelled out into the darkness and by the light of a flamboyant *chirag*—a merry wind forbade candles—the Englishman went to bed, and was lulled to sleep by the rush of the water escaping from the overflow trap and the splash of the water-turtle as he missed the evasive fish. It was a curious sight. Cats and dogs rioted about the enclosure, and a wind from the lake bellied the *kanats*. The brushwood of the hills around snapped and cracked as beasts went through it, and creatures, not jackals, made dolorous noises. On the lake it seemed that hundreds of water birds were keeping a hotel, and that there were arrivals and departures throughout the night. The Raj insisted upon providing a guard of two sepoys, very pleasant men on four rupees a month. These said that tigers sometimes wandered about on the hills above the lake, but were most generally to be found five miles away. And the Englishman promptly dreamed that a one-eyed tiger came into his tent without a *purwana*. But it was only a wild cat after all; and it fled before the shoes of civilisation.

The Sukh Mahal was completely separated from the City and might have been a country house. It should be mentioned that Boondi is jammed into a V-shaped gorge—the valley at the main entrance being something less than five hundred yards across. As it splays out, the thickly packed houses follow its lines and, seen from above, seem like cattle being herded together preparatory to a stampede through the gate. Owing to the set of the hills, very little of the City is visible except from the Palace. It was in search of this latter that the Englishman went abroad and became so interested in the streets, that he forgot all about it for a time. Jeypur is a show city and is decently drained; Udaipur is blessed with a State Engineer and a printed form of Government; for Jodhpur the dry sand, the burning sun, and an energetic doctor have done a good deal, but Boondi has none of these things. The crampedness of the locality aggravates the evil, and it can only be in the rains which channel and furrow the rocky hill-sides that Boondi is at all swept out. The Nal Sagar, a lovely little stretch of water, takes up the head of the valley called the Banda Gorge, and must, in the nature of things, receive a good deal of unholy drainage. But setting aside the weakness, it is a fascinating place—this jumbled city of strait streets, and cool gardens, where gigantic mangoes and peepuls intertwine over gurgling watercourses, and the cuckoo comes at mid-day. It boasts no foolish Municipality to decree when a house is dangerous and unhabitable. The newer shops are built into, on to, over and under, time-blackened ruins of an older day, and the little children skip about tottering arcade, and grass-grown walls while their parents chatter below in the crowded bazaar. In the back slums, the same stones seem to be used over and over again for house-building, perhaps, because there is no space to bring up laden buffalo. Wheeled conveyances are scarce in Boondi City—there is scant room for carts, and the streets are paved with knobsome stones, unpleasant to walk over. From time to time, an inroad of *Bunjaras'* pack bullocks sweeps the main street clear of life, or one of the Raja's elephants—he has twelve of them—blocks the way. But, for the most part, the foot passengers have all the City for their own.

They do not hurry themselves. They sit in the sun and think, or put on all the arms in the family, and, hung with ironmongery, parade before their admiring friends. Other men, lean, dark men, with bound jaws and only a tulwar for weapon, dive in and out of the dark allies, on errands of State. It is a blissfully lazy City, doing everything in the real true original native way, and it is kept in very good order by the Durbar. There either is or is not an order for everything. There is no order to sell fishing-hooks, or to supply an Englishman with milk, or to change for him Currency Notes. He must only deal with the Durbar for whatever he requires; and wherever he goes he must be accompanied by at least two men. They will tell him nothing, for they know or affect to know nothing of the City. They will do nothing except shout at the little innocents who joyfully run after the stranger and demand *pice*, but there they are, and there they will stay till he leaves the City; accompanying him to the gate and waiting there a little to see that he is fairly off and away. Englishmen are not encouraged in Boondi. The intending traveller would do well to take a full suit of Political uniform with the sun-flowers, and the little black sword to sit down upon. The local god is the "Agenty Sahib," and he is an incarnation without a name—at least among the lower classes. The educated, when speaking of him, always use the courtly "Bahadur" affix. And yet it is a mean thing to gird at a State which, after all, is not bound to do anything for intrusive Englishmen without any visible means of livelihood. The King of this fair City should declare the blockade absolute, and refuse to be troubled with anyone except "Colon-nel Baltah Agenty Sahib Bahadur" and the Politicals. If ever a railway is run through Kotah, as men on the Bombay side declare it must be, the cloistered glory of Boondi will depart, for Kotah is only twenty miles easterly of the city and the road is moderately good. In that day the Globe-trotter will pry about the place, and the Charitable Dispensary—a gem among dispensaries—will be public property.

The Englishman was hunting for the statue of a horse, a great horse hight Hunja who was a steed of Irak and a King's gift to Rao Omeda, one time monarch of Boondi. He found it in the City Square as Tod had said; and it was an unlovely statue, carven after the dropsical fashion of later Hindu art. No one seemed to know anything about it. A little further on, one cried from a bye-way in rusty English;—"Come and see my Dispensary." There are only two men in Boondi who speak English. One is the head, and the other the assistant, teacher of the English Side of Boondi Free School. This third was, some twenty years ago, a pupil of the Lahore Medical College when that institution was young; and he only remembered a word here and there. He was head of the Charitable Dispensary, and insisted upon, then and there, organising a small durbar, and pulling out all his books for inspection. Escape was hopeless: nothing less than a formal inspection and introduction to all the native Byads would serve. There were sixteen beds in and about the courtyard, and between twenty and thirty out-patients stood in attendance. Making allowances for untouched Orientalism, the Dispensary is a good one and must relieve a certain amount of human misery. There is no other in all Boondi. The operation-book, kept in English, showed the principal complaints of the country. They were: "Asthama," "Numonia," "Skindiseas," "Dabalaty" and "Loin-bite." This last item occurred again and again—three and four cases per week—and it was not until the Doctor said—"*Sher se mara*" that the Englishman read it aright. It was "lion bite," or tiger, if you insist upon zoological accuracy. There was one incorrigible idiot, a handsome young man, naked as the day, who sat in the sunshine, shivering and pressing his hands to his head. "I have given him blisters and setons—have tried native and English treatment for two years, but it is no use. He is always as you see him, and now he stays here by the favour of the Durbar, which is a very good and pitiful Durbar" said the Doctor. There were many such pensioners of the Durbar—men afflicted with chronic "asthama" who stayed "by favour" and were kindly treated. They were resting in the sunshine, their hands on their knees, sure that their daily dole of grain and tobacco and opium would be forthcoming. "All folk, even little children, eat opium here," said the Doctor, and the diet-book proved it. After laborous investigation of everything, down to the last indent to Bombay for Europe medicines, the Englishman was suffered to depart. "Sir, I thank . . . ." began the Native Doctor, but the rest of the sentence stuck. Sixteen years in Boondi does not increase knowledge of English; and he went back to his patients, gravely conning over the name of the Principal of the Lahore Medical School—a College now—who had taught him all he knew and to whom he intended to write. There was something pathetic in the man's catching at news from the outside world of men he had known as Assistant and House Surgeons who are now Rai Bahadurs, and his parade of the few shreds of English that still clung to him. May he treat "loin-bites" and "catrack" successfully for many years. In the happy, indolent, fashion that must have merits which we cannot understand, he is doing a good work, and the Durbar allows his Dispensary as much as it wants.

Close to the Dispensary stood the Free School, and thither an importunate munshi steered the Englishman who, by this time, was beginning to persuade himself that he really was an accredited agent of Government sent to report on the progress of Boondi. From a peepul-shaded courtyard came a clamour of young voices. Thirty or forty little ones, from five to eight years old, were sitting in an open verandah learning *hissab* and Hindustani, said the teacher. No need to ask from what castes they came, for it was written on their faces, that they were Mahajans, Oswals, Aggerwals, and in one or two cases, it seemed, Shrawaks of Guzerat. They were learning the business of their lives and, in time, would take their fathers' places and show in how many ways money may be manipulated. Here, the profession-type came out with startling distinctness. Through the chubbiness of almost baby-hood, or the delicate suppleness of maturer years, in mouth and eyes and hands, it betrayed itself. The Rahtore who comes of a fighting stock is a fine animal and well-bred, the Hara who seems to be more compactly-built is also a fine animal; but for a race that show blood in every line of their frame, from the arch of the instep to the modelling of the head, the financial—trading is too coarse a word—the financial class of Rajputana appears to be the most remarkable. Later in life, many become clouded with fat on jowl and paunch; but in his youth, his quick-eyed, nimble youth, the young Marwar, to give him his business title, is really a thing of beauty. Also his manners are courtly. The bare ground and a few slates sufficed for the children who were merely learning the ropes that drag States; but the English class, of boys from ten to twelve, was supplied with benches and forms and a table with a cloth top. The assistant teacher, for the head was on leave, was a self-taught man of Boondi, young and delicate looking, who preferred reading to speaking English. His youngsters were supplied with "The

"Third English Reading Book," and were painfully thumbing their way through a doggerel poem about an "old man with hoary hair." One boy, bolder than the rest, slung an English sentence at the visitor and collapsed. It was his little stock-in-trade, and the rest regarded him enviously. The Durbar supports the school, which is entirely free and open; a just distinction being maintained between the various castes. The old race prejudice against payment for knowledge came out in a reply to question. "You must not sell teaching," said the teacher, and the class murmured applausively:—"You must not sell teaching."

The population of Boondi seems more obviously mixed than that of the other States. There are four or five thousand Mahomedans within its walls and a sprinkling of aborigines of various varieties, besides the human raffle that the Bunjaras bring in their train, with Pathans and sleek Delhi men. The new heraldry of the State is curious—something after this sort. *Or*, a demi man, *sable*, issuant of flames, holding in right hand a sword and in the left a bow—*all proper*. In chief, a dagger of the *second*, sheathed *vest*, fessewise over seven arrows in sheaf of the *second*. This latter blazon Boondi holds in commemoration of the defeat of an Imperial prince who rebelled against the Delhi Throne in the days of Jehangir when Boondi, for value received, took service under the Mahomedan. It might be, but here there is no certainty, the memorial of Rao Rutton's victory over Prince Khoorm, when the latter strove to raise all Rajputana against Jehangir his father; or of a second victory over a riotous lordling who harried Mewar a little later. For this exploit, the annals say, Jehangir gave Rao Rutton honorary flags and kettle-drums which may have been melted down by the science of the Herald's College into the blazon aforesaid. All the heraldry of Rajputana is curious and, for such as hold that there is any worth in the "Royal Science," interesting. Udaipur's shield is, naturally *gules*, a sun in splendour, as befits the "children of the sun and fire," and one of the most ancient houses in India. Her crest is the straight Rajput sword, the *khanda*; for an account of the worship of which very powerful divinity read Tod. The supporters are a Bhil and a Rajput, attired for the forlorn-hope; commemorating not only the defences of Chittor, but also the connection of the great Bappa Rawul with the Bhils who even now play the principal part in the Crown-Marking of a Rana of Udaipur. Here, again, Tod, explains the matter at length. Banswara claims alliance with Udaipur and carries a sun, with a label of difference of some kind. Jeypur has the five-coloured flag of Amber with a sun, because the House claim descent from Rama, and her crest is a kachnar tree which is the bearing of Dasaratha, father of Rama. The white horse which faces the tiger as supporter, may or may not be, the memorial of the great *aswamedha yuga* or horse sacrifice that Jey Singh who built Jeypur did *not* carry out.

Jodhpur has the five-coloured flag, with a falcon, in which shape Durga, the patron Goddess of the State, has been sometimes good enough to appear. She has perched in the form of a wagtail on the howdah of the chief of Jeysulmir, whose shield is blazoned with "forts in a desert land," and a naked left arm holding a broken spear, because, the legend goes, Jeysulmir was once galled by a house with a magic spear. They tell the story to-day but it is a long one. The supporters of the shield—this is canting heraldry with a vengeance!—are antelopes of the desert spangled with gold coin, because the State was long the refuge of the wealthy bankers of India.

Bikanir, a younger house of Jodhpur, carries three white hawks on the five-coloured flag. The patron Goddess of Bikanir once turned the thorny jungle round the city to fruit-trees, and the crest therefore is a green tree—strange emblem for a desert principality. The motto, however, is a good one. When the greater part of the Rajput States were vassals of Akbar, and he sent them abroad to do his will, certain Princes objected to crossing the Indus, and asked Bikanir to head the mutiny because his State was the least accessible. He consented, on condition that they would all for one day greet him thus:—"*Jey Jangal dar Badshah!*" History shows what became of the objector and Bikanir's motto—"Hail to the King of the Waste!" proves that the tale *must* be true. But from Boondi to Bikanir is a long digression, bred by blissful idleness on the bund of the Burra. It would have been sinful not to let down a line into those crowded waters and the Guard who were Mahomedans, said that, if the Sahib did not eat fish, they did. And the Sahib fished luxuriously, catching two and three pounders, of a perch-like build, whenever he chose to cast. He was wearied of schools and dispensaries, and the futility of heraldry accorded well with laziness—that is to say, Boondi.

It should be noted, none the less, that in this part of the world, the soberest mind will believe anything—believe in the ghosts by the Gye Mukh, and the dead Thakurs who get out of their tombs and ride round the Burra Talao at Boondi—will credit every legend and lie that rises, as naturally as the red flush of sunset, to gild the dead glories of Rajasthan.

XVII.

SHOWS THAT THERE MAY BE POETRY IN A BANK, AND ATTEMPTS TO SHOW THE WONDERS OF THE PALACE OF BOONDI.

"This is a devil's place you have come to, Sahib. No grass for the horses, and the people don't understand anything, and their dirty pice are no good in Nasirabad. Look here!" And Ram Baksh wrathfully exhibited a handful of lumps of copper. The nuisance of taking a native out of his own beat is that he forthwith regards you not only as the author of his being, but of all his misfortunes as well. He is as hampering as a frightened child and as irritating as a man. "*Padre Martum Sahib* never came here," said Ram Baksh, with the air of one who had been led against his will into bad company.

A story about a rat that found a piece of turmeric and set up a bunnia's shop, had sent the one-eyed munshi away, but a company of lesser munshis, runners and the like, were in attendance, and they said that money might be changed at the Treasury, which was in the Palace. It was quite impossible to change it anywhere else—there was no *hookum*. From the Sukh Mahal to the Palace, the road ran through the heart of the City and by reason of the continual shouting of the munshis, not more than ten thousand of the fifty thousand people of Boondi knew for what purpose the Sahib was journeying through their midst. Cataract was the most prevalent affliction, cataract in its worst forms, and it was, therefore, necessary that men should come very close to look at the stranger. They were in no sense rude, but they stared devoutly. "He has not come for *shikar*, and he will not take petitions. He has come to see the place and God knows what he is." The description was quite correct, as far as it went; but, somehow or another, when shouted out at four cross-ways in the midst of a very pleasant little gathering, it did not seem to add to dignity or command respect.

It has been written "the *coup d'œil* of the castellated palace of Boondi from whichever side you approach it, is perhaps the most striking in India. Whoever has seen the Palace of Boondi can easily picture to himself the hanging gardens of Semiramis." This is true—and more too. To give on paper any adequate idea of the Boondi-ki-Mahal is impossible. Jeypur Palace may be called the Versailles of India; Udaipur's House of State is dwarfed by the hills round it, and the spread of the Pichola lake; Jodhpur's House of Strife, grey towers on red rock, is the work of giants; but the Palace of Boondi, even in broad day-light, is such a palace as men build for themselves in uneasy dreams—the work of goblins more than the work of men. It is built into and out of hill side, in gigantic terrace on terrace, and dominates the whole of the City. But a detailed description of it were useless. Owing to the dip of the valley in which the City stands, it can only be well seen from one place, the main road of the City; and from that point seems like an avalanche of masonry ready to rush down and whelm the gorge. Like all the other palaces of Rajputana, it is the work of many hands, and the present Raja has thrown out a bastion of no small size, on one of the lower levels, which has been four or five years in the building. Only by scaling this annexe, and, from the other side of the valley, seeing how insignificant is its great bulk in the entire scheme, is it possible to get some idea of the stupendous size of the place. No one knows where the hill begins and where the Palace ends. Men say that there are subterranean chambers, leading into the heart of the hills and passages communicating with the extreme limits of Taragarh, the giant fortress that crowns the hill and flanks the whole of the valley on the Palace side. They say that there is as much room under as above ground, and that none know the whole extent of the Palace. Looking at it from below, the Englishman could readily believe that nothing was impossible for those who had built it. The dominant impression was of height—height that heaved itself out of the hillside and weighed upon the eyelids of the beholder. The steep slope of the land had helped the builders in securing this effect. From the main road of the city, a steep stone-paved ascent led to the first gate—name not communicated by the zealous following. Two gaudily painted fishes faced each other over the arch, and there was little except glaring colour ornamentation visible. This gate gave into what they called the *chowk* of the Palace, and one had need to look twice ere realising that this open space crammed with human life was a spur of the hill on which the Palace stood, paved and built over. There had been little attempt at levelling the ground. The foot-worn stones followed the contour of the ground, and ran up to the walls of the Palace smooth as glass. Immediately facing the Gate of the Fish was the Quarter-Guard barracks, a dark and dirty room, and here, in a chamber hollowed out in a wall, were stored the big drums of State, the *nakarras*. The appearance of the Englishman seemed to be the signal for smiting the biggest of all the drums, and the dull thunder rolled up the Palace *chowk*, and came back from the unpierced palace walls in hollow groaning. It was an eerie welcome—this single, sullen boom. In this enclosure, four hundred years ago, if the legend be true, a son of the great Rao Bando, who dreamed a dream as Pharaoh did and saved Boondi from famine, left a little band of Haras to wait his bidding while he went up into the Palace and slew his two uncles who had usurped the throne and abandoned the faith of their fathers. When he had pierced one and hacked the other, as they sat alone and unattended, he called out to his followers who made a slaughter house of the enclosure and cut up the usurpers' adherents. At the best of times men slip on these smooth stones; and when the place was swimming in blood, foothold must have been treacherous indeed.

An inquiry for the place of the murder of the uncles—it is marked by a staircase slab, as Tod, the accurate, is at fault—was met by the answer that the Treasury was close at hand. They speak a pagan tongue in Boondi, swallow half their words and adulterate the remainder with local *patois*. What can be extracted from a people who call four miles variously *do kosh, do khush, do khas, doo-a koth* and *diakast*, all one word? The country folk are quite unintelligible; which simplifies matters. It is the catching of a shadow of a meaning here and there, the hunting for directions cloaked in dialect that is annoying. Foregoing his archæological researches, the Englishman sought the Treasury. He took careful notes; he even made a very bad drawing, but the Treasury of Boondi defied pinning down before the public. There was a gash in the brown flank of the Palace—and this gash was filled with people. A broken bee's comb with the whole hive busily at work on repairs, will give a very fair idea of this extraordinary place—the Heart of Boondi. The sunlight was very vivid without and the shadows were heavy within, so that little could be seen except this clinging mass of humanity hugging like maggots in a carcase. A stone staircase ran up to a rough verandah built out of the wall, and in the wall was a cave-like room, the guardian of whose snowy-carpeted depths was one of the refined financial classes, a man with very small hands, and soft, low voice. He was girt with a sword, and held authority over the Durbar funds. He referred the Englishman courteously to another branch of the department, to find which necessitated a blundering progress up another narrow staircase crowded with loungers of all kinds. Here everything shone from constant contact of bare feet and hurrying bare shoulders. The staircase was the thing that, seen from without, had produced the bee's comb impression. At the top, was a long verandah shaded from the sun, and here the Boondi Treasury worked, under the guidance of a grey-haired old man, whose sword lay by the side of his comfortably wadded cushion. He controlled twenty or thirty writers, each wrapped round a huge, cou-

try paper account-book, and each far too busy to raise his eyes.

The babble on the staircase might have been the noise of the sea so far as these men were concerned. It ebbed and flowed in regular beats and spread out far into the courtyard below. Now and again, the *click-click-click* of a scabbard tip being dragged against the wall, cut the dead sound of trampling naked feet, and a soldier would stumble up the narrow way into the sunlight. He was received, and sent back or forward by a knot of keen-eyed loungers, who seemed to act as a buffer between the peace of the Secretariat and the pandemonium of the Administrative. Saises and grass-cutters, mahouts of elephants, brokers, mahajuns, villagers from the district, and here and there a shock-headed aborigine, swelled the mob on and at the foot of the stairs. As they came up, they met the buffer-man who spoke in low voices, and appeared to filter them according to their merits. Some were sent to the far end of the verandah, where every thing melted away in a fresh crowd of dark faces. Others were sent back, and joined the detachment shuffling for shoes in the *chowk*. One servant of the Palace withdrew himself to the open, underneath the verandah, and there sat yapping from time to time, like a hungry dog:—"The grass! The grass! The grass!" But the men with the account-books never stirred. Other men knelt down in front of them and whispered. And they bowed their heads gravely and made entry or erased; turning back the rustling leaves. Not often does a reach of the river of Life so present itself that it can without alteration be transferred to canvass. But the Treasury of Boondi, the view up the long verandah stood complete and ready for any artist who cared to make his own. And by that lighter and less malicious irony of the Fate who is always giving nuts to those who have no teeth, the picture was clinched and brought together by a winking, brass hookah-bowl of quaint design, pitched carelessly upon a roll of dull-red cloth full in the foreground. The faces of the accountants were of pale gold, for they were an untanned breed, and the face of the old man their controller was like frosted silver.

It was a strange Treasury but no other could have suited the Palace. The Englishman watched open mouthed, blaming himself because he could not catch the meaning of the orders given to the flying chaprassis, nor make anything of the hum in the verandah and the tumult on the stairs. The old man took the commonplace Currency Note and announced his willingness to give change in silver. "We have no small notes here," he said. "They are not wanted. In a little while, when you next bring the Honour of your Presence this way, you shall find the silver."

The Englishman was taken down the steps and fell into the arms of a bristled giant who had left his horse in the courtyard, and the giant spoke at length, waving his arms in the air, but the Englishman could not understand him and dropped into the hub-bub at the Palace foot. Except the main lines of the building there is nothing straight or angular about it. The rush of people seems to have rounded and softened every corner, as a river grinds down boulders. From the lowest tier, two zig-zags all of rounded stones sunk in mortar took the Englishman to a gate where two carved elephants were thrusting at each other over the arch; and, because neither he nor any one round him could give the gate a name, he called it the "Gate of the Elephants." Here the noise from the Treasury was softened, and entry through the gate brought him into a well-known world, the drowsy peace of a king's palace. There was a courtyard surrounded by stables in which were kept chosen horses, and two or three saises were sleeping in the sun. There was no other life except the whirr and coo of the pigeons. In time—though really there is no such a thing as Time off the line of railway, an official appeared begirt with the skewer-like keys that open the native bayonet-locks each from six inches to a foot long. Where was the Raj Mahal in which, sixty-six years ago, Tod formally installed Ram Singh, "who is now in his eleventh year, fair and with a lively intelligent cast of face? The warden made no answer, but led to a room, overlooking the courtyard, in which two armed men stood before an empty throne of white marble. They motioned silently that none must pass immediately before the *takht* of the King, but go round keeping to the far side of the double, row of pillars. Near the walls were stone slabs pierced to take the butts of long venemous, black bamboo lances; rude coffers were disposed about the room, and ruder sketches of Ganesh adorned the walls. "The men," said the warden, "watch here day and night *because* this place is the Rutton Daulat." That, you will concede, is lucid enough. He who does not understand it, may go to for a thick-headed barbarian.

From the Rutton Daulat the warden, unlocked doors that led into a hall of audience—the Chutter Mahal—built by Raja Chutter Lal who was killed more than two hundred years ago in the latter days of Shah Jehan for whom he fought. Two rooms, each supported on double rows of pillars, flank the open space in the centre of which is a marble reservoir. Here the Englishman looked anxiously for some of the atrocities of the West, and was pleased to find that, with the exception of a vase of artificial flowers and a clock, both hid in *mihrabs*, there was nothing that jarred with the exquisite pillars, and the raw blaze of colour in the roofs of the rooms. In the middle of these impertinent observations, something sighed—sighed like a distressed ghost. Unaccountable voices are at all times unpleasant, especially, when the hearer is some hundred feet or so, above ground in an unknown palace in an unknown land. A gust of wind had found its way through one of the latticed balconies and had breathed upon a thin plate of metal, some astrological instrument, slung gongwise on a tripod. The tone was as soft as that of an Æolian harp, and, because of the surroundings, infinitely more plaintive.

There was an inlaid ivory door, set in lintel and posts crusted with looking glass—all apparently old work. This opened into a darkened room where there were gilt and silver charpoys, and portraits, in the native fashion, of the illustrious dead of Boondi. Beyond the darkness, was a balcony clinging to the sheer side of the palace, and it was then that the Englishman realised to what a height he had climbed without knowing it. He looked down upon the bustle of the Treasury, and the stream of life flowing into and out of the Gate of the Fishes where the big *nakarras* lie. Lifting his eyes, he saw how Boondi city had built itself, spreading from west to east, as the confined valley became too narrow and the years more peaceable. The Boondi hills are the barrier that separates the stony uneven ground near Deoli, from the flats of Kotah twenty miles away. From the Palace balcony the road of the eye is clear to the banks of the Chumbul river which was the Debateable Ford in times gone by and was leaped, as all rivers with any pretensions to a pedigree have been, by more than one magic horse. Northward and easterly, the hills run out to Indurgarh and southward and westerly to territory marked "disputed" on the map in the present year of grace. From this balcony, the Raja can see to the limit of his territory eastward like the good king of Yves to this empire is all under his hand. He is, or the politicals err, that same Ram Singh who was installed by Tod, in 1821, and for whose success in killing his first deer Tod was, by the Queen Mother of Boondi, bidden to rejoice. To-day, the people of Boondi say:—"This Durbar is very old, so old that few men remember its beginnings for they were in our fathers' time." It is related also of Boondi that, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, they said proudly that their ruler had reigned for sixty years and he was a man. They saw nothing astonishing in the fact of a woman having reigned for fifty. History does not say whether they jubilated; for there are no Englishman in Boondi to write accounts of demonstrations and foundation-stone laying, to the daily newspapers, and the Boondi is very, very small. In the early morning you may see a man being pantingly chased out of the City by another man with a naked sword. This is the dák and the dák guard; and the effect is as though runner and swordsman lay under a doom—the one to fly with the fear of death always before him, as men fly in dreams, and the other to perpetually fail of his revenge. But this leaves us still in the swallow nest balcony.

The warden unlocked more doors and led the Englishman still higher, but into a garden—a heavily timbered garden with a tank for gold-fish in the midst! For once, the impassive following smiled when they saw that the Englishman was impressed. "This," said they, "is the Rang Bilas." "But who made it?" "Who knows? It was made long ago." The Englishman looked over the garden-wall, a foot high parapet, and shuddered. There was only the flat side of the palace, and a drop on to the stones of the zig-zags scores of feet below. Above him was the riven hillside and the decaying wall of Taragarh, and behind him this fair garden, hung like Mahomet's coffin, full of the noise of birds and the talking of the wind in the branches. The warden entered into a lengthy explanation of the nature of the delusion showing how—but he was stopped before he had finished. His listener did not want to know "how the trick was done." Here was the garden, and there were three or four storeys climbed to reach to it. *Bus.* At one end of the garden was a small room, under treatment by native artist who were painting the panels with historical pictures, in distemper. Their's was florid polychromatic art, but skirting the floor was a series of frescoes in red, black and white, of combats with elephants, bold and temperate as good German work. They were worn and defaced in places; but the hand of some bye-gone limner who did not know how to waste a line, showed under the bruises and scratches, and put the newer work to shame.

Here the tour of the palace ended; and it must be remembered that the Englishman had not gone the depth of three rooms into one flank. Acres of building lay to the right of him, and above the lines of the terraces he could see the tops of green trees. "Who knew how many gardens such as the Rang Bilas were to be found in the palace?" No one answered directly, but all said that there were many. The warden gathered up his keys and locking each door behind him as he passed, led the way down to earth. But before he had crossed the garden, the Englishman heard, deep down in the bowels of the Palace, a woman's voice singing, and the voice rang, as do voices in caves. All palaces in India excepting dead ones such as that of Amber, are full of eyes. In some, as has been said, the idea of being watched, is stronger than in other. In Boondi Palace it was over powering—being far worse than in the green shuttered corridors of Jodhpur. There were trap-doors on the tops of terraces, and windows veiled in foliage, and bull's-eyes set low in unexpected walls, and many other peep-holes and places of vantage. In the end, the Englishman looked devoutly at the floor, but when the voice of the woman came up from under his feet, he felt that there was nothing left for him but to go. Yet, excepting only this voice, there was deep silence everywhere, and nothing could be seen.

The warden returned to the Chutter Mahal to pick up a lost key. The brass table of the planets was sighing softly to itself as it swung to and fro in the wind. That was the last view of the interior of the palace; the empty court and the swinging sighing *jantar*.

About two hours afterwards, when he had reached the other side of the valley and seen the full extent of the buildings, the Englishman began to realise first that he had not been taken through one tenth of the place, and secondly that he would do well to measure its extent by acres, in preference to meaner measures. But what made him blush hotly all alone among the tombs on the hill side, was the idea that he with his ridiculous demands for eggs, firewood and sweet drinking water should have clattered and chattered-through any part of it at all.

He began to understand why Boondi does not encourage Englishmen.

"THE LITTLE HOUSE AT ARRAH."

"ALREADY the wall on which Wake wrote the diary of the siege has been whitewashed; and the enclosure where the dead horses lay through those August days has been destroyed; and a party-wall has been built over the mouth of the well in the cellars, and the garden fence which served the mutineers as a first parallel has been moved twenty yards back."—*Trevelyan*, 1864.

"Four and forty years have I been dâk bungalow *khansamah* at Arrah. First, I did service in a *pulton*. It was not the *Sirkar's* salt that I ate. I was servant to the *Sahibs* in the *pulton*, many many years ago, when Lahore was a *Sultanat* and we—I and my *pulton*—went to Lahore and Gwalior and up to the Uttock. After that, I was dâk bungalow *khansamah* in the old dâk bungalow which was near the City. This dâk bungalow here was made when the rail was made, and I have been here many years also. In the days of the great fight, it was thus that things happened. The *Sahib* must forgive me if I do not remember all, for I am an old man. The *pulton* at Dinapur, which is twelve *koss* from Arrah, broke up and the *Sahibs* in Dinapur fired at it with cannon. It came here flying. Eight hundred or a thousand strong. I have forgotten how many. There was a company of a regiment here, and that broke also, joining those who came from Dinapur. Together these men *looted* Arrah. They took all that I had—cow and calf, sheep and goat, and savings, they took it all. They also *looted* the Treasury, but from me they took all that I had. I ran—the *Sahibs* saw me run—from my dâk bungalow into the *dehât*. I saw the *tamasha* from afar. Boyle *Sahib*, the engineer, was very *hushiar*. He said to all the *Sahibs*:—'Let us get into the *anta-gher*.' That was the little house in which the *Sahibs* played billiards. They took in supplies for twenty *Sahibs* and forty Sikhs—fresh gram, and parched gram and dâl, and rice, and flour of both kinds: I have forgotten how much. With bricks and wood Boyle *Sahib* blocked up the opening in the verandah and pierced holes for the muskets, so that the house was like a box. There was no fairway at all. The sepoys came all round. They got into the big house which stands twenty paces from the little house. In those days it was the Collector's house. No! I am forgetting everything. It was Boyle *Sahib's* house. Whose else should it have been? The sepoys also got into the rose-garden, which is twenty paces from the little house and fired from behind the wall. No man dared pass along the road by the compound of the house, for fear of the bullets. The sepoys found a little cannon. It was buried in the ground, and there were flowers growing in the mouth of it. They dug it up and took out the earth and, from the big house, turned it against the *Sahibs*, loading it with anything that they could find. You have heard that they fired the brass feet of the *Memsahib's baja*! It may be so. I have forgotten. They put nails into the cannon, and pice into it, and the bunnia's weights into it. Anything of iron that could go into the gun, that they put; for they had no *pukka mag'zeen*. The *Sahibs* had ammunition, but these broken men had with them only what they carried upon their bodies when flying from Dinapur. But the *Sahibs* were not afraid. They threw out rupees upon the ground to tempt the sepoys to come near, and when the sepoys came near they shot them dead. Thus they shot many sepoys but the sepoys shot no *Sahibs*. Not even one Sikh. They all escaped well. The *Sahibs* were for one week in the little house which was the billiard-room; and this was in the hot months. I have forgotten how the *Mohurrum* fell that year, for it was long and long ago. After I had fled into the *dehât*, I fetched a compass round the city and came back to my own house and stayed there *chup*. For this reason. There was a Rajput, Kunwar Singh, who sat upon the guddee at Jugdeshpur, and there was also the Subadar Bahadur of the 40th Regiment. These said:—'Kill all the *nauker-log* who give food and drink to the *Sahibs*, and the *Sahibs* will die because they do not know how to cook their own food.' They were fools in this saying; but none the less the sepoys caught *khansamahs*, and *khitmutgars*, and *bawarchis*, and *bhistis* and *chaprassis* (very many *chaprassis* were killed), and *darogahs* (the *darogah* of the Jail was killed) and cut them down, as Hindus

kill goats. The Subadar Bahadur and Kunwar Singh sat and gave the order, and the *nauker-log* were killed. Therefore, I took off my *khansamah's* clothes and put on those of a *faquir*—old and dirty—and stayed very *chup* in my own house. Many of my *bhais* were cut down by the sepoys. We were all very *chup* in the city.

"After one week, there came from Ghazipur the guns of the *Sirkar* and the *gorah-log* and the Sikhs. Perhaps there were two or three companies, and perhaps there were two or four guns. I have forgotten; and the Captain *Sahib's* name I have forgotten also. The broken men went out three *koss* from Arrah and gave battle at Bibigunge. There was half a day's fighting and Amir Singh, a *bhai* of Kunwar Singh, mounted upon a horse, threw himself upon one of the guns and killed four or five of the *Sirkar's* men; himself escaping. I do not know what became of Amir Singh. Of Kunwar Singh this much I have heard, though I did not see with my own eyes. The *gorah-log* chased him to Jugdeshpur, and thence to some hills and from there to Agra—he flying, always flying—and from there to Delhi and then to Nucklao, and so back to Jugdeshpur—flying, always flying. He went out seven *koss* from Jugdeshpur to a stream of the Ganges, and while he was washing his mouth, a *Sahib* in a fire-boat on the river smote him with a ball, breaking his arm. His sepoys carried him back into Jugdeshpur. Then news came to the *Sirkar*:—'Kunwar Singh has come back to his own house in Jugdeshpur.' The *pulton* ran out from Arrah at once, but he had died of his wound, and on the day on which the *pulton* came into Jugdeshpur on that day he had been burned. This I have only heard.

"But in respect to the fighting at Bibigunge. The broken men fled over the country; the Sikhs and the *gorah-logs* came into Arrah; and the *Sahibs* who were in the little house came out unhurt. Then I with many others who had been living *chup* in our own houses, walked abroad again. We were very pleased that the *Sahibs* had escaped, and such of us as were alive, and very many of the *naukar-log* had been killed, came to make our *salaams* to the *Sahibs*, and we all took up our old *naukris* as before."

Trevelyan—now alas! a rail-straddling Liberal with jelly-fish convictions—tells the story of the "little house at Arrah" better than the *khansamah* of Arrah dâk bungalow who specially wishes the public to understand that he is a very old man—perplexed with an English-speaking grandson whose education he cannot keep up—and terribly prone to forget where such all-important things as the bread, the whiskey and the mustard are kept. Checking the *khansamah* by Trevelyan and another authority we find that Kunwar Singh was "Coer Singh" and that, ere relief came to the men of Arrah from Buxar, *not* Ghazipur, an abortive expedition had started from Dinapur and been cut up *en route* in hideous fashion. But these things are matters of history and are written in State papers.

Let us go out and visit the "little house at Arrah," reverently and with our hats in our hands. The station itself is not beautiful, and, indeed, in the hot weather, must be specially unpleasant. At this season of the year it seems to enjoy both the mugginess of Bengal and the raw chill of more civilised India. Palms, cacti, and a dozen evil smells are the most striking features of the de d flat landscape.

The Station bungalows—Arrah is the head-quarter of the Shahabad District—are old-fashioned, very solidly built, and rejoice in compounds of startling size. There is an air of age and decayed dignity about the place. Reaching it from the New North, the sightseer begins to feel that he has at last found long settled and stable lands.

About half a mile from the railway station lies the Collector's bungalow, which stands in a park-like compound studded with well-grown *peepul* and *shisham* trees. The house is raised on arches several feet above ground-level, and in its height and bulk is imposing to look at. Thirty-one years ago, come July next, that "very *hushiar Sahib*, Boyle *Sahib*," Executive Engineer of the East Indian Railway, came from his bungalow, deposeth the ancient *khansamah* of the dâk bungalow, to speak to the Collector *Sahib*—one Herwald Wake, not altogether unknown to fame—and tell him that something had better be done to the billiard-room in the compound. Now, this billiard-room stands exactly thirty-seven short paces from the porch of the Collector's house. Like its big neighbour, it is built on brick arches which make a spacious cellarage, contains two rooms, has a verandah on three sides, and is now tastefully painted yellow with green *jilmills* and green verandah railings. At a liberal estimate, it may be twenty paces square. One staircase only takes into the "house," and on the staircase side stands the big bungalow aforementioned, completely dominating it. Close to the "house," are outhouses and offices, and the low wall of a rose garden. This latter is exactly twenty-five paces from the "house." The huge compound in which the rose garden and big and little bungalows stand, is bounded roughly by a rough cactus-hedge and the line of a road that runs through a suburban bazar. A very pleasant place "to put a man up in" for a few days is the "little house at Arrah." He can step across to the Collector's bungalow for his meals, and enjoy peace and solitude when he wishes to work. But as a place of defence—as a refuge of strong men fighting for their lives—the notion is too absurd! From the porch of the Collector's bungalow a few men could smash up the tenement, wherein the Judge of Arrah lives to-day.

"Nay, but *Sahib* think now. The bungalow is to-day, and has been for many years, cleaned and painted and mended. You shall find no trace of the great fight left. This was the arrangement of things. All the arches of the verandah that you now see had been closed by Boyle *Sahib*: quite closed except for the loopholes for the guns. Come round the house and look." Yes, if the place were closed up, as the Judge's servant said, there might be some hope. "But how about the arches on which the place stood?"

"Those were closed altogether. There was no loophole there. Come and see." The cellarage on the side facing the rose-garden was given up to the *dhobi* and an assemblage of hangers-on. The low, dark rooms were blackened with the smoke of many years, and the floor was made of soft earth. "These arches were altogether shut by brickwork, and here the Sikhs lived." Some discussion arose among the Judge's servants at this point; one man vowing that the curtains were loopholed, and the elder stoutly asserting that it was altogether dark. A narrow brick stairway, just wide enough for one man, connected the basement with the upper storey. "Down these steps the *Sahibs* came to eat their dinner, because upstairs there was always the firing. And here, in this room beyond, is the place where a well was dug when they had drunk all the water that they had taken into the house with them. I do not know anything about the enclosure where Wake *Sahib's* horses were shot by the sepoys in order that the smell might make the *Sahibs* ill. There was a wall near here—much nearer than the wall by the rose garden—but that has been taken away many years. It was in this fashion." The Judge's servant indicated roughly the plan of the wall which made the very enclosure whereof History speaks. But, by his showing, it must have stood within fifteen yards of the "house." A cheerful place this cellarage must have been in July when the men of Arrah had filled a basement room or two with the damp earth of the well, and the big Sikhs squattered and blundered in the mire. It was not difficult in the half light and smoke-blackness of the *dhobi's* tenement, to imagine Herwald Wake, Boyle, Colvin and the others coming down the narrow staircase, their shoulders sore with much firing, while the Sikhs stood ready to go up and take their turn at the "judicious arrangement of loopholes" on the upper floor. How they must have sweated and sworn and raged and hoped against hope when they heard the firing of Dunbar's detachment from Dinapur growing fainter and fainter, and then dying away behind the trees of Kunwar Singh's house at the far end of the compound! There are not many of the men of Arrah left now, but one in Aligarh could tell the story of the siege as it should be told.

"Come up into the house now," said the Judge's servant; "it is all clean and whitewashed." In truth it was all he said, and the Judge was living in it. Under the arches a man could, in some feeble measure, enter into the spirit of the place, put himself back into the troublous past and think things that are unsuited, if the voice of the Empire speaks truth to the Spirit of the Times. But in the Judge's room the illusion vanished. The "little house at Arrah" might have been any civilian's quarters anywhere in India. And yet not wholly so. Above the hearth where Wake wrote the diary of the long, long days from the 27th of July to the 4th of August, were stacked in an orderly row the Codes of the Law; and a little breeze came in through the pleasant open arches of the verandah and murmured among the official papers on the Judge's table.

The French would have covered the building in a glass case, keeping intact each scar of musket and artillery fire. The Americans would have run a ring fence round it and exhibited it at 5 cents per head—a pensioned veteran in charge. We, because We are English, prefer to sweep it up and keep it clean and use it as an ordinary house in the civil lines, for the benefit of Her Majesty's servants; just as if nothing worth the mentioning had ever taken place in that unattractive compound.

The Judge's servant climbed upon the roof and pointed to the porch of the big house:—"From that place, *Sahib*, they fired the cannon at the *Sahibs*; and also behind that cactus-hedge on the left there were sepoys; and also behind the low wall of the rose garden; and also along the bazaar road to the right no man could pass for fear of being smitten by the bullets. There were sepoys on every side, and quartered on the *maidan* out yonder and in the Boys' School. But, by the favour of God, all those *Sahibs* came out unhurt and the Sikhs with them. And this is all that there is to be seen in the *Arrah-ki-kothee*, for it is all quite clean and mended."

We certainly are a nation of Goths and Philistines. But if We had been over-refined, Boyle and the men who stood by him might have tried to escape from the Shahabad District and been dolorously knocked on the head somewhere about the flats of the Ganges, and then the "little house at Arrah" would never have existed; and no one would have given way to that sinful and exploded sentiment called Pride of Race.

Which would have been undesirable?

Special Correspondence.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

XVIII.

Of the Uncivilized Night and the Departure to Things Civilized. Showing how a Friend may keep an Appointment too well.

"Let us go hence my songs, she will not hear. Let us go hence together without fear!" But Ram Baksh the irrepressible sang it in altogether a baser key. He came by night to the pavilion on the lake, while the sepoys were cooking their fish, and reiterated his whine about the devildom of the country into which the Englishman had dragged him. *Padre Martum Sahib* would never have thus treated the owner of sixteen horses, all fast and big ones, and eight superior " shutin tongas." " Let us get away," said Ram Baksh. " You are not here for *shikar*, and the water is very bad." It was indeed, except when taken from the lake, and then it only tasted fishy. " We will go, Ram Baksh," said the Englishman. " We will go in the very early morning, and in the meantime here is fish to stay your stomach with."

When a transparent *kanat*, which fails by three feet to reach ceiling or floor, is the only bar between the East and the West, he would be a churl indeed who stood upon "invidious race distinctions." The Englishman went out and fraternized with the Military—the four-rupee soldiers of Boondi who guarded him. They were armed, one with an old Tower musket crazy as to nipple and hammer, one with a native-made smooth-bore, and one with a composite contrivance—English sporting muzzle-loader stock with a compartment for a jointed cleaning-rod, and hammered octagonal native barrel, wire-fastened, with a tuft of cotton on the foresight. All three guns were loaded and the owners were very proud of them. They were simple folk, these men at arms, with an inordinate appetite for broiled fish. They were not *always* soldiers they explained. They cultivated their crops until wanted for any duty that might turn up. They were paid, now and again, at intervals, but they were paid in coin and not in kind.

The *munshis* and the vakils and the runners had departed after seeing that the Englishman was safe for the night, so the freedom of the little gathering on the bund was unrestrained. The *chowkidar* came out of his cave into the firelight. Warm wood ashes, by the way, like Epp's cocoa, are " grateful and comforting to " cold toes. He took a fish and incontinently choked, for he was a feeble old man. Set right again, he launched into a very long and quite unintelligible story while the sepoys said reverently:—" He is an old man and remembers many things." As he babbled, the night shut in up on the lake and the valley of Boondi. The last cows were driven into the water for their evening drink, the waterfowl and the monkeys went to bed, and the stars came out and made a new firmament in the untroubled bosom of the lake. The light of the fire showed the ruled line of the bund springing out of the soft darkness of the wooded hill on the left and disappearing into the solid darkness of a bare hill on the right. Below the bund a man cried aloud to keep wandering pig, from the gardens whose trees-tops rose to a level with the bund-edge. Beyond the trees all was swaddled in gloom. When the gentle buzz of the unseen city died out, it seemed as though the bund were the very Swordwide Bridge that runs, as every one knows, between this world and the next. The water lapped and muttered, and now and again a fish jumped, with the shatter of broken glass, blurring the peace of the reflected heavens.

> " And duller should I be than some fat weed
> That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf."

The poet who wrote those lines knew nothing whatever of Lethe's wharf. The Englishman had found it, and it seemed to him, at that hour and in that place, that it would be good and desirable never to return to the Commissioners and the Deputy Commissioners any more, but to lie at ease on the warm sunlit bund by day, and at night, near a shadow-breeding fire, to listen for the strangled voices and whispers of the darkness in the hills; thus after as long a life as the *chowkidar's*, dying easily and pleasantly and being buried in a red tomb on the borders of the lake. Surely no one would come to reclaim him, across those weary, weary miles of rock-strewn road..... "And this," said the *chowkidar*, raising his voice to enforce attention, " is true talk. Everybody knows it and now the Sahib knows it. I am an old man." He fell asleep at once, with his hand on the *chillam* that was doing duty for a whole *huka* among the company. He had been talking for nearly a quarter of an hour.

See how great a man is the true novelist! Six or seven thousand miles away, Walter Besant of the Golden Pen, had created Mr. Maliphant—the ancient of figureheads in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and here, in Boondi, the Englishman had

found Mr. Maliphant in the withered flesh. So he drank Walter Besant's health in the water of the Burra Talao. One of the sepoys turned himself round, with a clatter of accoutrements, shifted his blanket under his elbow, and told a tale. It had something to do with his *khet*, and a *gunnar* which certainly was not sugar-cane. It was elusive. At times it seemed that it was a woman, then changed to a right of way, and lastly appeared to be a tax; but the more he attempted to get at its meaning through the curious patois in which its doings or its merits were enveloped, the more dazed the Englishman became. None the less, the story was a fine one, embellished with much dramatic gesture which told powerfully against the firelight. Then the second sepoy, who had been enjoying the *chillam* all the time, told a tale, the purport of which was that the dead in the tombs round the lake were wont to get up of nights and *shikar*. This was a fine and ghostly story; and its dismal effect was much heightened by some clamour of the night far up the lake beyond the floor of stars.

The third sepoy said nothing. He had eaten too much fish and was fast asleep by the side of the *chowkidar*.

They were all Mahomedans, and consequently all easy to deal with. A Hindu is an excellent person but . . but . . . there is no knowing what is in his heart, and he is hedged about with so many strange observances.

The Hindu or Mahomedan bent which each Englishman's mind must take before he has been three years in the country is, of course, influenced by Province or Presidency. In Rajputana generally, the Political swears by the Hindu and holds that the Mahomedan is untrustworthy. But a man who will eat with you and take your tobacco, sinking the fiction that it has been doctored with *shrab*, cannot be very bad after all.

That night when the tales were all told and the guard, bless them, were snoring peaceably in the starlight, a man came stealthily into the enclosure of *kanats* and woke the Englishman by muttering *Sahib, Sahib* in his ear. It was no robber but some poor devil with a petition—a grimy, welted paper. He was absolutely unintelligible, and additionally so in that he stammered almost to dumbness. He stood by the bed, alternately bowing to the earth and standing erect, his arms spread aloft and his whole body working as he tried to force out some rebellious word in a key that should not wake the men without. What could the Englishman do? He was no Government servant, and had no concern with *urzis*. It was laughable to lie in a warm bed and watch this unfortunate heathen, clicking and choking and gasping in his desperate desire to make the *Sahib* understand. It was also unpleasantly pathetic, and the listener found himself as blindly striving to catch the meaning as the pleader to make himself comprehended. But it was no use; and in the end the man departed as he had come—bowed, abject, and unintelligible.

Let every word written against Ganesh be rescinded. It was by his ordering that the Englishman saw such a dawn on the Burra Talao as he had never before set eyes on. Every fair morning is a reprint, blurred perhaps, of the opening of the First Day; but this splendour was a thing to be put aside from all other days and remembered. The stars had no fire in them and the fish had stopped jumping, when the black water of the lake paled and grew grey. While he watched, it seemed to the Englishman that some voice on the hills were intoning the first verses of Genesis. The grey light moved on the face of the waters till, with no interval, a blood-red glare shot up from the horizon and, inky black against the intense red, a giant crane floated out towards the sun. In the still shadowed city the great Palace drum boomed and throbbed to show that the gates were open, while the dawn swept up the valley and made all things clear. The blind man who said:—"The blast of a trumpet is red" spoke only the truth. The breaking of the red dawn is like the blast of a trumpet.

"What," said the *chowkidar*, picking the ashes of the overnight fire out of his beard, "what, I say, are five eggs or twelve eggs to such a Raj as ours? What also are fowls—what are"— . . . . . "There was no talk of fowls. Where is the fowl-man from whom you got the eggs?" "He is here. No, he is there. I do not know. I am an old man, and I and the Raj supply everything without price. The *murghi-walla* will be paid by the State—liberally paid. Let the *Sahib* be happy! *Wah! wah!*"

Experience of *beegar* in Himalayan villages had made the Englishman very tender in raising supplies that were given *gratis*; but the *murghi-walla* could not be found, and the value of his wares was, later, paid to Ganesh—Ganesh of Situr for that is the name of the village full of priests, through which the Englishman had passed in ignorance two days before. A double handful of sweet smelling flowers made the receipt.

Boondi was wide awake before half-past seven in the morning. Her hunters, on foot and on horse, were filing towards the Deoli gate to go *shikarring*. They would hunt tiger and deer they said, even with matchlocks and muzzle-loaders as uncouth as those the *Sahib* saw. They were a merry company and chaffed the Quarter-Guard at the gate unmercifully when a bullock-cart, laden with the cases of the "Batoum Naptha and Oil Company" blocked the road. One of them had been a soldier of the Queen, and, excited by the appearance of a *Sahib*, did so rebuke and badger the Quarter-Guard for their slovenliness that they threatened to come out of the barracks and destroy him.

So, after one last look at the Palace high up the hill side, the Englishman was borne away along the Deoli road. The peculiarity of Boondi is the peculiarity of the covered pitfall. One does not see it till one falls into it. A quarter of a mile from the gate, it and its Palace were invisible. The runners who had chivalrously volunteered to protect the wanderer against possible dacoits had been satisfactorily disposed of, and all was peace and unruffled loaferdom. But the Englishman was grieved at heart. He had fallen in love with Boondi the beautiful, and believed that he would never again see anything half so fair. The utter untouchedness of the town was one-half the charm and its associations the other. Read Tod, who is far too good to be chipped or sampled, read Tod luxuriously on the bund of the Burra Talao, and the spirit of the place will enter into you and you will be happy.

To enjoy life thoroughly, haste and bustle must be abandoned. Ram Baksh has said that Englishmen are always *dikking* to go forward, and for this reason, though beyond doubt they pay well and readily, are not wise men. He gave utterance to this philosophy after he had mistaken his road and pulled up in what must have been a disused quarry hard by a cane-field. There were patches and pockets of cultivation along the rocky road, where men grew cotton, *til*, chillies, tobacco and sugar. "I will get you sugar-cane," said Ram Baksh. "Then we will go forward and perhaps some of these jungly fools will tell us where the road is." A "jungly fool," a tender of goats, did in time appear, but there was no hurry; the sugar-cane was sweet and purple and the sun warm.

The Englishman lay out at high noon on the crest of a rolling upland crowned with rock and heard, as a loafer had told him he would hear, the "set of the day," which is as easily discernable as the change of tone between the rising and the falling tide. At a certain hour, the impetus of the morning dies out, and all things, living and inanimate turn their thoughts to the prophecy of the coming night. The little wandering breezes drop for a time, and, when they blow afresh, bring the message. The "set of the day" as the loafer said, has changed the machinery is beginning to run down, the unseen tides of the air are falling. The moment of the change can only be felt in the open and in touch with the earth, and, once discovered, seems to place the finder in deep accord and fellowship with all things on the earth. Perhaps this is why the genuine loafer though "frequently drunk," is "always polite to the stranger," and shows such a genial tolerance towards the weaknessess of mankind, black, white or brown.

In the evening when the jackals were scuttling across the roads and the cranes had gone to roost, came Deoli the desolate, and an unpleasant meeting. Six days away from his kind had bred in a cockney heart a great desire to see an Englishman again. An elaborate loaf through the cantonment—fifteen minutes' walk from end to end—showed only one distant dog-cart and a small English child with an ayah. There was grass in the soldierly-straight roads and some of the cross-cuts had never been used at all from the days when the cantonment had been first laid out. In the western corner lay the cemetery—the only carefully tended and newly whitewashed thing in this Godforgotten place. Some years ago, a man had said good-bye to the Englishman; adding cheerily:—"We shall meet again. The world's a very little place y'know." His prophecy was a true one, for the two met indeed, but the prophet was lying in Deoli Cemetery near the well which is decorated so ecclesiastically with funeral urns. Truly the world is a *very* little place that a man should so stumble upon dead acquaintances when he goes abroad.

THE LAST.

COMES BACK TO THE RAILWAY, AFTER REFLECTIONS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE EMPIRE: AND SO HOME AGAIN, WITH APOLOGY TO ALL WHO HAVE READ THUS FAR.

IN the morning the tonga rattled past Deoli cemetery, into the open where the Deoli Irregulars were drilling. They marked the beginning of civilisation and white shirts: for which reason they seemed altogether detestable. Yet another day's jolting, enlivened by the philosophy of Ram Buksh, and then came Nasirabad. The last pair of ponies suggested serious thought. They had covered eighteen miles at an average speed of eight miles an hour, and were well-conditioned little rats. "A Colonel Sahib gave me this one for *bakshish*," said Ram Buksh, flicking the near one. "It was his *baba's* pony. The *baba* was five years old. When he went away, the Colonel Sahib said:—'Ram Buksh, you are a good man. Never have I seen such a good man. This horse is yours.'" Ram Buksh was getting a horse's work out of a child's pony. Surely we in India work the land much as the Colonel Sahib worked his son's mount; making it do child's work when so much more can be screwed out of it. A native and a native State deals otherwise with horse and holding. Perhaps our extreme scrupulousness in handling may be Statecraft, but, after even a short sojourn in places which are dealt with not so tenderly, it seems absurd. There are States where things are done, and done without protest, that would make the hair of the educated native stand on end with horror. These things are of course not expedient to write; because their publication would give a great deal of unnecessary pain and heart-searching to estimable native administrators who have the hope of a Star before their eyes, and would not better matters in the least.

Note this fact though. With the exception of such journals as, occupying a central position in British territory, levy blackmail from the neighbouring States, there are no independent papers in Rajputana. A King may start a weekly, to encourage a taste for Sanskrit and high Hindi, or a prince may create a Court Chronicle; but that is all. A "free press" is not allowed, and this the native journalist knows. With good management he can, keeping under the shadow of Our flag, raise two hundred rupees from a big man here, and five hundred from a rich man there, but he does not establish himself across the Border. To one who has reason to hold a stubborn disbelief in even the elementary morality of the native press, this bashfulness and lack of enterprise is amusing. But to return to the over-the-way administrations. There is nothing exactly wrong in the methods of government that are overlaid with English terms and forms. They are vigorous—in certain points, and where they are not vigorous there is a cheery happy-go-luckiness about the arrangement that must be seen to be understood. The shift and play of a man's fortune across the Border, is as sudden as anything in the days of Harun-al-Raschid of blessed memory, and there are stories to be got for the unearthing, as wild and as improbable as those in the *Thousand and One Nights*. Most impressive of all is the way in which the country is "used," and its elasticity under pressure. In the good old days, the Durbar raised everything it could from the people, and the King spent as much as ever he could on his personal pleasures. Now the institution of the Political has stopped the grabbing, for which, by the way, some of the monarchs are not in the least grateful—and smoothed the outward face of things. But there is still a difference, and such a difference, between our ways and the ways of the Other Places. A year spent among native States ought to send a

man back to the Decencies and the Law Courts and the Rights of the Subject with a supreme contempt for those who rave about the oppressions of the brutal bureaucrat. One month nearly taught an average Englishman that it was the proper thing to smite anybody of mean aspect and obstructive tendencies on the mouth with a shoe. Hear what an intelligent loafer said. His words are at least as valuable as these babblings. He was, as usual, wonderfully drunk and the gift of speech came down upon him. The conversation—he was a great politician this loafer—had turned on the poverty of India:—"Poor!" said he. "Of course it's poor. Oh yes! D—d poor! And I'm poor, an' you're poor, altogether. Do you expect people will give you money without you ask 'em. No. I tell you, Sir, there's enough money in Injia to pave *Hell* with if you could only get at it. I've kep' servants in my day. Did they ever leave me without a hundred or a hundred and fifty put by—and never touched? *You mark that.* Does any black man who has been in Guv'ment service go away without hundreds an' hundreds put by—and never touched? You mark that. Money! The place stinks o' money—just kept out o' sight. Do you ever know a native that didn't say *Garib admi*? They've been sayin' *Garib admi* so long that the Guv'ment learns to believe 'em, and now they're all bein' treated as though they was paupers. I'm a pauper, an' you're a pauper—we aren't got anything hid in the ground—an' so's every white man in this forsaken country. But the Injian he's a rich man. How do I know? Because I've tramped on foot or warrant pretty well from one end of the place to the other, an' I know what I'm talkin' about, and this ere Guv'ment goes peckin' an' fiddlin' over its tuppenny-ha'penny little taxes as if it was afraid. Which it is. You see how they do things in ——. It's six sowars here and ten sowars there, and—'Pay up you brutes or we'll pull your ears over your head.' And when they've taken all they can get, the headman, he says:—'This is a dashed poor yield. I'll come again.' *Of course* the people digs up something out of the ground, and they pay. I know the way its done, and that's the way to do it. You can't go to an Injian an' say:—'Look here. Can you pay me five rupees?' He says:—'*Garib admi*,' of course, an' would say it if he was as rich as a banker. But if you send half a dozen sowars at him and shift the thatch off of his roof, he'll pay. Guv'ment can't do that? I don't suppose it could. There is no reason why it shouldn't. But it might do something like it, to show that it wasn't going to have no nonsense. Why, I'd undertake to raise a hundred million—what am I talking of?—a hundred and fifty million pounds from this country *per annum* and it wouldn't be strained *then*. One hundred and fifty millions you could raise as easy as paint, if you just made these ere Injians understand that they had to pay an' make no bones about it. It's enough to make a man sick to go in over yonder to——and see what they do; and then come back an' see what we do. Perfectly sickenin' it is. Borrer money! Why the country could pay herself an' everything she wants, if she was only made to do it. It's this bloomin' *Garib admi* swindle that's been going on all these years, that has made fools o' the Guv'ment." Then he became egoistical, this ragged ruffian who conceived that he knew the road to illimitable wealth and told the story of his life, interspersed with anecdotes that would blister the paper they were written on. But through all his ravings, he stuck to his hundred and fifty million theory, and though the listener dissented from him and the brutal crudity with which his views were stated, an unscientific impression remained and was not to be shaken off. Across the Border one feels that the country is being used, exploited, "made to sit up," so to speak. In our territories the feeling is equally strong of wealth "just round the corner," as the loafer said, and a people wrapped up in cotton wool and ungetatable. Will any man, who really knows something of a little piece of India, and has not the fear of running counter to custom before his eyes, explain how this impression is produced, and why it is an erroneous one? This digression has taken us far from the child's pony of Ram Buksh.

Nasirabad marked the end of the Englishman's holiday, and there was sorrow in his heart. "Come back again," said Ram Baksh cheerfully, "and bring a gun with you. Then I'll take you to Gungra, and I'll drive you myself. Drive you just as well as I've driven these four days past." An amicable open-minded soul was Ram Buksh. May his tongas never grow less.

"This 'ere Burma fever is a bad thing to have. It's pulled me down awful; an' now I am going to Peshawur. *Are* you the Station-Master?" It was Thomas—white-cheeked, sunken-eyed, drawn-mouthed Thomas—travelling from Nasirabad to Peshawur on pass; and with him was a Corporal new to his stripes and doing Station duty. Every Thomas is interesting, except when he is too drunk to speak. This Thomas was an enthusiast. He had volunteered, from a Home-going regiment shattered by Burma fever, into a regiment at Peshawur, had broken down at Nasirabad on his way up with his draft, and was now journeying into the unknown to pick up another medal. "There's sure to be something on the frontier," said this gaunt, haggard boy—he was little more, though he reckoned four years' service and considered himself somebody. "When there's anything going, Peshawur's the place to be in, they tell me; but I hear we shall have to march down to Calcutta in no time." The Corporal was a little man and showed his friend off with great pride:—"Ah, you should have come to us," said he; "we're the regiment, we are." "Well, I went with the rest of our men," said Thomas. "There's three hundred of us volunteered to stay on, and we all went for the same regiment. Not but what I'm saying your's is a good regiment," he added with grave courtesy. This loosed the Corporal's tongue, and he discanted on the virtues of the regiment and the merits of the officers. It has been written that Thomas is devoid of *esprit de corps*, because of the jerkiness of the arrangements under which he now serves. If this be true, he manages to conceal his feelings very well; for he speaks most fluently in praise of his own regiment; and, for all his youth, has a keen appreciation of the merits of his officers. Go to him when his heart is opened, and hear him going through the roll of the subalterns, by a grading totally unknown in the *Army List*, and you will pick up something worth the hearing. Thomas, with the Burma fever on him, tried to cut in, from time to time, with stories of his officers and what they had done "when we was marchin' all up and down Burma," but the little Corporal went on gaily.

They made a curious contrast—these two types. The lathy, town-bred Thomas with hock-bottle shoulders, a little education, and a keen desire to get more medals and stripes; and the little, deep-chested, bull-necked Corporal brimming over with vitality and devoid of any ideas beyond the "regiment." And the end of both lives, in all likelihood, would be a nameless grave in some cantonment burying-ground with, if the case were specially interesting and the Regimental Doctor had a turn for the pen, an obituary notice in the *Indian Medical Journal*. It was an unpleasant thought.

From the Army to the Navy is a perfectly natural transition, but one hardly to be expected in the heart of India. Dawn showed the railway carriage full of riotous boys, for the Agra and Mount Abu schools had broken up for holidays Surely it was natural enough to ask a child—not a boy, but a child—whether he was going home for the holidays; and surely it was a crushing, a petrifying thing, to hear in a clear treble, tinged with icy *hauteur*:—"No! I'm on leave. I'm a midshipman." Two "officers of Her Majesty's Navy"—mids of a man-o'-war in Bombay—were going up-country on ten days' leave! They had not travelled much more than twice round the world; but they should have printed the fact on a label. They chattered like daws, and their talk was as a whiff of fresh air from the open sea, while the train ran eastward under the Aravallis. At that hour, their lives were bound up in and made glorious by the hope of riding a horse when they reached their journey's end. Much had they seen "cities and men," and the artless way in which they interlarded their conversation with allusions to "one of these shore-going chaps you see" was delicious. They had no cares, no fears, no servants, and an unlimited stock of wonder and admiration for everything they saw, from the "cute little well-scoops" to a herd of deer grazing on the horizon. It was not until they had opened their young hearts with infantine abandon that the listener could guess from the incidental *argot* where these pocket-Ulysseses had travelled. South African, Norwegian, and Arabian words were used to help out the slang of Haslar, and a copious vocabulary of ship-board terms, complicated with modern Greek. As free from self-consciousness as children, as ignorant as beings from another planet of the Anglo-Indian life into which they were going to dip for a few days, shrewd and observant as befits men of the world who have authority, and neat-handed and resourceful as—blue-jackets, they were a delightful study, and accepted freely and frankly the elaborate apologies tendered to them for the unfortunate mistake about the "holidays." The roads divided and they went their way; and there was a shadow after they had gone, for the Globe-Trotter said to his wife:—"What I like about Jeypur"—accent on the first syllable, if you please—"is its characteristic easterniness." And the Globe-trotter's wife said "Yes! It is purely Oriental."

This was Jeypur with the gas-jets and the water-pipes as was shown at the beginning of these trivial letters; and the Globe-trotter and his wife had not been to Amber. Joyful thought! They had not seen the soft splendours of Udaipur, the nightmare of Chitor, the grim power of Jodhpur and the virgin beauties of Boondi—fairest of all places that the Englishman had set eyes on. The Globe-trotter was great in the matter of hotels and food, but he had not lain under the shadow of a tonga in soft warm sand, eating cold pork with a pocket-knife and thanking Providence who put sweet-water streams where wayfarers wanted them. He had not drunk out the brilliant cold-weather night in the company of a King of loafers, a grimy scallawag with a six days' beard and an unholy knowledge of native States. He had attended service in Cantonment churches; but he had not known what it was to witness the simple solemn ceremonial in the dining-room of a far away Residency, when all the English folk within a hundred-mile circuit bowed their heads before the God of the Christians. He had blundered about temples of strange deities with a guide at his elbow, but he had not known what it was to attempt conversation with a temple dancing-girl, (*not* such an one as Edwin Arnold invented) and to be rewarded for a misturned compliment with a deftly heaved bunch of marigold buds on his respectable bosom. Yes, he had undoubtedly lost much and the measure of his loss was proven in his estimate of the orientalism of *Jeypur*.

But what had he who sat in judgment upon him gained? One perfect month of loaferdom, to be remembered above all others, and the night of the visit to Chitor to be remembered even when the month is forgotten. Also the sad knowledge that of all the fair things seen, the inept pen gives but a feeble and blurred picture.

Let those who have read to the end, pardon a hundred blemishes.

THE TRACKING OF CHUCKERBUTTI.

CHUCKERBUTTI did not understand the working of the Police Department. All he knew was that, at the *thanas*, the Inspector was wont to put a charpoy gently but firmly on a witness's tummy, while his men, beginning with the slimmest *naique* and ending with the fattest *constabeel*, sat down upon it, one by one, until the required amount of evidence had been extracted. Chuckerbutti's uncle had heard this from a Mahajun who once made a pilgrimage to Benares. So there was no doubting the truth of the tale. "It is an unmitigatedly burglarious department" said Chuckerbutti, but he did his best to get his cousin's nephew into it all the same.

One day Chuckerbutti found a Paper. The pressman gave it to the *durwan*, to whom he owed five annas for *pan*, and the *durwan* sold it to Chuckerbutti for eight annas. Chuckerbutti read it all through twice—once forwards and once backwards. Then he threw up his head to the silent stars and gave tongue, calling upon his friends to help him. "We are betrayed!" said Chuckerbutti. "Lend me the *Webster's Complete* with the illustrations. The Empire is tottering to its fundamental base." He ran his finger down the pages, "amazement, anarchy, brutality, bullying, cowardice, distrust, despotism, espionage, fury, gall, hate, infernal, justice, loathsome;" and so on, down to the end of the alphabet. The resources of the office did not allow him to transfer the illustrations also; but he made arrangements to have these lithographed later on. He turned on the lycopodium lightning and the tin thunder to an estimated pressure of 75lbs. per square inch, and painted L—d D-ff-r-n red. The *Holi* powder came in very handy here. "Oh! Alcibiades, the Seven against Troy, Theocritus on Biology, Mister Seymour Keay, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Mister Cotton and the reverberating soup-tureen of the Impartial Heavens, can you look down on this unmoved?" That was the first sentence in the leading article. Chuckerbutti passed Aristotle in the proof with three "t's," but the beauty of the opening was in no way spoilt. "That will horripilate their crania," said Chuckerbutti, for he was a first class classical student. "Hi you *daftri!* Where is *Maunder's Treasury of History and Biography?* Also *Pope*. Can't do anything without *Pope* now. *The Sunderbunds Semaphore* has used up the school-edition of *Bacon's Essays*."

Chuckerbutti got his books round him and started afresh with:—"Hope for a while did bid the world farewell, And Freedom shrieked as Kuski uskin fell." There was a misprint in the last word, but the principle was just the same, as Mrs. Nickleby said. The *Maunder's* supplied unlimited Historical Comparisons, from the Fight of the Three Hundred, to Poland and St. Petersburg.

Having finished his work, Chuckerbutti went out stealthily into police-ridden Calcutta, and wrapped a blanket round his head to avoid detection. This ended in his nearly being knocked over by a Sealdah tram. "Assassination in broad daylight," gulped Chuckerbutti as he picked himself up. "They have read the article already." So he went from house to house, saying in a whisper:—"Hist! We are observed! The hell-hounds of the Law follow my slightest movement." When his friends said:—"*Arré bap!* What have *you* forged?" Chuckerbutti smiled mournfully, as one who already felt the leg-irons on his ancles, and gave them the Paper to read. Then he departed, as he had come, with gigantic strides, copied from the "stars" of the Parsee theatre, and the blanket all over his head. It was an exhausting progress, but Chuckerbutti enjoyed it down to his patent leather boots. Never had he had such a good time. O'Brien's breeches were nothing to it. The policeman at the corner of Bentinck Street nearly arrested him for a lunatic. Chuckerbutti felt that he was dying for his country by whole feet at a time.

The day wore on, but nothing special happened. The sun did not turn blacker than usual, nor were the gates of Government Place thronged with *mouchards*. The loafers in Beadon Square were rude to Chuckerbutti; but even his luxuriant imagination could not transform them into emissaries of the Police.

"Never mind," said Chuckerbutti, "the convulsion will begin to-morrow." But to-morrow was as colourless as to-day, if we except the article that Chuckerbutti wrote, with one eye on *The Voice of India* and the other on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, entitled "Come over and help us!" It nearly broke down the establishment in large type, but that was all. By this time, all the other levers of the Universe were jammed "hard down" on the Espionage question, and the demand for *Popes* and *Juniuses* made the fortunes of two *bickree-wallahs* in the Chandney Chowk. Chuckerbutti enjoyed himself hugely. He had changed the heavy blanket for one of lighter material, but, on the other hand, his strides were six and a half inches longer; so the disguise was still impenetrable. Next week, seeing that the Police were still backward, he abandoned the blanket and stood ostentatiously outside Twenty-two Lal Bazar with bound volumes of the *Sunderbunds Semaphore* in his hands. A brutal mounted sergeant nearly rode over him, and then abused him for obstructing the traffic. Chuckerbutti strained this into an article headed:—"The Beginning of the End," with the quotation:—

> "Let Honours, Arts, Matriculations die,
> But leave us still our old Morality."

This was no good, and Chuckerbutti grew desperate. Hiring a first class ticca-gharri he, after duly debiting the fare to the office, thundered up

to Twenty-two Lal Bazar, and rushed into the office crying :— "Arrest me! I am the great Chuckerbutti. I avow it. I glory in it. I demand permanent accommodation in your deepest dungeon!" Then he struck all the attitudes of all the statues on the *Maidan* that he could recollect. He had no horse to help him out, but the effect was gorgeous. It brought a committal for house-breaking to an end. "Who," said the gentleman in the chair,—"Who the dickens is that?" Then said the Sergeant briefly :—"Chuckerbutti." "What does he want?" "Instant arrest," said Chuckerbutti who had finished all his Outram attitudes. "I have lived under the galling burden of embittering espionage till death itself would be preferable to the agony that I endure. Arrest me! I am the author of ——"

"That'll do," said the gentleman in the chair, "we know all about you. Editor of the *Sunderbunds Semaphore*, isn't it? What's the trouble?"

Chuckerbutti handed him the Paper and re-struck all the attitudes, winding up with the Municipal Demosthenic one.

"Umph, I see," said the gentleman in the chair. "Is this man a sect or has he any political doctrines Mr. —— ?"

"Arya Samaj," said the Assistant briefly. "National Congress. Cusses the Government and Us, like the rest of 'em. File in the godown."

"Is he a suspicious foreigner or a criminal tribe?"

"Sir," said Chuckerbutti indignantly, "I am a Bengali of the Bengalis."

"Does he publish rumours disturbing the public peace, or comment on laws and Government measures?"

"Now for the holocaust!" thought Chuckerbutti.

"File in the godown," said the Assistant and killed a fly with the paper-cutter.

"Illicit trade in arms and ammunition?"

"Never owned a gun in his life and wouldn't know what to do with it if he had."

"Affairs in independent Native States?"

"Diwan—*bakshish*—highest bidder. File in godown."

"Political Societies?"

"About six. Secretary of two, President of three. Schoolboys slanging Professors in Universities *and* Government."

"Mass-meetings? Agrarian excitement."

"Won't spend money. Landholder."

"I *don't* think we need ask the last question. Now Mister Chuckerbu ti, are you satisfied?" But Chuckerbutti was not satisfied in the least. He demanded incarceration.

"You are more likely to get it for purloining than politics. May I ask how you got hold of this paper?"

"There are no witnesses" said Chuckerbutti. "I defy you to bring any witnesses and the law lays down" . . . .

"Never mind the law at present, Mr. Chuckerbutti. You are at perfect liberty to go. But if you will take the advice of one who dabbled a little in the classics in his youth, you will spell Aristotle with two 't.'s' It looks better. *Good* morning." Chuckerbutti departed.

"We must have that *durwan* dismissed," said the gentleman in the chair, "I've suspected him of trafficking before. Our routine-work is heavy enough without this sort of nonsense. You were saying Superintendent?" . . . .

* * * *

Next morning, the *Sunderbunds Semaphore* appeared with a double-leaded article describing the heartless cross-examination of Chuckerbutti by the Police, the Head of which "purse proud Department," had given Chuckerbutti "ultra-Draconian orders" as to the conduct of his paper in future. But, even while he wrote, there was sorrow and impotent anguish in the heart of Chuckerbutti. So ended the Tracking.

It was all due to Chuckerbutti thinking himself the most important person under Heaven.

India is still calm.

"The Pioneer" 2, Mar. 1888

A REAL LIVE CITY.

(By a Savage).

We are all backwoodsmen and barbarians together - we others dwelling, beyond the Ditch, in the outer darkness of the Mofussil. There are no such things as Commissioners and Heads of Departments in the world, and there is only one City in India. Bombay is too green, too pretty and too stragglesome; and Madras died ever so long ago. Let us take off our hats to Calcutta, the many sided, the smoky, the magnificent, as we drive in over the Hooghly Bridge in the dawn of a still February morning. We have left India behind us at Howrah Station, and now we enter foreign parts. No, not wholly foreign. Say rather too familiar.

All men of certain age know the feeling of caged irritation - an illustration in the Graphic, a bar of music or the light words of a friend from Home may set it ablaze - that comes from the knowledge of our Lost Heritage of London. At Home they, the other men, our equals, have at their disposal all that Town can supply - the roar of the streets, the lights, the music, the pleasant places, the millions of their own kind, and a wilderness full of pretty, fresh-coloured Englishwomen, theatres and restaurants. It is their right. They accept it as such, and even affect to look upon it with contempt. And we, we have nothing except the few amusements that we painfully build up for ourselves - the dolorous dissipations of gymkhanas where everyone knows everybody else, or the chastened intoxication of dances where all engagements are booked, in ink, ten days ahead, and where everybody's antecedents are as patent as his or her method of waltzing. We have been deprived of our inheritance. The men at Home are enjoying it all, not knowing how fair and rich it is, and we at the most, can only fly westward for a few months and gorge what, properly speaking, should take seven

or eight or ten luxurious years. That is the Lost Heritage of London; and the knowledge of the forfeiture, wilful or forced, comes to most men at times and seasons, and they get cross.

Calcutta holds out false hopes of some return. The dense smoke hangs low, in the chill of the morning, over an ocean of roofs, and, as the City wakes, there goes up to the smoke, a deep full-throated boom of life, and motion and humanity. For this reason does he who sees Calcutta for the first time, hang joyously out of the tikka Gharri and sniff the smoke, and turn his face towards the tumult, saying:- "This is, at last, some portion of my heritage returned to me. This is a City. There is life here, and there should be all manner of pleasant things for the having, across the river, and under the smoke." When Leland, he who wrote the Hans Breitmann Ballads, once desired to know the name of an austere, plug-hatted Redskin of repute, his answer, from the lips of a halfbreed was:-

"He Injun. He big Injun. He heap big Injun. He dam big heap Injun. He Jones!" The litany is an expressive one, and exactly describes the first emotions of a wandering savage adrift in Calcutta. The eye has lost its sense of proportion, the focus has contracted through overmuch residence in up-country stations - twenty minutes canter from hospital to parade ground, you know - and the mind has shrunk with the eye. Both say together, as they take in the sweep of shipping above, and below the Hooghly Bridge:- "Why, this is London! This is the Docks. This is Imperial. This is worth coming across India to see."

Then a distinctly wicked idea takes possession of the mind:- "What a divine - what a heavenly place to loot!" This gives place to a much worse devil - that of Conservatism. It seems not only a wrong but a criminal thing to allow natives to have any voice in the control of such a city - adorned, docked, wharfed, fronted and reclaimed by Englishmen, existing only because England lives, and dependent for its life on England. All India knows of the Calcutta Municipality; but has anyone thoroughly investigated the Big Calcutta Stink?

There is only one. Benares is fouler in point of concentrated, pent-up muck, and there are local stenches in Peshawur which are stronger than the B.C.S.; but, for diffused soul-sickening expansiveness, the reek of Calcutta beats both Benares and Peshawur. Bombay cloaks her stenches with a veneer of assafoetida and huga tobacco. Calcutta is above plague to any one source. It is faint, it is sickly, and it is indescribable; but Americans at the Great Eastern Hotel say that it is something like the smell of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco. It is certainly not an Indian smell. It resembles the essence of corruption that has rotted for the second time - the clammy odour of blue slime. And there is no escape from it. It blows across the Maidan; it comes in gusts into the corridors of the Great Eastern Hotel; what they are pleased to call the "Palaces of Chowringhi" carry it; it swirls round the Bengal Club; it pours out of bye-streets with sickening intensity and the breeze of the morning is laden with it. It is first found, in spite of the fume of the engines, in Howrah Station. It seems to be worst in the little lanes at the back of Lal Bazar where the drinking-shops are, but it is nearly as bad opposite Government house and in the Public Offices. The Thing is intermittent. Six moderately pure mouthfuls of air may be drawn without offence. Then comes the seventh wave and the queaziness of an uncultured stomach. If you live long enough in Calcutta you grow used to it. The regular residents admit the disgrace, but their answer is:- "Wait till the wind blows off the Salt Lakes where all the sewage goes, and then you'll smell somethiing." That is their defence! Small wonder that they consider Callcutta is a fit place for a permanent Viceroy. Englishmen whoo can calmly extenuate one shame by another are capable of asking foor anything - and expecting to get it.

If an up-country station holdiing three thousand troops and twenty civilians owned such a posseession as Calcutta does, the Deputy Commissioner or the Cantonmeent Magistrate would have all the natives off the board of managemenntt or decently shovelled into the

background until the mess was abated. Then they might come on again and talk of "high-handed oppression" as much as they liked. That stink, to an unprejudiced nose, dams Calcutta as a City of Kings. And in spite of that stink, they allow, they even encourage, natives to look after the place! The damp drainage-soaked soil is sick with the teeming life of a hundred years, and the Municipal Board list is chocked with the names of natives - men of the breed born in and raised off this surfeited muck-heap! They own property, these amiable Aryans on the Municipal and the Bengal Legislative Council. Launch a proposal to tax them on that property, and they naturally howl. They also howl up-country, but there the halls for mass-meetings are few, and the vernacular papers fewer, and with a zubburdust Secretary and a President whose favour is worth the having and whose wrath is undesirable, men are kept clean despite themselves and may not poison their neighbours. Why, asks a savage, let them vote at all. They can put up with this filthiness. They cannot have any feelings worth caring a rush for. Let them live quietly and hide away their money under Our protection, while We tax them till they know through their purses the measure of their neglect in the past, and, when a little of the smell has been abolished, bring them back again to talk and to take the credit of enlightment. The better classes own their broughams and barouches; the worse can shoulder an Englishman into the kennel and talk to him as though he were a khidmatgar. They can refer to an English as an aurat; they are permitted a freedom - not to put it too coarsely - of speech which if used by an Englishman towards an Englishman would end in serious trouble. They are fenced and protected and made inviolate. Surely, they might be content with all these things, without entering into matters which they cannot, by the nature of their birth, understand.

Now, whether all this genial diatribe be the outcome of an unbiassed mind or the result first of sickness caused by that ferocious stench, and secondly of headache due to daylong smoking to drown the stench, is an open question. Anyway, Calcutta is a fearsome place for a man not educated up to it.

A word of advice to other barbarians. Do not bring a north country servant into Calcutta. He is sure to get into trouble; because he does not understand the customs of the city. A Punjabi in this place for the first time esteems it his bounden duty to go to the Ajaib-ghar - the Musuem. Such an one has gone and is even now returned very angry and troubled in the spirit. "I went to the Musuem," says he, "and no one gave me any gali. I went to the market to buy my food and then I sat upon a seat. There came a chaprassi who said:- "Go away, I want to sit here." I said:- 'I am here first." He said:- 'I am a chaprassi! nikal jao!' and he hit me. Now that sitting place was open to all, so I hit him till he wept. He ran away for the Police and I went away too, for the Police here are all Sahibs. Can I have leave from two o'clock to go and look for that chaprassi and hit him again?"

Behold the situation! An unknown city full of smell that makes one long for rest and retirement, and a champing nauker, not yet six hours in the stew, who has started a blood-feud with an unknown chaprassi and clamours to go forth to the fray. General orders that, whatever may be said or done to him, he must not say or do anything in return, lead to an eloquent harangue on the quality of izzat in Calcutta, and this Awful Smell blackens the face of any Englishman who sniffs it.

Alas for the lost delusion of the Heritage that was to be restored! Let us sleep, let us sleep, and pray that Calcutta may be better to-morrow.

At present it is remarkably liike sleeping with a corpse.

"The Pioneer" 5 Mar. 1888

THE REFLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE.

Morning brings counsel. Does Calcutta smell so pestiferously after all? Heavy rain has fallen in the night. She is newly-washed, and the clear sunlight shows her at her best. Where, oh where, in all this wilderness of life shall a man go? Newman & Co. publish a three-rupee guide which produces first despair, and then fear in the mind of the reader. Let us drop Newman & Co. out of the topmost window of the Great Eastern, trusting in luck and the flight of the hours to evolve wonders and mysteries and amusements.

The Great Eastern hums with life through all its hundred rooms. Doors slam merrily, and all the nations of the earth run up and down the staircases. This alone is refreshing, because the passers bump you and ask you to stand aside. Fancy finding any place out-side a Levee-room where Englishmen are crowded together to this extent! Fancy sitting down seventy strong to table d'hôte and with a deafening clatter of knives and forks! Fancy finding a real bar whence drinks may be obtained, and, joy of joys, fancy stepping out of the hotel into the arms of a live, white, helmeted, buttoned, truncheoned Bobby! A beautiful burly Bobby - just the sort of man who, seven thousand miles away, staves off the stuttering witticism of the three-o'clock-in-the-morning reveller by the strong badged arm of authority. What would happen if one spoke to this Bobby? Would he be offended? He is not offended. He is affable. He has to patrol the pavement in front of the Great Eastern and to see that the crowding ticca- gharris do not jam. Towards a pre-sumably respectable white he behaves as a man and a brother. There is no arrogance about him. And this is disappointing. Closer inspection shows that he is not a real Bobby after all. He is a Municipal Police something and his uniform is not correct; at least if they have not changed the dress of the men at Home. But no matter. But later on we will enquire into the Calcutta Bobby

because he is a white man, and has to deal with some of the "toughest" folk that ever set out of malice aforethought to paint Job Charnock's city vermillion. You must not, you cannot cross Old Court House Street without looking carefully to see that you stand no chance of being run over. This is beautiful. There is a steady roar of traffic, cut every two minutes by the deeper roll of the trams. The driving is eccentric, not to say bad, but there is the traffic - more than unsophisticated eyes have beheld for a certain number of years. It means business, it means money-making, it means crowded and hurrying life and it gets into the blood and makes it move. Here be big shops with plate-glass fronts - all displaying the well-known names of firms that we savages only correspond with through the V.P.P. and Parcels Post. They are all here, as large as life, ready to supply anything you need if you only care to sign. Great is the fascination of being able to obtain a thing on the spot without having to write for a week and wait for a month, and then get something quite different No wonder pretty ladies who live anywhere within a reasonable distance come down to do their shopping personally.

"Look here. If you want to be respectable you mustn't smoke in the streets. Nobody does it." This is advice kindly tendered by a friend in a black frock coat. There is no Levee or Lieutenant-Governor in sight; but he wears the frockcoat because it is daylight, and he can be seen. He also refrains from smoking for the same reason. He admits that Providence built the open air to be smoked in, but he says that "it isn't the thing." This man has a brougham a remarkably natty little pill-box with a curious "wabble" about the wheels. He steps into the brougham and puts on - a top-hat, a shiny black "plug".

There was a man up-country once who owned a top-hat. He leased it to amateur theatrical companies for some seasons until the nap wore off. Then he threw it into a tree and wild bees hived in it. Men were wont to come and look at the hat, in its palmy days, for the sake of feeling homesick. It interested all the station, and died with two seers of babul-flower honey in its bosom. But top-hats are not intend-

ed to be worn in India. They are as sacred as Home Letters and old rose-buds. The friend cannot see this. He allows that if he stepped out of his brougham and walked about in the sunshine for ten minutes he would get a bad headache. In half an hour he would probably catch sunstroke. He allows all this, but he keeps to his hat and cannot see why a barbarian is moved to inextinguishable laughter at the sight. Everyone who owns a brougham and many people who hire ticca-gharris keep top hats and black frock-coats. The effect is curious, and at first fills the beholder with surprise.

And now, "let us see the handsome houses where the wealthy nobles live". Northerly lies the great human jungle of the native city, stretching from Burra Bazaar to Chitpore. That can keep. Southerly is the maidan and Chowringhi. "If you get out into the centre of the maidan you will understand why Calcutta is called the City of Palaces." The travelled American said so at the Great Eastern. There is a shot-tower, falsely called a "memorial," standing in a waste of soft sour green. That is as good a place to get to as any other. Near here, the newly-landed waler is taught the whole duty of the trap-horse and careers madly in a break. Near here, young Calcutta gets upon a horse and is incontinently run away with. Near here, hundreds of kine feed, close to the innumerable trams and the whirl of traffic along the face of Chowringhi Road. The size of the mandan takes the heart out of anyone accustomed to the "Gardens" of up-country, just as they say Newmarket Heath cows a horse accustomed to more shut-in courses. The huge level is studded with brazen statues of eminent gentlemen riding fretful horses on diabolically severe curbs. The expanse dwarfs the statues, dwarfs everything except the frontage of the faraway Chowringhi Road. It is big - it is impressive. There is no escaping the fact. They built houses in the old days when the rupee was two shillings and a penny. Those houses are three-storeyed, and ornamented with service-stair-cases like houses in the Hills. They are also very close together, and they own garden walls of pukka-masonry pierced with a single gate. In their shut-upness they are British. In their spaciousness they are Oriental, but those service-stair-cases do not look healthy. We will

form an Amateur Sanitary Commission and call upon Chowringhi.

A first introduction to the Calcutta durwan is not nice. If he is chewing pan he does not take the trouble to get rid of his quid. If he is sitting on his charpoy chewing sugar-cane he does not think it worth his while to rise. He has to be taught those things, and he cannot understand why he should be reproved. Clearly he is a survival of a played-out system. Providence never intended that any native should be made a concierge more insolent than any of the French variety. The people of Calcutta put an Uria in a little lodge close to the gate of their house, in order that loafers may be turned away, and the houses protected from theft. The natural result is that the durwan treats everybody whom he does not know as a loafer, has an intimate and vendible knowledge of all the outgoings and incomings in that house, and controls to a large extent, the nomination of the nauker-log. They say that one of the estimable class is now suing a bank for about three lakhs of rupees. Up-country, a Lieutenant-Governor's chaprassi has to work for thirty years before he can retire on seventy thousand rupees of savings. The Calcutta durwan is a great institution. The head and front of his offence is that he will insist upon trying to talk English. How he protects the houses Calcutta only knows. He can be frightened out of his wits by severe speech, and is generally asleep in calling hours. If a round of visits be any guide, three times out of seven he is fragrant of drink. So much for the durwan. Now for the houses he guards.

Very pleasant is the sensation of being ushered into a pestiferously stablesome drawing-room. "Does this always happen?" "No, not unless you shut up the room for some time; but if you open the jill-mills there are other smells. You see the stables and the servants quarters are close to." People pay five hundred a month for half a dozen rooms filled with attar of this kind. They make no complaint. When they think the honour of the City is at stake they say defiantly:- "Yes, but you must remember we're a metropolis. We are crowded here. We have no room. We aren't like your little Stations." Chowringhi

is a stately place full of sumptuous houses, but it is best to look at it hastily. Stop to consider for a moment what the crampt compounds, the black, soaked soil, the netted intricacies of the service staircases, the packed stables, the seethment of human life round the durwans' lodges, and the curious arrangement of little open drains means, and you will call it a whited sepulchre.

Men living in expensive tenements suffer from chronic sore-throat, and will tell you cheerily that "we've got typhoid in Calcutta now." Is the pest ever out of it? Everything seems to be built with a view of its comfort. It can lodge comfortably on roofs, climb along from gutter-pipe to piazza, or rise from sink to verandah and thence to the topmost storey. But Calcutta says that all is sound and produces figures to prove it; at the same time admitting that healthy cut flesh will not really heal. Further evidence may be dispensed with.

Here comes pouring down Park Street on the maidan a rush of broughams neat buggies, the lighest of gigs, trim office Brownberrys, shining victorias, and a sprinkling of veritable hansom cabs. In the broughams sit men in top-hats. In the other carts, young men, all very much alike, and all immaculately turned out. A fresh stream from Chowringhi joins the Park Street detachment and the two together stream away across the maidan towards the business quarter of the city. This is Calcutta going to office - the Civilians to the Government buildings and the young men to their firms and their blocks and their wharves. Here one sees that Calcutta has the best turn-outs in the Empire. Horses and traps alike are enviably perfect and - mark the touchstone of civilisation - the lamps are in the sockets. This is distinctly refreshing. Once more we will take off our hats to Calcutta, the well appointed, the luxurious. The country-bred is a rare beast here, his place is taken by the waler, and the waler, though a ruffian at heart can be made to look like a gentleman. It would be indecorous as well as insane to applaud the winking harness, the perfectly lacquered panels, and the liveried saises. They show well in the outwardly fair roads

shadowed by the Palaces.

How many sections of the complex society of the place do the carts carry? Imprimis, the Bengal civilian who goes to Writers' Buildings and sits in a perfect office, and speaks flippantly of "sending things into India" meaning thereby the Supreme Government. He is a great person, and his mouth is full of promotion-and-appointment "shop". Generally he is referred to as a "rising man." Calcutta seems full of "rising men." Secondly, the Government of India man, who wears a familiar Simla face, rents a flat when he is not up in the Hills, and is rational on the subject of the drawbacks of Calcutta. Thirdly, the man of the "firms," the pure non-official who fights under the banner of one of the great houses of the City, or for his own hand in a neat office, or dashes about Clive Street in a brougham doing "share work" or something of the kind. He fears not "Bengal" nor regards he "India ". He swears impartially at both when their actions interfere with his operations. His "shop" is quite unintelligible. He is like the English City man with the chill off, lives well and entertains hospitably. In the old days he was greater than he is now, but still he bulks large. He is rational in so far that he will help the abuse of the Municipality, but womanish in his insistence on the excellencies of Calcutta. Over and above these who are hurrying to work are the various brigades, squads and detachments of the other interests. But they are sets and not sections, and revolve round Belvedere, Government, and Fort William. Simla and Darjiling claim them in the hot weather. Let them go. They wear top-hats and frock-coats.

It is time to escape from Chowringhi Road and get among the long-shore folk who have no prejudices against tobacco and who all use pretty nearly the same sort of hat.

ON THE BANKS OF THE HUGHLI.

The clocks of the city have struck two. Where can a man get food ? Calcutta is not rich in respect of dainty accommodation. You can stay your stomach at Peliti's or Bonsard's, but their shops are not to be found in Hastings Street, or in the places where brokers fly to and fro in office-*jauns*, sweating and growing visibly rich. There must be some sort of entertainment where sailors congregate. "Honest Bombay Jack" supplies nothing but Burma cheroots and whiskey in liqueur-glasses, but in Lal Bazar not far from "The Sailors' Coffee-rooms," a board gives bold advertisement that "officers and seamen" can find good quarters." In evidence, a row of neat officers and seamen are sitting on a bench, by the "hotel" door, smoking. There is an almost military likeness in their clothes. Perhaps "Honest Bombay Jack" only keeps one kind of felt hat and one brand of suit. When Jack of the mercantile marine is sober, he is very sober. When he is drunk he is—but ask the River Police what a lean mad Yankee can do with his nails and his teeth. These gentlemen smoking on the bench are impassive almost as Red Indians. Their attitudes are unrestrained and they do not wear braces. Nor, it would appear from the bill of fare, are they particular as to what they eat when they attend *table d'hôte*. The fare is substantial and the regulation peg—every house has its own depth of peg if you will refrain from stopping Ganymede—something to wonder at. Three fingers and a trifle over seems to be the use of the officers and seamen who are talking so quietly in the doorway. One says, he has evidently finished a long story—"and so he shipped for four pound ten with a first-mate's certificate and all, and that was in a German barque." Another spits with conviction and says genially, without raising his voice :—"That was a hell of a ship : who knows her ?" No answer from the *punchayet*, but a Dane or a German wants to know whether the *Myra* is "up" yet. A dry, red-haired man gives her exact position in the river—[How in the world can he know ?] and the probable hour of her arrival. The grave debate drifts into a discussion of a recent river accident whereby a big steamer was damaged, and had to put back and discharge cargo. A burly gentleman who is taking a constitutional down Lal Bazar strolls up and says :—"I tell you she fouled her own chain with her own forefoot. Hev you seen the plates ?" "No." "Then how the ——can any——like you——say what it——well was ?" He passes on having delivered his highly flavoured opinion without heat or passion. No one seems to resent the expletives.

Let us get down to the river and see this stamp of men more thoroughly. Clarke Russell has told us that their lives are hard enough in all conscience. What are their pleasures and diversions ? The Port Office, where live the gentlemen who make improvements in the port of Calcutta, ought to supply information. It stands large and fair and built after an orientalised manner of the Italians at the corner of Fairlie Place upon the great Strand Road, and a continual clamour of traffic by land and by sea, goes up throughout the day and far into the night, against its windows. This is a place to enter more reverently than the Bengal Legislative Council, for it houses the direction of the uncertain Hughli down to the Sandheads, owns enormous wealth and spends huge sums on the frontaging of river-banks, the expansion of jetties, and the manufacture of docks costing two hundred lakhs of rupees. Two million tons of sea-going shippage yearly find their way up and down the river by the guidance of the Port Office, and the men of the Port Office know more than it is good for men to hold in their heads. They can without reference to telegraphic bulletins give the position of all the big steamers, coming up or going down, from the Hughli to the sea, day by day with their tonnage, the names of their Captains and the nature of their cargo. Looking out from the verandah of their office over a lancer-regiment of masts, they can declare truthfully the name of every ship within eye-scope with the day and the hour when she will depart.

In a room at the bottom of the building lounge big men, carefully dressed. Now there is a type of face which belongs almost exclusively to Bengal Cavalry officers—Majors for choice. Every body knows the bronzed, black-moustached, clear-speaking Native Cavalry officer. He exists unnaturally in novels, and naturally on the Frontier. These men in the big room have his cast of face so strongly marked that one marvels what officers are doing by the river. "Have they come to book passages for Home ?" "Those men! They're pilots. Some of them draw beween two and three thousand rupees a month. They are responsible for half a million pounds worth of cargo sometimes." They certainly are men and they carry themselves as such. They confer together by twos and threes, and appeal frequently to shipping lists. "*Isn't* a pilot a man who always wears a pea-jacket and shouts through a speaking-trumpet ?" "Well, you can ask those gentlemen if you like. You've got your notions from Home pilots. Ours aren't that kind exactly. They are a picked service, as carefully weeded as the Indian Civil. Some of 'em have brothers in it, and some belong to the old Indian army families." But they are not all equally well paid. The Calcutta papers sometimes echo the groans of the Junior Pilots who are not allowed the handling of ships over a certain tonnage. As it is yearly growing cheaper to build one big steamer than two little ones, these Juniors are crowded out, and, while the Seniors get their thousands, some of the youngsters make at the end of one month exactly thirty rupees. This is a grievance with them ; and it seems well founded.

In the flats above the Pilots' room, are hushed and chapel-like offices, all sumptuously fitted, where Englishmen write and telephone and telegraph, and deft Babus for ever draw maps of the shifting Hughli. Any hope of understanding the work of the Port Commissioners is thoroughly dashed by being taken through the Port maps of a quarter of a century past. Men have played with the Hughli as children play with a gutter-runnel, and, in return, the Hughli once rose and played with men and ships till the Strand Road was littered with the raffle and the carcases of big ships. There are photos on the walls, of the cyclone of '64 when the *Thunder* came inland and sat upon an American barque, obstructing all the traffic. Very curious are these photos and almost impossible to believe. How can a big strong steamer have her three masts razed to deck-level ? How can a heavy country boat be pitched on to the poop of a high-walled liner, and how can the side be bodily torn out of a ship ? The photos say that all these things are possible, and men aver that a cyclone may come again and scatter the craft like chaff. Outside the Port Office are the export and import sheds, buildings that can hold a ship's cargo apiece, all standing on reclaimed ground. Here be several strong smells, a mass of railway lines, and a multitude of men. "Do you see where that trolly is standing, behind the big P. and O. berth ? In that place as nearly as may be the *Govindpur* went down about twenty years ago, and began to shift out ?" "But that is solid ground." "She sank there and the next tide made a scour-hole on one side of her. The returning tide knocked her into it. Then the mud made up behind her. Next tide the business was repeated—always the scour-hole in the mud and the filling up behind her. So she rolled and was pushed, out and out, until she got in the way of the shipping right out yonder, and we had to blow her up. When a ship sinks in mud or quicksand, she regularly digs her own grave and wriggles herself into it deeper and deeper till she reaches moderately solid stuff. Then she sticks." Horrible idea, is it not, to go down and down with eacq tide into the foul Hughli mud ?

Close to the Port Offices is the Shipping Office where the Captains engage their crews. The men must produce their discharges from their last ships in the presence of the Shipping Master, or as they call him—"The Deputy Shipping." He passes them as correct, after having satisfied himself that they are not deserters from other ships, and they then sign articles for the voyage. This is the ceremony, beginning with the "dearly beloved" of the crew-hunting captain, down to the "amazement" of the identified deserter. There is a dingy building, next door to the Sailors' Home at whose gate stand the cast-ups of all the seas in all manner of raiment. There are Seedee boys, Bombay *serangs* and Madras fishermen of the Salt villages, Malays who insist upon marrying native women, grow jealous and run *amok* ; Malay-Hindus, Hindu-Malay-whites Burmese, Burma-whites, Burma-native-whites, Italians with gold earrings and a thirst for gambling, Yankees of all the States, with Mulattoes and pure buck-niggers, red and rough Danes, Cingalese, Cornish boys who seem fresh taken from the plough-tail, "corn-stalks" from colonial ships where they got four pound ten a month as seamen, tun-bellied Germans, Cockney mates keeping a little aloof from the crowd and talking in knots together, unmistakeable "Tommies" who have tumbled into sea-faring life by some mistake, Cockatoo-tufted Welshman spitting and swearing like cats, broken down loafers, grey-headed, penniless and pitiful, swaggering boys, and very quiet men with gashes and cuts on their faces. It is an ethnological museum where all the specimens are playing comedies and tragedies. The head of it all is the "Deputy Shipping" and he sits, supported by an English policeman whose fists are knobby, in a great Chair of State. The "Deputy Shipping" knows all the iniquity of the river-side, all the ships, all the Captains and a fair amount of the men. He is fenced off from the crowd by a strong wooden railing behind which are gathered those who "stand and wait," the unemployed of the mercantile marine. They have had their spree—poor devils—and now they will go to sea again on as low a wage as three pound ten a month, to fetch up at the end in some Shanghai stew or San Francisco hell. They have turned their backs on the seductions of the Howrah boarding-houses, and the delights of Colootolla. If Fate will "Nightingale's" will know them no more for a season, and their successors may paint Collinga Bazar vermillion. But what Captain will take some of these battered, shattered wrecks whose hands shake and whose eyes are red ?

Enter suddenly, a bearded Captain who has made his selection from the crowd on a previous day, and now wants to get his men passed. He is not fastidious in his choice. His eleven seem a tough lot for such a mild-eyed, civil-spoken man to manage. But the Captain in the Shipping Office and the Captain on the ship are two very different things. He brings his crew up to the "Deputy Shipping's" bar, and hands in their greasy, tattered discharges. But the heart of the "Deputy Shipping" is hot within him, because, two days ago, a Howrah crimp stole a whole crew from a down-dropping ship, insomuch that the Captain had to come back and whip up a new crew at one o'clock in the day. Evil will it be if

the "Deputy Shipping" finds one of these bounty-jumpers in the chosen crew of the *Blenkindoon* let us say.

The "Deputy Shipping" tells the story with heat. "I didn't know they did such things in Calcutta," says the Captain. "Do such things! They 'd steal the eye-teeth out of your head here, Captain." He picks up a discharge and calls for Michael Donelly, who is a loose knit, vicious-looking Irish-American who chews. "Stand up man, stand up!" Michael Donelly wants to lean against the desk and the English policeman won't have it. "What was your last ship?" "*Fairy Queen.*" "When did you leave her?" "'Bout 'leven days." "Captain's name?" "Flahy." "That'll do, next man: Jules Anderson." Jules Anderson is a Dane. His statements tally with the discharge-certificate of the United States, as the Eagle attesteth. He is passed and falls back. Slivey the Englishman and David, a huge plum-coloured negro who ships as cook, are also passed. Then comes Bassompra, a little Italian who speaks English. "What's your last ship?" "*Ferdinand.*" "No, after that?" "German Barque." Bassompra does not look happy. "When did she sail?" "About three weeks ago." "What's her name." "*Haidée.*" "You deserted from her?" "Yes, but she's left port." The "Deputy Shipping" runs rapidly though a shipping-list, throws it down with a bang. "'Twon't do. No German barque *Haidée* here for three months. How do I know you don't belong to the *Jackson's* crew? Cap ain, I'm afraid you'll have to ship another man. He must stand over. Take the rest away and make 'em sign."

The bead-eyed Basompra seems to have lost his chance of a voyage and his case will be inquired into. The Captain departs with his men and they sign articles for the voyage, while the "Deputy Shipping," tells strange tales of the sailor man's life. "They'll quit a good ship for the sake of a spree, and catch on again at three pound ten, and, by Jove, they'll let their skippers pay 'em off at ten rupees to the sovereign—poor beggars! As soon as the money's gone they'll ship; but not before. Everyone under rank of Captain engages here. The competition makes first mates ship sometimes for five pounds or as low as four ten a month." [The gentleman in the boarding house was right, you see.] "A first mate's wages are seven ten or eight, and foreign Captains ship for twelve pounds a month and bring their own small stores —everything that is to say except beef, peas, flour, coffee and molasses."

These things are not pleasant to listen to while the hungry-eyed men in the bad clothes lounge and scratch and loaf behind the railing. What comes to them in the end? They die it seems, though that is not altogether strange. They die at sea in strange and horrible ways; they die, a few of them, in the Kintals, being lost and suffocated in the great sink of Calcutta; they die in strange places by the water-side, and the Hughli takes them away under the mooring chains and the buoys, and casts them up on the sands below, if the River Police have missed the capture. They sail the sea because they must live; and there is no end to their toil. Very, very few, find haven of any kind, and the earth whose ways they do not understand is cruel to them, when they walk upon it to drink and be merry after the manner of beasts. Jack ashore is a pretty thing when he is in a book or in the blue jacket of the Navy. Mercantile Jack is not so lovely. Later on, ew will see where his "sprees" lead him.

Special Correspondence.

WITH THE CALCUTTA POLICE.

The City was of Night—perchance of Death
But certainly of Night.
The City of Dreadful Night.

In the beginning, the Police were responsible. They said in a patronising way that, merely as a matter of convenience, they would prefer to take a wanderer round the great City themselves, sooner than let him contract a broken head on his own account in the slums. They said that there were places and places where a white man, unsupported by the arm of the Law, would be robbed and mobbed; and that there were other places where drunken seamen would make it very unpleasant for him. There was a night fixed for the patrol, but apologies were offered beforehand for the comparative insignificance of the tour.

"Come up to the Fire look-out in the first place, and then you'll be able to see the City." This was at Number 22, Lal Bazar, which is the head-quarters of the Calcutta Police, the centre of the great web of telephone-wires where Justice sits all day and all night looking after one million people and a floating population of one hundred thousand. But her work shall be dealt with later on. The Fire look-out is a little sentry-box on the top of the three-storeyed Police Offices. Here a native watchman waits always, ready to give warning to the Brigade below if the smoke rises by day or the flame by night in any ward of the City. From this eyrie, in the warm night, one hears the heart of Calcutta beating. Northward, the City stretches away three long miles, with three more miles of suburbs beyond, to Dum-Dum and Barrackpore. The lamplit dusk on this [side is full of noises and shouts and smells. Close to the Police Office, jovial mariners at the Sailors' Coffee-Shop are roaring hymns. Southerly, the City's confused lights give place to the orderly lamp-rows of the

Maidan and Chowringhee, where the respectabilities live and the Police have very little to do. From the East, goes up to the sky the clamour of Sealdah, the rumble of the trams, and the voices of all Bow Bazaar chaffering and making merry. Westward, are the business quarters, hushed now, the lamps of the shipping on the river, and the twinkling lights on the Howrah side. It is a wonderful sight—this Pisgah view of a huge city resting after the labours of the day. "Does the noise of traffic go on all through the hot weather?" "Of course. The hot months are the busiest in the year and money's tightest. You should see the brokers cutting about at that season. Calcutta *can't* stop, my dear sir." "What happens then?" "Nothing happens; the death-rate goes up a little. That's all." Even in February, the weather would, up-country, be called muggy and stifling, but Calcutta is convinced that it is her cold season. The noises of the city grow perceptibly; it is the night side of Calcutta waking up and going abroad. Jack in the Sailors' Coffee-Shop is singing joyously :—"Shall we gather at the River—the beautiful, the beautiful, the River?" There is a clatter of hoofs in the court-yard below. Some of the Mounted Police have come in from somewhere or other out of the great darkness. A clog-dance of iron hooves follows, and an Englishman's voice is heard soothing an agitated horse who seems to be standing on his hind legs. Some of the Mounted Police are going out into the great darkness. "What's on?" "Walk-round at Government House. The Reserve men are being formed up below. They're calling the roll." The Reserve men are all English, and big English at that. They form up and tramp out of the court-yard to line Government Place, and see that Mrs. Lollipop's brougham does not get smashed up by Sirdar Chuckerbutty Bahadur's lumbering C-spring barouche with the two raw Walers. Very military are the Calcutta European Police in their set-up, and he who knows their composition knows some startling stories of gentlemen-rankers and the like. They are, despite the wearing climate they work in and the wearing work they do, as fine a five-score of Englishmen as you shall find east of Suez.

Listen for a moment from the Fire look-out to the voices of the night, and you will see why they must be so. Two thousand sailors of fifty nationalities are adrift in Calcutta every Sunday and of these perhaps two hundred are distinctly the worse for liquor. There is a mild row going on, even now, somewhere at the back of Bow Bazaar, which at nightfall fills with sailor men who have a wonderful gift of falling foul of the native population. To keep the Queen's peace is of course only a small portion of Police duty, but it is trying. The burly President of the lock-up for European drunks—Calcutta Central lock-up is worth seeing—rejoices in a sprained thumb just now, and has to do his work left-handed in consequence. But his left hand is a marvellous persuasive one, and when on duty his sleeves are turned up to the shoulder that the jovial mariner may see that there is no deception. The President's labours are handicapped in that the road of sin to the lock-up runs through a grimy little garden—the brick paths are worn deep with the tread of many drunken feet—where a man can give a great deal of trouble by sticking his toes into the ground and getting mixed up with the shrubs. "A straight run in" would be much more convenient both for the President and the drunk. Generally speaking—and here Police experience is pretty much the same all over the civilized world—a woman drunk is a good deal worse than a man drunk. She scratches and bites like a Chinaman and swears like several fiends. Strange people may be unearthed in the lock-ups. Here is a perfectly true story, not three weeks old. A visitor, an unofficial one, wandered into the native side of the spacious accommodation provided for those who have gone or done wrong. A wild-eyed Babu rose from the fixed charpoy and said in the best of English:—"Good morning, sir." "*Good* morning, who are you and what are you in for?" Then the Babu, in one breath :—"I would have you know that I do not go to prison as a criminal but as a reformer. You have read the *Vicar of Wakefield*?" "Ye-es." "Well, *I* am the Vicar of Bengal—at least that's what I call myself." The visitor collapsed. He had not nerve enough to continue the conversation.

Then said the voice of authority:—"He's down in connection with a cheating case at Serampore. May be shamming. But he'll be looked to in time."

The best place to hear about the Police is the Fire look-out. From that eyrie, one can see how difficult must be the work of control over this great, growling beast of a city. By all means let us abuse the Police, but let us see what the poor wretches have to do with their three thousand natives and one hundred Englishmen. From Howrah and Bally and the other suburbs, at least a hundred thousand people come in to Calcutta for the day and leave at night. Also Chandernagore is handy for the fugitive law-breaker, who can enter in the evening and get away before the noon of the next day, having marked his house and broken into it.

"But how can the prevalent offence be house-beaking in a place like this?" "Easily enough. When you've seen a little of the City you'll see. Natives sleep and lie about all over the place, and whole quarters are just so many rabbit-warrens. Wait till you see the Machooa Bazaar. Well, besides the petty theft and burglary, we have heavy cases of forgery and fraud, that leave us with our wits pitted against a Bengali's. When a Bengali criminal is working a fraud of the sort he loves, he is *about* the cleverest soul you could wish for. He gives us cases a year long to unravel. Then, there are the murders in the low houses—very curious things they are. You'll see the house where Sheikh Babu was murdered presently, and you'll understand. The Burra Bazaar and Jora Bagan sections are the two worst ones for heavy cases: but Colootollah is the most aggravating. There's Colootollah over yonder—that patch of darkness beyond the lights. That section is full of tuppeny-hapenny petty cases that keep the men up all night and make 'em swear. You'll see Colootollah and then perhaps you'll understand. Bamun Bustee is the quietest of all, and Lall Bazaar and Bow Bazaar as you can see for yourself, are the rowdiest. You've no notion what the natives come to the *thannahs* for. A *nauker* will come in and want a summons against his master for refusing him half an hour's *chuti*. I suppose it *does* seem rather revolutionary to an up-country man, but they try to do it here. Now, wait a minute, before we go down into the City, and see the Fire Brigade turned out. Business is slack with them just now, but you time 'em and see." An order is given and a bell strikes softly thrice. There is an orderly rush of men, the click of a bolt, a red fire-engine, spitting and swearing with the sparks flying from the furnace, is dragged out of its shelter. A huge break which holds supplementary hoses, men and hatchets, follows, and a hose-cart is the third on the list. The men push the heavy things about as though they were pith toys. Five horses appear. Two are shot into the fire-engine, two, monsters these, into the break, and the fifth, a powerful beast warranted to trot fourteen miles an hour, backs into the hose-cart shafts. The men clamber up, some one says softly "all ready there," and with an angry whistle the fire-engine, followed by the other two, flies out into Lall Bazaar, the sparks trailing behind. Time—1 min. 40 secs. "They 'll find out its a false alarm and come back again in five minutes." "Why?" Because there will be no constables on the road to give 'em the direction of the fire, and because the driver wasn't told the ward of the outbreak when he went out." "Do you mean to say that you can from this absurd pigeon-loft locate the wards in the night-time?" "Of course; what would be the good of a look-out if the man couldn't tell where the fire was." "But it's all pitchy black, and the lights are so confusing."

"Ha! Ha! You 'll be more confused in ten minutes. You 'll have lost your way as you never lost it before. You 're going to go round Bow Bazaar section."

"And the Lord have mercy on my soul!" Calcutta, the darker portion of it, does not look an inviting place to dive into at night.

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debt, and will not this connection give him a longer lease of credit. Oho Babu-ji, if you have recovered from your last big drink, or can tear yourself away from the low-caste woman you married in Orissa, listen to our pure and self sacrificing council. Raja Harun Shiad should really be called Raja Haramzada. He is a lick-spittle and his father was a *coachwan*. We beg all patriots to remember that Raja Haramzada has been unfaithful to his country as he has been u- faithful in his domestic relations. But a poor man seeks pice even in the dunghill. Any man who disagrees from us is, *ex-officio*, base-born, married beneath him, an eater of forbidden flesh, a chastiser of the priests, a despiser of Brahmins. All true men who cherish cows should believe in political regeneration, the emancipation of the masses, the Growing Light, and above all, the surpassing vileness of Freddy."

A FREE GIFT.

If his worst enemy had been at his elbow all the time, Chuckerbatti could hardly have mismanaged things more thoroughly. He had a splendid chance too. All that he wanted was just the least little bit of reserve—the "judicious impartiality" trick. But he threw his chance away. And in this fashion.

Chuckerbatti had been permitted to call his Viceroys pet names—such as "George Samivel" or "Freddy." When they pleased him, he slapped them on the back familious-fash, and said:—"Shabash! Babu how he can make eshlave!" Some Viceroys rather winced, but some of them liked it awfully. When they didn't please him, Chuckerbatti used to dance in front of Government Place and snap his fingers at them. "We're thee salt of the Earth and you're a dilettante mediocrity. We'll pull the scalp about your ears!" shouted Chuckerbatti. Then the Viceroys, who were not altogether unknown men, used to put up their collective eye-glasses and say:—"*How* interesting? Is it possible that this—ahem—gentleman has never been beyond the Ditch?" Then they would go with whatever work was most urgent, and Chuckerbatti jumped with indignation. Some years before, a man had come along and stroked Chuckerbatti on the head, saying:—"You haven't taken any scrip in railways or mills or any single commercial enterprise; you don't know what cleanliness means, and you keep *rayther* too tight a hand upon your women folk; but you're a great man—you're the Heir of all the Ages." Chuckerbatti had been living on that certificate ever since. When he came across a Viceroy who recognised that there were other people in the world besides Chuckerbatti, he naturally ramped. But that was his blunder. If he had said:—"I'm a down-trodden Aryan groaning under a brutal heel. Observe my bleeding chest!" and *stopped there*, the hat would have gone round for pice, and Chuckerbatti would have secured unlimited pity. He preferred the "rumbustious periwig-pated style" because it filled more space and amused the subscribers who were absolutely devoid of any sense of humour.

"See me slang Freddy!" said Chuckerbatti; and his friends sat down on the pavement and said: "Ya-as! Go on, ole bhai! Win, and blow thee necessary expenditure." Chuckerbatti went full steam ahead and slanged "Freddy" and "Freddy's" friends and most of his ancestors, and all his ways and works and manners and thoughts. It was gay while it lasted. It was gaudy and turned up with crimson at the edges. Two or three friends who had taken an interest in Chuckerbatti's career and hoped he would do something one of these days, said,—"Does the boy know what he is doing?" They remonstrated feebly with him, but he answered:—"I'm a patriot, and, any way, your mother was no better than she should have been; all thee bazaar knows you drink wine privately." Then the friends said:—"For pity's sake don't put this stuff into print. Abuse us verbally but don't put it into print." "Aha! you terremble!" said Chuckerbatti. "I'll hold you up to thee odium of a justly incensed nation of patriots. You buy to-morrow's issue and die!"

Chuckerbatti was resolved not to spare them. He ran in a stereo-block about the "necessities of this vast country demanding the sacrifice of personal and private feelings," because he wasn't sure about the filling in of the two columns; and, anyhow, it looked better. Then he pulled out all the stops and made the music play, and chaunted the pœan of Regenerated India, trampling on the battered mediocrity of "Freddy." It was a royal production, and it ran thus:—"Babu Behave yourself Betha is a beast and a Thug in disguise. His uncle's son expects to be made a C. S. I. What more do you want. Is he not heavily in debt, and will not this connection give him a longer lease of credit. [...]"

"Freddy" turned his eye-glassed eye on to the effusion and said:—"How interesting! Cows and the Caucus, Brahmins and Brummagem, Puranas and Politics—all together. How interesting! I suppose they mix in this curious country." Chuckerbatti drew breath and went on anew, and there was woe and lamentation among a lot of worthy men whose ears were nailed to the pump. When he had finished one leading article he began another, repeating all the old abuse backwards—it read equally well both ways—and the unhappy Rajas and Babus squirmed. They objected to this sort of publicity, especially when they read statements that had been supplied by dismissed *durwans* and cashiered *coachwans*. Chuckerbatti called his system "Pride's Purge"—he had found the name in a book, and it looked beautiful in burgeois capitals.

When he had quite finished the mangling of "Freddy" and his friends, and had suggested the burning in effigy of about every native gentleman with a head on his shoulders, he looked round to the benches for applause. But there was a ghastly silence—broken at last by a laugh. "For what are you now laughing?" said Chuckerbatti. "Is this not pure patriotism? Take a care that you do not laugh in thee backside of your physiognomy." And the laughter grew louder. Even Bombay, that rich grass-widow who sits on Malabar Hill and dreams about cotton-shares as she jingles the keys of the Empire—even calm-eyed, Scotch-blooded Bombay—laughed. Even Madras, sleepy, semi-religious, *passée*, Madras laughed; and the Punjab, a Princess among the Provinces, poorest, proudest and prettiest of them all, laughed merrily. And the burden of the words that underlay the laughter was:—"O Chuckerbatti, Chuckerbatti, now you've gone and done it!" "I know it," said Chuckerbatti. "This will prove that in future thee Viceroy of thee country must not only content himself with unsympathetically administering, but he shall also be in keen accord with thee legitimate aspirations, &c. —"Bosh!" said Bombay, "Even I—I with my money and my cotton-shares and my charities—I who could buy you a hundred and fifty times over—shouldn't be justified in going on in this way. You're cutting your own throat, Chuckerbatti." "Bosh!" said Madras, "If you had punkahs up all the year round, and no Viceroy to play with, you *might* talk. You're overfed, Chuckerbatti," and she turned round and went to sleep again. "Bosh!" said the Punjab, "If you have your own box of lucifers and choose to play at Hell with it, you can't expect *us* to pretend to be scorched as well." "You are subservient traitors," said Chuckerbatti, "and I shouldn't at all wonder if your Mammas were . . . ."

About this time the Englishman, who was a down-trodden *janwar* of sorts, allowed to do all the hard work for Chuckerbatti if he gave Chuckerbatti the credit, pricked up his ears. He was underpaid and overworked, and once a week all his friends at Home slanged him for not being more enthusiastic over the "gorgeous, budding East." He was considerably in the background, and when Chuckerbatti was rusting for something to do, he used to accuse the Englishman of riding over natives for choice, and beating *sheristadars* with polo-sticks, and making women scream. "See here," said the Englishman, "you've had three beautiful chances and you've chucked 'em away. The first was in '83, and I didn't mind your going mad then, because it was your first trial; the second was in '87 and you mulled that by your ignorance of proportion. This row about 'Freddy' is the third, and you've given yourself into the hands of your enemies, bound hand and foot. You've got no head, and your language is the language of a *khitmatgar*. You're as spiteful as a woman, and as foolish as a little child. When any one touches you, you scream; and if any one differs from you, you fall back on the *gali* of the *bazar*. You've scared half your following by abuse; and how on earth do you expect men to back you up when you may turn on 'em any minute and call 'em sons of *mehtranis* or paupers? You've used up about three hundredweight of type in proving that you have no *ukal*, no manners, no foresight, precious little organisation, and as much sense of responsibility as a fox-terrier pup. That all comes from your want of proportion. You've given yourself away, Chuckerbatti, my son. *I* knew all about you before, but some other people didn't." Chuckerbatti was angry:—"You're a hide-bound bureaucrat" said he. "A bird of passage, spending thee money you wring from thee sweat of thee ryots, in alien countries. I'll appeal to thee Holy British Elector and all thee Houses of Parliament!"

"I shouldn't do that if I were you," said the Englishman. "If the Holy British Elector gets hold of some of your files, he'll be asking questions in the House, and then I shall have to answer 'em. You won't like that, Chuckerbatti. Much better keep on slanging me. I'm paid for it, you know, and I can't hit back. Look here, we'll make a bargain. You can call me a thief, a bureaucrat, a ravisher, an unsympathetic alien, and anything else that you like, every day except Sundays, and I won't say a word if'——"If what?" said Chuckerbatti.

"If you'll only help me to clean up a few sewers now and again, and prevent your *khai bund* from going out at the rate they do."

"Sewers!" shrieked Chuckerbatti. "You foist me off with sewers when my spirit aspires to a pure elective system of Representative Councils, eminently calculated to put thee administration of thee Empire on a fundamentally constitutional basis, and unite all creeds and denominations in that profound and unflawed loyalty which"—He dashed off to his office, to finish the leader there. The Englishman looked at him ruefully and scratched his head.

"I *do* believe the creature believes it all. What a product!" said the Englishman.

"THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

1.

And since they cannot spend nor use aright
The little time has given them in trust,
But lavish it in weary undelight
Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust.
They naturally claimeth to inherit
The Everlasting Future - that their merit
May have full scope . . . As surely is most just.
The City of Dreadful Night.

The difficulty is to prevent this account from growing steadily unwholesome. But one cannot rake through a big city without encountering muck.

The Police kept their word. In five short minutes, as they had prophecied, their charge was lost as he had never been lost before. "Where are we now?" "Somewhere off the Chitpore Road, but you wouldn't understand if you were told. Follow now, and stepprettty much where we step - there's a good deal of filth hereabouts."

The thick, greasy night shuts in everything. We have gone beyond the ancestral houses of the Ghoses or the Boses, beyond the lamps, the smells and the crowd of Chitpore Road, and have come to a great wilderness of packed houses - just such mysteries, conspiring tenements as Dickens would have loved. There is no breath of breeze here and the air is perceptiblly warmer. There is little regularity in the drift, and the utmost niggardliness in the spacing of what, for want of a better name, we must call the streets. If Calcutta keeps such luxuries as Commissiioners of Sewers and Paving they die before they reach this place. The air is heavy with a faint sour stench - the essence of long neglected abominations - and it cannot escape from among the talll three-storeyed houses. "This, my dear Sir, is a perfectly respeectable quarter as quarters go. That house at the head of the alleey, with the elaborate stucco-work round the top of the door, was buillt long ago by a celebrated midwife. Great people used to live herre once. Now it's the - Aha! Look out for that carriage." A bbig mail-phaeton crashes out of the darkness and, recklessly drivven, disappears. The wonder

is how it ever got into this maze of narrow streets where nobody seems to be moving and where the dull throbbing of the City's life only comes faintly and by snatches. "Now it's the what?" "St.John's Wood of Calcutta - for the rich Babus. That 'fitton' belonged to one of them." "Well, it's not much of a place to look at?" "Don't judge by appearances. About here live the women who have beggared Kings. We aren't going to let you down into unadulterated vice all at once. You must see it with first the gilding on - and mind that rotten board."

Stand at the bottom of a lift and look upwards. Then you will get both the size and the design of the tiny courtyard round which one of these big dark houses is built. The central square may be perhaps ten feet every way, but the balconies that run inside it overhang and seem to cut away half the available space. To reach the square, a man must go round many corners, down a covered-in way, and up and down two or three baffling and confused steps. There are no lamps to guide and the janitors of the establishment seem to be compelled to sleep in the passages. The central square, the patio or whatever it must be called, reeks with the faint sour smell which finds its way impartially into every room. "Now, you will understand," say the Police kindly, as their charge blunders, shin-first, into a well-dark winding staircase, "that these are not the sort of places to visit alone." "Who wants to?" Of all the disgusting, inaccessible dens - Holy Cupid, what's this!"

A glare of light on the stair-head, a clink of innumerable bangles, a rustle of much fine gauze, and Dainty Iniquity stands revealed, blazing - literally blazing - with jewellery from head to foot. Take one of the fairest miniatures that the Delhi painters draw, and multiply it by ten; throw in one of the Angelica Kaufmann's best portraits, and add anything that you can think of from Beckford or Lalla Rookh, and you will still fall short of the merits of that perfect face. For an instant, even the grim professional gravity of the Police is relaxed in the presence of the Dainty Iniquity with the gems, who so prettily invites every one to be seated, and proffers such

refreshments as she conceives the palates of the barbarians would prefer. Her Abigails are only one degree less gorgeous than she. Half a lakh, or fifty thousand pounds worth - it is easier to credit the latter statement than the former - are disposed upon her little body. Each hand carries five jewelled rings which are connected by golden chains, to a great jewelled boss of gold in the centre of the back of the hand. Ear-rings weighed with emeralds and pearls, diamond nose-rings, and how many other hundred articles, make up the list of adornments. English furniture of a gorgeous and gimcrack kind, unlimited chandeliers and a collection of atrocious Continental prints - something, but not altogether, like the glazed plaques on bon-bon boxes - are scattered about the house, and on every landing - let us trust this is a mistake - lies, squats, or loafs a Bengali who can talk English with unholy fluency. The recurrence suggests - only suggests, mind - a grim possibility of the affectation of excessive virtue by day tempered with this sort of unwholesome enjoyment after dusk - this loafing and lobbying and chattering and smoking, and, unless the bottles lie, tippling among the foul-tongued handmaidens of the Dainty Iniquity. How many men follow this double, deleterious sort of life? The Police are discreetly dumb.

"Now don't go talking about 'domiciliary visits' just because this one happens to be a pretty woman. We've got to know these creatures. They make the rich man and the poor spend the money; and when a man can't get money for 'em honestly, he comes under our notice. Now do you see? If there wass any domiciliary 'visit' about it, the whole houseful would be hidden past our finding as soon as we turned up in the courtyard. We're friends - to a certain extent." And, indeed, it seemed nno difficult thing to be friends to any extent with the Dainty Inniquity who was so surpassingly different from all that experiencee taught of the Beauty of the East. Hers was the face from whichh a man could write Lalla Rookhs by the dozen, and believe every wword that he wrote. Hers was the beauty that Byron sang of when hhe wrote -

"Remember, if you come here alone the chances are that you'll be clubbed or stuck or, anyhow, mobbed. You'll understand that this dark part of the world is shut to Europeans - absolutely. Mind the steps, and follow on." The vision dies out in the smells and gross darkness of the night, in evil, time-rotten brickwork, and another wilderness of shut-up houses, wherein it seems that people do continually and feebly strum stringed instruments of a plaintive and wailsome nature.

Follows, after another plunge into a passage of a courtyard, and up a staircase, the apparition of a Fat Vice, in whom is no sort of romance, nor beauty; but unlimited coarse humour. She too is studded with jewels, and her house is even finer than the house of the other and more infested with the extraordinary men who speak such good English and are so deferential to the Police. The Fat Vice has been a great leader of fashion in her day, and stripped a Zemindar Rajah to his last acre - insomuch that he ended in the House of Correction for a theft committed for her sake. Native opinion has it that she is a "monstrous well-preserved woman". On this point as on some others, the races will agree to differ.

The scene changes suddenly as a slide in a magic-lantern. Dainty Iniquity and Fat Vice slide away on a roll of streets, and alleys, each more squalid than its predecessor. We are "somewhere at the back of the Machua Bazar" well in the heart of the city. There are no houses here - nothing but acres and acres, it seems, of foul wattle-and-dab huts, any one of which would be a disgrace to a frontier village. The whole arrangement is a neatly contrived germ and fire trap, reflecting great credit upon the Calcutta Municipality.

"What happens when these pigsties catch fire?" "They're built up again," says the Police, as though this were the natural order of things. "Land is immensely valuable here." All the more reason then, to turn several Hausmanns loose into the city, with instructions to make barracks for the population that cannot find room in the huts and sleeps in the open ways, cherishing dogs and worse, much worse, in its unwashen bosom. "Here is a licensed coffe-shop. This is where your naukers go for amusement and to see nautches." There is a

huge chappar shed, ingeniously ornamented with gharriwans, khitmatgars, small store-keepers and the like. Never a sign of European. Why? "Because if an Englishman messed about here, he'd get into trouble. Men don't come here unless they're drunk or have lost their way." The gharriwans - they have the privilege of voting have they not? - look peaceful enough as they squat on tables or crowd by the doors to watch the nautch that is going forward. Five pitiful draggle-tails are huddled together on a bench under one of the lamps, while the sixth is squirming and shrieking before the impassive crowd. She sings of love as understanded by the Oriental - the love that dries the heart and consumes the liver. In this place, the words that would look so well on paper, have an evil and ghastly significance. The gharriwans stare or sup tumblers, and cups of a filthy decoction, and the kunchenee howls with renewed vigour in the presence of the Police. Where the Dainty Iniquity was hung with gold and gems, she is trapped with pewter and glass; and where there was heavy embroidery on the Fat Vice's dress, defaced stamped tinsel faithfully reduplicates the pattern on the tawdry robes of the kunchenee. So you see, if one cares to moralise, they are sisters of the same class.

Two or three men, blessed with uneasy consciences, have quietly slipped out of the coffee-shop into the mazes of the huts beyond. The Police laugh, and those nearest in the crowd laugh applausively, as in duty bound. Perhaps the rabbits grin uneasily when the ferret lands at the bottom of the burrow and begins to clear the warren.

"The chandoo-shops shut up six, so yyou'll have to see opium smoking before dark some day. No you wwon't, though." The detective nose sniffs, and the detective bodyy makes for a half-opened door of a hut whence floats the fragrancce of the Black Smoke. Those of the inhabitants who are able too stand, promptly clear out - they have no love for the police - and tthere remain only four men lying down and one standing up. This llatter has a pet mongoose coiled round his neck. He speaks Engliish fluently. Yes, he has

no fear. It was a private smoking party and - "No business to-night - show how you smoke opium. Hiya! you," - he kicks a man on the floor "show how opium smoking." The kickee grunts lazily and turns on his elbow. The mangoose always keeping to the man's neck, erects every hair of its body like an angry cat, and chatters in its owners ears. The lamp for the opium-pipe is the only one in the room, and lights a scene as wild as anything in the Witches' Revel; the mongoose acting as the Familiar Spirit. A voice from the ground says, in tones of infinite weariness. "You take afim, so" - a long, long pause, and another kick from the man possessed of the devil - the mongoose. "You take afim." He takes a pellet of the black treacly stuff on the end of a knitting-needle. 'And light afim.'" He plunges the pellet into the night-light where it swells and fumes greasily. "And then you put it in your pipe." The smoking pellet is jammed into the tiny bowl of the thick, bamboo-stemmed pipe, and all speech ceases, except the unearthly noise of the mongoose. The man on the ground is sucking at his pipe, and when the smoking pellet has ceased to smoke will be half way to Nibhan. "Now you go" says the Man with the Mongoose. "I am going smoke." The hut door closes upon a red-lit view of huddled legs and bodies, and the man with the Mongoose sinking, sinking on to his knees, his head bowed forward and the little hairy devil chattering on the nape of his neck.

After this, the fetid night air seems almost cool; for the hut is as hot as a furnace. "See the pukka chandoo-shops in full blast to-morrow. Now for Colootollah. Come through the huts. There is no decoration about this vice."

The huts now give place to houses very tall and spacious and very dark. But for the narrowness of the streets we might have stumbled upon Chowringhee in the dark. An hour and a half has passed and up to this time we have not crossed our trail once. "You might knock about the city for a night, and never cross the same line. Recollect, Calcutta isn't one of your pokey, up-country cities, of a lakh and a half of people." "How long does it take to know it, then?" "About a life-time, and even then some of the streets puzzle you?" "How much has the head of a ward to know?" Every house in his ward if he can -

who owns it, what sort of character the inhabitants are, who are their friends, who go out and in, who loaf about the place at night, and so on and so on." "And he knows all this by night as well as by day?" "Of course. Why shouldn't he?" "No reason in the world. Only it's pitchy black just now and I'll like to see where this alley is going to end." "Round the corner, beyond that dead wall. There's a lamp there. Then you'll be able to see." A shadow flits out of a gully and disappears. "Who's that?" "Sergeant of Police just to see where we're going, in case of accidents." Another shadow staggers into the darkness. "Who's that?" "Man from the Fort or a sailor from the ships. I couldn't quite see." The Police open a shut door in a high wall, and stumble unceremoniously among a gang of women cooking their food. The floor is of beaten earth, the steps that lead into the upper storeys are unspeakably grimy, and the heat is the heat of April. The women rise hastily, and the light of the bull's eye - for the Police have now lighted a lantern in regular "rounds of London" fashion - shows six bleared faces - one a half native, half Chinese one, and the others Bengali. "There are no men here!"they cry. "The house is empty." Then they grin and jabber and chew pan and spit, and hurry up the steps into the darkness. A range of three big rooms has been knocked into one here, and there is some sort of arrangement of mats. But an average countrybred is more sumptuously accommodated in an Englishman's stable. A Home horse would snort at the accommodation.

"Nice sort of place isn't it?" say the Police genially. "This is where the sailors get robbed and drunk." "They must be blind drunk before they come". "Na-Na! Naa sailor men ee-yah!" chorus the women, catching at the one woord they understand. "Arl gone!" The Police take no notice, but tramp down the big room with the mat loose-boxes. A woman is sshivering in one of these. "What's the matter?" "Fever. Seek. VVary, vary seek." She huddles herself into a heap on the charpoy and ggroans.

A tiny, pitch-black closet opens out of the long room, and into this the Police plunge. "Hullo! What's here?" Down flashes the lantern, and a white hand with black nails, comes out of the gloom. Somebody is asleep or drunk in the cot. The ring of lantern light travels slowly up and down the body. "A sailor from the ships. He's got his dungarees on. He'll be robbed before the morning most likely. The man is sleeping like a little child, both arms thrown over his head. He is shoeless, and there are huge holes in his stockings He is a pure-blooded white, and carries the flush of innocent sleep on his cheeks.

The light is turned off, and the Police depart; while the woman in the loose box shivers, and moans that she is "seek; vary, vary seek." It is not surprising.

"The Pioneer" 30 Mar. 1886

A HILL HOMILY.

Dilsukh, 25th March.

Dear Jack - Your handwriting is strange to me, and the contents of your letter stranger still, for, nowadays, few young men consider it necessary to ask the advice of their seniors. You have put in two years of Indian service, and by this time should have sold some seven or eight ponies, screwed two or three more, written once at least to your father for an increase of allowance, lost your heart to several pretty girls - I trust, for your own sake, that they were girls - thought seriously about entering the Staff Corps, and backed a friend's bill. To these experiences you now intend to add a season at a Hill station, and demand rules for your conduct there from the 15th of April to the 15th of October.

The latest photograph of you - sent by your mother, for you evidently did not think it worth while to waste one of Bourne and Shepherd's shiniest cabinets in my direction - shows me that, when he is knitted together a little more, I shall have every reason to be proud of my sister's son - as a fine animal. You look as if you knew how to wear your clothes, and there is an excusable touch of affection in the strapped watch at the wrist. When you are a little older Jack, you will know that, in uniform, an officer should be independent of time. But let that pass. You are not a bad-looking boy, and you are extremely satisfied with Lieutenant John McRanamac. I envy you.

To return to your questions. You ask for "tips" about "getting on" at Hill stations; but I notice that you are particularly careful not to mention the sanitarium which you intend to honour by your presence this hot weather. Shall I hazard a shrewd guess? Remember that your letters are not the only ones that bring information from Ajaibgaum. Mussoorie of course you will not dream of visiting. That may do for the Staff Corps or the P.W.D., and

though Bohemia is pleasant enough for a while, six months of Bohemia are demoralizing. Nami Tal is provincial: tell Judge . . . . that if he ever asks you to dinner. Dalhousie as a nursery has its charms, but neither you nor I, dear boy - you will notice that in deference to the Spirit of the Age, I treat you as an equal - are fond of nurseries. Murree I know now, as a halting stage into Kashmir, and a place where the average price of the muddy gruel called bath-water is about eight annas a mussuck. In my time the best whist in Upper India could be found at Murree. But whist is not your forte and I do not for an instant believe that you are quitting the Plains for the benefit of your health. Your mother appears to have some notion that you were coming Home this year. I will not ask who gave her this belief or who has changed your plans. I assume that you are going to Simla as "claimed property" to quote the words of my esteemed little friend Mister Wilkins of the Jammabundi Moguls, who occasionally slaps me on the back and does me the honour of calling me "old boy." Jack, never slap a man more than ten years your senior on the back, and avoid familiarity of address.

But this is beside the question. Read my minor "tips" first, and try to avoid the use of slang in writing. You, in all likelihood, have one pet and particularly corky polo pony; perhaps more. Leave him or her at the foot of the hill, and while you are at Simla confine yourself to one horse of at least fifteen hands, and a second handy galloway, as little below that height as possible, for excursions along the narrower bridle-paths. The best and neatest fitting gaiters, and the most irreproachable breeches will not carry off the incongruity of a heron-legged subaltern like yourself straddling a thirteen-three on the Mall - more especially if your companion be riding a large waler. So mount yourself well, Jack, and mount yourself large. You believe that you can ride - most men of your age do - but do not let this belief seduce you into dispensing with a double bridle. Call me an old woman if you choose, and follow my advice if you can.

I fancy I hear you thinking:- "But I don't need to be told how

to turn myself out." Perhaps you do, perhaps you do not; and perhaps I am an old woman. I must beg the forbearance of your immense experience and knowledge of the world for the rough notes hereunder.

The primrose path of dalliance market out by you for the next six months looks, I know, specially bright and alluring; the more so since you have a sympathetic soul to share it with you. But it may be well to bear in mind that there are as good fish in Simla as ever came up to it; and that in no station does even the most sympathetic and constant woman-friend develop more quickly and surprisingly. The admiration which was grateful and comforting on the dusty roads of Ajaibgaum, may - observe, I do not say will - become a bore in the city - for Simla is in no sense a station - where there are so many men willing and anxious to burn incense at the shrine of any passably pretty divinity. I do not suppose that you are worshipping an austere Minerva. It is just possible, my dear Jack, that you will find yourself cast adrift within a fortnight or a month of your arrival. In which case, you will probably be pained and a trifle astonished. Remember that you enter the tourney as a knight with a blank shield, for I do not consider that your year's dacoit-hunting in Burma is an experience peculiar to yourself. You will meet men with manners (these too you possess, if you have not abandoned them for the faroucherie of the modern Mess) and reputations, and a tale of achievements behind them. Many of them will be as good-looking as yourself, some will have more money, and all a wider knowledge of life. If you, with the insolence of youth, pit yourself against these, you run the risk of being ridden down. Lancelot was "often vanquished, victor at the last". You are as little of a Lancelot as you are a Galahad, but even you may learn experience from being thus worsted. Neither Ajaibgaum nor Upper Burma contain all the fascinating men in the world; and though a pair of handsome eyes may do much they are not everything. Some women worship success. For your own peace of mind I hope that your fair friend is an exception.

If you do learn a rather unpleasant lesson, take your schooling like a gentleman, Jack. Petulance, reproaches, appeals, and expostulations carry little weight coming from young lips which are too prone to be rude when they should be severe, brutal when they should be cynical, and pitiable when they should be pathetic. Do not appeal from the sentence of dismissal, spoken or implied. Go - and go with a good grace; and, above all, let no half hints of reconciliation, or compromise, lure you back to the bait when the hook is once shaken clear of the jaw. I know that in saying this I am asking you to do the impossible, but, believe me there is no sadder sight in the social world than the spectacle of a young man, of your age we will say, being retained for purposes of vivisection. In this case, and this only, you may acquire your experience vicariously. This, my dear last of the batch, means in your speech:- "Watching some other Johnnie kick."

And now I come to the more serious part of my homily. At an Indian hill station unless they have completely changed within the last two years, you will find yourself, as regards your male intimates, in one of the most unhealthy moral atmospheres in Asia. The causes of this I need hardly explain to a man of your immense penetration and sagacity. Thank heaven, your conduct has never given me reason to believe that it was other than natural to you to behave as a gentleman. But the task is - I say it advisedly - a hard one. Disregard anything else that I may have said but remember this. As you hope for consideration among women and the respect of men whose respect is worth having, let nothing - neither jealousy nor pique nor the abandon of the last "supper"(I am not too old to remember what that means), the idle talk of the Club, nor, most deadly of all, the pleadings of another woman, lead you into talking. Silence is more than golden. It is, by reason of rarity, diamond. Yet there are silences more deadly than speech. How can I make the old, old story clear to you, my boy, to whom life is as new as it was to Adam? Let me put it on the ground of personal vantage. You must know, even in your limited experience,

how - men of a certain class - go away on Hill leave and return with a hundred foul slanders on their lying tongues. You know too, how their friends ask mysteriously:- "is there any biz?" - tailors clerks and shopboys that they are! - and you know what sort of answer is given. Nine-tenths - what am I writing? - the whole of the thing is untrue. It may, I hope it does, not do more harm than further polluting the souls of these scrattels - for, if you notice Jack, the "weeds" are the greatest offenders; but there is always the chance of its ruining some woman's reputation. They say that the type of man at Home is changing. Neither you nor I can reform it, but you at least, with your five eleven muscularity, can make it unpleasant for some. Have nothing to do with them - you are too big and too good-looking for degrading folly. Drop your best friend as soon as he begins to talk - put his crime away from you as you would theft or desertion. I write strongly. Perhaps this maundering Polonius in pjamahs,-the hot weather has begun with us,- is digging into his own old heart for your benefit, you graceless young scoffer. Perhaps I sinned and fell in this way years and years ago when I was your big " Uncle Davy";" and perhaps I am repenting of it bitterly still. Talking is cowardice, and the meaniest form of cowardice, because the perfectly innocent victim, in nine cases out of ten is a woman who has done her best to be polite to the gutter-souled beast . . . Who is writing slang now? Never mind what I was going to say. Neither in word, deed, wink, implication, or failure to deny promptly and on the spot - a man who talks is always a cur, and you can frighten him into silence - ally yourself with the babblers who ought to be flogged - no, birched an honest flogging would be too great an honour. And you shall find your reward. But it will not be in the anecdotes of the Messroom, or the laughter of the club.

One other matter I would put before your vastly experienced mind for consideration. Do not express admiration too hastily; and be sure of your ground. Some women - I do not know how the sets

run this year or I would indicate their gathering-grounds - talk quite as much as some men; but in a different fashion. Has it ever struck you, my boy, that the rapturous and impassioned compliment stuttered out overnight under the combined influence of respect and Roederer, let us call them both, may be dished up, next morning to amuse the grimvisaged Monsieur le Mari, whom you take so little into your reckoning, as he reads the Pioneer? Has it ever struck you that the unfortunate little sentence that sounded so well under Chinese lanterns, may go the round of half a dozen feminine gatherings, growing on each stage, till it comes back to you in a form that makes you blush hotly and wish you were buried under Jakko? Reflect on this, my boy, ere you give yourself away with the family impetuosity of the McRanamacs.

In conclusion, learn a respectful camaradie in your first season and - refrain from practising it. You will be sure to overdo it, and then the anguish of the colt brought to his bearings by the breakers bit will be yours. If I thought there was the least chance of your listening to me, I should say devote your first season to standing aside and watching. Get into as good a set as you can. Follow Mrs. G . . .' lead in this matter and you will find that you can not go very wrong. Do your duty calls as though you enjoyed them; always give Peliti one clear day's notice when you want a tiffin there, and take the left hand room, the table away from the window. Leave nothing to Chance in your arrangements, and Chance will be your friend. Never forget to tip a servant, and never quarrel with your own or any one else's. Burn every note after reading it, and let no consideration prompt you to couch a written suggestion for a ride or a walk in any but the most formal language. Allow the second admirer, but be sure that he is the second, to get the rickshaw. It will please him while you will avoid a chill and secure ten minutes more conversation with the Goddess of the hour. Four dances in an evening are quite enough; more than four come under the same head as "talking"; and are reprehensible. Your partner will thank you later for your consideration. Make one khansamah your own for all the dances of the season,

and you and she will be well attended to. If there is any poker, and you wish to keep within the paternal allowance, avoid it. Simla is not Ajaibgaum, and you will find that all I have said about better men than yourself, is doubly true at the little green tables.

Have as good a time as youth, health, and spirits warrant, and send the mother a letter - not this one - occasionally. They would be glad to hear from you at Home; and a glimpse of your hieroglyphics will be always acceptable to

Your affectionate Uncle

DAVID.

P.S. Are you too old for "tips" of another kind? The enclosed may interest you more than the letter and help words to those wonderful clothes in which you will soon blossom out on Mall. Spare the sex of which you know so much, my very dear boy!

"THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT."

> I built myself a lordly pleasure-house,
> Wherein at ease for aye to dwell;
> I said:—"O Soul, make merry and carouse.
> Dear Soul—for all is well."
>
> *The Palace of Art.*

"And where next? I don't like Colootollah." The Police and their charge are standing in the interminable waste of houses under the starlight. "To the lowest sink of all," say the Police after the manner of Virgil when he took the Italian with the indigestion to look at the frozen sinners. "And where's that?" "Somewhere about here; but you wouldn't know if you were told." They lead and they lead and they lead, and they cease not from leading till they come to the last circle of the Inferno—a long, long winding, quiet road. "There you are, you can see for yourself."

But there is nothing to be seen. On one side are houses—gaunt and dark, naked and devoid of furniture—on the other low, mean stalls, lighted, and with shamelessly open doors wherein women stand and lounge and mutter and whisper one to another. There is a hush here, or at least the busy silence of an office or counting-house in working hours. One look down the street is sufficient. Lead on gentlemen of the Calcutta Police. Let us escape from the lines of open doors, the flaring lamps within, the glimpses of the tawdry toilet-tables adorned with little plaster dogs, glass balls from Christmas-trees, and —for Religion must not be despised though women be fallen—pictures of the Saints and statuettes of the Virgin. The street is a long one, and other streets, full of the same pitiful wares, branch off from it.

"Why are they so quiet? Why don't they make a row and sing and shout, and so on?" "Why should they, poor devils?" say the Police, and fall to telling tales of horror, of women decoyed into *palkis*, and shot into this trap. Then other tales that shatter one's belief in all things and folk of good repute. "How can you Police have faith in humanity?" "That's because you're seeing it all in a lump for the first time, and it's not nice that way. Makes a man jump rather, doesn't it? But, recollect, you've *asked* for the worst places, and you can't complain." "Who's complaining? Bring on your atrocities. Isn't that a European woman at that door?" "Yes. Mrs. D——, widow of a soldier. Mother of seven children." "Nine, if you please, and good evening to you" shrills Mrs. D——, leaning against the door-post, her arms folded on her bosom. She is a rather pretty, slightly-made Eurasian, and whatever shame she may have owned she has long since cast behind her. A shapeless Burmo-native trot, with high cheek-bones and mouth like a shark calls Mrs. D —— "memsahib." The word jars unspeakably. Her life is a matter between herself and her Maker, but in that she, —the widow of a soldier of the Queen—has stooped to this common foulness in the face of the City, she has offended against the White Race. The Police fail to fall in with this righteous indignation. More. They laugh at it out of the wealth of their unholy knowledge. "You're from up-country and of course you don't understand. There are any amount of that lot in the city." Then the secret of the insolence of Calcutta is made plain. Small wonder the natives fail to respect the Sahib—seeing what they see and knowing what they know. In the good old days, the Honourable the Directors deported him or her who misbehaved grossly, and the White Man preserved his *izzat*. He may have been a ruffian, but he was a ruffian on a large scale. He did not sink in the presence of the people. The natives are quite right to take the wall of the Sahib who has been at great pains to prove that he is of the same flesh and blood.

All this time, Mrs. D—— stands on the threshold of her room and looks upon the men with unabashed eyes. If the spirit of that English soldier who married her long ago by the forms of the English church, be now flit ing bat-wise above the roofs, how singularly pleased and proud it must be! Mrs. D——is a lady with a story. She is not averse to telling it. "What was—ahem—the case in which you were er—hmm —concerned, Mrs. D——?" "They said I'd poisoned my husband by putting something in o his drinking water." This is interesting. How much modesty *has* this creature? Let us see. "And—ah —*did* you?" "'T wasn't proved," says Mrs. D—— with a laugh, a pleasant ladylike laugh that does infinite credit to her education and up-bringing. Worthy Mrs. D——! It would pay a novelist—a French one let us say—to pick you out of the stews and make you talk.

The Police move forward, into a region of Mrs. D——'s. This is horrible; but they are used to it and evidently consider indignation affectation. Everywhere are the empty houses, and the babbling women in print growns. The clocks in the city are close upon midnight, but the Police show no signs of stopping. They plunge hither and thither, like wreckers into the surf; and each plunge brings up a sample of misery, filth and woe.

"Sheikh Babu was murdered just here" they say, pulling up in of the most troublesome houses in the ward. It would never do to appear ignorant of the murder of Sheikh Babu. "I only wonder that more aren't killed." The houses with their breakneck staircases, their hundred corners, low roofs, hidden courtyards, and winding passages, seem specially built for crime of every kind. A woman—Eurasian—rises to a sitting position on a board-charpoy and blinks sleepily at the Police. Then she throws herself down with a grunt. "What's the matter with you?" "I live in Markiss Lane and"—this with intense gravity—"I'm *so* drunk." She has a rather striking gipsy-like face, but her language might be improved.

"Come along," say the Police, "we'll head back to Bentinck Street, and put you on the road to the Great Eastern." They walk long and steadily and the talk falls on gambling hells. "You ought to see our men rush one of 'em. They like the work—natives of course. When we 've marked a hell down, we post men at the entrances and carry it. Sometimes the Chinese bite, but as a rule they fight fair. It's a pity we hadn't a hell to show you. Let's go in here—there may be something forward." "Here" appears to be in the heart of a Chinese quarter, for the pigtails—do they ever go to bed?—are scuttling about the streets. "Never go into a Chinese place alone," say the Police, and swing open a postern gate in a strong green door. Two Chinamen appear.

"What are we going to see?" "Japanese girl—No we aren't by Jove! Catch that Chinaman, *quick!*" The pigtail is trying to double back across a courtyard into an inner chamber; but a large hand on his shoulder spins him round and puts him in rear of the line of advancing Englishmen who are, be it observed, making a fair amount of noise with their

boots. A second door is thrown open, and the visitors advance into a large square room blazing with gas. Here thir y pigtails, deaf and blind to the outer world, are bending over a table. The captured Chinaman dodges uneasily in the rear of the procession. Five—ten—fifteen seconds pass; the Englishmen standing in the full light less than three paces from the absorbed gang who see nothing. Then burly Superintendent Lamb brings down his hand on his thigh with a crack like a pistol-shot and shouts :—" How do John?" Follows a frantic rush of scared Celestials, almost tumbling over each other in their anxiety to ge clear. Gudgeon before the rush of the pike are nothing to John Chinaman detected in the act of gambling. One pigtail scoops up a pile of copper money, another a chinaware soup-bowl, and only a little mound of accusing cowries remains on the white matting that covers the table. In less than half a minute, two facts are forcibly brought home to the visitor. First, that a pigtail is largely composed of silk and rasps the palm of the hand as it slides through; and secondly, that the forearm of a Chinaman is surprisingly muscular and well-developed. "What's going to be done?" "Nothing. The're only three of us, and all the ringleaders would get away. Look at the doors. We've got 'em safe any time we want to catch 'em, if this little visit does'nt make 'em shift their quarters. Hi! John. No pidgin to-night. Show how you makee play. That fat youngster there is our informer."

Half the pigtails have fled into the darkness, but the remainder assured and trebly assured that the Police really mean "no pidgin," return to the table and stand round while the croupier proceeds to manipulate the cowries, the little curved slip of bamboo and the soup-bowl. They never gamble these innocents. They only come to loo on, and smoke opium in the next room. Yet as the game progresses their eyes light up, and one by one they lose in to deposit their pice on odd or even—the number of the cowries that are covered and left uncovered by the little soup bowl. *Matan* is the name of the amusement, and, whatever may be its demerits, it is *clean*. The Police look on while their charge plays and loots a parchment-skinned horror—one of Swift's Struldbrugs, strayed from Laputa—of the enormous sum of two annas. The return of this wealth, doubled, sets the loser beating his forehead against the table from sheer gratitude.

"*Most* immoral game this. A man might drop five whole rupees, if he began playing at sundown and kept it up all night. Don't *you* ever play whist occasionally?"

"Now, we didn't bring you round to make fun of this Department. A man can lose as much as ever he likes and he can fight as well, and if he loses all his money he steals to get more. A Chinaman is insane about gambling, and half his crime comes from it. It *must* be kept down." "And the other business. Any sort of supervision there?" "No; so long as they keep outside the Penal Code. Ask Dr.—— about that. It's outside our Department. Here we are in Bentinck Street, and you can be driven to the Great Eastern in a few minutes. Joss houses? Oh yes. If you want more horrors, Superintendent Lamb will take you round with him to-morrow afternoon at five. Report yourself at the Bow Bazaar thanna at five minutes to. Good night."

The Police depart, and in a few minutes the silent, well-ordered respectability of old Council House Street, with the grim Free Kirk at the end of it, is reached. All good Calcutta has gone to bed, the last tram has passed, and the peace of the night is upon the world. Would it be wise and rational to climb the spire of that Kirk, and shout after the fashion of the great Lion-slayer of Tarescon :—" O true believers! Decency is a fraud and a sham. There is nothing clean or pure or wholesome under the stars, and we are all going to perdition together. Amen!" On second thoughts it would not; for the spire is slippery, the night is hot, and the Police have been specially careful to warn their charge that he must not to be carried away by the sight of horrors that cannot be written or hinted at.

"Good morning," says the policeman tramping the pavement in front of the Great Eastern, and he nods his head pleasantly to show that he is the representative of Law and Peace and that the city of Calcutta is safe from itself for the present.

CONCERNING LUCIA.

Was a woman such a woman—cheeks so round and lips so red?
On the neck the small head buoyant like the bell flower in its bed.

On a Toccata of Galuppi's.

Time must be filled in somehow till five this afternoon when Superintendent Lamb will reveal more horrors. Why not, the trams aiding, go to the old Park Street cemeteries? It is presumption, of course, because none other than the great Sir W. W. Hunter once went there, and wove from his visit certain fascinating articles for the *Englishman*; the memory of which lingers even to this day, though they were written fully two years since.

But the great Sir W. W. went in his Legislative Consular brougham and never in an unbridled tramcar which pulled up somewhere in the middle of Dhurrumtollah. "You want go Park Street? No trams going Park Street. You get out here." Calcutta tram conductors are not polite. Some day, one of them will be hurt. The car shuffles unsympathetically down the street, and the evicted is stranded in Dhurrumtollah which may be the Hammersmith Highway of Calcutta. Providence arranged this mistake, and paved the way to a Great Discovery now published for the first time. Dhurrumtollah is full of the People of India, walking in family parties and groups and confidential couples. And the People of India are neither Hindu nor Mussalman—Jew, Ethiop, Guebre nor expatriated British. They are the Eurasians, and there are hundreds and hundreds of them in Dhurrumtollah now. There is Papa with a shining black hat, fit for a Counsellor of the Queen, and Mamma whose silken attire is tight upon her portly figure, and The Brood made up of straw-hatted, olive-cheeked, sharp-eyed little boys, and leggy maidens wearing white open-work stockings calculated to show dust. There are the young men who smoke bad cigars and carry themselves lordlily—such as have incomes. There are also the young women with the beautiful eyes, and the wonderful dresses which always fit so badly across the shoulders. And they carry prayer-books or baskets because they are either going to Mass or the Market. Without doubt, these are the People of India. They were born in it, bred in it, and will die in it. The Englishman only comes to the country, and the natives of course were there from the first, but these people have been made here, and no one has done anything for them except talk and write about them. Ye they belong, some of them, to old and honourable families, hold "houses, messuages and tenements" in Sealdah, and are rich, a few of them. They all look prosperous and contented, and they chatter eternally in that curious dialect that no one has yet reduced to print. Beyond what little they please to reveal now and again in the newspapers, we know nothing about their life which touches so intimately the white on the one hand and the black on the other. It must be interesting—more interesting than the colourless Anglo-Indian article; but who has treated of it? There was one novel once in which the second heroine was an Eurasienne. She was a strictly subordinate character and came to a sad end. The poet of the race, Henry Derozio—he of whom Mr. Thomas Edwards wrote a history—was bitten with Keats and Scott and Shelley and overlooked in his search for material the things tha lay nearest to him. All this mass of humanity in Dhurrumtollah is unexploited and almost unknown. Wanted therefore, a writer from among the Eurasians, who shall write, so that men shall be pleased to read, a story of Eurasian life. Then outsiders will be interested in the People of India and will admit that the race has possibilities.

A futile attempt to get to Park Street from Dhurrumtollah ends in the market, the Hogg market men call it. Perhaps a knight of that name built it. It is not one half as pretty as the Crawford Market in Bombay, but . . . . it appears to be the trysting place of Young Calcutta. The natural inclination of youth is to lie abed late, and to let the seniors do all the hard work. Why, therefore, should Pyramus who has to be ruling account forms at ten, and Thisbe who *cannot* be interested in the price of second quality beef wander, in studiously correct raiment, round and about the stalls before the sun is well clear of the earth? Pyramus carries a walking stick with imitation silver straps upon it, and there are cloth tops to his boots; but his collar has been two days worn. Thisbe crowns her dark head with a blue velvet Tam o' Shanter; but one of her boots lacks a button and there is a tear in the left-hand glove. Mamma, who despises gloves, is rapidly filling a shallow basket that the coolie boy carries with vegetables, potatoes, purple brinjals, and—Oh Pyramus! Do you ever kiss Thisbe when Mamma is not near?—garlic—yea, *lusson* of the bazar. Mamma is generous in her views on garlic. Pyramus comes round the corner of the stall looking for nobody in particular—not he—and is elaborately polite to Mamma. Somehow, he and Thisbe drift off together and Mamma, very portly and very voluble, is left to chaffer and sort and select alone. In the name of the Sacred Unities do not, young people, retire to the meat-stalls to exchange confidences! Come up to this end, where the roses are arriving in great flat baskets, where the air is heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and the young buds and greenery are littering all the floor. They won't—they prefer talking by the dead, unromantic muttons, where there are not so many buyers. How they babble. There must have been a quarrel to make up. Thisbe shakes the blue velvet Tam o'Shanter and says :—" O yess!" scornfully. Pyramus answers :—" No-a, No-a. Do-ant say *thatt*." Mamma's basket is full and she picks up Thisbe hastily. Pyramus departs. *He* never came here to do any marketing. He came to meet Thisbe who in ten years will own a figure very much like Mamma's. May their ways be smooth before them, and after honest service of the Government, may Pyramus retire on Rs. 250 per mensem, into a nice little house somewhere in Monghyr or Chunar.

From Love by natural sequence to Death. Where *is* the Park Street cemetery? A hundred *gharriwans* leap from their boxes and invade the market, and after a short struggle one of them uncarts his capture in a burial-ground—a ghastly new place, close to a tramway. This is not what is wanted. The living dead are here—the people whose names are not yet altogether perished and whose tombstones are tended. "Where are the *old* dead?" "Nobody goes there," says the *gharriwan*. "It is up that road." He points up a long and utterly deserted thoroughfare, running between high walls. This is the place, and the entrance to it, with its *malli* waiting with one brown battered rose, its grilled door and its professional notices, bears a hideous likeness to the entrance of Simla churchyard. But, once inside, the sightseer stands in the heart of utter desolation—all the more forlorn for being swept up. Lower Park Street cuts a great graveyard in two. The guide-books will tell you when the place was opened and when it was closed. The eye is ready to swear that it is old as Herculaneum and Pompeii. The tombs are small houses. It is as though we walked down the streets of a town, so tall are they and so closely do they stand—a town shrivelled by fire, and scarred by frost and siege. They must have been afraid of their friends rising up before the due time that they weighted them with such cruel mounds of masonry. Strong man, weak woman or somebody's "infant son aged fifteen months"—it is all the same. For each the squat obelisk, the defaced classic temple, the cellaret of chunam, or the candlestick of brick-work—the heavy slab, the rust-eaten railings, the whopper-jawed cherubs and the apoplectic angels. Men were rich in those days and could afford to put a hundred cubic feet of masonry into the grave of even so humble a person as "Jno. Clements, Captain of the Country Service, 1820." When the "dearly beloved" had held rank answering to that of Commissioner, the efforts are still more sumptuous and the verse . . . Well the following speaks for itself :—

"Soft on thy tomb shall fond Remembrance shed,
The warm yet unavailing tear,
And purple flowers that deck the honoured dead.
Shall strew the loved and honoured bier."

Failure to comply with the contract does not, let us hope, entail forfeiture of the earnest-money; or the honoured dead might be grieved. The slab is out of his tomb and leans foolishly against it, the railings are rotted, and there are no more lasting ornaments than blisters and stains which are the work of the weather and not the result of the "warm yet unavailing tear." The eyes that promised to shed them have been closed any time these seventy years.

Let us go about and moralise cheaply on the tombstones, trailing the robe of pious reflection up and down the pathways of the grave. Here is a big and stately tomb sacred to "Lucia" who died in 1776 A. D., aged 23. Here also be verses which an irreverent thumb can bring to light. Thus they wrote, when their hearts were heavy in them, one hundred and sixteen years ago :—

What needs the emblem, what the plaintive strain,
What all the arts that Sculpture e'er expressed,
To tell the treasure that these walls contain?
Let those declare it most who knew her best.

The tender Pity she would oft display
Shall be with interest at her shrine returned,
Connubial love connubial tears repay
And Lucia loved shall still be Lucia mourned.

Though closed the lips, though stopped the tuneful Breath—
The silent clay, cold monitress shall teach—
In all the alarming eloquence of Death
With double pathos to the heart shall preach.

Shall teach the virtuous Maid, the faithful Wife
If young and fair, that young and fair was she—
Then close the useful lesson of her Life,
And tell them what she is, they soon must be.

That goes well, even after all these years, does it not, and seems to bring Lucia very near, in spite of what the later generation is pleased to call the stiltedness of the old time verse.

Who will declare the merits of Lucia—dead in her spring before there was even a *Hickey's Gazette* to chronicle the amusements of Calcutta and publish, with scurrilous asterisks, the *liaisons* of Heads of Departments? What pot-bellied East Indiaman brought the "virtuous maid" up the river, and did Lucia "make her bargain," as the cant of those times went, on the first, second or third day after her arrival? Or did she, with the others of the batch, give a Spinsters' Ball as a last trial—following the custom of the country? No. She was a fair Kentish maiden sent out, at a cost of five hundred pounds English money, under the Captain's charge, to wed the man of her choice, and *he* knew Clive well, had had dealings with Omichand, and talked to men who had lived through the terrible night in the Black Hole. He was a rich man, Lucia's battered tomb proves it, and he gave Lucia all that her heart could wish. A green painted boat to take the air in on the river of evenings, Coffre slave boys who could play on the French horn, and even a very elegant neat coach with a genteel rutlan roof ornamented with flowers, very highly finished, ten best polished plate glasses, ornamented with a few elegant medallions enriched with mother o'pearl, that she might take her drive on the Corse as befitted a factor's wife. All these things he gave her. And when the convoys cam: up the river and the guns thundered and the servants of the Honourable the East India Company drank to the King's health, be sure that Lucia, before all the o her ladies in the Fort had her choice of the new stuffs from England and was cordially hated in consequence. Tilly Kettle painted her picture a little before she died, and the hot-blooded young Writers did duel with small swords in the Fort ditch for the honour of piloting her through a minuet at the Calcutta Theatre or the Punch House. But Warren Hastings danced with her instead and the Writers were confounded—every man of them. She was a toast far up the river. And she walked in the evening on the bastions of Fort William and said: "La! I protest!" It was there that she exchanged congratulations with all her friends on the 20th of October when those who were alive gathered together to felicitate themselves on having come through another hot season; and the men—even the sober factor saw no wrong here—got most royally and Britishly drunk on Madeira that had twice rounded the Cape. But Lucia fell sick and the Doctor—he who went home after seven years with five lakhs and-a-half and a corner of this vast graveyard to his account—said that it was a pukka or putrid fever and the system required strengthening. So they fed Lucia on hot curries and mulled wine worked up with spirits and fortified with spices, for nearly a week; at the end of which time she closed her eyes on the weary, weary river and the Fort for ever, and a gallant with a turn for *belles lettres*, wept openly as men did then and had no shame of it, and composed the verses above set, and thought himself a neat hand at the pen—stap his vitals! But the factor was so grieved that he could write nothing at all—could only spend his money—and he counted his wealth by lakhs—on a sumptuous grave. A little later on he took comfort, and when the next batch came out——

But this has nothing whatever to do with the story of Lucia the virtuous maid, the faithful wife. Her ghost went to Mrs. Westland's powder ball, and looked very beautiful.

THE "KINGDOM" OF BOMBAY.

All classes and creeds are alike interested in a policy (the transfer of Sind to the Punjab) which strikes a mortal blow at the future growth and prosperity of the Kingdom of Bombay.—*Times of India, April 5th.*

> Who are they that bluff and blow among the mud-banks of their harbour?
> Making mock of Upper India where the High Gods live alway?
> Grey rats of Prince's Dock—more dull than oysters of Colaba—
> Apes of Apollo Bunder—yea, *bacilli* of Back Bay!
>
> *Swinburne* (adapted).

THEY met with one accord and a simultaneous gasp on the Central Indian plateau: each one carried gingerly and at arm's length a cutting from the *Times of In dia.* Together they cried:—"Have you seen this?" And a second time:—"*Have* you seen this!"

Bengal was voted into the chair. And the Punjab supported, but the Punjab was hot-headed. "There's only one course open to us," he said buckling on his sword. "We must court-martial him." "Better send a set of resolutions," said Bengal. "I don't think resolutions would touch the peculiar mental condition of my esteemed neighbour," said Madras dreamily. "Prod him with a pen," grunted the North-West savagely. "At any rate, get him up here and ask him what in the world or out of it he means by it."

So they made a long arm and picked Bombay out of his office, the cotton-waste in his hair, by the slack of his ducks, and set him down on the table with a thump. "What's that for?" said Bombay sulkily, for Bombay is quick to think his dignity scratched.

"For!" said the Punjab. "For impertinence—dashed impertinence, Sir." "You Frontier men are *so* coarse," said Bengal; "let us preserve the decencies of debate. Bombay, you are charged by this assembly with—'pon my honour, gentlemen, I can't hit on the proper word." "Exaggerated estimate of personal worth," suggested Madras, who was always polite. "Yes—thinking yourself a small sun and moon and universe combined," said the North-West. "Yes, and saying that your quill-drivers were better than my Civilians—*mine* d'you hear—men who were making history when you were gambling in cotton-shares, you dissipated *dalal*," said the Punjab. "Yes—and calling yourself a Kingdom, you fluffy, stuffy little provincial," said Bengal with awful gravity. And they all shouted toget er:—"Calling yourself a Kingdom. Who made you a ruler among men?"

"Gentlemen," said Madras, "let us conduct the trial without heat. It is possible that the prisoner's brain may have been unhinged by the peculiar circumstances of his environment. On one side, we have a Governor who feeds it with"—"*Qoorma*," interrupted the Punjab. "What's that?" said Bombay. "Talk the vernacular to your Goanese boys and then you'll know. Go on, Madras."

"Who feeds it with butter, and on the other a Royal Duke for a Commander-in-Chief. These things, I submit, may have conduced to an intensification of the self-esteem which"——

"Bosh!" said the Punjab. "I know the man you mean. He was with me at Pindi for a while, but he didn't disorganise *me*. *I* didn't say I was a kingdom." "It can't be Lord Reay," said Bengal. "Now if the Viceroy had been down there, telling everyone that they were the finest men in Asia I could have understood it." "It's just Bombay's blessed conceit," said the North-West. "I went through there the other day and they wanted to know what Simla thought of their Municipal Bill." "I wish you up-country men would talk in a more dignified way," said Bengal. "We're in the presence of a Kingdom you know."

"'Hear I pray you this dream which I have dreamed'," quoted Madras who had always taken an interest in missions. "'And his brethren said unto him: shalt thou indeed reign over us?' Oh Bombay, Bombay, we've been next door neighbours for a longer time than I care to think about, and I never expected to find you making such an exhibition of yourself."

"It's the amazing immorality of the creature that bothers me," said the North-West. 'Future growth and prosperity of the Kingdom of Bombay!' Are you mad or what?

"That is not the way to discuss an important public question," said Bombay angrily. "I base my claims to superiority on the fact of my being, in short, Bombay."

"Thank Heaven there's only one of 'em," said Bengal. "Fancy the Empire filled with us fellows calling ourselves kingdoms! Well, my King, what next?" "I *am* Bombay and I'm not going to be laughed at," reiterated the prisoner.

"Yes, you *are* Bombay, and considering your pretensions, you own some of the worst hotels in Asia," answered the North-West. "You can't talk the vernaculars; you say: 'Hi! got it?' when you ask for anything; your servants are bad; your capital could be blown into the blue by a decent sized iron-clad; and your Army List could be put into the Bengal one without increasing the postage; your districts are as quiet as water-gruel and about as uninteresting: you have the worst climate in India, and excepting you yourselves, not a soul east of Ahmedabad cares what you say or do or think unless you happen to be quarrelling with your Magistrates. You're useful to us, as a half-way house on the road Home."

"I go to Karachi," said the Punjab, "and when I've got Sind . . . . never mind what I'll do. Look here, my King, in addition to everything my honourable friend here may have said, I want to point out to you that you are as naked as a pigeon-squab. I, and Bengal here, own the troops, and do the rough work. I and Bengal deal with the tribes on our frontier—'EHA's' tribes are good enough for you. I and Bengal are the two people who are listened to when there is anything to be done, and I and Bengal are the people indented upon. Now we've never called ourselves anything more than Province and Presidency, but, when we speak, people stop talking and say:—'What's that?' You aren't the Boston of the Empire, though you may be if you live long enough and grow humble. You aren't the Washington either. Simla is that and *I* own Simla. You *are* the Saratoga if what they say of Poona is correct; but even Poona, and the Duke, and an academical L. G.—I beg his pardon 'Guv'nor'—doesn't justify you in making such an outrageous ass of yourself. You and your 'deadly blows!' Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Bombay? You'll never hear the end of this—my uncrowned King. It's such bad form too. What would you say if I called myself a Kingdom? I'm the warden of it. You're only the stevedore—the underwriter."

"I don't care," said Bombay sulkily. "I abide by what I have said. You in the Mofussil can't be expected to understand the enormous advantages which I possess. Turning to the study of my most recent piece of civic legislation"——

"*That's* what has turned his head," said Bengal. "Listen, King, I've got a municipal bill *fifteen* times as unworkable as yours. Do I call myself a Kingdom on the strength of it? No. I write to the *Englishman*."

"The Press of Western India has long led the public opinion of the Empire," said Bombay.

The assembled board looked at each other and groaned. "What *can* you do with hide-bound crassness of this sort? That comes of filling the educational department with Scotchmen," said Madras. "Bombay, do you recognise the enormity of your offence?" "No." "Nor the absurdity of it?" "No." "Nor the lunacy of it?" "No."

"Very good," said Bengal. "The sentence of this Court is that the Kingdom shall abide by his wordsif he can and they will. He shall eat the issue of the *Times of India* of the 5th April 1888 . . . .advertisements and all. The Court will carry the sentence into effect.

"But, gentlemen," pleaded the prisoner, "this is not *the* manner to approach a great public question. There is a levity—a lack of statesmanship. It is *not* argument."

"Can't help that. If you behave like a bumptious schoolboy you must be treated as such. Will you begin on the inner or the outer sheet?"

"In referring to the Kingdom of Bombay, the intelligent reader will at once understand," said the prisoner ——

"Hold his nose, he's speaking between his teeth! Now!"

"That it was a misprint—a misprint—a *lapsus pennæ*—regrettable incident! Gentlemen! printer's ink is a deadly poison," shrieked the maltreated Presidency.

"Let him go," said Bengal, "We'll accept that as an apology.

* * * *

"What I hate about Bombay," said the Punjab, as he slued his Sam Browne belt straight, "is the way he wriggles out of everything. Why couldn't he have said that at first?"

"Wanted to see whether we'd stand it or overlook it, I suppose," said Bengal.

"Well," said the North-West grimly, "he's got his answer."

BOMBAYSTES FURIOSO.

Oh! what will Your Majesty please to wear—
Shoddy or fustian or piebald gown?
Will Your Majesty look at *our* bill of fare?
Will Your Majesty wait till we take you down?
Bombastes Furioso (adapted).

ONCE more the Presidencies and the Provinces gathered upon the Central Indian plain to discuss the day's *dâk*. For half an hour no sound broke the silence but the ripping of dockets and the fluttering of newspapers. At the end of that time Madras chuckled audibly:—"Joseph objects to be pitted," he said. "Who? What? 'Nother scandal? I beg your pardon, Madras," said Bengal. "No. Bombay, my brethren." Madras plunged into the paper afresh and laughed. "Just as I expected. What a nickel-plated prig it is!"

"Let's hear. Don't keep it all to yourself," said the Punjab, who was fresh from a long parade and rather sleepy. "'Any more Empires been born lately in Mazagaon or the Mahim woods? What is the matter with our Thrice Puissant Sovereign now?"

"He says," began Madras clearing his throat. "He says:—'Don't you think yourself awfully funny neither?'"

"'Doesn't *sound* exactly like a leading article," said the North-West, "give us the *ipsissima*—no, *imperialissima*—*verba*."

Madras read:—"'The refined women and educated men who read the *Pioneer* must appreciate the delicate wit of "lifting a man by the slack of his ducks."'" "What did I tell you?" said Bengal. "You up-country men behaved shamefully at that Court-martial. Of *course* he goes on the 'culchaw' tack and the *Saturday Review* lay. You gave him an opening." "Gave him a good deal more than that. It was a shutting up," said the Punjab stroking his moustache. "Never mind. Let him have his little morality. Only a strong sense of mental superiority can console a King when he is"——"Hsh," said Madras, "he can hear every word from here. Listen:—'Hold his nose he's speaking between his teeth' is also another example of the cultured humour of the writer.' There! *Saturday Review* again." "Cultured humour!" said Bengal. "It was the sentence of the Court and it was all for his good. What base ingratitude! What will he say next?" "Hold on to your chairs. I'll tell you," went on Madras. "'The expression "Kingdom of Bombay" was no *lapsus pennæ*, but it was deliberately used because considerable mischief arises from regarding the Provinces of India as mere petty districts.'"

There was a long and awe-stricken hush. Very far away, the roar of the Jubbulpore train came faintly to the astounded Provinces and Presidencies as the murmur of a shell in the ears of a child. "Well," said Madras, "is nobody going to say anything?"

"'Considerable mischief,'" murmured the Punjab; "Yes! John Lawrence, and Herbert Edwardes, and Van Cortlandt, and all the old heroes—I suppose *they* regarded me as a 'petty district.' They did 'considerable mischief,' didn't they? I'm the apple of Bobb's eye; the Frontier Force would die for me; I suppose I've had as much English blood

spilt on my fields as most places; and, and—Oh! I say, you fellows, it's a shame to pull the thing's leg any more. Let him alone or goodness knows how he'll give himself away next."

"No, we won't," said the North-West. "I like the 'cultured humour' of this King. Hasn't he a fine grip of history? Doesn't he know his India? It needs a Kingdom to give mouth to views as broad and enlightened as those."

"And see the practicalness of the remedy!" said Bengal. "Call us 'Kingdoms' all round in print and people will get out of the habit of thinking of us as 'petty districts.'"

"*Quem Deus vult*," said Madras, "and he can't see the microscopical pettiness of it all! I have yet to learn, as my Secretariat boys say, that the fountain of honour is shifted from the keeping of the Provinces concerned to"——

"To the composing room of a daily paper. Yes. It's rather a revelation, isn't it? Go on," said the North-West. "I wouldn't trust this King with the management of a collectorate. He'd call it a Province, to increase its *izzat*." "The best comes last," said Madras. "Some one has lent Joseph an atlas. Now for the statistics to crush us:—'Bombay and Bengal are the same in extent as Spain.'"

"There! He admits that, and yet he objects to being handled as the King of Spain is treated by his *ayah*," said the Punjab.

"Don't be Rabelaisian," said Bengal, "this isn't a Mess. 'Wish he wouldn't bracket me with himself, though. Well?"

"Now for some really startling information: 'Bengal contains twice as many inhabitants as the United Kingdom and Bombay a million and a quarter more than Austria. The Punjab and Madras are each nearly the same size as the United Kingdom and Greece put together. When the *Pioneer*'"——

A triple roar of laughter cut short the reading for some minutes. "By Jove! He doesn't really mean all that, does he? Picture it, think of it, dissolute man?" said the Punjab to the North-West, wiping his eyes.

"I've known ordinary people go nearly mad over the E. I. R. time tables," said the North-West," but I've never known a King getting intoxicated over *Whittaker*, before."

"*Whittaker!* He couldn't have got those revelations out of *Whittaker*," said Bengal. "They've been overhauling the Bombay State Records lately. That's where he found it. Why, I haven't known what he says about me for much more than seventy years. There's enterprise and statesmanship for you. A regular torpedo boat of a Kingdom is our P. and O. principality. It's simply dizzying. Now for the peroration, Madras. He can't beat that."

"Yes he can. Here's something to your address, North-West. 'When the *Pioneer* realizes that it is the leading paper in the North-West Provinces, which form a Kingdom,'"——

"Oh! Come. No! You're making that up, Madras."

"On my honour as a 'petty district' I'm reading as it's written—'which form a Kingdom nearly the same size as Italy and contain a population nearly as large as the German Empire'—there's richness for you—'it may become less provincial in its tone and more refined in its painful efforts to be humourous.' Now do you feel properly sat upon?"

The North-West smoked for a long time without answering. Then he began slowly:—"I'm sorry—awfully sorry we ever began the business." "Hullo! Has he hurt your feelings?" said Bengal?" "No, not quite. I've used that *Saturday Review* trick myself in my time and—I know what I know. It's this way. Anyhow you look at it, he's one of us and we've got to stand or fall together, and when one of us makes an exhibition of himself, the rest feel uncomfy. Don't you think so? I know when Bengal had a touch of liver the other day I was sorry for him."

"You aren't going to make excuses, are you?" said the Punjab. "I want to loot Sind from our King on the ground that he's incapable of managing his own affairs. He has given me a beautiful chance. Don't take it away."

"Nonsense," said the North-West, "the more I think over it, and that stuff we've just heard, the more convinced I am that we haven't got the right man. Some one on the Bombay side has swallowed a *Whittaker*, and a Chamber of Commerce report, and some municipal papers, and they've disagreed with him. It is *his* whooping that we hear. Bombay *can't* be so idiotic."

"Don't know about that. He's in office all day, and he's got prickly-heat half the year, and he hasn't open country to ride in. That *must* tell on his constitution one way or another," said the Punjab, who believed in exercise and wanted Sind.

"No," said Madras, "I think the North-West is right. Bombay carries too much side; but he has his points, and he's generally sane if you take him the right way."

"*A la* King of Spain, for instance," said the Punjab wickedly. "Well, I'm off. Bobbs is wearing my life out with parades. I'm more *Greece* than United Kingdom these days." And the Piffer Province mounted his charger and turned northward across Rajputana.

"Well, I'll go and look after my Italy and German Empire," said the North-West stretching himself. "It's aggravating to have school-primer facts heaved at your head to bolster swaggering griffindom, but we've had our laugh out of it, and it's no good taking it seriously. I go to kiss the hand of King Colvin, by the Grace of Government, Defender of the Allahabad University."

"And I, to his Serene Majesty Steuart Bayley, Kaiser of Calcutta," said Bengal.

"And I, to King Connemara, Monarch of Madras, Autocrat of Utakamand and Emperor of Assisted Education," said Madras.

And the peace of the twilight settled over the Damoh hills as the Four Great Brethren departed laughing.

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

"Our feelings in this matter are shared by thousands and thousands of our sisters throughout the land—and of this we are assured by many signs not likely to come under the observation of the outside world."—*Vide Address of the Women of Utterpara to Lady Dufferin.*

How shall she know the worship we would do her?
The walls are high and she is very far.
How can the women's message reach unto her
Above the tumult of the packed bazar?
Free Wind of Chait, against the lattice blowing,
Bear thou our thanks lest she depart unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in—
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city—
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in
Who dowered us with wealth of help and pity.
Out of our shadow pass and seek her singing:—
"I bear no gifts but Love alone for bringing."

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
But old in grief and very wise in tears,
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
That she forget us not in after years;
For we have looked on light and it were grievous
To dim that dawning if our Lady leave us.

The consort of a ruler—more than human—
Remote, unseen, a gracious name alone?
Nay surely, for we know her very woman
Who, stooping down, hath made our woe her own.
Fear not, O Wind, but swiftly follow after,
And take our cry, half weeping and half laughter.

By Life that passed with none to stay the failing,
By Love's sad harvest garnered ere the spring,
When Love-in-Ignorance wept unavailing
O'er young buds dead before the blossoming,
By all the *purdah* cloaked, the cold moon viewed
In past grim years, declare our gratitude.

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favour in their sight,
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
By nameless horrors of the stifling night,
By ills foredone—by peace her toils discover—
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above her.

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword,
If she have given back our sick again,
And to our breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she hath wrought?
Then Birth and Death and Motherhood be naught.

Go forth, O Wind, the message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,
In reed-roofed hut or white-walled home of kings,
Who have been holpen by her in their need.
All Spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat
Shall be a golden floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee—take no rest.
Clear voiced ambassador from sea to sea,
Proclaim the blessing manifold, confessed,
Of those in darkness by her hand set free.
Then very softly to her Presence move,
And whisper:—"Lady! Lo, they know and love!"

R. K.

THE REFORM CLUB.

Our souls have been stirred to their depths at the account of the horrible iniquities, perpetrated in your city in the name of a Government *calling* itself *Christian!* Our hearts bleed for the wrongs of these poor women, but what can we do save express our sympathy?—*Vide Letter of the Kettering Branch of the Ladies' National Association, &c*

It is for most people "occult, withheld, untrod," albeit it lies close to the sumptuous residence of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, amid the bamboo clumps of Belvedere which is over against Alipur, which is at the other end of the Calcutta Maidan. The conditions of entrance are easy enough in all conscience. The Committee only demand that you shall be of tender years, hazy as regards the law of property, and given to loafing about the streets. If you gamble with pice and cowries so much the better. You are sure of quarters for several years in the Reform Club. Here the din of Calcutta is forgotten, and smells do no longer vex the nose so regularly. We have passed beyond the Presidency Jail and beyond ivy-clad Bhowanipur. It is not real English ivy, but the inmates know no better. They are all Kings and Emperors and Gods, though their kingdoms are cramped ones. We will avoid Bhowanipur, for ever if possible, and call at the barred door of the Reform Club. A large and genial German, who has all the German faculty for training the young idea that has gone wrong, gives admittance into a peaceful garden, just such a place as the one that girdles Calcutta alms-house, but better kept if possible. Very quiet are the grounds of the Reform Club, and the little figures in check *jahrun* suits that move among the rose-bushes do not shout, or scream or romp. They are all "bad little boys," explains the German, "of different degrees of badness." Some of them have tried shop-lifting—poor little amateurs—and failed. Others have attempted casual theft, which is the first step on the broad kunkered path that leads to the Presidency Jail over the way. Others have done nothing whatever; and *that* may lead to anything bad. Others have played "pitch and toss" not wisely but too well, and the policeman caught and the Magistrate sentenced them. There are one hundred and eight sinners altogether, and in the whole of the Reform Club is not one single innocent or open face, such as little native children wear in the "rag and string" stage of their development.

"You have come to see my bad little boys? Very good," says the German. "And you want to know what they do. See there!" He points to a neat little gasometer tucked away in one corner of the garden. "The boys made that all by themselves. And *that* also. But that you shall see presently. It is not what you call a pretty thing, but it will be bought for two hundred and twenty rupees." A long range of workshops with wire doors faces the little gasometer. In one shed, three boys are working, skilfully enough, at a forge. They are in no sense pretty boys, but the Reform Club has managed to put on their forearms an amount of muscle that few native boys—good or bad—usually possess. They are forging the big semi-circular clamps that hold fat water-pipes into walls. They can and do turn out all manner of small iron work. "Don't they hate having to work for nothing?" "You can make no one, man or boy, do work for nothing," says the German, who believes in Lessing. "These bad little boys of mine do not love being shut up and made to work. But they are paid as they work—just a something. Some one anna and some so much as six. Every week, of their money so much is spent for them in sweetmeats and toys—yes, these bad little boys are fond of toys. And the rest is for them banked until they go out again. They will work well for that something. People buy what they make—all sorts of things, and in that way all their work brings back nine thousand rupees in the year. They themselves cost twice as much. But that we shall improve. One hour in the day they have for play and then they can do as they like. They would gamble if they could, these bad boys of mine."

They are just at present gone to bathe before breakfast, and so the workshops are nearly empty. But specimens of their work can be found anywhere. In one shed lie brasses, taps, screws and wheels; in another, hot-water cans, luxurious baths, office and cigar boxes, uniform cases, cocked hat cases, tin trunks, office pigeon-holes for papers—all well and strongly made. Those are in the rough only. The real show room is to be found elsewhere. Yet another shed holds folding chairs, tea-poys, bookshelves and almirahs of all sorts of designs—equally well made. One *shisham* almirah, about seven feet high, is specially neat. "Ha! You should see the boy who made that by himself. He is worth seeing. His cap reaches as near as may be to the third shelf of the *almirah* he crawls over it like a fly on a window pane. That is a very clever boy When he goes out he will be a *mistri*. One of the boys here not long ago is now getting thirty rupees a month as a *mistri* in Calcutta." This leads to many questions as to the percentage of reformations.

It seems that the "bad little boys" on expiry of their term are sent back to their districts at Government expense, with the craft of a trade well worked into their heads. About seventy-five per cent. of them attain honour and fortune, to the extent of twelve or fourteen rupees a month. There is no control over them after their release, but they each and all possess a marketable knowledge; and it is notorious that an average sinner prefers not to steal while he has anything to sell. Some of them, of course, revert naturally to iniquity. They would do the same though they were brayed in a mortar. A few stay on in the Reform Club as overseers, and teach tin work and book-binding. One boy has "annexed" the gas-engine, which drives the many turning lathes, for his own peculiar property, having thrown out an engineering turn of mind which may eventually land him on a Brahmaputra or Irrawaddy steamer. He is very proud of his knowledge, and swells visibly when in charge of his possession.

Just at present, the pride of the Reform Club is a cart—a most curious contrivance of sheet iron—something like a square watering-cart. The tail-board falls down on certain screws being released, and reveals a long board that slides over rollers. No need to ask what the cart is meant for. The indian-rubber listing that seals it hermetically bewrays the purpose. These "bad little boys" make dead-carts, wheels, bullock-pole and all, for the use of the Municipality. Dead-carts, though not pleasant, are profitable.

The manufacture does not impair the appetite. All the boys except certain small defaulters, who will have to wait and be judged, have finished bathing at the tiny washing ghat, and form up two and two ready for breakfast, in the verandah in front of their cells. A mound of rice, a great ladleful of *dal*, and a big portion of vegetable curry, make the morning meal for to-day. Sometimes they get fish and sometimes curds. They sit down in long orderly lines of fifty and eat. "Don't go too close to them. They don't like it." Infinite is the toleration of this great Government of ours! It respects the caste prejudices of these snivelling, bad-visaged, birchable, *jahran*-suited little brats dug up from the slums of Calcutta, and goodness knows where else. It even appoints native Visitors to see that their precious caste is not violated. And never since the day when Clive sent Suraj-ud-Daulah flying for his life on that black *sowari*-camel, has any edict appeared to explain that whatever precedence there may be among castes from Sansi to Nagore Brahmin, the White Caste is first and best and highest of them all. Perhaps silence is more dignified; but when a Sahib who never gambled with cowries, and never stole plantains from the municipal markets, and never oh never, got drunk in the public ways on *doasta*, is bidden to draw off, lest the bad little boys who have done all these things and more, should have their prejudices hurt, the principle becomes galling. Bad little, dirty little boys, even though you *do* make excellent cigar boxes for eleven rupees, and chairs and camp beds in which a man may lie luxuriously.

The show room or the Alipur Reformatory is worth seeing, but nobody in Calcutta seems to know anything about it. The wares, as above specified, are astonishingly cheap, and thoroughly good and well made. The "bad little boys" deserve this much advertisement. If the Reformatory pushed their manufactures, they could raise more than the yearly nine thousand rupees. Few people care to journey three miles out of Calcutta to look for what they want in a badly-lighted room.

And now for the very last of the unpleasantnesses. Close to the Reformatory is another Reform Club of a very terrible kind—an institution most difficult to handle without raising the howl of outraged respectability. But it is good that some things should be known. In its kindness and incited thereto by the wisdom of people across the water, very learned and pious and virtuous, the Government, some three years ago, repealed a certain Act. The Horror near Alipur Reformatory is therefore a voluntary institution. But before we go any further, read what the *London Sentinel* says of a recent health-report on a Presidency town:—"We notice some extraordinary figures among the statistics adduced which will require further notice. Past experience warns us that a sharp look-out must be kept for the 'cooking' of false reports by the upholders of this unholy system." Virtuous *Padris* of the May Meetings, excellent ladies whose placid eyes have never looked upon uncleanliness, be pleased to come to Alipur and I will show you "extraordinary figures" such as in your past experience you have never met. You shall see women shrunk to the size of Newfoundland dogs, scarred and rotted out of all semblance to humanity. You shall see women who cannot turn in their beds without their bones breaking. You shall see little children of five and six years old, branded, defaced and maimed. For this work and the consequences thereof, "even unto the third or fourth generation," you, ladies and gentlemen, are in a great measure responsible.

"The wages of sin is death," you say. By all means, make them death, but not torture dragged out week after week and month after month—not the agony of the body corrupting in life. Vast as is your power over things spiritual—intimate as is your knowledge of the councils of the Almighty, you have hardly a right to do this. Do you know what Disease means—what terrible growths it throws out in this moist, warm, unhealthy air, where a mere knife-cut is hard to heal? Come to Alipur and see for yourselves. It is wrong, you say, to recognise vice? It may be so. But in refusing to recognise it, can you do, have you done, anything to better the condition of a port of a million bodies? Go through howling, roaring Collinga, look on the unspeakable filth of Colootollah, walk through a mile and a quarter of the "empty houses," try the Machua Bazar, dig into the villainy of the Kintals at the back of Meredith's Lane where vice is unknown simply because no one has ever practised virtue. Cross to the Howrah side where the scum of half-a-dozen seas throws pollution into t e already polluted alleys. Shanghai, Singapore, Zanzibar, Malaysia, and all Europe and America meet here in one festering slough of putrescence. For some three years you have had your own way as regards the repeal of a measure which you said encouraged vice. Spend one night only in Calcutta and see for yourselves how far your system has succeeded in beating it back. Your good work has not gone very far.

But in one respect you are to be congratulated. Here is a woman—three and twenty years old. She cannot see; she cannot hear; she can hardly eat. There are streaks and gashes on her face as though she had been slashed with a red-hot sword. She is hairless, and her limbs are bent under her like the claws of a crab. The rest of the horrors with which she is eaten up must not be described. Let us call her an "extraordinary figure among the statistics," and you can say that she is a "false report" invented by an "upholder of the unholy system." In time, ladies whose "hearts bleed" for the "horrible iniquities" perpetrated by Government, she will die. She has been a long time about it—perhaps eighteen months—for the living body rots slowly and she is fighting for life. You and your system have blinded her, and twisted her, and are now macerating her ounce by ounce. It is a very pretty picture, set off by brilliant sunshine. Whose property shall this woman be in the end? If she have sinned for the sake of food, she has been punished to treble purification. She has had no pleasure of her life these two years past, and in the last few months her torments have been those of the damned. There is no Purgatory necessary for this poor soul. But by your own genial teachings it is obviously impossible that a heathen who has led such an immoral life can attain to any place beyond the Pit. To you has been conceded the right of "regulation," and because of your insistence the other methods, devised by men who had some little knowledge, have been abandoned. Unfor-

tunately, this scarred wreck does not read English and only profits by a half of your kind offices. But, such as she is, she is partly your creation, and it is only fair that you should have the credit of your skill.

You have done nothing, because you can do nothing to check the vice of a seething town. But do you ever think how much you, with your trumpetings of purity, your hysterical newspapers, your epicene men and your ignorant women, may have done to rack the body, in despair of saving the soul, with tortures subtler and more long drawn than those of the Inquisition?

NEW SONGS AND OLD.

[To the Address of L. L.]

Esteemed but unknown Protestant,—So Pinsuti delights you not nor Milton Wellings either, and we are a knock-kneed generation wallowing in emasculated sentiment—wire-voiced troubadours of a whimpering Love? We have forgotten, say you, Patriotism because the sibillant is unsingable; we are "mawkish," "indefinite" "absurd" "objectionable" in our after-dinner jackallings, and, above all, we do not add to the "stock of refreshing wholesome English ballads." It is a heavy indictment. But we, and I speak here for the "we" who drag out doleful days under the punkah have some excuse for our flabbiness. Let us go through your letter and take sweet counsel together.

Your complaint is not altogether without foundation. I speak feelingly, for I have just come away from a place of torment where a young, fair and presumably sane lady has been informing me and a bevy of criminals of both sexes that she :—

"Was gay
Night and day
Cloud and stormy weathah!
Fiddle and I
Wandering by
Over the hills togethah!"

She does *not* play the fiddle, and is far too carefully chaperoned to be allowed to wander over the hills, if there were any in this place, even with a banjo. But though I am still quivering with the memory of past pain, I would ask you L. L. what are "we" to do? You would fain see a return to the "golden days of song" when it was fashionable to sing of "Annie Laurie." So far as my poor memory serves me, that young lady's face was "the fairest That ever sun shone on." I put it to you, as a husband, as a father, as a bachelor—conceive the positive inhumanity, in this weather, of suggesting the possibility of sunshine upon any face that you took an interest in. The brow "like the snowdrift," the "neck like the swan" and the devotion that depends on these, where would they be after ten minutes' exposure? Burnt up Sir, burnt up—freckled, tanned blistered, destroyed. No, if we must sing "Annie Laurie" in the land of our exile, we will sing it thus :—

The *cus-cus tattie's* soothin,
With water sluicin' through,
'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Ga'ed me—a waltz or two.

Annie Laurie never gives anything else these days. As soon would the "tocherless spin fra' the auld countrie" *jawab* the "Laird o' Cockpen"—the Commissioner of Beizzat. But I anticipate. Why should we—a Peculiar People without fear and without reverence—sing of impossibilities such as "England, Home and Beauty?" Where *is* England. Somewhere west of the Suez Canal is it not? My feet have forgotten the way thither. Home is where our mule-trunks may lie for the moment, and Beauty. . . . . The Beast I know, but Beauty—where is she?

How shall we sing the old songs in a strange land, and—to drop for an instant into the practical—no one but an Incledon could give the shake in the last line of that venerable lament without provoking merriment.

With your objections to patriotic songs I have nothing to do. I cannot work up any warm enthusiasm for the Government of India or Army Head Quarters, and among my many friends—I grieve to record it—those who have risked their lives in defence of their country's honour, spend their leisure in girding at the Army Pay Code or the Travelling Allowances. These things are best seen and sung of at a distance. But our love-songs, you say, are inept, and wanting in outline. This is essentially an age of compromise. You yourself have shown it in the contrasting examples of the two schools. I merely point out that the lines, "Ah! Love, is it for ever, Love why should we sever &c.," reflect exactly the spirit of the time. Therefore we sing them.

Once more—what would you? Abolish the new and restore to their throne the songs of the past? "Nature brings not back the mastodon, nor we those days." The ancient ditties would fall flat in youngling ears. Something indeed might be done, if we restored them so to speak; wrote them up to date, injecting into their pulseless veins the mordant arsenic of local colour. "Our grandmothers" you write "sang of the 'Miller's Lovely Daughter.'" Let us take "Allen Water" and see how the last verse would go under the above conditions :—

By the swirling Sutlej water
When my three months' leave was o'er,
There I sought the Colonel's daughter
But she smiled no more.
For the Autumn fever caught her,
And the funeral left at three—
By the muddy Sutlej water,
None so dead as she.

Something like that, eh? You have one of the oldest tragedies in the world, new dressed. *Placet ne Domini?* With "Oh wert thou in the cauld blast" there is nothing to be done, for the simple reason that no "cauld blast" will touch this part of the world for the next six months, and, even if it did, and *she* were exposed to it, the consequences of a chill would be neither poetical nor seemly to write about. Let us try over another one of your favourites—"Auld Robin Gray." "Indefiniteness" was the vice you complained of was it not? Does *this* suit you?

An' I had been at Simla a week an' something more,
When I saw that bad boy Jamie come a ridin' to my door—
I saw that bad boy Jamie—I could na' think it he.
Says he :—"I've hooked a fortnight here to get a glimpse of thee."
I gasped :—"How *dare* you do it!" We had heaps of things to say,
He took a lot of kisses and he stayed through half the day,
But how could I be angry, for it's not my fault, you see,
If Auld Robin Gray would insist on weddin' me.

Get some lady friend to sing this, as an encore verse, and note how the hopeless passionate wail of the last line suits the words.

Do you seriously consider "The Bailiff's Daughter," a ditty fit for ingenuous and uncalculating youth? They do things better in France. In the English rendering, the singularly forward female of the lower classes asks her lover for a penny, and he answers—but you know the song. We will begin at her appeal in the tongue of the Gaul :—

Je suis pauvre et sans ressource—
Prête, O prête à moi ta bourse!
Ou ta montre pour me montre confiance—

Even in her extremity she can be *spirituelle* and make a pun. Mark, now, the caution of the reply :—

Femme! Je ne vous connais,
Et, s'il faut me donner—
Votre nom et des references.

Contrast the exquisite delicacy of "Femme," as addressed to an unknown stranger, with the hot-headed and compromising "sweetheart" of the "well beloved youth." And you actually recommended the older version for use in families! Small wonder, intemperate L. L. that you would force upon a thin-blooded generation, the blatant boisterousness of "Drink to each lass." We sing it otherwise :—

Let the ice crash! Here's to each mash!
Sip to your tarts in a *nimbu esquash*.

And you would trip it round the May Pole where "Johnny has got his Joan?" Find that May Pole L. L.—find it in a land where most Johnnies do seriously incline to somebody else's Joan, and I will, attiring myself like a May-day chimney sweep, dance with you. Or, if I do not, I will only delay until such time as you discover and make plain the merits of the day, so dear to Sally in our Alley, that "lies between Saturday and Monday." I am credibly informed that Providence mercifully interpolated the Sabbath to allow men to bring up the arrears of the week's work. And you would have a distressful multitude of toilers sing "Sally in our Alley"!

I do not think that they will. They are much more likely to take the inspiring chorus with which you so effectively close your sermon, and sing it in this manner :—

Should mere acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
We'll give a dinner to the lot—they're done with when they've dined!
So ask the crew to dine my wife—yes, get the brutes to dine,
And...don't *kallie* the *degchies* for the sake of Auld lang Syne

And so I take leave of you. Do the old songs sound sweetly in their new settings? Methinks your face expresses unmitigated disgust. Forgive me if I have made light of your desire for better things. As an incult barbarian I had always imagined that singing was a mysterious performance designed to cover conversation after dinner; and I was within an ace of suggesting to the public a combination of thermantidote and muffled bagpipes which should attain the same end without inconveniencing living people. But I have read your letter and I see that you are a man who cares for what he sings. I own that I cannot understand this frame of mind at all.

Yours admiringly but uncomprehendingly,

ELIPHAZ THE TEMANITE.

TO THE ADDRESS OF W. W. H.

"Oh, Hunter, and Oh blower of the horn,
Harper...and thou hast been a rover too."
Out of Sir Tristram of old days is born
Sir Bors in big burgeois; but we, we knew
You in the past and, therefore, laughter-torn,
Admire the patent stereoscopic view
Of Krishna tootling dirges; but, you bet,
We catch the wink above the flageolet.

Our "pard-like spirit," beautifully bland—
Proteus most passionate of Peterhoff—
Our dear delightful humbug—so you stand,
Kutcha Cassandra-wise, five oceans off,
And preach your latest gospel to the land!
Are you in earnest? Pardon if we scoff.
We took your measure by the foot-Rule grim!—
"Who hath no faith, men have no faith in him."

We know that—bless you—but they do not know
Who take you for a sort of Simla Sphinx
Across the water. Shall we tell them so?
That would be cruel. Gracious! When one thinks
Of all the somersaults you used to throw
To set the land agiggling, printers' inks
Pale on the roller.—"Viceroy's sympathy"
"More English than the English." Doctor, fie!

THE PIONEER MAIL.

How dare you bluff the British public thus?
You know as well as we the inner meaning
Of all this demos-demonstration stuff—
The Oriental's sudden liberal leaning
To ballot-blatherumskite picked up from us—
You know exactly what the veils are screening.
You know which side your *roti-oti's* buttered—
Let's seek the reason of the words you've uttered.

You saw tha London town was very large—
That men might splash therein and make no sound,
That lighted matches on the Thames's marge
Were by the sullen tide untimely drowned,
And all the splendours of your star-bossed targe
Drew small attention from the folks around.
Through Fleet-Street fog, methinks, your sun loomed pale—
What price the crooning pines of Ann-nd-le

You mused upon the radiant Kulu snows
That rim with cream the Heaven's turquoise bowl,
You mused upon the window-tapping rose,
Fresh born that morning for your button-hole,
And the long downward sweep all Simla knows,
Where the red Arab tittupped to his goal,
And you, delighting twenty willing ears,
Did stately prance to Council with your peers.

Fresh fame you songht. But of all roads to Fame
Why choose the worst—the Press? You knew the trade
Too well, too well, when in old days you came
To wield a lambent and most courteous blade.
(It smashed my cutlass once). And did the game
Repay the lamp-oil? Answer, now t' is played—
Hunter, by *shouk* and *kam* by cult and ism,
I charge thee, flee the Sink of Journalism!

Observe! One rabid dog—one King with cancer—
Three islands hoisted Heavenward in red flame—
Two blown-on frauds—one burnt-up ballet-dancer
(With illustrations) Mrs. Some One's shame
Ten only roads to peace—the last Bonanza
Gladstone and Naldire's tablets—all the same:
Pepsine from porkers—Nervine brewed by Bunter
And there's your daily Rag... Now *why* add Hunter?

You're far too good! Ask L—ng, ask Ar—nld, ask
The S—le and the S—ge where men call
Who nightly gibber neath the penny mask,
And scribble crudities on Time's blank wall.
How golden is the guerdon of their task,
Hark! From the weltering Strand the news-boys bawl:—
"Murder in Paddin'ton! Revoltin' Story!!
"'Untin' in Injia!" Hunter, is *this* glory?

You wrote as Statesman? There are scores of fools
To pole the yawing *buggalow* of State
And, summing up the average of their rules,
They don't do *too* much harm, for God is great;
And, somehow something always skids and cools
A crazy *ticca*. Let the Empire wait.
'Twill never take you *au grand sérieux*. Think!
Your record? Insincerity and ink.

You skirmished on the outskirts of the show—
You beat the big side-drum (it was your own)
For twenty years. Aha! you know we know.
Climb down before that gorgeous gaff is blown,
But to no meaner level—ten times no!
You have the Talents in the napkin stown—
The Three Great Gifts, beyond all gifts of earth,
To move men's hearts to sorrow or to mirth.

The Eye that sees, the Golden Pen, the Touch
Keen as the whip-thong on a leader's ear,
Light as a woman's granted kiss—so much
And twice so much is yours. But, Doctor dear,
Th ere's not a single 'Stunt twixt Prome and Cutch
Would take your word for aught save Gazetteer;
And *that* not wholly. Yet you have the power
To make us all your bond-slaves in an hour.

Shifty and sunshine-loving child of Ayr-
Iavata, you have japed your little jest.
Hands that could paint us Sinai's trumpet-blare,
Lips that would sneer at Sinai's quivering crest,
Come out o' that! Your work lies other where,
And leads to Power the brightest and the best.
Rule—what *is* Rule? Let statesmen pose and grovel,
Doctor doctissimus, bring out your novel!

R. K.

"AN UNEQUAL MATCH."

First Voice.—Two coffees, and two vermouths: and this is the nicest table. Well, what did you think of it, Mrs. X——?

Second Voice.—Oh de-lightful. Especially the dancing. How *could* they do it?

Third Voice.—No, no. Not *Bluebeard*—the *Unequal Match* last night.

Second Voice.—I didn't go. Was it amusing? I heard that ——.

Fourth Voice.—If we begin by listening to what we *hear*, we shall never finish anything at all. I went, and I thought it would have been much better if it had not been played when it was.

First Voice.—Mrs. Y—— is pleased to be oracular. How do you mean?

Fourth Voice.—And yet after all we *cannot* kick our legs over each other's heads eternally.

Second Voice.—Heaven forbid! It would make me nervous. You think that it ——

First Voice.—Didn't "bite" exactly after *Bluebeard*. I thought so, too. It's an old play. We played it here six years ago and it was a great success then.

Third Voice.—Before our taste had been vitiated by burlesques I suppose. Poor little Simla!

Second Voice.—*Please* don't go back to the Dark Ages! I wasn't born then. Mr.——, tell me what it was all about, and Mrs. Y—— can tear the actors to pieces afterwards.

First Voice.—Let me reflect. There was a lovely village maiden called Hester Grazebrook who lived with her father, a Yorkshire blacksmith. And the local doctor, Boerhaave Botcherby, loved her. But a gilded youth, Arncliffe, who had been lately refused by a fascinating widow, came down with his comic servant, Blenkinsop, to the village and fell in love with Hester; the comic servant naturally falling in love with Hester's servant, Bessie Hebblethwaite. Is that clear? Hester refuses the local doctor, and the fair widow drops into the village after her carriage has broken down and sees some of the love-making between Hester and Arncliffe. Then matters become complicated. Arncliffe's uncle dies and Arnecliffe becomes a baronet, so Mrs. Montressor, the widow, naturally wishes to marry him. But in the presence of all the available characters he swears to wed Hester.

Second Voice.—And does he?

First Voice.—Yes. Lady Arncliffe prefers romping in the hayfields to doing the honours of the Baronial Hall, which is filled with frivolous guests who sneer at her and make her husband miserable. Mrs. Montressor of course reappears and adds to the trouble. And Hester's unkempt papa pops in to breakfast with agricultural mud on his boots. This makes Arncliffe so sick that he flies on medical certificate to a German watering place called Enosfruitsalstrass.

Third Voice.—No! Seidlitzstinkenbad. Be accurate.

First Voice.—Something nasty anyhow. Of course the widow goes after him after a scene with Hester, and Hester weeps. You can guess the rest. Sir Harry and the widow recuperate at this Pyreticsalineabad for a year; and then the despised and persecuted Hester descends on them a lovely and accomplished woman of the world, immensely admired by all the Dukes of Germany; and the designing widow is routed and the curtain comes down on a moral rhyming "tag." That's only just the rough outline, because there's the servants' love-making: and the local doctor becomes the high priest of a hydropathic establishment, and so on—but that's the idea.

Third Voice.—Well done; another vermouth and bitters after that?

First Voice.—No, thanks. I'll wait Mrs. Y——'s verdicts. The first act depressed me and I couldn't form judgments—so I talked.

Fourth Voice.—Simla all over! *Why* is it so absolutely necessary that you should grin when you go to the theatre?

Second Voice.—When I want to be preached at I go to church. I heard the play was full of morals.

Fourth Voice.—And good acting. I've known Simla for—don't ask me how many seasons—and, sc far as my poor opinion goes, the company was far above the average.

Third Voice.—There was any quantity of new blood in it. The companies are charging very much this year. But what did you really think of Arncliffe's love-making? It seemed flat to me.

Fourth Voice.—Have you ever tried to make stage-love, Captain Q——?

Third Voice.—Well. H'm! Not on the stage exactly.

Fourth Voice.—Never mind your *other* failures, try a *jeune premier's* part and see how crushingly difficult it is. Arncliffe might have been more various in his wooings.

Second Voice.—But one man only makes love in one way, and that's what—

First Voice (*lowered*).—Makes one man so monotonous. *Thank* you.

Fourth Voice.—There! You've shown the main difficulty in criticism. You import the personal element at once. That's Anglo-Indian.

First Voice.—Arncliffe might have done better, but seeing what he had to do he did it uncommonly well. I played that part in my youth and —

Second Voice.—Made love infamously I'm quite certain. I heard that Blenkinsop made them laugh very much.

Fourth Voice.—Yes, Blenkinsop and Bessie Hebblethwaite were as good as could be. But Mr. ——, did you see how he fell into temptation after the first act?

First Voice.—In forcing the effects, d'you mean?

Fourth Voice.—Yes. He took the house with him at first and then the house took him with it and he overdid the study.

Third Voice.—But it was first-class work, and even the best actors can't help emphasising what they can feel the house likes. You're too critical.

Fourth Voice.—Not in the least. Let us take the Doctor—I think he was the best of the men.

Third Voice.—Oh surely not "'A'm Yorkshire and stingo.'" "Grazebrook" was awf'ly good.

Second Voice.—But they said the dialect couldn't be understood.

Third Voice.—So much the worse for the poor Southrons. But I've interrupted you, Mrs. Y——

Fourth Voice.—The Doctor is blessed with a pair of low-comedy knees.

First Voice.—Witness "Blore" in *Dandy Dick* last year and "Modus" the other day at the A. D. C.

Fourth Voice.—Exactly; but last night he ironed them out, and he ironed out several other mannerisms and gave a new part. I respect a man who can subordinate his understandings to his understanding. He was the best, the most carefully worked out, and the most level of them all. Isn't that a typical woman's criticism? Three superlatives in a row. Well, he knew how to make his rough love-making effective.

Third Voice.—Still Grazebrook was really pathetic; don't you think? Goodness knows, I hate pathos on this stage but—Oh you ought to have understood his dialect. It was a treat. "Dom tha comfort!" Did you see how he got through that?

Fourth Voice.—Personal element again. Why can't you be impartial? To be sure nobody is impartial in Simla.

Second Voice to First.—There's a *most* impartial woman riding by now. Look! You know you'd give your boots to be with her instead of up here.

First Voice.—Not my boots. That's where you have sent my heart these past few days. Wouldn't my head do. I've lost *that*.

Second Voice.—So the head doesn't go with the heart? But you mustn't be silly . . . We sit and gather wisdom, Mrs. Y——. Tell us what the women were like. Mrs. Splurgerris called this morning, but she only spoke about their dresses.

Fourth Voice.—I liked Hester best in the first and third acts, and she would have been better had——

Third Voice.—Arncliffe played up to her. I liked her entry in the second act, when Arncliffe was explaining things to the widow, and I liked the way she made her husband unhappy when "Feyther" dropped in to breakfast.

First Voice.—I think the sparring match between Hester and Mrs. Montressor was the best bit in the play—only it might have been written up.

Fourth Voice.—What a Vandal it is! You can't "write up" Tom Taylor. I confess Mrs. Montressor startled me in that scene. Frankly, I didn't think she could do it—wasn't that charitable?

Second Voice (*lowered*).—Wasn't that *Mrs Y*—? Always so charitable. Somebody told me that the scene struck them as brusque and unnatural. But I remember it was a man who spoke.

Third Voice.—Do women stab at each other as bluntly as the widow did at Hester?—"You know, I refused your husband just before he married you." That seemed rather over-brutal.

Fourth Voice.—It depends. Mrs. Montressor carried that scene through wonderfully, but I think she should have been sitting down all the time.

Second Voice.—How *very* critical you are, Mrs. Y——! It's only the "Duke sitting down and the Duchess standing up." And really in scenes like those one would hardly think of attitudinising, would one?

Fourth Voice.—It seems to me that it is a matter in which experience would be the only guide—though some people might find it better to sit with their backs to the light.

First Voice (*aside*).—Now, what *has* happened?

Second Voice.—Ah! You see, I never talk about my experiences. It leads to complications. Don't you think so?

First Voice (*aside*).—That's drawn blood! Why doesn't Q——say something.

Fourth Voice.—Ye-es. I suppose it would if one habitually dealt with second-rate men. But I have no knowledge.

Third Voice (*aside*).—Neatly parried, indeed! If we could get this on the Gaiety boards! (*Aloud and quickly.*) Yes, I'm like the Devils. I believe and tremble and I prefer to watch a *rixe* between woman and woman with the footlights between. As you say, Mrs. Montressor was startlingly good, especially at the end. Altogether the play improves as it goes on.

First Voice.—I never believed much in the conscience of the Simla stage until last night. Did you notice how the minor parts were filled by first-rate people—Miss Leech for instance? Hardly twenty lines, and the heroine of *Dandy Dick* to take it. Chillingham, too—another *Dandy Dick* star.

Fourth Voice.—Simla was never so full of good amateurs before. The A. D. C. are finding that out. Tofts, and Honeywood—but who in the world made him up with that livid stare?—and Lady Honeywood, all new and both good. They could have given us a *lever de rideau* with the minor parts alone.

First Voice.—There speaks Simla!—"Can you do this or that to amuse us? Then do it and do it better." Do you know what the end will be?

Second Voice.—Collapse? Surely not.

Third Voice.—A permanent band of actors. A stage subsidised by Government *à la* Theatre Français. Department of Histrionics. We officialise everything.

First Voice.—Something of the sort—somewhere in the nineties.

Second Voice.—Then I hope that they won't let the actors preach at us. I heard that, last night, they positively hurled morals across the footlights, and someone called it "The Church and Stage Guild."

Fourth Voice.—Really it wasn't that, but we are so irreverent and frivolous.

Third Voice.—Hear! Hear! "Behold the conclusion of the whole matter." Mrs. Y——shall declare it.

Fourth Voice.—A not too lively play, well acted by a first-class company and handicapped by being sandwiched between two burlesques. A house—are you willing to hear your noble selves condemned?—a house that sniggers at sentiment, chuckles at pathos and yawns at the other sentiments because—because—

Second Voice.—Oh, our poor little society! Spare us Mrs. Y——and I'll go to the second night.

Fourth Voice.—Because we are all so busy with our own little farces and—next year they will be forgotten, and so it really doesn't matter.

Third Voice—How truly magnificent! It's half-past seven and I shall be late for dinner at Welsh mountain. Good-night! You come my way Mrs. Y——?

Second Voice to First.—What did she mean by farces being forgotten?

First Voice.—Nothing, or at least, it only applied to the Simla stage. We'll see what the *Pioneer* says about it.

* * * * * *

But the *Pioneer* said nothing whatever, and only gave the cast as below:—

Harry Arncliffe (Mr. A. R. Dick); Blenkinsop (Mr. E. Hemming); Sir Sowerby Honeywood (Mr. A. J. Swiney); Captain Loftus Chillingham (Col. G. de C. Morton); Dr. Boerhaave Botcherby (Mr. G. Williams); Tofts (Mr. H. Irwin); Grazebrook (Major Tidy); Hester Grazebrook (Mrs. G. W. Allen); Mrs. Topham Montressor (Miss Lound); Lady Honeywood (Mrs. Beauclerk); Miss Leech (Mrs. Deane); Bessy Hebblethwaite (Mrs. Westland); Lieschen (Miss Gambier).

"O, BAAL, HEAR US!"

(A METRICAL FORECAST.)

. . . "An attempt should be made to prepare a moral text-book based upon the fundamental principles of natural religion, such as may be taught in all Government and non-Government colleges."—*Vide* Resolution on this subject in this week's *G—tte of I—a.*

SCENE—*A Palace in Cloudland. Moral Text-Book Committee discovered at a round-table singing:*

Moralists we,
From over the sea,
From the land where philosophers plenty be.
From the land that produced no Kants with a K.
But many Cants with a C.
Where the Hodmadod crawls in its shell confined,
The symbol exalted of Fetterless Mind,
And Arithmetic sits on her throne of pride
As Theology personified.
We have fished in the Lake
And the Worm wouldn't bite,
Our preachers have covered
The Pit from our sight.
By the wisdom of Comte
We have learned to devise
Our own little roofs, and
Dispense with the skies.
The Gods and the Godlings
On dust-laden shelves
Repose for a sign:
We are all Gods ourselves!

(*Confidentiallissimo*)—
And so we come here
With gumpot and shear—
Devoid of convictions but blessed with long faces—
From every land's vext Book
To clip out a text-book
Which gives a religion on "natural bases."

PRESIDENT (*solo, tremolo.*)
In Afric's sunny clime the slave
Assuages both catarrh and grief
By blowing of his nose upon
The Moral Pocket-handkerchief,
His fetich grins beneath the tree—
A skull, three rags, an ostrich feather—
He turns aside to us who give
Good texts and textile goods together.
Ber—etheren, ere ye stain the pen,
Think of that joyous Africander—
What saith the Chief of Married Men:—
"Sauce for the goose will suit the gander."

[*Flourish of silver trumpets.*

In the name of he Great God Fudge,
I charge ye take good heed
To weigh and sift and sniff and judge
The merits of every creed.
That no man may your wage begrudge
That your fame may be great indeed
Who have gotten a God at the Government's nod
In the land where the Deities breed.

(*The Committee fall to their labours. The Indian Pantheon rises behind them in red fire.*)

CHORUS OF THE INDIAN PANTHEON:
We be the gods of the East
Older than all—
Rulers of Greatest and Least
Rulers of Mourning and Feast,
Rulers of Man and of Beast—
How shall we fall
Whose feet are made firm on men's necks—whose hands hold their heart-strings in thrall?

SEMI-CHORUS:
Over the strife of the schools
Low the day burns—
Back as the kine to the pools
Each one returns
To the life that he knows, where the alter-flame glows, and the *tulsi* is trimmed in the urns.

CHORUS:
Will they gape for the husks that ye proffer,
Or move to your song?
And we—have *we* nothing to offer
Who held them so long
In the cloud of the incense, the clash of the cymbal, the blare of the conch and the gong?

PRESIDENT (*jubilantissimo*):
We'll get the text-book ready as quickly as we can
For the Ary—for the Ary—for the Ary—an!

SECRETARY:
I'll go and hunt the Vedas while you play with the Ko—ran
For the Ary—for the Ary—for the Ary—an!

DUET AND DANCE:
Oh isn't it nice to root out Vice and usher Virtue in!
And isn't it sad a cultured lad should stumble into sin!
We'd like to have him moral; but, oh, where shall we begin—
With the Ary—with the Ary—with the Ary—an?

CHORUS OF COMMITTEE:
Help the Ary—help the Ary—help the Ary—an!
Three and thirty million Gods don't improve a man!
Wait till we have forced our potted morals in a can
Down the Ary—down the Ary—down the Ary—an!

PRESIDENT (*patter song with piccolo accomp.*)
Take a little Rabelais—just a garlic-hint.
Out of Locke and Bacon steal something fit to print.
Grind 'em down with Butler, add morsels of Voltaire,
Don't forget the "Precious Fools" sketched by Molière
Robert Ellesmere, Mallock, Hume, Gibbon (on his knees)
Take the Ten Commandments out if they fail to please—
Substitute the Penal Code—sections underlined:
There you have a perfect book to form the infant mind!

(*Encore verses may be introduced here according to the taste of the singer or the educational policy of the Government of India*)

AERIAL CHORUS OF INVISIBLES (*Stringed instruments only*)—
(*Con spirit.*) The kine went forth to the clover
In the flush of the morning-tide,
But long ere the day was over
They suffered from pains inside—
(*Retard*)
They laid them down in the clover—
They swelled and they burst and they died.

Now was it the fault of the clover
That tenders its bloom to the bees?
And how did the kine come over
From the scant, dry grass of the leas,
To eat and to burst in the clover
That never had injured the bees?

(*con. molt. exp.*)
They had opened the gates to the clover,
They said it would fatten the kine;
But never a man could discover
It was wrong for cattle to dine
On the windy and wine-red clover,
Too fair—too free—and too fine. (*bis.*)

(*The Committee conclude their labours, and produce Moral Text-Book wrapped in a white handkerchief.*)

CHORUS OF COMMITTEE:
Now whoso sneers
At our paste and shears,
May go, if he can, to the Deuce.
(*ff*) We have made for the Pagan
A First-Grade Dagon
For strictly official use!

(*They dance round the M. T. B. with appropriate gestures.*)

CHORUS OF ADMIRING ARYAVARTA. (*Organ: plagal-cadence*)
When Dagon was builded of old
By the Demons who wrought in a day,
His forehead was brazen, his body was gold,
And his throne was the red river-clay,
And the tempest dissolved it away——

[*Trumpets.*

Our masters are wiser than they,
For when Dagon was builded anew,
By the breath of their order they made him,
By the froth of their ink-pots they stayed him,
In cut paper-frills they arrayed him
The subtile, the supple, the new,
Who is greater than scourges or rods,
An *olla-podrida*
Of Faiths and First Reader—
The Friend of all Possible Gods.

COMMITTEE: (*scattering text-books abroad*)—
It's bound in cloth and it's one rupee,
And a very good thing you'll find it.
It may a most pass for—what you please,
If nobody gets behind it.

(*Grand general walk-round of Committee. Bundles of M. T. B. under their arms; hats over one eye.*)

We don't know anything about it at all,
But here's the book you see;
So we'll supply the school and cry:
"Are ye there Mor-al-i-tee?"

[*Kick-dance in order of Seniority.*

(*f*) We don't care anything about it at all,
For devil a faith have we;
But we'll all look sly and gaily cry:
"Are ye there Mor-al-i-tee?"

BOUQUETS. BLUE-FIRE, GENERAL REFORMATION AND *CURTAIN.*

R. K.

AMONG THE RAILWAY FOLK.

I.

JAMALPUR is the Head-Quarters of the E. I. Railway. This in itself is not a startling statement. The wonder begins with the exploration of Jamalpur, which is a station entirely made by, and devoted to, the use of those untiring servants of the Public, the Railway Folk. They have towns of their own at Toondla and Assensole, a sun-dried sanitarium at Bandikui; and Howrah, Ajmir, Allahabad, Lahore, and Pindi know their colonies. But Jamalpur is unadulteratedly "Railway," and he who has nothing to do with the E. I. Railway in some shape or another feels a stranger and an "interloper." Running always east and southerly the train carries him from the torments of the North-West into the wet, woolly warmth of Bengal where may be found the hothouse heat that has ruined the temper of the good people of Calcutta. Here the land is fat, and greasy with good living and the wealth of the bodies of innumerable dead things: and here—just above Mokameh—may be seen fields stretching, without stick, stone or bush to break the view, from the railway line to the horizon.

Up-country innocents must look at the map to learn that Jamalpur is near the top left-hand corner of the big loop that the E. I. R. throws out round Bhagulpur and part of the Barabanki districts. Northward of Jamalpur as near as may be lies the Ganges and Tirhoot, and eastward an offshoot of the volcanic Rajmehal range blocks the view.

A station which has neither Judge, Commissioner, Deputy or 'Stunt, which is devoid of law courts, ticca-gharries, District Superintendents of Police, and many other evidences of an overcultured civilisation is a curiosity. "We administer ourselves," says Jamalpur proudly, "or we did—till we had lokil sluff brought in—and now the racket-marker administers us." This is a solemn fact. The station which had its beginnings thirty odd years ago, used, till comparatively recent times, to control its own roads, sewage, conservancy and the like. But, with the introduction of local self-government, it was ordained that the "inestimable boon" should be extended to a place made by and maintained for Europeans; and a brand new municipality was created and nominated according to the many rules of the game. In the skirmish that ensued the Club racket-marker fought his way to the front, secured a place on a board largely composed of Babus, and since that day Jamalpur's views on "local sluff" have not been fit for publication. To understand the magnitude of the insult one must study the city—for station, in the strict sense of the word, it is not. Crotons, palms, mangoes, *wellingtonias*, teak, and bamboos adorn it, and the *poinsettia* and *bougainvillea*, the railway creeper and the *bignonia venusta* make it gay with many colours. It is laid out with military precision on the right-hand side of the line going down to Calcutta—to each house its just share of garden and green *jilmil*, its red *surki* path, its growth of trees and its neat little wicket gate. Its general aspect, in spite of the Dutch formality, is that of an English village, such a thing as enterprising stage-managers put on the theatres at Home. The hills have thrown a protecting arm round nearly three sides of it, and on the fourth it is bounded by what are locally known as the "sheds"—in other words, the station, offices and workshops of the company. The E. I. R. only exists for outsiders. Its servants speak of it reverently, angrily, despitefully or enthusiastically as "the Company;" and they never omit the big, big C. Men must have treated the Honourable East India Company in something the same fashion ages ago. "The Company" in Jamalpur is Lord Dufferin, all the members of Council, the Bodyguard, Sir Frederick Roberts, Mr. Westland, whose name is at the bottom of the currency-notes, the Oriental Life Assurance Company and the Bengal Government all rolled into one. At first, when a stranger enters this life, he is inclined to scoff and ask, in his ignorance: "*What* is this Company that you talk so much about?" Later on, he ceases to scoff and his mouth opens slowly; for this Company is a "big" thing—almost big enough to satisfy an American.

Ere beginning to describe its doings, let it be written, and repeated several times hereafter, that the E. I. R. passenger carriages and especially the second class are just now—horrid; being filthy and unwashen, dirty to look at and dirty to live in. Having cast this small stone we will examine Jamalpur. When it was laid out in or before the Mutiny year, its designers allowed room for growth and made the houses of one general design—some of brick, some of stone, some three, four, and six-roomed, some single men's barracks and some two-storied—all for the use of the employés. King's Road, Prince's Road, Queen's Road, and Victoria Road—Jamalpur is loyal—cut the breadth of the station; and Albert Road, Church Street and Steam Road the length of it. Neither on these roads or on any of the cool shaded smaller ones is anything unclean or unsightly to be found. There is a dreary *bustee* in the neighbourhood which is said to make the most of any cholera that may be going, but Jamalpur itself is specklessly and spotlessly neat. From St. Mary's Church to the Railway Station, and from the buildings where they print daily about half a lakh of tickets, to the ringing, roaring rattling workshops, everything has the air of having been cleaned up at ten that very morning and put under a glass-case. Also there is a holy calm about the roads—totally unlike anything in an English manufacturing town. Wheeled conveyances are few because every man's bungalow is close to his work, and when the day has begun and the offices of the "Loco." and "Traffic" have soaked up their thousands of natives and hundreds of Europeans, you shall pass under the dappled shadows of the teak trees hearing nothing louder than the croon of some bearer playing with a child in the verandah or the faint tinkle of a piano. This is pleasant, and produces an impression of Watteau-like refinement tempered with arcadian simplicity. The dry, anguished howl of the "buzzer," the big steam-whistle, breaks the hush, and all Jamalpur is alive with the tramping of tiffin-seeking feet. The Company gives one hour for meals between eleven and twelve. On the stroke of noon there is another rush back to the works or the offices and Jamalpur sleeps through the afternoon till four or half-past and then rouses for tennis at the Institute.

In the hot weather it splashes in the swimming bath, or reads, for it has a library of several thousand books. One of the most flourishing Lodges in the Bengal jurisdiction—"St. George's in the East"—lives at Jamalpur, and meets twice a month. Its members point out with justifiable pride that all the fittings were made by their own hands: and the Lodge in its accoutrements and the energy of the craftsmen can compare with any in India. But the Institute seems to be the central gathering place, and its half-dozen tennis-courts and neatly laid-out grounds seem to be always full. Here, if a stranger could judge, the greater part of the flirtation of Jamalpur is carried out, and here the dashing apprentice—the apprentices are the liveliest of all—learns that there are problems harder than any he studies at the Night School, and that the heart of a maiden is more inscrutable than the mechanism of a locomotive. On Tuesdays and Fridays, as a printed notification witnesseth, the Volunteers parade. A and B companies, 150 strong in all, of the E. I. R. Volunteers are stationed here with the Band. Their uniform, grey with red facings, is not lovely, but they know how to shoot and drill. They have to. The "Company" makes it a condition of service that a man must be a Volunteer; and Volunteer in something more than name he must be; or some one will ask the reason why. Seeing that there are no regulars between Howrah and Dinapur the "Company" does well in exacting this toll. Some of the old soldiers are wearied of drill, some of the youngsters don't like it but—the way they entrain and detrain is worth seeing. They are as mobile a corps as can be desired, and perhaps ten or twelve years hence the Government may possibly be led to take a real interest in them and spend a few thousand rupees in providing them with real soldier's kits—not uniform and rifle merely. Their ranks include all sorts and conditions of men. Heads of the "Loco." and "Traffic,"—the "Company" is no great respecter of rank—clerks in the "Audit," boys from mercantile firms at Home, fighting with the intricacies of time, fare and freight tables; guards who have grown grey in the service of the company; mail and passenger drivers with nerves of cast-iron who can shoot through a long afternoon without losing temper or flurrying; light-built East Indians; Tyne-side men, slow of speech and uncommonly strong in the arm; lathy apprentices who have not yet "filled out;" fitters, turners, foremen, full, assistant and sub-assistant station-masters, and a host of others. In the hands of the younger men, the Regulation Martini-Henry naturally goes off the line occasionally on a *shikar* expedition.

There is a twelve-hundred yard range running down one side of the station, and the condition of the grass by the firing butts tells its own tale. Scattered in the ranks of the Volunteers are a fair number of old soldiers, for the Company has a weakness for recruiting from the Army for its guards who may, in time, become station-masters. A good man from the Army, with his papers all correct and certificates from his C. O. may, after depositing twenty pounds to pay his Home passage in the event of his services being dispensed with, enter the Company's service on something less than one hundred a month and rise in time to four hundred as a station-master. A railway bungalow, and they are as substantially built as the engines, cannot cost him more than one-ninth of the pay of his grade, and the Provident Fund provides for his latter end.

Think for a moment of the number of men that a line running from Howrah to Delhi must use, and you will realise what an enormous amount of patronage the Company holds in its hands. Naturally a father who has worked for the line expects the line to do something for the son; and the line is not backward in meeting his wishes where possible. The sons of old servants may be taken on at fifteen years of age or thereabouts as apprentices in the "shops;" receiving twenty rupees in the first and fifty in the last year of their indentures. Then they come on the books as full "men" on perhaps Rs. 65 a month and the road is open to them in many ways. They may become foremen of departments on Rs. 500 a month, or drivers earning with overtime Rs. 370, or if they have been brought into the Audit or the Traffic, they may control innumerable Babus and draw several hundreds of rupees monthly. Or, at eighteen or nineteen, they may be ticket-collectors working up to the grade of guard, &c. Every rank of the huge human hive has a desire to see its sons placed properly, and the native workmen, about three thousand in the Locomotive Department only, are, said one man, "making a family affair of it altogether. You see all those men turning brass and looking after the machinery? They've all got relatives and a lot of 'em own land out Monghyr way, close to us. They bring on their sons as soon as they are old enough to do anything, and the Company rather encourages

it. You see the father is in a way responsible for his son, and he'll teach him all he knows, and in that way the Company has a hold on them all. You've no notion how sharp a native is when he's working on his own hook. All the district round here, right up to Monghyr, is more or less dependent on the Railway."

The Babus in the Traffic Department, in the Stores Issue Department, in all the departments where men sit through the long, long Indian day among ledgers, and check and pencil and deal in figures, and items and rupees, may be counted by hundreds. Imagine the struggle among them to locate their sons in comfortable cane-bottomed chairs, in front of a big pewter inkstand and stacks of paper! The Babus make beautiful accountants, and if we could only see it, a merciful Providence has made the Babu for figures and detail. Without him, on the Bengal side, the dividends of any Company would be eaten up by the expenses of English or country-bred clerks. The Babu is a great man, and to respect him, you must see five score or so of him, in a room a hundred yards long, bending over ledgers, ledgers, and yet more ledgers—silent as the Sphinx and busy as a bee. He is the lubricant of the great machinery of the Company whose ways and works cannot be dealt with in a single scrawl.

"IN FORMA PAUPERIS."

"I will be calm—I will be calm!" said Mr. Potts. Whereupon he threw himself into a chair and foamed at the mouth.—*Pickwick Papers.*

This is the humble petition of a limp, sobbled. muddied traveller who has not a dry rag to his back, or a clean boot to his foot: and it is, furthermore, a true story which the Supreme, the Punjab Government, and the P. W. D. may read with profit. It is the simple record of a journey from the Capital of India to one of the larger cantonments of the Model Province—a trip attended with certain danger to life.

All began well in a tonga and clouds of hot steaming mist. It is easy to go down-hill in a tonga, though anything but comfortable, because a tonga leaks and bumps and is better fitted for the conveyance of dead stock than humans.

The incidents of the journey commenced about ten miles from Kalka when one passed in the shadows of the evening and cried out a confused greeting whereof the last word sounded like "elephant!" This was a dark saying only made clear at Kalka where, in an hotel verandah, hung all the raiment which two trunks can hold. A forlorn servant moved in this wash-yard and, in answer to a question, said:—"My Sahib crossed the Gugger on a *hathi* and, behold, all his *kapra* is wet! I am making shift to dry it." Then the traveller saw the beauty of the prospect before him, and, because he had once before been all but washed away in the Gugger, and because he hated elephants and cold water with the hatred that is born of fear, he stayed awhile to bless the Government of India which was at that hour preparing to go to a dance at Barnes Court. Whether the servant ever succeeded in drying the Sahib's clothes, or whether he is still at the job, for the clouds above Kalka were gravid with rain, the traveller neither knows nor cares. His heart was heavy as he rolled into the *dak-gharri* and jolted down Kalka High-Street. And the saddest part of it all was that at that very hour the band was playing the opening dance at Barnes Court. The roads were scoured and channelled by the footprints of recent rain, and on all sides the view was shut out by draggle-tailed clouds who were bullying an evasive moon. It was a lovely night—just such a one as a man would choose whereon to kill his dearest friend or cut his own throat. It promised to be even livelier when the scattered drops should have formed themselves into a regular army and—what would the Gugger do then?

The question had set itself to the rhythmical jingle of the harness for many minutes before the questioner was stung by a sense of its criminality. Here was the Nineteenth Century; here was the road from the Capital of India; and here—oh, shame!—was an "heir of all the ages," entitled by right of the wisdom of his ancestors to a first-class ticket in a first-class railway, lying on the broad of his back in a stuffy, slow, smelling *dak-gharri*, speculating on the chances of a dissolute hill stream giving him croup, neuralgia, fever, whooping-cough or sudden death. It was humiliating, but it was also necessary. Providence, which delights in deceiving, had arranged that the first of the streams which cut the Umballa road should be dry—dry as a bone. A year before, the traveller had been stuck on the banks of this stream for two mortal hours, but was rewarded by seeing the Accountant-General of the Punjab and an elephant very nearly choked. If the Gugger were dry surely the Gugger must be——

"Oh, yes!" said the coachman, "have no fear. We will accomplish the matter with two yoke of bullocks." He whacked the horses cheerfully and took out his great-coat, which was unkind of him, for the yellow khaki uniform gave confidence against the clouds.

There was peace for a while. The clouds dropped and dropped, and the moon behind them turned the face of the land into the similitude of an under-exposed photograph. The second stream was also dry. Assuredly the Gugger would be kind! The *gharri* descended into the valley and the rain began in earnest. They had reached the seventh or eighth dance on the Barnes Court programme and the *gharri* had reached the Gugger changing-stage. A beacon on the hither side answered a flare apparently a league away; and all between the two fires was indistinguishable brownness and mist.

"We will take two yoke of bullocks," said the driver to a shadow in the rain.

"You are a fool," said the shadow, but it brought two yokes and the *gharri* plowtered towards the stream over something soft and pashy.

"We will take three yoke of bullocks," said the driver after a quarter of an hour, and they brought a third yoke to a great sandy flat bounded on all sides by the woolly dark. But straight ahead was the Gugger, dirty as rupee-silver, talking to itself in a sulky monotone. It seemed restless, and, from so low a point of view, rather broader than the Thames. The traveller reflected while the *gharri* leaked—"And *this* is the road from Simla. Won't I be scornful about it when I get to the other side!" One cannot be supercilious at 11 P. M. in the unmade bed of a wanton nuddi. In the first place the river might hear. In the second....

"We will take four yoke," said the driver. There was a squelch in the darkness, a sound of dripping water and a rattle of ox-goads, and the Ordinary bulged into sight, wet from the head of the wheel, her tilt sodden and dank, and her bullocks steaming and puffing. "A yoke of bullocks," said the driver of the *gharri*. "Take it," said the Ordinary, "but four will not be enough. There is water in the Gugger to-night." She ploughed her way to the Kalka bank and one wet Sahib envied her occupants in their packed noisome security. They at least had crossed the Gugger before the screaming squall of rain broke.

"The more you look, the less you'll like it," said the Gugger. The four yoke went to the stream and verily there was water in the Gugger that night! Three turns of the wheel seemed to carry Cæsar and his fortunes "out of sight beyond light" into a boundless sea. The oxen stopped, and the rain drummed on the roof, and the water lapped upon the cushion of the *gharri*. "Go on!" said the Sahib, "All night will you sit down in this Demon's trough, sons of bullocks?" The driver cried aloud but calmly:—"And is it in your heart, O Sahib, that *we* people also do not desire to go forward? The fault is not with me. I have lost possession of my horses. It is the fault of the foremost left hand bullock, who is stopping to drink water!"

It needed only this to derange nerves already half strung. The monstrous affectation of the brute. Think of it! His stable had been a swamp all day. He could have died of dropsy had he chosen, but he preferred getting his drink from the exact mathematical centre of a hurrying stream lashed by blinding rain. Nero fiddling when Rome was burning, Casabianca seeking for a *hookum* while the magazine caught fire, the sentinel at Pompeii, the "general consensus of public opinion," were nothing to this bullock. He stopped and drank daintily, as though his obstinate nose were safe in a millpond.

"I will get out and murder that bullock—when I reach the other side," said the traveller, tucking up his toes and holding the centre cushion in his arms. The water lapped and rushed and fought among the wheels, and—the near-lead bullock finished his drink while the traveller's thoughts rushed through his brain something after this fashion:—

"A dry death, O Providence. By sunstroke for choice! An exceedingly dry death—but not a puppy's end in the Gugger. Because, you see, O Providence, it catches you in the small of the back and scrubs your nose and knees against the bottom, and you turn and twist and cannot get your head up, and you are choked in your own depth; unless your face be battered against a boulder. This is the Simla road. One *mustn't* come to grief on the Simla road. Oh, that last plunge, and—all the cushions are drenched. Give me a Viceroy—he has never seen the Gugger—give me all the Members of Council with yokes about their necks and I will drive them to and fro this night until they die! But they are dancing at Barnes Court. I also, last night, was dancing at Viceregal Lodge:

'Last night among his fellow roughs
He jested, cursed and swore—
A drunken private of the Buffs'—

No, I don't mean that exactly, but it *is* hard to be tipped into a howling torrent twelve hours after this time last night. There goes a bullock! It's all over! No, he's up again. Oh, for some responsible animals to shoot. What does Kinloch say about the buffaloes? 'They drifted down-stream like flat-bottomed barges.' That's how the Council would drift, and one might fire at them from the bank as they wallowed. A theft from *Jess!* Cannot a man prepare to enter the next world without a plagiarism upon his lips! Must he borrow his situations when he crouches with his toes two inches from a tepid eternity. If ever she reaches the other side I'll forswear sack—surely I haven't lost the whiskey bottle!—and—the water is shallowing already. *Shabash, mera bhai!* Hit 'em hard, coachman, and—Allah be thanked, here is the land! But everybody should be hanged."

And the *gharri* "came up with a song from the sea," and the traveller could see no more water between himself and the friendly beacon. At the very last, and under the bank, was a thin stream, just enough to send the bullocks into their yokes, and to smash the fore-axle of the *gharri* in three feet of mud—to tilt the traveller into that mud and to send all the moveables flying through the windows.

"I am not on a Shan States Expedition," said the traveller hooking two pillows and a courier-bag out of the muck. "I am *not* an explorer, nor a Siberian exile. I am a gentleman returning from the Capital of India where they have gas, and the electric light, and cultured men and women. I have not a dry rag on me, my boots are as big as my head and I have lost an indefinite quantity of rupees in this filthy slough because I did not make allowances for *gharris* turning themselves inside out."

"That *gharri* is broken," said the driver. "There is a *faltu gharri* where that light is. The bullock men must be coolies and shift the luggage. It will be the work of one hour." "And I am to wait in this rain for one hour while you play with the baggage?" The driver, dripping wet, made no answer, and the traveller plunged up the muddy bank to a light upon a table spread with gingerpop and lemonade. The rain dripped from the fringes of the cloth, but the woman who sat at the table took no heed of it. "I am the Khansameen of the ford," she said. "Tea, coffee, limlage, soba waller? Your *gharri* is broken up: come to my house." She led across a runnel-cut field and slowly, for she was a brown-bound edition of the Fat Woman of Brentford. Five goats shared her mud hut and slept by preference against the door, which opened inwards. Wherefore the fat woman kicked them ere handing the Sahib the remains of a chair and bidding him welcome. The night was stiflingly hot, and within the hut the mixed flavour of goat and kerosine was overwhelming. But the old lady talked the politics of the Gugger and was vastly interesting. Had been the wife of the Mess Khansamah of the Seventeenth *pultan*. He died in Kabul and she had come to the banks of the Gugger in her sixty-third year. An old woman—yes—but with three *naukers* and five goats, one is a person of distinction on the banks of the Gugger. Had moved, too, in the height of society—no, not as an *ayah*; that is menial work, but had seen memsahibs. Here she chuckled sweetly and swore a tremendous oath in good English. "Did the *mensahibs* speak that?" "Nay. But the *ghorah log* did. And they also, when angry said * * * *." Dear old lady! She was worth more in that hour than the Government of India, for she provided the shelter which the other fat old woman was unable to afford. Let us hope she only swore parrotwise.

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So the night wore on and the old lady chuckled and laughed and told stories of the fording of the Gugger and tales of old times whereof she alone knew the point, and the second *gharri* was loaded up—it leaked infamously—and the traveller departed from among the goats and the little crawling insects, and after long hours came to Umballa drenched and muddy.

Now had the object of the journey been simply to talk to a fat native woman in a frowsy hut, the dignity of its incidents would have suited it. But seeing that the traveller was not a criminal, and really wished to get to Umballa in comfort, seeing further that, as has been said, it was on the road to the Capital of India that all these things happened, he is justified in cursing the Government of India, individually and collectively, the Punjab Government, the P. W. D., and everybody else directly or indirectly connected with that disgraceful streak of slime called the Umballa-Kalka road.

AMONG THE RAILWAY FOLK.

II.

AT JAMALPUR.

A STUDY of this Republic of Jamalpur is not easy. The Railway Folk, like the army and civilian castes, have their own language, and life, which an outsider cannot hope to understand. For instance, when Ja'nalpur refers to itself as being "on the long siding," a lengthy explanation is necessary before the visitor grasps the fact that the whole of the two hundred and thirty odd miles of the loop from Luckee Serai to Kuana junction, *viâ* Bhagulpur, is thus contemptuously treated. Jamalpur insists that it is out of the world and makes this an excuse for being proud of itself and all its institutions. But in one thing it is badly, disgracefuly provided. At a moderate estimate there must be about two hundred Europeans with their families in the place. They can, and do, get their small supplies from Calcutta, but they are dependent on the tender mercies of the bazaar for their meat which seems to be hawked from door to door. Also, there is a Raja who owns or has an interest in the land on which the station stands, and he is averse to cow-killing. For these reasons, Jamalpur is not too well supplied with good meat, and what it wants is a decent meat-market with cleanly controlled slaughtering arrangements. The "Company," who gives grants to the schools and builds the Intitute and throws the shadow of its protection all over the place, might help this scheme forward.

The heart of Jamalpur is the "shops," and here a visitor will see more things in an hour than he can understand in a year. Steam Street very appropriately leads to the forty or fifty acres that the "shops" cover, and to the busy silence of the Loco. Superintendent's Office, where a man must put down his name and his business on a slip of paper before he can penetrate into the Temple of Vulcan. About three thousand five hundred men are in the "shops," and, ten minutes after the day's work has begun, the Assistant Superintendent knows exactly how many are "in." The heads of departments—silent, heavy-handed men, captains of five hundred or more—have their names fairly printed on a board which is exactly like a pool-marker. They "star a life," when they come in, and their few names alone represent salaries to the extent of six thousand a month. They are men worth hearing deferentially. They hail from Manchester and the Clyde, and the great iron works of the North, and pleasant as cold water in a thirsty land it is to hear again the full Northumbrian burr or the long drawn Yorkshire "aye." Under their great gravity of demeanour—a man who is in charge of a few lakhs worth of plant cannot afford to be riotously mirthful—lurks melody and humour. They can sing like north-country men, and in their hours of ease, go back to the speech of the iron counties they have left behind, when "Ab o' th' yate," and all "Ben Briarly's" shrewd wit shakes the warm air of Bengal with deep-chested laughter. Hear "Ruglan' Toon," with a chorus as true as the fall of trip-hammers, and fancy that you are back again in the smoky, rattling, ringing North.

But this is the "unofficial" side. Let us go forward through the gates under the mango trees, and set foot at once in sheds which have as little to do with mangoes as a locomotive with Lakshmi. The "buzzer" howls, for it is nearly tiffin time. There is a rush from every quarter of the shops, a cloud of flying natives, and a procession of more sedately pacing Englishmen, and in three short minutes you are left absolutely alone, among arrested wheels and belts, pulleys, cranks, and cranes—in a silence only broken by the soft sigh of a far-away steam-valve or the cooing of pigeons. You are, by favour freely granted, at liberty to wander anywhere you please through the deserted works. Walk into a huge, brick-built, tin-roofed stable, capable of holding twenty-four locomotives under treatment, and see what must be done to the Iron Horse once in every three years if he is to do his work well. On reflection, Iron Horse is wrong. An engine is a she—as distinctly feminine as a ship or a mine. Here stands the *Echo*, her wheels off, resting on blocks, her underside machinery taken out, and her side scrawled with mysterious hieroglyphics in chalk. An enormous green-painted iron harness-rack bears her piston and eccentric rods, and a neatly painted board shows that such and such Englishmen are the fitter, assistant and apprentice engaged in editing that *Echo*. An engine seen from the platform and an engine viewed from underneath are two very different things. The one is as unimpressive as a *ticca-gharri*; the other as imposing as a man-of-war in the yard.

In this manner is an engine treated for navicular, laminitis, back-sinew, or whatever it is that engines most suffer from. No. 607, we will say, goes wrong at Dinapur, Assensole, Buxar, or wherever it may be, after three years' work. The place she came from is stencilled on the boiler, and the foreman examines her. Then he fills in a hospital sheet which bears one hundred and eighty printed heads under which an engine can come into the shops. No. 607 needs repair in only one hundred and eighteen particulars, ranging from mud-hole flanges and blower-cocks to lead-plugs, and platform brackets which have shaken loose. This certificate the foreman signs and it is framed near the engine for the benefit of the three Europeans and the eight or nine natives who have to mend 607. To the ignorant the superhuman wisdom of the examiner seems only equalled by the audacity of the two men and the boy who are to undertake what is frivolously called the "job." 607 is in a sorely mangled condition: but 403 is much worse. She is reduced to a shell—is a very elle-woman of an engine, bearing only her funnel, the iron frame and the saddle that supports the boiler. All the pretty little instruction primers say that an engine takes to pieces like a watch, but it is not good to see an engine so treated. Better had a man believe that "they light the fire under the water y' know, and that makes the water steam, and that gets in-to those piston-things and that drives the train."

Four-and-twenty engines in every stage of decomposition stand in one huge shop. A travelling-crane runs overhead, and the men have hauled up one end of a bright vermilion loco. The effect is the silence of a scornful stare—just such a look as a colonel's portly wife gives through her *pince nez* at the audacious subaltern. Engines are the "livest" things that man ever made. They glare through their spectacle-plates, they tilt their noses contemptuously, and when their insides are gone they adorn themselves with red lead and leer like decayed beauties; and in the Jamalpur works there is no escape from them. The shops can hold fifty without pressure and on occasion as many again. Everywhere there are engines, and everywhere brass domes lie about on the ground like huge helmets in a pantomime. The silence is the weirdest touch of all. Some sprightly soul —an apprentice be sure—has daubed in red lead. on the end of an iron tool-box, a caricature of some friend who is evidently a rivetter. The picture has all the interest of an Egyptian cartouche, for it shows that men have been here and that the engines do not have it all their own way.

And so, out into the open, away from the three great sheds, between and under more engines, till we strike a wilderness of lines all converging to one turn-table. Here be elephant stalls ranged round a half-circle and in each stall stands one engine, and each engine stares at the turn-table. A stolid and disconcerting company is this ring of eyed monsters; 324, 432, and 8 are shining like Bon Marché toys. They are ready for their turn of duty and are spruce as hansoms. Lacquered chocolate, picked out with black, red and white, is their dress, and delicate lemon graces the ceilings of the cabs. The driver should be a gentleman in evening dress with white kid gloves, and there should be gold-headed champagne bottles in the spick and span tenders. Huckleberry Finn says of a timber raft:—"It amounted to something being captain of that raft." Thrice enviable is the man who, drawing Rs. 220 a month, is allowed to make Rs. 150 overtime out of Locos. No. 324, 432, or 8. Fifty yards beyond this gorgeous trinity are ten or twelve engines who have put in to Jamalpur to bait. They are alive, their fires are lighted and they are swearing and purring and growling one at another as they stand alone—all alone. Here is evidently one of the newest type—No. 25, a giant who has just brought the Mail in and waits to be cleaned up preparatory to going out afresh.

The tiffin hour is ended. The buzzer blows, and with a roar, a rattle and a clang the shops take up their toil. The hubbub that followed on the Prince's kiss to the Sleeping Beauty was not so loud or sudden. Experience, with a foot-rule in his pocket, authority in his port, and a merry twinkle in his eye, comes up and catches Ignorance walking gingerly round No. 25. "That's one of the best we have," says Experience, "a four-wheeled coupled bogie they call her. She's by Dobbs. She's done her hundred and fifty miles to-day; and she'll run in to Rampur Haut this afternoon; then she'll rest a day and be cleaned up. Roughly she does her three hundred miles in the four and twenty hours. She's a beauty. She's out from Home, but we can build our own engines—all except the wheels. We're building ten locos. now and we've got a dozen boilers ready if you care to look at them. How long does a loco. last? That's just as may be. She will do as much as her driver lets her. Some men play the mischief with a loco. and some handle 'em properly. Our drivers prefer Hawthorne's old four-wheel coupled engines because they give the least bother. There is one in that shed and it's a good 'un to travel. But 80,000 miles generally sees the gloss off an engine and she goes into the shops to be overhauled and refitted and replaned and a lot of things that you wouldn't understand if I told you about them. No. 1, the first loco. on the line, is running still, but very little of the original engine must be left by this time. That one there, called the *Fawn*, came out in the Mutiny year. She's by Slaughter and Grunning, and she's built for speed in front of a light load. French-looking sort of thing isn't she? That's because her cylinders are on a tilt. We used her for the Mail once, but the Mail has grown heavier and heavier, and now we use six-wheel coupled eighteen inch, inside-cylinder 45-ton locos. to shift thousand-ton trains. *No!* All locos. aren't alike. It isn't merely pulling a lever. The Company likes its drivers to know their locos. and a man will keep his Hawthorne for two or three years. The more mileage he gets out of her before she has to be overhauled the better man he is. It pays to let a man have his fancy-engine. The Company knows that. Other lines don't. There's the——. They run the life out of the men and the locos. together. They'll run an engine into the cleaning shed wherever it may be, and then another driver jumps on and runs her back again and so on till they've run the inside out of her. The drivers don't care. 'Tisn't *their* engine? The other man always said to have damaged her and so the——get their stock into a sweet state. 'Come in with a slide-bar about red-hot and everything else to match. A man must take an interest in his loco. and that means she must belong to him. Some locos. won't do anything, even if you coax and humour them. I don't *think* there are any unlucky ones now, but some years ago No. 31 wasn't popular. The drivers went sick or took leave when they were told off for her. She killed her driver on the Jubbulpore line, she left the rails at Kajra, she did something or other at Rampur Haut, and Lord knows what she didn't do or try to do in other places. All the drivers fought shy of her, and, in the end, she disappeared. They said she was condemned, but I shouldn't wonder if the Company changed her number quietly, and changed the luck at the same time. You see, the Government Inspector comes and looks at our stock now and again, and when an engine's condemned he puts his dhobi-mark on her and she's broken up. Well, 31 was condemned, but there was a whisper that they only shifted her number and ran her out again. When the drivers didn't know, there were no accidents. I don't think we've got an unlucky one running now. Some are different from others, but there are no man-eaters. Yes, a driver of the Mail *is* somebody. He can make Rs. 370 a month if he's a covenanted man. We get a lot of our drivers in the country and we don't import from England as much as we did. Stands to reason that, now there's more competition both among lines and in the labour market, the Company can't afford to be as generous as it used to be. It doesn't trap a man though. It's this way with the drivers. A native driver gets about Rs. 20 a month, and in his way he's supposed to be good enough for branch-work and shunting and such. Well, an English driver'll get from Rs. 80 to Rs. 220, and overtime. The English driver knows what the native gets, and in time they tell the driver that the native'll improve. The driver has that to think of. You see? That's competition!! A driver, one day with another, does his hundred miles a day. Say a man leaves Buxar at 2 P.M., he gets to Allahabad at 7 P.M. That's 163 miles. He rests at Allahabad till 8-20 next morning when he goes back to Buxar and rests till about 2 P.M. the next day. Then goes to Mokameh, reaches Mokameh at 7 P.M., stays till 4 next morning and gets back to Buxar at 9-20 A.M. Then it all begins over again. He has got about three thousand pounds worth of the Company's property to look after, under his own hand, and the Lord knows how much value in the train behind him. Oh, he's got quite enough to think of when he's on his engine.

Experience returns to the engine-sheds now full of clamour, and enlarges, on the beauties of sick locomotives. The fitters and the assistants and the apprentices are hammering and punching and gauging and otherwise technically disporting themselves round their enormous patients, and their language as caught in snatches is beautifully unintelligible.

But one flying sentence goes straight to the heart. It is the cry of Humanity over the task of Life, done into unrefined English. An apprentice, grimed to his eyebrows, his cloth cap well on the back of his curly head and his hands deep in his pockets, is sitting on the edge of a tool box, ruefully regarding the very much disorganised engine whose slave is he. A handsome boy this apprentice and well made. He whistles softly between his teeth and his brow puckers. Then, he addresses the engine saying, half in expostulation and half in despair:—"Oh you condemned old female dog!" He puts the sentence more crisply—much more crisply, and Ignorance chuckles sympathetically.

Ignorance also is puzzled over these engines.

AN EXERCISE IN ADMINISTRATION.

(ACCORDING TO ONANDORF.)

Q.—What is that Thing over there?

A.—That is a Bombay Government attempting to administer a Presidency.

Q.—But why is it hunting the elderly gentleman with the grey hair among the trucks of the G. I. P. terminus?

A.—Oh it has a notion about him, and I think that the constables rather enjoy the fun.

Q.—But the old man is mad—anyone with half an eye can see that. Look! He has attired himself in a fez and gaberdine and is dancing sarabands in front of the Inspector of Police. Ah! They have caught him by the collar! He must be a distinguished burglar in disguise?

A.—On the contrary, he is a civilian of thirty-three years' standing, a C. M. G. and one or two other things which are generally considered respectable.

Q.—And what has he done?

A.—The Bombay Government believe that he has taken bribes and prostituted his office. You may read the indictment in all the Bombay papers. He has been arrested on the strength of that indictment.

Q.—Who are those men with second-hand shirt-collars and pencils pointed at both ends?

A.—Those are the Reporters. They are going to report the trial for all the Indian papers, especially the Bombay ones, who are discussing it in great detail. With reminiscences of the elderly gentleman's early career.

Q.—But isn't that rather—improper?

A.—What *does* it matter? He is only a Civilian of thirty-three years' standing, &c., &c., and the Bombay Government have got a notion about him. All Poona knows that.

Q.—What do you think they will do?

A.—They will first draw all the eyes of all India in this direction by allowing the utmost publicity to the indictment. They will, later, put the elderly gentleman, who, by the way, has engaged solicitors, in the dock, and will try him on criminal charges under certain sections of the Penal Code. The Jury will then retire to consider their verdict and......

Q.—Why do you stop?

A.—Because the Bombay Government have changed their mind.

Q.—Why?

A.—Possibly, because they have another notion. They are taken that way occasionally.

Q.—What are they going to do this time?

A.—They are not going to prosecute the elderly gentleman in Court.

Q.—But they have hunted him down and grabbed him by the hair, and published all the indictment and put some new varnish on the dock-rails. They must surely go forward.

A.—Wait a moment. Lord Reay is sucking his thumb. He will presently say something.

Q.—What is he saying?

A.—He says:—"False start. We won't count this time. Let us begin again from the very beginning."

Q.—Are they then going to turn down the elderly gentleman and hunt him afresh?

A.—Oh no. They will merely catch a Commission to sit upon him—if they don't change their minds in the interval.

Q.—What is a Commission?

A.—A thing that commits itself—like the one which sat on Mr. Wilson; or does *not* commit itself—like the Public Service Commission.

Q.—But the elderly gentleman seems displeased.

A.—He? Oh he is only saying that he has been arrested, indicted, ruined, shown up, damned beforehand and all but brought to trial, and he has some narrow-minded wish to go through with the business for his own vindication. He seems to think that it is his right.

Q.—But, look here, *hasn't* he a right to be tried?

A.—Not a bit of it! If he were a Bengali schoolboy with a taste for fish-stealing, or a Rungpore deer or a *mela* case he might talk. Being only a Civilian of thirty-three years' service, a C. M. G., a builder of markets, and so on, I assure you he has not a leg to stand on.

Q.—What do you think they will do with him?

A.—Wait a moment. When Lord Reay has finished sucking his thumb I'll tell you. Ah! Now I see. They will really try him by a Commission, if they don't think of something newer and more entertaining.

Q.—And if he is innocent?

A.—The Native Press and some of the Indian papers will declare that that Commission has been started to hide the truth.

Q. And if he is guilty?

A.—Every one who is on his side will say that he has not had a fair trial.

Q.—That is an interesting situation.

A.—Yes. It reflects the greatest credit on Lord Reay's sagacity, prudence, forethought and knowledge of mankind.

Q.—Happy thought! Suppose we hang Lord Reay.

A.—Oh no. Let him suck his thumb. He will come to sufficient grief through his own unassisted intellect.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

A SECOND-RATE FARCE,

Dedicated with all possible respect and admiration to the D—cc—n M—g C—y C—mm—tee.

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the issue in sight was a Vice, I say
You of the Virtue, we issue join
How goes it? *De te fabula.*

The Statue and the Bust.

SCENE.—*Exterior of the I—a Office on a remarkably shady day. Enter chorus of Indignant Speculators, too angry to be particular about their rhymes, singing:—*

Who shall restore us the leaves
That the Huqster hath eaten,
Or who shall arraign us the thieves
To be properly beaten?
Where is the grim guillotine—
The sawdust and platter
For W-ts-n? Too long hath he been
A joy to his hatter!

We are sold and we feel it acutely,
A scorn and a hissing.
The Heathen hath had us astutely—
Our eye-teeth are missing!

Let no man survive to record
The way we were snaffled!
Let the paid share be turned to a sword—
Its drop to a scaffold.

Echo of a Voice from H-d-r-b-d ; con brio :—
'Tis oh for a day of the days that are dead
And a dead and a done with land,
For a tusker trained and a *budmash* brained
At the wave of a Monarch's hand !

Yea, a *hathi musth,* and spirt of dust,
A trumpet shrill and loud—
A kick and a thud and a gout of blood,
And the deep drawn breath of the crowd.

'Twere ended then in the sight of men,
The lie and the loss and the theft :
They might pluck the wrong or the right from the long
Keen tusks sent into the heft.

Semi-chorus of Venerables from Nowhere in Particular :—
Gently does the trick, my lad, gently does the trick,
To the moral hide, my lad, suit the moral stick ;
Bulls in China-shops are bad,
Gently does the trick, my lad,
Yes, we own, it's awful sad,
But
Gently does the trick !

Easy on the trawl, my lad—easy on the trawl !
You may smash expensive nets with too great a haul.
What's the use of damning eyes ?
Drop the personalities,
Will you kindly summarise
And
Easy on the trawl !

Chorus of C—mm—tee in conclave assembled :—
Tenderly, ah ! tenderly oh !
Water the lightning and muffle the thunder !
(*p.p.*) Somebody whisper to Henry : " Lie low."
Somebody bund up Apollo—the Bunder.
Tenderly, ah ! tenderly oh !
Over the pimples triumphant we go !

Indignant Speculators to staccato accomp. of kicks on door panels, and with British pronunciation :—
" More light," quoth dying Goethe,
And We demand the same ;
For why should You be shirty
If They are not to blame ?

C—mm—tee from behind closed doors, to hymn tune :
More light is sometimes trying,
And You have clean forgot
That Goethe lay a-dying
While We are on the spot !

C—mm—tee emerge in guise of nigger minstrels, their faces extensively blackened, supported by a précis-writer on £70 a year, and the Consciousness of Rectitude. Topical song by President, tambo and steps :—
When you sit by chance on a hornet's nest,
And they're all there—very much there.
To leave 'em alone is by far the best,
For they're all there—very much there !
The friends and the relatives come to see,
And Sheol wakes in the old oak tree,
And Deuce knows what the end may be
There—very much there !

(*Chorus*) We're all there—very much there !
O koorong with the whole affair,
It's dicky in front and it's dicky behind.
But we'll get inside and pull down the blind,
And the rude little boys will please not to stare
When we're all there—very much there !

Solo, banjo and bones, S-r R-ch-d T-mple, to very careful walk-round of C—mm—tee :—
Right foot ! lef' foot ! Hop light, Loo,
Here am a fuss—dere am a muss ! What am a nig to do ?
Down de middle an' back again—
Keep de sugar out o' de rain,
Mind de aigs upon de floor an'—hop light, Loo !

(*Chorus and complete break-down*)
Hop light, Loo ! Here's a how-de-do !
Razors am a flyin' in de air !
Sot de cream behind de do'
Or de storm'll turn it sho,'
Trim de lamp a little low,
Massa likes to hab it so—
Listen to de thunder in de mawnin !'

Solo, H—y L—ch—re in pink shirt :
Down in Demerara when we roll de sugar keg,
Every darkey hoppin' on a gummilastic leg,
Massa Trufle James an' me, Massa Monkey Dick,
Keep de bar'l a rollin to de Lee—vee !

(*Chorus*) Keep de bar'l a rollin' slow,
Tech him lightly wif your toe,
'R else you're sure to bust de show—
Nurse de bar'l a rollin' to de Lee—vee !

Chorus of Venerables, more insistently :—
Bring not grey hairs with sorrow down to Woking—
Stir not, touch not, ask not, see not. Be wise
Ye know not what or whom ye are invoking.
Shut down the trap and . . . simply summarise !

The C-mm-tee summarise with help of précis-writer :
We find it so—exactly thus
According as you was,
Henceforward this peculiar biz
Is obviously because :
The subject and the predicate
Are generally plain,
But major premisses are facts
Not easy to retain.
Observe the rule that seems to hint
But really does not mean,
Avoid all fuss, be warned by us,
And—keep your fingers clean !

[*The voices die into silence. W-ts-n, A—lH—q and the Others study the Report with tears of envy*

W—ts—n, solo in character :—
Claude Duval rode over the heath,
Over the heath when the moon was low,
He emptied a shoehorn o' Nantes beneath
The gibbet that creaks when the night-winds blow.
" You in the chains there, ready too fall,
" Give me your blessing !" quoth Claude Duval

Claude Duval rode over the heath,
Over the heath to the Liverpool Mail,
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth
Pointed the blunderbuss—turning pale.
" Dog eat dog were a terrible sin—
" What would they say at the *Black Bull* Inn ?"

Dick the driver must bully and brag,
Bully and brag for the sake of the coach,
Claude Duval has taken the swag—
Cool as a lawyer and sound as a roach.
Deftly he opens the mail-bags all :
" Look to your priming," says Claude Duval.

Claude Duval has galloped away,
Galloped away in the night of the years ;
But Claude Duval of the present day
He is the gentleman everyone fears :
Justice is silent and *Truth* sings small
Under the pistol of Claude Duval.

Voice of President of C—mm—tee from the flies—Cadenza Expostulatzione :—
I live on Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James,
I am not versed in rigging shares or any sinful games ;
I hope you'll take our penny-farthing version of the " shine"
That broke up that society upon the Deccan Mine.

[*The Stage darkens gradually to Gounod's " Funeral March of a Marionette."*

CURTAIN.

R. K.

AMONG THE RAILWAY FOLK.

III.

AT JAMALPUR.

IN the wilderness of the Railway Shops—amid machinery that planes and shaves, and bevels and stamps, and punches and hoists and nips—the first idea that occurs to an outsider, when he has seen the men who people the place, is that it must be the birthplace of inventions—a pasture-ground of fat patents. If a writing-man, who plays with shadows and dresses dolls that others may laugh at their antics, draws help and comfort and new methods of working old ideas from the stored shelves of a library, how, in the name of Commonsense, his God, can a doing-man, whose mind is set upon things that snatch a few moments from flying Time or put power into weak hands, refrain from going forward and adding new inventions to the hundreds among which he daily moves ?

Appealed to on this subject, Experience, who had served the E. I. R. loyally for many years, held his peace. " We don't go in much for patents but," he added, with a praiseworthy attempt to turn the conversation, " we can build you any mortal thing you like. We've got the *Bradford Leslie* for the Sahibgunge ferry. Come and see the brass-work for her bows. It's in the casting-shed."

It would have been cruel to have pressed Experience further, and Ignorance, to foredate matters a little, went about to discover why Experience shied off this question, and why the men of Jamalpur had not each and all invented and patented something. He won his information in the end, but it did not come from Jamalpur. *That* must be clearly understood. It was found, anywhere you please between Howrah and Hoti Mardan ; and here it is that all the world may admire a prudent and far-sighted Board of Directors. Once upon a time, as every one in the profession knows, two men invented the D. and O. sleeper—cast iron, of five pieces, very serviceable. The men were in the Company's employ and their masters said :—" Your brains are ours. Hand us over those sleepers." Being of pay and position D. and O. made some sort of resistance and got a royalty or a bonus. At any rate, the Company had to pay for its sleepers. But thereafter and the condition exists to this day, they caused it to be written in each servant's covenant, that if by chance he invented aught, his invention was to belong to the Company. Providence has mercifully arranged that no man or syndicate of men can buy the " holy spirit of man" outright without suffering in some way or another just as much as the purchase. America fully, and Germany in part, recognises this law. The E. I. Railway's breach of it is thoroughly English. They say, or it is said of them that they say :—" We are afraid of our men, who belong to us waking and sleeping, wasting their time on trying to invent."

Is it wholly impossible, then, for men of mechanical experience and large sympathies to check the mere patent-hunter and bring forward the man with an idea ? Is there no supervision in the " shops," or have the men who play tennis and billiards at the Institute, not a minute which they can rightly call their very own. Would it ruin the richest Company in India to lend their model shop and their lathes to half a dozen, or, for the matter of that, half a hundred, abortive experiments. A Massachusetts organ factory, a Racine buggy-shop, an Oregon lumber yard would laugh at the notion. An American toy-maker might swindle an employé after the invention, but he would in his own interests help the man to " see what comes of the thing." Surely, a wealthy, a powerful and, as all Jamalpur bears witness, a considerate Company might cut that clause out of the covenant and await the issue. There would be quite enough jealousy between man and man, grade and grade, to keep down all but the keenest souls ; and, with due respect to the steam-hammer and the rolling-mill, we have not yet made machinery perfect. The " Shops" are not likely to spawn unmanageable Stephensons or grasping Brunels ; but in the minor turns of mechanical thought that find concrete expression in links, axle-boxes, joint-packings, valves and spring-stirrups something might—something would—be done were the practical prohibition removed. Will a North countryman give you anything but warm hospitality for nothing, or if you claim from him overtime service as a right, will he fall to work zealously ? " Onythin' but t' brass " is his motto, and his ideas are his " brass."

Gentlemen in authority, if this should meet your august eyes, spare it a minute's thought and, clearing away the floridity, get to the heart of the mistake and see if it cannot be rationally put right. Above all, remember that Jamalpur

supplied no information. It was as mute as an oyster. There is no one within your jurisdiction to—ahem—"drop upon."

Let us, after this excursion into the offices, return to the shops and only ask Experience such questions as he can without disloyalty answer.

"We used once" says he, leading to the foundry, "to sell our old rails and import new ones. Even when we used 'em for roof-beams and so on, we had more than we knew what to do with. Now we have got rolling-mills, and we use the rails to make tie-bars for the D. and O. sleepers and all sorts of things. We turn out five hundred D. and O. sleepers a day. Altogether, we use about seventy-five tons of our own iron a month here. Iron in Calcutta costs about five-eight a hundredweight: ours costs between three-four and three-eight, and on that item alone we save three thousand a month. Don't ask me how many miles of rails we own. There are fifteen hundred miles of *line*, and you can make your own calculation. All those things like babies' graves, down in that shed, are the moulds of the D. and O. sleepers. We test them by dropping three hundredweight and three hundred quarters of iron on top of them from a height of seven feet or eleven sometimes. They don't often smash. We have a notion here that our iron is about as good as the Home stuff."

A sleek white and brindled pariah thrusts himself into the conversation. His home appears to be on the warm ashes of the bolt-maker. This is a horrible machine which chews red-hot iron bars and spits them out perfect bolts. Its manners are disgusting and it gobbles over its food.

"Hi, Jack!" says Experience stroking the interloper, "You've been trying to break your leg again. That's the Dog of the Works. At least he makes belief that the Works belong to him. He'll follow any one of us about the shops as far as the gate, but never a step further. You can see he's first-class condition. The boys give him his ticket and, one of these days, he'll try to get on the Company's books as a regular worker. He's too clever to live." Jack heads the procession as far as the walls of the rolling-shed and then returns to his machinery room. He waddles with fatness and despises strangers.

"How would you like to be hot-potted there?" says Experience, who has read and who is enthusiastic over *She*, as he points to the great furnaces whence the slag is being dragged out by hooks. "Here is the old material going into the furnace in that big iron bucket." Look at the scraps of iron There is an old D. and O. sleeper, there's a lot of chips from a cylinder, there's a lot of snipped-up rails, there's a driving-wheel block, there's an old hook, and a sprinkling of boiler-plates and rivets."

The bucket is tipped into the furnace with a thundrous roar and the slag below pours forth more quickly. "An engine," says Experience reflectively, "can run over herself so to say. After she's broken up she is made into sleepers for the line. You'll see how she's broken up later." A few paces further on, semi-nude demons are capering over strips of glowing hot iron which are put into a mill as rails and emerge as thin, shapely tie bars. The natives wear rough sandals and some pretence of aprons, but the greater part of them is "all face." "As I said before," says Experience, "a native's cuteness when he's working on ticket is something startling. Beyond occasionally hanging on to a red-hot bar too long and so letting their pincers be drawn through the mills, these men take precious good care not to go wrong. Our machinery is fenced and guard-railed as much as possible and these men don't get caught up by the belting. In the first place they're careful—the father warns the son and so on—and in the second there's nothing about 'em for the belting to catch on unless the man shoves his hand in. Oh, a native's no fool. He knows that it doesn't do to be foolish when he's dealing with a crane or a driving-wheel. You're looking at all those chopped rails? We make our iron as they blend 'baccy. We mix up all sorts to get the required quality. Those rails have just been chopped by this tobacco-cutter thing." Experience bends down and sets a vicious looking parrot-headed beam to work. There is a quiver—a snap—and a dull smash and a heavy 76-pound rail is nipped in two like a stick of barleysugar.

Elsewhere, a bull-nosed hydraulic cutter is rail-cutting as if it enjoyed the fun. In another shed stand the steam-hammers; the unemployed ones murmuring and muttering to themselves, as is the uncanny custom of all steam-souled machinery. Experience, with his hand on a long lever, makes one of the monsters perform; and though Ignorance knows that a man designed and men do continually build steam-hammers the effect is as though Experience were maddening a chained beast. The massive block slides down the guides, only to pause hungrily an inch above the anvil, or restlessly throb through a foot and a half of space: each motion being controlled by an almost imperceptible handling of the levers. "When these things are newly overhauled, you can regulate your blow to within an eighth of an inch" says Experience. "We had a foreman here once who could work 'em beautifully. He had the touch. One day a visitor, no end of a swell in a tall white hat, came round the Works, and our foreman borrowed the hat and brought the hammer down just enough to press the nap and no more. 'How wonderful!' said the visitor, putting his hand carelessly upon this lever rod here." Experience suits the action to the word and the hammer thunders on the anvil. "Well you can guess for yourself. Next minute, there wasn't enough left of that tall white hat to make a postage-stamp of. Steam-hammers aren't things to play with. Now we'll go over to the Stores and see what happens to the old stock."

Experience leads the way to the Golgotha of Jamalpur. A great tripod, whence depends a pulley, chain, and hook, hangs over a circular fence strong as an elephant stockade. Inside the stockade is a pit some ten feet deep and twelve or fourteen in diameter. The logs that shore its sides are scarred and bruised and dented and splintered in horrible fashion; even the timbers of the stockade bear the marks of manglement, and at the bottom of the pit lie two enormous iron balls, each nearly a ton's weight and each bearing a handle. One look at the tripod and chain above, and a rent cylinder below explains everything. A row of hopelessly decayed engines and tenders are the "subjects" of this grim dissecting-room. "You see," says Experience, "they hook on one of these balls to that chain, and haul it up by the winch in that fenced shed. Then they drop it on whatever is to be broken up and—well, they dropped it upon that cylinder and you can see for yourself what happened. Now it has often struck me that Rider Haggard might use this place for a sort of variety entertainment, you know. No need to put a man in the pit. Just keep him inside the stockade when the ball fell, and let him dodge the splinters. A shell would be a joke to it. We break up old cannon here. There's the breech of one of them, but some are so curious that I've saved them and mounted 'em yonder. They look neat on the red gravel, by that fountain, don't they?"

Whatever apparent disorder there might have been in the Works, the Store Department is as clean as a new pin and stupefying in its naval order. Copper plates, bar, angle and rod iron, duplicate cranks and slide-bars, the piston rods of the *Bradford Leslie* steamer, engine-grease, files and hammer-heads—every conceivable article, from leather laces of beltings to headlamps, necessary for the due and proper working of a long line, is stocked, stacked, piled and put away in appropriate compartments. In the midst of it all, neck-deep in ledgers and indent-forms, stands the many-handed Babu, the steam of the engine whose power extends from Howrah to Ghaziabad.

One small set of pigeon-holes contains the bulk of the daily correspondence. It is noticeable that "Sir Bradford Leslie" has a pigeon-hole all to himself. A surreptitious grab at one paper shows that a Sergeant-Instructor of Volunteers, four hundred miles away, has had something done to his kitchen table. And this Department knows all about it? *Wah! wah!* One can only gape vacantly. The E. I. R. is a great chief. When it cracks its whip, we stand on our hind legs and walk round the ring backwards. Jamalpur does not say this, but that is the feeling in the air.

The Company does everything and *knows everything*. The gallant apprentice may be a wild youth with an earnest desire to go occasionally "upon the bend." But three times a week between 7 and 8 P.M. he must attend the night school and sit at the feet of M. Bonnaud who teaches him mechanics and statics so thoroughly that even the awful Government Inspector is pleased. And when there is no night school the Company will by no means wash its hands of its men out of working-hours. No man can be violently restrained from going to the bad if he insists upon it, but in the service of the Company a man has every warning: his escapades are known, and a judiciously arranged transfer sometimes keeps a good fellow clear of the down-grade. No one can flatter himself that in the multitude he is overlooked, or believe that between 4 P.M. and 9 A.M. he is at liberty to misdemean himself. Sooner or later, but generally sooner, his goings on are known, and he is reminded that "Britons never shall be slaves"—to things that destroy good work as well as souls. May be the Company acts only in its own interest, but the result is good.

Best and prettiest of the many good and pretty things in Jamalpur is the Institute of a Saturday when the Volunteer Band is playing and the tennis courts are full and the babydom of Jamalpur, fat sturdy children, frolic round the bandstand. The people dance—but big as the Institute is, it is getting too small for their dances—they act, they play billiards, they study their newspapers, they play cards and everything else, and they flirt in a sumptuous building and in the hot weather the gallant apprentice ducks his friend in the big swimming-bath. Decidedly the Railway Folk make their lives pleasant.

Let us go down southward to the big Giridhi collieries and see the coal that feeds the furnace that smelts the iron that makes the sleeper that bears the loco that pulls the carriage that holds the freight that comes from the country that is made richer by the Great Company Bahadur the East Indian Railway.

ON THE GIRIDIH COAL-FIELDS.

I.

SOUTHWARD, always southward and easterly, runs the Calcutta Mail from Luckee Serai, till she reaches Madapur in the Sonthal Parganas. From Madupur a train, largely made up of coal-trucks, heads westward into the Hazaribagh district and towards Giridih. A week would not have exhausted "Jamalpur and its environs," as the guide-books say. But since Time drives and man must e'en be driven, the weird, echoing bund in the hills above Jamalpur, where the owls hoot at night and hyænas come down to laugh over the grave of "Qullem Roberts, fitter, who died from the effects of an encounter with a tiger near this place, A.D. 1864," goes undescribed. Nor is it possible to deal with Monghyr, the head-quarters of the district, where one sees for the first time the age of old Bengal in the sleepy, creepy station built in a time-eaten fort which runs out into the Ganges and is full of quaint houses with fat-legged balustrades on the roofs. Pensioners certainly, and probably a score of ghosts, live in Monghyr. All the country seems haunted. Is there not at Pir Bahar a lonely house on a bluff, the grave of a young lady, who, thirty years ago, rode her horse down the *khud* and perished? Has not Monghyr a haunted house in which tradition says sceptics have seen much more than they could account for; and is it not notorious throughout the country side that the seven miles of road between Jamalpur and Monghyr are nightly paraded by tramping battalions of spectres, phantoms of an old-time army massacred who but Sir W. W. Hunter knows how long ago? The common voice attests all these things, and an eerie cemetery packed with blackened, lichened candle-extinguisher tombstones persuades the listener to believe all that he hears. Bengal is second—or third is it?—in order of seniority among the Provinces, and, like an old nurse, she tells many witch-tales.

But ghosts have nothing to do with collieries and that ever present "Company." The E. I. R. has more or less made Giridih—principally more. "Before the E. I. R. came," say the people, "we had one meal a day. Now we have two." Stomachs do not tell fibs whatever mouths may say. That "Company," in the course of business, throws about five lakhs a year into the Hazaribagh district in the form of wages alone, and Giridih bazaar has to supply the wants of twelve thousand men, women and children. But we have now the

authority of a number of high-souled and intelligent native prints that the Sahib of all grades spends his time in "sucking the blood out of the country" and "flying to England to spend his ill-gotten gains." It is curious to watch a Sahib engaged in this operation. He—but no matter. His ways shall be dealt with later on.

Giridih is perfectly mad—quite insane! Geologically the big thick books show that the country is in the metamorphic higher grounds that rise out of the alluvial flats of Lower Bengal between the Osri and the Barakar rivers. Translated, this sentence means that you can twist your ankle on pieces of pure white, pinky and yellowish granite, slip over weatherworn sandstone, grievously cut your boots over flakes of trap, and throw hornblende pebbles at the dogs. Never was such a place for stone-throwing as Giridih. The general aspect of the country is falsely park-like, because it swells and sinks in a score of grass-covered undulations and is adorned with plantation-like *sal* jungle. There are low hills on every side, and twelve miles away bearing south the blue bulk of the holy hill of Parasnath, greatest of the Jain Tirthankars, overlooks the world. In Bengal they consider four thousand five hundred feet good enough for a Dugshai or Kasauli, and once upon a time tried to put troops on Parasnath. There was a scarcity of water, and Thomas of those days found the silence and seclusion prey upon his spirits. Since twenty years, therefore, Parasnath has been abandoned by Her Majesty's Army.

As to Giridih itself, the last few miles in the train bring up the reek of the "Black Country." Memory depends on smell. A noseless man is devoid of sentiment, just as a noiseless woman, in this country, must be devoid of honour. That first breath of the coal should be the breath of the murky, clouded tract between Yeadon and Dale—or Barnsley, rough and hospitable Barnsley—or Dewsbury and Batley and the Derby Canal on a Sunday afternoon when the wheels are still and the young men and maidens walk stolidly in pairs. Unfortunately, it is nothing more than Giridih—seven thousand miles away from Home and blessed with a warm and genial sunshine, soon to turn into something very much worse. The insanity of the place is visible at the station door. A G. B. T. cart once married a bathing-machine and they called the child "*tum-tum*." You who in flannel and Cawnpore harness drive bamboo-carts about up-country roads, remember that a Giridih *tum-tum* is painfully pushed by four men and must be entered crawling on all-fours, head first. So strange are the ways of Bengal.

They drive mad horses in Giridih—animals that become hysterical as soon as the dusk falls and the country-side blazes with the fires of the great coke ovens. If you expostulate tearfully, they produce another horse—a raw red fiend whose ear has to be screwed round and round, and round and round, in a twitch before she will by any manner of means consent to start. Also, the roads carry neat little eighteen-inch trenches at their sides, admirably adapted to hold the flying wheel. Skirling about this savage land in the dark, the white population beguile the time by rapturously recounting past accidents; insisting throughout on the super-equine "steadiness" of their cattle. Deep and broad and wide is their jovial hospitality; but somebody—the Tirhut planters for choice—ought to start a Mission to teach the men of Giridih what to drive. They know *how*, or they would be severally and separately and many times dead, but they do not, they do not indeed, know that animals who stand on one hind-leg and beckon with all the rest, or try to pigstick in harness, are not trap-horses worthy of endearing names, but things to be poleaxed. Their feelings are hurt when you say this. "Sit tight," say the men of Giridih; "we're insured! We can't be hurt."

And now with grey hairs, dry mouth, and chattering teeth to the collieries. The E. I. R. estate, bought or leased in perpetuity from the Serampore Raja, may be about four miles long and between one and two miles across. It is in two pieces, the Serampore field being separated from Karharbari (or Kurhurballi or Karbarbari) field by the property of the Bengal Coal Company. The Raneegunge Coal Association lies to the east of all the other workings. So we have three companies at work on about eleven square miles of land.

There is no such thing as getting a full view of the whole place. A short walk over a grassy down gives on to an outcrop of very dirty sandstone, which in the excessive innocence of their hearts most visitors will naturally take to be the coal lying neatly on the surface. Up to this sandstone the path seems to be made of crushed sugar, so white and shiny is the quartz. Over the brow of the down comes in sight the old familiar pit-head wheel, spinning for the dear life, and the eye loses itself in a maze of pumping sheds, red-tiled, mud-walled miners' huts, dotted all over the landscape, and railway lines that seem to run on every kind of gradient. There are lines that dip into valleys and disappear round the shoulders of slopes, and lines that career on the tops of rises and disappear over the brow of the slopes. Along these lines whistle and pant metre-gauge engines, some with trucks at their tail and others rattling back to the pit-bank with the absurd air of a boy late for school that an unemployed engine always assumes. There are six engines in all, and as it is easiest to walk along the lines one sees a good deal of them. They bear not altogether unfamiliar names. Here, for instance, passes the "Cockburn" whistling down a grade with thirty ton of coal at her heels; while the "Whitly" and the "Olpherts" are waiting for their complement of trucks. Now a Mr. T. F. Cockburn was superintendent of these mines nearly thirty years ago, in the days before the chord line from Khana to Luckee Serai was built, and all the coal was carted to the latter place: and surely Mr. Olpherts was an engineer who helped to think out a new sleeper. What may these things mean?

"'Apotheosis of the manager," is the reply. "Christen the engines after the managers. You'll find Cockburn, Dunn, Whitly, Abbott, Olpherts and Saise knocking about the place. Sounds funny, doesn't it? 'Doesn't sound so funny when one of these idiots does his best to derail Saise, though, by putting a line down anyhow. Look at that line! Laid out in knots—by Jove!" To the unprofessional eye, the rails seem all correct; but there must be something wrong, because "one of those idiots" is asked why in the name of all he considers sacred he does not ram the ballast properly.

"What would happen if you threw an engine off the line?" "'Can't say that I know exactly. You see, our business is to keep them *on*, and we do that. Here's rather a curiosity. You see that pointsman? They say he's an old mutineer, and when he relaxes he boasts of the Sahibs he has killed. He's glad enough to eat the Company's salt now." Such a withered old face was the face of the pointsman at No. 11 Point! The information suggested a host of questions and the answers were these:—"You wont be able to understand till you've been down into a mine. We work our men in two ways: some by direct payment—*Sirkari*—under our own hand, and some by contractors. The contractor undertakes to deliver us the coal, supplying his own men, tools and props. He's responsible for the safety of his men, and of course the Company knows and sees his work. Just fancy, among these five thousand people what sort of effect the *khubber* of an accident would produce! It would go all through the Sonthal Parganas. We have any amount of Sonthals besides Mahomedans and Hindus of every possible caste, down to those Musahers who eat pig. They don't require much administering in the civilian sense of the word. On Sundays as a rule, if any man has had his daughter eloped with or anything of that kind, he generally comes up to the manager's bungalow to get the matter put straight. If a man is disabled through accident he knows that as long as he's in hospital he gets full wages, and the Company pays for the food of any of his women folk who come to look after him. One of course. Not the whole clan. That makes our service popular with the people, poor beggars. Don't you believe that a native is a fool. You can train him to everything—except responsibility. There's a rule in the workings that if there is any dangerous work—no, we haven't choke damps, I will show you when we get down—no gang must work without an Englishman to look after them. A native wouldn't be wise enough to understand what the danger was, or where it came in. Even if he did, he'd shirk the responsibility. We can't afford to risk a single life. All our output is just as much as the Company want—about a thousand tons per working day. Three hundred thousand in the year. We could turn out more? Yes—a *little*. Well, yes twice as much. I won't go on, because you wouldn't believe me. There's the coal under us, and we work it at any depth from following up an outcrop down to six hundred feet. That is our deepest shaft. We have no necessity to go deeper. At Home the mines are sometimes fifteen hundred feet down. Well, the thickness of this coal here varies from anything you please to anything you please. There's enough of it to last your time and one or two hundred years longer. Perhaps even longer than that. Look at that stuff. That's big coal from the pit."

It was aristocratic-looking coal, just like the picked lumps that are stacked in baskets of coal agencies at Home with the printed legend atop, "only 23s. a ton." But there was no picking in this case. The great piled banks were all "equal to sample," and beyond them lay piles of small, broken "smithy" coal. "The Company doesn't sell to the public. This small broken coal is an exception. That is sold, but the big stuff is for the engines and the shops. It doesn't cost much to get out as you say; but our men can earn as much as twelve rupees a month. Very often when they've earned enough to go on with they retire from the concern till they've spent their money and then come on again. It's piece-work and they are improvident. If some of them only lived like other natives they would have enough to buy land and cows with. When there's a press of work they make a good deal by overtime, but they don't seem to keep it. You should see Giridih bazaar on a Sunday if you want to know where the money goes. About ten thousand rupees change hands once a week there. If you want to get at the number of people who are indirectly dependent or profit by the E. I. R., you'll have to conduct a census of your own. After Sunday is over, the men generally lie off on Monday and take it easy on Tuesday. Then they work hard for the next four days and make it up. Of course there's nothing in the wide world to prevent a man resigning and going away to wherever he came from—behind those hills if he's a Sonthal. He loses his employment, that's all. And they have their own point of honour. A man hates to be told by his friends that he has been guilty of *nimakharami*. And now we'll go to breakfast. You shall be 'pitted' to-morrow to any depth you like."

Perpend, retreat, refrain, reform,
Oh Man of Kandahar,
For even pocket-Wellingtons
May carry things too far.
We cannot judge the influence,
The fact alone we see,
And if the *P—r* is wrath,
Oh Lord what *must* you be !"

Chorus.

We've heard it before, but we'll drink once more,
While the Army sniffs and sobs
For Bobs its pride, who has lately died,
And is now succeeded by Jobs.

R. K.

A JOB LOT.

(Not to be sung at Snowdon Theatre.)

"The present Commander-in-Chief in India is a fine soldier, who has earned the national gratitude by his public services, and endeared himself to the Army by his untiring devotion to its interests. But among the penalties of Sir Frederick Roberts' exalted position is the control of a vast patronage, and this it is impossible to deny is not always so disposed as to disarm unfriendly criticism, and to secure for his bestowals that unfailing respect which is so desirable."—*Vide* "*Pioneer*," *yesterday.*

"She was bland, passionate and deeply religious, painted in water-colours, was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

They really were most merciful,
They praised his winning ways,
His little feet that merrily
Trip on from baize to bays ;
They glorified the new canteen,
They called him "Tommy's Pride,"
But O they said his patronage
Was sometimes misapplied !

They passaged all about the fact—
Right shoulder out and in—
They did their very best to save
H—s Ex—ll—cy's skin :
They sandwiched smack and blandishment,
Like best Italian ice ;
But still they drew attention to
That too notorious vice.

They hemmed and hawed, they sidled off,
They sidled up again,
One hand upon the laurelled head,
The other on the cane ;
And while he heard with sweet content
The praise that was his due,
On legs that never fled the fray
Whish, fell the big bamboo !

And through the sighing deodars
A little whisper stole ;—
"Why, for the quadrilateral man,
Select the roundest hole ;
And wherefore thrust the polygon
Into the crescent's curve,
Since other folk have other eyes,
And other eyes observe ?

ON THE GIRIDIH COAL-FIELDS.

II.

"Pitted to any extent you please." The only difficulty was for Joseph to choose his pit. Giridih was full of them. There was an arch in the side of a little hill, a blackened brick arch leading into thick night. A stationary engine was hauling a procession of coal-laden trucks—"tubs" is the technical word—out of its depths. The tubs were neither pretty nor clean. "We are going down in those when they are emptied. Put on your helmet, and *keep* it on, and keep your head down." The trucks were unloaded into the wagons of the metre-gauge colliery line in this wise. Drawn out by the engine along the 1′ 9″ line, they were pulled on to a platform of smooth iron, dextrously swung round by black demons in attendance, and slid on to what is technically termed a "tippler." This is a most crafty arrangement, partaking of the nature of a drop and a safety-stirrup. The tub goes forward until it is brought up by the curved ends of the metals it travels on, and sticks in a sort of gigantic stirrup. Then, gravely and solemnly, it overbalances itself, turns through half a circle and shoots its load into the big truck below. Some of the "tipplers" are fixed on travelling platforms and can be moved down the whole length of a waiting coal-train. The Ratel—is it not ?—is the eccentric beast in the Zoo who runs round his cage and turns head over heels at a given place. These absurd tubs are Ratels, and the gravity of their self-arranged somersaults is very comic.

But there is nothing mirth-provoking in going down a coal-mine—even though it be only a shallow incline, running to one hundred and forty feet vertical below the earth. "Get into the tub and lie down. Hang it, no ! This is not a railway carriage : you can't see the country out of the windows. *Lie down* in the dust and don't lift your head. Let her go !"

The tubs strain on the wire-rope and slide down fourteen hundred feet of incline, at first through a chastened gloom, and then through darkness. An absurd sentence from a trial-report rings in the head :—"About this time, prisoner expressed a desire for the consolations of religion." A hand with a reeking flare-lamp hangs over the edge of the tub and there is a glimpse of a blackened *solah topee* near it ; for those accustomed to the pits have a merry trick of going down, sitting or crouching on the coupling of the rear tub. The noise is deafening and the roof is very close indeed. The tubs bump, and the occupant crouches lovingly in the coal-dust. What would happen if the train went off the line ? The desire for the "consolations of religion" grows keener and keener as the air grows closer and closer. The tubs stop in darkness spangled, not lifted, by the light of the flare-lamps which many black devils carry. Underneath and on both sides there is the greasy blackness of the coal, and, above, a roof of grey sandstone smooth as the flow of a river at evening. "Now, remember that if you don't keep your *topee* on, you'll get your head broken, because you will forget to stoop. If you hear any tubs coming up behind you step off to one side. There's a tramway under your feet and be careful not to trip over it."

The miner has a gait as peculiarly his own as Tommy's measured paces or the Blue Jacket's roll. Big men who slouch in the light of day, become almost things of beauty underground. Their foot is on their native heather ; and the slouch is a very necessary act of homage to the Great Earth, which if a man observe not, he shall without doubt have his *solah-topee*—bless the man who invented pith hats—grievously cut and dented, and himself dowered with an aching head.

The road turns and winds and the roof becomes lower, but those accursed tubs still rattle by on the tramways. The roof throws back their noises, and when all the place is full of a grumbling and a growling, how under earth is one to know whence danger will turn up next ? Also, the air is choking and brings about, to the unacclimatised, a singing in the ears, a hotness of the eyeballs and a jumping of the heart. "That's because the pressure here is different from the pressure up above. It'll wear off in a minute. *We* don't notice it. Wait till you get down a four hundred foot pit. *Then* your ears will begin to sing, if you like." Most people know the One Night of each hot weather—that still, clouded night just before the rains break, when there seems to be no more breathable air under the bowl of the pitiless skies, and all the weight of the silent dark house lies on the chest of the sleep-hunter. This is the feeling in a coal mine—only more so—much more so, for the darkness is the "gross darkness of the inner sepulchre." It is hard to see which is the black coal and which the passage driven through it. From far away, down the side galleries, comes the regular beat of the pick—thick and muffled as the beat of the labouring heart. "Six men to a gang, and they aren't allowed to work alone. They make six-foot drives through the coal—two and sometimes three men working together. The rest clear away the stuff and load it into the tubs. We have no props in this gallery because we have a roof as good as a ceiling. The coal lies under the sandstone here. It's beautiful sandstone." It *was* beautiful sandstone—as hard as a billiard table and devoid of any nasty little bumps and jags which cut into the hat.

There was a roaring down one road—the roaring of infernal fires. This is not a pleasant thing to hear in the dark. It is too suggestive. "That's our ventilating-shaft. Can't you feel the air getting brisker ? Come and look."

Imagine a great iron-bound crate of burning coal, hanging over a gulf of darkness, faintly showing the brickwork of the base of a chimney. "We're at the bottom of the shaft. That fire makes a draught and sucks up the foul air from the bottom of the pit. There's another down-draw shaft in another part of the mine where the clean air comes in. We aren't going to set the mine on fire. There's an earth and *kutcha* brick floor at the bottom of the pit ; the crate hangs over it. It isn't so deep as you think." Then a devil—a naked devil—came with a pitchfork and fed the spouting flames. This was perfectly in keeping with the landscape but it was not pretty. "That's only a little shaft. We've got one, an oval, eighteen feet by twelve, and four hundred and fifty feet deep. They aren't sunk like wells. Our sandstones are stronger than any bricks. We brick through the twenty feet of surface soil, but we can sink straight through the sandstone knowing that the sinkings will stand. Now we'll go to the place where they are taking out the coal."

More trucks, more muffled noises, more darkness made visible, and more devils—male and female—coming out of the darkness and vanishing. Then a picture to be remembered. A great hall of Eblis, twenty feet from inky-black floor to grey roof, upheld by huge pillars of shining coal and filled with flitting and passing devils. On a shattered pillar near the roof stood a naked man—his flesh olive-coloured in the light of the lamps—hewing down a mass of coal that still clove to the roof. Behind him was the wall of darkness, and when the lamps shifted he disappeared like a ghost. The devils were shouting directions, and the man howled in reply, resting on his pick and wiping the sweat from his brow. When he smote, the coal crushed and slid and rumbled from the darkness into the darkness and the devils cried *shabash !* The man stood erect like a bronze statue, he twisted and bent himself like a Japanese grotesque, and anon threw himself on his side after the manner of the Dying Gladiator. Then spoke the still small voice of fact—"A first-class workman if he would only stick to it. But as soon as he makes a little money he lies off and spend it. That's the last of a pillar that we've knocked out. See here. These pillars of coal are square, about thirty feet each way. As you can see, we make the pillar first by cutting out all the coal between. Then we drive a square tunnel, about seven feet wide, through and across the pillar, propping it with baulks. There's one fresh cut."

Two tunnels crossing at right angles had been driven through a pillar which in its under-cut condition seemed like the rough draft of a statue for an elephant. "When the pillar stands only on four legs we chip away one leg at a time from a square to an hour-glass shape, and then either the whole of the pillar crashes down from the roof or else a quarter or a half. If the coal lies against the sandstones it carries away clear, but in some places it brings down stone and rubbish with it. The chipped away legs of the pillars are called 'stooks.'" "Who has to make the last cut that breaks a leg through ?" "Oh ! Englishmen of sorts. We can't trust natives for the job unless it's very easy. The natives take kindly to the pillar-work though. They are paid just as much for their coal as though they had hewed it out of the solid. Of course we take very good care to see that the roof doesn't come in on us. You would never understand how and why we prop our roofs with those piles of sleepers. Anyway, you can see that we cannot take out a whole line of pillars. We work 'em *en échelon*, and those big beams you see running from floor to roof are our indicators. They show when the roof is going to give. Oh ! dear no, there's no dramatic effect about it. No splash, you know. Our roofs give plenty of warning by cracking

and then *baito* slowly. The parts of the work that we have cleared out and allowed to fall in, are called 'goafs.' You're on the edge of a 'goaf' now. All that darkness there marks the limit of the mine. We have worked that out piecemeal and the props are gone and the place is down. The roof of any pillar-working is tested every morning by tapping—pretty hard tapping."

"Hi yi! yi!" shout all the devils in chorus, and the Hall of Eblis is full of rolling sound. The olive man has brought down an avalanche of coal. "It is a sight to see the whole of one of the pillars come away. They make an awful noise. It would startle you out of your wits. Some of 'em are 90 feet square. But there's not an atom of risk."

["Not an atom of risk." O genial and courteous host, when you turned up next day blacker than any sweep that ever swept, with a neat half-inch gash on your forehead—won by cutting a "stook" and getting caught by a bounding coal-knob—how long and earnestly did you endeavour to show that "stook-cutting" was an employment as harmless and unexciting as wool-samplering?]

"If you knew about mining, you'd see that our ways are rather primitive, but they're cheap and they're safe as houses. Doms and Bauris, Kols and Beldars don't understand refinements in mining. They'd startle an English pit where there was fire-damp. Do you know it's a solemn fact that if you drop a Davy lamp or snatch it quickly you can blow a whole English pit inside out with all the miners. Good for us that we don't know what fire-damp is here. We can use the flare-lamps."

After the first feeling of awe and wonder is worn out, a mine becomes monotonous. There is only the humming palpitating darkness, the rumble of the tubs and the endless procession of galleries to arrest the attention. And one pit to the uninitiated, is as like another as two peas. Tell a miner this and he laughs—slowly and softly. To him the pits have each distinct personalities and each must be dealt with a different way. A descent from the pit-bank, and not from the mouth of an incline, is sickening—Channel-passage sickening. Over pulley-wheels mounted, on shearlegs thirty, forty or fifty feet high, passes the wire rope that is fastened to the "cages"—the two lifts on which the empty coal tubs go down and the loaded ones come up. A cage either has wooden guides at the four corners of the shaft or grips wire guide-ropes, to steady it as it is let down. An engine drives the drum on which the wire-rope hauling line is coiled.

Very curious is a pit-bank when the work is in full swing. A hammer close to the winding engine strikes one, the driver places his foot on the lever: there is a roar far down the shaft, and an iron-railed platform with the loaded tub on it flies up and settles with a clang on four catches. The tub is run out into a "tippler" and discharges itself into a coal-truck. By the time it is run back empty into the second cage, a loaded truck is made ready at the bottom of the shaft, and as the empty truck sinks the full rises.

The hammer strikes three. The "winder" by the engine pulls a lever thrice, no empty tub is put into the cage, and the speed of the rise is not so great. There springs up a miner. He is a man if we could get through the coal-dust, and on his account special precautions are taken and woe betide the pit-men who neglect them. All these things are lovely to look at. But the actual descent is not so good. If you swing a child vehemently, the little innocent is likely to complain that he feels as though his "tummy were left in the air." Now this is the exact sensation of dropping into a pit. The hangman adjusts the white cap. That is to say, you cram your hat down and go—drop away from the day and every one you ever loved, *and* your "tummy." That comes down later. You arrive destitute of any inside, and are told for your comfort that in some of the English mines you can go down two thousand feet at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Two hundred feet at a considerably slower rate is enough—quite enough. Try it once or twice, and see what the air is like.

The return journey is said to possess an element of risk. For this reason. If the "winder" of the engine at the top stopped to think, or hunted for a flea or got a fit or was choked by a fly, his engine would continue to wind and wind until the cage was hauled up to the pulley-wheels thirty feet in the air, where it would have three courses open to it. It might jam, break the wire rope and fall back unbridled into the pit, or part into several pieces, or be hauled with one tremendous bound right over the pulley-wheels and come down a bundle of shattered ribs. In any case, the occupant would not be in a position to describe the precise nature of the accident. But a native "winder" knows these things and thinks of them every time the three taps come to his ears. For him, "overwinding" would mean loss of post and pay. Therefore he does not overwind. He generally has a keen rivalry with a fellow-winder at another pit-bank, and lays himself out to see if he cannot bring more tons of coal to the bank than his *bhai*.

HANS BREITMANN AS AN ADMINISTRATOR.

WITH ALL APOLOGIES TO C. G. LELAND.

Hans Breitmann vent to India—
Dere vasn't no demonsdration—
He bummed along in a B and O
To look at de Aryan nation;
But Himmel's face had a shiny smile
As if it knowed de thing,
Und liddle shtars coom out und vinked
At Breitmann on de ving.

Hans Breitmann vent to India—
Dey drop him at Bombay—
He hoonted aroun' for de Gofernor,
On top of a buggy-shay.
"*Darwaza bund*," de porter said—
Der Breitmann speak him fair:—
"Dere vasn't any sooch a man,
Und if dere vas—I'm dere!

"I seek a shenuine Deutscher,
Dey say he runs dis show,
Und arguin' on a door-mat
Is dwice so mean ash slow—
Derefore!" He shvore ein *juron*
De liddlest dot he knew—
De porter faint mit horror und
De Breitmann pass through.

He found de crate Herr Gofernor
In bens and ink geshpilt
Wrop up in adminisdration—
Likevise in a plazin' kilt.
"Die Färb' sind mir nicht unbekannt—
But I guess de green haf ran
Into de red und vhite und plue,"
Bemark de Breitmann.

Dey sat him down on a sofa,
Dey gafe him a long cigar,
Vhile de Gofernor dell of troubles.
Mit bapers in Kathiawar—
Und vhen he haf grasp de inwardness
Und lighted anoder shmoke,
Mit his feet on de top of de dable
'Tvas so de Breitmann shboke:—

"Now bist du Scotch or Deutscher
Or bist du both—in shpots,
It's bedder to vork on a brinciple
Vhich I'll pring down to dots:
For de more dot brinciple's acted on
Und trifen home to de heft,
De less vill you be hong up to dry,
Und de less vill you get left.

"Dere's a certain sort of cussin'
Dot boledicks mostly breeds—
Slanganderin' men by nations
And drowin' mud on deir creeds;
But dot's legitimate pizness
For, since de world pegan,
Lager, de girls and de *gali**
Ish more dan meat to a man.

"He'll shvear at de Pope und Kaiser
He'll shvear at his frau, by shings!
Und ven his frau shvears back at him,
He'll shvear at afery dings!
Und 'lowin' for human nadure
De notion's safe und sound,
So long as de man mit grievance
Joost sloshes his shvearin' around.

"But vhen subjectif cussin'
Tevelops a tefinite line
Und begomes objectif libel,
Fidelicet:—'Schmitt is a schwein!'
De Schmitt dot is called a shwein-pick,
Howefer his boledicks lean,
Vill call on de Herr Redakteur
Und say:—'Vot Hell you mean?'

"Nun! Oonder your vay of pizness—
I put de matter in prief—
A snigglin', snoopin' schwein-blatt
Have called your servant a thief;
Und vhen you asked for de proofments
Und found dot dere vasn't none,
Insdeat of bustin' de Druckerei
You leaf dat schwein-blatt alone."

De Gofernor look at de ceilin—
De Gofernor look on de floor,
He never vas so behandelt
By voman or man pefore.
"Now dere was a custom in Kansas"—
Hans shmile a derrible shmile—
"For sublimatin' de kultur
Und puttin a gloss on de style.

"Ve passed a simple rulin'
To raise de tone of de blace,
Und nailed a gratis copy
To avery forme und case:—
'*De man dot publishes ardicles*
Peyont his politishescope
De Vigilance Committee
Sub-edits .... mit a rope;'

"Und dot vas in 'bleedin' Kansas,'
Vhere men are ge-built in de raw—
Und foorst dey empty deir bistol
Und den enquire de Law;
But no one was called a horse-thief
Mitout a mountain of proof,
For de only case of libel
Ve hanged from his office roof.

"Gut! Toornin' again to your trouble,
Vhich you have so mooch bemessed,
De man dot vas tarred in de paper
Haf folded his vings in de West;
Und, since dot paper haf shwallowed
Its statement hump und paw,
Onless you vas heeled und ready,
Vhy Devil und all did you draw?

"Potzblitz! und dou art a Deutscher!
Herr Gott! und a Baron too!
Mit a lien on de Sherman nation
Vhich makes it *Reayson-de-blu*
Dot you shouldn't be so spread-eagled
Und hung by de heels to bleed,
But I guess I haf taught you somedings."
* * * * * *

Here endet de Breitmannlied.

R. K.

*I gannot dell how Hans haf himself bewrapped roun' de intrigasity of de Oriendal philologische*bât*, pecause he vas most dimes at de Yacht Cloob, samplin brandy-smash from de metaphysical stand-point. Boot he is a bequisitif rooster, und I guess he picked it oop from de grisettes——same as in Paris pefore de War.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

ON THE GIRIDIH COAL-FIELDS.

III.

An engineer who has built a bridge can strike you nearly dead with professional facts; the captain of a seventy-horse power Ganges river-steamer can, in one hour, tell legends about the Sandheads and the James and Mary shoal sufficient to fill half a *Pioneer*, but a couple of days spent on, above and in a coal-mine yield more mixed information than two engineers and three captains. It is hopeless to pretend to understand it all.

When your host says:—" Ah, such an one is a thundering good fault-reader ?" you smile hazily, and by way of keeping up the conversation adventure on the statement that fault-reading and palmistry are very popular amusements. Then men laugh consumedly and enter into explanations.

Everyone knows that coal strata, in common with women, horses and official superiors, have " faults" caused by some colic of the earth in the days when things were settling into their places. A coal-seam is suddenly sliced off, as a pencil is cut through with one slanting blow of the penknife, and one-half is either pushed up or pushed down any number of feet. The miners work the seam till they come to this break-off, and then call for an expert to " read the fault." It is sometimes very hard to discover whether the sliced-off seam has gone up or down. Theoretically, the end of the broken piece should show the direction. Practically, its indications are not always clear. Then a good " fault-reader," who must more than know geology, is a useful man and is much prized, for the Giridih fields are full of faults and " dykes." Tongues of what was once molten lava thrust themselves sheer into the coal, and the disgusted miner finds that for about twenty feet on each side of the tongue all the coal has been burnt away.

The head of the mine is supposed to foresee these things, and ever so many more. He can tell you, without looking at the map, what is the geological formation of any thousand square miles of India; he knows as much about brickwork and the building of houses, arches and shafts as an average P. W. D. man; he has not only to know the intestines of a pumping or winding engine, but must be able to take them to pieces with his own hands, indicate on the spot such parts as need repair, and make drawings of anything that requires renewal; he knows how to lay out and build railways with a grade of one in twenty-seven; he has to carry in his head all the signals and points between and over which his six locomotive engines work; he has to be an electrician capable of controlling the apparatus that fires the dynamite charges in the pits; and must thoroughly understand boring operations with thousand-foot drills. Over and above this, he must know, by name at least, one thousand of the men on the works and must fluently speak the vernaculars of the low castes. If he has Sonthali, which is more elaborate than Greek, so much the better for him. He must know how to handle men of allgrades and, while himself holding aloof, must possess sufficient grip of the men's private lives to be able to see at once the merits of a charge of attempted abduction preferred by a clucking, croaking Kol against a fluent English-speaking Brahmin. For

he is literally the Light of Justice, and to him the injured husband or the wrathful father looks for redress. He must be on the spot and take all responsibility when any specially risky job is under way in the pit; and he can claim no single hour of the day or the night for his own. From eight in the morning till one in the afternoon he is coated with coal-dust and oil. From one till eight in the evening he has office-work. After eight o'clock he is free to attend to anything that he may be wanted for.

This is a soberly-drawn picture of a life that *Sahibs* on the mines actually enjoy. They are spared all private socio-official worry, for the Company in its mixture of State and private interest is as perfectly cold-blooded and devoid of bias as any great grinding Department of the Empire. If certain things be done, well and good. If certain things be not done, the defaulter goes and his place is filled by another. The conditions of service are graven on stone. There may be generosity: there undoubtedly is Justice, but above all there is freedom within broad limits. No irrepressible shareholder cripples the executive arm with suggestions and restrictions, and no private piques turn men's blood to gall within them. Therefore men work like horses and are happy.

When he can snatch a free hour, the grimy, sweating, cardigan-jacketted, ammunition-booted, pick-bearing ruffian turns into a well-kept English gentleman who plays a good game of billiards and has a batch of new books from England every week. The change is sudden, but in Giridih nothing is startling. It is right and natural that a man should be alternately Valentine and Orson, specially Orson. It is right and natural to drive—always behind a mad horse—away and away towards the lonely hills till the flaming coke-ovens become glow-worms on the dark horizon, and in the wilderness to find a lovely English maiden teaching squat filthy Sonthal girls how to become Christians. Nothing is strange in Giridih; and the stories of the pits, the raffle of conversation that a man picks up as he passes, are quite in keeping with the place. Thanks to the law which enacts that an Englishman must look after the native miners, and if any be killed, he and he alone has to explain satisfactorily that the accident was not due to preventible causes, the death-roll is kept astoundingly low. In one "bad" half-year six men out of the five thousand were killed: in another four, and in another none at all. Given "butcher bills" as small as these, it is not astonishing that the men in charge do their best to cut them down, at any cost of time and sleep. As has been said before, a big accident would scare off the workers, for, in spite of the age of the mines—nearly thirty years—the hereditary pitman has not yet been evolved. But to small accidents the men are orientally apathetic. Be pleased to read of a death among the five thousand.

A gang has been ordered to cut clay for the luting of the coke furnaces. The clay is piled in a huge bank in the open sunlight above ground. A coolie hacks and hacks till he has hewn out a small cave with twenty feet of clay above him. Why should he trouble to climb up the bank and bring down the eave of the cave? It is easier to cut in. The Sirdar of the gang is watching five men working round the shoulder of the bank. The coolie cuts lazily as he stands: Sunday is very near and he will get gloriously drunk in Giridih bazaar with his week's earnings. He digs his own grave stroke by stroke, for he has not sense enough to see that under-cut clay is dangerous. He is a Sonthal from the hills. There is a smash and a dull thud, and his grave has shut down upon him in an avalanche of heavy caked clay.

The Sirdar calls to the Babu of the Ovens, and with the promptitude of his race the Babu loses his head. He runs puffily, without giving orders, anywhere, everywhere. Finally he runs to the *Sahib's* house. The *Sahib* is at the other end of the collieries. He runs back. The *Sahib* has gone home to wash. Then his indiscretion strikes him. He should have sent runners—fleet-footed boys from the coal-screening gangs. He sends them and they fly. One catches the *Sahib* just changed after his bath. "There is a man dead at such a place" he gasps: omitting to say whether it is a surface or a pit accident. On goes the grimy pit-kit, and in three minutes the *Sahib's* dog-cart is flying to the place indicated.

They have dug out the Sonthal. His head is smashed in, spine and breast-bone are broken, and the gang Sirdar, bowing double, throws the blame of the accident on the poor shapeless, battered dead. "I had warned him, but he would not listen! *Twice* I warned him! These men are witnesses."

The Babu is shaking like a jelly. "Oh Sar, I have never seen a man killed before! Look at that eye, Sar! I should have sent runners. I ran everywhere. I ran to your house. You were not in. I was running for hours. It was not my fault! It was the fault of the gang Sirdar." He wrings his hands and gurgles. The best of accountants, but the poorest of coroners, is he. No need to ask how the accident happened. No need to listen to the Sirdar and his "witnesses." The Sonthal had been a fool, but it was the Sirdar's business to protect him against his own folly. "Has he any people here?" "Yes, his *rukni*, his kept-woman, and his sister's brother-in-law. His home is far off."

The sister's brother-in-law breaks through the crowd howling for vengeance on the Sirdar. He will send for the police, he will have the price of his *bhai's* blood full tale. The windmill arms and the angry eyes fall for the *Sahib* is making the report of the death.

"Will the Sirkar give me *pensin?* I am his wife," a woman clamours stamping her pewter-anklетted feet. "He was killed in you service. Where is his *pensin?* I am his wife. "You lie! You're his *rukni*. Keep quiet! Go! The *pensin* comes to *us*." The sister's brother-in-law is not a refined man, but the *rukni* is his match. They are silenced. The *Sahib* takes the report and the body is borne away. Before to-morrow's sun rises the Sirdar may find himself a simple "surface-coolie" earning nine pice a day; and, in a week, some Sonthal woman behind the hills may discover that she is entitled to draw monthly great wealth from the coffers of the *Sirkar*. But this will not happen if the sister's brother-in-law can prevent it. He goes off swearing at the *rukni*.

But, in the meantime, what have the rest of the dead man's gang been doing? They have, if you please, abating not one stroke, dug out all the clay and would have it verified. They have seen their comrade die. He is dead. *Bus!* Will the Sirdar take the tale of the clay? And yet, were twenty men to be crushed by their own carelessness in the pit these impassive workers would scatter like panic-stricken horses.

But turning from this sketch, let us set in order some of the stories of the pits. These are quaint tales. The miner-folk laugh when they tell them. In some of the mines, the coal is blasted out by dynamite which is fired by electricity from a battery on the surface. Two men place the charges, and then signal to be drawn up in the cage which hangs in the pit-eye. On one occasion, two natives were entrusted with the job. They performed their parts beautifully till the end, when the vaster idiot of the two scrambled into the cage, gave the signal, and was hauled up before his friend could enter.

Thirty or forty yards up the shaft, all possible danger for those in the cage was over and the charge was accordingly exploded. Then it occurred to the man in the cage that his friend stood a very good chance of being by this time riven to pieces and choked.

But the friend was wise in his generation. He had missed the cage, but found a coal-tub—one of the little iron trucks—and turning this upside down had crawled into it. His account of the explosion has never been published. When the charge went off, his shelter was battered in so much that men had to hack him out, for the tub had made, as it were, a tinned sardine of its occupant. He was absolutely uninjured, but his feelings were lacerated. On reaching the pit-bank his first words were:—"I do not desire to go down the pit with *that* man any more." His wish had been already gratified for "that man" had fled. Later on, the story goes, when "that man" found that the guilt of murder was not at his door, he returned and was made a surface-coolie, and his *bhai-bund* jeered at him as they passed to their better paid occupation.

Occasionally, there are mild cyclones in the pits. An old working, perhaps a mile away, will collapse; a whole gallery sinking in bodily. Then the displaced air rushes through the inhabited mine, and, to quote their own expression, blows the pit-men about "like dry leaves." Few things are more amusing than the spectacle of a burly Tyne-side foreman who, failing to dodge round a corner in time, is "put down" by the wind, sitting fashion, on a knobby lump of coal.

But most impressive of all is a tale they tell of a fire in a pit many years ago. The coal caught—light. They had to send earth and bricks down the shaft and build great dams across the galleries to choke the fire. Imagine the scene, a few hundred feet under ground with the air growing hotter and hotter each moment, and the carbonic acid gas trickling through the dams. After a time the rough dams gaped and the gas poured in afresh, and the English men went down and leeped the cracks between roof and dam-sill with anything they could get. Coolies fainted and had to be taken away, but no one died; and behind the kucha dams they built great masonry ones, and bested that fire through for a long time afterwards, whenever they pumped water into it the steam would puff out from crevices in the ground above.

It is a queer life that they lead these men of the coal-fields and a "big" life to boot. To describe one-half of their labours would need a week at the least and would be incomplete then. "If you want to see anything," they say, "you should go over to the Baraganda copper mines; you should look at the Baraker iron-works; you should see our boring operations five miles away, you should see how we sink pits; you should, above all, see Giridih bazaar on a Sunday. Why, you haven't seen anything. There's no end of a Sonthal Mission hereabouts. All the little dev—dears have gone on a picnic. Wait till they come back and see 'em learning to learn."

Alas! one cannot wait. At the most one can but thrust an impertinent pen skin-deep into matters only properly understood by specialists.

THE SUPPLICATION OF KERR CROSS, MISSIONARY.

[Let us get a good sized gun and fight in earnest . . . . The Portuguese no doubt will refuse to allow us to enter the country, but we must try. Let us wire home and ask the Government to help us thus far, for, if necessary, we must try and smuggle a gun in. What right have the Portuguese to act hand in hand with the Arabs to close up this truly fine country and enslave its tribes? Mr. Moir goes . . . to wire home for a cannon and a Mr. Ran goes to Natal to buy a second. May God prosper them in their endeavours!—*Vide extract from "Daily News," next column.*]

Tune—"Christchurch" (*Ouseley*).

Father of Mercy, who hast made
The sun by day the moon by night
To show the course of British Trade
And cheer the Gospel-teaching white,
Tho' we attack with fire and sword,
The heathen press us hard, O Lord!

We smote at dawn, in stealthy wise,
The walls were high—they would not flee:
Thou knowest when a sparrow dies—
Thou knowest that I climbed a tree,
And there in Thy dear name I prayed
To speed the bullet and the blade.

But where wast Thou? Our broken fray
Recoiled in blood and flame and smoke—
Perchance Thine eyes were turned away
On other, unregenerate folk,
While steadfastly we did Thy work—
Are *we* less worth than Jew or Turk?

Comfort Thy Church in her distress
Where, lacking Grace and grape, she faints—
Karonga in the Wilderness
Is wet with life-blood of Thy saints.
The heathen rage against us, but
Let not our prayerful throats be cut!

The spirit that by Thee was given
How can we quickest take away?
Thou knowest, Lord, that we have driven
The hissing lead through bleeding clay;
But slight the wounds of small-arm fire,
They will not die as we desire.

A minister of Christ, I kneel
Before Thy altar to beseech
One seven-pounder—rifled—steel—
Ten-grooved and loading at the breech:
Thereto, for Thou dost all things well,
Much ammunition—shot and shell.

Hot with our rage, the shot shall bring
Thy mercy to the shrieking camp,
The shells shall Thy salvation sing,
(Vouchsafe the fuses be not damp!)
And, since they need repeated slaughters,
Send case, dear Lord, for closer quarters.

Moreover all that land is fair,
And certain slaves in bondage lie,
And we would pitch our pastures there
And smite the owners hip and thigh,
For they from out Thy Fold have gone
To serve the Whore of Babylon.

How canst Thou care for such as these—
Just God who lovest us so well—
The Arab and the Portuguese,
The Heretic and Infidel?
We will possess their land. Do Thou
To each new gun spare sights allow.

Creator of the countless suns,
We spread the message of the Cross,
Grant that we smuggle safe those guns
And horribly avenge our loss!
So shall we teach, by death and dearth,
Goodwill to men and peace on earth.

R. K.

THE DIGNITY OF IT !

(AWFUL RESULTS OF ACTION ON PART OF B—Y M—Y.)

Board room of the Purkeshaditvarsubhana Municipality. Revenue Rs. 3,671 : population ,22732 : local death-rate 39·4 per mille.

BABU CHUCHUNDRA BANDRA SEN, PRESIDENT (*addresses his colleagues*).—And how shall fair flower of this our local Self-government flourish not ingloriously in all the divisions, subdivisions, pergunnahs, mahals and general auditoriums if she is left in naked barrenness unadorned with raiment which well becomes, as Shakespeare says, "this mortal trick before high heaven ?" I pause for a reply.

MUNICIPALITY (*generally*).—*Shabash !* How a peroration!

BABU C. B. S. (*waving copy of "Englishman"*).—I observe in this truly inimical journal, injurious to best interests of nature's gentleman that on Bombay siding such a flower doth *not* so flourish. (*Thunders of applause.*) I repeat categorically she doth not so flourish, and why ? Because the just and benevolent Lord Reay, truly ac uated by high motives that always will and always shall govern all political crises and contingencies, has been graciously pleased, in response to the humble memorial of the Bombay Municipality, to abrogate excessive titular distinctions upon native gentlemen who at vast sacrifice in time and personal predilections steer the organ of State to its destined haven here below. And if Bombay, how, my brothers and sisters, not Bengal ? And if Bengal, how not Calcutta ? And if Calcutta, how not our own hearths and altars—aries et *phooka*—the sheeps in the field with enormous agricultural interest on their backs and the cow upon the *band?* Must Purkeshaditvarsubhana thus lie ingloriously upon its stomach under repeated obloquy ? (*Shouts of Kubbi, kubbi nahin ! Bravo ! and Hi! Yi! Jai.*)

To be brevity, which is the soulfulness of Attic salt. Lord Reay, that just man and true Radical reformer, has enhanced the dignity of municipal administration in general, and the Bombay Municipality in particular, by conferment and preferment of a Title of Honour upon the laborious and high-minded President. Now, henceforth and for ever, Bombay Committeedars rising in curulean chairs shall say "Your Washup" before presuming to make financial, statistical, political or religious remarks in the eye of the President.

BABU BARUMBER GUMBER DE.—Chuchun Babu, I move amendment.

BABU C. B. S. (*pathetically*).—How I have just said, you now see consequences in noxious overflow ! I am elect of all the wards, *not* Government nominee swayed hither and upside by fawning speciousness of a *ma bap*, but representative of *full* people, and I am called in obliviousness my high officialism only Chuchun Babu! Can I work so in this manner sacrificing my time and endearments of domestic toils. . . .

BABU B. G. D.—Ho ! Ho ! Ho! Since what time endearments ? (*lapsing into vernacular*). Husband of a noseless wife !

BABU C. B. S.—I name that member under the Penal Code. Barumber Babu, you are a damn ! (*lapsing into vernacular*) Son of a *Mochi*, what do you among *bhadra log ?*

(*Alarums and excursions stifled by rumour that the Stunt Sahib may turn up any minute.*)

BABU C. B. S. (*with portentous gravity*).—Wherefore, unprotected by the Fountain of Honour, *exempli gratum*, oppressive and unsympathetic Government, how I *can* conduct debates on all subjects in fitting way of work ? Now under more recent auspice and by *parwana* from On High, you call me Your Washup or Most Honourable, accelerate all despatch of public affairs and gratify instincts of the people towards Political Enfranchisement. Wherefore I move preparation of a memorial upon similarly identical lines of these of the Bombay Municipality for grateful submission to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor. You think how ?

BABU B. G. D.—I move amendment so that proposed honorification must not apply to present President.

BABU C. B. S.—But in the interests of State can you not stink sectarian animosity?

BABU B. G. D. (*in vernacular*).—Flesh eater! Your father was a lizard. Your mother was a one-eyed dog of imperfect virtue (*in English*). How are you so Worship? Pokul Nath's *chabutra* all across *my* roads!

BABU C. B. S.—There was no money. I swear on the cow that Suruj Bal spoke a lie! The two rupees. . . . .

BABU B. G. D.—Who said two rupees? Guilty conscience putting its tail in the trap. Chuchun Babu, where is the octroi book. I move amendment of full examination of octroi book.

SECRETARY TO MUNICIPALITY.—White ants and monsoon—only backside binding left. Shall I produce?

BABU C. B. S.—No! Draft memorial! May it please Your Honour. How much will hold up their hands? (*In vernacular*) Bastard of the Gringi Mohulla, what does your brother the conservancy darogah give you out of his pay?

BABU B. G. D.—Who sold his ringstreaked cow to Ashraf Khan? Give answer Your Washup?

BABU C. B. S. (*shouting*).—Original motion passed in total entirety. Draft memorial shall be submitted next special meeting, which shall be duly notified by *tom-toms*, and I shall promulgate *most* severe censure of Barumber Babu.

BABU B. G. D.—I shall, I will—veto memorial and hold indignation meetings in the brick pits! It shall be sent to Calcutta.

EDITOR OF THE "SACHI DURPAN" (*aside to Babu C. B. S.*)—*Babuji, ap ki municipality kuch lêta dêta hai?*

BABU C. B. S.—To me in my house—to-night at nine o'clock. Han! (*aloud to Babu B. G. D.*) Municipal meetings all strictly privileged and *I will* be Honourable Warship!

"THE WAY AV UT."

The Black Mountain Expedition is apparently to be a teetotal affair.—Vide *Civil and Military*, October 5th:

A charge of Ghazis was met by the Royal Irish who accounted for the whole of them . . . .

The Royal Irish then carried the position.—*Pioneer, Mail* to-day.

I MET wid ould Mulvaney an' he tuk me by the hand,
Sez he:—"Fwhat *kubber* from the front, an' will the Paythans stand?"
"O Terence, dear, in all Clonmel such things were never seen,
They've sint a Rigimint to war widout a Fiel' Canteen!

"'Tis not a Highland Rigimint, for they wud niver care—
Their corp'rils carry hymn-books an' they opin fire wid prayer—
'Tis not an English Rigimint that burns a Blue Light flame—
'Tis the Eighteenth Royal Irish, man, as thirrsty as they're game!"

An' Terence bit upon his poipe an' shpat behin' the door.
"'Tis Bobbs," sez he, "that knows the thrick av makin' bloody war.
Ye say they go widout their dhrink?" "An' that's the trut,'" sez I.
"Thin Hiven help the muddy Kheyl they call an Akazai!

"I lay wid thim in Dublin wanst, an' we was Oirish tu,
We passed the time av day an' thin the belts wint *whirraru*;
I misremember fwhat occurred but, followin' the shtorm,
A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all *my* uniform.

"They're rocks upon parade, but O in barricks they are hard—
They're ragin' tearin' devils whin there's ructions on the kyard;
An' onless they've changed their bullswools for baby's sock, I think
They'd rake all Hell for grandeur—an' I *know* they wud for dhrink!

"An' Bobbs has sint thim out to war widout a dhrop or dhrain—
'Tis he will put the *jildy* in this dissolute campaign:
They'd fight for frolic half the year, but now their liquor's cut
The wurrd 'll go:—'Don't waste your time! The bay'nit an' the butt!'

"Six hundher' stiffin' throats in front—tu hundher' lef' behind
To suk the pickin's av the cask whiniver they've a mind!—
I wud *not* be the Paythan man forninst the *sungar* wall,
Whin those six hundher' gentlemin projuce the long bradawl!

"They'll all be dhry—tremenjus dhry—an' not a dhram to toss—
Divils of Ballydavel, holy saints av Holy Cross;
An' holy cross they all will be from Carrick to Clogheen,
Thrapeesin afther naygur-*log* widout a Fiel' Canteen.

"Will they be long among the hills? My troth they will not so—
They're crammin' down their fightin' now to have ut done an' go;
For Bobbs the Timp'rance Shtrategist has whipped thim on the nail—
'Tis cruel on the Oirish but—ut's Murther on the Kheyl!"

R. K.

"TO SAVE TROUBLE."

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE NATIVE PRESS, WITH APOLOGIES TO "THE CURSE OF DONERAILE."

TRUE patriots, let us now begin
  To curse our ruler Dufferin.
The British rifle guards our skin,
  But prey for all is Dufferin.
Iswasti, on enlightened prin-
  ciples demolish Dufferin.
The Tree of Power we strove to shin,
  Who thrust us from it?—Dufferin.
Who sowed dissension 'twixt the Hin-
  du Muslim peoples?—Dufferin.
Who killed our kine, who taxed our tin,
  Who butchered Burma?—Dufferin.
With fawning speech and eye-glassed grin
  Who swindled Asia?—Dufferin.
Who sinned the Last, the Nameless Sin,
  Nor heard *our* clamour?—Dufferin.
Who failed *our* high regard to win?—
  The "mediocre" Dufferin.
Collinga turned him outside in,
  And Bow Bazar scorned Dufferin.
To-day, the nations, piebald, brin-
  dled, rise to spit at Dufferin.
Thrice thirty million crore Divin-
  ities assist them, Dufferin!
From fat Ganesh to Kali thin
  The High Gods yelp at Dufferin.
The curse of Hume and Budrudin
  Tyabji wither Dufferin.
From Boileaugunge to high "Knockdhrin"
  May houses fall on Dufferin;
May Oriental and Penin-
  sular ships sink with Dufferin;
And every blotch on Naaman's skin
  Defile the flesh of Dufferin.
His wife that helped our women kin
  Whelm in the Doom of Dufferin.
She wrought our cloked *zenanas* in,
  Then damned be Lady Dufferin!
Oh blast 'em all, hoof, hide and fin,
  The progeny of Dufferin!
Six Sixty-Six—the Man of Sin
  Das—wuh—the It—the Dufferin!
By sap and mine, by pit and gin,
  Befoul the fame of Dufferin,
Let "Albions" clack and "Harrilds" spin
  Pye—dis—and *dele* Dufferin!
Till English voters hear the din
  And love us loathing Dufferin:
Till all the earth from Hull to Minn-
  eapolis damns Dufferin;
For flying pen and wagging chin
  Shall surely ruin Dufferin.
Thus, lowly walking, may we win
  To freedom—free of Dufferin.
We love the Queen, but not a pin
  Our loyal breed loves Dufferin!
He would not worship Us—to flin-
  ders smash, and bury Dufferin!
And write above that reeking bin:
  "Here lies our shame and Dufferin!"

IN WONDERLAND.

WILL you walk a little faster?" said the whiting to the snail,
"There's a porpoise just behind us and he's treading on my tail;
"See how eagerly the gudgeons and the whip-tailed rays advance:
"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you come and join the dance?"

THE Interminable Muddle had advanced one step further towards the Embarrassing Jam. Far away in the West, Sir W. W. Hunter spread his wings on the blast and skimmed the new found path of Earnestness which his enemies called his Milky Way. "Treat them, O treat them seriously," fluted Sir William, and the echo of his cry

came back, a hundredfold multiplied, from the ever silent spaces of the East.

"Treat us, O treat us seriously!" clamoured the Proprietors of the Interminable Muddle; "We love you with a love that threatens to destroy our reason, but at the same time we desire nothing more than your complete reorganisation, subversion and effacement—always by genteel measures. Just, worthy, sublime, oppressive, brutal, unsympathetic Government of India, extend to us the shadow of your protection while we go about to improve you! O thou, sitting upon the hill-tops adorned with red-tiled roofs, girt as to the loins with a girdle of red-tape and daily drunk upon ink, be kind to us! We desire only freedom of discussion. Let no man be permitted to disagree with us, or bloodshed will ensue. Those holding contrary opinions are *chamars* and the sons of *bungis*, grey-muzzled apes and eaters of forbidden flesh. Above all things, do we desire temperate discussion. We will discuss and thou, advancing with the clatter of a thousand office boxes, shining painfully on account of the C. S. I. and the C. I. E., do thou keep thy temperature! Wise, merciful, tyrannous, far-seeing and most easily to be hood-winked, protect us while we govern thee!"

This was the Prayer of the Proprietors of the Interminable Muddle, and it went up day and night amid squabbles, altercations, recriminations, abuse, tears and whimperings. But loud and clear above all rose the voice of Sir W. W. Hunter crying:—"Be of good cheer. Give the drum a oner!" and each cry was followed by a new boom.

The Government of India said no word for good or bad, though it was credited with evil actions, intrigue, fraud and wrong. So the cry went up afresh:—"We will distribute the fruits of the land; we will clothe the widow and the fatherless and bind the sickness with green withes. We will cause the *bunnia* to lie down with the *bazugar*, the *nat* with the *Nawab*, and the B. A. with all four; and we will give to each a Maxim gun and two revolvers. We will secure to all the privilege of saying to the Viceroy:—'Well, old man, how are things in office to-day?' We will make a new heaven and a new earth, for we are the crested jay-hawks of Aryavarta one and indivisible, if the Government whom we adore will only keep the *lathis* down; but we are certain that it intends privily to destroy us and is even now arranging disturbances to discredit our Holy Mission. Pigs, we preach you love! Dogs of the *bustees*, our watchword is Brotherly Affection!"

And the Government made no sign.

It sat with its chin on its hand and murmured: "Same old people, same old *bandobust*. Same old everlasting suspicion. 'Must borrow a *hazur-ki-parwasti* even when they want to turn us upside down. Leave 'em alone and they'll go Home, dragging their tales behind them."

And this was exactly what the Proprietors of the Interminable Muddle did. The brutal Anglo-Indian shut his left eye and said:—"*Connu*," so they fled afar, screaming like gulls, westward down the Line of Least Resistance, straight to the bosom of the Holy British Elector who knows everything, believes everything, and does—nothing.

But or ever they launched themselves upon the Black Water they cast a jibe at the Man of Feeling who controlled the destinies of Bombay. "You're another of them—a hidebound bureaucrat!" they groaned, and departed leaving the Man of Feeling disconsolate.

Alone of all the Stewards of the State, he possessed an Educational Policy worthy of the name; and therewith culture to the tips of his finger nails. "O Heavens!" gasped the Man of Feeling; "Have they known me for three and a half years and am I still misunderstood? Lend me an ink-pot!" Wisely, profoundly and unreservedly did the Man of Feeling indite a manifesto setting forth how he approved of Principles, advocated Theories, and honoured Notions; and by those Principles, Notions, and Theories considered the Interminable Muddle an excellent Idea partaking of the nature of the Lyceum, Augustus Harris's pantomimes (and this was truth) and an Alhambra ballet. "How dare you think of fearing me. You ought to love me, man," wrote the Man of Feeling, and the Manifesto was made public

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Sir S. B—y, Sir A. C——n and Sir J. B. L——l read it at breakfast together. For a while nothing was heard save the heavy breathing of the red khitmatgars behind their chairs. Sir A. C——n whistled the *Nunc dimittis* softly, being of a devotional frame of mind. "God gie us a gude conceit o' oorsel," said Sir S. B——y. He was thinking of his darling Municipality. "*Hakim do jane-valon men ek anjan*," said Sir J. B. L——l, for he had been a Settlement Officer in his day and knew the wisdom of the country side. There was another pause.

"Well?" said Sir S. B——y wearily; "You see what that means? Climb down and take sides, *mes amis*. Sail into it—ahem—bald-headed!"

"Never!" said Sir J. B. L——l with a shudder.

Sir A. C——n read the Manifesto a second time. "For the Man of Feeling excellent. For His Excellency the Governor a little premature, eh?" said he; "What one might call Hunterian, Is it possible that he thinks that a Governor has a character? He governs."

"No, he does not," sighed Sir S. B——y, "he is governed. They will be asking a pronouncement from *you* next, C——n. They will ask you to declare on oath whether you realy hid *lathials* in—what's that reeking village in the centre of Allahabad?—Colonelgunge, or suborned a Telegraph clerk to mutilate the Congress telegrams. You will have to write manifestoes on politics—and *such* politics!"

Sir A. C.——n dipped his fingers daintily in the "bowly glass" and dried them carefully. "I *hope* not," he said simply; "I am supposed to look after a Province. It's quite a big Province, and you have no idea what a lot of things have to be done in it from day to day. Strange as it may appear to you, I'm, to put it shortly, a Governor.

"I too had some dignity once," said Sir S. B——y; "I wonder if that will help me when they request my reasons in writing for not shouting 'Congress ki jai' from the top of the Ochterlony Monument."

Sir J. B. L——l took up the Manifesto. "He thinks he is misunderstood after three and a half years. *I* think they understand their man perfectly. They have taken the measure of his foot to a fraction. On my word it's a beautiful draw!"

"*You* can laugh," said Sir S. B——y, tho' Sir J. B. L——l was doing nothing of the kind; "*Your* Province doesn't cold *suttee* with one hand and constitutionally light fireworks with the other. It will be some years before we see you on the hustings."

"It will," said Sir J. B. L——l. "By the way, C——n, I hear that the boys in your Muir College are upset with this little business and are working badly in consequence. Is that true?"

"Can you ask?" said Sir A. C——n. "Can you object? When Governors—Governors who are supposed to be responsible to some one or other—throw themselves into the scrimmage, why in the world should school boys stand out of it? As B——y says, take sides, gentlemen, and d——n administration. Off with your coats and come into the arena! The Man of Feeling has been three and a half years in the country and *he* sees the wisdom of it. Why should we, mere Civilian hacks with only thirty years' service, be wiser than he?"

"Because," said Sir S. B——y slowly, "we are not fools."

"Hm," said Sir A. C——n, "there's a great deal to be said on both sides. They called Dickey the Apollo Bandar; what can we call the Man of Feeling? I want some adjectives."

There was a twinkle under the penthouse of Sir J. B. L——l's eyebrows, as he entrenched himself behind a chair.

"Call him?—why The McCaucus Reaysus of course, and keep Sterndale's hands off me."

The *sederunt* broke up in confusion before the only jest that the Warden of the North had ever perpetrated in his long and meritorious career.

But the occasion justified it.

A CAMPAIGNING PHRASE BOOK.

[THE German Government are distributing to the Austrian and German armies a Special German, Polish and Russian dictionary with the pronunciation in use in campaigning.—*Vide Home Paper.*]

The Indian Government, we understand, have in the press a somewhat similar dictionary intended for the use of the British soldier in his little expeditions. We are enabled to publish a few extracts from the Manual of Conversation, which it will be seen is compiled for the most part in Regimental Volapük. Thus :—

Who is this person ?
Kone O tum, yonder ?
Where is the enemy ?
Kidderabouts Paythan ?
Is he in that nullah ?
Nullah mallum ? Kooch anybody there hai ?
Is he behind that mountain ?
Lumber hill woller junter ? T'other side ooper hai ?
Is he in force ?
Kitna them beggars ?
Is he going to fight ?
Shindy ho-jaiga ?
Indicate his position.
Just you bloomin' well butlao.
Your information is incorrect :
You're a bloomin' jute bart woller, you are.
You are not a *Malik* and I cannot treat with you :
Mullick be damned hai ! Orf'cer ke pars ow, an' 'e'll mullick yer.
Be good enough to stop :
Hi yi ! Tyro ! Halt there ! Baito or I'll blow yer hugly 'ead orf !
Drop your gun at once :
Bundook let go, slippy !
I am not going to kill you :
Hum nay marrega.
Are you afraid ? I shall not hurt you unless you run away :
Durro tum ? Boat, eh ? Boat acchy ! Don't you dowro an' I won't marrow. But if you dowro I'll marrow you Jehannum ki marfik. Sumjer ?
Private of a Goorkha regiment, kindly direct me to the refreshments :
Hi you, Johnny, Canteen kidder ? Come along.
I am hungry :
Khanna hai ? Grub got it ? All right, chupatti'll do.
I want a sheep :
Baba mankta. Ba-ba !
Have you not got a fat sheep ? I will pay for it.
Baba not hai ? Paisa hai. Kissiwasty no baba ? D'you take me for a chor ?
That sheep is urgently required :
Just you dado a baba—moter waller an' none o'your lip !
Why have you brought me a child ?
Kissiwasty lurker hai ? Take 'im away.
Why do you fly from me ?
Kyko cuttin' about ither-uther ? Phere ow ! I aint goin' to marrow you.
Take your women away from this place :
Nickle-jao Bibi-log. Pulton owega. Ah ! That laced you.
Are you wounded ? I will get you water.
Bullet got it, inside 'im ? Boat acchy. Hum pani hai. Tum bait.
Put up your hands :
Chor do that chury. Ooper you—your sneakin 'ands ! Issimarfik ! More ooper, or you don't get no pani !
You must not shoot at a man who is giving you water when you are wounded :
Dekko ! Yee bundook hai : yee your big thick head hai : yee pani hai. Now which'll you 'ave ?
You are still obstreperous ; you must be quiet :
Abby dick givin', eh ? You baito choop.
I am going to deprive you of your arms :
Bundook broke hai. Pistol no use hai. Chury hum smashega ; an' there you are !
You must come into camp as my prisoner :
Sung ao ! Isturruf. Quick march, Paythan. Tum puckrow hai. Hum puckrower. Iswasti chello !
Here is a camel, load him up :
Hi ! Dekko this old 'ummin-bird oont ! Uski portmanteau pack kurro
He is loaded all on one side and too tightly roped :
Sub cockeye, slew jam hai. Arsty with that there russey. D'you want to cut 'im in arder ?
Does he always make this disgusting noise ?
Ham' sher bubbly squeak bolter ? Wot a jarnwar !
The camels are blocking the path of the Infantry :
Hi you oont wallers argee ! 'Ole bloomin' campaign kiwasty 'ere baitega ? Charing Cross nay hai ; picnic nay hai. Hokee chell !
This campaign is now concluded :
'Can't you larrai kurro no better than this jat ? Hum barrick ko jaiger. Tum choop or we'll be back phere an' make you sit ooper. Salamm !

R. K.

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

(Vide Government Resolution in last week's Gazette.)

SCENE—*The wooded heights of Observatory Hill.* HIS EXCELLENCY THE M-RQ-S OF A-A *in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to pianoforte accompaniment :—*

"How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet life !
From the dawn to the even he strays—
He shall follow his sheep all the day
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.
(adagio dim) Filled with praise !"

(largendo con sp.) Now this is the position,
Go make an inquisition
Into their real condition
As swiftly as ye may.
(p) Ay, paint our swarthy billions
The richest of vermilions
Ere two well-led cotillions
Have danced themselves away.

CHORUS, *from Offices R-v-n-e and Agr-c-lt-r-l Dept :*

With reeds new whittled and maps unrolled
We'll cover ourselves with glory
(ped) We seek a penalty fifty-fold
For Dadabhoy's Awful Story !

Echo from Mall :—They seek a penalty fifty-fold
For Dadabhoy Naoroji's Story.

TURKISH PATROL, *as able and intelligent Investigators wind down the Simla Cart-road :*

What is the state of the Nation ? What is its occupation ?
Hi ! Get along, get along, get along—lend us the information !
(dim) Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—capture a first-class Babu
Set him to cut Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . . . *(ff)*
What is the state of the nation, &c., &c.

INTERLUDE, *to vina, sitar and nagara.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—
The earth is iron and the skies are brass—
And faint with fervour of the flaming air
The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree—
The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,
And belts of blinding sand show cruelly
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King—
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
Look westward—if they please, the Gods shall bring
Their mercy with the rain.
Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud-bank ?

Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly ?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die !

(Vina only)

By the plumed heads of Kings
Waving high,
Where the tall corn springs
O'er the dead,
If they rust or rot we die,
If they ripen we are fed.
Very mighty is the power of our Kings !

Triumphal return of SIR E. C. B-C-K, *attired after the manner of Dionysus, leading a pet tiger-cub in wreaths of rhubarb leaves, symbolical of India under medical treatment. He sings :—*

We have seen, we have written—behold it, the proofs of our manifold toil !
In their hosts they assembled and told it—the tale of the sons of the soil.
We have said of the Sickness—"Where is it ?"—and of Death :—"It is far from our ken"—
We have paid a particular visit to the affluent children of men,
We have trodden the mart and the well-curb—we have stooped to the bield and the byre,
And the King may the forces of Hell curb for the People have all they desire !

Castanets and breakdown :—

Oh the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur* and the *thag*,
And the *nat* and the *Brinjaree*,
And the *bunnia* and the *ryot* are as happy and as quiet
And as plump as they can be !
Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted hut,
And the bounding *bazugar*,
By the favour of the King, are as fat as anything,
They are—they are—they are !

LYRICAL INTERLUDE *to the tune of "Sam Hall."*

They wear *dhotis* in Bengal.
(Chorus.) Take your oath ?
But their underclothes are small
Take your oath ?

Though the news will turn you pale,
They receive per road and rail,
English piece-goods by the bale.
Take your oath ?

'Tis a most peculiar thing
Take your oath ?

But they live on *dal* and *hing*,
Take your oath ?

And they walk about with *lathis*,
And they flourish on *chupattis*,
And the country very flat is.
Take your oath ?

Yes, we found it out ourselves
Take your oath ?

In the Secretariat shelves.
Take your oath ?

It's as wild as Paul de Kock,
And, your feelings not to shock,
We've appendiced it *en bloc*
Take your oath ?

Recitative, MARQUIS OF AVA, *with white satin wings and electroplated harp :—*

How beautiful upon the mountains—in peace reclining
Thus to be assured that my people are unanimously dining.
And though there are places not so blessed as others in natural advantages, which, after all was only to be expected,
Proud and glad am I to congratulate you upon the work you have thus ably effected.
(Cres) How be-ewtiful upon the mountains !
How be-ewtiful—How be-ewtiful.

PHOO-PHOO BAND, *brasses only, full chorus :—*

God bless the Squire
And all his rich relations
Who teach us poor people
We eat our proper rations—
We eat our proper rations,
In spite of inundations
And casual starvations,
Malarial exhalations,
We have, we have, they say we have—
We *have* our proper rations !

(Cornet)

Which nobody can deny !
If he does he tells a lie—
We are all as willing as Barkiss—
We all of us loves the Markiss—
We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis—
With food until we die ! *(da capo).*

Demi-semi chorus of Collectors, Deputy Collectors and Commissioners, led by R-v-n-e and Agr-c-lt-r-l Dept., to music of their own trumpets :—

Kennst du das land where the *thannadar* twineth
Garlands of marigolds under the trees—
Where to the night-wind the *ziltah* resigneth
Poignantest perfumes that swoon on the breeze ?
List to the *tappal* who sings at his labours,

Bear with the bullock oppressed by his beef,
Look where our adipose Aryan neighbours
Frisk in the wine-press or garner the sheaf !
Thither might I go with thee,
O my Mir Munshi, go !

CHORUS OF CRYSTALLIZED FACTS :

Before the beginning of years
There came to the rule of the State
Men with a pair of shears,
Men with an Estimate—
Strachey with Muir for leaven,
Lytton with locks that fell,
Ripon fallen from Heaven,
And Temple riding like H—ll !
And the High Gods took in hand
Cess and the falling of rain,
And the measure of sifted sand
The dealer puts in the grain—
Imports by land and sea,
To uttermost decimal worth,
And registration—free—
In the houses of death and of birth ;
And fashioned with pens and paper,
And fashioned in black and white,
With Life for a flickering taper
And Death for a blazing light—
With the Doctor, the 'Stunt and the Padri,
That his strength might endure for a span,
From Adam's Bridge to Jagadhri,
The Much Administered Man.
He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop ;
His life is a long-drawn question
Between a crop and a crop.

Semi-chorus of UNSYMPATHETIC PUBLIC.

Too red a dawn your hands have drawn,
Too turquoise-blue a sky,
Too green a turf, too smooth a surf,
Too fair tranquillity !
Why have ye slurred the gloomier word
And praised the lighter touch ?
Why show your hand who rule the land ?—
It trembles overmuch.
Why for an Empire stitch and hem
Rags of the Gazetteers ?
O why compile so very vile
A piece of paste and shears ?
It might have been a well-set scene
To close a brilliant play—
A fitting "gag" before the "tag"—
It is—what shall we say ?
A chance let slip through want of grip—
Mulled—messed—and thrown away !

FINALE, *full Orchestra, trombones at wings :—*

The Martlet on the ducal cap looked forth across the sea,
(So fare you well, so fare you well, the birds are flying forth !)

She waited for the Ermined Horse that bears the *Fleur de lys*—
She waited for the coming of the Centaur and the Bee
(Be welcome now, be welcome now as Needle to the North !)

The Martlet on the ducal cap hath set her nest in order
(So fare you well, so fare you well, the birds are preened for flight !)

The Lion of the Flaming Sword was given her to warder—
She made the Northern Hills her rest, the Southern sea her border
(Be welcome now, be welcome now, as Polestar in the night.)

The Martlet on the ducal cap hath spread her wings to go
(So fare you well, so fare you well, the stoutest vans may rest !)

No velvet pastures wait thy foot, O Centaur with the bow,
But hives beset of many bees that murmur to and fro
(Be welcome now, be welcome now, Winged Horses from the West.)

R. K.

SUSANNAH AND THE ELDER.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF LAWRENCE STERNE.)

"Men's insides is made so comical, God help 'em."—
George Eliot.

Aha, *elucescebat* quoth our friend,
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best.
The Bishop orders his Tomb.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The city of B-mb-y, the siege of which was begun by your honour's self, lies in the middle of a devilish strange country. 'Tis quite benighted, said Corporal Trim. Then I wish the Faculty would follow my advice, said Yoreayke. But it cannot, said Corporal Trim. But it must, said Yoreayke. It never will, said Corporal Trim. It shall by G —— said Yoreayke. The Recording Angel vaulted the celestial barriers with a smile of scorn.

'Twas by Gl-dst-ne that Yoreayke swore.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Three and a half years with a bib under his chin.

Three and a half years travelling from M—bl-shw-r to B-mb-y and again to P-na. A hellish quandary at P-na.

Three years and a half at his probations and negations and nothing done for his statue upon the market-place. No wonder, then, when they heard that he was still disputing about *wisdom* men asked :—If the old man be still disputing and inquiring concerning wisdom, what time will he have to make use of it ?

'Twas at Butler that he checked, on his north-west passage to the intellectual world, and Dr. Slop could make neither head nor tail of it.—Butler, said my uncle Toby, was with the Danish regiment at the siege of Limerick, and he was a good auxiliary.

It is a work that troubles me, said Yoreayke. You should get it done then and say no more about it, said my uncle Toby. 'Tis an immoral work, said Yoreayke. The more reason for getting it done, said my uncle Toby, and the less for talking of it. The first part only is immoral said Yoreayke.—La ! said Susannah 'tis all wrong from beginning to end, and left the room in a flame. Yoreayke sat down sighing.

He has sat on the pap bowl, said my mother.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Wherefore what manner of government he hath created let him and his councillors consider, said Dr. Slop. . . . . said Yoreayke.

Dr. Slop was reading by the book, I assure you.

CHAPTER XXX.

Dr. Slop looked upon the floor. . . . Butler, as truly as ever Pharaoh raised one to honour said Dr. Slop.—Locke, said my father. That's as you please said my uncle Toby. Shut the book, said Yoreayke. Dr. Slop held it as wide open as before—that is to say upon the broad of its back. Would you desire to teach Tristram an abomination ? said Yoreayke. God forbid, said my mother, he will learn all too quickly. Then shut the book said Yoreayke, the first part is immoral.

Whether the word attracted the wench or whether it was that Trim had prevented the action, certain it is that Susannah looked in with a dish-clout.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Did I say that Dr. Slop was stubborn—stubborn as the Abbess's mules ? I have done an injustice —at all times abhorrent to my nature. When the Abbess and the novice shared the oath betwixt 'em in the fear of blasphemy the mules went their way. So did not Dr. Slop.—But Tristram is as black as my shoe, said Dr. Slop. 'Twas no fault of mine, said my mother on a sudden. Pish ! said my father, look at the calendar.

And on my reputation there had been an eclipse of the moon !

All this while Yoreayke was sitting in my pap-bowl.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I am a Turk if I had not remembered the *Analogy.* Thus :—

The Eclipse——————Tristram (which is myself including my blackness).
The Dish-clout——————Yoreayke (which has no correlation with the pap-bowl).

Now what the devil had the dish-clout to do with Yoreayke ? A dish-clout is no savoury gift for any man, but a man should not come into a nursery and sit upon a pap-bowl.

It is all in that, says Susannah, and surely she should know.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The education of a child, cried Dr. Slop, is a serious matter, and should be conducted by his own father. Nay, said Yoreayke, by the stranger within your gates. . . . 'Tis a poor philosophy, said my father, for the burden and heat of the day were mine.—I start for Antwerp in the summer, said Yoreayke. It is the mercy of Providence, said Corporal Trim who was in the shadow of the door, near Susannah.—Trim, said my uncle Toby, wait without.

Trim bore Susannah with him lest he should be lonely on the road to the kitchen.

In the meantime, said Yoreayke, the book must be shut.

Dr. Slop opened it very wide and drew a blue line round the margins—

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A distinguished personage has condemned it, said Yoreayke, and fell a-musing upon the pap-bowl. That may well be, said my uncle Toby, does your honour know the gentleman's name ? He commands my immediate confidence, said Yoreayke. The pap-bowl lay upon the floor —Prignitz, Scroderus, Andrea Paræus, Erasmus, Hafen Slawkenbergius, Gregorius, Didius ? said my father.—But my father's questions—I shall never get half of them through this year.

Dr. Slop snapped his fingers scholastically—ecclesiastically——pragmatically——judgmatically, according to all the nostrums of the Faculty, and surely that was a better way of reply. 'Tis a monstrous clever gentleman my dear, said my mother softly, and as concerns your morals—'twas to my father she spoke.

Madam, said my father, at forty-nine a man has no morals. He gets out of his body to think.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Yoreayke walked down to the hedge, his arms akimbo, having broken my pap-bowl.

Was there ever such a mess ! said my mother.

The wind blew Yoreayke's coat-tails abroad diffusely. Surely the breeze hath a right to blow where it listeth for all coat-tails in the world.

Courage, gentle reader, I have prætermitted, passed over and cast into the outer darkness of the kennel my chapters on coat-tails lined with blue satin and the Dignity of Man.

Seventeen chapters Master Printer—but it escaped me that I shouldpay for thy villainous type transmogrifications.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The good man has not put away his handkerchief, said my mother.

Tchk ! Tchk ! Tchk ! said Susannah—a crowing huskiness in her throat. Corporal Trim stood to attention.

Why ! 'Tis a dish-clout that has been pinned to him ! said my father, he has never been into the kitchen.

Now how should my father have connected the kitchen with the dish clout or that with the coat-tails ? God knows my mother was the meekest woman that ever . . . but in a matter of patty-pans nature will out. And, above all, patty-pans are a woman's peculiar province.

An't please your honour, said corporal Trim, he passed through the kitchen upon going out. To the wars ? said my uncle Toby. To his work ? said my father. To his craft ? said Dr. Slop. To the devil ! said Trim.

'Twas to make Master Tristram new pap, said Susannah.

Susannah, said my father, thou art an honest wench. Was it a clean dish-clout ?

No, said Susannah, 'twas —— ———— ——— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——

R. K.

ADDISON AND GINWALLA.

Mr. Ginwalla's recent letter to the *Times of India* to which we have alluded elsewhere does not appear to be altogether original. Thus :—

GINWALLA.	ADDISON.
We are at one with one who justly observes somewhere that there are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintances. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn, and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.	There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintances. The poorest mechanic, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn, and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.
	(Three paras omitted.)
As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess.	As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess.
	(Eleven lines omitted.)
The deathbed shows the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on, and is asked by a grave attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed under the titles of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of morality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect. The truth of it is, honours are in this world of no regulations; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to everyone a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.	The deathbed shows the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on, and is asked by a grave attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed under the titles of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of morality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insult and mockery than respect. The truth of it is, honours are in this world of no regulations; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to everyone a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedency set right.

THE COMING K.

And George my lawful king shall be
Until the times do alter.

Vicar of Bray.

PRESIDENT (*of the Dufferin Medical Fund Assistance Society, Bebusteeghat*) *loq* :—Gentlemen of this so honoured institution, and alumni of First Arts, under all circumstances the question before our considerations to-night is of singularly preposterous and variegated character fundamentally complicated because of spelling. How you spell Lansdahn ?

SECRETARY.—This question demands explicacity and is not at all before the meeting. Financial difficulties pave the way as registered in minute-book of last proceedings. Dufferin Medical Fund Assistance Society, pre-eminent factor in national progress but no subscriptions paid.

PRESIDENT.—*Gorah ko lât, admi ko bât !* Are you all mud heads ? Dufferin Medical Fund Essistance Society dead as Queen Anne's hair-ring on account of funds. How does this matter ? Not a swear—not a two annas swear ! Gentlemen, I have honour to be connected with this and kindredly similar enterstutions ever since my connection with service of gorgeous and beneficent Sirkar, and continued honour in public service and this, in my o-pee-nion, is fitting time for the back-slide. Ease her ! Stop her ! As my friend Captain Pereira on the Hughli steamer pertinently says in crossing over to our offices. I am distinguished member of local administration and all known down both banks of the river for twenty years. You are so young men you do not comprehend political status in its comprehensiveness. *Lât Sahib gya !* Medical Essistence Fund Society *bhi phut gya !* What use any more bother and voting addresses. When I was *ommedwar* I took deep interest in national progress marching to glory through social elevation on empty stomachs ; and this society, you can see by minute books, was the Mayo Athenæum for enlightened discussion. Babu Ahutosh Mookerjee—alas poor Yorick !—was our president, but he is now gone the way of all flesh which is green as ghauts and in the evening is burned up ; but he was Sudder Munsif and he was my true friend. I am your true friend, gentlemen, by seniority and honour you have done me in electing me president of this rapidly moribund institution. But I pause for a reply to my previous digression. When Ahutosh Babu jumped the branches I feathered my oars in my nest, and it was I suggested vital alterations in society and voted address to Lord Northbrook with maximum of public spirit. Mayo Athenæum was dead by gentle process of athenasium (*very earnestly*). That, gentlemen, is a pun. And we all became Northbrook Young Men's Improvement Association, and I was Nazul Darogah and headed all the addresses. (Hear ! Hear !) Gentlemen, by God we wrote addresses day and night and then Pitamber Babu took the cash-box and levantined to Behar with ninety-seven rupees ten annas four pie. So Northbrook Young Men's Improvement Association was hit upon the hat, as the joke is, and lay in abeyance till Lord Lytton came. I was possessed of all the minute-books and enormous bump of public spirit with studious bent towards the glories of oriental poetry—not Mahabharat nor other Rigs but Hafiz (*sensation*). Gentlemen, I see that you are ashamed because Hafiz was Mahomedan voluptuary, but I beg you hang your verdicts till I tell. At that time we became the Lytton Literary Society and I tell you this, that His Late Excellency came by steamer to Bebusteeghat and I personally in presidential capacity presented him with velluminous address and His Excellency gave a gold medal for poesies after the style of Hafiz upon female orientals. There was no competition, but I have the medal and I was appointed being E. A. C. Gentlemen, now you remember that millenium of Ripon the Good when all was pure politics and abstract ideals, from the *Pax Britannica* at Peshawar to the Adam's bridge at Comorin and freedom of debate ! Then Lytton Literary Society became Ripon Political Club and sent addresses direct by post, advocating supreme validity of Rousseau's *Social Confessions* and other things on a similar platform of pure Liberalism. So we were reorganised in a commensurate scale and promulgated progress in all directions and *never* salaamed to the Deputy Commissioner ! By God, that was elevated old period and Lord Ripon was very much pleased and our true friend. I had promise of Rai Bahadurship, but Lord Ripon went away in the centre of popular demonstrations and nobody knowing how the all and devil illustrious successor would think. Thus Ripon Political Club sank upon its ashes. But nevertheless I subsequently discovered that a medical fund was up the wind and took proper measures, so that Bebusteeghat sent *first* address of this nature that ever was to Lord Dufferin, and the Political Club was re-called Medical Essistance Organization ! Also, first and before any other place, I beg you will remember gentlemen that promptitude is the mother of promotion and this fool-talk over defunct corpse of effete organization *because* the *Lât Sahib* is going away, may be inimically prejudicial to our all true interests. Now this new Viceroy is most enlightened ruler, but I do not know his political proper gander and per*haps* we have been making too much political platform in these last days since, however great, however grand, however superior in aspiring, nothing *can* do without bamfoozling the *Shahib log*, which is tantamont to inviting to co-operate in stupendous labours of national elevation. And just these present times, the *Shahib log* are not so pleased as Panch. Wherefore, still retaining minute books of previous Societies, in my o-pee-nion it would be sound temporary measure capable of further expansion, that this Medical Fund Essistance Organization constitute itself Bebusteeghat Chamber of Commerce and guardian of mercantile interests up and down the river and anywhere else. Commerce is innucuous and pleases everybody, and if Lord Lansdâhn is unfortunately devoiding commercial instincts so necessary to the proper conservation of this resourceful country we will do no harm *ad interim* but only watch which way the cat runs. How so great as Commerce ? How so stabile ? How so imperatively necessary ? Let us become commercial and make Captain Pereira an honorary member by acclamation, because we travel daily in his steam-boat and he may ameliorate fares. But Chamber of Commerce *certainly* ; and an address will conduce to our true interests. Wherefore I move that Dufferin Medical Essistance Fund is now abrogated and Lansdâhn Chamber of Commerce and Mercantile Union supersedes there sub. *protem.* till alterations are necessary. But first how you spell Lansdahn, Honorary Sekuttar Sahib ?

SECRETARY.—L-a-n-s-d-o-n. I have much pleasure to second and President shall draft address in strict commercial lines.

Extract from Sachi Durpan, December 2nd 1888.—"It has been truly observed that a period of rest and commercial enterprise is, after political regeneration, one of the most urgent needs of this unhappy country. We are truly rejoiced to see that a step in this kind of enterprise has been taken at Bebusteeghat which has always been foremost in all the public movements of the hour. The step has been taken under the guidance of our public spirited countryman Harindra Oko Deb, E. A. C., a veteran in all kinds of things, from whose sagacity and intelligence we hope the utmost. Commercial enterprise is lamentably backward throughout this province, but under the fostering ægis of our new ruler it should grow to immense proportions. The Chamber of Commerce which has been inaugurated at Bebusteeghat is clear proof of the intellect of the Bengali and sufficient answer to the cavillers against our nation. It will regulate commercial enterprise and encourage the development of trade and legitimate commercial aspirations. Harendra Babu will not be trodden down by the voice of public clamour. Why should not all Bengal follow his illustrious example ? Why should not—*et cætera, et cætera, et cætera.*"

WHAT THE WORLD SAID.

> And school foundations in the act
> Of holiday, three files compact,
> Shall learn to view thee as a fact
> Connected with that zealous tract—
> "Rome, Babylon and Nineveh."
>
> *The Burden of Nineveh.*

The following will be found to be a more or less accurate forecast of the opinions of the Indian journals on Lord Dufferin's speech at the Calcutta St. Andrew's Dinner :—

The C-v-l and M-l-t-ry G-z-tte :—

Like Sarah Battle of old Lord Dufferin asks only for the extreme rigour of the game. And he plays that game with light-hearted abandon on the eve of his departure. The reason for his reticence up to this point are explained by our Afghan correspondent and the Lord Bishop of Lahore as being due partly to religious considerations and partly to the passage of a Toorkh Kafila through the Pariari Syed country, circumstances which those in the least acquainted with frontier policy will at once see, &c., &c.

The B-mb-y G-z-tte :—

Though our telegraphic *resumé* of his speech is a feat unparalleled in the history of Indian journalism, we should be sorry to think that Lord Dufferin's animated and picturesque description of the land whose rule he is now resigning bears any approximation to the truth. The most unobservant visitor to these shores, as he paces down Breach Candy or stands upon the cupola of the G. I. P. Terminus, cannot but fail to be impressed with the almost aggressive material civilisation of the East. We in Bombay, &c., &c.

The T-mes of Ind-a :—

Our local contemporary completely misapprehends the situation. We ourselves were not long since approached on behalf of the Supreme Government and soundings were taken as to whether we would be prepared to publish an official commentary on Lord Dufferin's speech. This offer we indignantly declined, and now, wrapping ourselves in our virtue, will leave to our versatile correspondent Mr. N. S. Ginwalla the pleasant duty of criticism, &c., &c.

The Engl-shm-n :—

The overgrown Debating Society whose irresponsible chatter has of late been dragged into such undeserved prominence will now, we trust, quietly and decently subside. Lord Dufferin has gone out of his way to crush it with eloquence that were better employed in defending the disgraceful exodus to the Hills, and the hybrid employés in the subordinate offices will now perhaps understand that their attempts at playing at administration are not acceptable to the State whose bread they eat. "*Hukm nahin hai*" is a hint rarely lost on molluscous Aryanism, &c., &c.

The Ind-n D-ly N-ws :—

Beyond a passing reference, which may possibly have been dragged in for the sake of rhetorical effect, we grieve to see that the Viceroy has made no reference to the interests of the non-official class or to the pernicious habit of the young *gentlemen* of this town "purchasing" trousers from Messrs. Cutter, Ghuse and Irons and then going up country without paying. Business obviously cannot be conducted in this way, and the many Bishops at whose feet we in our youth had the privilege of sitting were entirely of the same opinion. In regard to the Congress we fear that much of His Lordship's judicious advice will hardly be acceptable to the well-meaning but perhaps over-zealous gentlemen, &c., &c.

The St-tesm-n :—

In the days of Lord Minto we approached the authorities with a new scheme of Government founded on the principles of statesmanlike Christianity. We can do no more than point out anew after an interval of many decades the wisdom of finding and applying that scheme It is fatuous folly to act in any other manner, and the bare fact of Lord Dufferin's speech, an instalment of which we give to-day, is sufficient evidence of the ghastly gap now widening and deepening between the races. Had our recommendations in '43. '58 and again in '67, as reference to our files will show, been carried out in their crystal entirety it would not be our painful duty, &c., &c.

The Ind—n M-rr-r :—

The legitimate aspirations of the people have received a cruel blow. Lord Dufferin, as we have always believed was the case, has fallen entirely into the hands of high-handed officialdom. But we would entreat our brethren not to be cast down. His shadow will soon be removed from the land, and we have a just and righteous Governor in Sir Steuart Bayley. We expected no more from this Viceroy. His superficial and misleading views should be received with caution, for it must be remembered that since the Congress disowns the Pamphlets his *locus standi* is non-existent, &c. &c.

R—s and R—yy—t :—

Dufferin has not an over-delicate stomach, but the Congress must blame itself if it has been "spanked." Moderation is the watchword of dynasties, and the needs of the case demand that the Pamphlets must be disowned *instanto*. Lord Dufferin is no prodigy, but he is a lord for a' that and he kicks from the shoulder. We pause for a reply.

Amr-ta B-z-r P-tr-ka :—

A new era of oppression opens before us and the *ap-ki-wastes* are jubilant. Henceforth the Congress is to be hounded down by *pseudo*-Rai Bahadurs or sycophantic C. I. E's. The Bengalis, whose honest criticism has done everything for our country, have fallen under Lord Dufferin's displeasure. Our portion is either the gallows, jail or starvation. Under which King, Bezonian, speak or die ? But we are much afraid that we shall die. We shall return to this subject in a later issue.

H-pe :—

For aught we can see the retiring Viceroy stands exactly where he stood before he spoke. His Jubilee speech won him undeserved praise from the too impressionable Bengalis because, forsooth, he promised pleasant things. Now he is damned for showing his real hand. We shall grovel at Lansdowne and later we shall damn him and the country will remain as it was. When we are not carried off our feet by every straw we may be taken seriously, &c. &c.

N-t—n-l G—rd-an :—

No expedient is too mean, no trick too filthy to use against the natives of India. This Dufferin was crammed with official pride and then let off before he goes to Europe, where he will find his own level. But why blame him ? He had to please his masters—the Anglo-Indians—and his fiery words suited the beef and the whisky that graced the festive board. We are glad that the revellers did not break off the table-legs and beat their *khitmatgars*.

Chorus of the Fates and the Destinies :—

What's all the noise about down there ?

ONE WORD MORE.

IN THE MANNER OF R. BR—NG.

Don't you protest now! It's fair give and take.
You've had your turn and spoken your home truths,
The hand's mine now and here you follow suit.
Bishop Blougram's Apology.

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then? Good.
We'll clear the Aides and khitmatgars away.
(You'll know that fat chaprassi with the knife—
He keeps the Name Book, talks in English, too,
And almost thinks himself the Government.)
O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're so young.
Forty from Sixty—twenty years of work
And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*
You want to know, you want to see, to touch
And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.
I wonder can I help you. Let me try.
You saw—what did you see from Bombay east?
Enough to frighten any one but me?
Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!
You shouldn't take a man from Canada
And bid him smoke in powder magazines;
Nor with a Reputation such as—Bah!
That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,
My Reputation now full-blown—Your fault—
Yours with your stories of the strife at Home
Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is led—
One reads so much, one hears so little here.
Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back
To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome,
Or books—the refuge of the destitute.
I'm crippled, too. Some trouble in this hand,
Wrist-dropping. What a hand to hold the reins
As I did! But I held them.
What's to tell?
I freed my mind among the Scotch last week
So far as any one can free.... You know
The old, old trick—one word for "courteous hosts"
And twenty for the telegraph, as suits
Our Guildhall dinner. Go to it next year
When you .... that brings me back to India. See
Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my turn.
You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada,
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence There's your East,
And you're as wise as ever. So am I.
Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike
At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,
(It's chalk on granite) then thank God no flame
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.
I'm clear—my mark is made. Three months of drouth
Had ruined much. It rained and washed away
The specks that might have gathered on my Name.
I took a country twice the size of France,
And shuttered up one doorway in the North.
I stand by those. You'll find that both will pay,
I pledged my Name on both—they're yours to-night.
Hold to them—they hold fame enough for two.
I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.
Men there—*not* German traders—Cr-sthw-te knows—
You'll find it in my papers. For the North
Guns always—quietly—but always guns.
You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to rule.
And prize their Reputations. Have you met
A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,
And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?
He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his grip
And kicked. A Council always has its H-pes.
They look for nothing from the West but Death
Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground. They fight
Until the middle classes take them back,
One of ten millions *plus* a C. S. I.
Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?
Not altogether—earnest, narrow men,
But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,
And end by writing letters to the *Times*.
(Shall *I* write letters, answering H-nt-r—fawn
Like R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)
They have their Reputations. Look to one—
I work with him—the smallest of them all,
White haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging horse
Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,
And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,
But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy
He has his Reputation—wants the Lords
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,
He values very much the hand that falls
Upon his shoulder at the Council table—
'Hates cats and knows his business: *which is yours.*
Your business! Fifteen hundred thousand miles!
Your business! I could tell you what I did
Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth
A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives
God knows to what new reef the man at the wheel
Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,
Or rescued go their way; but he's no man
To take his trick at the wheel again—That's worse
Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule
(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall
And I was—some fool's wife had ducked and bowed
To show the others I would stop and speak.
Then the mule fell—three galls, a hands-breadth each,
Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatisname
Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet thoul!
"How could they make him carry such a load!"
I saw—it isn't often I dream dreams—
More than the mule, that minute—smoke and flame
From Simla to the haze below. That's weak
You're younger. You'll dream dreams before you're done.
You've youth, that's one—good workmen, that means two
Fair chances in your favour. Fate's the third.
I know what *I* did. Do you ask me, "Preach"?
I answer by my past or else go back
To platitudes of rule—or take you thus
In confidence and say:—"You know the trick:
"You've governed Canada. You know. *You* know!"
And all the while commend you to Fate's hand
(Here at the top one loses sight o' God)
Commend you, then, to something more than you—
The Other People's blunders and .... that's all.
I'd agonise to serve you if I could.
It's incommunicable like the cast
That drops the hackle with the gut adry.
Too much—too little—there's your salmon lost!
And so I tell you nothing—wish you luck,
And wonder—how I wonder!—for your sake
And triumph for my own. You're young, you're young,
You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.
I'm old. I followed Power to the last,
Gave her my best and Power followed Me.
It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain
Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.
I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.
I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that lives!
A country twice the size of France—the North
Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the rest
And better if you can. The Rains may serve,
And Silver rise—three pence will give you Fame—
It's rash to hope for sixpence—If it rise
Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt tax.
Oh!
I told you what the Congress meant or thought?
I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove
The full extent of time and thought you'll spare
To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*
How little Begums see the light—deduce
Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.
It's interesting, curious....and vile.
I told the Turk he was a gentleman.
I told the Russian that his Tartar veins
Bled pure Parisian ichor; and they purred.
The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.
You're young—you'll swear too ere you've reached the end.
The End! God help you, if there be a God.
(There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's soul
In that new land where all the wires are cut,
And Cr-ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)
God help you! And I'd help you if I could,
But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was crude.
Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;
But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.
(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health)
Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my style.
And, after all, the middle-classes grip
The middle-class—for Brompton talk Earl's Court.
Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the *Times*—
A quarter column of eye-searing print,
A leader once a quarter—then a war;
The Strand abellow through the fog:—"Defeat
"'Orrible slaughter!" While you lie awake
And wonder. Oh you'll wonder ere you're free!
I wonder now. The four years slide away
So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.
R—y, C-lv-n, L—l, R-b-rts, B-ck, the rest,
Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops and trains,
(I *cannot* sleep in trains) land piled on land,
Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,
White snows that mocked me, Palaces—with draughts,
And W-stl-nd with the drafts we couldn't pay,
Poor W-ls-n reading his obituary
Before he died, and H—pe, the man with bones,
And A-tch-s-n a dripping mackintosh
At Council in the Rains, his grating "Sirrr"
Half drowned by H-nt-r's silky:—"Bát my lahd,"
Hunterian always: M-rsh-l spinning plates
Or standing on his head, the Rent Bill roar,
A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,
And Smiths thrice happy if I called them Jones,
(I can't remember half their names) or reined
My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.
More trains, more troops, more dust, trunks corded up,
My mother's letters—that will be a book—
The Legend of the Doorkeys, how they bred—
This land spawns Doorkeys. You shall see the proofs.....
Four years, and I forget. If I forget
How will *they* bear me in their minds? The North
Safeguarded—nearly (R-b-rts knows the rest,)
A country twice the size of France annexed.
That stays at least. The rest may pass—may pass—
Your heritage—and I can teach you naught
"High trust," "vast honour," "interests twice as vast,"
"Due reverence for your Council"—keep to those.
I envy you the twenty years you've gained
But not the five to follow. What's that? One!
Two!—Surely not so late. Good-night. *Don't* dream.

"The Pioneer" 20 Dec 1888

AN INTERESTING CONDITION.

The people of India were in a condition most interesting to every man qualified to comprehend the large principles and responsibilities of the English domains. They were desiring more and more to enter into the public life of their country which was beginning to have a public life of its own. . . . Our business is to foster and nourish that sentiment. Mr.Gladstone on India.

It was the East - beautiful, unpitying and old.

It was, moreover, the East inhabited by the Englishman.

An Englishman has no sense of humour.

A man without a sense of humour is a monstrosity incroyable.

All Englishmen are monsters incroyable.

I include here the German who is almost an Englishman.

Mes amis, let us then be thankful that we are not Englishmen.

Also, that we do not inhabit the East -

To elaborate Fiascos . . . .

I eliminate here Tonquin, which is not a Fiasco but an Experiment.

An Experiment does not become a Fiasco till the Englishman appears.

It then finds itself a Dam Mess, according to the language of the Englishmen.

The East sits upon a Throne. The West inhabits a bureau, a comptoir or a boutique; but the Throne belongs to the East.

The reason why a Throne exists in the East is that there are no paving stones in the streets. There is only dust and sunshine. Me, I have seen it!

You cannot create barricades with dust and sunshine.

The reason to be of the Throne explains itself.

In the course of time arrives the Englishman, with his great-coat upon his arm, his braddishaw in his hand and his wife upon his knee.

"The Pioneer" [?] Dec. 1886

"An Interesting Condition"

The Englishman supports always his wife upon his knee. It is to him an observance national. It is an obligation solemn also upon the wife. When the husband is not here she will sit upon the knee of any man. The husband upon his return sells her by auction at Smiffel, which is the recognised magazine central of these goods.

Thus, then are the manners of the English.

The Englishman confronts the East. The East does not confront the Englishman.

She regards to the above of his head which is bald. To the Eternities, to Napoleon, to the Forty Ages which regard also. To the Vague Profound! To the Immensity!

She would also regard the Past, but there is no Past in the East.

It is only the Present - a bon marche.

The Englishman says:- "Goddam. Where is an omnibuse?" - and the East says:- "I have it not here."

The Englishman is furibonde. He demands his omnibuses, his rosbif, his rough-towel and his tobb.

The East washes not herself.

The Englishman obtains these things by force majeure.

The rosbif gives to him arterial blood; the tobb a circulation of the most vigorous and the rough-towel a glow of the most generous.

Mistrust there the Englishman when he is generous.

He will sell you a young dog.

The Englishman slaps his thigh; he whistles his bouledogue; he takes a stick convincing. He has those things there upon him all, as says the chanson of the Boulevarde.

He confronts anew the East, and says:- "I am great, I am strong. Above all I am just. Govern me or I will Sacred Blue your eyes! I desire to be governed. It is an experience.

And the East says only; "Protector of the Poor."

The Englishman kicks her children to school. They read there how the East has been misgoverned by the Englishman.

That is taught to them that they may understand the style of Macaulay; of Burke; of Pitt; of deuceanall the authors popular.

It is further taught them for nothing. That is Policy.

The children emerge. They have notions which are wrong. And theories.

These are incorrect. But all have been taught by the Englishman.

He slaps his chest. According to the custom of the cab drivaire.

The children swarm upon him in the excess of an affection which has been purchased.

They become exigeante.

They become impolite.

They are blagwers.

Above all, they wish to govern the Englishman.

Then the Englishman slaps those children Brutally and upon their softest parts. He Sacred Blues their eyes.

And for what?

Because thèy have been taught by him to misunderstand their teaching.

Above all, reposes the East.

She is old but she is beautiful.

A beautiful woman is always old. As old as Beauty.

She is of a moral reputation indifferent.

A beautiful woman is always . . . .

Let us return to our sheep.

The East intrigued with Alexander. It was a liaison passenger.

With the Toorkh.

It was an affaire militaire only.

Again with the Toorkh.

That was not constancy but a coincidence.

Again with the Tookh!

A coincidence is permissible once only. That was a betise.

With the Rajput; with the Hindou.

It was to pass the time.

With the Portuguese.

It was an aberration erotic.

With the Frenchman

It was an affair of the heart

But she was a woman. The Englishman came. With him the gold of Perfide Albion.

Encore - she was a woman!

Let us be merciful to women. So long as we do not possess gold.

It is now the Englishman who is kicking her children to school. She has a menage of the Britannic ideal - solid, sumptuous, and wearying above all.

The Englishman believes that he has married her. By the high mass of the rope and the low mass of the sabre .

The others also believed

And she?

Ask her. Her eyes are upon the Vague Profound where dwell the shadows of her dead lovers.

The Englishman has taken her by the arm. He promenades with her upon the Sundays. He laughs. He exhibits his teeth. He slaps his leg. He also pats her upon the back.

These things are the marks of the husband English. But . . . ask her.

She has seen many lovers.

A woman who has seen many lovers will see more.

This woman will exist for ever, and she will always be beautiful.

An eternity of beauty and an eternity of liaisons! The liaisons of a Nation! Pyramidal! Immense.

I, the Gaul, may return to her arms.

She may prefer to be Cossaquee.

Let us not try to foretell the mind of a woman. Even in Literature.

Meantime the Englishman is kicking his sons putative to school. He will Sacred Blue them if they do not go. He will Belly Holy Grey them when they emerge.

Meantime a bourgeois of the most respectable, who exposes indecently his braces when he cuts trees for the purposes of religion, exhorts her with tears to enter the strife political.

She, the Messalina of Monarchs! The Cleopatra of the Ganges,- inconstant, insatiable, shameless, old!

He the reader of the Scriptures in the Church of Hawarden! The God of the bourgeoisie! The man of the collars of speckless purity. Shocking you say?

Situation Magnificent, but these English are fools.

They would call it a Development of Policy.

Dore is dead and with him Gavarni.

Redacteurs of the Vie Parisienne, I present to you the idea of a croquis immortal - the Rehabilitation of the East.

Gautier is dead and with him Heine.

There rests M. Renan.

Author mellifluous of the Book of Job in prose rythmic, spread, I pray you, yourself over this subject so worthy which I, son expatriated of France, present to you now upon my knees.

You seek a title?

"Les Amours Faciles d'un ancien Representant du Peuple Anglais."

Ou, tout court:-

"Les Libertinages de M. Gladstone."

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

"Perhaps the belief was true but not the rumour. Possibly belief and rumour were unfounded. But is it so great a sin in a public journal to lend voice to the people, &c ? Where the absolute verity is nearly impossible of attainment by the instituted tribunals, how much more so by the poor journalist! He can only go upon the rumour, and the proof of rumour ought to absolve him in court."

Comment of a Native paper on a recent libel-suit.

To the State of Kot-Kumharsen where the wild dacoits abound,
And the Barons live in castles on the hills,
Where the tiger and the cactus in alternate streaks are found,
And the Raja cannot meet his monthly bills,
Where the Agent Sahib Bahadur shoots the black-buck for his larder
From the tonga which he uses as *machán*,
Babu Bunkum Bandar Bose took his Harrilds and his Hoes,
And proprieted the *Bewaquf Tufan*.

'Twas a paper for the masses who were nearly all Hindu,
With a taint of touchy Thakur fighting blood;
'Twas a journal dealing largely with affairs that were not true,
And disseminating ill-considered mud.
'Twas a *pukka* People's issue, 'twas a four-page pica tissue
Of turtle-headed infant's ghouls and *djinns*,
And aspersions sepia brown on the *mullah* of the town,
And a record of the Agent's grosser sins.

It was read by all the Nation for a range of eighty miles,
It was studied in the only Middle School,
It exposed with crushing irony the Viceroy's many wiles,
And it always praised the King's "enlightened rule,"
For the silky-soft Diwan bought that *Bewaquf Tufan*
At a price beyond its market-value far,
And the Raja privy purse would the proper funds disburse
When the Babu brought his *nuzzer* to durbar.

So it cursed *per* M. A. Standard once a week, with monthly pauses
For Dewali, Christmas Day and Durga Pujah,
And it published paper State reform in annotated clauses,
And it yearly found its State subvention huger;
And the public puzzle-headed read its pica double-leaded,
And talked of *Kali Yugas* and *nukshan*,
For it printed all the rumours of administrative tumours
And corruption did the *Bewaquf Tufan*.

Yea, it cursed the shining Agent as it cursed the British Raj,
And it pounded every Viceroy into jelly,
And it swore the Public Works had slain a porker in the Taj,
And shut the Jumma Masjid up at Delhi;
And the yarns of want and war that it learned in the *bazar*
Were duly reproduced with running notes,
But since the mild Diwan held the *Bewaquf Tufan*
It was death against the Barons owning votes.

But a noble sense of duty brought about the final smash,
When a heavy falling-off among the readers
Led the silky sweet Diwan to haggle hotly o'er the cash,
And suggest increased *empressement* in the leaders,
For unlucky Bandar Bose with a dripping pen arose
And stated (which was truth or very near)
Neither Pharphar nor Abana filled the *Raja Sahib's Zenana*,
And he kidnapped wives within the British sphere!

'Twas the gossip of the City, it demanded cess unstinted,
'Twas a duty half the Court had tried to fill,
It was truer than the rumour of the previous week that hinted
At a Native-State-annexatory Bill;
But that flossy-mild Diwan dropped the *Bewaquf Tufan*,
As we drop the pail of thrice-defiling tar,
And, since British law obtains but in British ruled domains,
Said the Raja of the journal briefly, "*Mar!*"

Woe is me for Habeas Corpus or a trial by a jury—
Or the lesser risk of Judge and one appeal!
There was laughter 'mong the Barons—in the Raja's heart was fury—
In the Palace yard the clink of spur and steel;
And the Harrild and the Hoe heard the howl of "*Birchee do!*"
As the lean Mahratta lances raised the thatch;
And I grieve to say that same broke in twenty points of flame
Through the medium of a common sulphur match.

And they fused, with execrations, quite a hundred pounds of plant,
And they hunted for the Staff without avail,
For the Journal to the Border made a record-cutting slant
Till his women (under torture) showed his trail.
Then that Raja's Bodyguard rode relentlessly and hard,
And they caught him, half a mile from British ground,
And the gentle *thanda pench* with a double-action *kench*
Made him swoon and juice of chillies brought him round.

Then the Barons from their castles and the Raja from his throne
Decsended to elucidate the point
As to subtler forms of libel and the less obstrusive bone
That a knee and rope and *charpoy* may disjoint.
"Curse not the King in bed for a bird shall tell," they said,
"And specially avoid the use of print."
And that unreported trial was succeeded by a phial,
Of mustard oil, a *Kobiraj* and lint.

Now the Harrild and the Hoe are lying still at Kot-Kumharsen,
The ashes of the office thatch among,
And since the lyric stage no more can count on David Carson,
I have ventured to compose this little song.
How the law of libel runs under British flags and guns,
Is a blot that every litho slang-sheet knows:
How that self-same law obtains in a petty King's domains
Must be patent now to Bunkum Bandar Bose.

A STUDY OF THE CONGRESS.

[BY AN EYE-WITNESS.]

"WHERE is your tent, sar? I will come over and speak. I am much enjoying this meeting." It was a Delegate from the North, a representative of a city that had never heard of him, and he fell into my arms as I wandered through the grounds of Lowther Castle in search of enlightenment. There were many roads to travel. I might turn to my left and examine the bazaar where small traders from Bombay were chaffering with the cloth merchants of Allahabad; I might turn to my right and get hopelessly entangled among tent-ropes and conservancy-carts, or I might keep straight on and enter the Hall of Assembly where the delegates would presently confer. If I stayed in the middle of the road I should infallibly be run over by the stream of carriages which were bearing Delegates abroad for an airing.

My mission being to bless the Congress if possible, I hunted for a familiar face, and caught the Delegate aforesaid. He rejoiced in a black velvet coat ornamented with sprigs of gold, and wore the small turban-cap of the money-lender and the cloth merchant. He was standing under a large *shamiana* turning over old copies of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, the *Bengalee*, and papers of similar kidney, and he appeared to be lonely. Who had come down from the North with him? Such an one and such another he replied, naming a landlord, who in ancient days always put cheap iron bolts upon the doors of his tenants' houses when brass ones were required—a gentleman who owned a bill-collecting agency of sorts, and was looked upon with small respect by the large trading-houses of the city There was also an eminent *vakil* who, by virtue of having been born in Bengal, naturally represented the North. All this was excellent. Personally, and for the sake of the reputation of the city, I should have expected men of more substance, and perhaps a little more learning; but the North is in a sadly backward condition, and I made much of my Delegate. "When do you begin to talk?" I said. "I? I shall not speak," said he, "but when the Subject Committee have decided the subject to be discussed upon we shall begin to work."

"Discuss upon" is not perhaps of the best English, but that was a small matter. My Delegate was immensely pleased with things in general and walked me up and down the road opposite Lowther Castle to tell me that it was "glorious."

"We have done all this, you see"—he pointed to the patched tents, the picturesquely arranged conservancy carts, and the charpoys lying in the open—"in spite of the opposition of the o-*fee*-cials—kindly o-*fee*-cials I may say. We are now quite established, though they would not allow us to meet in the Khusru Bagh."

[The man who prevented the grass and flowers of that pleasant little place being ruined for the next season deserves a vote of thanks.]

"And now what are you really going to do?" I said.

"The Subject Committees will decide, but first of all we will expand the Legislative Council." Modest man! and in his own place he could not on all his available assets raise a thousand-rupee note.

"Ah! That is very nice. Will you expand them very much?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! They must represent everybody, and especially the cultivator, who is the backbone of the country."

"Of course they must. By the way, how much does the Congress represent?"

"What do you say?"

"I mean what does the Congress represent?"

"It represents the men who are now attending the Congress and who discuss upon the measures."

"Exactly—that's quite true; but after that what interests does it represent? Does it represent the cultivators?"

"*Of* course—if the cultivators have sent delegates to the Congress, then it represents them."

"Oh, ah, yes. But, look here, why do the cultivators want to expand the Legislative Councils?"

"In order that they may have a voice in their own affairs, and also to prevent those cruelties in Assam."

"What cruelties?"

"To the coolies in the tea-gardens. You have heard. We shall enter the Legislative Council to demand abrogation of those laws."

"What laws?"

"Those laws regarding the coolies."

"Do you know anything about those laws? Do you know to what extent the tea-planter is bound to feed and doctor the coolie? Did you ever read the Acts bearing on the business?"

"No, I did not, but *therefore* I desire that we should enter the Legislative Councils in order that we should know the laws."

And he smiled triumphantly, having completely overborne my opposition. I saw then that it was an excellent and desirable thing that blank Ignorance should be allowed the highest seats in the synagogue that it might, while it administered, also learn the Law.

But I do my friend injustice when I call him ignorant. He was by comparison a most intelligent person—much more clever than my friend the iron-bolt landlord—and capable of speaking English. I left him with every expression of good-will and started upon a quest for an imaginary delegate, buttonholing each man that seemed to me in the least like a saviour of his country. One gentleman confided that he was one of thirty-four delegates from Aligarh and that all delegates were nominated by "holding meetings." Another was loftly and said that "these things ought to have been arranged," whence I gathered that he objected to mere "white trash" charging about among the tents. But many men, that is to say one dozen, said that they could not speak English: which was a grievous thing, because before a Delegate undertakes to advise an Empire he should at least know something of that Empire's tongue. Now if one dozen gentlemen picked at random out of twelve hundred do not speak English, is it unfair to assume that perhaps one hundred of the crowd are equally ignorant? And ought not a large, wealthy, and intelligent land at the outset of its little experiments arrange that all its representatives shall at least be able to say "boh" in English to an English goose?

I wandered into a huge square tent where chairs and sofas had been stacked regardless of any arrangement and where men sat talking in little groups. But they were nearly always the same men and the composition of each group ran almost always thus:—A grey helmet, an embroidered *choga* and down-country turban, and five or six black velvet coachman's caps. The little black caps were everywhere; and so were the long hybrid coats of Bengal. They stalked in and out among the Madras turbans, and the horned head-dresses of Bombay; they glided into Lowther Castle; they shivered in the sunlight of the open, and they talked eternally. The Congress may exhibit specimens from all the Provinces of India, but one man out of three is a Bengali—a Bengali with a rainbow-hued comforter round his neck, or a Bengali with an enormous stomach and a bulging forehead, or a lean Bengali with a cloth round his head and neck—such men as the public offices disgorge at the close of the day—neither better nor worse.

And I settled myself by the light of the little knowledge that was in me to study the faces of the men around.

Half an hour was enough. It was the *vakil raj* that swamped all, from the tables in the open reading-room where the Bengali papers lay, to the rickety hall of assembly where blue and yellow paper roses fought with staring green and red curtains, and a glaring chromo of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress stared at the show. Because the Congress "represented" the artisan and the skilled workman its decorations were pitiful, tawdry and inept; because it "represented" the culture of the country, it labelled its dispensary "dispensery," and because it represented India, and India only, its more public manifestations were engineered by second-class Englishmen; and subsequent events showed that it was well that Englishmen had taken the matter in hand—but of that hereafter.

I went to the place of assembly which has been described as a "light and commodious pavilion." There was a huge crowd round it—twelve hundred delegates at least—and some two or three thousand of the general public, all waiting for the doors to be opened, while the native hawkers cried *pán* and sweetmeats and cheap cigars.

Surely, I thought, the end will be more impressive than the beginning; and yet what could one hope for? The thirty years of peace wherein England had striven to breathe into the hearts of men some power that should enable them to stand alone had not bred one engineer, artist, mechanician, novelist, poet, or historian; of all the disabilities under which the land lay, not one had been lifted by its own endeavours: the single small reform of thirty years in regard to the matter of marriage expenses had been carried out by a race that were not represented at the Congress—by the backward Princes of Rajputana. Of the twelve hundred men who, later, would claim what one of their most eloquent speakers called "the Freedom," not twenty had looked upon the civilisation whose rights they demanded, whose duties they would not discharge; not fifty would suffer their wives to "see the corn grow"; not a hundred would allow their maidens to wait for girlhood ere they were wedded; and not one had, with hand or head, struck out an original thought for the betterment of his fellows.

Their right to consideration was the fidelity with which they hunted old trails; the accuracy of the phonograph in repeating what has been breathed into its mouth, the right of unbalanced fluency of diction; and the polyglot facility of a Levantine Dragoman.

They had come to clamour for equality because their own record betrayed their inferiority; and for further privileges because they had made no use of privileges bestowed in the past. And then they talked politics! Certain green-painted bamboo gates were opened and the delegates and the common public swarmed into the place of gathering. A green baize-covered table in the centre accommodated a few pure white, many native and some half-caste persons. In the middle of the table, sitting on a gilt chair, was the President, a white-haired man, very like a nervous parrot, armed with a gong and stricker, to which, by the way, the speakers paid not much attention. Let one instance suffice. A native was speaking about the necessity of expanding the Legislative Councils. By right he should only have spoken for five minutes. The gong tinkled. "Yes," said he, "I shall loyally obey the warning, but first let me read you an extract," &c., &c., and so continued for five minutes.

Mr. Yule, who, possibly because he had not been asked to be Chairman at the St. Andrew's Dinner at Calcutta and had been largely flattered by the promoters of the present *tamasha*, was the President of the assembly, had delivered his inaugural address on the previous day, and the great show of faces fell immediately to discussing the wisdom of allowing "us" to enter the Legislative Council. There may have been men of substance in that place—it is said that there were important zemindars who had thrown in their lot with the Congress, but the overwhelming bulk of the show were *khattris*, *kyasts*, *mahajuns* and *vakils*, and in language which they could not handle wrestled with principles beyond their comprehension.

But let this be said: the Englishmen, or practically Englishmen who led the music, spoke fairly well. They were fighting for notoriety, and they fought with energy. They inhabited the chairs by the green baize table and by their direction the assembly applauded or was dumb. "Hear, hear" from the table provoked a ripple of clapping. The orderliness of the show was due only to the repressive influence of the Englishmen who headed it. Their speeches were moderately logical and moderately sensible, because they were spoken in order to be reported. When they ceased came a chaos of words, a stumbling confusion of undigested speech, pitiful to listen to. "We want," clamoured a representative of the Punjab. "We want Legislative Councils for the Punjab," and he wandered off into an aimless yarn as to how a Lieutenant-Governor had told a Municipality to go to the devil. "We want the Freedom" shrieked another speaker, whose immunity from sack and seizen was only secured by the power that he wished to assist in governing the land. There was no limit to what they did not want—these men who had nothing to offer in exchange should their little *bouleversements* not prove successful. A thousand of the twelve hundred—one need only look on their faces—might have been put out of this life without the slightest effect on any interest in the land. They were the backwash of the Educational Department, and twenty sentences of their limping speeches were enough to show the knowledge they possessed of the elementary principles of rule. Such an one had been insulted by some official or another. He stated his case, and his hearers gobbled "Shame;" such another felt that there was really no hope for the teeming millions of India unless he or his likes sat to adjudicate their destinies. Nobody asked why, no one demanded what guarantee they could give for the decent performance of their duties who had never crossed the sea; the chairs applauded and the speakers were encouraged to further flights of oratory thereby. There was some sense of logic, some attempt at argument in the English speakers' addresses—you will find it all in the *Pioneer*—but all beyond that was a wild and hopeless tangle that, unless I am much mistaken, the sorely-tried reporters did not essay to reproduce. Men worked their arms like pump-handles and told the mob that all would be well in the land if they could discuss the Budget—they who had not a lakh invested in any of the railways of the land, who represented a people still ignorant of the free circulation of bank notes. And the product of the Educational Department hold up its hands in sign of assent, and the President declared that the first resolution had been passed. The bland foolish faces of the globe-trotters who could not distinguish a *mehter* from a Mahratta looked down upon the farce, and doubtless thought it a vastly impressive show.

Always in the name of the people, the meeting discussed how it should reorganise the Civil Service—the recent revelations on the Bombay side might have served as its guide—and in what manner men might be so examined for that Service as to save the ignominy of being outcasted if they crossed the black-water. It must never be forgotten for a moment that these people claim all the privileges without any of the penalties of the lot of the white man; and even while they were arranging plans of governance it was only the influence of the white or whitey-brown men who led, that kept them from splitting into a hundred congeries and cliques.

About this time I left, consoled by the thought that the *Pioneer* was printing itself black in the face to keep abreast with the antics of this *putli nautch*. Twenty women of indifferent reputation, a *parwana* from the Collector for a *méla*, a native band and a well-arranged *bazaar*, would have drawn twenty thousand people quite as well worth hearing and infinitely less inflated than the assembly that yawped round the speakers of the National Congress.

Later on I came again, hoping that they would have floundered into sense—hoping also that the meeting would grow upon me as I took it in. But it didn't. I looked down the lines of faces and back again, at the table where the whitey-brown men sat and regulated the applause, at the stewards with their tinsel scarves and wooden wands; and for the life of me, I could not see what earthly right these men had to speak above their breath except that they could pour forth words.

They were pretending to argue over the Resolution in favour of the general arming of India, because they wished to go into Council as enlightened citizens. The debate was instructive in one respect. The half-castes and Englishmen at the table had done their best to get the Resolution shelved—it *is* a fine crusted heathen notion when you come to think of it—and again made another appeal to the reason of the gathering. Yet if one tithe of what these men had said were true, a peaceful and virtuous India might wear arms till the crack of doom without consequences. It was funny to see the Englishmen shy off the proposal, and funnier still to catch, through all the flummery about "gentlemen," "august assembly," and the like, the sharp ring of command which the unregenerate *Sahib* employs when he is in earnest. One brown Captain rose up to explain that he had shed his blood in defence of his country and would do it again, but—here the assembly howled "No"—such a thing as the Mutiny might occur again, and on the whole he thought that perhaps it would be better not to allow natives to carry arms indiscriminately; all of which was quaint in the extreme and gave much information. Then—oh! bitter irony—the man Surendra Nath rose up and shrieked. Not for him was it to pull down the "towering pedestal of sentiment" on which the question was based. The India of to-day was a new India—(wild yells from Bengal)—an enlightened India—*that* was why it wanted arms! "In the name of the dumb, voiceless millions of India" he appealed to this assembly to affirm the Resolution, and, overborne by logic as lucid as the above, the men howled anew. I was among a knot of small pleaders, and they bent themselves nearly double with delight. They shouted, and they whooped, they even tried to hurrah when this Resolution was passed. In all probability he was vastly contented with himself, but none the less I felt a large pity for Mr. Yule in that hour, and a certain compassion for the whitey-brown men who believe that they can control agitations once started.

Again I departed and returned in the hope of hearing some one disown the pamphlets that exhort the Aryan "not to murder the poor European." But the head of A. O. Hume was visible above the council board, and no man cared or dared to do this thing. The great aim of the affair was to pose decently before the reporters, to appear well in the newspapers, and every effort was devoted to it. But even then there were significant little slips, outbursts of disorder, and spurts of ill-considered oratory. Good speakers were very few, though many wanted to speak. They reviled, and men say justly, the one department of the administration wherein their friends and relatives have power—the Police, to wit—and they did not see what damning evidence they were tendering against themselves. They raced through Resolutions that should take the popular fancy at home, for that was part of their programme, and they were kept to it by the *Sahib-log* who controlled them. They resembled nothing so much as a flock of sheep ready to break away in any direction, but hemmed in and forced to present a close front by half-a-dozen black-and-tan collies. When out of the fulness of their experience they advocated the free propagation of contagious diseases they had exhausted their splendid programme; and pretended to hold a Social Congress, which believe was attended by quite one-third of their number. That again was for the benefit of the home audiences.

Behold the conclusion of the matter. Their speeches were reported for them by the *Pioneer* because their own papers were incapable of doing the work; their "nationalism" was carefully directed by aliens; their programme was studiously cut down to an exaggerated moderation for fear of awakening extended inquiry. They will now disperse to their homes and tell the *bazars* that some great thing will doubtless happen; they will continue to disseminate their pamphlets unchecked, and, as my friend the Delegate from the North proved, they will explain their actions in the future by saying:—"We are so loyal that we can afford to do these things."

"THE JOKER."

AND when The Joker turns up, y' know," said Vennel explaining the principles of Euchre at the Club, "you can make your own trumps."

"Pardon me a moment, gentlemen, I am The Joker and I—ahem—have turned up. May I cut in?"

No one had seen the baize door of the card-room swing, but at the table stood a young man, his eyes suspiciously bright and his cheeks flushed, as with wine. He was in evening dress and at his watch-chain dangled a tiny hour-glass charm.

"Oh. No objection I'm sure if these men don't object," stammered Vennel, and under his breath murmured: "S'pose it's one of the men from the outstations. Club's so full these days no one knows 't other from which. He's a dashed cool fish, though."

The visitor limped slightly as he dropped into his chair: "Three handed euchre, was it?" he said gaily: "Two combining against one when one is too successful? I think I know something about that game.

"This is dashed lunacy," muttered Keevin. The man's had too much."

"Not in the least," said the stranger. "You have no idea what a hard head mine is. My deal, isn't it?" He dealt the five cards and turned up the seven of Diamonds.

"I pass." said Vennel, who was the eldest hand. "Diamonds aren't good enough for me."

"I play," said Keevin, looking at the stranger who by the arrangement of the table should be his partner.

"It's against the game to advise, but I should recommend you to go alone," said the stranger with supreme disregard of the first conventions of the card room. No one rebuked him, and Keevin announced his intention of going alone. The stranger threw down his cards. Keevin played both Bowers, the king and ace of Diamonds. His last card was a low Club. Maisey, who was Vennel's partner, took it with a ten, and Keevin's chance of winning all five tricks was gone.

"Four Diamonds and a low Club," chuckled the stranger—"a very fair hand indeed, but you were euchred. There's nothing in the world better than Diamonds, is there?"

"Nothing," said Keevin with an energy that astonished the table. "Diamonds and dibs—there's nothing better or more desirable under Heaven. I say, you queer devil, show me how to make Diamonds trumps and hold a hand of 'em that'll sweep the show."

"What a holy exhibition Keevin's making of himself," said Vennel. "We knew he was always keen about *pice*, but he needn't explain it to a stranger."

"It's as simple as dying," said the stranger. "Discard Hearts, don't deal too much with Clubs and keep away from any place where Spades may turn up trumps. Your deal, Mr. Vennel."

Vennel dealt and turned up Hearts. Keevin grunted and passed. "I'll go alone," said Maisey.

"Quite right," said the stranger calmly. "Never assist where Hearts are trumps. A partner under those circumstances is a nuisance."

Maisey led with The Joker and drew low trumps all round.

"Bad play," said the stranger drily. The Right Bower followed, took the next trick, and then the queen.

"Very bad play," said the stranger: "Poor lady. I'm sorry to have to take her, but euchre is euchre," and he slid out the Left Bower. Maisey took the remaining two tricks, but the sweep which he had counted on was gone.

"If you had kept The Joker back you could have taken my Left Bower. Always look out for the Left Bower when Hearts are trumps. He's generally round the corner, somewhere," said the stranger.

"See here," stuttered Maisey flushing. "You spoilt my hand with your interference. What's the way to hold Hearts every time? There's nothing in this forsaken land like Hearts—fresh ones every few months. I'll give you anything you please, you rummy *janwar*, if you'll show me how to play Hearts properly—sweeps every time."

Keevin chuckled. "*In vino veritas*," said he, sipping his peg. "Maisey, you needn't wear *your* heart on your sleeve in that disgustingly open fashion. Play euchre if you like, but don't make a show of yourself."

"No, never make a show of yourself," said the stranger approvingly. "Lead another suit ostentatiously, Mr. Maisey, and you'll be surprised to find how the Hearts range themselves in your hand. If that fails and your hand's a poor one, order up Diamonds and the chances are that you'll hold the Left Bower—as I held just now. Above all, don't risk your best cards first."

"H'mm," said Vennel. "That's nonsense. Keevin, it's your deal."

Keevin turned up Hearts again and all the players passed once, and a second time till it came to Vennel's turn to make his trump.

"I make Clubs," said he. "And I'll go alone on this hand. Both Bowers, the ace, king and queen. That's good enough. Put down your cards."

"Not quite," murmured the stranger. "You have forgotten The Joker," and he laid it on the table. "Never mind playing the tricks out. The Joker has a knack of turning up unexpectedly among the clubs. You're euchred too, Mr. Vennel."

"How do you hold cards that always get in the way?" grumbled Vennel with far more heat than the game demanded. "You did Maisey out of his sweep of Hearts and now you've done me. Teach me how to hold Clubs as long as I live—clubs that are always new and always good for something—clubs that you don't get tired of looking at—first-class clubs, recherché-*wallahs*—good liquor, twenty billiard-tables—stories that haven't all been told and all that, you know. You've dropped in from deuce knows where, and you pretend to know all about everything. Have a peg and show me how to turn up Clubs."

"Heigho!" said Maisey behind his cheroot. "That comes of mixing old brandy with champagne and pegging all the afternoon. Vennel's a coarse-minded ruffian when he lets himself go;" and he winked at Keevin.

The stranger drank his peg and never did soda-water fizz so fiercely as the liquor that touched his lips. "Clubs?" said he lazily. "They are a safe suit so long as you have Diamonds to back 'em and keep clear of Hearts. But then the Spade *will* interfere sometimes. Let's go on, Mr. Maisey."

Maisey turned up Diamonds and all passed twice. The deal was lost and the stranger took the pack. "I go alone," said he without looking at the card he had turned up, "and I hope that you are all as well stocked as I am."

"Hold on. You've turned up The Joker. What are you going to make trumps?" said Vennel.

"Spades," said the stranger. "Down with your dust." The Joker took the Left Bower from Vennel and lay-cards from the other two men.

"No trumps. How strange!" said the stranger. "Glad I drew that Bower: Right, king, queen, ace, and you had all Clubs, Mr. Vennel, all Diamonds partner, and all Hearts, Mr. Maisey—the suit in fact that each one wanted. I don't think I need to learn how to make Spades. Shall we go on? By the way, when I sat down I entirely forgot to ask what we were playing for: we must settle that little matter."

"It was a blessed bear-garden," said Vennel sulkily. "You came in and played miracles. Do you suppose that that's going to be reckoned as a serious round?"

"I do very much suppose so," said the stranger quietly. "It's one of the most serious games you've ever played, and in return for the instruction I've given you, you will be good enough to pay up."

"Pay up what? This is frivolling. Here pony and let us get to business. Who in the world are you to tell us how the game goes?"

"I don't quite know," said the stranger. "Some people call me one thing and some another. You'd better call me The Joker."

"Then you'd better not joke here," said Vennel angrily. He was as causelessly upset as the other two men.

"Oh, but I must though. That's my little way. You're a most ungrateful set of men. I show you how to get your heart's desire and you refuse to pay me. I suppose I must take my reward. Vennel, will please to turn reddish-blue and take off his signet-ring."

"The thing hurts or else I shouldn't," said Vennel placing it on the table. His fingers were certainly swelling and his face was heavily flushed.

"Maisey, a few of those luxuriant locks from just above the temple. They're very pretty, but you don't want 'em. Drop the eyelid slightly and I think we can make that mouth a little coarser," Said the stranger.

It may have been the heat of the room that caused Maisey to half shut his eyes and drop his lower lip, and it may have been a draft through the door that blew back the hair above the forehead and showed how far the baldness ran up into the scalp.

"One moment, Keevin. A touch of grey on the eyebrows would improve you and we'll take the curve out of that check and put a line from the nose to the corner of the mouth. And now I think you're about finished. "You'll forgive my flying, but I've got to see a man. There go the bells, gentlemen, and armed with all my knowledge I wish you a very Happy New Year."

The three stared at each other in silence while the bells clashed and hammered without and in the billiard-room men sang Auld Lang Syne.

"Let's get out of this;" said Vennel in a sudden fury. "Let's hammer the brute!" And he charged into the billiard room followed by Keevin and Maisey.

"What guys you are! Who's been rubbing the billiard chalk on your eyebrow, Keevin, and painting you with burnt matches! Vennel, I'd advise you to drop oysters. They make you look bloated, old man! Maisey, wake up and open those beautiful blue eyes of yours and don't stand like a codfish," were some of the sentences that greeted their appearance.

"Have you seen a brute in evening-dress?" began Vennel, and a shout of laughter cut him short.

"There was a rummy sort of sun-dried Johnnie in here—s'pose he's one of the visitors—making us all laugh about nothing, and chalking our coats. Confound the man, he's marked my front with a great ace of spades!" said one pool-player.

"And mine!" said two others. There were thirty-nine men in the room.

"That's the fellow we're looking for," said Maisey; but on second thoughts he added: "I don't think we shall find him. I say, you fellows, do you believe in the Devil?"

"At midnight certainly. Khitmatgar, *Devilly huddee sub log kiwasti* and *bahut pipa* beer *sharab*. That was a happy thought of yours, Maisey."

K.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

When the flush of the newborn sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
A Lying Spirit sat under the Tree and sang:—"New Lamps for Old;"
And Adam waked from his mighty sleep and Eve was at his side,
And the twain had faith in the song that they heard, and knew not the Spirit lied.

They plucked a lamp from the Eden-tree (the ancient legend saith),
And lighted themselves the Path of Toil that runs to the Gate of Death;
They left the lamp for the joy of their sons, and that was a glorious gain,
When the Spirit cried: "New Lamps for Old" in the ear of the branded Cain.

So he gat new hope and builded a town, and watched his breed increase,
And Tubal lighted the Lamp of War from the flickering Lamp of Peace;
And ever they fought with fire and sword and travailed in hate and fear,
And the Spirit sang:—"New Lamps for Old" at the change of the changing year.

They sought new lamps in the Morning-red, they sought new lamps in the West,
Till the waters covered the pitiful land and the heart of the world had rest,
Had rest with the rain of the Forty Days, but the Ark rode safe above,
And the Spirit cried: "New Lamps for Old" when Noah loosened the Dove.

And some say now that the Eden-tree had never a root on earth,
And some say now from an eyeless eft our Father Adam had birth,
And some say now there was never an Ark and never a God to save;
And some say now that Man is a God and some say Man is a slave.

And some build altars east and west and some build north and south,
And some bow down to the Work of the Hand and some to the Word of the Mouth,
But wheresoever a-heart may beat or hand reach forth to hold,
The Spirit comes with the coming year and cries: "New Lamps for Old."

And the sons of Adam leave their toil who are cursed with the Curse of Hope,
And hang the profitless past in a noose of the thundering belfry's rope,
And tear the branch from the laurel-bush with feastings manifold
When the cry goes up to the scornful stars:—"New Lamps! New Lamps for Old!"

Though all the lamps that ever were lit have winked at the world for years,
The sons of Adam crowd the streets with laughter and sighs and tears;
For they hold that new, strange lamps shall shine to guide their feet aright,
And they turn their eyes to the scornful stars and stretch their arms to the night.

And the Spirit gives them the Lamp of War that burns at the cannon-lip,
As it blazed on the point of Tubal's blade and prow of the battle-ship,
And the Light of Love that was Eve's to snatch from Lilith under the Tree,
And the Lamp of Fame that is old as Strife and dim as Memory,

And the Lamp of Faith that was won from Job, and of Shame that was wrung from Cain,
And the Light of Youth that was Adam's once, and the cold blue Lamp of Pain;
And last is the terrible Lamp of Hope that every man must bear
Lest he find his peace ere the day of his death by the light of the lamp Despair.

We know that the Eden lamp is lost—if ever were Eden made—
And the ink of the Schools in the Light of Faith has sunk a world in the shade;
But ever we hope for a light that is new, and ever the Spirit cries—
"New Lamps for Old," and we take the lamps and—behold the Spirit lies!

January 23, 1889.]

THE QUESTION OF GIVENS.

(*Vide* Accounts of the Mississippi Disaster.)

> And sure's you're born they all got off
> Before the smoke-stacks fell.
> And Bludso's ghost went up alone
> In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.
>
> *Jim Bludso.*

Sir, with the scalpel and delicate knives
 Hacking a hole in the guinea-pig's brain,
Versed in the Why of our poor little lives,
 Study the papers and kindly explain.
Something seems wrong in the scheme that you drew—
Please reconstruct your Creation anew.

Yes, I am sure that the Lord is a fiction,
 Yes, I am sure from a germ-blob of earth,
Slowly we clomb into dress-clothes and diction,
 Sat on a chair and told lies of our birth:
I'm one Ascidian and you are another—
What about Givens, my erudite brother?

What about Givens? Hell Fire's exploded—
 He did his best in a close imitation—
Held a lit steamer with cotton-bales loaded
 Hard on the bank, for the people's salvation—
Burned like an onion and broke as he died
Nature's first law which is:—"Keep a whole hide."

What was the motive that led him to danger?
 Why did he stick to the wheel like a fool?
Why did he trouble to rescue the stranger
 When he might jump in the stream and be cool?
Death could be found by a prettier way,
Why did he plump for an Auto da Fé?

What was the instinct—acquired or inherited?
 Dim recollection of Sunday-school teaching?
Desperate rush to the Fate that he merited?
 Practical finish of Methody preaching?
He was a deck-hand—it wasn't his pidgin
Rashly to riot in flames or religion.

Though you shall read in a work of devotion
 Something that says there is no love exceeding
Death for a friend's sake, *that* wasn't his notion:
 He held the wheel when the rest fled unheeding.
Deck-hands and passengers love in their station—
What shall we think of this Type-Aberration?

Mark him, defunct now, a *lusus naturæ*,
 Say he was mad or suggest he was drunk.
Write on his tombstone:—"He tasted Death's fury
 Long ere he died, too uncultured to funk."
Add there:—"*Resurgit*—as wheat-haulm or tree."
So much for Givens—but what about Me?

Hand back that God that you diddled me out of—
 Hand back the prayer-book you said was a sham—
Give me some Power I haven't a doubt of—
 Something almighty to bless and to damn!
Deuce take your atoms and test-tubes that smell—
Givens won Heaven by walking through Hell!

If he comes out in the Dark on the far side—
 Finds there is neither Gold Doorway nor Throne—
He will steer straight for some unannexed starside,
 Start, on his merits, a Heaven of his own.
Sidney will help him, while you on the earth
Write to the *Times* of a new planet's birth.

So! You can prove me an anthropoid what's-its-name,
 Post-proto-blasto-Cæsarian It—
Work your philosophy, gentlemen—rot's its name—
 Try it on Givens and Givens won't fit.
All that you know of the Earth, Sky or Sea
Doesn't account for that fellow—or Me!

THE RHYME OF LORD LANSDOWNE.

With apologies to Henry Boker.

"Why stay you now, my Lord Lansdowne,"
The flying trader said,
"When the trollies run to the rising sun
"And Kinchinjanga's head ?

"Get hence, the heat is on the wind—
"The wind is on the main,
"And upward crawls the mercury
"That will not fall again!

"Get hence—to Ramoth Gilead go!
"The Simla hills are fair.
"Bethink thee now of Bowood Park
"And the house in Berkeley Square."

Then lightly laughed my Lord Lansdowne
And turned him to his crew:—
"For a man to flee from a sight o' the sun
"I ween were something new.

"Oh, Bowood Park may fall to waste
"And Berkeley Square grow round—
"Till the Hughli silts on the plains of Wilts
"I will not leave my ground!

"The spring departs, the summer comes,
"We may not rule the year,
"But I rule the land by my own right hand,
"And I rule in my proper sphere."

"God guard you then, my Lord Lansdowne!"
The flying trader cried,
"Go change your coat for a linen vest
"With no lining inside."

Far North, far North, the bugles rang
Upon the Simla road—
Far South, far South, with all his men
My Lord Lansdowne abode.

The springtime fled, the summer came,
They could not rule the year,
But they ruled the land from the Hughli strand
With the Babu at their ear.

And lightly laughed my Lord Lansdowne
And donned his linen vest,
And they hung him about with jasmine-bloom,
And they showed him Lady Canning's tomb
To give his life a zest.

"My Lord, the glass is ninety-four
"By night as well as day,
My Lord, it will not move therefrom!"
And he answered:—"Let it stay."

The pitch-hot steamers rose and fell
And floundered down the flood,
And there rolled a stench from Sewage Point,
And a reek from the Hughli mud.

They gave their clothes to kite and crow,
They gave the tram-horse hats,
And a grisly wind was loosed at dawn,
That blew from the marish flats.

"My Lord, there's poison in the air!"
"Then smoke a strong cigar,"
"My Lord, our wives are falling sick!"
"Then send your wives afar."

Far North, far North, o'er burning plains
The stifling night Mail fled,
And the wives sat up, for they dare not sleep,
With ice upon their head.

The spring was dead, the summer waxed,
They could not rule the year,
And there went a wail from Court House Street,
And a cry from Belvedere.

"My Lord, our wives are in the Hills—
"We know not what they do!
"My Lord, our little babes will die!"
"Then breed ye babes anew!

They flushed the drain that bred the plague,
And lo the plague was sore
From Park Street to the old Scotch Kirk
And back to Alipore.

"My Lord, who dined last night is dead
"Ere morning touched his eyes!"
And he answered:—"Fetch me a mourning-coach—
"I'll grace his obsequies.

"But whether a man be quick or dead
"Or sunk in a heat-born fit,
"Till the Hughli silts on the plains of Wilts
"'Fore God, I will not quit!"

"My Lord, Darjiling claims the Judge;
"Mussoorie takes the Bar;
"And up in the North, the men go forth
"To the noise of a Frontier war."

And lightly laughed my Lord Lansdowne,
But his cheek was drawn and pale.
"Go, bid the Chief and his gilded staff
"Discuss the case by telegraph,
"And send their views by mail."

The summer passed, the autumn came,
They could not rule the year:
But they filled their ears with the Babu's cheers
As they filled their hearts with fear.

"Hurrah, hurrah for the early Rains
"Across the ocean blown!
"To Heaven be thanks for its charity!"—
"Ye pray to the mad cyclone."

The huddled steamers groaned and creaked
And nosed against the land;
And the wild wind stripped their masts and gear
And heaved them into the Strand.

"My Lord, Chowringhi floods apace—
The race-course is a sea!"
And he answered:—"After a flood, methinks,
"The gorgeous rainbow flames and winks—
"And so shall our glory be."

The autumn passed, the winter came,
They could not rule the year.
And one by one, as the waters dried,
The Council sickened and drooped and died
In the lazar dank and drear.

"My Lord, how may we rule the land
"If none be left to rule,
"If C. S. I. and C. I. E.
"Have trodden the path of Eternity
"In the hope of a blessed cool?"

Oh, grimly laughed my Lord Lansdowne
But his cheek was white and drawn,
"They drank," quoth he, "excessive beer:
"And ate of the curried prawn."

"The autumn dies, the winter comes,
"We cannot rule the year,
"And the rule of the land has tired my hand
"And cost my Council dear."

He turned him round to the Council Board,
But the vacant chairs were dumb,
On shaking fingers he counted the loss,
"I ween," quoth he, "that my good Lord Cross
"Would sooner send than come.

"But whether I live till Christmas tide,
"Or die in Sealdah drains,
"The port is reached, the prize is won,
"I have done what never a King has done,
"I have stayed a year in the Plains!

February 20, 1889.]

THE IRISH CONSPIRACY.

The Maharaja Dhulip Singh has issued a manifesto addressed to the Princes and people of India. In it he declares that there are supporters in Europe and America who are ready to form an army for the overthrow of British rule in India; but a fund of four million pounds is necessary for the purchase of munitions in order to carry out that object. Besides the Punjabis, the Irish soldiers serving in British regiments in India would assist in the movement.—*Vide Reuter's telegram in "Pioneer" of 15th instant.*

I WENT to ould Mulvaney wid the Friday's *Pioneer*,
I grup him by the shoulther-strap—sez I to him:—"Look here,
There's rumours av conspiracy an' fire an' rape an' ruin,
Expaytiate upon ut, man—fwhat *are* the Oirish doin'?

"You break your Colonels' hearts out here, you turn your Captains grey,
You're breakin' heads in Doblin for O'Brien and Tay Pay,
You're only safe in action or Kilmainham or the Clink,
But fwhat's this latest devilment av Mister Julup Sink?"

Mulvaney tuk the paper, an' he hild ut to his eyes,
An' read about battalions all languishin' to rise,
He shuk the black dudeen out on the armpit av his fist,
"The naygur-man is right," sez he. "By God, we wud assist!

"If only Mister Julup, wid his di'monds in his hat,
Wud pass the time av day forninst the 'rebils' at Cherat,
There's rookies from Blackwaterton, an' toughs from Cullyhanna,
Wud trate His Royal Highnuss in a most amazin' manner.

"An' av there come an accident by reason av their fun,
An 'av his head and joolry was both pulled off in one,
The bhoys wud steal a baggage-thrain, an' bribe a gyard to take
The corpse on to Jullundur for the Connaughts there to wake.

"But av they didn't waste him, an' the Connaughts let him be,
The Leinsters at Calcutta are conshumin' for a shpree,
They'd wet him in the Hugli an' they'd dhry him in the Strand.
For they'd run him wid their terriers through his patrimonial land.

"But fwhat's the good av *bukhin'*? Av he wants to see us rise
Let him write to Bobbs Bahadur for a fortnight's field-supplies,
An' ship a handy army av tin thousand to Bombay—
Thin call the Oirish rigiments—there's six av us—his way.

"Wud we come? Ay, Jumpin' Moses, we wud so an' niver fear ut—
The Doblins an' the Munsters, an' the Kickin' Harse from Meerut—
The Aigle an' the Elephint, the Harrp an' Maple leaves
Wud start a Noah's Arrk among his Continintal thieves.

"We'd work the job wid illigance, an' sentimint an' taste,
For the di'monds on his hat-band an' the im'ralds round his waist.
I've seen his father's porthrait—av the son is dhressed to suit,
Begad, he's simply dhrippin' wid onmitigated loot!

"Rise! Faith, we'd rise to Hiven an' we'd smash the guard-gate in
For the half av fwhat he carries on his Russia-leather skin!
Four million pounds in sov'reigns—it wud strike a woman dumb—
Betune six Oirish Regiments! Pershuade the man to come!

* * * * *

Mulvaney dhropped the paper an' he dhropped the laughin' too,
An' black as rain on Malin Head the features av him grew;
The bugles in the barrick-square were blowin' for parade,
He slipt into his 'coutrements an', swearin' cold, he said:

"I take no thought for Julup, I cud mash him in my fist,
But I'd like to catch the renegade who said that we'd assist;
Av I met the two to-morrow, I wud put the naygur by,
But I'd rip the livin' hide off from the swine that tould that lie!"

[April 17, 1889.

Miscellaneous.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

No. I.—OF FREEDOM AND THE NECESSITY OF USING HER. THE MOTIVE AND THE SCHEME THAT WILL COME TO NOTHING. A DISQUISITION UPON THE OTHERNESS OF THINGS AND THE TORMENTS OF THE DAMNED.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and poise, lad,
And o'er the world away—
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog its day.

AFTER seven years it pleased Necessity, whom we all serve, to turn to me and say :—"Now you can do Nothing Whatever. You are free to enjoy yourself. I will take the yoke of bondage from your neck for one year, wherein you shall be absolutely and entirely free. What do you choose to do with my gift ?" And I considered the matter in several lights. It was not one to be hurriedly disposed of. A man's personal liberty is to him the most important matter in the world. At first I held notions of regenerating society: but later it appeared that this would demand more than a year, and, perhaps, society would not be grateful after all. Then I would fain enter upon one monumental "bust:" but I reflected that this at the outside could endure but three months, while the headache would last for nine. Then came by the person that I most hate—*videlicet* a Globe-trotter. He, sitting in my chair, discussed India and all that was therein with the unbridled arrogance of five weeks on a Cook's ticket. He was from England and had left his manners in the Suez Canal. "I assure you," said he, "that you who live so close to the actual facts of things cannot form dispassionate judgments of their merits. You are too near. Now I"—here he waved his hand modestly, and left me to fill in the gaps.

I considered him from his new helmet to his deck-shoes, and I perceived that he was but an ordinary man. I thought of India, maligned and silent India, given up to the ill-considered wanderings of such as he—of the land whose people are too busy to reply to the libels upon their life and manners. It was my destiny to avenge India upon nothing less than three-quarters of the world. The idea necessitated sacrifices—painful sacrifices—for I had to become a Globe-trotter with a helmet and deck-shoes. In the interests of our little world I would endure these things and more. I would deliver "brawling judgments all day long: on all things unashamed." I would go towards the setting sun till I reached the heart of the world and once more smelt the London asphalt.

The Indian public never gave me a brief. I took it, appointing myself Commissioner in General for our own Sweet Selves. Then all the aspects of life changed as, they say, the appearance of his room grows strange to a dying man as he sees it upon the last morning, and knows that it will confront him no more. I had wilfully stepped aside from the current of our existence and I had no part in any of our interests. Up-country the *bokain* was beginning to bud, and men said that by cause of the heavy snows in the hills the hot weather would be a short one. That was nothing to me. The punkah-frills and the dhurzie sat together in the verandah, and the public buildings spawned thermantidotes in all their verandahs. The *koil* sang in the garden and the early wasp hummed low down by the door-handle, and in the clubs men discussed whether it were better to take first or second leave. These things were no concern of mine. I was dead and looked upon the old life as a dead man—without interest and without concern.

It was a strange life—I had lived it for seven years or one day—I could not be certain which. All that I knew was that I could watch men going to their offices while I slept luxuriously, could go out at any hour of the day and sit up to any hour of the night, secure that each morning would be a Europe morning. I understood with what emotions the freed convict and the long leaver regards the prison he has quitted—insight which had hitherto been denied me; and I further saw how intense is the selfishness of the irresponsible man. Some said that the coming year would be one of scarcity and distress because unseasonable rains were falling. I was grieved. I feared that the rains might break the railway line to the sea and so delay my departure. Again, the season would be a sickly one. I fancied that Necessity might repent, of her gift, and for the sake of the jest wipe me off the face of the earth ere I had seen anything of what lay upon it. There was trouble on the Afghan frontier—perhaps an army corps would be mobilised and perhaps many men would die

leaving folk to mourn for them at the hill-stations. My dread was that a Russian man-of-war might intercept the steamer which carried my precious self between Yokohama and San Francisco. Let Armageddon be postponed, I prayed, for my sake, that my personal enjoyments may not be interfered with. War, famine and pestilence would be so inconvenient to me. And I abased myself before Necessity, the great Goddess, and said ostentatiously :—"It is naught, it is naught, and you needn't look at me when I wander about." Surely we are only virtuous by compulsion of earning our daily bread. Once remove that check and the emancipated soul becomes callous to all without its sphere, crying : "Let me be happy though all the world falls to pieces."

Thus I looked upon all men with new eyes, and pitied them very much indeed. They worked. They had to. I was an aristocrat. I could call upon them at inconvenient hours and ask them why they worked, and whether they did it often. Then they grunted, and the envy in their eyes was a delight to me. I dared not, however, mock them too pointedly, lest Necessity should drag me back by the collar to take my still warm place by their side. When I had disgusted all who knew me I fled to Calcutta, which, I was pained to see, still persisted in being a city and transacting commerce after I had formally cursed it a year ago. That curse I now repeat in the hope that the unsavoury capital will collapse. One must begin to smoke at five in the morning—which is neither night nor day—on coming across the Howrah Bridge, for it is better to get a headache from honest nicotine than to be poisoned by evil smells. None the less my precaution was of no avail. And a man, who otherwise was a nice man, though he worked with his hands and his head, asked me why the scandal of the Simla Exodus was allowed to continue. To him I made answer:—"It is because this sewer is unfit for human habitation. It is because you are all one gigantic mistake—you and your monuments and your merchants and everything about you. I rejoice to say that scores of lakhs of rupees have been spent on public offices at a place called Simla, that scores and crores will be spent on the Delhi-Kalka line in order that civilised people may go there in comfort. When that line is opened your big *bustee* will be dead and buried and done with, and I hope it will teach you a lesson. Your city will rot, Sir." And he said:—"When people are buried here they turn into adipocere in five days if the weather is rainy. They saponify, you know." I said:—"Go and saponify then or—write to the *Englishman*." But he took me to the Eden Gardens instead, and begged me for my own sake not to go round the world in this prejudiced spirit. I was unhappy and ill, but he vowed that my spleen was due to my "Simla way of looking at things." The real explanation of the hatred that Calcutta bears to Simla is, by the way, a very simple one. The Simla sets keep to themselves and sniff contemptuously at all others, and this the wives of the merchants resent with bitterness. If Simla had only practised humility from the first we should have heard nothing about the "interests of the Empire," or the "cynical waste of public funds" perpetrated under the name of administration. There is a great deal of human nature in Calcutta.

All this world of ours knows something about the Eden Gardens, which are supposed by the uninitiated of the mofussil to represent the gilded luxury of the metropolis. As a matter of fact they are hideously dull. The misguided public opinion of the inhabitants causes them to appear in top-hats and frock-coats, and to walk dolorously to and fro under the glare of jerking electric lamps, when they ought to be sitting in their shirt-sleeves round little tables and treating their wives to iced lager beer. My friend—it was a muggy March night—wrapped himself in the prescribed garments and said graciously:—"You can wear a round hat, but you mustn't wear deck-shoes: and for goodness' sake, my dear fellow, don't smoke on the Red Road—all the people one knows go there." "But your Red Road stinks," I murmured. "Your four or five hundred carriages are an indescribable offence. You don't do anything except stare at your neighbour's turn-out. Why should you be entitled to consideration ?" But I did not smoke and conformed more or less to the canons of Calcutta taste. Most of the people who were people sat in their carriages, in an atmosphere of hot horse, harness and panel-lacquer, outside the gardens, and the remnant tramped up and down, by twos and threes, upon squashy green grass until they were wearied, while a band played at them. Those who subscribe to the band of the Calcutta Volunteers are entitled to sit upon cane bathing-chairs and watch the procession. The others must walk—walk eternally until half-past seven o'clock. "And is this all you do ?" I asked. "It is," said my friend. "Isn't it good enough ? We meet everyone we know here, and walk with him or her, unless he or she is among the carriages."

Overhead was a woolly warm sky : underfoot this feverish soft grass stuff ; and from all quarters the langourous breeze bore faint reminiscences of stale sewage upon its wings. Round the horizon were stacked lines of carriages, and the electric flare bred aches in the strained eyebrow. It was a strange sight and fascinating. The doomed creatures walked up and down without cessation, for when one fled away into the lamp-spangled gloom twenty came to take his place. Slop-hatted members of the mercantile marine, Armenian merchants, Bengal civilians (the real article, not the up-country bred), shop-girls and shop-men, Jews, Parthians and Mesopotamians were all there in the tepid heat and the fetid smell.

"This," said my friend, "is how we enjoy ourselves. There are the Viceregal liveries. Lady Lansdowne comes here." He spoke as though reading to me the Government House list of Paradise. I reflected that these people would continue to walk up and down until they died—drinkless, dusty, sad and blanched. Then I said : "Take me away. You are not interesting. You don't know how to make yourselves comfortable. I despise you and your electro-plated wretchedness. Take off your idiotic hats and stupid frock-coats, and recognise that you are only very hot and uncomfortable Anglo-Indians after all."

In saying this last thing I had made a mistake. Calcutta is no more Anglo-Indian than West Brompton. In common with Bombay it has achieved a mental attitude several decades in advance of that of the raw and brutal India of fact. An intelligent and responsible financier discussing the Exodus said :—"But why do we want so large an army in India ? Look at the country all about." I think he meant as far as the Circular Road or perhaps Raneegunge. I know that he did not know what was meant by *ekka* or *chapatti*. Some of these days, when the voice of the two uncomprehending cities carries to London and its advice is acted upon there will be trouble. Till this second journey to Calcutta I was unable to account for the acid tone and limited range of the Presidency journals. I see now that they are ward papers and ought to be treated as such.

In the fulness of time—there was no hurry—imagine that, O you toilers of the land—I took ship and fled from Calcutta by that which they call the Mutton-Mail, because it takes sheep and correspondence to Rangoon. Half the Punjab was going with us to serve the Queen in the Burma Military Police, and it was grateful to catch once more the raw, rasping up-country speech amid the jabber of Burmese and Bengali. There is no province like the Punjab, and no man like the Punjabi.

But let us talk business for the benefit of those who are likely to come after. There is in Calcutta a man called Thomas Cook and Son, who will travel you out of your mind for two thousand rupees, and this side of Suez at least it is better to take his tickets than to tramp from port to port buying only a week's voyage in advance. For the sum of Rs. 1,128 the gentleman will send you *viâ* British India to Rangoon, thence to Singapore, where you change into the P. and O. China mail and go to Hongkong. From Hongkong you may turn to Japan and wander about the Inland Sea till you reach Yokohama. At Yokohama you may go either by the Occidental and Oriental or Pacific mail to San Francisco; from San Francisco by rail to New York ; and, lastly, by the White Star from New York to Liverpool.

Now, it is obviously impossible to loaf about the ocean except in the belly of a steamer : but arrived in a strange continent of the size of America it is better—at least so it seems from this distance—to dispense with the services of Cook by land, and to wander where inclination takes. The actual saving is only about seventy rupees—Rs. 1,065 to Rs. 1,128 : but on the other hand one need not adhere to any known route. The advantages or disadvantages shall be later on discussed in full. Meantime remember that for a little more than one thousand rupees the great Cook will take you from Calcutta to Liverpool by the long road, and his agents will be most civil the while. About three or four months hence I may try to explain what the travelling expenses come to, premising here that most of my information will not be accurate, since the bulk of my American vagabondage will be outside the regular lines of progression.

To Rangoon, then, aboard the *Madura*, come with me down the Hughli, and try to understand what sort of life is led by the pilots—those strange men who only seem to know the land by watching it from the river.

"And I fetched up under the north ridge with six inches o' water under me, with a sou'-west monsoon blowing an' me not knowing any more than the dead where in—Paradise—I was taking her," says one deep voice.

"Well, what do you expect ?" says another. "They ought not all to be occulting lights. Give me a red with two flashes for outlying danger anyhow. The Hughli's the worst river in the world. Why, off the Lower Gasper only last year" . . . . . .

"And look at the way Government treats you !" The Hughli pilot is human. He may talk Greek in the exercise of his profession, but he can unite in swearing at the Government as thoroughly as though he were an uncovenanted civilian. His life is a hard one : but he is full of strange stories, and when treated with proper respect may condescend to tell some of them. If he has served on the river for six years as a "cub," and is neither dead nor decrepit, I believe he can earn as much as fifty rupees by sending two thousand tons and a few hundred souls flying down the reaches at twelve miles an hour. Then he drops over the side with your last love-letters and wanders about the estuary in a tug until he finds another steamer and brings her up. It does not take much to comfort him.

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Somewhere in the open sea some days later.—I give it up. I *cannot* write, and to sleep I am not ashamed. A glorious idleness has taken entire possession of me : journalism is an imposture ; so is literature ; so is art. All India dropped out of sight yesterday and the rocking pilot-brig at the Sandheads bore my last message to the prison that I quit. We have reached blue water—crushed sapphire—and a little breeze is bellying the awning. Three flying-fish were sighted this morning ; the tea at *chota-hazri* is not nice, but the captain is excellent. Is this budget of news sufficiently exciting, or must I in strict confidence tell you the story of the Professor and the compass ? You will hear more about the Professor later if, indeed, I ever touch pen again. When he was in India he worked about nine hours a day. At noon to-day he conceived an interest in cyclones and things of that kind—would go to his cabin to get a compass and a meteorological book. He went, but stopped to reflect by the brink of a peg. "The compass is in a box," said he drowsily, "but the nuisance of it is that to get it I shall have to pull the box out from under my berth. All things considered I don't think it's worth while." He loafed on deck, and I think by this time is fast asleep. There was no trace of shame in his voice for his mighty sloth. I would have reproved him, but the words died on my tongue. I was guiltier than he.

"Professor," said I, "there is a foolish little paper in Allahabad called the *Pioneer*. I am supposed to be writing it a letter—a letter with my hands ! Did you ever hear of anything so absurd ?"

"I wonder if Angostura bitters really go with whisky," said the Professor, toying with the neck of the bottle.

There is no such place as India : there never was a daily paper called the *Pioneer*. It was all a weary dream. The only real things in the world are crystal seas, clean-swept decks, soft rugs, warm sunshine, the smell of salt in the air and fathomless, futile indolence.

IN AN OPIUM FACTORY.

On the banks of the Ganges, forty miles below Benares as the crow flies, stands the Ghazipur Factory, an opium mint as it were, whence issue the precious cakes that are to replenish the coffers of the Indian Government. The busy season is setting in, for with April the opium comes in from the districts after having run the gauntlet of the district officers of the Opium Department, who will pass it as fit for use. Then the really serious work begins under a roasting sun. The opium arrives by *challans*, regiments of one hundred jars, each holding one maund, and each packed in a basket and sealed atop. The district officer submits forms—never was such a place for forms as the Ghazipur Factory—showing the quality and weight of each pot, and with the jars come a zilladar responsible for the safe carriage of the *challans*, their delivery and their virginity. If any pots are broken or tampered with, an unfortunate individual called the Import Officer and appointed to work like a horse from dawn till dewy eve, must examine the zilladar in charge of the *challan* and reduce his statement to writing. Fancy getting any native to explain how a *matka* has been smashed. But the perfect flower is about as valuable as silver.

Then all the pots have to be weighed, and the weights—Calcutta Mint, if you please—and the beams must be daily tested. The weight of each pot is recorded on the pot, in a book, and goodness knows where else, and everyone has to sign certificates that the weighing is correct. *Nota bene*—the pots have been weighed once in the district and once in the factory. Therefore a certain number of them are taken at random and weighed afresh before they are opened. This is only the beginning of the long series of checks. All sorts of inquiries are made about light pots and then the testing begins. Every single, serially-numbered pot has to be tested for quality. A native called the *purkhea* drives his fist into the opium, rubs and smells it, and calls out the class for the benefit of the opium examiner. A sample picked between finger and thumb is thrown into a jar, and if the opium examiner thinks the *purkhea* has said sooth, the class of the jar is marked in chalk, and everything is entered in a book. Every ten samples are put in a locked box with duplicate keys, and sent over to the

laboratory for assay. With the tenth boxful—and this marks the end of the *challan* of a hundred jars—the Englishman in charge of the testing signs the test paper, and enters the name of the native tester and sends it over to the laboratory. For convenience sake, it may be as well to say that, unless distinctly stated to the contrary, every single thing in Ghazipur is locked, and every operation is conducted under more than police supervision.

In the laboratory each set of ten samples is thoroughly mixed by hand, a quarter-ounce lump is then tested for starch adulteration by iodine which turns the decoction blue, and if necessary for gum adulteration by alcohol which makes the decoction filmy. If adulteration be shown, all the ten pots of that set are tested *separately*. When the sinful pot is discovered, all the opium is tested in four-pound lumps. Over and above this test, three samples of one hundred grains each are taken from the *jummakaroed* set of ten samples, dried on a steam table and then weighed for consistence. The result is written down in a ten-columned form in the assay register, and by the mean result are those ten pots paid for. This, after everything has been done in duplicate and countersigned, completes the test and assay. If a district officer have classed the opium in a glaringly wrong way, he is thus caught and reminded of his error. No one trusts any one in Ghazipur. They are always weighing, testing and assaying.

Before the opium can be used it must be "alligated" in big vats. The pots are emptied into these, and special care is taken that none of the drug sticks to the hands of the coolies. Opium has a special knack of doing this, and therefore coolies are searched at most inopportune moments. There are a good many Mahomedans in Ghazipur and they would all like a little opium. The pots after emptying are smashed up and scraped, and heaved down the steep river bank of the factory, where they help to keep the Ganges in its place, so many are they and the little earthen bowls in which the opium cakes are made. People are forbidden to wander about the river front of the factory in search of remnants of opium on the strands. There are no remnants, but people will not credit this. After vatting, as has been said, the big vats holding from one to three thousand maunds, are probed with test rods, and the samples are treated just like the samples of the *challans*, everybody writing everything in duplicate and signing it. Having secured the mean consistence of each vat, the requisite quantity of each blend—Calcutta Mint scales again, and an unlimited quantity of supervision—is weighed out, thrown into an alligation vat of 250 maunds and worked up by the feet of coolies who hang on to ropes and drag their legs painfully through the probe. Try to wade in mud of 70 consistency and see what it is like.

This completes the working of the opium. It is now ready to be made into cakes after a final assay. Man has done nothing to improve it, since it streaked the capsule of the poppy—this mysterious drug. Perhaps half a hundred sinners have tried to adulterate it and been paid out accordingly, but that has been the utmost. April, May and June are the months for receiving and manufacturing opium, and in the winter months comes the packing and despatch.

At the beginning of the cold weather Ghazipur holds locked up a trifle, say, of three-and-a-half millions sterling in opium. Now there may be only a paltry three-quarters of a million on hand, and that is going out at the rate of one Viceroy's salary for two-and-a-half years per diem. For such a fleabite it seems absurd to prohibit smoking in the factory, or to stud the place with tanks and steam fire-engines. Really, Ghazipur is unnecessarily timid. A long time ago some one threatened to cast down a tree sacred to Mahadeo. In a very few days, just as soon as Mahadeo got news of the insult, a fire broke out and damaged thousands of pounds worth of opium.

But all this time we have not gone through the factory. There are ranges and ranges of gigantic godowns, huge barns that can hold over half a million pounds worth of opium. There are acres of bricked floor, regiments on regiments of chests; and yet more godowns and more godowns. The heart of the whole is the laboratory which is full of the sick faint smell of a *chandu-khana*. This makes Ghazipur indignant. "That's the smell of opium. We don't need *chandu* here. You don't know what real opium smells like. *Chandu-khana* indeed! That's refined opium under treatment for morphia, and *codeine* and perhaps *narcotine*." "Very well, let's see some of the real opium made for the China market." "We shan't be making any for another six weeks at earliest; but we can show you one cake made, and you must imagine two hundred and fifty men making 'em as hard as they can up to one every four minutes." A sirdar of cake-makers is called, and appears with a miniature *dhobi's* washing-board on which he sits, a little square box of dark wood, a tin cup, an earthen bowl, and a mass of poppy petal *chupattis*. A larger earthen bowl holds a mass of what looks like bad Cape tobacco. "What's that?" "Trash—dried poppy leaves, not petals, broken up and used for packing cakes in. You'll see presently." The cake-maker sits down, and receives a lump of opium, weighed out, of one seer seven chittacks and a half, neither more nor less. "That's pure opium of 70 consistence." Every allowance is weighed. "What are they weighing that brown water for?" "That's *lewa*—thin opium at 50 consistence. It's the paste. He gets four chittacks and a half." "And do they weigh the *chupattis*?" "Of course. Five chittacks of *chupattis*—about sixteen *chupattis* of all three kinds." This is overwhelming. This sirdar takes a brass hemispherical cup and wets it with a rag. Then he tears a *chupatti* across so that it fits into the cup without a wrinkle, and pastes it with the thin opium, the *lewa*. After this his actions become incomprehensible, but there is evidently a deep method in them. *Chupatti* after *chupatti* is torn across, dressed with *lewa* and pressed down into the cup, the fringes hanging over the edge of the bowl. He takes half *chupattis* and fixes them skilfully, picking now first-class and now second-class ones. Everything is gummed into everything else with the *lewa*, and he presses all down by twisting his wrists inside the bowl. "He is making the *gattia* now." *Gattia* means a tight coat at any rate, so there is some ray of enlightenment. Torn *chupatti* follows torn *chupatti*, till the bowl is lined half an inch deep with them, and they all glisten with the greasy *lewa*. He now takes up an ungummed *chupatti* and fits it carefully all round. The opium is dropped tenderly upon this, and a curious washing motion of the hand follows. The opium is drawn up into a cone, as one by one the sirdar picks up the overlapping portions of the *chupattis* that hung outside the bowl and plasters them against the drug. He makes a clever waist-belt while he keeps all the flags in place, and so strengthens the midriff of the lump. He tucks in the top of the cone with his thumbs, brings the fringe of *chupattis* over to close the opening, and pastes fresh leaves upon all. The cone has now taken a spherical shape and he gives it the finishing touch by gumming a large *chupatti*, one of the "moon" kind, set aside from the first, on the top, so deftly that no wrinkle is visible. The cake is now complete and all the Celestials of the Middle Kingdom shall not be able to disprove that it weighs two seers one and three-quarter chittacks, with a play of half a chittack for the personal equation.

The sirdar takes it up and rubs it in the bran-like poppy trash in the big bowl, so that two-thirds of it are powdered with the trash and one-third is fair and shiny *chupatti*. "That is the difference between a Ghazipur and a Patna cake. Our cakes have always an unpowdered head. The Patna ones are rolled in trash all over. You can tell them anywhere by that mark. Now we'll cut this one open and you can see how a section looks." One half of an inch as nearly as may be is the thickness of the *chupatti* shell all round the cake, and even in this short time so firmly has the *lewa* set that any attempt at sundering the skins of *chupatti* is followed by the rending of the poppy petals that compose the *chupatti*. "You've seen in detail what a cake is made of—that is to say, pure opium of 70 consistence, poppy-petal pancakes, *lewa* of 52·50 consistence, and a powdering of poppy trash." "But why are you so particular about the shell?" "Because of the China market. The Chinaman likes every inch of the stuff we send him, and uses it. He boils the shell and gets out every grain of the *lewa* used to gum it together. He smokes that after he has dried it. Roughly speaking, the value of the cake we've just cut open is two pound ten. All the time it is in our hands, we have to look after it and check it, and treat it as though it were gold. It mustn't have too much moisture in it, or it will swell and crack, and if it is too dry John Chinaman won't have it. He values his opium for qualities just the opposite of those in Smyrna opium. Smyrna opium gives as much as ten per cent of morphia, and is nearly solid—90 consistence. Our opium does not give more than 3 or 3½ per cent of morphia on the average, and, as you know, it is only 70 or in Patna 75 consistence. That is the drug the Chinaman likes. He can get the maximum of extract out of it by soaking it in hot water, and he likes the flavour. He knows it is absolutely pure too, and it comes to him in good condition." "But has nobody found out any patent way of making these cakes and putting skins on them by machinery?" "Not *yet*. Poppy to poppy." There's nothing better. Here are a couple of cakes made in 1849, when they tried experiments in wrapping them in paper and in cloth. You can see that they are beautifully wrapped and sewn like cricket balls, but it would take about half an hour to make such cakes, and we could not be sure of keeping the aroma in then. Nothing like poppy plant for poppy drug."

And this is the way the drug which yields such a splendid income to the Indian Government is prepared. To tell how it is thereafter kept in store, packed for export, put upon the market at certain fixed periods, and shipped away, for John Chinaman's consumption chiefly, would be a tame story. The interest lies in the actual manufacture and manipulation of the cakes, and we have seen how this is done in the busy factory at Ghazipur.

K.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

No. II.—The river of the lost footsteps and the golden mystery upon its banks. The iniquity of Jordan. Shows how a man may go to the Shway Dagon Pagoda and see it not, and to the Pegu Club and hear too much. A dissertation on mixed drinks.

"I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

There was a river and a bar, a pilot and a great deal of nautical mystery, and the Captain said the journey from Calcutta was ended and that we should be in Rangoon in a few hours. It is not an impressive stream, being low-banked, scrubby and muddy; but as we gave the staggering rice-boats the go-by, I reflected that I was looking upon the river of the Lost Footsteps—the road that so many, many men of my acquaintance and yours also had travelled, never to return, within the past three years. Such an one had gone up to open out Upper Burma, and had himself been opened out by a Burmese dah in the cruel scrub beyond Minhla; such another had gone to rule the land in the Queen's name, but could not rule a hill stream and was carried down under his horse. One had been shot by his servant; another as he sat at dinner and a pitifully long list had found in jungle fever their sole reward for "the difficulties and privations inseparably connected with military service," as the Bengal Army Regulations put it. I ran over half a score of names—policemen, subalterns, young Civilians, employés of big trading firms and adventurers. They had gone up the river in the very steamers that were nosing the yellow flood and they had all died since 1885. At my elbow stood one of the workers in new Burma, going to report himself at Rangoon, and he told tales of interminable *dours* after evasive dacoits, of marchings and counter-marchings that came to nothing, and of deaths in the wilderness as noble as they were sad.

Then a golden mystery upheaved itself on the horizon—a beautiful winking wonder that blazed in the sun, of a shape that was neither Muslim dome nor Hindu temple spire. It stood upon a green knoll, and below it were lines of ware-houses, sheds and mills. Under what new god, thought I, are we irrepressible English sitting now? "There's the old Shway Dagon" (pronounced Dagone, *not* like the god in the scriptures) said my companion. "Confound it!" But it was nota thing to be sworn at. It explained in the first place why we took Rangoon, and in the second why we pushed on to see what more of rich or rare the land held. Up till that sight my uninstructed eyes could not see that the land differed much in appearance from the Sunderbuns, but the golden dome said: "This is Burma and it will be quite unlike any land you know about." "It's a famous old shrine o' sorts," said my companion, "and now the Tounghoo-Mandalay line is open pilgrims are flocking down by the thousand to see it. It lost its big gold top—' thing that they call a *htee*—in an earthquake: that's why it's all hidden by bamboo-work for a third of its height. You should see it when it's all uncovered. They're regilding it now."

Why is it that when one views for the first time any of the wonders of the earth a bystander always strikes in with "You should see it, &c?" Such men, given twenty minutes start from the tomb at the Day of Judgment, would patronise the naked souls as they hurried up with the glare of Tophet on their faces and say: "You should have seen this show when Gabriel first began to bugle." What the Shway Dagon really is and how many books may have been written upon its history and archæology is no part of my business. As it stood overlooking everything it seemed to explain all about Burma—why the boys had gone north and died, why the troopers bustled to and fro' and why the steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla lay like black-backed gulls upon the water.

Then we came to a new land, and the first thing that one of the regular residents said was: "This place isn't India at all. They ought to have made it a Crown colony." Judging the Empire as it ought to be judged by its most prominent points—*videlicet* its smells—he was right, for though there is one stink in Calcutta, another in Bombay and a third and most pungent one in the Punjab, yet they have a kinship of stinks, whereas Burma smells quite otherwise. It is not exactly what China ought to smell like, but it is not India. "What is it?" I asked; and the man said "*Napi*," which is fish pickled when it ought to have been buried long ago. This food, in guide-book language, is inordinately consumed by . . . . . but everybody who has been within downwind range of Rangoon knows what *napi* means, and those who do not will not understand.

Yes, it was a very new land—a land where the people understood colour—a delightfully lazy land full of pretty girls and very bad cheroots.

Here let me warn those who may follow. The very energetic Cook, who would build a hostel half-way down—Vesuvius if he thought it would pay—has no hotels in Rangoon that he can recommend. This speaks for itself. There may be hotels superior to Jordan's in the place—there is ample room for improvement—it would be hard to find any worse. To do him justice, the person in charge betrayed not the faintest anxiety to admit this particular traveller: but, when he insisted on coming, Jordan's gave him an evil and newly painted bunk of a room and one most bad meal. It is not good that hotel men should continue their career unchecked. Therefore avoid Jordan's. Yet no place is wholly bad. The pegs are twelve annas, ice and soda both bad, but there is a new brand of whisky and it is not bad. Get a front room and dine with your friends. This, however, is in your private ear, and has nothing to do with the course of events.

The worst of it was that the Anglo-Indian was a foreigner, a creature of no account. He did not know Burman—which was no great loss—and the Madrassi insisted upon addressing him in English. The Madrassi, by the way, is a great institution. He takes the place of the Burman, who will not work, and in a few years returns to his native coast with rings on his fingers and bells on his toes. The consequences are obvious. The Madrassi demands, and receives, enormous wages, and gets to know that he is indispensable. The Burman exists beautifully while his women-folk marry the Madrassi and the Chinaman, because these support them in affluence. When the Burman wishes to work he gets a Madrassi to do it for him. How he finds the money to pay the Madrassi I was not informed, but all men were agreed in saying that under no circumstances will the Burman exert himself in the paths of honest industry. Now, if a bountiful Providence had clothed you in a purple, green, amber or puce petticoat, had thrown a rose-pink scarf-turban over your head, and had put you in a pleasant damp country where rice grew of itself and fish came up to be caught, putrified and pickled, would you work? Would you not rather take a cheroot and loaf about the streets seeing what was to be seen? If two-thirds of your girls were grinning, good-humoured little maidens and the remainder positively pretty, would you not spend your time in making love?

The Burman does both these things, and the Englishman, who after all worked himself to Burma, says hard things about him. Personally I love the Burman with the blind favouritism born of first impression. When I die I will be a Burman, with twenty yards of real king's silk, that has been made in Mandalay, about my body and a succession of cigarettes between my lips. I will wave the cigarette to emphasise my conversation, which shall be full of jest and repartee, and I will always walk about with a pretty almond-coloured girl who shall laugh and jest too, as a young maiden ought. She shall not pull a sari over her head when a man looks at her and glare suggestively from behind it, nor shall she tramp behind me when I walk: for these are the customs of India. She shall look all the world between the eyes, in honesty and good fellowship, and I will teach her not to defile her pretty mouth with chopped tobacco in a cabbage leaf, but to inhale good cigarettes of Egypt's best brand.

Seriously, the Burmese girls are very pretty, and when I saw them I understood much that I had heard about—about our army in Flanders let us say.

Providence really helps those who do not help themselves. I went up a street, name unknown, attracted by the colour that was so wantonly flashed down its length. There is colour in Rajputana and in Southern India, and you can find a whole paletteful of raw tints at any down-country durbar: but the Burmese way of colouring is different. With the women the scarf, petticoat and jacket are of three lively hues, and with the men putso and head-wrap are gorgeous. Thus you get your colours dashed down in dots against a background of dark timber, chouses set in green foliage. There are no canons of art anywhere, and every scheme of colouring depends on the power of the sun above. That is why men in a London fog do still believe in pale greens and sad reds. Give me lilac, pink, vermilion, lapis lazuli, and blistering blood red under fierce sunlight that mellows and modifies all. I had just made this discovery and was noting that the people treated their cattle kindly, when the driver of an absurd little ticca-gharri built to the scale of a fat Burma pony volunteered to take me for a drive, and we drove in the direction of the English quarter of the town where the sahibs live in dainty little houses made out of the sides of cigar boxes. They looked as if they could be kicked in at a blow and (trust a globe-trotter for evolving a theory at a minute's notice) it is to avoid this fate that they are built for the most part on legs—whereof more anon. The houses were not cantonment-bred in any way—nor did the uneven ground and dusty reddish roads fit in with any part of the Indian Empire except it may be Ootacamund.

The pony wandered into a Kumpani Bagh studded with lovely little lakes which, again, were studded with islands, and there were sahibs in flannels in the boats. Why, I wondered, do all the men up-country so abominate Rangoon if they can have a place like this to play in after office. I will go to the Pegu Club and enquire: but first I will look at the Shway Dagon Pagoda. Then a nice young man who ought to have been riding a sixteen-hand Waler shot round a corner on a twelve-two Burma tat, and I fancied that this might account for some of the evil-speaking. Yet it was a lovely place. Outside the park were pleasant little monasteries full of clean shaved gentlemen in gold amber robes learning to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil by chatting furiously among themselves, and at every corner stood the three little maids from

school, almost exactly as they had been dismissed from the side scenes of the Savoy after the *Mikado* was over: and the strange part of it all was that every one laughed—laughed, so it seemed, at the sky above them because it was blue, at the sun because it was sinking, and at each other because they had nothing better to do. A small fat child laughed loudest of all in spite of the f·ct that it was smoking a cheroot that ought to have made it deathly sick. The pagoda was always close at hand—as brilliant a mystery as when first sighted far down the river; but it changed its shape as we came nearer, and showed in the middle of a nest of hundreds of smaller pagodas. There appeared suddenly two colossal tigers (after the Burmese canons) in plaster on a hill side, and they were the guardians of Burma's greatest pagoda. Round them rustled a great crowd of happy people in pretty dresses, and the feet of all were turned towards a great stoneway that ran from between the tigers even to the brow of the mound. But the nature of the stairs was peculiar. They were covered in for the most part by a tunnel, or it may have been a walled-in colonnade, for there were heavily gilt wooden pillars visible in the gloom. The afternoon was drawing on as I came to this strange place and saw that I should have to climb up a long low hill of stairs to get to the pagoda.

Once or twice in my life I have seen a globe-trotter literally gasping with jealous emotion because India was so much larger and more lovely than he had ever dreamed, and because he had only set aside three months to exploit it in. My own sojourn in Rangoon was countable by hours, so I may be forgiven when I pranced with impatience at the bottom of the staircase because I could not at once secure a full, complete and accurate idea of everything that was to be seen. The meaning of the guardian tigers, the inwardness of the main pagoda, and the countless little ones was hidden from me. I could not understand why the pretty girls with cheroots sold little sticks and coloured candles to be used before the image of Buddha. Everything was incomprehensible to me, and there was none to explain. All that I could gather was that in a few days the great golden *htee* that has been defaced by the earthquake would be hoisted into position with feasting and song, and that half Upper Burma was coming down to see the show.

I went forward between the two great beasts, across a whitewashed court, till I came to a flat-headed arch guarded by the lame, the blind, the leper and the deformed. These plucked at my clothes as I passed, and moaned and whined: but the stream that disappeared up the gentle slope of the stairway took no notice of them. And I stepped into the semi-darkness of a long, long corridor flanked by booths, and floored with stones worn very smooth by human feet. No one said anything to hinder my progress, but a man came forward and shook a jointed clay monster in my face, and laughing hugely at his wit withdrew. Five hundred natives of India walking up and down that corridor for half a day would have made it unapproachably dirty. Here were thousands of Burmese, and yet the place was almost quite clean. Save for the ever present flavour of cheroots, there was no smell—nothing but laughter, light talk, flashes of colour, and studies of a new and altogether fascinating humanity. It was sad to think that most of the flowered head-cloths came from Lyons; but there was no doubt as to the genuineness of the putsoes that rustled and blazed in the gloom. I sniffed and I stared round me open-mouthed, and finally gave up all idea of trying to describe the procession. There were Chinamen—perhaps they thought it would do them no harm to propitiate another god once in a way—there were shock-headed outlanders from places beyond Fort Stedman—there were occasional Malays and there were unlimited girls, all in striking, picturesque attitudes.

At the far end of the roofed corridor there was a breadth of evening sky, and at this point rose a second and much steeper flight of stairs leading directly to the Shwedagon (this, by the way, is its real spelling). Down this staircase fell from gloom to deeper gloom a cascade of colour. At this point I stayed because there was a beautiful archway of Burmese build, and adorned with a Chinese inscription, directly in front of me, and I conceived foolishly that I should find nothing more pleasant to look at if I went further. Also I wished to understand how such a people could produce the dacoit of the newspaper, and I knew that a great deal of promiscuous knowledge comes to him who sits down by the wayside. Then I saw a face—which explained a good deal. I think it belonged to a man but I am not sure. The chin, jowl lips and neck were modelled faithfully on the lines of one of the worst of the Roman Empresses—the holloping, walloping women that Swinburne sings about and that we sometimes see pictures of. Above this gross perfection of form came the Mongloid nose, narrow forehead and flaring pig's eyes. I stared intently, and the man stared back again with admirable insolence that puckered one corner of his mouth. Then he swaggered forward and I was richer by a new face and a little knowledge. "I must make further inquiries at the Club," said I, "but that man seems to be of the proper type. He could crucify on occasion."

Then a brown baby came by in its mother's arms and laughed, wherefore, I much desired to shake hands with it and grinned to that effect. The mother held out the tiny soft pud and laughed, and the baby laughed, and we all laughed together, because that seemed to be the custom of the country, and returned down the now dark corridor where the lamps of the stall-keepers were twinkling and scores of people were helping us to laugh. They must be a mild-mannered nation the Burmese, for they leave little three-year olds in charge of a whole wilderness of clay dolls or a menagerie of jointed tigers.

I had not actually entered the Shwedagon but I felt just as happy as though I had. Next morning the Professor, who is cursed with a large and active camera, took half a dozen plates and returned tearing his hair because he had not taken twice as many. "And did you get a view of that superb gateway opposite the second flight of steps?" I demanded. "That," said the Professor loftily "was nothing compared to what was inside. I couldn't waste a plate on it." I collapsed, but in after years I shall tell everyone that I went into the Holy of Holies of Rangoon and shall produce the Professor's photo to prove it.

There is no use in travel unless you can tell fibs about your doings to dear stay-at-home relatives.

In the Pegu Club I found a friend—a Punjabi—upon whose broad bosom I threw myself and demanded food and entertainment. He had not long since received a visit from the Commissioner of Peshawar, of all places in the world, and was not to be upset by sudden arrivals. But he had come down in the world hideously. Years ago in the Black North he used to speak the vernacular as it should be spoken, and was one of us.

"*Daniel, how many socks master got?*"

The unfinished peg fell from my fist. "Good Heavens!" said I, "is it possible that you—you—speak that disgusting pidgin-talk to your *nauker?* It's enough to make one cry. You're no better than a Bombaywallah."

"I'm a Madrassi," said he calmly. "We all talk English to our boys here. Isn't it beautiful? Now come along to the Gymkhana and then we'll dine here. Daniel, master's hat and stick get."

I wasted away my sorrow at seeing a good man turned into a bad Madrassi in the nicest Gymkhana Club it has ever been my good fortune to set foot in. A perfect bar, twenty or thirty little marble-topped tables, four billiard tables, dancing floor, theatre and ladies' room upstairs and a collection of cocktails that would make a Burmese idol smile. *Nota Bene.* When in doubt try orange: but the mildest of them hum in the head for long afterwards.

There must be a few hundred men who are fairly behind the scenes of the Burma War—one of the least known and appreciated of any of our little affairs. The Pegu Club seemed to be full of men on their way up or down and the conversation was but an echo of the murmur of conquest far away to the north.

"See that man over there. He was cut over the head the other day at Zoungloung-goo. Awfully tough man. That chap next him has been on the *daur* for about a year. He broke up Boh Mango's gang: caught the Boh in a paddy field y'know. The other man's going home on sick leave—got a lump of iron somewhere in his system. Try our mutton: I assure you the Club is the only place in Rangoon where you get mutton. Look here, you must *not* speak vernacular to our boys. Hi, boy! get master some more ice. "They're all Bombay men or Madrassis. Up at the front there are some Burman servants: but a real Burman will never work. He prefers being a simple little *daku*."

"How much?"

"Dear little dacoit. We call 'em *dakus* for short—sort o' pet name. That's the butter-fish. I forgot you didn't get much fish up-country. Yes, I s'pose Rangoon has its advantages. You pay like a Prince. Take an ordinary married establishment. Little furnished house—one hundred and fifty rupees. Servants' wages two twenty or two fifty. That's four hundred at once. My dear fellow a sweeper won't take less than twelve or sixteen rupees a month here, and even then he'll work for other houses. It's worse than Quetta. Any man who comes to Lower Burma in the hope of living on his pay is a fool."

Voice from lower end of table. "Dee fool. It's different in Upper Burma, where you get command allowance and T. A."

Another voice in the middle of a conversation. "They never got that story into the papers, but I can tell you we weren't quite as quick in rushing the fort as they made believe. You see Boh Gwee had us in a regular trap, and by the time we had closed the line our men were being peppered front and rear: that jungle fighting is the deuce and all. More ice please."

Then they told me of the death of an old school-fellow under the ramp of the Minhla redoubt—does anyone remember the affair at Minhla that opened the third Burmese ball?

"I was close to him" said a voice. "He died in A.'s arms, I fancy, but I'm not quite sure. Anyhow I know he died easily. He was a good fellow."

"Thank you" said I, "and now I think I'll go;" and I went out into the steamy night, my head ringing with stories of battle, murder and sudden death. I had reached the fringe of the veil that hides Upper Burma and I would have given much to have gone up the river and seen a score of old friends, now jungle-worn men of war. All that night I dreamed of interminable staircases down which swept thousands of pretty girls, so brilliantly robed that my eyes ached at the sight. There was a great golden bell at the top of the stairs, and at the bottom, his face turned to the sky, lay poor old D——dead at Minhla, and a host of unshaven ragamuffins in *khaki* were keeping guard over him.

Whence I argue that it is unsound to take peach-brandy after orange cocktails.

Miscellaneous.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

No. III.—The City of Elephants which is governed by the great God of Idleness, who lives on the top of a hill. The history of three great discoveries and the naughty children of Iquiqui.

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell,
I said: Oh soul make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

So much for making definite programmes of travel beforehand. In my first letter I told you that I would go from Rangoon to Penang direct. Now we are lying off Moulmein in a new steamer which does not seem to run anywhere in particular. Why she should go to Moulmein is a mystery; but as every soul on the ship is a loafer like myself, no one is discontented. Imagine a ship-load of people to whom time is no object, who have no desires beyond three meals a day and no emotions save those caused by a casual cockroach.

Moulmein is situated up the mouth of a river which ought to flow through South America, and all manner of dissolute native craft appear to make the place their home. Ugly cargo-steamers that the initiated call "Geordie tramps" grunt and bellow at the beautiful hills all round, and the pot-bellied British India liners wallow down the reaches. Visitors are rare in Moulmein—so rare that few but cargo-boats think it worth their while to come off from the shore.

Strictly in confidence I will tell you that Moulmein is not a city of this earth at all. Sindbad the Sailor visited it, if you recollect, on that memorable voyage when he discovered the burial-ground of the elephants.

As the steamer came up the river we were aware of first one elephant and then another hard at work in timber-yards that faced the shore. A few narrow-minded folk with binoculars said that there were *mahouts* upon their backs, but this was never clearly proven. I prefer to believe in what I saw—a sleepy town, just one house thick, scattered along a lovely stream and inhabited by slow, solemn elephants building stockades for their own diversion. There was a strong scent of freshly sawn teak in the air—we could not see any elephants sawing—and occasionally the warm stillness was broken by the crash of the log. When the elephants had got an appetite for tiffin they loafed off in couples to their club, and did not take the trouble to give us greeting and the latest mail papers: at which we were much disappointed, but took heart when we saw upon a hill a large white pagoda surrounded by scores of little pagodas. "This," we said with one voice, "is the place to make an excursion to," and then shuddered at our own profanity, for above all things we did not wish to behave like mere vulgar tourists.

"Ours," said the Professor, as he panted beneath the awning and sighed for a punkah-walla—"ours is a pleasure trip—we must not forget that," and the whole company of perspiring wretches made answer:—"Yes, it is a pleasure trip," and drank hot tea to cool themselves withal. Then they dripped uneasily till it was cool enough to go ashore in a boat, one-half of which was dug-out-fire-hollowed from a log and the other half superior teak carved-built gig manned by very peculiar bastard Mahomedans. By the way, India still lacks a dictionary of marine vernaculars—the sea slang that the thousands on thousands of coasting sailors, salt-hookers, Madrassi beach-combers and company lascars use. It is a quaint tongue to listen to, and from casual observation I should be disposed to conclude that seventy-five per cent of it is blasphemy, and the remainder fossilised sea terminology long since obsolete in both the French and Portuguese navies.

The ticca-gharries at Moulmein are three sizes smaller than those of Rangoon, as the ponies are no bigger than decent sheep. Their drivers trot them uphill and down, and as the *gharri* is extremely narrow and the roads are anything but good the exercise is refreshing. Here again all the drivers are Madrassis. Because we were not more than a week distant from India proper—

which is to say any place north of Benares—we were driven round an exact duplicate of a bit of the road to Solon and shot out under a low spur of Dagshai, at the foot of about a hundred and fifty very steep whitewashed steps. As civilisation advances, the Burmese will learn to put their pagodas in a plain and charge gate-money from the Englishman. At present they are disgracefully civil and clean, and never dream of asking for *bakshish*. This is why the *Indian Mirror* despises them for barbarians.

I should better remember what that pagoda was like had I not fallen deeply and irrevocably in love with a Burmese girl at the foot of the first flight of steps. Only the fact of the steamer starting next noon prevented me from staying at Moulmein for ever and owning a pair of elephants. These are so common that they wander about the streets, and I make no doubt could be obtained for a piece of sugarcane.

Leaving this far too lovely maiden I went up the steps only a few yards and, turning me round, looked upon a view of water, island, broad river, fair grazing-ground and belted wood that made me rejoice that I was alive. And the hill side below me and above was ablaze with pagodas—from a gorgeous golden and vermilion beauty to a delicate grey stone one just completed in honour of an eminent priest lately deceased at Mandalay. Far above my head there was a faint tinkle as of golden bells and a talking of the breezes in the stiff fronds of toddy-palms. Wherefore I climbed higher and higher up the steps till I reached a square of great peace, dotted with Burmese women—all spotlessly clean and all beautifully dressed. In the centre of the square stood the whitewashed column of the main pagoda, and round it in niches the figures of many calm-eyed men to whom the women now and again paid their devotions. They squatted upon the ground with small straws held between their joined palms and pointed towards the pagoda. They bowed their heads, and their lips moved because they were praying. I had an umbrella—a black one—in my hand, deck shoes upon my feet and a helmet on my head. I did not pray—I swore at myself for being a globe-trotter and wished that I had enough Burmese to explain to these ladies that I was sorry and would have taken off my hat but for the sun. A globe-trotter is a brute. He always intrudes where he has no business, and he always stares about him in a disgustingly impertinent manner. I had the grace to blush as I tramped round the pagoda. That will be remembered to me for righteousness. But I stared horribly—at a gold and red side-temple with a beautifully gilt image of Buddha in it—at the grim figures in the niches at the base of the main pagoda—at the little palms that grew out of the cracks in the tiled paving of the court—at the big palms above and at the low hung bronze bells that stood at each corner for the women to smite with stags' horns. Upon one bell ran this amazing triplet in English, evidently the composition of the caster who completed his work—and now, let us hope, has reached Nibban—thirty-five years ago:—

"He who destroyed this Bell
They must be in the great Heel,
And unable to coming out."

I respect a man who is not able to spell Hell properly. It shows that he has been brought up in an amiable creed. You who come to Moulmein treat this bell with respect and refrain from playing with it, for that hurts the feelings of the worshippers.

In the base of the pagoda were four rooms lined as to three sides with colossal plaster figures, before each of whom burned one solitary dip whose rays fought with the flood of evening sunshine that came through the windows and the room was filled with a pale yellow light—unearthly to stand in. Occasionally a woman crept in to one of these rooms to pray, but nearly all the company stayed in the courtyard; but those that faced the figures prayed more zealously than the others, and I judged that their troubles were the greater. Of the actual cult I knew less than nothing; for the neatly-bound English books that we read make no mention of pointing red-tipped straws at a graven image, or of the banging of bells after the custom of worshippers in a Hindu temple. It must be a genial one, however. To begin with, it is quiet, and carried on among the fairest possible surroundings that the landscape offered.

In this particular case the massive white pagoda shot into the blue from the west of a walled hill that commanded four separate and desirable views as you looked either at the steamer in the river below, the polished silver reaches to the left, the woods to the right, or the roofs of Moulmein to the landward. Between each pause of the rustling of dresses and the low-toned talk of the women fell from far above the tinkle of innumerable metal leaves which were stirred by the breeze as they hung from the *htee* of the pagoda. The golden image winked in the sun; the painted ones stared straight in front of them over the heads of the worshippers, and somewhere below a mallet and a plane were lazily helping to build yet another pagoda in honour of the Lord of the Earth.

Sitting in meditation while the Professor went round with a sacrilegious camera, to the vast terror of the Burmese youth, I made two notable discoveries and nearly went to sleep over them. The first was that the Lord of the Earth is Idleness—thick slab idleness with a little religion stirred in to keep it sweep, and the second was that the shape of the pagoda came originally from a bulging toddy-palm trunk. There was one between me and the far off sky line, and it exactly duplicated the outlines of a small grey stone building.

Yet a third discovery, and a much more important one, came to me later on. A dirty little imp of a boy ran by clothed more or less in a beautifully worked silk putso, the like of which I had in vain attempted to secure at Rangoon. A bystander told me that such an article would cost one hundred and ten rupees—exactly ten rupees in excess of the price demanded at Rangoon, when I had been discourteous to a pretty Burmese girl with diamonds in her ears and had treated her as though she were a Delhi *boxwallah*.

"'Fessor," said I when the camera spidered round the corner, "there is something wrong with this people. They won't work, they aren't all dacoits, and their babies run about with hundred-rupee putsoes on them, while their parents speak the truth. How in the world do they get a living?"

"They exist beautifully," said the Professor, "and I only brought half a dozen plates with me. I shall come again in the morning with some more Did you ever dream of a place like this?"

"No," said I. "It's perfect, and for the life of me I can't quite see where the precise charm lies."

"In its Beastly Laziness," said the Professor as he packed the camera, and we went away regretfully haunted by the voices of many wind-blown bells.

Not ten minutes from the pagoda we saw a real British bandstand, a shanty labelled "Municipal Office," a collection of P. W. D. bungalows that in vain strove to blast the landscape, and a Madras band. I had never seen Madrassi troops before. They seem to dress just like Tommies and have an air of much culture and refinement. It is said that they read English books and know all about their rights and privileges. For further details apply to the Pegu Club, second table from the top on the right-hand side as you enter.

In an evil hour I attempted to revive the drooping trade of Moulmein, and to this end bound a native of the place by solemn oaths to come on board the steamer next morn with a collection of Burmese silks. It was only a five minutes' pull, and he could have sat in the stern all the while. Morning came, but not the man. Not a boat of water-melons, pink fleshly water-melons, neared the ship. We might have been in quarantine. And as we slipped down the river on our way to Penang I saw the elephants playing with the teak logs as solemnly and as mysteriously as ever. They were the chief inhabitants and, for aught I know, the rulers of the place. Their lethargy had corrupted the town, and when the Professor wished to photograph them I believe they went away in scorn.

We are now running down to Penang with the thermometer 87° in the cabins, and anything you please on deck. We have exhausted all our literature, drunk two hundred lemon squashes, played forty different games of cards (Patience mostly), organised a lottery on the run (had it been a thousand rupees instead of ten I should not have won it), and slept seventeen hours out of the twenty-four. It is perfectly impossible to write, but you may be morally the better for the story of the Bad People of Iquiqui which, "as you have not before heard, I will now proceed to relate." It has just been told me by a German orchid-hunter, fresh from nearly losing his head in the Lushai hills, who has been over most of the world.

Iquiqui is somewhere in South America—at the back of or beyond Brazil—and once upon a time there came to it a tribe of aborigines from out of the woods, so innocent that they wore nothing at all—absolutely nothing at all. They had a grievance but no garments, and the former they came to lay before His Excellency the Governor of Iquiqui. But the news of their coming and their exceeding nakedness had gone before them, and good Spanish ladies of the town agreed that the heathen should first of all be clothed. So they organised a sewing-bee and the result, which was mainly aprons, was served out to the Bad People with hints as to its use. Nothing could have been better. They appeared in their aprons before the Governor and all the ladies of Iquiqui, ranged on the steps of the cathedral, only to find that the Governor could not grant their demands. And do you know what these children of nature did? In the twinkling of an eye they had taken off those aprons, slung them round their necks, and were dancing naked as the dawn before the scandalised ladies of Iquiqui, who fled with their fans before their eyes into the sanctuary of the cathedral. And when the steps were deserted the Bad People withdrew, shouting and leaping, their aprons still round their necks, for good cloth is valuable property. They encamped near the town, knowing their own power. 'Twas impossible to send the military against them, and equally impossible that Donnas and Senoritas should be exposed to the chance of being shocked whenever they went abroad. No one knew at what hour the Bad People would sweep through the streets. Their demands were therefore granted and Iquiqui had rest. *Nuda est veritas et prevalebit.*

"But," said I, "what is there so awful in a naked Indian—or two hundred naked Indians for that matter?"

"My friend," said the German, "dey vas Indians of Sout' America. I dell you dey do not demselves shtrip vell."

I put my hand on my mouth and went away.

No. IV.—Showing how I came to Palmiste Island and the place of Paul and Virginia, and fell asleep in a Garden. Dealing with chicken. A Revolution and the March of the Mongol. Of the Pigtail and its wearer and the Blessings of a new Drink. A disquisition on the folly of sightseeing.

"Some for the glories of this world and some
Sigh for the Prophet's paradise to come.
Ah take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum."

There is something very wrong in the Anglo-Saxon character. Hardly had the *Africa* dropped anchor in Penang Straits when two of our fellow-passengers were smitten with madness because they heard that another steamer was even then starting for Singapur. If they went by it they would gain several days. Heaven knows why time should have been so precious to them. The news sent them flying into their cabins, and packing their trunks as though their salvation depended upon it. Then they tumbled over the side and were rowed away in a sampan, hot, sweating but happy. They were on a pleasure trip and they had gained perhaps three days. That was their pleasure.

Penang is not a place to hurry over. The climate forbids: so does the view: so does everything. Do you recollect Besant's description of Palmiste Island in *My little girl* and *So they were married*? Penang is Palmiste Island. I found this out from the ship, looking at the wooded hills that dominate the town and at the regiments of palm trees three miles away that marked the coast of Wellesley Province. The air was soft and heavy with laziness, and at the ship's side were boat-loads of much jewelled Madrassis—even those to whom Besant has alluded. A squall swept across the water and blotted out the rows of low red-tiled houses that made up Penang, and the shadows of night followed the storm. "Haste is indecent," said I, "to-morrow I will spend a day ashore—if indeed I do not go to sleep." And I curled up reflecting that every breeze that blew came straight from the tropics.

Morning brought no sun—only soft grey clouds that looked heavy with rain. It seemed that the

scene was rare in these parts, because the clouds caught the hills or the hills caught the clouds, and between them bred an atmosphere exactly like that of the big glass-house at Kew, where the *Victoria regia* lives. Bengal in the rains was nothing to it, and yet this year is said to be one of the hottest and driest ever known in the island. All the roadstead was alive with small craft, but these were filled not with the Burman but a much more objectionable man—the Malay, who speaks through his nose and high up in the arch of his palate, and shaves his upper lip after the use of Mahomedans. His vocabulary is large, but when it comes to a slanging match the Seedee boy can beat him. Now an up-country *kit* can out-slocar five Seedee boys. *Ergo* the Malay is an inferior sort of a person.

I put my twelve-inch rule in my pocket to measure all the world by, and nearly wept with emotion when on landing at the jetty I fell against a Sikh—a beautiful bearded Sikh, with white leggings and a rifle. "As is cold water in a thirsty land so is a face from the old country." My friend had come from Jandiala in the Umritsar district. Did I know Jandiala? Did I not, that was all: and I began to tell all the news I could recollect about crops and armies and the movements of big men in the far, far north while the Sikh beamed. He belonged to the military police and it was a good *naukri*, but of course it was far from the old country. There was no hard work and the Chinamen gave but little trouble. They had fights among themselves but "they do not care to give *us* any impudence," and the big man swaggered off with the long roll and swing of a whole Pioneer regiment, while I cheered myself with the thought that India—the India I pretend to hold in hatred—was not so far off after all.

You know our ineradicable tendency to damn everything in the mofussil. Calcutta professes astonishment that Allahabad has a good dancing floor; Allahabad wonders if it is true that Lahore really has an ice factory; and Lahore pretends to believe that everybody in Peshawur sleeps armed. Very much in the same way I was amused at seeing a steam tramway in Rangoon, and after we had quitted Moulmein fully expected to find the outskirts of civilization. Vanity and ignorance were severely shocked when they confronted a long street of business—a street of two-storeyed houses, full of *tikka gharris*, shop signs, and above all *jinrickshaws*. The Professor had his camera at his side, for we were going to the Waterfalls—which is the Lion of Penang—and I think he too had expected anything rather than a live town. "Oh, it can't be any size," said he, "but why aren't they all in their shirt-sleeves drinking gin and cocoanut milk?"

The Professor has fallen into bad company of late. He ought not to know so much about drinks—especially such nectar as he named. Try it. Take young cocoanuts, milk 'em and put in half a glass of gin. Then thank me for a new experience as new life and energy courses through your veins.

You in India have never seen a proper *'rickshaw*. The best you can do is to give Dykes three hundred rupees for a brougham-panelled, spider-wheeled nickel-braked thing in blue or brown that you dare not leave out in the rain. The real article is quite different. There are about two thousand of them in Penang and no two seem alike. They are lacquered with bold figures of dragons and horses and birds and butterflies, so that each one is a delight to look upon: their shafts are of black wood bound with white metal, and so strong that the coolie sits upon them when he waits for his fare. There is only one coolie, but he is strong and he runs just as well as six *paharis*. He ties up his pigtail—being a Cantonese—and this is a disadvantage to sahibs who cannot speak Tamil, Malay or Cantonese. Otherwise he might be steered like a camel. If a deputation of ladies from Simla came to Penang they would not rest till they had taken away half a dozen patterns of *'rickshaws*, and the spirit of rivalry once introduced into the hills there is no knowing where it would stop. Golden horses prancing among golden sunflowers would make a beautiful badge for a member of the *Light Brigade*, while the red dragon and bitter camomile would do for—ladies who talk about things.

The *'rickshaw* men are patient and long-suffering. The evil visaged person who drove my ticca—a Country-bred in the shafts—lashed at them when they came within whip range, and did his best to drive over them as he headed for the Waterfalls which are five miles away from Penang Town. I looked that the buildings should stop, be choked out in fact among the dense growth of cocoanut. But it continues for many streets, very like Park and Middleton Streets in Calcutta, where shuttered houses which were half-bred between an Indian bungalow and a Rangoon rabbit-hutch, fought with the greenery and crotons as big as small trees. Now and again there blazed the front of a Chinese house, all open work, vermilion, lamp-black and gold, with six-foot Chinese lanterns over the doorways and glimpses of quaintly cut shrubs in the well-kept gardens beyond.

"The march of the Mongol," murmured the Professor, "and the worst of it is that all that red and gold only shows black and white in the camera. I must go to the Chinese quarter to get what I want." Photographing is a poisonous employ. It spoils a man's delight in the beauties of nature and sends him peering into other people's gardens in search of "bits."

To the streets succeeded suburbs of independent houses inhabited, so men said, by Malays, but they looked like the pictures of houses in Palmiste Island—those illustrations that Woodville made in the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated*.

"It's like the missionary books—S. P. C. K. you know," said the Professor when we struck into roads fringed with native houses on piles, shadowed by the everlasting cocoanut palms heavy with young nuts. The heat was heavy with the smell of vegetation, and it was not the smell of the earth after the rains. Some bird-thing called out from the deeps of the foliage and there was a mutter of thunder in the hills which we were approaching: but all the rest was very still—and the sweat ran down our faces in drops. It was a shock to see certain naked Madrassis pretending to work in a quarry by the roadside, and a thing altogether unnatural that there should be the remains of a grass-grown tramway by the side of the road. They must have tired to make the wheels go round, and then they went to sleep because it was warm and moist and nobody cared to do anything at all.

"Now you've got to walk up that hill," said the gharriwan pointing to a small barrier outside a well-kept botanical garden: "all the gharris stop here." Whereupon the Professor roused himself and argued with the man, a very rude man, forcibly until peace was restored; but it would have been nicer to have been carried up in a doolie or a hammock.

Let it be understood to begin with that the waterfalls are a dribbling fraud unless there have fallen several inches of rain, but not for anything would I have missed that dream-walk in their direction. One's limbs moved as though leaden and the breath came heavily, drawing in each time the vapour of a Turkish bath. The soil was alive with wet and warmth, and the unknown trees—I was too sleepy to read the labels that some offensively energetic man has written—were wet and warm too. Up on the hillside the voice of the water was saying something, but I was too sleepy to listen: and on the top of the hill lay a fat cloud just like an eider-down quilt tucking everything in safely.

> "And in the afternoon they came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

"Do you know that it's not ten o'clock yet. I'm going up the hill to photograph the Falls," said the Professor. I sat down where I was, for I saw that the upward path was very steep and was cut into rude steps, and an exposition of sleep had come upon me. I was at the mouth of a tiny gorge, exactly where the lotus-eaters had sat down when they began their song, for I recognised the Waterfall and the air round my ears "breathing as one that has a weary dream." The clatter of the camera legs died away and I wondered how what I saw and felt might be described.

I looked and beheld that I could not give in words the genius of the place. "I can't play the flute, but I have a cousin who plays the violin." I knew a man who could. Some people said he was not a nice man, and I might run the risk of contaminating morals, but nothing mattered in such a climate. See now, go to the very worst of Zola's novels and read there his description of a conservatory. That was it. Several months passed away, but there was neither chill nor burning heat to mark the passage of time. Only with a sense of acute pain I felt that I must "do" the Waterfall, and I climb up the steps in the hill-side, though every boulder cried sit down, until I found a small stream of water coursing down the face of a rock and a much bigger one down my own. The Professor had actually mustered up sufficient energy to smash a camera leg and was quite lively about it. So futile, too, because these things didn't matter in the least.

And we went away to breakfast, the stomach being always more worthy than any amount of sentiment. A turn in the road hid the gardens and stopped the noise of the waters, and that experience was over for all time. Experiences are very like cheroots. They generally begin badly, taste perfect half way through, and at the butt-end are things to be thrown away and never picked up again.

His name was John, and he had a pigtail five feet long—all real hair and no silk-braided in, and he kept a hotel by the way and fed us with a chicken, into whose innocent flesh onions and strange vegetables had been forced. Till then we had feared Chinamen, especially when they brought food, but now we will eat anything at their hands. The conclusion of the meal was a half-guinea pine-apple and a siesta. This is a beautiful thing which we of India—but I am of India no more—do not understand. You lie down and wait for time to pass. You are not in the least wearied—and you would not go to sleep. You are filled with a divine drowsiness—quite different from the heavy sodden slumber of a hot weather Sunday or the businesslike repose of a Europe morning. Now I begin to despise novelists who write about *siestas* in cold climates. I know what the real thing means.

* * * *

Penang is on the eve of a revolution. Alone I found it out: and I am heartily glad of it, because it will teach John-of-the-hotel not to treat dollars (at Rs. 2-4 each) like four-anna bits, and the gentlemen-merchants in the bazaar that every Englishman is not a dripping Crœsus. I have been trying to buy a few things—a *sarong*, which is a *putso* which is a *dhoti*, a pipe and a "damned Malayan kris." The *sarongs* come chiefly from Germany, the pipes from the pawnshops, and there are no krises except little tooth-pick things that could not penetrate the hide of a Malay. The way I found out the revolution was by going to the native town, where I found a large army of Chinese—more than I imagined existed in China itself—encamped in spacious streets and houses, some of them sending block-tin to Singapur some driving fine carriages, others making shoes, chairs, clothes and every other thing that a large town desires. They were the first army corps on my line. The scouts are at Calcutta, and a flying column at Rangoon. Here begins the main body, some hundred thousand strong so they say. Was it not DeQuincy that had a horror of the Chinese—of their inhumaneness and their inscrutability? Certainly the people in Penang are not nice: they are even terrible to behold. They work hard, which in this climate is manifestly wicked, and their eyes are just like the eyes of their own pet dragons. The Hindu gods are passable and some of them even jolly—witness the pot-bellied Ganesh: but what can you do with a people who revel in D. T. monsters and crown their roof-ridges with flames of fire or the waves of the sea? They swarmed everywhere, and wherever three or four met there they eat things without name—the insides of ducks for choice. Our deck passengers I know fared sumptuously on offal begged from the steward and flavoured with insect powder to keep the ants off. This again is not natural, for a man should eat like a man if he works like one. I could quite understand after a couple of hours (this has the true globe-trotter twang in it) spent in Chinatown why the lower caste Anglo-Saxon hates the Celestial. He frightened me, and so I could take no pleasure in looking at his houses, at his wares or at himself.

The Professor passed in a *'rickshaw*, the camera mended and six plates up his sleeves.

"It's all right" said he. "No it isn't" I said. "We're running a town here for the benefit of the Chinamen and I want to know what people think of it and why. Show me an Editor."

"You're as bad as Blunt," said the Professor: and I left him amid the Chinese while I hunted for a newspaper office.

The smell of printer's ink is marvellously penetrating. It drew me up two pair of stairs into an office where the exchanges lay about in delightful disorder, and a little hand-press was clacking over proofs "just in the old sweet way." Something like the *Gazette of India* showed that the Straits Settlements—even they—had a Government of their own, and I sighed for a dead past as my eye caught the beautiful official phraseology that never varies. How alike we English are! Here is an extract from a report. "And the Chinese form of decoration which formerly covered the office has been wisely obliterated with white-wash."

That was just what I came to enquire about. What were they going to do with the Chinese decoration all over Penang? Would they try to wisely obliterate that? They would they had lived. The Straits Settlement Council which lives at Singapur had just passed a Bill (Ordinance they call it) putting down all Chinese secret societies in the colony, which measure only awaited the Imperial assent. A little business in Singapur connected with some municipal measure for clearing away overhanging verandahs—the matter was commented on in the *Pioneer*—created a storm, and for three days those who were in the place say the town was entirely at the mercy of the Chinese, who rose altogether and made life excessively unpleasant for the authorities. This incident forced the Government to take really serious notice of the secret societies who could so control the actions of men, and the result has been a measure which it will not be easy to enforce. A Chinaman must have a secret society of some kind. He has been bred up in a country where they were necessary to his comfort, his protection and the maintenance of his scale of wages from time immemorial, and he will carry them with him as he will carry his opium and his coffin.

"Do you expect then that the societies will collapse by proclamation?"

"No. There will be a row."

"What row? What sort of row?"

"More troops, perhaps, and perhaps some gun-boats. You see we shall have Sir Charles Warren then as our Commander-in-Chief at Singapur. Up till the present our military administration has been subordinate to that of Hong-Kong: when that is done away with and we have Sir Charles Warren things will be different. But there will be a row. Neither you nor I nor any-one else will be able to put these things down. Every joss house will be the head of a secret society. What can one do? In the past the Government made some use of them for the detection of crime. Now they are too big and too important to be treated in that way. You will know before long whether we have been able to suppress them. There will be a row."

Certainly the great grievance of Penang is the Chinese question. She would not be human did she not revile her Municipal Commissioners and talk about the insanitary condition of the island. If nose and eyes and ears be any guide she is far cleaner even in her streets than many an Indian cantonment, and her water-supply seems perfection. But I sat in that little office and listened to stories of municipal intrigue that might have suited Serampore or Calcutta, only the names were a little different, and in place of Ghose and Chuckerbutty one heard titles such as Yih Tat, Lo Eng, and the like. The Englishman's aggressive altruism always leads him to build towns for others and incite aliens to serve on *Belaitee* boards. Then he gets tired of his weakness and starts papers to condemn himself. They had a Chinaman on the Municipality last year. They have now got rid of him, and the present body is constituted of two officials and four non-officials. *Therefore* they complain of the influence of officialdom.

Having thoroughly settled all the differences of Penang to my own great satisfaction I removed myself to a Chinese theatre set in the open road, and made of sticks and old gunny-bags. The orchestra alone convinced me that there was something radically wrong with the Chinese mind. Once long ago in Jummu I heard the infernal clang of the horns used by the Devil-dancers who had come from far beyond Ladakh to do honour to the Prince that day set upon his throne. That was about three thousand miles to the north, but the character of the music was unchanged. A thousand Chinamen stood as close as possible to the horrid din and enjoyed it. Once more, can anything be done to a people without nerves as without digestion, and, if reports speak truly, without morals? But it is not true that they are born with full-sized pigtails. The thing grows, and in its very earliest stages is the prettiest head-dressing imaginable, being soft brown, very fluffy, about three inches long and dressed as to the end with red silk. An infant pigtail is just like the first tender sprout of a tulip bulb, and would be loveable were not the Chinese baby so very horrible of hue and shape. He isn't as pretty as the pig that Alice nursed in Wonderland, and he lies quite still and never cries. This is because he is afraid of being boiled and eaten. I saw cold boiled babies on a plate being carried through the heart of the town. They said it was only sucking-pig meant to grace a Chinese marriage: but I knew better. Dead sucking-pigs don't grin with their eyes open.

About this time great wearinesss fell upon me, and the faces of the Chinese frightened me more than ever, so I ran away to the outskirts of the town to get green cocoanuts for the breverage of the priceless drink aforesaid. As I passed the suburbs I saw a windowless house that carried the square and compass in gold and teakwood above the door, and I took heart meeting these familiar things again and knowing that where they were was good fellowship and much charity, in spite of all the secret societies in the world. Penang is to be congratulated on one of the prettiest little lodges in the East.

"'Fessor" said I that evening, wearied and head-achey, "this is a beastly climate. The men here go to office in banians and white jackets and I'm nearly dead: let's go back to India and sit under a punkah. I'm not pleased with Penang."

"What would you call a globe-trotter who came to Allahabad in the middle of the rains and ran about the place all day taking notes?"

"I should think he was an honest man trying to get information. But if he tramped with a camera and spent his time in the bazaars taking photographs I should call him a fool."

"Exactly," said the Professor, thinking of the broken camera-leg. "Isn't it a comfort to think we're starting for Singapur this evening? I'm afraid my plates are running short. Now you can describe what you please. You don't need cameras."

"No, but if you put sensitized paper in a damp place it gets spoilt. I'm not going to try to describe Penang" said I.

P. S. If you go to Penang and find no room in the Oriental Hotel stay on your ship.

Miscellaneous.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

No. V.—Of the Threshold of the Far East and the Dwellers Thereon. A Dissertation upon Dollars and Climate and the Use of the British Lion. Explains how I settled the Coolie Question and was introduced to Bertha Blumm and a Hakka.

> "How the world is made for each of us,
> How all we perceive and know in it
> Tends to some moment's product—thus
> When a soul declares itself—to wit
> By its fruit, the thing it does."

"I assure you, Sir, weather as hot as this has not been felt for years and years. March is always reckoned our hottest month, but this is quite abnormal."

And I made answer to the stranger wearily :—"Yes, of course. They always told that lie in the other places. Leave me alone and let me drip."

This is the heat of an orchid-house—a clinging, remorseless, steamy sweat that knows no variation between night and day. I was told not to expect much in the way of scenery, and of a truth I was not disappointed. Singapur is another Calcutta, but much more so, and is even more alive than Penang. In the suburbs they are building rows of cheap houses : in the city they run over you and jostle you into the kennel. These are unfailing signs of commercial prosperity. India ended so long ago that I cannot even talk about the natives of the place. They are all Chinese except where they are French or Dutch or German. England is by the uninformed supposed to own the island. She appoints a Governor at intervals and he has an Auckland Colvin who creates an annual surplus. The rest belongs to China and the Continent, but chiefly China. I knew I had touched the borders of the Celestial Empire when I was thoroughly impregnated with the reek of Chinese tobacco, which is a fine-cut, greasy glossy weed, to whose smoke the aroma of a huqa in the cookhouse is all Rimmell's shop. The latter is evanescent : the former, like the Chinaman, has come to stay. The flavour of an Englishman's pipe and beer is the most penetrating one in the world, and the Englishman has carried it to the ends of the earth. Next to it comes Chinese tobacco. The Chinaman will also go to the ends of the earth or meet the Englishman in the middle. This attempt at epigrams comes from consorting with the agents of French firms who are beautifully crisp in their language. They say that Singapur is Hell and shrug their shoulders. But in all seriousness, though the inhabitants boast of the general health, the place does not seem a desirable one to live in. The new-comer must always be drinking to repair waste of tissue, and pegs are thirty-five cents each. Everything else appears to be regulated on the same magnificent scale, and the drivers of the *tikka-gharris* are rude, extortionate and unclean. They sometimes in their anxiety to defraud lay hold of a Sahib's coat-sleeves. This may be the custom of the country, but it surprises the Sahib : and the *gharri-wan* is also astonished.

A merciful Providence conducted me along a beach, in full view of five miles of shipping—five solid miles of masts and funnels—to a place called Raffles Hotel, where the food is as excellent as the rooms are bad. Let the traveller take note. Feed at Raffles and sleep at the Hotel de l' Europe. I would have done this but for the apparition of two large ladies tastefully attired in bed-gowns who sat with their feet propped on a chair. This Joseph ran : but it turned out that they were Dutch ladies from Batavia, and that this was their national costume till dinner time.

"If, as you say, they had on stockings and dressing-gowns, you have nothing to complain of. They generally wear nothing but a night-gown till five o'clock," quoth a man versed in the habits of the land.

I do not know whether he spoke the truth : I am inclined to think that he did, but now I know what "Batavian grace" really means. I don't approve of it. A lady in a dressing-gown disturbs the mind and prevents careful consideration of the political outlook in Singapur, which is now supplied with a set of very complete forts and is hopefully awaiting the nine-inch breech-loaders that are to adorn them. There is something very pathetic in the trustful, clinging attitude of the Colonies who ought to have been soured and mistrustful long ago. "We hope the Home Government may do this. It is possible that the Home Government may do that" is the burden of the song, and in every place where the Englishman cannot breed successfully must continue to be. Imagine an India fit for permanent habitation by our kin, and consider what a place it would be this day, with the painter cut fifty years ago, fifty thousand miles of railways laid down and ten thousand under survey, and possibly an annual surplus. Is this sedition ? Forgive me, but I am looking at the shipping outside the verandah, at the Chinamen in the streets, and at the lazy, languid Englishmen in banians and white jackets stretched on the cane chairs, and these things are not nice. The men are not really lazy, as I will try to show later on, but they lounge and loaf and seem to go to office at eleven, which must be bad for work. And they all talk about going home at indecently short intervals, as though that were their right. Once more, if we could only rear children that did not run to leg and nose by the second generation in this part of the world and one or two others, what an amazing disruption of the Empire there would be before half of a Parnell Commission sitting was accomplished. And then, later, when the freed States had plunged into hot water, fought their fights, overborrowed, overspeculated and otherwise conducted themselves like younger sons, what a coming together and revision of tariffs, ending in one great iron band girdling the earth. Within that limit free trade. Without, rancourous Protection. It would be too vast a hornet's nest for any combination of Powers to disturb. The dream will not come about for a long time, but we shall accomplish something like it one of these days. The birds of passage from Canada, from Borneo—Borneo that will have to go through a general rough-and-tumble before she grips her possibilities—from Australia, from a hundred scattered islands, are saying the same thing : "We are not strong enough yet, but some day we shall be."

Oh ! dear people, stewing in India and swearing at all the Governments, it is a glorious thing to be an Englishman. "Our lot has fallen unto us in a fair ground. Yea, we have a goodly heritage." Take a map now and look at the long stretch of the Malay Peninsula—a thousand miles southerly it runs, does it not ?—whereon Penang, Malacca and Singapur are so modestly underlined in red ink. See, now, we have our Residents at every one of the Malay native States of any importance, and right up the line to Kedah and Siam our influence regulates and controls all. Into this land God housed first gold and tin, and after these the Englishman who floats companies, obtains concessions and goes forward. Just at present one company alone holds a concession of two thousand square miles in the interior. That means mining rights ; that means a few thousand coolies and a settled administration such as obtains in the big Indian collieries where the heads of the mines are responsible kings. The idea of working seems to be this. A company offers a king a ten per cent royalty on worked-tin let us say—gives him the stuff in blocks, and thus provides him with as much finance as his simple soul cares for. There has been a big mining boom in these parts, and it is running still. Men quote shares with unpronounceable names at unsustainable prices. The boom will collapse in the nature of things : but equally in the nature of things the Englishman will remain Except when under Home orders he is forced to abandon a newly found port, he does not give back.

With the companies will come the railroads. So far the Straits papers spend their space in talking about them, for at present there are only twenty-three or twenty-four miles of narrow gauge produce railway open near a civilised place called Pirates' Creek in the Peninsula. The Sultan of Johore is or has been wavering over a concession for a railway through his country which will ultimately connect with this Pirates' Creek line. Singapur is resolved ere long to bridge over the mile or mile-and-a-half Straits between herself and the State of Johore. In this manner a beginning will be made of the southerly extension of Colquhoun's great line running, let us say, from Singapur

through the small States and Siam without a break into the great Indian railway systems so that a man will be able to book from here to Calcutta direct. Anything like a business summary of the railway schemes that come up for discussion from time to time would fill a couple of these letters and would be uncommonly dry reading. You know the sort of "shop" talk that rages among engineers and *talukdars* when a new line is being run in India through perfectly known ground whose traffic potentialities may be calculated to the last pie. It is very much the same here, with the difference that no one knows for a certainty what the country ahead of the surveys is like or where the development is likely to stop. This gives breeziness to the conversation. The audacity of the speakers is amazing to one who has been accustomed to see things through Indian eyes. They hint at "running up the Peninsula," establishing communications here, consolidating influence there, and Providence only knows what else : but never a word do they breathe about the necessity for increased troops to stand by and back these little operations. Perhaps they assume that the Home Government will provide, but it does seem strange to hear them cold-bloodedly discussing notions that will inevitably demand doubled garrisons to keep the ventures out of alien hands. However, the merchant-men will do their work, and I suppose we shall borrow three files and a sergeant from somewhere or other when the time comes, and people begin to realise what sort of a gift our Straits Settlements are. It is so cheap to prophesy. They will in the near future grow into ——.

The Professor looked over my shoulder at this point. "Bosh !" said he. "They will become just a supplementary China—another field for Chinese cheap labour. When the Dutch Settlements were returned in 1815—all these islands hereabouts you know—we should have handed over these places as well. Look !" He pointed at the swarming Chinamen below.

"Let me dream my dream, 'Fessor. I'll take my hat in a minute and settle the question of Chinese immigration in five minutes." But I confess it was mournful to look into the street which ought to have been full of Beharis, Madrassis and men from the Konkan.

Then up and spake a sun-burned man who had interests in North Borneo—he owned caves in the mountains, some of them *nine hundred feet* high so please you, and filled with the guano of ages—and had been telling me leech-stories till my flesh crawled. "North Borneo," said he calmly, "wants a million of labourers to do her any good. One million coolies. Men are wanted everywhere—in the Peninsula, in Sumatra for the tobacco planting, in Java—everywhere ; but Borneo—the Company's provinces that is to say—needs a million coolies." It is pleasant to oblige a stranger, and I felt that I spoke with India at my back. "We could oblige you with two million or twenty for the matter of that and raise a famine even with the remainder," said I generously.

"Your men are no good," said the North Borneo man. "If one man goes away he must have a whole village to look after his wants. India as a labour field is no good to us, and the Sumatra men say that your coolies either can't or won't tend tobacco properly. We must have China coolies as the land develops."

Oh India, Oh my country ! This it is to have inherited a highly organised civilisation and an ancient precedence code. That your children shall be scoffed at by the alien as useless outside their own pot-bound provinces. Here was a labour-outlet, a door to full dinners through which men—yellow men with pigtails—were pouring by the ten thousand, while in Bengal the cultured native editor was shrieking over "atrocities" committed in moving a few hundred souls a few hundred miles into Assam.

The night had fallen when I went out to settle the immigration question and to investigate a coolie depôt. It is not considered respectable to take any one of the four thousand 'rickshaws that ply for hire in the city. Therefore I took one and promptly found my reward, for the human animal that pulled it could not conceive an Englishman's wishing to go to any street save one, and so took me thither through a new and glorified town a-twinkle with multitudinous 'rickshaw lights, enlivened by the tolling bell and ruby headlamp of the steam-tramway. There were Chinese lanterns in all the shops, and at first I vastly admired them all; and there were thousands of Chinamen in each street, and these I did not admire. They were too like the horrible immortals in *Gulliver's Travels*, and their speech was not human. Later, always being jostled by the 'rickshaws, I was wheeled into a street full of men eating at little stalls—five or six men to a stall—and upon these I beheld why the Aryan cannot immigrate. Three hundred and fifty Hindus engaged on their *roti khana* would block the *Strand* while they sat down and kept it waiting for an hour while they got ready for their meal. A Chinaman is otherwise. I counted three hundred and fifty eaters in about a quarter of a mile. One man whom I timed took rather less than five minutes over a big bowl of somethings mercifully hidden in milky juice, some fowls' insides with three sauces, some bread and jam, a mass of rice and a drink of syrup at the next stall. Then he tossed down his money, lit a cheroot—that proved he was a man—and departed without ceremonial ablutions. Hence it was evident that the race pack close and eat quickly, sitting on stools or squatting on benches.

When the first feeling of repulsion at seeing men eat in public was over, it seemed an excellent idea and explained why the native of our world is so very much handicapped. "I will return," said I, "and evolve a theory." But there fell on my ears the war-whoop of Collinga Bazaar, and I was in the middle of quite a different coolie depôt from the one I had set out to see—*videlicet* being affectionately hugged by Miss or Mrs. Bertha Blumm, a German of doubtful nationality. Seeing that it was impossible to escape from Miss Blumm without provoking an unseemly shindy I e'en made the best of it and, with the last lingering thought for a respectable station thousands of miles away, sat out at eleven o'clock at night drinking beer with Bertha Blumm under the stars. She was communicative but not truthful. "Does I not somedimes feel very wearied und sick ? Mein Gott yes : boot it is my pizness, und in der daytime I takes my work upon which I sews mit a needle und sit here—quiet. It is nefer quiet in der night here, und der heat is enof to kill. You see my house. I pay for dot one thousand dollars to Ernestine—she haf gone to Russia mit seven thousand dollars—one thousand for the good will that you call of der blace. Und I could sell to-morrow for twelf hondred dollars. Joost so mooch. Yes : I will be one day also rich—if I do keep alife, but of dot I am not so sure."

In pursuance of the enlightened policy of the people who live in seventy-five pound houses not more than four miles from Charing Cross the large and remarkably mixed port of Singapur is of course entirely unprotected and its arrangements reflect great credit upon the sensitive criminals responsible for them. If a few of the members who voted in the House on a recent memorable division could have sat with me last night and listened to Bertha Blumm discussing the laws of demand and supply in her "pizness" I think they would have shuddered. I finished the beer and went away, leaving Bertha to enjoy the "good will" of her house in peace, while I stumbled into a city of Chinese abominations dressed in sulphur, flame-coloured and black silks and satins, their faces powdered and glaring flowers in their hair. In front of each establishment blazed a Chinese lantern : inside, against a background of red and black, gold, bronze and lacquer and the faces of hideous gods, sat these expressionless women who might have been dead and stuffed for any sign that they made while I watched. It was unearthly and unhuman. They glared and their eyes were like the eyes of the grinning dragons behind them. Everywhere sat the unclean men eating unclean things without any regard for caste : and their very shadows with enormous pigtails streaming away up the house walls were not like the shadows of other men. Unholy music that set the teeth ajar burst from shuttered houses, and the air was choking with Chinese tobacco. In other streets where there were few or no lights the crowd gathered round the traveller who stopped—men dropped from walls, poured from under the crevices of doors and, for aught I know, were spawned by the stinking pavement under foot.

Once or twice I thought I saw a native of India and tried to speak to him, but the tide of clattering 'rickshaws bore us on into this mass of China men, through places set apart for Indians, for Chinese women of the port (here were some very rude and drunken sailors who considered a cheroot unjustifiable side, but staggered too much to give chase), and lastly into a street of very quiet houses all shuttered and barred. Has Mr. Caine been here by the way ? He would not have liked the licensed opium and spirit farms whence Singapur derives so much of her thirty thousand pound annual surplus. There is no concealment about them, and they do not seem to affect the tireless energy of the pigtail.

The quiet houses were all licensed coolie depôts for labourers from China, linking in connection with similar depôts in Hongkong. Thus the Hongkong agent procures, the terse call it, so many coolies in response to a demand from Singapur. To these he gives their passage and an advance, receiving a draft for a certain sum from the Singapur man. On the arrival of the coolie ship—*never* travel by a coolie ship—the gangs are sorted among the depôts here and, so far as I can gather, they stay for about ten days in the depôt until they are taken up by employers of labour, the depôt man receiving about eighty dollars a head for each healthy individual. Hence it is obvious that the interest of the depôt is to keep the coolie well and fit : while it is equally to the interest of the coolie who has got his advance to quit. In ancient days I believe he quitted frequently for the purpose of "jumping the bounty," but now a narrow-minded Legislature has him photographed. If you have ever seen Chinamen scatter before the camera you will understand what this means. The coolie depôts are licensed by Government, but pay nothing for the license except in their liability to frequent inspection. A dollar stamp is raised on each labour contract and they sign about thirty thousand yearly in Singapur.

I made my own inspection after hammering at closed doors with golden flowers on them, and was received by a small boy who appeared to be the head of the depôt. The ground story was empty save for the remnants of food. When a Chinaman is not working or eating he is always smoking over a just completed dinner. On the first floor there was a distinct *esprit de corps* and the head of the landing gave on to a passage barred by great beams of wood, one of which the boy unlocked and slid out, and I stepped on to coolies all naked save for a blue loin-cloth, most of them smoking, and all as quiet as the grave. There was a flare lamp in each room of the four I entered, and it showed me the faces of imps and devils, no two alike "One hundred coolies here" said the boy, and the yellow men rose up, winking at the light but making no sound. They were all strong men, for a weakling must be sent back to China at the expense of his shipping headman, and they were all well fed. Can't you imagine the shriek of indignation that would follow on the news that Assam coolies were locked up for the night ? And can't you imagine how a hundred Indian coolies would behave in a foreign land ? How they would imagine that they were going to be killed, how they would clamour to have their women with them, how they would squabble over their food and be swayed all night through by groundless terrors and fears of defilement ? These men were dumb and sleepy, but they found time to laugh when a pot-bellied little fellow, just like a Japanese carving, rose up and announced that he was a Hakka.

"Eighty-four going tomollow in a ship to Sumatra," said the boy. A coolie agent makes about fifty dollars clear profit on each man. Some of the firms are the richest in the place. When I left the bare rooms the boy slid the bar into its place to keep the men safe. There was a landing well from top to bottom of the house, and this was securely protected by beams. "Man throw himself down," said the boy cheerfully. "For why ?," said I. "Oh, get little tiled—no use, chuck himself underside there." Once more, what can you do with a race who depart this life unceremoniously when they get "a little tired."

"'Fessor," I said in the morning, "India's a great country, but the only thing it's fit for is to be nursed by the *sahib-log*" : and I told him what I had seen. "In the meantime," I concluded, "there's the Native Press doing all it knows to stop what little emigration we have. Fancy all this immense demand for labour turning to China when, if the people were only sensible, we could make a new

India hereabouts, destroy the Colonial Civil Service, and recruit our own army, and, and"—

"We'll go to the Botanical Gardens," said the Professor. "I don't think you are to be trusted to reorganise empires. Allee same one piecee kite—no have savvy. Blong your pidgin *bukh*."

The Professor knows too much Chinese.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

VI.—OF THE WELL-DRESSED ISLANDERS OF SINGAPUR AND THEIR DIVERSIONS; PROVING THAT ALL STATIONS ARE EXACTLY ALIKE AND GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO THE SIMPLE TRAVELLER. SHOWS HOW ONE CHICAGO JEW AND AN AMERICAN CHILD CAN POISON THE PUREST MIND.

"We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in Charity."

WHEN one comes to a new station the first thing to do is to call on the inhabitants. This duty I had neglected, preferring to consort with Chinese till the Sabbath, when I learnt that Singapur went to the Botanical Gardens and listened to secular music. This by all Indian standards seemed so desperately improper that I went to do honour to the occasion in a superior *tikka gharri* without a number-plate on the back. By the way, it is not wholesome to hire carriages anywhere within the limits of the Straits Settlement, for the prices are exorbitant and the drivers are invariably very rude. One of them threw a lavish fare not exactly at my head but thereabouts, and was much surprised to find himself gently shaken. He was a Tamil.

"You have been," said a policeman when I returned from the midnight ramble mentioned in the previous letter, "where not one Englishman in five hundred ever thinks of going." It was only just, therefore, to go where all the Englishmen in the island congregated. The Botanical Gardens would have been lovely at Kew, but here, where one knew that they were the only place of recreation open to the inhabitants, they were not pleasant. All the plants of all the tropics grew there together, and the orchid-house was roofed with thin battens of wood—just enough to keep off the direct rays of the sun. It held waxy-white splendours from Manil a, the Philippines and tropical Africa—plants that were half-slugs, drawing their nourishment apparently from their own wooden labels; but there was no difference between the temperature of the orchid-house and the open air: both were heavy, dank and steaming. I would have given a month's pay—but I have no month's pay—for a clear breath of stifling hot wind from the sands of Sirsa, for the darkness of a Punjab duststorm, in exchange for the perspiring plants and the tree-fern that sweated audibly.

Just when I was most impressed with my measureless distance from India the carriage ran up a ridge to the sound of slow music, and I was in the middle of an Indian station—not quite as big as Allahabad, and infinitely prettier than Lucknow. It overlooked the gardens that sloped in ridge and hollow below; and the barracks were set in much greenery, and there was a mess-house that suggested long and cooling drinks, and there walked round about a British band—just We our Noble Selves. In the centre was the pretty *Memsahib* with light hair and fascinating manners, and the plump little *Memsahib* that talks to everybody and is in everybody's confidence, and the spinster fresh from home and the gram-fed, well-groomed subaltern with the jharun coat and fox-terrier. On the benches sat the fat colonel, and the large judge, and the engineer's wife, and the merchantman and his family after their kind—male and female met I them, and but for the little fact that they were entire strangers to me I would have saluted them all as old friends. I knew what they were talking about, could see them taking stock of each other's dresses out of the corners of their eyes, could see the young men backing and filing across the ground in order to walk with the young maidens, and could hear the "Do you think so's" and "Not really's" of our polite conversation. It is an awful thing to sit in a *tikka gharri* and watch one's own people, and know that though you know their life you have neither part nor lot in it.

"I am a shadow now, alas! alas!
Upon the skirts of human nature dwelling"

I said mournfully to the Professor. He was looking at Mrs.———, or someone so like her that it came to the same thing. "Am I travelling round the world to discover *these* people?" said he. "I've seen 'em all before. There's Captain Such-an-one and Colonel Such-another and Miss Whats-its-name as large as life and twice as pale."

The Professor had hit it. That was the difference. People in Singapur are dead-white—as white as Naaman—and the veins on the backs of their hands are painted in indigo.

It is as though the rains were just over and none of the womenfolk had been allowed to go to the hills. Yet no one talks about the unhealthiness of Singapur. A man lives well and happily until he begins to feel unwell. Then he feels worse because the climate allows him no chance of pulling himself together—and then he dies. Typhoid fever appears to be one gate of death, as it is in India: also liver. The nicest thing in the station, which lies of course far from the native town and boasts pretty little bungalows—is Thomas—dear, white-robed, swaggering, smoking, swearing Thomas Atkins the unchangeable, who listens to the band and wanders down the bazaars, and slings the unmentionable adjective about the palm-trees exactly as though he were in Mian Mir. The 58th (Northamptonshire) live in these parts: so Singapur is quite safe you see.

Nobody would speak to me in the gardens, though I felt that they ought to have invited me to drink, and I crept back to my hotel to eat six different fresh chutnies with one curry.

There is a shop here called John Little and Co. Do not enter it with money or you will go away bankrupt, by reason of the Japanese work that is collected there. The show was beyond description, and much of it, mercifully, beyond my powers of purchase; but I turned the shop upside-down on principle, and I don't think John Little guessed that I was aught other than a dissatisfied millionaire. Here follows a collection of hints to the unwary: they were all gathered in the hotel:—

1. East of Calcutta the price of the whisky peg and the volume of whisky increases: reaching its maximum in America.

2. Try to keep your temper with a Chinese servant. He fiddles round the room with a feather duster. This is to see how you lock your trunks. If you are severe to him he laughs in your face.

3. Before engaging rooms inquire about bathroom accommodation. It will pay you to pay extra for a bath attached to the room. Paddling across bricked wash-houses is not seemly.

4. Never dispute with a *gharriwan*. Hand him over to the nearest policeman, who will talk to him.

5. *Always* hand a wharf boatman in the same direction.

6. Distrust all information that you may pick up from a clerk in a shipping office as regards dates of sailings, &c. He tells lies from incompetence. The white man in charge speaks the truth

7. (And this is the most important.) Never believe a word the local *dhobis* say. Give them half as much as they say they can wash and send a man to sit with them while they are washing. Thus shall you be saved annoyances at the last moment.

8. Take plenty of white dinner jackets and a cummerband for evening dress. This gives you a false air of cleanliness.

9. Don't knock about Singapur at night without a friend in the police.

10. When in doubt go to the post office. They know everything there except how to weigh letters.

11. Never, never, *never* make friends with a child because it is pretty or engaging: sooner or later it develops into a little devil and sits on your chest.

12. Don't buy English things in Singapur at the Europe stores. Get what you want in Calcutta, and at the cost of temporary inconvenience do without as much as you can. And this ends Singapur. The P. and O. steamer has come in and starts at five this evening—wharf four miles away from anywhere and near a mangrove swamp.

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I want to go Home! I want to go back to India! I am miserable. The *Nawab* at this time of the year ought to have been empty, instead of which we have one hundred first-class passengers and sixty-six second. All the pretty girls are in the latter class. Something must have happened at Colombo—two steamers must have clashed. We have the results of collision, and we are a menagerie. The captain says that there ought to have been only ten or twelve passengers by rights, and had the rush been anticipated a larger steamer would have been provided. Personally I consider that half the inhabitants ought to be thrown overboard. They are only travelling round the world for pleasure, and that sort of dissipation leads to the forming of hasty and intemperate opinions. Anyhow, give me freedom and the cockroaches of the British India where we dined on deck, altered the hours of the meals by plebiscite, and were lords of all we saw. You know the chain-gang regulations of the P. and O.: how you must approach the captain standing on your head with your feet waving reverently; how you must crawl into the presence of the chief steward on your belly and call him thrice puissant Bottle-washer; how you must not smoke abaft the sheep-pens; must not stand in the companion; must put on a clean coat when the ship's library is opened; and, crowning injustice, must order your drinks for tiffin and dinner one meal in advance. How can a man full of Pilsener beer reach that keen, set state of quiescence needful for ordering his dinner liquor? This shows ignorance of human nature. The P. and O. want healthy competition. They call their captains commanders and act as though 'twere a favour to allow you to embark. Again, freedom and the British India for ever, and down with the comforts of a coolie ship and the prices of a palace.

There are about thirty ladies on board and I have been watching with a certain amount of indignation their concerted attempt at killing the stewardess—a delicate and sweet-mannered lady. I think they will accomplish their end by this voyage. The saloon is ninety feet long and the stewardess runs up and down it for nine hours a day. In her intervals of relaxation she carries cups of beef-tea to the frail sylphs who cannot exist without food between 9 A.M. and 1 P.M. This morning she advanced to me and said, as though it were the most natural thing in the world: "Shall I take away your tea-cup, Sir?" She was a real white woman, and the saloon was full of hulking, half-bred Portuguese. One young Englishman let her take his cup, and actually did not turn round when he handed it. This is awful and teaches me, as nothing else has done, how far I am from the blessed East. She (the stewardess) talks, standing up, to men who sit down.

We in India are currently supposed to be unkind to our servants. I should very much like to see a *mehtranee ayah* doing one-half of the work these strapping matrons and maids exact from their sister. They make her carry things about and don't even say "Thank you." She has no name, and if you bawl "Stewardess" she is bound to come. Isn't it degrading?

But the real reason of my wish to return is because I have met a lump of Chicago Jews and am afraid that I shall meet many more. The ship is full of Americans, but the American-German-Jew boy is the most awful of all. One of them has money and wanders from bow to stern asking strangers to drink, bossing lotteries on the run, and committing other atrocities. It is currently reported that he is dying. Unfortunately he does not die quickly enough. The others talk about dollars and business, and their voices alone are enough to make one contradict them. They cannot be pork-butchers because they are Jews, and I am torturing myself to discover from what unholy traffic they derive their obscene wealth. If America is full of these things India will shortly be richer by one returned loafer begging his way along the Grand Trunk Road. Their only use is that they swear quite new oaths—most, most curious—which I am writing down. The girls appear to be going round the world in couples, alone and without guides. The obvious explanation of this is that they once spoke to a guide in their national tongue—which has nothing whatever to do with our English—and that when he had recovered from the stroke he warned his fellows.

But the real monstrosity of the ship is an American who is not quite grown up. I cannot call it a boy, though officially it is only eight, wears a striped jacket and eats with the children. It has the wearied appearance of an infant monkey—there are lines round its mouth and under its eyebrows. When it has nothing else to do it will answer to the name of Albert. It has been two years on the continuous travel; has spent a month in India; has seen "Damarskus," Constantinople, Tripoli, Spain; has lived in tents and on horseback for thirty days and thirty nights, as it was careful to inform me; and has exhausted the round of this world's delights. There is no flesh on its bones and it lives in the smoking-room financing the arrangements of the daily lottery. I was afraid of it, but it followed me and in a level expressionless voice began to tell me how lotteries were constructed. When I protested that I knew it continued without regarding the interruption, and finally, as a reward for my patience, volunteered to give me the names and idiosyncrasies of all on board. Then it vanished through the smoking-room window because the door was only eight feet high, and therefore too narrow for that bulk of abnormal experiences. On certain subjects it was partly better informed than I: on others it displayed the infinite credulity of a two-year-old. But the wearied eyes were ever the same. They will be the same when it is fifty. I was more sorry for it than I could say. All its reminiscences had got jumbled and incidents of Spain were called into Turkey and India. Some day a schoolmaster will get hold of it and try to educate it, and I should dearly like to see at which end he will begin. The head is too full already and the—the other part does not exist. Albert is, I presume, but an ordinary American child. He was to me a revelation. Now I want to see a little American girl—but not now—not just now. My nerves are shattered by the Jews, and the cabins, and Albert: and unless they recover their tone I shall turn back at Yokohama.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

No. VII.—SHOWS HOW I ARRIVED IN CHINA AND SAW ENTIRELY THROUGH THE GREAT WALL AND OUT UPON THE OTHER SIDE.

> "Where naked ignorance
> Delivers brawling judgments all day long
> On all things unashamed."

No: on second thoughts I will continue to advance into the unknown and dare the America which lies beyond China. In this resolve I am not influenced by the knowledge that I all but fell in love with all the American girls of whom I wrote despitefully. The hot weather needs of Anglo-India demand that I should progress.

The past few days have been spent amid a new people and a very strange one. There were speculators from South Africa; finance men from home (these never talked in anything under hundreds of thousands of pounds and, I fear, bluffed awfully); there were Consuls of far-off China ports and partners of China shipping houses talking a talk and thinking thoughts as different from ours as is our slang from the slang of London. But it would not interest you to learn the story of our shipload—to hear about the hard-headed Scotch merchant who had a taste for spiritualism, and over the last cheroot before turning in begged me to tell him whether there was really anything in Theosophy and whether Tibet was full of levitating *chelas* as he believed; or of the little London curate out for a holiday who had seen India and had faith in the progress of missionary work there—who believed that the C. M. S. was shaking the thoughts and convictions of the masses, and that the Word of the Lord would ere long prevail above all other councils. He also in the night-watches tackled and disposed of the great mysteries of Life and Death, and was looking forward to a lifetime of toil amid a parish without a single rich man in it. From him I learned a little how people at home regard the repeal of a certain Act. To all I urged his only answer was: "My dear Sir, would you set expediency above principle?" There was no answer.

When you are in the China seas be careful to keep all your flannel-ware to hand. In an hour the steamer swung from tropical heat (including prickly) to a cold raw fog, as wet as a Scotch mist. Morning showed us in a new world—somewhere between Heaven and Earth. The sea was smoked glass, and reddish grey islands lay upon it under fog banks that hovered fifty feet above our heads. The squat sails of junks danced for an instant like autumn leaves in the breeze and disappeared, and there was no solidity in the islands against which the glassy levels splintered in snow. The steamer groaned and grunted and howled through her funnel because she was so damp and miserable, and I groaned also because the guide-book said that Hong-Kong was the finest harbour in the world, and I could not see two hundred yards in any direction. Yet this ghostlike in-gliding through the belted fog was livelily mysterious, and became more so when the movement of the air vouchsafed us a glimpse of a warehouse and a derrick, both apparently close aboard, and behind them the shoulder of a mountain. Lacking this sight I should have sworn even after the lapse of forty-eight hours that Hong-Kong is as flat as Mian Mir. We made our way into a sea of flat-nosed boats all manned by most muscular humans, and the Professor said that the time to study the Chinese question was now. We, however, were carrying a new General to these parts, and nice, new, well-fitting uniforms came off to make him welcome: and in the contemplation of things too long withheld from me I forgot about the Chinese. Gentlemen of the mess-room, who would wear jharun coats on parade if you could, wait till you have been a month without seeing a patrol-jacket or hearing a spur go *ling-a-ling*, and you will know why civilians always want you to wear uniform. The General, by the way, was a nice General. He did not know much about the Indian Army or the ways of a gentleman called Roberts, if I recollect aright; but he said that Lord Wolseley was going to be a sort of Commander-in-Chief one of these days on account of the pressing needs of the Army. He was a revelation because he talked about nothing but English military matters, which are very, very different from Indian ones and are mixed up with politics in a wholly disgraceful manner.

The vastness of our cohorts before mentioned disorganised all the hotels—a small thing in itself but notable at the time, because it necessitated running about under fine driving rain behind a furious 'rickshaw coolie who, having carefully waterproofed the fare into helplessness, collided with all opposition 'rickshaws from sheer vanity. All Hong-Kong is built on the sea face: the rest is fog. One muddy road runs for ever in front of a line of houses which are partly Chowringhee and partly Rotherhithe. You live in the houses, and when wearied of this walk across the road and drop into the sea if you can find a square foot of unencumbered water. So vast is the accumulation of country shipping and such is its dirtiness as it rubs against the bund that the superior inhabitants are compelled to hang their boats from davits above the common craft, who are greatly disturbed by a multitude of steam-launches. These ply for amusement and the pleasure of whistling, and are held in such small esteem that every hotel owns one and the others are masterless. Beyond the launches lie more steamers than the eye can count, and four out of five of these belong to Us. I was proud when I saw the shipping at Singapur, but I swell with patriotism as I watch the fleets of Hong-Kong from the balcony of the Victoria Hotel. I can almost spit into the water: but mariners stand below and they are a strong breed.

The Victoria Hotel may be inferior to the Hong-Kong, to which the traveller is recommended: in which case the latter must be more than good. They feed and lodge you with sumptuousness here for three dollars a day and prices are much lower than in Singapur, pegs being ten cents cheaper and the quantity of whisky larger.

How recklessly selfish does a traveller become! We had dropped for more than ten days all the world outside our trunks, and almost the first word in the hotel was:—"John Bright is dead and there has been an awful hurricane at Samoa." "Ah! indeed that's very sad: but look here, where do you say my rooms are?" At home the thing would have given talk for half a day. It was dismissed in half the length of a hotel corridor. One cannot sit down to think with a new world humming outside the window—with all China to enter upon and possess.

A rattling of trunks in the hall—a click of heels—and the apparition of an enormous gaunt woman wrestling with a small Madrassi servant. . . . . "Yes—I have travelled everywhere und I shall trafel aferywhere else. I go now to Shanghai and Pekin. I have been in Moldavia, Russia, Beyrout, all Persia, Colombo, Delhi, Dacca, Benares, Allahabad, Peshawar, the Ali Musjid in that pass, Malabar, Singapur, Penang, here in this place und Canton. I am Austrian-Croat und I shall see the States of America and perhaps Ireland. I travel for ever. I am, how you call—*veuve*—widow. My husband he was dead und so I am sad—I am always sad und so I trafel. I am alife of course, but I do not live—you understandt always sad. Vill you tell them the name of the ship to which they shall warf my trunks now. You trafel for pleasure. So! I trafel because I am alone und sad—always sad."

The trunks disappeared, the door shut, the heels clicked down the passage and I was left scratching my head in wonder. How did that conversation begin—why did it end and what was the use of meeting eccentricities who never explained themselves? I shall never get an answer, but that conversation is true, every word of it. I am beginning to see now where the fragmentary school of novelists get their material from. Saratoga will show me yet more.

When I went into the streets of Hong-Kong I stepped into thick slushy London mud, the kind that strikes chilly through the boot, and the rattle of innumerable wheels was as the rattle of hansoms. A soaking rain fell and all the sahibs hailed 'rickshaws—they call them *'ricks* here—and the wind was chiller than the rain. It was beautiful. It was the first touch of honest weather since Calcutta. No wonder with such a climate that Hong-Kong was ten times "liver" than Singapur, that there were signs of building everywhere and gas jets in all the houses, that colonnades and domes were scattered broadcast and the Englishman walked as Englishmen should—hurriedly and looking forward. All the length of the main street was verandahed and the Europe shops squandered plate glass by the square yard. [*Nota bene.*—As in Simla so elsewhere: mistrust the plate glass shops. You pay for their fittings in each purchase.]

The same providence that runs big rivers so near to large cities puts the main thoroughfare close to big hotels. I went down Queen's Street, which is not very hilly. All the other streets that I looked up were built in steps after the fashion of Clivelly, and under blue skies would have given the Professor scores of good photographs. The rain and the fog blotted the views. Each upward climbing street ran out in white mist that covered the sides of a hill, and the downward sloping ones were lost in the steam from the waters of the harbour, and both were very strange to see. It is not seemly that the flank of a ship and the flank of a hill should close two views. "Hi-yi-you!" said my 'rickshaw coolie and balanced me on one wheel. I got out and met first a German with a beard, then three jolly sailor boys from a ship they called the *Impiroogе*, then a sergeant of Sappers, then a Parsee, then two Arabs—Gulf Arabs—then an American, then a Hebrew Jew or his nose lied its whole book, then a few th usand Chinese all carrying something and then the Professor.

"They make plates—instantaneous plates—in Tokio I'm told. What d'you think of that" he said. "Why, in India, the Survey are the only people who make their own plates. Instantaneous plates in Tokio: think of it!"

I had owed the Professor one for a long time. "After all," I replied, "it strikes me that we have made the mistake of thinking too much of India. We thought we were civilised for instance. Let us begin with shame to take a lower place. This beats Calcutta into a hamlet."

And in good truth it did, because it was clean beyond the ordinary, because the houses were uniform, three storied and verandahed, and the pavements were of stone. I met one horse, very ashamed of himself, who was looking after a cart on the sea road, but upstairs there are no vehicles save 'rickshaws. Hong-Kong has killed the romance of the 'rickshaw in my mind. They ought to be sacred to pretty ladies, instead of which men go to office in them, officers in full canonicals use them, tars try to squeeze in two abreast, and from what I have heard down at the barracks they do occasionally bring to the guard-room the drunken defaulter. "He falls asleep inside of it, Sir, and saves trouble." The Chinese naturally have the town for their own and profit by all our building improvements and regulations. Their golden and red signs flame down the Queen's road, but they are careful to supplement their own tongue by well-executed Europe lettering. I found only one exception, thus:

FUSSING, CARPENTER
AND CABINET NAKER
HAS GOOD CABI
NETS FOR SALE.

The shops are made to catch the sailor and the curio hunter, and they succeed admirably. When you come to these parts put all your money in a bank and tell the manager man not to give it you, however much you ask. So shall you be saved from bankruptcy.

The Professor and I made a pilgrimage from the Kee Sing even unto Yi King, who sells the decomposed fowl, and each shop was good. Though it sold shoes or sucking pigs, there was some delicacy of carving or gilded tracery in front to hold the eye, and each thing was quaint and striking of its kind. A fragment of twisted roots helped by a few strokes into the likeness of huddled devils, a running knop and flower cornice, a pinjia work half-screen, a dull red and gold half-door, a split bamboo screen—they were all good and their joinings and splicings and mortisings were accurate. The baskets of the coolie were accurate in shape, and the fitment of the lid on the base and the rattan fastenings that clenched it to the polished bamboo yoke were whipped down, so that there were no loose ends. You could slide in and out the drawers in the slung chests of the man who sold dinners to the 'rickshaw coolies, and the pistons of the little wooden hand-pumps in the shops worked accurately in their sockets.

I was studying these things while the Professor was roaming through cabinets, carved ivories, broidered silks, panels of inlay and incrustation, tortoise-shell filligree, jade-tipped pipes and the God of Art only knows what else.

"I don't think even as much of him as I used to do," said the Professor, taking up a tiny ivory grotesque of a small baby trying to pull a water-buffalo out of its wallow—the whole story of beast and baby written in the hard ivory. The same thought was in both our minds: we had gone near the subject once or twice before.

"They are a hundred times his superior in mere idea—let alone execution" said the Professor, his hand on a sketch in woods and gems of a woman caught in a gale of wind protecting her baby from its violence.

"Yes, and don't you see that they only introduce aniline dyes into things intended for *us*. Whereas *he* wears them on his body whenever he can. What made this yellow image of a shopman here take delight in a dwarf orange-tree in a turquoise blue pot" I continued, sorting a bundle of cheap China spoons—all good in form, colour and use. The big-bellied Chinese lanterns above us swayed in the wind with a soft chafing of oiled paper, but they made no sign and the shopkeeper in blue was equally useless.

"You wanchee buy? Heap plitty things here?" said he, and he filled a tobacco-pipe from a dull-green leather pouch held at the mouth with a little bracelet of plasma, or it might have been the true jade. He was playing with a brown-wood abacus and by his side was his day-book bound in oiled paper, and the tray of Indian ink, with the brushes and the porcelain supports for the brushes. You know how pretty is Urdu when properly written and how nasty is the bunnia's *shikast*. He made an entry in his book—you cannot transpose pages in a Chinese account-book: it would show—and daintily painted in his latest transaction. The Chinese have been doing this for a few thousand years, but Life and its experiences is as new to me as it was to Adam, and I marvelled.

"Wanchee buy?" reiterated the shopman after he had made his last flourish.

"You," said I in the new tongue which I am acquiring with amazing facility, "wanchee know one piecee *khubber* b'long my pidgin. Savvy these things. Have got soul, you?"

"Have got how?"

"Have got one piecee soul—allee same spilit? No savvy? This way then—your people lookee allee same devil; but makee culio allee same pocket Joss, and not giving any explanation. *Kiswaste* are you such a horrible contradiction?"

"No savvy. Two dollar an half" he said, balancing a cabinet in his hand. The Professor had not heard. His mind was oppressed with the fate of Hindu.

"There are three races who can work" said the Professor, looking down the seething street where the 'rickshaws tore up the slush, and the babel of Hokiang, Cantonese and pidgin went up to the yellow fog in a jumbled snarl.

"But there is only one that can swarm" I answered. "The Hindu cuts his own throat and dies, and there are too few of the *Sahib log* to last for ever. These people work and spread. They must have souls or they couldn't understand pretty things."

"I can't make it out" said the Professor. "They are better artists than the Hindu—that carving you are looking at is Japanese by the way—better artists and stronger workmen, man for man. They pack close and eat everything, and they can live on nothing."

"And I've been praising the beauties of Indian art all my days." It was a little disappointing when you come to think of it, but I tried to console myself by the thought that the two lay so far apart there was no comparison possible. And yet accuracy is surely the touchstone of all arts.

"They will overwhelm the world" said the Professor calmly, and he went out to buy tea.

It was useless to say that they would get a bad bargain if they did, for everything must be possible to a people that work like the Chinese. Even the globe-trotter if he is a week in India must see men sleeping in the daytime. Neither at Penang, Singapur nor this place have I seen a single Chinaman asleep while daylight lasted. Nor have I seen twenty men who were obviously loafing. All were going to some definite end—if it were only, like the coolie on the wharf, to steal wood from the scaffolding of a half-built house. In his own land I believe the Chinaman is treated with a certain amount of carelessness, not to say ferocity. Where he hides his love of art the Heaven that made him out of the yellow earth that holds so much iron only knows. His love is for little things, or else why should he get quaint pendants for his pipe and at the backmost back of his shop build up for himself a bowerbird's collection of odds and ends, every one of which has beauty if you hold it sufficiently close to the eye and ponder upon it? It grieves me that I cannot account for the ideas of a few hundred million men in a few hours. This much, however, seems certain. If we had control over as many Chinamen as we have natives of India, and had given them one tithe of the cossetting, the painful pushing forward, and studious, even nervous, regard of their interests and aspirations, we should long ago have been expelled from or have reaped the reward of the richest land on the face of God's earth. A pair of my shoes have been oddly enough wrapped in a newspaper

which carries for its motto the words "There is no Indian nation, though there exist the germs of an Indian nationality" or something very like that. This thing has been moving me to unholy laughter. The great big lazy land that we nurse and wrap in cotton-wool and ask every morning whether it is strong enough to get out of bed, seems like a heavy soft cloud on the far away horizon. And the babble that we were wont to raise about its precious future and its possibilities, the talk of children in the streets who have made a horse out of a pea-pod and match-sticks, and wonder if it will ever walk. I am sadly out of concert of mine own other, not mother, country now that I have had my boots blacked *instanter* every time I happened to take them off. The blacker did not do it for the sake of *bakshish*. Like the beaver of old, he had to climb that tree: the dogs were after him. There was competition.

* * * * *

Is there really such a place as Hong-Kong? People say so, but I have not yet seen it. Once indeed the clouds lifted and I saw a granite house perched like a cherub on nothing, a thousand feet above the town. It looked as if it might be the beginning of a civil station, but a man came up the street and said: "See this fog? It will be like this till September. You'd better go away." I shall not go. I shall encamp in front of the place until the fog lifts and the rain ceases. At present, and it is the third day of April, I am sitting in front of a large coal fire and thinking of the "frosty Caucasus"—*videlicet* you poor creatures in torment afar. And you think as you go to office, orderly-room and *kutcherry* that you are helping forward England's mission in the East. 'Tis a pretty delusion and I am sorry to destroy it: but you have conquered the wrong country.

Let us annex China.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

VIII.—Of Jenny and her Friends. Showing how a Man may go to see Life and meet Death there. Of the Felicity of Life and the Happiness of Corinthian Kate. The Sin of seeing Things, and the Woman and the Cholera.

> "Love and let love, and so will I.
> But, sweet, for me no more with you,
> Not while I live, not though I die.
> Goodnight, goodbye!"

I am entirely the man about town and sickness is no word for my sentiments. It began with an idle word in a bar-room. It ended goodness knows where. But the record was to me impressive. That the world should hold French, German and Italian ladies of the ancient profession is no great marvel: but it is to one who has lived in India something shocking to meet again Englishwomen in the same sisterhood. When an opulent papa sends his son and heir round the world to enlarge his mind, does he reflect, I wonder, on the places into which the innocent strolls under the guidance of equally inexperienced friends. I am disposed to think that he does not. In the interests of the opulent papa and from a genuine desire to see what they call life, with a capital Hell, I went through Hongkong for the space of a night. I am glad that I am not a happy father with a stray son who thinks that he knows all the ropes. Vice must be pretty much the same all the round world over, but if a man wishes to to get out of conceit with it let him go to Hongkong.

"Of course things are out and away better at Frisco," said my guide, "but we consider this very fair for the island." The fairness lay four stories up somewhere or other and consisted, as far as I could hear, in trying to knock down walls with fire-irons. It was not till a fat person in a black dressing-gown began to squeal demands for horrible stuff called "a bottle of wine" that I began to understand the glory of the situation. "Life" is a great thing. It consists in swigging sweet champagne that was stolen from a steward of the P. and O. and exchanging bad words with pale-faced baggages who laugh demnibly without effort and without emotion. The *argot* of the real "chippy" (this means man of the world—*Anglicè* half-drunk youth with his hat on the back of his head) is not easy to come at. It requires an apprenticeship in America. I stood appalled at the depth and richness of the American language of which I was privileged to hear a special dialect. There were girls who had been to Leadville and Denver and the wilds of the wilder West, who had seen and probably caused men to die by the hand of the six-shooter, who had acted in minor companies, and who had generally misconducted themselves in a hundred weary ways. They chattered like daws and shovelled down the sickly simkin that made the rooms reek. As long as they talked sensibly things were amusing, but a sufficiency of liquor made the mask drop, and verily they swore by all their gods, chief of whom is Obidient. Very many men have heard a white woman swear, but some few, and among these I have been, are denied the experience. It is quite a revelation: and if nobody tilts you backwards out of your chair you can reflect on heaps of things connected with it. So they cursed and they drank and they told tales, sitting in a circle, till I felt that this was really Life and a thing to be quitted if I wished to like it. The young man who knew a thing or two and gave the girls leave to sell him if they could was there of course, and the hussies sold him as he stood for all he considered himself worth, and I saw the byeplay. Surely the safest way to be fooled is to know everything. Then there was an interlude and some more shrieks and howls which the generous public took as indicating immense mirth and enjoyment of life; and I came to yet another establishment where the landlady lacked the half of her left lung, as a cough betrayed, but was none the less amusing in a dreary way until she also dropped the mask and the playful *badinage* began. All the jokes I had heard before at the other place. It is a poor sort of Life that cannot spring one new jest a day. More than ever did the youth cock his hat and explain that he was a real "chippy" and that there were no flies on him. Anyone without a cast-iron head would be real chippy next morning after one glass of that sirupy champagne. I understand now why men feel insulted when sweet fizz is offered to them. The second interview closed as the landlady gracefully coughed us into the passage and so into the healthy silent streets. She was very ill indeed, and announced that she had four months more to live.

"Are we going to hold these dismal durbars all through the night?" I demanded at the fourth house, where I dreaded the repetition of the thrice told tales.

"It's better in Frisco. Must amuse the girls a little bit y'know. Walk round and wake 'em up. That's Life. You never saw it in India," was the reply.

"No, thank God, I didn't. A week of this would make me hang myself" I returned, leaning wearily against a door-post. There were very loud sounds of revelry by night here, and the inmates needed no waking up. One of them was recovering from a debauch of three days and the other was just entering upon the same course. Providence protected me all through. A certain austere beauty of countenance had made everyone take me for a doctor or a parson—a qualified parson I think: and so I was spared many of the more pronounced jesting and could sit and contemplate the life that was so sweet. I thought of the Oxonian in *Tom and Jerry* playing jigs at the Spinet—you may have seen the old-fashioned plate—while Corinthian Tom and Corinthian Kate danced a stately saraband in a little carpetted room. The worst of it was the women were real women and pretty and like some people I knew, and when they stopped the insensate racket for a while they were well-behaved.

"Pass for real ladies anywhere," said my friend. "Aren't these things well managed?"

Then Corinthian Kate began to bellow for more drinks—it was three in the morning—and the hideous current of talk recommenced.

They spoke about themselves as "gay." This does not look much on paper. To appreciate the full grimness of the sarcasm hear it from their lips amid their own surroundings. I winked with vigour to show that I appreciated life and was a real chippy too, and that upon me, too, there were no flies. There is an intoxication in company that carries a man to excess of mirth: but when a *partie carrée* deliberate sit down to drink and swear the bottom tumbles out of the amusement somehow, and loathing and boredom follow. A

night's reflection has convinced me that there is no hell for these women in another world. They have their own in this life and I have been through it a little way. Still, carrying the brevet rank of doctor, it was my duty to watch through the night to the dawn a patient—gay, always gay remember—quivering on the verge of a complaint called the "jumps." Corinthian Kate will get hers later on. Her companion emerging from a heavy drink was more than enough for me. She was an unmitigated horror until I lost detestation in genuine pity. Never before have I read *Nana* and *L'Assommoir* bound in one volume. Never do I wish to do so again. The fear of death was upon her for the reason that you shall hear.

"I say, you say you come from India. Do you know anything about cholera?"

"A little" I answered. The voice of the questioner was cracked and quavering. A long pause.

"I say Doctor, what are the symptoms of cholera? A woman died just over the street there last week."

"This is pleasant" I thought. But I must remember that it is Life.

"She died last week—cholera. My God, I tell you she was dead in six hours. I guess I'll get cholera too. I can't though. Can I? I thought I had it two days ago. It hurt me terribly. I can't get it. Say Doctor I can't get it, can I? It never attacks people twice does it? Oh *say* it doesn't and be d—d to you. Doctor what are the symptoms of cholera?"

I waited till she had detailed her own attack, assured her that these and no others were the symptoms, and—may this be set to my credit—that cholera never attacked twice. This soothed her for ten minutes. Then she sprang up with an oath and shrieked:—

"I won't be buried in Hongkong. That frightens me. When I die—of cholera—take me to Frisco and bury 'me there. In Frisco—lone mountain Frisco—you hear, Doctor?"

I heard and promised. Outside the birds were beginning to twitter and the dawn was pencilling the *jilmil*.

"I say Doctor, did you ever know Cora Pearl?"

"Knew *of* her." I wondered whether she was going to walk round the room to eternity with her eyes glaring at the ceiling and her hands twisting and untwisting one within the other.

"Well," she began in an impressive whisper, "it was young Duval shot himself on her mat and made a bloody mess there. I mean real bloody. You don't carry a pistol Doctor. Savile did. You didn't know Savile. He was my husband in the States. But I'm English, pure English, that's what I am. Let's have a bottle of wine, I'm so nervous. Not good for me? What the ——No, you're a doctor. You know what's good against cholera. Tell me. Tell me."

She crossed to the *jilmils* and stared out, her hand upon the bolt, and the bolt clacked against the wood because of the tremulous hand.

"I tell you Corinthian Kate's drunk—full as she can hold. She's always drinking. Did you ever see my shoulder—these two marks on it? They were given me by a man—a gentleman—the night before last. I *didn't* fall against any furniture So now. He struck me with his cane twice, the beast, the beast, the beast! If I had been full I'd have knocked dust out of him. The beast. But I only went into the verandah and cried fit to break my heart. Oh the beast!"

She paced the room chafing her shoulder and crooning over it as though it were an animal. Then she swore at the man, at whom also, if her tale be true, I swear most heartily. Then she fell into a sort of stupor, but moaned and swore at the man in her sleep and wailed for the *amah* to come and dress her shoulder.

Asleep she was not unlovely, but the mouth witched and the body was shaken with shiverings, and there was no peace in her at all. Daylight showed her purple-eyed, slack-cheeked and staring, racked with a headache and the nervous twitches. Indeed I was seeing Life with a vengeance: but it did not amuse me, for I felt that I, though I only made capital of her extreme woe, was guilty equally with the rest of my kind that had brought her here. All the same I should dearly have liked to gently but continuously flog the gentleman that struck her.

Then she told lies, at least I was informed that they were lies later on by the real man of the world. They related to herself and her people, and if untrue must have been motiveless, for all was sordid and sorrowful though she tried to gild the page with a book of photos which were the links of some of her past. Not being a man of the world I prefer to believe that the tales were true, and thank her for the honour she did me in the telling.

I had fancied that the house had nothing sadder to show me than her face. Here was I wrong. Corinthian Kate had really been drinking and rose up reeling drunk, which is an awful thing to witness and makes one's head ache sympathetically. Something had gone wrong in the slatternly menage where the plated tea-services were mixed with cheap China, and the household was being called to account. To say that Corinthian Kate was a virago is to give no idea of her powers. I watched her clutching the mosquito net for support, a horror and an offence in the eye of the guiltless day. I heard her swear in a thick sodden voice as I have never yet heard a man swear, and I marvelled that the house did not thunder in on our heads. Her companion interposed but was borne down by a torrent of blasphemy, and the half a dozen little dogs that infested the room removed themselves beyond reach of Corinthian Kate's hand or foot. That she was a handsome woman only made the matter worse. The companion collapsed shivering on one of the couches, and Kate swayed to and fro and cursed God and man and earth and heaven with puffed lips. If Alma Tadema could have painted her—an arrangement in white, black hair, flashing eyes and bare feet—we should have seen the true likeness of the Eternal priestess of humanity. Or she would have been better drawn when the passion was over, tottering across the room, a champagne glass held high above her head, shouting at ten o'clock in the morning for some more of the infamous brewage that was even then poisoning the air of the whole house. She got her liquor and the two women sat down to share it together. That was their breakfast

I went away very sick and miserable, and as the door closed I saw the two drinking.

"Out and away better is Frisco," said the real "chippy" one. "But you see they are awfully nice—could pass for ladies any time they like. I tell you a man has to go round and keep his eyes open among them when he's seeing a little sporting life."

I have seen all that I wish to see and hencefor ward I will pass. There may be better champagne and better drinkers in Frisco and elsewhere, but the talk will be the same and the mouldiness and staleness of it all will be the same till the end of time. If this be Life give me a little honest death, without drinks and without foul jesting. Any way you look at it 'tis a poor performance, badly played and too near to a tragedy to be pleasant. But it seems to amuse the young man wandering about the world and I cannot believe that it is altogether good for me—unless indeed it makes him fonder of his home.

And mine was the greater sin. I was driven by no gust of passion but went in cold-blood to make my account of the Inferno, and to measure the measureless miseries of life. For the wholly insignificant sum of thirty dollars I had purchased information and disgust more than I required and the right to look after a woman half crazed with drink and fear the third part of a terrible night. Mine was the greater sin.

When we stepped back into the world I was glad that the rolling fog mercifully stood between myself and the heaven above.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

IX.—DETAILS A CONVERSATION WITH A TAIPAN AND A GENERAL, AND PROVES IN WHAT MANNER A PICNIC IN THE RAINS MAY BE A SUCCESS.

> " I should like to rise and go
> Where the golden apples grow,
> Where beneath another sky
> Parrot-islands anchored lie."

THE only difficulty is at which end shall I begin, I am oppressed with a very dropsy of knowledge and experience gathered in two days—twice as long as the time that an average globe-trotter devotes to Delhi.

The great Chinese question was abandoned after a walk down Queen's Road and another and much more interesting problem presented itself. The place was so much alive, so built

so lighted and so bloatedly rich to all outward appearance that I wanted to know how these things came about. You can't lavish granite by the cubic ton for nothing, or rivet your khud-faces with Portland cement, or build a five-mile bund or establish a club like a small palace. I sought a *Taipan*, which being translated according to the guide-book means head of an English firm. He was the biggest *Taipan* on the island and quite the nicest. He owned ships and wharves and houses and mines and a hundred other things. To him said I:—

"O *Taipan*, I am a poor person from Calcutta and the liveliness of your place astounds me. How is it that everyone smells of money, whence come your municipal improvements and why are the white men so restless?"

Said the *Taipan*:—"It is because the island is going ahead mightily. Because everything pays. Observe this share-list."

He took me down a list of thirty or less companies—steam-launch companies, mining, rope-weaving, dock, trading, agency and general companies—and with five exceptions all the shares were at premium—some a hundred, some five hundred and others only fifty.

"It is not a boom," said the *Taipan*. "It is genuine. Nearly every man you meet in these parts is a broker and he floats companies."

I looked out of the window at a very ugly clock-tower and beheld how companies were floated. Three men with their hats on the back of their heads converse for ten minutes. To these enters a fourth with a pocket-book. Then all four dive into the Hongkong Hotel for material wherewith to float themselves and—there is your company.

"From these things," said the *Taipan*, "comes the wealth of Hongkong. Every notion pays here, from the dairy-farm upwards. We have passed through our bad times and come to the fat years."

He told me tales of old times—pityingly because he knew I could not understand. All I could tell was that the place dressed by Frisco—from the haircutters' saloons to the liquor-bars. The faces of men were turned to the Golden Gate even while they floated most of the Singapur companies. There is not sufficient push in Singapur alone, so Hongkong helps. Circulars of new companies lay on the bank counters. I moved amid a maze of interests that I could not comprehend and spoke to men whose minds were at Hankow, Foochoo, Amoy or even further, beyond the Yangtze gorges where the Englishman trades.

I was introduced to a gentleman who was concerned in the Chinkiang riots—that is to say he had to go with speed. There was no bitterness in his heart against the Chinese.

"It wasn't as bad an affair as they made out," he said quietly.

"But what happens in those trading stations that you were speaking of, a thousand miles west of Shanghai, if there is a row in the country? You have no help there, have you? Could the Sahibs"———

"The what?" said the man from Chinkiang.

"The Englishmen then. Could they get away?"

"They could *not*. But really there's very little danger inside the country. You could go into India without trouble. I believe of course if anything happens you *must* be knocked on the head: but things don't happen. You ought to stay here a month or two and see the ports. Then you'd begin to understand how we live."

I wanted to make him talk about the riots but he wouldn't. He spoke of the *shikar* beyond Shanghai—"the finest in the world, bar none"—and of tigers recently unearthed at Amoy. Told me, too, how Mr. Norman, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was in Hongkong and had been there for a long time really studying the place and going to Tonquin to see mines.

After a season I escaped from such as floated companies, because I knew I could not understand them, and ran violently up a hill. Hongkong is all hill except when the fog shuts out everything except the sea. Here I found Simla Church enlarged one and a half diameters and built on granite retaining-walls that would break the heart of the Simla Municipality. Tree ferns sprouted on the ground and azaleas mixed with the ferns, and there were bamboos over all. Consequently it was only natural that I should find a tramway that stood on its head and waved its feet in the mist. They called it the Victoria Gap Tramway and hauled it up with a rope. It ran up a hill into space at an angle of 65°, and to those who have seen the Rigi, Mount Washington, a switch-back railway and the like would have been in no sort impressive. But neither you nor I have ever been hauled from Annandale to the Chaura Maidan in a bee-line with a five hundred foot *khud* on the off-side, and we are at liberty to marvel. It is not seemly to run up inclined ways at the tail of a string, more especially when you cannot see two yards in front of you and all earth below is a swirling cauldron of mist. Nor, unless you are warned of the opticalness of the delusion, is it nice to see from your seat houses and trees at magic-lantern angles. Such things before tiffin time are worse than the long roll of the China seas.

They turned me down twelve hundred feet above the city on the military road to Dalhousie, as it will be when India has a surplus. Then they brought me a glorified dandy which, not knowing any better, they called a chair. Except that it is too long to turn corners easily, a chair is vastly superior to a dandy. It is more like a Bombay side *tonjon*—used at Mahableshwar. You sit in a wicker chair, which is slung low on ten feet of elastic wooden shafting, and there are light blinds against the rain.

"We are now," said the Professor as he wrung out his hat gemmed with the dew of the driving mist, "we are now on a pleasure trip. This is the road to Chakrata in the rains."

"Nay," said I, "it is from Solon to Kasauli that we are going. Look at the black rocks."

"Bosh!" said the Professor. "This is a civilised country: look at the road, look at the railings—look at the gutters."

And as I hope never to go to Solon again the road was cemented, the railings were of iron mortised into granite blocks, and the gutters were paved. 'Twas no wider than a hill-path, but if it had been the Viceroy's pet promenade it could not have been better kept. There was no view. That was why the Professor had taken his camera. All we knew was that there was a dear old-fashioned khud below us, and dark rush-grown rock above. We passed coolies widening the road, and houses shut up and deserted, solid squat little houses made of stone, with pretty names after the hill station custom—Tourend, Croggylands and the like—and at these things my heart burned within me. Hongkong has no right to mix itself up with Mussoorie in this fashion. But nothing happened. We came to the meeting place of the winds, eighteen hundred feet above all the world, and saw forty miles of cloud. That was the Peak—the great view-place of the island. A laundry on a washing day would have been more interesting, and I never cared for the Peak of Tara-Devi in the rains.

"Let us go down, Professor," said I, "and we'll get our money back. This isn't a view."

The worst of it was that there was no place to cut one's name upon. We descended by the marvellous tramway, each pretending to be as little upset as the other, and started in pursuit of a Chinese burying ground.

"Go to the Happy Valley" said an expert "The happy valley where the racecourse and the cemeteries are."

"It's Mussoorie" said the Professor. "I knew it all along."

It was Mussoorie, though we had to go through a half-mile of Portsmouth Hard first. Soldiers grinned at us from the verandahs of their most pukka three-storeyed barracks, all the blue-jackets of all the China squadron were congregated in the Royal Navy Seaman's Club and they beamed jovially upon us. The blue-jacket is a beautiful creature and very healthy, but he has a whole literature of his own: but I gave my heart to Thomas Atkins long ago and him I love.

By the way, how is it that a Highland regiment—the Argyll and Sutherlandshire—get such good recruits? Do the kilt and sporran bring in brawny youngsters of five foot nine and thirty-nine inch round the chest? There is more "soldiering" in a Highlander's fatigue dress than a Linesman's review-order-with-knapsack. The Navy draws well-built men also. How is it that the infantry regiments fare so badly?

We came to the Happy Valley, through the Khyber Pass, but there was no Barnes Court beyond it—only a monument to certain dead Englishmen. Such things cease to move emotion after a little while. They are only the seed of the great harvest whereof our children's children shall assuredly reap the fruits. The men were killed in a fight or by disease. We hold Hongkong, and by our strength and wisdom it is a great city built upon a rock and furnished with a dear little seven-furlong racecourse, set in the hills and fringed as to one side with the homes of the dead—Mahomedan, Christian and Parsee after their kind. A wall of bamboos shuts off the course and the grand-stand from the cemeteries. It may be enough for Hongkong, but would you care to watch your pony running with a grim reminder of "gone to the drawer" not fifty feet behind you? Very beautiful are the cemeteries and very carefully tended. The rocky hill-side rises so near to them that the later dead can almost command a view of the racing as they lie. Even so far from the centre of the strife of the Churches they bury the different sects of Christians apart. One section paints its wall white and the other blue. The latter, as close to the race-stand as may be, writes in straggling letters:—"*Hodie mihi cras tibi.*" No, I should *not* care to race in Hongkong, even among bamboos and azaleas and lovely scenery. The scornful assemblage behind the stand would be enough to ruin any luck.

Chinamen do not approve of showing their cemeteries. We hunted ours from ledge to ledge of the hill sides, through crops and woods and crops again, till we came to a village of black and white pigs and riven red rocks beyond where the dead lay. It was a third-rate place, where they put only small pieces of stone above their friends: but it was pretty. I have studied that oilskin mystery the Chinaman for at least five days, and why he should elect to be buried in good scenery, and by what means he knows good scenery when he sees it, I cannot fathom. But he gets it when the sight is taken from him: and his friends fire crackers above him in token of the triumph. That night I dined with the *Taipan*. His was not much of a palace. I do not think any room was more than forty by thirty, and I know when a dissolute 'ricksha dropped me at the back-door I had not more than a few hundred yards to travel through the grounds. They say the merchant prince of Calcutta is dead-killed by exchange. Hongkong ought to be able to supply one or two samples. The funny thing in the midst of all this wealth—wealth such as one reads about in novels—is to hear the curious deference that is paid to Calcutta. Console yourselves with that, gentlemen of the Ditch, for by my faith, from sewers to securities, it is the one thing that you can boast of. At this place I learned that Hongkong was impregnable and that China was rapidly importing twelve and forty-ton guns for the defence of her coasts. The one statement I doubted, but the other was truth. Those who have occasion to speak of China in these parts do so deferentially, as who should say:—"Germany intends such and such" or "These are the views of Russia." The very men who talk thus are doing their best to force upon the great Empire all the stimulants of the West—railways, tram lines and so forth. What will happen when China really wakes up, runs a line from Shanghai to Lhassa, starts another line of imperial yellow flag immigrant steamers, and really works and controls her own gun-factories and arsenals? The energetic Englishmen who ship the forty-tonners are helping to this end, but all they say is:—"We're well paid for what we do. There's no sentiment in business, and anyhow China will never go to war with England." Indeed there is no sentiment in business. The *Taipan's* palace, full of all things beautiful and flowers more lovely than the gem-like cabinets they adorned, would have made happy half a hundred young men craving for luxury and made of them writers, singers and poets. It was inhabited by men with big heads and straight eyes, who sat among the splendours and talked business.

If I were not going to be a Burman when I die I would be a *Taipan* at Hongkong. He knows so much and he deals so largely with princes and powers, and he has a flag of his very own which he pins on to all his steamers.

The blessed chance that looks after travellers sent me on a picnic because I happened to wander into the wrong house. This is quite true and very like Anglo-Indian ways of doing things. "Perhaps," said the hostess, "this will be our only fine day. Let us spend it in a steam-launch."

Forthwith we embarked upon a new world—that of Hongkong harbour—and with a dramatic regard for the fitness of things our little ship was the *Pioneer*. Steam-launches are as common in Hongkong as Hansom cabs in London. You hold up your hand and half a dozen arrive. Also the Chinese coal merchants sell them. The picnic included the new General—he that came from England in the *Nawab* and told me about Lord Wolseley—and his aide-de-camp, who was quite English and altogether different from an Indian officer. He never once talked shop, and if he had a grievance he hid it behind his moustache.

The harbour is a great world in itself. Photographs say that it is lovely, and this also I can believe from the glimpses caught through the mist as the *Pioneer* worked her way between the lines of junks, the tethered liners, the wallowing coal hulks, the trim low-lying American corvette, the *Orontes*, huge and ugly, the *Cockchafer*, almost as small as its namesake, the ancient three-decker converted into a military hospital—Thomas gets change of air thus—and a few hundred thousand sampans manned by women with babies tied on to their backs. Then we swept down the sea face of the city and saw that it was great, till we came to an unfinished fort high up on the side of a green hill, and I watched the new General as men watch an oracle. Have I told you that he is an R. E. General specially sent out to attend to the fortifications? He looked at the raw earth and the granite masonry, and there was keen professional interest in his eye. Perhaps he would say something. I edged nearer in this hope. He did:

"Sherry and sandwiches? Thanks, I will. 'Stonishing how hungry the sea-air makes a man feel," quoth the General, and we went forward under the grey green coast, looking at stately country houses made of granite where Jesuit fathers and opulent merchants dwell. It was the Mashobra of this Simla. It was also the Highlands, it was also Devonshire and it was specially grey and chilly.

Never did *Pioneer* circulate in stranger waters. On the one side was a bewildering multiplicity of islets: on the other the deeply indented shores of the main island, sometimes running down to the sea in little sandy coves, at others falling sheer in cliff and sea-worn cave full of the boom of the breakers. Behind all rose the hills into the mist, the everlasting mist.

"We are going to Aberdeen," said the hostess; "then to Stanley and then across the island on foot by way of the Ti-tam reservoir. That will show you a lot of the country."

We shot into a fiord and discovered a brown fishing village, which kept sentry over two docks, and a Sikh policeman. All the inhabitants were rosy-cheeked women, each owning one-third of a boat and a whole baby, wrapped up in red cloth and tied to the maternal back. The mother was dressed in blue for this reason—if her husband whacked her over the shoulders he would run a fair chance of crushing the baby's head unless the infant were of a distinct colour.

Then we left China altogether and ran into far Lochaber with a climate to correspond. Good people under the punkah, think for a moment of cloud-veiled headlands running out into a steel-grey sea crisped with a cheek-rasping breeze that makes you sit down under the bulwarks and gasp for breath. Think of the merry pitch and roll of a small craft as it buzzes from island to island or venturously cuts across the mouth of a mile wide bay while you mature amid fresh scenery, fresh talk, and fresh faces an appetite that shall uphold the credit of the great empire in a strange land. Once more we found a village which they called Stanley, but it was different from Aberdeen. Tenantless buildings of brown-stone stared sea-ward from the low downs, and there lay behind them a stretch of weather-beaten wall. No need to ask what these things meant. They cried aloud:—"It is a deserted cantonment and the population is in the cemetery."

I asked, "What regiment?"

"Ninety-second I think," said the General. "But that was in the old times—in the sixties. I believe they quartered a lot of troops here and built the barracks on the ground, and the fever carried the men off like flies. Isn't it a desolate place!"

My mind went back to a neglected graveyard a stone's throw from Jehangir's tomb in the gardens of Shalimar, where the cattle and the cowherd look after the last resting places of the men who first occupied Lahore. We are a great people and very strong, but we build our empire in a wasteful manner—on the bones of the dead that have died of disease. What will happen to P. W. D. contractors and incompetent barrack-masters in another world?

A boatload of women carried us ashore to a patch of coral sand studded with shells of quaint device. People at home do not think much of gathering shells. They connect it with Ramsgate. They should be deprived of sand beaches for a few years and fed on dust.

"But about the fortifications, General, is it true that &c. &c."

"The fortifications are right enough as things go: what we want is men."

"How many?"

"Say about three thousand for the island—enough to stop any expedition that might come. Look at all these little bays and coves. There are twenty places at the back of the island where you could land men and make things unpleasant for Hongkong."

"But," I ventured shamelessly, using the *Taipan's* views, "isn't it the theory that any organised expedition ought to be stopped by our fleet before it got here? Whereas the forts are supposed to prevent cutting out, shelling and ransoming by a disconnected man-of-war or two."

"If you go on that theory," said the General, "the man-of-war ought to be stopped by our fleets too. That's all nonsense. If any Power can throw troops here you want troops to turn 'em out, and—don't we wish we may get them!"

"And you? Your command here is five years isn't it?"

"Oh no! Eighteen months ought to see me. I don't want to stick here for ever. I've other notions for myself," said the General scrambling over the boulders to get at his tiffin.

And that is just the worst of it. Here was a nice General helping to lay out fortifications with one eye on Hongkong and the other, his right one, on England. He would be more than human not to sell himself and his orders for the command of a brigade in the next English affair. He would be afraid of being too long away from home lest he should drop out of the running and .... We are just the same in India, and there is not the least hope of raising a Legion of the Lost for colonial service—of men who would do their work in one place for ever and look for nothing beyond it. But remember that Hongkong—with five million tons of coal, five miles of shipping, docks, wharves, huge civil station, forty million pounds of trade and the nicest picnic parties that you ever did see—wants three thousand men and she won't get them. She has two batteries of garrison artillery, a regiment and a lot of gun lascars—about enough to prevent the guns on the forts rusting on their carriages. There are three forts on an island—Stonecutter's Island—between Hongkong and the mainland, three on Hongkong itself and three or four scattered about elsewhere. Naturally the full complement of guns has not arrived. Even in India you cannot man forts without trained gunners. But tiffin under the lee of a rock was more interesting than colonial defence. A man cannot talk politics if he be empty.

The one fine day shut in upon the empty plates in wind and rain, and the march across the island began.

"You can't miss the road," said the lady who had lived in Dalhousie. "Its on the *khud* all along."

As the launch was blotted out in the haze we fled past sugarcane crops and fat pigs, past the bleak cemetery on the hill across a section of moor, till we struck a hill-road cut in the face of the hills above the sea. Here the views shifted and changed as those of a kaleidoscope. First a shaggy shoulder of land tufted with dripping rushes and naught above, beneath or around but mist and the straight spikes of the rain; then red road swept by water that falls into the unknown; then a combe, straight walled almost as a house, at the bottom of which crawled the jade-green sea; then a vista of a bay, a bank of white sand and a red-sailed junk beating out before the squall; then only wet rock and fern and the voice of thunder calling from peak to peak.

A landward turn in the road brought us to the pine woods of Theog and the rhododendrons—but they called them azaleas—of Simla, and ever the rain fell as though it had been July in the hills instead of April at Hongkong. An invading army marching upon Victoria would have a sad time of it even if the rain did not fall. There are but one or two gaps in the hills through which it could travel, and there is a scheme in preparation whereby they shall be cut off and annihilated when they come. When I had to climb a clay hill backwards by digging my heels into the road I very much pitied that invading army.

Whether the granite-faced reservoir and two-mile tunnel that supplies Hongkong with water be worth seeing I cannot tell. There was too much water in the air for comfort even when one tried to think of Home.

But go you and take the same walk—ten miles and only two of 'em on level ground. Steam to the forsaken cantonment of Stanley and cross the island, and tell me whether you have seen anything so wild and wonderful in its way as the scenery. I am going up the river to Canton and cannot stay for word-paintings.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

X.—Shows how I came to Goblin Market and took a scunner at it and cursed all the Chinese people. Shows further how I initiated all Hongkong into our Bhaibund and leaned over certain bulwarks on the road to Nagasaki.

"But is there for the night a resting place,
A roof for when the dark slow hours begin?
Will not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn."

Providence is pleased to be sarcastic. It sent rain and a raw wind from the beginning till the end. That is one of the disadvantages of leaving India. You cut yourself adrift from the only trustworthy climate in the world. I despise a country that has to waste half its time in watching the clouds to see whether it is going to be wet or fine. The Canton trip introduces you to the American river steamer, which is not in the least like one of the Irrawaddy flotilla or an omnibus as many people believe. It is composed almost entirely of white paint, sheet lead, a cow-horn and a walking beam, and holds about as much cargo as a P and O. The trade between Canton and Hongkong seems to be immense, and a steamer covers the ninety miles between port and port daily. None the less daily are the Chinese passengers put under hatches or its equivalent after they leave port, and daily is the stand of loaded Suiders inspected and cleaned up. Daily, too, I should imagine, the captain of each boat tells his globe-trotting passengers the venerable story of the looting of a river steamer—how two junks fouled her at a convenient bend in the river while the native passengers on her rose and made things very lively for the crew, and ended by clearing out that steamer. Verily the Chinese are a strange people. They had a difficulty at Hongkong not very long ago about photographing labour coolies, and in the excitement, which was considerable, a ricketty old war junk got into position off the bund with the avowed intention of putting a three-pound shot through the windows of a firm who had suggested the photographing. And this though vessel and crew could have been blown into cigarette-ash in ten minutes!

But no one pirated the *Ho-nam*, though the passengers did their best to set her on fire by upsetting the lamps of their opium pipes. She blared her unwieldy way across the packed shipping of the harbour and ran into grey mist and driving rain. When I say that the scenery was like the West Highlands you will by this time understand what I mean. The mouth of the river was one mass of fiords and lochs and hummocks,—all marked on the map, the Professor complained, just as though they were as flat as the Sunderbuns. Large screw steamers, China pig-boats very low in the water and choked with live stock, wallowing junks and ducking sampans filled the waterways of a stream as broad as the Hughli and much better defended as far as the art of man was concerned. Their little difficulty with the French a few years ago has taught the Chinese a great many things which it were better for us that they had left alone. Below Whampoa the river divides, the main stream coming round by the back of Canton within big-gun range. As this was too navigable the Chinese blocked it against the French by sinking a line of stone-laden junks. The other channel, which leads to the river face of Canton, now has only one narrow passage left. The rest is blocked. The defences about here include twenty or more forts with big guns, and the scheme of defences several lines of torpedoes across the river. At Whampoa trim-looking gunboats lie at anchor under the dragon flag. They are manned and officered by Chinese. Their officers are taught mathematics, navigation and gunnery at the naval school by English teachers through the medium of English. Cantonese boys and the Southerners generally fall sick and depart after they have got a smattering of English. The Northerners and the Pekin lads stay on. The North breeds the same qualities of mind and body all the world over.

The first striking object of Canton city is the double tower of the big Catholic Church. Take off your hat to this because it means a great deal, and stands as the visible standard of a battle that has yet to be fought. Never have the missionaries of the Mother of the Churches wrestled so mightily with any land as with China, and never has nation so scientifically tortured the missionary as the Chinese. Perhaps when the books are audited somewhere else each race, the white and the yellow, will be found to have been right according to their lights.

The guide-book that tells you all about the acres and acres of houseboats that cover the river by the city does not say anything of the examination of the passengers as they troop out from the steamer. Four Englishmen and a north country pigtail manage this. 'Tis the cleverest thing of the Customs. They passed untouched a coolie carrying a maund of baskets and packages; but an innocent looking Hongkong "boy" with a small bundle is at once stopped, the bundle is opened and out rolls a piece of opium as big as a man's fist.

I had taken one fair look at the city from the steamer and threw up my cards. "Let me look at the Preventive work, 'Fessor. I can't describe this place and I hate Chinamen."

"Bosh! It is only Benares magnified about eight times: come along."

A paragon among guides, Ah Cum (remember that name and see that you get him) hurried us in chairs into such a city as the Professor had sketched. It was Benares without any wide streets or chauks, and yet darker than Benares in that the little skyline was entirely blocked by tier on tier of hanging signs, red, gold, black and white. The shops stood on granite plinths, pukka brick above and tile-roofed. Their fronts were carved wood, gilt and coloured savagely. John knows how to dress a shop though he may sell nothing more lovely than smashed fowl and pork chitterlings. Every other shop was a restaurant and the space between them crammed with humanity. Do you know those horrible sponges full of worms that grow in warm seas? You break off a piece of it and the worms break too. Canton was that sponge. "Hi, low yah! To hoh wang!" yelled the chair-bearers to the crowd, but I was afraid that if the poles chipped the corner of a house the bricks would begin to bleed. In the event of a bombardment the slaughter would be a slaughter of tens of thousands. Hongkong showed me how the Chinaman could work. Canton explained why he set no value on life. The article was cheaper than in India. I hated the Chinaman before: I hated him doubly as I choked for breath in his seething streets where nothing short of the pestilence could clear a way. There was of course no incivility from the people. Mothers held up their babies to look at us and little boys and girls cried *chin chin*, but the mere mob was terrifying. There are three or four places in the world where it is best for an Englishman to agree with his adversary swiftly, whatever the latter's nationality may be. Canton heads the list. Never argue with anybody in Canton. Let the guide do it for you. Then the stinks rose up and overwhelmed us. In this respect Canton was Benares twenty times magnified. The Hindu is a sanitating saint compared to the Chinaman. He is a rigid Malthusian in the same regard.

"Very bad stink this place. You come right along" said Ah Cum, who had learned his English from Americans. He was very kind. He showed me feather-jewelry shops where men sat pinching from the gorgeous wings of jays tiny squares of blue and lilac feathers and pasting them into gold settings, so that the whole looked like Jeypore enamel of the rarest. But we went into a shop. Ah Cum drew us inside the big door and bolted it, while the crowd blocked up the windows and shutter-bars. I thought more of the crowd than the jewelry. The city was so dark and the people were so very many and so unhuman.

The March of the Mongol is a pretty thing to write about in magazines. Hear at once in the gloom of an ancient curio shop where nameless devils of the Chinese creed make mouths at you from back-shelves, where brazen dragons, revelations of uncleanliness all catch your feet as you stumble across the floor—hear the tramp of the feet on the granite blocks of the road and the breaking wave of human speech that is not human. Watch the yellow faces that glare at you between the bars and you will be afraid, as I was afraid.

"It's beautiful work," said the Professor bending over a Cantonese petticoat—a wonder of pale green, blue and silver. "Now I understand why the civilised European of Irish extraction kills the Chinaman. It is justifiable to kill him. It would be quite right to wipe the city of Canton off the face of the earth and to exterminate all the people who ran away from the shelling. The Chinaman ought not to count."

I had gone off on my own train of thought, and it was a black and bitter one.

"Why on earth can't you look at the lions and enjoy yourself, and leave politics to the men who pretend to understand 'em?" said the Professor.

"It's no question of politics," I replied. "The people ought to be killed off because they are unlike any people I ever met before. Look at their faces. They despise us. You can see it, and they aren't a bit afraid of us either."

Then Ah Cum took us by ways that were dark to the temple of the Five Hundred Genii, which was one of the sights of the rabbit-warren. This was a Buddhist temple with the usual accessories of altars and altar lights and colossal figures of doorkeepers at the gates. Round the inner court runs a corridor lined on both sides with figures about half life-size representing most of the races of Asia. Several of the Jesuit Fathers are said to be in that gallery—you can find it all in the guide-books—and there is one image of a jolly looking soul in a hat and full beard, but, like the others, naked to the waist. "That European gentleman," said Ah Cum. "That Marco Polo." "Make the most of him," I said. "The time is coming when there will be no European gentlemen—nothing but yellow people with black hearts—black hearts Ah Cum—and a devil born capacity for doing more work than they ought."

"Come and see a clock" said he. "Old clock. It runs by water. Come on right along." He took us to another temple and showed us an old water-clock of four *gurrahs*: just the same sort of thing as they have in out-of-the-way parts of India for the use of the *chowkidars*. The Professor vows that the machine, which is supposed to give the time to the city, is regulated by the bells of the steamers in the river, Canton water being

too thick to run through anything smaller than a half-inch pipe. From the pagoda of this temple we could see that the roofs of all the houses below were covered with filled water-jars. There is no sort of fire organisation in the city. When lighted it burns till it stops.

Ah Cum led us to the Potter's Field where the executions take place. The Chinese slay by the hundred, and far be it from me to say that such generosity of bloodshed is cruel. They could afford to execute in Canton alone at the rate of ten thousand a year without disturbing the steady flow of population. Let them continue to execute. An executioner who happened to be wandering about—perhaps in search of employment—offered us a sword under guarantee that it had cut off so many heads. "Keep it," I said. "Keep it and let the good work go on. My friend, you cannot execute too freely in this land. You are blessed, I apprehend, with a purely literary bureaucracy recruited—correct me if I am wrong—from all social strata, more especially those in which the idea of cold-blooded cruelty has, as it were, become imbedded. Now when to inherited devildom is superadded a purely literary education of grim and formal tendencies the result, my evil-looking friend, the result, I repeat, is a state of affairs which is faintly indicated in the Little Pilgrim's account of the Hell of Selfishness. You, I presume, have not yet read the works of the Little Pilgrim."

"He looks as if he was going to cut at you with that sword," said the Professor. "Come away and see the Temple of Horrors."

That was a sort of Chinese Madame Tussaud's—life-like models of men being brayed in mortars, sliced, fried, toasted, stuffed and variously bedevilled—that made me sick and unhappy. But the Chinese are merciful even in their tortures. When a man is ground in a mill he is, according to the models, popped in head first. This is hard on the crowd who are waiting to see the fun, but it saves trouble to the executioners. A half-ground man has to be carefully watched or else he wriggles out of his place. To crown all we went to the prison, which was a pest-house in a back-street. The Professor shuddered. "It's all right," I said, "the people who sent the prisoners here don't care. The men themselves look hideously miserable, but I suppose they don't care, and goodness knows I don't care. They are only Chinamen. If they treat each other like dogs, why should we regard 'em as human beings? Let 'em rot. I want to get back to the steamer. I want to get under the guns of Hongkong. Phew!"

Then we ran through a succession of second-rate streets and houses till we reached the city wall on the west by a long flight of steps. It was clean here. The wall had a drop of thirty or forty feet to paddy fields. Beyond these were a semicircle of hills, every square yard of which was planted out with graves. Her dead watch Canton the abominable, and the dead are more than the myriads living. On the grass-grown top of the wall were rusty English guns spiked and abandoned after the war. They ought not to be there. A five-storied pagoda gave us a view of the city, but I was wearied of these rats in their pit—wearied and scared and sullen. The excellent Ah Cum led us to the Viceroy's summer garden-house on the cityward slope of an azalea-covered hill surrounded by cotton trees. The basement was a handsome joss house: upstairs was a durbar-hall with glazed verandahs and ebony furniture ranged across the room in four straight lines. It was only an oasis of cleanliness. Ten minutes later we were back in the swarming city, cut off from light and sweet air. Once or twice we met a mandarin with thin official moustache and "little red button a-top." Ah Cum was explaining the nature and properties of a mandarin when we came to a canal spanned by an English bridge and closed by an iron gate, which was in charge of a Hongkong policeman. We were in an Indian station with Europe shops and Parsee *dokans* and everything else to match. This was English Canton, with two hundred and fifty sahibs in it. 'Twould have been better for a Gatling behind the bridge gate. The guide-books tell you that it was taken from the Chinese by the treaty of 1860, the French getting a similar slice of territory. Owing to the binding power of French officialism "La concession Française" has never been let or sold to private individuals, and now a Chinese regiment squats on it. The men who travel tell you somewhat similar tales about lands in Saigon and Cambodia. Something seems to attack a Frenchman as soon as he dons a uniform. They call it the red tape-worm.

"Now where did you go and what did you see?" said the Professor, in the style of the pedagogue, when we were once more on the *Ho-nam* and returning as fast as steam could carry us to Hongkong.

"A big blue sink of a city full of tunnels, all dark and inhabited by yellow devils, a city that Doré ought to have seen. I'm devoutly thankful that I'm never going back there. The Mongol will begin to march in his own good time. I intend to wait until he marches up to me. Let us go away to Japan by the next boat."

The Professor says that I have completely spoiled the foregoing account by what he calls "intemperate libels on a hardworking nation." He did not see Canton as I saw it—through the medium of a fevered imagination.

Once, before I got away, I climbed to the civil station of Hongkong, which overlooks the town. There in sumptuous stone villas built on the edge of the *khud* and facing shaded roads, in a wilderness of beautiful flowers and a hushed calm unvexed even by the roar of the traffic below, the residents do their best to imitate the life of an up-country station. They are better off than we are. At the bandstand the ladies dress all in one piece—shoes, gloves and umbrellas come out from England with the dress, and every *mem-sahib* knows what that means—but the mechanism of their life is much the same. In one point they are superior. The ladies have a club of their very own, to which I believe men are only allowed to come on sufferance. At a dance there are about twenty men to one lady, and there are practically no spins in the island. The inhabitants complain of being cooped in and shut up. They look at the sea below them and they long to get away. They have their "At Homes" on regular days of the week, and everybody meets everybody else again and again. They have amateur theatricals and they fight, and all the men take sides, and the station is cleaved asunder from the top to the bottom. Then they become reconciled and write to the local papers condemning the local critic's criticism. Isn't it touching? A lady told me these things one afternoon, and I nearly cried aloud from sheer homesickness.

"And then, you know, after she had said *that* he was obliged to give the part to the other, and that made *them* furious, and the races were so near that nothing could be done and Mrs.—— said that it was altogether impossible. You understand how very unpleasant it must have been, do you not?'

"Madam," said I, "I do: I have been there before. My heart goes out to Hongkong. In the name of the great Indian mofussil I salute you. Henceforward Hongkong is one of us, ranking before Meerut, but after Allahabad, at all public ceremonies and parades."

I think she fancied I had sunstroke: but you at any rate will know what I mean.

We do not laugh any more on the P. and O. s.s. *Ancona*. We are deathly sick because we have been introduced to the long roll of the China seas, and there is a cross-sea beneath us, and a wet sail above. The sail is to steady the ship who refuses to be steadied. She is full of globe-trotters who also refuse to be steadied. A globe-trotter is extreme cosmopolitan. He will be sick anywhere.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XI.—Of Japan at ten hours' sight, containing a complete account of the manners and customs of its people, a History of its Constitution, Products, Art and Civilisation, and omitting a Tiffin in a Tea-house with O-Toyo.

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the brow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

This morning, after the sorrows of the rolling night, my cabin port-hole showed me two great grey rocks studded and streaked with green and crowned by two stunted blue-black pines. Below the rocks a boat that might have been carved sandalwood for colour and delicacy was shaking out an ivory-white frilled sail to the wind of the morning. An indigo-blue boy with an old ivory face and a musical voice was hauling on a rope. Rock and tree and boat made a panel from a Japanese screen, and I saw that the land was not a lie. This "good brown earth" of ours has many pleasures to offer her children, but there be few in her gift comparable to the joy of touching a new country, a completely strange race and manners contrary. Though libraries may have been written aforetime, each new beholder is to himself another Cortez, "silent upon a peak in Darien." And I was in Japan—the Japan of cabinets and joinery, gracious folk and fair manners. Japan whence the camphor and the lacquer and the sharkskin swords come: among what was it the books said?—a nation of artists. To be sure we should only stop at Nagasaki for twelve hours ere going on to Kobe, but in twelve hours one can pack away a very fair collection of new experiences.

An execrable man met me on the deck with a pale-blue pamphlet fifty pages thick. "Have you," said he, "seen the Constitution of Japan? The Emperor made it himself only the other day. It is on entirely European lines."

I took the pamphlet and found a complete paper Constitution stamped with the Imperial Chrysanthemum—an excellent little scheme of representation, reforms, payment of members, budget estimates, and legislation. It is a terrible thing to study at close quarters, because it is so pitifully English.

"Is the public mind agitated over these, these—these skittles?" I enquired. "Do they talk of local self-government and proportionate minorities? Do they hold meetings and print reports in newspapers? If they do I will go back to my own place."

And the man said:—"You do not seem to be interested in Japanese progress."

I made answer:—"I come from India. Let me get into a boat."

There was a yellow-shot greenness upon the hills round Nagasaki different, so my willing mind was disposed to believe, from the green of other lands. It was the green of a Japanese screen and the pines were screen-pines. The city itself hardly showed from the crowded harbour. It lay low among the hills and its business face—a grimy bund—was sloppy and deserted. Business I was rejoiced to learn was at a low ebb in Nagasaki. The Japanese have no concern with business, as you shall hear. Close to one of the still wharves lay a ship of the Bad People, *videlicet* a Russian steamer down from Vladivostock. Her decks were cumbered with raffle of all kinds; her rigging was as frowsy and draggled as the hair of a lodging-house "slavey," and her sides were filthy.

"That," said a man of my people, "is a very fair specimen of a Russian. You should see their men-of-war: they are just as filthy. Some of em' come into Nagasaki to clean."

It was a small piece of information and perhaps untrue, but it put the roof to my good humour as I stepped on to the bund and was informed in faultless English by a young gentleman, with a plated chrysanthemum in his forage cap and badly fitting German uniform on his limbs, that he did not understand my language. He was a Japanese customs official. Had our stay been longer I would have wept over him because he was a hybrid—partly French, partly German and partly American—a tribute to civilisation. All the Japanese officials from police upwards seem to be clad in *Belatee* clothes and never do those clothes fit. I think the Mikado made them at the same time as the Constitution. They will come right in time.

When the *'rickshaw*, drawn by a beautiful apple-cheeked young man with a Basque face, shot me into the *Mikado*, first act, I did not stop and shout with delight because the dignity of India was in my keeping. I lay back on the velvet cushion and grinned luxuriously at Pittising with her sash and three giant hair-pins in her hair—"blue-black, lustrous, thick as horse hair"—and three-inch clogs on her feet. She laughed—even as did the Burmese girls in the old Pagoda at Moulmein. And her laugh, the laugh of a lady, was my welcome to Japan. Can the people help laughing? I think not. You see they have such thousands of children in their streets that the elders must perforce be young lest the babes should grieve. Nagasaki is inhabited entirely by children. The grown-ups only exist on sufferance. A four-foot child walks with a three-foot child who is holding the hand of a two-foot child who carries on her back a one-foot child who—but you will not believe me if I say that the scale runs down to six-inch little Jap dolls such as they used to sell in the Burlington Arcade. These dolls wriggle and laugh. They are tied up in a blue bed-gown which is tied by a sash which again ties up the bed-gown of the carrier. Thus if you untie that sash baby and but little bigger brother are at once perfectly naked. I saw a mother do this, and it was for all the world like the peeling of eggs.

If you look for extravagance of colour, for flaming shop fronts and glaring lanterns, you shall find none of these things in the narrow stone-paved streets of Nagasaki. But if you desire details of house construction, glimpses of perfect cleanliness, rare taste and perfect subordination of the thing made to the needs of the maker, you shall find all you seek and more. All the roofs are dull lead colour, being shingled or tiled, and all the house fronts are of the colour of the wood God made. There is neither smoke nor haze, and in the clear light of a clouded sky I could see down the narrowest alleyway as I could see into the interior of a cabinet.

The books have long ago told you how a Japanese house is constructed, chiefly of sliding screens and paper partitions, and everybody knows the story of the burglar of Tokio who burgled with a pair of scissors for jemmy and centrebit and stole the Consul's trousers. But all the telling in print will never make you understand the exquisite finish of a tenement that you could kick in with your foot and pound to match-wood with your fists. Behold a *bunnia's* shop. He sells rice and chillies and dried fish and wooden

scoops made of bamboo. The front of his shop is very solid. It is made of half-inch battens nailed side by side. But not one of the battens is broken; and each one is foursquare perfectly. Feeling ashamed of himself for this surly barring up of his house he fills one half of the frontage with oiled paper stretched over quarter-inch framing four inches square. Not a single square of oil paper has a hole in it and not one of the squares, which in more uncivilised countries would hold a pane of glass if strong enough, is out of line. Let me put it plainly. You would not keep hens behind such a protection. And the *bunnia*, clothed in a blue dressing-gown, with thick white stockings on his feet, sits behind, not among his wares, on a pale gold-coloured mat of soft rice straw bound with black list at the edges. This mat is two inches thick, three feet wide and six long. You might, if you were a sufficient pig, eat your dinner off any portion of it. The *bunnia* lies with one wadded blue arm round a big brazier of hammered brass on which is faintly delineated in incised lines a very terrible dragon. The brazier is full of charcoal ash, but there is no ash on the mat. By the *bunnia's* side lies a pouch of green leather tied with a red silk cord. That is his tobacco pouch, holding tobacco cut fine as cotton. He fills a long black and red lacquered pipe from it, lights it on the charcoal in the brazier, takes two whiffs and the pipe is empty. Still there is no speck on the mat. Behind the *bunnia* is a shadow-screen of bead and bamboo. This veils a room floored with pale gold and roofed with panels of grained cedar. There is nothing in the room save a blood red blanket laid out as smoothly as a sheet of paper. Beyond the room is a passage of polished wood, so polished that it gives back the reflections of the white paper wall. At the end of the passage and clearly visible to this unique *bunnia* is a dwarfed pine two feet high in a green glazed pot, and by its side is a branch of azalea, blood red as the blanket, set in a pale-grey crackle pot. The *bunnia* has put it there for his own pleasure, for the delight of his eyes, because he loves it. The sahib has nothing whatever to do with his tastes, and he keeps his house specklessly pure because he likes cleanliness and knows it is artistic. What shall we say to such a *bunnia*?

His brother in Northern India may live behind a *shisham*-wood front of time-blackened pinjia wood, but . . . . . I do not think he would grow anything save tulsi in a pot, and that only to please the gods and his womenfolk.

Let us not compare the two men but go on through Nagasaki.

Except for the horrible policemen who insist on being continental, the people—the common people that is—do not run after unseemly costumes of the West. The young men wear round felt hats, occasionally coats and trousers, and semi-occasionally boots. All these are vile. In the more metropolitan towns men say Western dress is rather the rule than the exception. If this be so I am disposed to conclude that the sins of their forefathers in making enterprising Jesuit missionaries into beefsteak have been visited on the Japanese in the shape of a partial obscuration of their artistic instincts. Yet the punishment seems rather too heavy for the offence.

A guide who called himself Y-Tokai, and to whom I commend you, for he speaks but little and knows the town, insisted upon taking me to a place called Deshima, which was once an island but is now a suburb connected by many bridges with the main town. It did not amuse, but he repeated something about the Dutch and the Japanese so many times that I was forced to feign interest. A complication not unattended with bloodshed had cropped up between the two peoples, and this island, Deshima, was the spot where the wicked Dutch were segregated. This the guide told me and, when I was panting with excitement, added "Three hundred years ago."

None the less there is a pottery at Deshima which would delight the hearts of every housekeeper in India. The prices unfortunately are almost as magnificent as the porcelain. We of the outer world do not see the best that Japanese cup-and-platter artists can produce. One cannot judge offhand from a single roomful of design: but it seemed that the Japanese patterns held more reserve and propriety than the Chinese, *exempli gratia*, in the matter of devils. The Chinese painter put his soul into elaborating as coldly grim and malignant a monster as he could. The Jap stopped short of the last stroke that should complete the horror, and in its stead put some humorous or purely absurd touch, and the devil on the jar became at once a sympathetic and valued friend—ugly it is true, but intensely human. Unless patterns and biscuits lie, a good deal of French pottery finds its way here for final decoration. Go to the Deshima pottery and try to restrain yourself from making purchases if you can. Buying things is the curse of travel. You do not want them twenty minutes after they are yours, and you do not know what to do with them when you next pack your trunks. Remember that anything the wide world produces may be bought for a price in London and hold your hand from carved ivories, chrysanthemum lacquer, bronze inlays and the swords of the *Samurai*. I did not.

Then I fell admiring the joinery of the houses and the filling of the water-pipes, the bloom on the people's cheeks, the three-cornered smiles of the fat babes, and the surpassing "otherness" of everything round me. It is so strange to be in a clean land once more and stranger to walk among dolls' houses. Japan is a soothing place for a small man. Nobody comes to tower over him and he looks down upon all the women, as is right and proper. A dealer in curiosities bent himself double on his own door mat and I passed in, feeling for the first time that I was a barbarian and no true sahib. The slush of the streets was heavy on my boots, and he, the immaculate owner, was asking me to walk across a polished floor and white mats to an inner chamber. He brought me a foot mat which only made matters worse, for a pretty girl giggled round the corner as I toiled at it. Japanese shopkeepers ought not to be so clean. 'Tis unnatural and I protest that you pay for it in the bill. I went into a boarded passage about two feet wide, found a gem of a garden of dwarfed trees, in the space of half a tennis court, whacked my head on a fragile lintel and arrived at a four-walled daintiness where I involuntarily lowered my voice. Do you recollect Mrs. Molesworth's *Cuckoo Clock* and the big cabinet that Griselda entered with the cuckoo? I was not Griselda, but my low-voiced friend in his long soft wraps was the cuckoo, and the room was the cabinet. Again I tried to console myself with the thought that I could kick the place to pieces; but this only made me feel large and coarse and dirty—a most unfavourable mood for bargaining. The cuckoo man caused pale tea to be brought—just such tea as you read of in books of travel—and the tea completed my embarrassment. What I wanted to say was:—"Look here you person. You're much too clean and refined for this life here below, and your house is unfit for a man to live in until he has been taught a lot of things which I have never learned. Consequently I hate you because I feel myself inferior to you, and you despise me and my boots because you know me for a savage. Let me go or I'll pull your house of cedar-wood over your ears." What I really said was:—"Oh, ah yes. Awf'ly pretty. Awful queer way of doing business. How much this 'Netsuke?'"

I was relieved when the cuckoo man proved to be a horrid extortioner who lowered his prices just like a kabari: but I was hot and uncomfortable till I got outside and was a bog-trotting Briton once more. You have never blundered into the inside of a three hundred dollar cabinet, therefore you will not understand me.

We came to the foot of a hill, as it might have been the hill on which the Shwey Dagon stands, and up that hill ran a mighty flight of grey, weather-darkened steps spanned here and there by monolithic *torii*. Everyone knows what a *torii* is. They have them in Southern India. A great King makes a note of the place where he intends to build a huge arch, but being a King does so in stone, not ink—sketches in the air two beams and a cross-bar, forty or sixty feet high and twenty or thirty wide. In Southern India the cross-bar is humped in the middle. In the Further East it flares up at the ends. This description is hardly according to the books, but if a man begins by consulting books in a new country he is lost. Over the steps hung heavy blue-green or green-black pines, old, gnarled and bossed. The foliage of the hill-side was a lighter green, but the pines set the keynote of colour, and the blue dresses of the few folk on the steps answered it. There was no sunshine in the air, but I vow that sunshine would have spoilt all. We clomb for five minutes—I and the Professor and the camera—and then we turned and saw the roofs of Nagasaki lying at our feet—a sea of lead and dull brown with here and there a smudge of creamy pink to mark the bloom of the cherry trees. The hills round the town were speckled with the resting places of the dead and clumps of pine and feathery' bamboo.

"What a country,' said the Professor, unstrapping his camera. "And have you noticed wherever we go there's always some man who knows how to carry my kit. The ghari driver at Moulmein handed me the stops; the fellow at Penang knew all about it too; and this 'rickshaw coolie has seen a camera before. Curious isn't ?"

"Professor," said I, "it's due to the extraordinary fact that we are not the only people in the world. I began to realise it at Hongkong. It's getting plainer now. I shouldn't be surprised if we turned out to be ordinary human beings after all."

Then I drank in Japan with my eyes and sniffed the ever-present scent of camphor-wood—cleanest and most housewifely of smells—and whacked a big time-worn stone lantern with the flat of my hand to assure myself that I was really in Japan, and thought longingly of the real Japanese tiffin that awaited me in the tea-house down the hill.

We entered a courtyard where an evil-looking bronze horse stared at two stone lions, and a company of children babbled among themselves. There is a legend connected with the bronze horse which may be found in the guide-books. But the real true story of the creature is that he was made long ago out of the fossil ivory of Siberia by a Japanese Prometheus, and got life and many foals, whose descendants closely resemble their father. Long years have almost eliminated the ivory in the blood, but it crops out in creamy mane and tail, and the pot-belly and marvellous feet of the bronze horse may be found to this day among the pack-ponies of Nagasaki, who carry pack-saddles adorned with velvet and red cloth, who wear grass shoes on their hind feet, and who are made like horses in a pantomime.

We could not go beyond this courtyard because a label said, "No admittance:" and thus all we saw of the temple was rich-brown high roofs of blackened thatch, breaking back and back in wave and undulation till they were lost in the foliage. The Japanese can play with thatch as men play with modelling clay, but how their light understrutting can carry the weight of the roof is a mystery to the lay eye.

We went down the steps to tiffin, and a half-formed resolve was shaping itself in my heart the while. Burma was a very nice place, but they eat *gnapi* there and there were smells, and after all the girls were'nt so pretty as some others—"You must take off your boots" said Y-Tokai.

I assure you there is no dignity in sitting down on the steps of a tea-house and struggling with muddy boots. And it is impossible to be polite in your stockinged feet when the floor under you is as smooth as glass and a pretty girl wants to know where you would like tiffin. Take at least one pair of beautiful socks with you when you come this way. Get them made of embroidered *sambhur* skin, of silk if you like: but do not stand as I did in cheap striped brown things with a darn at the heel and try to talk to a tea-girl.

They led us—three of them and all fresh and pretty—into a room furnished with a golden-brown bearskin. The *tokonama*, recess aforementioned, held one scroll picture of bats wheeling in the twilight, a bamboo flower-holder and yellow flowers. The ceiling was of panelled wood, with the exception of one strip at the side nearest the window, and this was made of a kind of platted shavings of cedar-wood, marked off from the rest of the ceiling by a wine-brown bamboo so polished that it might have been lacquered. A touch of the hand sent one side of the room flying back, and we entered a really large room with another *tokonama* framed on one side by eight or ten feet of an unknown wood, bearing the same grain as a Penang lawyer, and above by a stick of unbarked tree set there because it was curiously mottled. In this second *tokonama* was a pearl-grey vase and that was all. Two sides of the room were of oiled paper and the joints of the beams were

covered by the brazen images of crabs, half life-size. Save for the sill of the *tokonama*, which was black lacquer, every inch of wood in the place was natural grain without flaw. A lumber-closet, clean and empty, opened from one corner by a door made of one sheet of some dark-grained wood, and the floor of course was of white straw mats. Outside was the garden, fringed with a hedge of dwarf-pines and adorned with a tiny pond, water-smoothed stones sunk in the soil and a blossoming cherry tree.

They left us alone in this paradise of cleanliness and beauty, and being only a shameless Englishman without his boots—a man is always degraded when he goes barefoot—I wandered round the wall trying all the screens. It was only when I stooped to examine the sunk catch of a screen that I saw it was a plaque of inlay work representing two white cranes feeding on fish. The whole was about three inches square and in the ordinary course of events would never be looked at. The screens hid a cupboard in which all the lamps and candlesticks and pillows and sleeping bags of the household seemed to be stored. An Oriental nation that can fill a cupboard tidily is a nation to bow down to. Upstairs I went by a staircase of grained wood and lacquer into rooms of rarest device with circular windows that opened on nothing, and so were filled with bamboo tracery for the delight of the eye. The passages floored with dark wood shone like ice, and I was smitten with shame.

"Professor," said I, "they don't spit; they don't eat like pigs; they can't quarrel, and a drunken man would reel straight through every portion in the house and roll down the *khud* into Nagasaki. They can't have any children." Here I stopped. Downstairs was full of babies.

"I give it up," I said; and the maidens came in with tea in blue china and cake in a red lacquered bowl—such cake as one gets at one or two houses in Simla. We sprawled ungracefully on red rugs over the mats, and they gave us chopsticks to separate the cake with. It was a long task and very cumbersome. Then we waited afresh and tried to fit ourselves into graceful postures.

"Is that all?" growled the Professor. "I'm hungry and cake and tea oughtn't to come till four o'clock." Here he took a wedge of cake furtively with his hands.

They returned—five of them this time—with black lacquer stands a foot square and four inches high. Those were our tables. They bore a red lacquered bowl full of fish boiled in brine, and sea anemones. At least they were not mushrooms. A paper napkin tied with gold thread enclosed our chopsticks; and in a little flat saucer lay a smoked crayfish, a slice of a compromise that looked like Yorkshire pudding and tasted like sweet omelette, and a twisted fragment of some translucent thing that had once been alive but was now pickled. They went away but not empty handed, for thou, O-Toyo, didst take away my heart—same that I gave to the Burmese girl in the Shway Dagon.

The Professor opened his eyes a little but said no word. The chopsticks demanded all his attention and the return of the girls took up the rest. O-Toyo, ebon-haired, rosy-cheeked and made throughout of delicatest porcelain, laughed at me because I devoured all the mustard sauce that had been served with my raw fish and wept copiously till she gave me *saki* from a lordly bottle about four inches high. If you took some very thin hock and tried to mull it and forgot all about the brew till it was half cold, you would get *saki*. I got mine in a saucer so tiny that I was bold to have it filled eight or ten times and loved O-Toyo none the less at the end. But to return to the tiffin.

After raw fish and mustard sauce came some other sort of fish cooked with pickled radishes, and very slippery on the chopstick. The girls knelt in a semi-circle and shrieked with delight at the Professor's clumsiness, for indeed it was not I that nearly upset the dinner table in a vain attempt to recline gracefully. After the bamboo-shoots came a basin of white beans in sweet sauce—very nasty indeed. Try to convey beans to your mouth with a pair of wooden knitting needles and see what happens. Some chickens cunningly boiled with turnips, and a bowlful of snow-white boneless fish and a pile of rice conluded the meal. I have forgotten one or two of che courses, but when O-Toyo handed me the tiny tacquered Japanese pipe full of hay-like tobacco, I counted nine dishes in the lacquer stand—each dish representing a course. Then O-Toyo and I smoked by alternate pipefuls. Three whiffs exhausted the bowl, which was knocked out into a bamboo *pikdan* and refilled from a cunning little lacquer box. The stiff joints of the barbarians had by this time necessitated a padding of pillows on the floor—blue and white pillows of the softest.

My very respectable friends at all the clubs and messes, have you ever after a good tiffin lolled on cushions and smoked with one pretty girl to fill your pipe and four to admire you in an unknown tongue? You do not know what life is. I looked round me at that faultless room, at the dwarf-pines and creamy cherry-blossoms without, at O-Toyo bubbling with laughter because I blew smoke through my nose, and at the ring of Mikado maidens over against the golden brown bear-skin rug. Here was colour, form, food, comfort and beauty enough for half a year's contemplation. I would not be a Burman any more. I would be a Japanese—always with O-Toyo *bien entendu*—in a cabinet workhouse on a camphor-scented hillside.

"Heigho!" said the Professor. "There are worse places than this to live and die in. D'you know our steamer goes at four? Let's ask for the bill and get away."

We got: but I have left my heart with O-Toyo under the pines. Perhaps I shall get it back at Kobe.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

XII.—A FURTHER CONSIDERATION OF JAPAN. THE INLAND SEA, THE TEMPERATURE OF ALLAHABAD, AND GOOD COOKERY. THE MYSTERY OF PASSPORTS AND CONSULATES, AND CERTAIN OTHER MATTERS.

"Rome! Rome! Wasn't that the place where I got the good cigars?"

Memoirs of a Traveller.

ALAS for the incompleteness of the written word! There was so much more that I meant to tell you about Nagasaki and the funeral procession that I found in her streets. You ought to have read about the wailing women in white who followed the dead man shut up in a wooden sedan chair that rocked on the shoulders of the bearers, while the bronze-hued Buddhist priest tramped on ahead and the little boys ran alongside.

I had prepared in my mind moral reflections, purviews of political situations and a complete essay on the future of Japan, Now I have forgotten everything except O-Toyo in the tea-garden.

From Nagasaki we—the P. and O. Steamer—are going to Kobé by way of the Inland Sea. That is to say we have for the last twenty hours been steaming through a huge lake, studded as far as the eye can reach with islands of every size from four miles long and two wide to little cocked-hat hummocks no bigger than a decent hayrick. Messrs. Cook and Son charge about one hundred rupees extra for the run through this part of the world, but they do not know how to farm the beauties of nature. Under any skies the islands—purple, amber, grey, green and black—are worth five times the money asked. I have been sitting for the last half-hour among a knot of whooping tourists wondering how I could give you a notion of them. The tourists, of course, are indescribable. They say, "Oh my!" at thirty-second intervals, and at the end of five minutes call of one another: "Sa-ay, don't you think its burry much the same all along?" Then they play cricket with a broomstick till an unusually fair prospect makes them stop and shout "Oh my!" again. If there were a few more oaks and pines on the islands the run would be three hundred miles of Naini Tal lake. But we are not near Naini Tal, for as the big ship drives down the alleys of water I can see the heads of the breakers flying ten feet up the side of the echoing cliffs, albeit the sea is dead-still.

Now we have come to a stretch so densely populated with islands that all looks solid ground. We are running through broken water thrown up by the race of the tide round an outlying reef, and apparently are going to hit an acre of solid rock. Somebody on the bridge saves us, and we head out for another island, and so on and so on till the eye wearies of watching the nose of the ship swinging right and left, and the finite human soul which, after all, cannot repeat, "Oh my!" through a chilly evening goes below. When you come to Japan it can be done comfortably in three months or even ten weeks. Sail through this marvellous sea, and see how quickly wonder melts into interest, and interest into apathy. We brought oysters with us from Nagasaki. I am much more interested in their appearance at dinner to-night than in the shag-backed starfish of an islet that has just slidden by like a ghost upon the silver grey waters, awakening under the touch of the ripe moon. Yes, it is a sea of mystery and romance and the white sails of the junks are silver in the moonlight. But if the steward curries those oysters instead of serving them on the shell all the veiled beauties of cliff and water-carven rock will not console me. To-day being the seventeenth of April I am sitting in an ulster under a thick rug with fingers so cold I can barely hold the pen. This emboldens me to ask how your thermantidotes are working. A mixture of steatite and kerosine is very good for creaking cranks I believe, and if the coolie falls asleep and you wake up in Hades try not to lose your temper. I go to my oysters.

Two days later. This comes from Kobé (thirty hours from Nagasaki), the European portion of which is a raw American town. When we walked down the wide naked streets between houses of "sham-damn" stucco, with Corinthian pillars of wood, wooden verandahs and *piazzas*, all stony grey beneath stony grey skies, and keeping guard over raw-green saplings miscalled shade trees, I fainted in the Professor's arms. He has travelled a good deal. "This place is all right," said he. "It is Portland, Maine, but it is a little bit too far west. Remarkable like Portland, Maine. You must go there." In truth Kobé is hideously American in externals. Even I, who have only seen pictures, recognised it at once. Like Nagasaki it lives amon hills, but the hills are all scalped and the general impression is of out-of-the-wayness. Yet, ere I go further, let me sing the praises of the excellent and very respectable M. Bégeux, proprietor of the Oriental Hotel, upon whom be peace. His is a house where you can dine. He does not feed you. His coffee is the coffee of the beautiful France. For tea he gives you Peliti cakes (but better) and the *vin ordinaire* which is *compris* is good. Excellent M. and Madame Bégeux! If the *Pioneer* were a medium for puffs I would write a leading article upon your potato salad, your beefsteaks, your fried fish and your staff of highly trained Japanese servants in blue tights who looked like so many Hamlets without the velvet cloak, and who obeyed even the unspoken wish. No, it should be a poem—a ballad of good living. I have eaten curries of the rarest at the Oriental at Penang, the turtle steaks of Raffles' at Singapur still live in my regretful memory, and they gave me chicken liver and sucking-pig in the Victoria at Hongkong which I will always extol. But the Oriental at Kobé was better than all three. Remember this and so shall you who come after slide round a quarter of the world upon a sleek and contented stomach. It is not a little thing to enjoy once more spring mattresses, gas, electric bells and hot and cold water taps. We in India are cheated out of our birthright in all these things.

The Professor is a curious man. He notices the straws which show which way the wind blows. "See that fork?" said he at breakfast. "That's American. We're getting near now."

"What's the matter with the fork?" It was an ordinary plated weapon. "English fork, prongs larger than the spaces. 'Merican fork spaces larger than the prongs. Ugh!" said the Professor, sententiously. A gipsy who picks up the twisted cross that marks which way his tribe have gone could not have spoken more to the point. Wisdom of the Professor's kind is worth having.

We are going from Kobé to Yokohama by various roads. This necessitates a passport, because we travel in the interior and do not run round the coast on shipboard. We take a railroad which may or may not be complete as to the middle, and we branch off from that railroad, complete or not, as the notion may prompt. This will be an affair of some twenty days and ought to include forty or fifty miles by *'rickshaw*, a voyage on a lake and I believe bed bugs. The Professor has a map with which he wrestles daily, and he knows all about the impending journey. *Nota bene.* When you come to Japan stop at Hongkong and send on a letter to the "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Tokio" if you want to travel in the interior of this Fairy land. Indicate your route as roughly as ever you choose, but for your own comfort give the two extreme towns you intend to touch. Throw in any details about your age, profession, colour of hair and the like that may occur to you, and ask to have a passport sent to the British Consulate at Kobé to meet you. Allow the man with a long title a week's time to prepare the passport and you will find it at your service when you land. Only write distinctly to save your vanity. My papers allow me to travel for three months over the whole of the southern island on condition that I do not scribble on temple walls, refrain from driving without lamps and never "attend a fire on horseback." I would much sooner attend Divine Service that way, but I am proud to think I belong to a nation of such desperate horsemen. The entire document is addressed to a Mister Kyshrig—Radjerd Kyshrig. Wherefore, I say again, write your name distinctly.

The walk to the Consulate exhausted the European portion of Kobé, and the Professor and I went away to the Japanese town in *'rickshaws*. The one man in the shafts was a curiosity. He began running on level ground as swiftly as though he were a whole team of *Paharis*. This vexed me and I gave him a half-mile on the flat, down the street. He stopped full of running. Then I ran him back again and finished with an ascent. He ran up that and said that there was a curio-shop five minutes' distance. He was clad in a blue jerkin, knee breeches and blue gaiters, and his number was painted on his back. Whence he drew his powers of endurance I cannot tell, but he ran eternally for ten cents an hour while I studied Japan.

As in Nagasaki the town was full of babies, and as in Nagasaki every one smiled except the Chinamen. I do not like Chinamen. They stand high above the crowd and they swagger, unconsciously parting the crowd before them as an Englishman parts the crowd in a native city. There was something in their faces which I could not understand, though it was familiar enough.

"The Chinaman's a native 'Fessor" I said. "That's the look on a native's face, but the Jap isn't a native and he isn't a *sahib* either. What is it?" The Professor considered the surging street for a while.

"The Chinaman's an old man when he's young—just as a native is—but the Jap is a child all his life. Think how grown-up people look among children—that's the look that's puzzling you."

I dare not say that the Professor is right, but to my eyes it seemed he spoke sooth. As the knowledge of good and evil sets its mark upon the face of a grown man of our people, so something I did not understand had marked the faces of the Chinamen. They had no kinship with the crowd beyond that a man has to children.

"They are the superior race," said the Professor ethnologically.

"They can't be. They don't know how to enjoy life," I answered immorally. "And, anyway, their act isn't human."

"What does it matter?" said the Professor. "Here's a shop full of the wrecks of old Japan. Let's go in and look." We went in, but I want somebody to solve the Chinese question for me. It's too large to handle alone.

We entered the curio-shop aforementioned, with our hats in our hands, through a small avenue of carved stone lanterns and wooden sculptures of devils unspeakably hideous, to be received by a smiling image who had grown grey among *netoukes* and lacquer. He showed us the banners and insignia of daimios long since dead, while our jaws drooped in ignorant wonder. He showed us a sacred turtle of mammoth size, carven in wood down to minutest detail, and the figures of gigantic heroes. Through room after room he led us, the light fading as we went, till we reached a tiny garden and a woodwork cloister that ran round it. Suits of old-time armour made faces at us in the gloom, ancient swords clicked at our feet, quaint tobacco pouches as old as the swords swayed to and fro from some invisible support, and the eyes of a score of battered Buddhas, red dragons, *terthankars* and Burmese *beloos* glared at us from over the fence of tattered gold brocade robes of state. The joy of possession lives in the eye. The old man showed us his treasures from crystal spheres mounted in sea-worn wood to cabinet on cabinet full of ivory and wood carvings, and we were as rich as though we owned all that lay before us. The Professor raves about the cabinets in old gold and ivory studded with jade, lazuli, agate, mother-o'-pearl and cornelian, but to me more desirable than any wonder of five-stoned design are the buttons and *netsukes* that lie on cotton wool and can be taken out and played with. Unfortunately the merest scratch of Japanese characters is the only clue to the artist's name, so I am unable to say who conceived and in creamy ivory executed the old man horribly embarrassed by a cuttle-fish; the priest who made the soldier pick up a deer for him and laughed to think that the brisket would be his and the burden his companion's; or the dry lean snake coiled in derision on a jawless skull mottled with the memories of corruption; or the Rabelaisian badger who stood on his head and made you blush though he was not half an inch long; or the little fat boy pounding his smaller brother; or the rabbit that had just made a joke; or—but there were scores of these notes born of every mood of mirth, scorn and experience that sways the heart of man: and by this hand that has held half a dozen of them in its palm I winked at the shade of the dead carver. He had gone to his rest, but he had worked out in ivory three or four impressions that I had been hunting after in cold print.

The Englishman is a wonderful animal. He buys a dozen of these things and puts them on the top of an overcrowded cabinet where they look like blobs of ivory and forgets them in a week. The Japanese hides them in a beautiful brocaded bag or a quiet lacquer box till three congenial friends come to tea. Then he takes them out slowly and they are regarded with appreciation amid quiet chuckles and the deliberative clink of cups, and put back again till the mood for inspection returns. That is the way to enjoy what we call curios. Every man with money is a collector in Japan, but you shall find no crowds of "things" outside the appointed shops.

We stayed long in the half-light of that quaint shop, and when we went away we grieved afresh that such a people should have a "constitution" or should dress every tenth young man in Euro-

pean clothes, put a white ironclad in Kobé harbour and send a dozen myoptic lieutenants in baggy uniforms about the streets.

"It would pay us," said the Professor with his head in a clog-shop, "it would pay us to establish an international suzerainty over Japan, to take away any fear of invasion or annexation, and pay the country as much as ever it chose on condition that it simply sat still and went on making beautiful things while our men learned. It would pay us to put the whole Empire in a glass-case and mark it '*Hors de concours*' Exhibit A."

"H'mm" said I. "Who's us?"

Oh we generally—the *Sahib log* all the world over. Our workmen—a few of them—can do as good work in certain lines, but you don't find whole towns full of clean, capable, dainty, designful people in Europe. Wherefore "Let's go to Tokio and speak to the Mikado about it," I said. "Let's go to a Japanese theatre first," said the Professor. "It's too early in the tour to start serious politics."

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XIII.—The Japanese Theatre and the Story of the Thunder Cat. Treating also of the Quiet Places and the Dead Man in the Street.

In my last letter I said that the Professor had suggested our going to a Japanese theatre: and to a Japanese theatre we went through the mud and much rain. It was some where in the slums beyond a railway bridge and a level crossing, and it blazed with gaudy pictures externally. Internally it was nearly dark, for the deep blue of the audience's dress soaked up the scanty light from twelve kerosine lamps. There was no standing room anywhere except next to the Japanese policeman, who in the cause of morals and the Lord Chamberlain had a corner in the galley and four chairs all to himself. He was quite four feet eight inches high, and Napoleon at St. Helena could not have folded his arms more dramatically. After some grunting—I fear we were upsetting the principles of the constitution—he consented to give us one chair, receiving in return a Burma cheroot which I have every reason to believe blew his little head off. A pit containing fifty rows of fifty people and a binding layer of babies, and a gallery which might have held twelve hundred made up the house. It took me some time to understand that the entire theatre was as delicate a piece of cabinet work as any of the houses, that roof, floor, beams, props, verandahs and partitions were of naked wood and that every other person in the house was smoking a tiny pipe and knocking out the ashes once in two minutes. Then I wished to fly, death by the *auto da fé* not being anywhere paid for in the tour. There was no escape at the one little low door where pickled fish was being sold between the acts.

"Yes it is not exactly a safe looking place" said the Professor as the matches winked and sputtered all round and below. "But if that curtain catches that naked light on the stage, or you see this matchwood gallery begin to blaze, I'll kick out sthe back of the refreshment buffet and we can walk away."

With this cold comfort the drama began. The green curtain dropped from above and was whisked away, and three gentlemen and a lady opened the ball by a dialogue conducted in tones between a "burble" and a falsetto whisper. If you wish to know their costumes look at the nearest Japanese fan. Real Japs of course are like men and women, but stage Japs in heir stiff brocades are line for line as Japs are drawn. When the four sat down a little boy ran about among them and settled their draperies, pulling out a sash-bow here, displaying a skirt-fold there and putting a cushion where it was needed. The costumes were as gorgeous as the plot was incomprehensible. But we will call the play *The Thunder Cat*, or *Harlequin Bag o'bones and the Amazing Old Woman*, or *The Mammoth Radish*, or *The Superfluous Badger and the Swinging Lights.*

The two-sworded man in the black and gold brocade rose up and imitated the gait of an obscure actor called Henry Irving, whereat, not knowing that he was being serious, I cackled aloud till the Japanese policeman looked at me austerely. Then the two-sworded man wooed the Japanese fan lady, the rest of the characters commenting on his proceedings like a Greek chorus till something—perhaps a misplaced accent—provoked trouble, and the two-sworded man and a vermilion splendour enjoyed a Vincent Crummles fight to the music of all the orchestra—one guitar and something that clicked—not castanets. The small boy removed their weapons when the men had sufficiently warred, and, conceiving, that the piece wanted lightening, fetched a ten-foot bamboo with a lighted candle at the end and held this implement about a foot from the face of the two-sword man, following his every movement with the anxious eye of a child entrusted with a typewriter. Then the Japanese fan girl consented to the wooing of the two-sword man and with a scream of eldritch laughter turned into a hideous old woman—a boy took off her hair, but she did the making up herself. At this terrible moment a gilded Thunder Cat, which is a cat issuing from a cloud, ran on wires from the flies to the centre of the gallery, and a boy with a badger's tail mocked at the two-sword man. Then I knew that the two-sword man had offended a cat and a badger and that he would have a very bad time of it, for these two animals and the fox are to this day black sorcerers. Fearful things followed and the scenery was changed once every five minutes. The prettiest effect was secured by a double row of candles hung on strings behind a green gauze far up the stage and set swinging with opposite motions. This, besides giving a fine idea of uncanniness, made one member of the audience think of sea sickness.

But the two-sworded man was far more miserable than I. The bad Thunder Cat cast such spells upon him that I gave up trying to find out what he was. He was a fat-faced low comedian king of the rats, assisted by other rats, and he eat a magic radish with side-splitting pantomime till he became a man once more. Then all his bones were taken away—still by the Thunder Cat—and he fell into a horrid heap, illuminated by the small boy with the candle—and would not recover himself till somebody spoke to a magic parrot and a huge hairy villain and several coolies had walked over him. Then he was a girl, but, hiding behind a parasol, resumed his shape with much surprise and feminine bewilderment, and then the curtain mercifully came down and the audience ran about the stage and circulated generally. One small boy took it into his head that he could turn head-over-heels from the Prempt side across. With great gravity and before the unregarding house he set to work, but rolled over sideways with a flourish of chubby legs. Nobody cared and the polite people in the gallery could not understand why the Professor and I were helpless with laughter when the child imitated the strut of the two-sword man with a clog for a sword. The actors made their changes in public, and anyone who liked might help shift scenes. Why should not a baby enjoy himself if he liked?

A little later we left. The Thunder Cat was still working her wicked will on the two-sword man, but all would be set right next day. There was a good deal to be done, but Justice was at the end of it. The man who sold pickled fish and tickets said so.

"Good school for a young actor," said the Professor. "He'd see what unpruned eccentricities naturally develop into. There's every trick and mannerism of the English stage in that place, magnified thirty diameters but perfectly recognisable. What colour and what dresses though! I didn't think people could look so like their pictures. How do you intend to describe it?"

"The Japanese comic opera of the future has yet to be written," I responded grandiloquently. "Yet to be written in spite of the *Mikado!* The badger has not yet appeared on an English stage, and the artistic mask as an accessory to the legitimate drama has never been utilised. Just imagine the *Thunder Cat* as a title for a serio-comic opera! Begin with a domestic cat possessed of magic powers living in the house of a London tea merchant who kicks her. Consider——"

"The lateness of the hour" was the icy answer. "To-morrow we will go and write operas in the temple close to this place."

* * *

To-morrow brought fine drizzling rain. The sun, by the way, has been hidden now for more than three weeks. They took us to what must be the chief temple of Kobé and gave it a name which I do not remember. It is an exasperating thing to stand at the altars of a faith that you know nothing about. There be rites and ceremonies of the Hindu creed that all have read of and must have witnessed, but in what manner do they pray who look to Buddha, and what worship is paid at the Shento shrines? The books say one thing: the eyes another.

The temple would seem to be also a monastery and a place of great peace disturbed only by the babble of scores of little children. It stood back from the road behind a sturdy wall, an irregular mass of steep pitched roofs bound fantastically at the crown, copper green where the thatch had ripened under the touch of time, and dull grey black where the tiles ran. Under the eaves some man who believed in his God, and so could do good work, had carved his heart into wood till it blossomed and broke into waves or curled with the ripple of flames. Somewhere on the outskirts of Lahore city stands a mazy gathering of tombs and cloister walks called *Chajju Bhagat's Chubara*, built no one knows when and decaying no one cares how soon. Though this temple was large and spotlessly clean within and without, the silence and rest of the place were those of the far-off courtyards in the Punjab. The priests had made many gardens in corners of the wall—gardens perhaps forty feet long by twenty wide, and each, though different from its neighbour, containing a little pond with goldfish, a

stone lantern or two, hummocks of rock, flat stones carved with inscriptions and a cherry or peach tree one mass of blossom.

Stone-paved paths ran across the courtyard and connected building with building. In an inner inclosure, where lay the prettiest garden of all, was a golden tablet ten or twelve feet high against which stood in high relief of hammered bronze the figure of a goddess in flowing robes. The space between the paved paths here was strewn with snowy-white pebbles, and in white pebbles on red they had written on the ground the two words "How happy." There was no offence in them. You might take them as you pleased, as the sigh of contentment or the question of despair.

The temple itself, reached by a wooden bridge, was nearly dark, but there was light enough to show a hundred subdued splendours of brown and gold, of silk and faithfully painted screen. If you have once seen a Buddhist altar where the Master of the Law sits among golden bells, ancient bronzes, flowers in vases and banners of tapestry you will begin to understand why the Roman Catholic Church prospered so mightily in this country, and will prosper in all lands where it finds an elaborate ritual already existing. Since the beginning of the world, and as a pale and ineffectual return to the compliment paid him in the first chapter of Genesis, man has done his best to make God after his own image. An art-loving folk will have a God who is to be propitiated with pretty things as surely as a race bred among rocks and moors and driving-cloud will enshrine their deity in the storm, and make him an austere recipient of the sacrifice of the rebellious human spirit. Do you remember the story of the Bad People of Iquiqui? The man who told me that yarn told me another—of the Good People of Somewhere Else. They also were simple South Americans with nothing to wear, and they had been conducting a service of their own in honour of their God before a black-jowled Jesuit father. At a critical moment someone forgot the ritual, or a monkey invaded the sanctity of that forest shrine and stole the priest's only garment. Anyhow, something absurd happened, and the Good People burst into shouts of laughter and broke off to play for a while.

"But what does your God say?" asked the other priest, scandalised at the levity.

"Oh! he knows everything. He knows that we forget and can't attend and do it all wrong, but he is very wise and very strong" was the reply.

"Well, that doesn't excuse you."

"Of course it does. He just lies back and laughs," said the Good People of Somewhere Else and fell to pelting each other with blossoms.

I forget what is the precise bearing of this anecdote. But to return to the temple. Hidden away behind a mass of variegated gorgeousness was a row of very familiar figures with gold crowns on their heads. One does not expect to meet Khrishna *makan chor* and Kali the husband beater so far east as Japan.

"What are these?"

"They are other gods" said a young priest, who giggled deprecatingly at his own creed every time he was questioned about it. "They are very old. They came from India in the past. I think they are Indian gods, but I do not know why they are here."

I hate a man who is ashamed of his faith. There was a story connected with those gods and the priest would not tell it to me. Wherefore I sniffed at him scornfully and went my way. It led me from the temple straight into the monastery, which was all made of delicate screens, polished floors and brown wood ceilings. Except for my tread on the boards there was no sound in the place till I heard someone breathing heavily behind a screen. The priest slid back what had appeared to me a dead wall and we found a very aged priest half-asleep over his charcoal hand-warmer. This was the picture. The priest in olive-green, his bald head, pure silver, bowed down before a sliding screen of white oiled-paper which let in dull silver light. To his right a battered black lacquer stand containing the Indian ink and brushes with which he was pretending to work. To the right of these again a pale yellow bamboo table holding a vase of olive-green crackle and a sprig of almost black pine. There were no blossoms in this place. The priest was too old. Behind the sombre picture stood a gorgeous little Buddhist shrine—gold and vermilion—and the things that looked like golden *peepul* leaves over the head of Buddha tinkled mournfully from time to time.

"He makes a fresh picture for the little screen here every day," said the young priest pointing first to his senior and then to a blank little tablet on the wall. The old man laughed pitifully, rubbed his head and handed me his picture for the day. It represented a flood over rocky ground; two men in a boat were helping two others on a tree half-submerged by the water. Even I could tell that the power had gone from him. He must have drawn well in his manhood, for one figure in the boat had action and purpose as it leaned over the gunwale: but the rest was blurred and the lines had wandered astray as the poor old hand had quavered across the paper. I had no time to wish the artist a pleasant old age and an easy death in the great peace that surrounded him before the young man drew me away to the back of the shrine, and showed me a second smaller altar facing shelves on shelves of little gold and lacquer tablets covered with Japanese characters.

"These are memorial tablets of the dead," he giggled. "Once and again the priest he comes to pray here—for those who are dead, you understand?"

"Perfectly. They call 'em masses where I come from. I want to go away and think about things. You shouldn't laugh though when you show off your creed."

"Ha, Ha!" said the young priest, and I ran away down the dark polished passages with the faded screens on either hand, and got into the main courtyard facing the street, while the Professor was trying to catch temple fronts with his camera.

A procession came by of Japanese dressed in the English fashion more or less than of pure Japanese, four abreast tramping hrough the sloshy mud. They did not laugh, which was strange, till I saw and heard a company of women in white walking in front of a little wooden palanquin carried on the shoulders of four bearers and suspiciously light. They sang a song, half under their breaths—a wailing, moaning song that I had only heard once before from the lips of a native far away in the north of India, who had been clawed past hope of cure by a bear and was singing his own death-song as his friends bore him along.

"Have make die," said my *'rickshaw* coolie. "Few-yu-ne-ral."

I was aware of the fact. Men, women and little children poured along the streets and, when the death-song sank down, helped it forward. The half-mourners wore only pieces of white cloth about their shoulders. The immediate relatives of the dead were in white from head to foot. "Aho! Ahaa! Aho!" they wailed very softly for fear of breaking the cadence of the falling rain, and they disappeared. All except one old woman who could not keep pace with the procession, and so came along all alone crooning softly to herself. "Aho! Ahaa! Aho!" she whispered.

The little children in the courtyard were clustered round the Professor's camera. But one child had very bad skin disease on his innocent head—so bad that none of the others would play with him—and he stood in a corner and sobbed and sobbed as though his heart would break. Poor little Gehazi!

They give you perfect potato salad and fowl *à la marengo* at the Oriental. I went back to that. It was better than temples and funerals.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XIV.—Explains in what manner I was taken to Venice in the rain and climbed into a Devil Fort, A Tin-pot Exhibition and a Bath. Of the Maiden and the Boltless Door, the Cultivator and his Fields and the manufacture of Ethnological Theories at railroad speed. Ends with a place called Kyoto.

"There's a deal o' fine confused feedin' about a sheep's head."

Scotch Proverb.

"Come along to Osaka," said the Professor.

"Why? I'm quite comfy here, and we shall have lobster cutlets for tiffin: and anyhow it is raining heavily and we shall get wet."

"Come along to Osaka," said the Professor. "Trains run every two hours and the town is full of manufactures—chimneys and so on y'know." Sorely against my will—for it was in my mind to fudge Japan from a guide-book while I enjoyed the cookery of the Oriental at Kobe—I was dragged into a *'rickshaw* and the rain, and conveyed to a railway station constructed chiefly of elaborately grained wood. Even the Japanese cannot make their railway stations lovely, though they do their best. Their system of baggage-booking is borrowed from the Americans; their narrow-gauge lines, locos and rolling-stock are English; their passenger traffic is regulated with the precision of the Gaul, and the uniforms of their officials come from the nearest ragbag. The passengers themselves were altogether delightful. A large number of them were modified Europeans and resembled nothing more than Tenniel's picture of the White Rabbit on the first page of *Alice in Wonderland.* They were arrayed in neat little tweed suits with fawn coloured overcoats, and they carried ladies' reticules of black leather and nickel platings. They rejoiced in paper and celluloid stuck-up collars which must have been quite thirteen inches round the neck, and their boots were number fours. On their hands—their wee-wee hands—they wore white cotton gloves, and they smoked cigarettes from fairy little cigarette cases. That was Young Japan—the Japan of the present day.

"Wah, wah, God is great!" said the Professor "But it isn't in human nature for a man who sprawls about on soft rugs by instinct to wear *Belaitee* clothes as though they belonged to him. If you notice the last thing that they take to is a pair of shoes. A man with shoes can't enter a Jap house".

I knew the Professor had picked the last sentence out of a guide-book. "Don't they look just the least little bit in the world like Babus?" I murmured. "Not in their art of course, but in their hankering after our way of dressing."

"The Babu has no arts and no manufactured products except himself," said the Professor epigrammatically. "If you think you can understand Japan from watching it at a railway station you are much mistaken."

A lapis-lazuli coloured locomotive which, by accident, had a mixed train attached to it happened to loaf up to the platform just then, and we entered a first-class English compartment. There was no stupid double roof or window shade or abortive thermantidote. It was a London and South Western carriage. Whereat, feeling homesick, I mourned for my lost fatherland. Osaka is about eighteen miles from Kobe, and stands at the head of the bay of Osaka. The train is allowed when it is good to go as much as fifteen miles an hour and to play at the stations all along the line. That is to say the entire system could have been linked to the North-Western. But whether Colonel Conway-Gordon would have approved of fragrant cherry-blossom trees at all the stations I greatly doubt. He would have admired the permanent-way and the embankments immensely. You must know that the line runs between the hills and the shore, and the drainage-fall is a great deal steeper than anything we run over between Saharunpur and Umballa. The rivers and the hill torrents come down straight from the hills on raised beds of their own formation, which beds again have to be bunded and spanned with girder bridges or—here, perhaps, I may be wrong—tunnelled. At any rate we went under three ridges of pine and bamboo, and if they did not hide an irrigation cut at the least I am a Japanese.

Lucky was the contractor who made the line. He must have received sanction for unlimited bridges and culverts. The stations are black-tiled, red-walled and concrete floored, and all the plant is English from signal levers to goods-truck. The official colour of the bridges is a yellow-brown most like unto a faded chrysanthemum. The uniform of the ticket-collectors is peaked forage cap with gold lines, black frock-coat, with brass buttons, very long in the skirt, trousers with black mohair braid and buttoned kid boots. You cannot be rude to a man in such raiment.

But the countryside was the thing that made us open our eyes. It is not for me to say that the Japanese cultivator works his fields with a comb and a tooth-pick. A mere layman has no right to opinions. You know how the cultivation runs round Patna, or in the first circle of the vegetable gardens near a big city or in the hill-terraces of Kulu. Imagine a land of rich black soil, very heavily manured and worked by the spade and hoe almost exclusively, and if you split your field (of vision) into half bigah plots you will get a notion of the raw material the cultivator works on. But all I can write will give you no notion of the wantonness of neatness visible in the fields, of the elaborate system of irrigation and the mathematical precision of the planting. There was no mixing of crops, no waste of boundary in footpath, and no difference of value in the land. *Id est* the water was everywhere within ten feet of the surface as the well-sweeps attested. On the slopes of the foothills the drop between the levels was neatly revetted with unmortared stones and the edges of the watercuts were faced in like manner. The young rice was transplanted very much as draughts are laid on the board, the tea might have been cropped box, and between the lines of the mustard the water lay in the drills as in a wooden trough, while the purple of the beans ran up to the mustard and stopped as though cut with a rule.

"I knew they had cabinet-makers to make their houses, but I didn't know they had 'em to construct their fields," said the Professor.

"Oh these are the vegetable gardens that supply Kioto" I said at a venture.

That was not true. We ran into the district and the aspect of the country was still unchanged. On the seaboard we saw an almost continuous line of towns variegated with factory chimneys, inland the crazy quilt of green, dark-green and gold and shutting out the view of firclad hills where other villages hid themselves. Even in the rain the view was lovely and exactly as Japanese pictures had led me to hope for. Only one drawback occurred to the Professor and myself at the same time. Crops don't grow to the full limit of the seed on a heavily worked ground cut up by *rajbahars* and dotted with villages without compensating disadvantages.

"Cholera?" said I, watching a stretch of well-sweeps.

"Cholera," said the Professor. "Must be y'know. All sewage."

I felt that I was friends with the cultivators at once. These broad-hatted, blue-clad gentlemen who tilled their fields by hand—except when they borrowed the village buffalo to drive the share through the rice-slough—knew what the scourge meant.

"How much do you think the Government takes in revenue from vegetable-gardens of that kind?" I demanded of the Professor.

"Bosh," said he quietly, "you aren't going to describe the land-tenure of Japan. Look at the yellow of the mustard!"

It lay in streets round the line. It ran up the hills to the dark-green of the pines. It rioted over the brown sandbars of the swollen rivers and faded away by mile after mile to the shores of the leaden sea. The high-peaked houses of brown thatch stood knee-deep in it and it surged up to the factory chimneys of Osaka, when an hour's gentle exercise brought us to that place.

"Great place Osaka," said the guide. "All sorts of manufactures there."

Did I tell you that we had invested in a guide at Kobe? You also must get one. It is humiliating, but it is indispensable when you journey beyond the limits of the treaty ports. The guide, who demands one dollar a day and seventy-five cents for food, knows exactly what is to be seen, knows the hotels and the prices of everything, and sees you through in a whole-souled manner which may or may not cover desire for *dasturi*. Under any circumstances 'tis more economical to take a guide, for none of the railway officials except the booking-clerk speak a word of English, and though smiles are vastly pleasant they will not guide you to a bed or supper. Take a guide and be not astonished if he dresses in European clothing and prefers to be addressed as Mister Such-an-one. He is very polite and not obtrusive.

Osaka is a town of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand folk, built into and over and among one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four canals, rivers, dams and watercuts. The first computation is in the guide-books. The latter I made all by myself on the way from the station to the hotel but I fancy the real number is four thousand and: fifty-two however, but if you doubt me you can go there yourself and count. What the multitudinous chimneys mean I cannot tell. They have something to do with rice-polishing and cotton; but it is not good that the Japs should indulge in trade, and I will not call Osaka a "great commercial *entrepôt*." "People who live in paper houses should never sell goods" as the proverb saith.

Because of his many wants there is but one hotel for the Englishman in Osaka, and they call it Juter's. Here the views of our civilisation and a counterfeit collide and the result is awful. The building is altogether Japanese wood and tile and sliding screen from top to bottom: but the fitments are mixed. My room held a *tokonoma*, made of the polished black stem of a palm and delicate woodwork framing a scroll picture representing in cool greys and whites storks in every attitude. There was also a fair screen fit for a lady's drawing-room. But on the floor over the white mats was stretched a Brussels carpet that made the indignant toes tingle. From the back verandah one overhung the river which ran straight as an arrow between two lines of ghâts and houses. They have cabinet-makers in Japan to fit the rivers to the towns. From my verandah I could see three bridges—one a hideous lattice-girder arrangement—and part of a fourth. We were on an island and possessed a watergate if we wanted to take a boat. That was a sight to be seen. The frail wood framing gave you a notion that you were stepping on a raft which would presently break up and drop you into a five-knot current.

Apropos of water be pleased to listen to a Shocking Story. It is written in all the books that the Japanese though cleanly are somewhat casual in their customs. They are supposed to bathe frequently with nothing on and together. This notion my experience of the country, gathered in the seclusion of the Oriental at Kobe, made me scoff at. I demanded a tub at Juter's. The infinitessimal man led me down verandahs and upstairs till he got me into a beautiful bath-house full of hot and cold water and fitted with cabinet-work, somewhere in a lonely out-gallery. There was naturally no bolt to the door any more than there would be a bolt to a dining-room. Had I been sheltered by the walls of the big *Belaitee* bath I should not have cared, but I was preparing to wash when a pretty maiden opened the door, and indicated that she was going to tub in the deep, sunken Japanese bath at my side. When one is clad only in one's virtue and a pair of spectacles it is difficult to preserve sufficient dignity to shut the door in the face of a girl. She gathered that I was not happy and withdrew giggling, while I fled into the hot-water and thanked heaven, blushing profusely the while, that I had been brought up in a society which unfits a man to bathe *à deux*. Even an experience of the Paddington swimming baths would have helped me: but coming straight from India Lady Godiva was a ballet girl in sentiment compared to this Actæon!

To return to less important affairs. It rained monsoonishly and the oppressively energetic Professor discovered a castle which he needs must see. "It's Osaka Castle," he said, "and it has been fought over for hundreds of years. Come along."

"I've seen castles in India. Raighur, Jodhpur—all sorts of places. Let's have some more boiled salmon. It's good in this station."

"Pig," said the Professor.

We threaded our way over the four thousand and fifty-two canals, &c., where the little children played with the swiftly running water and never a mother said "don't,' till our *'rickshaws* stopped outside a fort ditch thirty feet deep and faced with gigantic granite slabs. On the far side uprose the walls of a fort. But such a fort! Fifty feet was the height of the wall and never a pinch of mortar in the whole. Nor was the face perpendicular, but curved like the ram of a man-of-war from the bow to where it cut the water. They know the curve in China and I have seen French artists introduce it into books describing a devil-beseiged city in Tartary. Possibly everybody else knows it too, but that is not my affair. The stone was granite and the men of old time had used it like mud. The dressed blocks that made the profile of the angles were from twenty feet long, ten or twelve feet high and as many in thickness. I paced several blocks in the main gateway wall which were ten yards long and fourteen or fifteen feet high. There was no attempt at binding but there was no fault in the jointing.

"And the little Japs built this!" I cried awe-stricken at the quarries that rose round me.

"Cyclopean masonry," grunted the Professor, punching with a stick a monolith of seventeen feet cube. "Not only did they build it but they took it. Look at this. Fire."

The stones had been split and bronzed in places and the cleavage was the cleavage of fire. Evil must it have been for the armies that led the assault on these monstrous walls. Castles in India I know and the forts of great Emperors I had seen, but neither Akbar in the north nor Scindia in the south had built after this fashion—without ornament, without colour and with a single eye to savage strength and the utmost purity of line. Perhaps the fort would have looked less forbidding under sunlight. The grey rain-laden atmosphere through which I saw it suited its spirit. Even when we came upon the barracks of the garrison, the commandant's very dainty house, a peach-garden and two deer these things were foreign to the place. They should have peopled it with giants from the mountains or the struggling phantoms that Doré used to draw instead of with—Gurkhas; On second thoughts I withdraw the remark in deference to the little gentlemen with the big knives. A Jap infantryman is not a Gurkha, though he might be mistaken for one as long as he stood still. The sentry at the quarter-guard belonged, I fancy, to the 4th Regiment. His uniform was black or blue with red facings and shoulder-straps carrying the number of the regiment in cloth. He was doing his sentry-go in full field-order. The rain necessitated an overcoat, but why he should have carried knapsack, blanket, boots and binoculars I could not fathom. The knapsack was of cowskin with the hair on, the boots were strapped soles cut on each side while a heavy country blanket was rolled U-shape over the head of the knapsack fitting close to the back. In the place usually occupied by the mess-tin was a black leather case shaped like a field-glass. This must be a mistake of mine, but I can only record as I see. The rifle was a side-bolt of some kind, and the bayonet an uncommonly good sword one locked to the muzzle English fashion. Both weapons were much too big for the man. The ammunition pouches, as far as I could see under the greatcoat, ran on the belt in front, and were double-strapped down. This again must be an error. White spatterdashes—very dirty—and peaked cap completed the outfit. I surveyed the man with interest, and would have made further examination of him but for fear of the big bayonet. His arms were well kept—not speckless by any means—but his uniform would have made an English colonel swear. There was no portion of his body except the neck that it pretended to fit. Later on I saw a few of the men loafing through Osaka on pass. They carried swagger sticks in their hands. These sticks should have been laid about their stooping shoulders: they waddled and rolled and slouched and skipped about the gutters and waved their white cotton gloves around like babies, while their garments hung in folds upon them. The Jap makes a trim little blue-jacket, but he does not understand soldiering. I peeped into the quarter-guard at Osaka fort and withdrew oppressed by laughter. Fans and dainty tea-sets do not accord with one's notions of a barrack. One drunken defaulter of certain far away regiments that I could name would not only have cleared out that quarter-guard, but brought away all its fittings except the rifle-racks. Yet the little men who were always gentle and never got drunk were mounting guard over a pile that with a blue fire on the bastions might have served for the guard-gate of Hell

I climbed to the top of the fort and was rewarded by a view of thirty miles of country, chiefly pale yellow mustard and blue-green pine, and the sight of the very large city of Osaka fading away into mist. The guide took most pleasure in the factory chimneys. "There is an exposition here—an exposition of industrialities. Come and see," said he. He took us down from that high place and showed us the glory of the land in the shape of cork-screws, tin mugs, egg-whisks, dippers, silks, buttons and all the trumpery that can be stitched on a card and sold for five-pence three farthings. The Japanese unfortunately make all these things for themselves and are proud of it. They have nothing to learn from the West as far as finish is concerned, and by intuition know how to show case and mount wares tastefully. The exposition was in four large sheds running round a central building which held only screens, pottery and cabinet-ware loaned for the occasion. I rejoiced to see that the people did not care for the penknives and the pencils and the mock jewelry. They left the sheds alone and discussed the screens, first taking off their clogs that the inlaid floor of the room might not suffer. Of all the gracious things I beheld two only remain in my memory—one a screen in grey representing the heads of six devils instinct with malice and hate: the other a bold sketch in monochrome of an old woodcutter wrestling with the down-bent branch of a tree. Two hundred years have passed since the artist dropped his pencils, but you may almost hear the tough wood jar under the stroke of the chopper as the old man puts his back into the task and draws in the labouring breath between his clenched teeth. There is a picture by Legros of a beggar dying in a ditch which might have been suggested by the screen.

Next morning, after a night's rain which sent the river racing under the frail balconies at eight miles an hour, the sun broke through the clouds. Is this a little matter to you who can count upon him daily? I had not seen him since March, and was beginning to feel anxious on your account. Then the land of peach-blossom spread its draggled wings abroad and rejoiced. All the pretty maidens put on their loveliest crape sashes—fawn colour, pink, blue, orange and lilac—all the little children picked up a baby each and went out to be happy. In a temple garden full of blossoms I performed the miracle of Deucalion with two cents worth of sweets. The babies swarmed on the instant till for fear of raising all the mothers too I forebore to give them any more sweets. They smiled and nodded prettily and trotted after me, forty strong, the big ones helping the little and the little ones skipping in the puddles as is the custom of babydom all the world over. A Jap child never cries, never scuffles, never fights and never makes mud pies except when it lives on the banks of a canal. Yet, lest it should spread its Sash-bow and become a bald-headed angel ere its time, Providence has

decreed that it should never never blow its little nose. Notwithstanding the defect, I love it.

There was no business in Osaka that day because of the sunshine and the budding of the trees. Everybody went to a tea-house with his friends. I went also, but first ran along a boulevard by the side of the river pretending to look at the Mint. This was only a common place of solid granite where they made dollars and rubbish of that kind. All along the boulevard the cherry, peach and plum trees, pink, white and red, touched branches and made a belt of velvety soft colour as far as the eye could reach. Weeping willows were the normal ornaments of the water-side, this revel of bloom being only part of the prodigality of Spring. The Mint may turn out a hundred thousand dollars a day, but all the silver in its keeping will not bring again the three weeks of the peach-blossom which, even beyond the chrysanthemum, is the crown and glory of Japan. For some act of surpassing merit performed in a past life I have been enabled to hit those three weeks in the middle. Come at this season of the year if you can. It is worth the heat of Singapore, the chill of the China seas and the thermometer at 40° in the morning at Kobe.

"Now is the Japanese festival of the cherry-blossom," said the guide. "All the people will be festive. They will pray too and go to the tea gardens."

Now you might wall an Englishman about with cherry-trees in bloom from head to heel, and after the first day he would begin to complain about the smell. As you know, the Japanese arranze a good many of their festivals in honour of flowers: and this is surely commendable, for blossoms are the most tolerant of gods.

The tea-house system of the Japanese filled me with pleasure at a pleasure that I could not fully comprehend. It pays a company in Osaka to build on the outskirts of the town a nine-storeyed pagoda of wood and iron, to lay out elaborate gardens round it, and to hang the whole with strings of blood-red lanterns, because the Japanese will come wherever there is a good view to sit on a mat and discuss tea and sweetmeats and *saki*. This Eiffel Tower is, to tell the truth, anything but pretty, yet the surroundings redeem it. Although it was not quite completed the lower storeys were full of tea stalls and tea drinkers. The men and women were obviously admiring the view. It is an astounding thing to see an Oriental so engaged: it is as though he had stolen something from a sahib. Once in India I heard about a man who was discovered looking at a sunset and making remarks about it which showed appreciation. But he was a Raja and, for aught we know, might have been playing up to his Political Agent.

From Osaka—canal-cut, muddy and fascinating Osaka—the Professor, Mister Yamagutchi—the guide—and I took train to Kioto, an hour from Osaka. On the road I saw four buffaloes at as many rice-ploughs—which was noticeable as well as wasteful. A buffalo at rest must cover the half of a Japanese field: but perhaps they are kept on the mountain ledges and only pulled down when wanted. The Professor says that what I call buffalo is really bullock. The worst of travelling with an accurate man is his accuracy. We argued about the Japanese in the train, about his present and his future, and the manner in which he has ranged himself on the side of the grosser nations of the earth.

"Did it hurt his feelings very much to wear our clothes? Didn't he rebel when he put on a pair of trousers for the first time? Won't he grow sensible some day and drop foreign habits?" These were some of the questions I put to the landscape and the Professor.

"He was a baby," said the latter, "a big baby. I think his sense of humour was at the bottom of the change, but he didn't know that a nation which once wears trousers never takes 'em off. You see 'enlightened' Japan is only one-and-twenty years old and people are not very wise at one-and-twenty. Read Rein's *Japan* and learn how the change came about. There was a Mikado and a *Shogun* who was Sir Frederick Roberts, but he tried to be the Viceroy and "—

"Bother the *Shogun!* I've seen something like the Babu class, and something like the ryots. What I want to see is the Rajput class—the men who used to wear the thousands and thousands of swords in the curio-shops. Those swords were as much made for use as a Rajputana *khanda*. Where are the men who used 'em? Show me a Samurai."

The Professor answered not a word but scrutinised heads on the wayside platforms. 'There does'nt seem to be a distinct fighting force among 'em, but I take it the high-arched forehead, club nose and eyes close together—the Spanish type—are from Rajput stock, while the German faced Jap is the *Khattri*."

Thus we babbled of the natures and dispositions of men we knew nothing about till we had decided (1) that the painful politeness of the Japanese nation rose from the habit, dropped only twenty years ago, of extended and emphatic sword-wearing, even as the Rajput is the pink of courtesy because his friend is armed; (2) that this politeness will disappear in another generation, or at least be seriously impaired; (3) that the cultured Japanese of the English pattern will corrupt and defile the taste of his neighbours till (4) Japan altogether ceases to exist as a separate nation and becomes a button-hook manufacturing appanage of America; (5) that these things being so, and sure to happen in two or three hundred years, the Professor and I were lucky to reach Japan betimes; and (6) that is was foolish to form theories about the country until we had seen a little of it. So we came to the very great city of Kioto in regal sunshine tempered by a breeze that drove the cherry blossoms in drifts about the streets. One Japanese town in the southern provinces at least is very like another to look a —a grey-black sea of house roofs, speckled with the white walls of the fire-proof godowns wherein merchants and rich men do keep their chief treasures. The general level is broken by the temple roofs, which are turned up at the edges and remotely resemble so many terai-hats. Kioto fills a plain almost entirely surrounded by wooded hills, very familiar in their aspect to those who have seen the Siwaliks. Once upon a time it was the capital of Japan, and to-day numbers two hundred and fifty thousand people. It is laid out like an American town. All the streets run at right angles to each other. That, by the way, is exactly what the Professor and I are doing. We are elaborating the Theory of the Japanese People and we can't agree.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XV.—Shows how I found Mussoorie in Pahartibus and fell in love with the chief belle there after I had conferred with certain China merchants who trafficked in tea. Shows further how, in a great temple, I broke the Tenth Commandment in fifty-three places and bowed down before Kano and a carpenter. Takes me to Arashima by way of the fields, with a dissertation on manure and landscapes.

> " Could I but write the things I see,
> My world would haste to gaze with me,
> But since the traitor Pen hath failed
> To paint earth's loveliness unveiled,
> I can but pray the folk who read :—
> 'For lavish will take starveling Deed.' "

There has occurred a mistake somewhere, for we have stumbled into the Charleville at Mussoorie and are consorting with sixty of the Sahib-log in the quaintest hotel that ever you saw. It stands on the hillside overlooking the whole town of Kioto and its garden is veritable Japanese. Fantastically trimmed tea trees, junipers, dwarfed pine and cherry are mixed up with ponds of gold fish, stone lanterns, quaint rock-work and velvety turf all at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Behind us the pines red and black cover the hill and run down in a long spur to the town. But an auctioneer's catalogue cannot describe the charms of the place or deal justly with the tea-garden full of cherry trees that lies a hundred yards below the hotel. We were solemnly assured that hardly anyone came to Kioto. That is why we meet every soul in the ship that brought us to Nagasaki, and an ex-Commissioner of the Dacca Division; and that is why our ears are constantly assailed with the clamour of people who are discussing places which must be " done." An Englishman is a very horrible person when he is on the war-path: so is an American, a Frenchman or a German.

I had been watching the sunlight upon the trees and the town, the shift and play of colour in the crowded street of the cherry, and crooning to myself because the sky was blue and I was alive beneath it with a pair of eyes in my head. Entered the Professor fresh from a ten-mile expedition in a 'rickshaw. Two coolies by the way will run you twenty miles in five hours for one dollar and thirty cents the pair.

"The Doon has grown a good deal," said the Professor wiping his forehead. "It's climbed nearly to the top of the Siwaliks, but I recognised it all the same. I went through the Mohun pass straight to Rajpur—first-class tea-house at Rajpur—then I went to Mussoorie and beyond to the Kamti Falls. Coming back I stopped at Jerrapani for beer but they hadn't any, so I took *saki*."

"How much *saki*," I demanded, for the Professor had started on his new geography without warning.

"Only four cents worth—enough to treat all the 'rickshaw coolies and myself. But it's really true about the Doon. Take a 'rickshaw and look"

" What was the place called ?

"Takao. It's one of the places that must be done," said the Professor.

"Then I won't do it. I'll look it up in a guide-book and pretend that I have been. Was anyone ever killed or cremated at Takao ?"

The guide-books gave me no information, and I have been compelled to use the Professor's account. By all means go to Takao if you cannot send a friend there to tell you about it.

I preferred to go to the tea-garden and lie upon a mat studying Japanese, which would be a fine language but for its many giggles. You ask her about the political aspirations of the country and she giggles. You ask her what her name is and she giggles. You ask her to give you a kiss and she giggles worse than ever. But she is always nice, and if she does charge you treble rates for the pleasure of drinking very vile tea, you must remember that the cherry trees are in bloom so very short a time, and that she has to pay for the ground on which they stand all the year round.

Immediately the sun went down behind the hills the air became bitterly cold, but the people in crepe sashes and silk coats never ceased their sober frolicking. There was to be a great service in honour of the cherry blossom the next day at the chief temple of Kioto and they were getting ready for it. As the light died in a wash of crimson the last thing I saw was a frieze of three little Japanese babies with fuzzy top-knots and huge sashes trying to hang head downwards from a bamboo rail. They did it, and the closing eye of day regarded them solemnly as it shut. The effect in *silhouette* was pyramidal, immense !

A company of China tea merchants were gathered in the smoking-room after dinner, and by consequence talked their own " shop" which was interesting. Their language is not our language, for they know nothing of the tea-gardens, of drying and withering and rolling, of the assistant who breaks his collarbone in the middle of the busiest season, or of the sickness that smites the lines at about the same time. They are happy men who get their tea by the break of a thousand chests from the interior of the country and play with it upon the London markets. None the less they have a very wholesome respect for Indian tea which they cordially detest. Here is the sort of argument that a Foochow man, himself a very heavy buyer, flung at me across the table.

" You may talk about your Indian teas—Assam and Kangra, or whatever you call them—but I tell you that if ever they get a strong hold in England the doctors will be down on them, Sir. They'll be medically forbidden. See if they aren't. They shatter your nerves to pieces. Unfit for human consumption—that's what they are. Though I don't deny they *are* selling at home. They don't keep though. After three months the musters that I've seen in London turn to hay."

" I think you are wrong there," said a Hankow man. " My experience is that the Indian teas keep better than ours by a long way. But ——" turning to me : " If we could only get the China Government to take off the duties we could smash Indian tea and every one connected with it. We could lay down tea in Mincing Lane at threepence a pound. No, we do not adulterate our teas. That's one of your tricks in India. We get it as pure as yours—every chest in the break equal to sample."

" You can trust your native buyers then ?" I interrupted, for the discussion seemed to be growing unpleasantly warm, and after all, now that I had once " drawn" the Chinaman, it was not my business to talk about what I didn't understand.

" Trust 'em. Of course we can" cut in the Foochow merchant. " There are no tea-gardens in China as you understand them. The peasantry cultivate the tea and the buyers buy from them cash each season. You can give a Chinaman a hundred thousand dollars and tell him to turn it into tea up to your own particular chop—up to sample. Of course the man may be a thorough-paced rogue in many ways, but he knows better than to play the fool with an English house. Back comes your tea—a thousand half chests we'll say. You open perhaps five and the balance go home untried. But they are all equal to sample. That's business, that is. The Chinaman's a born merchant, and full of backbone. I like him for business purposes. The Jap's no use. He isn't man enough to handle a hundred thousand dollars. Very possibly he'd sneak off with it—or try to."

" The Jap has no business savvy. God knows I hate the Chinaman," said a bass voice behind the tobacco smoke, " but you can do business with him. The Jap's a little huckster who can't see beyond his nose."

They called for drinks and told tales these merchants of China—tales of money and bales and boxes—but through all their stories there was an implied leaning upon native help which, even allowing for the peculiarities of China, was rather startling. " The compradore did this, Ho Whang did that, a syndicate of Pekin bankers did the other thing"—and so on. I wondered whether a certain lordly indifference as to details had anything to do with eccentricities in the China tea breaks and fluctuations of quality which do occur in spite of all the men said to the contrary. Again, the merchants spoke of China as a place

where fortunes are made—a land only waiting to be opened up to pay a hundredfold. They told me of the Home Government helping private trade in kind and unobtrusive ways to get a firmer hold on the Public Works Department contracts that are now flying abroad. This was pleasant hearing. But the strangest thing of all was the tone of hope and almost contentment that pervaded their speech. They were well-to-do men making money and they liked their lives. You know how when two or three are gathered together in our own barren pauper land they groan in chorus and are disconsolate. The civilian, the military man and the merchant, they are all alike with us. The one overworked and broken by exchange, the second a highly organised beggar with no hopes, and the third a nobody in particular always at loggerheads with what he considers an academical Government. I knew in a way that we were a grim and miserable community in India, but I did not know the measure of our fall till I heard men talking about fortunes, success, money, and the pleasure, good living and frequent trips to England that money brings. Their friends did not seem to die with unnatural swiftness and their wealth enabled them to endure the calamity of exchange with calm. Yes, we are a wretched folk.

Very early in the dawn, before the nesting sparrows were awake, there was a sound in the air which frightened me out of my virtuous sleep. It was a lisping mutter—very deep and entirely foreign to my ears. "That's an earthquake and the hillside is beginning to slide" quoth I, as I took measures of defence. The sound repeated itself again and again till I argued that if it were the precursor of an earthquake the affair had stuck half-way. At breakfast men said : "That was the great bell of Kioto—just next door to the hotel a little way up the hillside. As a bell y'know its rather a failure from an English point of view. They don't ring it properly and the volume of sound is comparatively insignificant."

"So I fancied when I first heard it" I said casually, and went out up the hill under sunshine that filled the heart and trees, that filled the eye with joy. You know the unadulterated pleasure of that first clear morning in the hills when a month's solid idleness lies before the loafing fool and the scent of the deodars mixes with the scent of the meditative cigar. That was my portion when I stepped through the violet-studded long grass into forgotten little Japanese cemeteries—all broken pillars and lichened tablets—till I found under a cut in the hillside the big bell of Kioto—twenty feet of green bronze hung inside a fantastically roofed shed of wooden beams. A beam by the way is a beam in Japan : anything under a foot thick is a stick. These beams were the best parts of big trees clamped with bronze and iron to withstand the pull of the bell. A knuckle rapped lightly on the lip of the latter—it was not more than five feet from the ground—made the great monster breathe heavily, and the blow of a stick started a hundred shrill-voiced echoes round the darkness of the dome. At one side, guyed by half-a-dozen small hawsers, hung a battering-ram, a twelve-foot spar bound with iron, its nose pointing full butt at a chrysanthemum in high relief on the belly of the bell. Then by special favour of Providence, which always looks after a loafer, they began to sound sixty strokes. Half-a-dozen men swung the ram back and forth with shoutings and outcries, till it had gathered sufficient way, and the loosened ropes let it hurl itself against the chrysanthemum. The boom of the smitten bronze was swallowed up by the earth below and the hillside behind, so that its volume was not proportionate to the size of the bell, exactly as the men had said. An English hanger would have made thrice as much of it. But then he would have lost the crawling jar that ran through rock-stone and pine for twenty yards round, that beat through the body of the listener and died away under his feet like the shock of a distant blasting. I endured twenty strokes and removed myself, not in the least ashamed of mistaking the sound for an earthquake. Many times since I have heard the bell speak when I was far off. It says *B-r-r-r* very deep down in its throat, but when you have once caught the noise you will never forget it. And so much for the big bell of Kioto.

From its house a staircase of cut stone takes you down to a maidan and the temple of Chion-in, where I arrived on Easter Sunday just before service and in time to see the procession of the Cherry Blossom. They had a special service at a place called St. Peter's at Rome about the same time, but the priests of Buddha excelled the priests of the Pope. Thus it happened. The main front of the temple was three hundred feet long, a hundred feet deep and sixty feet high. One roof covered it all, and saving for the tiles there was no stone in the structure : nothing but wood three hundred years old, and as hard as iron. The pillars that upheld the roof were three feet, four feet and five feet in diameter and guiltless of any paint. They showed the natural grain of the wood till they were lost in the rich brown darkness far overhead. The cross beams were of grained wood of great richness : cedar-wood and camphor-wood and the hearts of gigantic pine had been put under requisition for the great work. One carpenter—they called him carpenter—had designed the whole and his name is remembered to this day. A half of the temple was railed off for the congregation by a two-foot railing over which silks of ancient device had been thrown. Within the railing were all the religious fittings, but these I cannot describe. All I remember was row upon row of little lacquered stands each holding a rolled volume of sacred writings ; an altar as tall as a cathedral organ, where gold strove with colour, colour with lacquer, and lacquer with inlay, and candles such as the Holy Mother Church uses only on her greatest days shed a yellow light that softened all. Bronze incense burners in the likeness of dragons and devils fumed under the shadow of silken banners behind which wood tracery, as delicate as frost on a window-pane, climbed to the ridge pole. Only there was no roof to this temple. The light faded away under the monstrous beams and we might have been in a cave a hundred fathoms below the earth but for the sunshine and blue sky at the portals, where the little children squabbled and shouted.

On my word I tried to note down soberly what lay before me, but the eye tired and the pencil ran off into fragmentary ejaculations. But what would you have done if you had seen what I saw when I went round the temple verandah to what we must call a vestry at the back. It was a big building connected with the main one by a wooden bridge of deepest time-worn brown. Down the bridge ran a line of saffron-coloured matting, and down the matting, very slowly and solemnly, as befitted their high office, filed three and fifty priests, each one clad in at least four garments of brocade, crepe and silk. There were silks that do not see the light of the markets and brocades that only temple wardrobes know.

Even to a mere male mind they were marvellous beyond description because they were so utterly different from anything before seen. Their effect upon an otherwise well-conducted lady among the onlookers was startling. "Oh! stop them, stop them," she murmured as the high priest in purple velvet and brocaded stole rustled past her, "stop them and—and kill them." Then plaintively :—"You know one of those dresses would make me happy for life, and here are more than I can count : isn't it wicked ?" I could not answer her soberly, for in my mind too were wicked thoughts of looting and a rush by the next train to the sea. There was nothing in the passport against stealing sea-green watered silk with golden dragons, or terra-cotta crepe with ivory-white chrysanthemums clustering upon it, or black-barred silk shot with yellow flames or lapis lazuli silk, and silver fishes or avanturine silk with plaques of grey-green let in, or cloth of gold over dragon's blood, or saffron and brown silk stiff as a board with embroidery. Mercifully the last priest and the last little acolyte went by ere crime had overcome me, and we returned to the temple now filled with the gorgeous robes. The little lacquer stands were the priests book-racks. Some lay down among them while others moved very softly among the golden altars and the incense burners, and the high priest disposed himself with his back to the congregation in a golden chair through which his robe winked like the spards of a tiger beetle.

Write it down to my credit that I was only calm with the calmness of despair. I knew the thing was beyond my pen. But the Professor's camera was just outside the temple ready to be unpacked, and neither prayers nor pice availed to to get it inside. Wherefore the Professor went dancing mad with suppressed photography and so missed the solemn calm of the opening service when the books were unrolled and the priests began chanting Pali texts in honour of the apostle of unworldliness, who had written that they were not to wear gold or mixed colours or touch the precious metals. But for a few unimportant accessories in the way of half seen images of great men—but these could have been called saints—the scene before me might have been unrolled in a Roman Catholic cathedral, say the rich one at Arundel. The same thought was in other minds, for in a pause of the slow chant a voice behind me whispered :—

"To hear the blessed mutter of the mass
And see God made and eaten all day long."

It was a man from Hongkong very angry that he too had not been permitted to take an interior. He called all this splendour of ritual and paraphernalia just "an interior" and revenged himself by spitting Browning at it.

The chant quickened as the service drew to an end and the candles burned low. I had been meditating much fine writing and many hot pressed reflections on the vanity of things earthly, together with a complete inventory of all the temple fittings and a history of Buddha, when I found myself humming in time with the ever-quickening drone of the priests the burden of a classic song. Perhaps you know it—

"Hya! Hya! Hya! Twist their tails and go!" There was no mistake about the thing and I burst out laughing to the scandal of the pious English. The Japanese did not care.

"What's the trouble?" said the Professor.

"Listen to 'em—' And that's the way we sing all day, when hunting the buffalo.' It may be Palin that they are reading but they are singing the Byle battery, or may I live and die in India."

We went away to other parts of the temple pursued by the chorus of the devout till we were out of earshot in a paradise of screens. Two or three hundred years ago there lived a painterman of the name of Kano. Him the temple of Chion-in brought to beautify the walls of the rooms. Since a wall is a screen and a screen is a wall, Kano, R.A., had rather a large job. But he was helped by pupils and imitators, and in the end left a few hundred screens which are all finished pictures. As you already know the interior of a temple is very simple in its arrangements. The priests live on white mats, in little rooms, with brown ceilings, that can at pleasure be thrown into one large room. This also was the arrangement at Chion-in, though the rooms were comparatively large and giving on to sumptuous verandahs and passages. Since the Emperor occasionally visited the place there was a room set apart for him of more than ordinary splendour. Twisted silk tassels of intricate design served in lieu of catches to pull back the sliding screens, and the woodwork was lacquered. These be only feeble words, but it is not in my grip to express the restfulness of it all or the power that knew how to secure the desired effect with a turn of the wrist. The great Kano drew numbed pheasants huddled together on the snow-covered bough of a pine; or a peacock in his pride spreading his tail to delight his womenfolk; or a riot of chrysanthemums poured out of a vase; or the figures of toil-worn countryfolk coming home from market; or a hunting scene at the foot of Fujiyama. The equally great carpenter who built the temple framed each picture with absolute precision under a ceiling that was a miracle of daintiness and device, and Time, the greatest artist of the three, touched the gold so that it became amber and the woodwork so that it grew dark honey-coloured, and the shining surface of the lacquer so that it became deep and rich and semi-transparent. As in one room so in all the others. Sometimes we slid back the screens and discovered a tiny bald-pated acolyte praying over an incense burner, and sometimes a lean priest eating his rice : but generally the rooms were empty, swept and garnished.

Minor artists had worked with Kano the magnificent. These had been allowed to lay brush upon panels of wood in the outer verandahs, and very faithfully had they toiled. It was not till the guide called my attention to them that I discovered scores of sketches in monochrome low down on the verandah doors. An iris broken by the fall of a branch torn off by a surly ape ; a bamboo spray bowed before the wind that was ruffling a lake ; a warrior of the

past waiting for his enemy in a thicket, hand on sword and mouth gathered into puckers of intensest concentration, were among the many notes that met my eye. How long think you would a sepia-drawing stand without defacement in the midst of our civilisation were it put on the bottom panel of a door, or the scantling of a kitchen passage ? Yet in this gentle country a man may stoop down and write his name in the very dust certain that, if the writing be craftily done, his children's children will reverently let it stand.

"Of course there are no such temples made now-a-days" I said, when we regained the sunshine and the Professor was trying to find out how panel pictures and paper screens combined so well with the dark dignity of woodwork.

"They are building a temple on the other side of the city" said Mister Yamagutchi. "Come along and see the hair-ropes which hang there."

We came flying in our 'rickshaws across the very large town of Kioto till we saw netted in a hundred cobwebs of scaffolding a temple even larger than the great Chion-in.

"That was burned down long ago, the old temple that was there you know. Then the people made a penny subscription from all parts of Japan, and those who could not send money sent their hair to be made into rope. They have been ten years building this new temple. It is all wood you know," said the guide.

The place was alive with men who were putting the finishing touches to the great tiled roof and laying down the floors. Wooden pillars as gigantic, carving as wantonly elaborate, eaves as intricate in their mouldings, and joinery as perfect as anything in the Chion-in temple met me at every turn. But the fresh-cut wood was creamy white and lemon where in the older building it had been iron, hard and brown. Only the raw ends of the joists were stopped with white lacquer to prevent the incursions of insects, and the deeper tracery was protected against domestic sparrows by fine wire netting. Everything else was wood—wood down to the massive clamped and bolted beams of the foundation which I investigated through gaps in the flooring.

After that the hair ropes—ten-inch hawsers with human hair wove into the strands—were uninteresting. I wanted to sit down and see that temple fitted up—it will be finished in another five years or so—but the guide bore me away. Verily Japan is a great people. Her masons play with stone, her carpenters with wood, her smiths with iron and her artists with life, death and all the eye can take in. Mercifully she has been denied the last touch of firmness in her character which would enable her to play with the whole round world. We possess that—we the nation of the glass flower-shade, the pink worsted mat, the red and green china puppy dog and the poisonous Brussels carpet. It is our compensation.

"Temples!" said a man from Calcutta some hours later as I raved about what I had seen, "Temples! I'm sick of temples. If I've seen one I've seen fifty thousand of 'em all exactly alike. But I tell you what is exciting. Go down the rapids at Arashima—eight miles from here. It's better fun than any temple with a fat-faced Buddha in the middle."

There are Englishmen who in another world will cavil at the smoothness of the Glassy Sea and demand excitement at the door of St. Peter. But I took my friend's advice and the Professor his camera, and together upon a lovely morning we went into the district. Have I, by the way, managed to convey the impression that April is fine in Japan ? Then I apologise. It is generally rainy and the rain is cold : but the sunshine when it comes is worth it all. We shouted with joy of living when the fiery, untamed 'rickshaws bounded from stone to stone of the vilely paved streets of the suburbs and brought us into what ought to have been vegetable gardens but were called fields. The face of the flat lands was cut up in every direction by bunds and all the roads seem to run on the top of them.

"Never," said the Professor driving his stick into the black soil, "never have I imagined irrigation so perfectly controlled as this is. Look at the *ragbahars* faced with stone and fitted with sluices—look at the water wheels and—phew ! but they manure their fields too well."

The first circle of fields round any town is always pretty rank, but this superfluity of scent continued throughout the country. Saving a few parts near Dacca and Patna, the face of the land was more thickly populated than Bengal and was worked five times better. There was no single patch untilled and no cultivation that was not up to the full limit of the soil's productiveness. Onions, barley, in little ridges between the ridges of tea, beans, rice and half-a-dozen other things that we did not know the names of, crowded the eye already wearied with the glare of the golden mustard. Manure is a good thing but manual labour is better. We saw both even to excess. When a Japanese ryot has done everything to his field that he can possibly think of he weeds the barley stalk by stalk with his finger and thumb. This is true. I saw a man doing it.

When you have taken in the nature of the country and its value per square yard, you understand why there are so few cattle abroad. We met a few strings of country carts bringing in *saki* in great white tubs bound with green withes. A cartload of *saki* smells like a spilt glass of sherry.

"How the dickens do they manage the carts ?" said the Professor as his 'rickshaw drew aside on the edge of a twenty-foot bund to let half-a-dozen pass. The bullocks were big black beasts very deep in the shoulder, and built about the head exactly like a bison according to the picture-books. A bison with his mane off *bien entendu*. They rolled red eyes at us under the shag of their foreheads as they hauled each one a two-wheeled beer-cart not more than three feet six in width and any length you please. The traces were ten or twelve feet long and the beasts pulled partly from an absurd little yoke not a foot long, made of a crooked stick, and partly from a pack-saddle closely resembling an *ekka* pony's fitment. tightly fixed with rope behind the withers. The advantage of this shape of cart I understoop later when I saw a man bring one down a steed hill. He used the tail-end as a skid and so avoided killing my precious self. But for the life of me I could not see why a bullock should pull half-a-dozen yards away from the cart—especially when he was walking on a narrow road with a steep drop on either side, and more especially when he was not being coerced in any way. I have seen no goad nor have I heard an angry word among the bullock drivers of the country since I have been in it. One could not be half a day in Bombay without noticing some brutality that would make one kick the man. And an Indian *byle-wallah* can sit on the pole : he has not to keep the balance of a long-tailed cart with his hands and attend to a bullock at the same time.

This is a digression. We headed through the marvellous country straight across the plain on which Kioto stands, till we reached the range of hills on the far side, and found ourselves mixed up with half a mile of lumber-yard.

"Bless de Lord, *now* I know where their timber comes from" said the Professor piously. The matter had lain on his mind for a week or more. Cultivation and water-cuts were gone and our tireless *jampanis* were running by the side of a broad, shallow river choked with logs of every size. I am prepared to believe anything of the Japanese, but I do not see why Nature, which they say is the same pitiless power all the world over, should send them their logs unsplintered by rocks, neatly barked, and with a slot neatly cut at the end of each pole for the reception of a rope. The Professor says that they make this last convenience with their own hands. I have seen timber fly down the Ravi in spate and it was hooked out as ragged as a tooth-brush. This material comes down clean. Consequently the slot is another miracle.

"When the day is fine," said the guide softly, "all the people of Kioto come to Arashima to have picnics."

"But they are always having picnics in the cherry tree gardens. They picnic in the tea-houses. They—they——"

"Yes, when it is a fine day they always go somewhere and picnic."

"But why ? Man isn't made to picnic."

"But why ? Because it is a fine day. Englishmen say that the money of the Japanese comes from heaven, because they always do nothing—so you think. But look now, here is a pretty place."

The river charged down a turn in the pine-grown hills and broke in silver upon the timber and the remains of a light bridge washed away some days before. On our side, and arranged so as to face the fairest view of the young maples, stood a row of tea-houses and booths built over the stream. The sunlight that could not soften the gloom of the pines dwelt tenderly among the green of the maples and touched the reaches below where the cherry blossom broke in pink foam against the black-roofed houses of a village across the water.

There I stopped.

FORM SEA TO SEA.

XVI.—THE PARTY IN THE PARLOUR WHO PLAYED GAMES. A COMPLETE HISTORY OF ALL MODERN JAPANESE ART, A SURVEY OF THE PAST AND A PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE, ARRANGED AND COMPOSED IN THE KIOTO FACTORIES.

"Oh brave new world that has such creatures in it!
How beautiful mankind is!"

AND so I lay at Arashima which is near Kioto, in a yellow straw tea-house overlooking the beautiful river of which I have written, my mouth full of fried mountain trout and my soul soaking in a great calm. How I got to the tea-house I cannot tell. Methinks a pretty girl waved a bough of cherry blossom at me and I followed the invitation. I know that I sprawled upon the mats and watched the clouds scudding across the hills and the logs flying down the rapids, and smelt the smell of the raw peeled timber and listened to the grunts of the boatmen as they wrestled with that and the rush of the river, and was altogether happier than it is lawful for a struggling mortal to be.

The lady who owned the tea-house insisted upon screening us off from the other pleasure parties who were having tiffin in the same verandah. She brought beautiful blue screens with storks on them and slid them into groves, and we were left alone with the trout. I stood it as long as I could. There were peals of laughter in the next compartment the pattering of soft feet, the clinking of little dishes, and at the chinks of the screens the twinkle of diamond eyes. A whole family had come in from Kioto for the day's pleasuring. Mamma looked after grandmamma, and the young aunt looked after a guitar, and the two girls of fourteen and fifteen looked after a merry little tomboy of eight who, when she thought of it, looked after the baby, who had the air of looking after the whole party. The tea girls flitted in and out and attended to the wants of all. Grandmamma was dressed in dark-blue, mamma in blue and grey, the girls had gorgeous dresses of lilac, fawn and primrose crêpe with silk sashes, the colour of apple blossom and the inside of a newly-cut melon; the tomboy was in old gold and russet brown; but the baby tumbled his fat little body across the floor among the dishes in all the colours of the Japanese rainbow, which owns no crude tints. They were all pretty, all except grandmamma, who was merely good-humoured and very bald, and when they had finished their dainty dinner and the brown lacquer stands, the blue and white crockery and the jade-green drinking cups had been taken away, the aunt played a little piece on the *samisen*, while the girls played blindman's-buff all round the tiny room.

Flesh and blood could not have stayed on the other side of the screens. I wanted to play too, but I was too big and too rough, and so could only sit in the verandah watching these dainty bits of Dresden at their game. They shrieked and giggled and chattered and sat down on the floor with the innocent abandon of maidenhood, and broke off to kiss the baby when he showed signs of being overlooked—as babies will. They played puss in the corner, their feet tied with blue and white handkerchiefs because the room did not allow of unfettered freedom of limb, and when they could play no more for laughing they fanned themselves as they lay propped up against the blue screens—each girl a picture no painter could reproduce—and I shrieked with the best of them till I rolled off the verandah and nearly dropped into the laughing street. Was I a fool? Then I fooled in good company, for an austere man from India—a person who puts his faith in racehorses and believes nothing except the Civil Code—was also at Arashima that day among some sweetmeat-sellers' stalls on the banks of the river. I met him flushed and excited.

"Had a lively time," he panted, with a hundred children at his heels. "There's a sort of roulette table here where you can gamble for half-pice cakes. I bought the owner's stock-in-trade for three dollars and ran the Monte Carlo for the benefit of the kids—about five thousand of 'em. Never had such fun in my life. It beats the Simla lotteries hollow. They were perfectly orderly till they had cleared the tables of everything except a big sugar-tortoise. Then they rushed the bank and I ran away."

And he was a hard man who had not played with anything so innocent as sweetmeats for many years.

But to return. When we were all weak with laughing and the Professor's camera was mixed up in a tangle of laughing maidens to the confusion of his pictures, we also ran away from the tea-house and wandered down the river bank till we found a boat of sewn planks which poled us across the swollen river, and landed us on a little rocky path overhanging the water where the iris and the violet ran riot together and jubilant waterfalls raced through the undergrowth of pine and maple. We were at the foot of the Arashima rapids and all the pretty girls of Kioto were with us looking at the view. Upstream a lonely black pine stood out from all its fellows to peer up the bend where the racing water ran deep in oily swirls. Downstream the river threshed across the rocks and troubled the fields of fresh logs on its bosom, while men in blue drove silver-white boats gunwale deep into the foam of its onset and honked the logs away. Underfoot the rich earth of the hillside sent up the breath of the turn of the year to the maples that had already caught the message from the fire-wind of April. Oh! it was good to be alive, to trample the lush stalks of the iris, to drag down the cherry-bloom spray in a wash of dew across the face, and to gather the violets for the mere pleasure of heaving them into the torrent and reaching out for fairer flowers.

"What a nuisance it is to be a slave to the camera," said the Professor, upon whom the dumb influences of the season were working though he knew it not.

"What a nuisance it is to be a slave to the pen," I answered, for the spring had come to the land. I had hated the spring for seven years because it meant discomfort."

"Let us go straight Home and see the flowers come out in the parks"

"Let us enjoy what lies to our hand, you Philistine." And we did till a cloud darkened and a wind ruffled the river reaches and we returned to our 'rickshaws sighing with contentment.

"How many people do you suppose the land supports to the square mile?" said the Professor at a turn in the homeward road. He had been reading statistics.

"Nine hundred," I said at a venture. "'Tis thicker set with humans than Sarun or Behar. Say one thousand."

"Two thousand two hundred and fifty odd. It *is* thicker set than Behar. Can you believe it?"

"Looking at the landscape I can, but I don't suppose many Collectors in India will believe it. S'pose I write fifteen hundred."

"They'll say you exaggerate just the same. Better stick to the true total. Two thousand two hundred and fifty-six to the square mile and not a sign of poverty in the houses! How do they do it?"

I should like to know the answer to that question. Japan of my limited view is inhabited almost entirely by little children whose duty it is to prevent their elders from becoming too frivolous. The babies do a little work occasionally, but their parents interfere by petting them. At Yami's hotel the attendance is in the hands of ten-year-olds because everybody else has gone out picnicking among the cherry trees. The little imps find time to do a man's work and to scuffle on the staircase between whiles. My special servitor, hight "The Bishop" on account of the gravity of his appearance, his blue apron and gaiters, is the liveliest of the lot, but even his energy cannot account for the Professor's statistics of population.

I have seen one sort of work among the Japanese but it was not the kind that makes crops. It was purely artistic. One ward of the city of Kioto is devoted to manufactures. A manufacturer in this part of the world does not hang out a sign. He may be known in Paris and New York: that is the concern of the two cities. An Englishman who wishes to find his establishment in Kioto has to hunt for him up and down slums with the aid of a guide. I have seen three manufactories. The first was of porcelain-ware, the second of *cloissonnée*, and the third of lacquer, inlay and bronzes. The first was behind black wooden palings, and for external appearances might just as well have been a tripe-shop. Inside sat the manager opposite a tiny garden four feet square in which a papery-looking palm grew out of a coarse stone-ware pot and overshadowed a dwarfed pine. The rest of the room was filled with pottery waiting to be packed—modern Satsuma for the most part, the sort of thing you get at a Mussoorie auction or even nearer to Allahabad.

"This made send Europe—India—America," said the manager calmly. "You come to see?"

He took us along a verandah of polished wood to the kilns, to the clay vats and the yards where the tiny "saggers" were awaiting their complement of pottery. There are differences many and technical between Japanese and Burslem pottery in the making, but these are of no consequence. In the moulding-house, where they were making the bodies of Satsuma vases, the wheels, all worked by hand, ran true as a hair. The potter sat on a clean mat with his tea-things at his side. When he had turned out a vase-body he saw that it was good, nodded appreciatively to himself and poured out some tea ere starting the next one. The potters lived close to the kilns and had nothing pretty to look at. It was different in the painting rooms, which were reached by way of one or two Japanese gardens full of quaint flowers and the sound of the spring breezes. Here in a cabinet-like house sat the men, women and boys who painted the designs on the vases after the first firing. That all their arrangements were scrupulously neat is only saying that they were Japanese: that their surroundings were fair and proper is only saying that they were artists. A sprig of cherry-blossom stood out defiantly against the black of the garden paling; a gnarled pine cut the blue of the sky with its spiky splinters as it lifted itself above the paling, and in a little pond the iris and the horsetail nodded to the wind. The workers when at fault had only to lift their eyes and Nature herself would graciously supply the missing link of a design. Somewhere in dirty England men dream of craftsmen working under conditions which shall help and not stifle the half-formed thought. They even form guilds and write semi-rhymical prayers to Time and Chance and all the other gods that they worship to bring about the desired end. Would they see their dream realised let them see how they make pottery in Japan, each man sitting on a snowy mat with loveliness of line and colour within arm's length of him, while with downcast eyes he—splashes in the conventional diaper of a Satsuma vase as fast as he can. The barbarians want Satsuma and they shall have it, if it has to be made in Kioto one piece per twenty minutes. So much for the baser forms of the craft. I saw others as good and as true as the eye could wish in grey, blue, violet, imitation Mari, royal Kaga and half a dozen other varieties of the worked clay which ignorance debars me from naming.

The badness of the bad things I could describe at length: of the good I only know that they were desirable. With smiles and blandishments I besought an aged man who controlled the

fat little boys and the pleasant-faced women to show me his pattern-book.

"No patterns. These come out of my head," he grunted.

Now he lied, for the branch of cherry blossom he had just put on the side of a peach-bloom vase was borrowed from the garden without.

"Providence has given 'em neat hands, pleasant places to sit in and all their patterns growing and blowing. Instead of which they squat upon the floor making ormolu Satsuma for cheap shops at home. I suppose it pays 'em" said the Professsor, as we left the calm of that place in search of *cloissonnée.*

The owner of the second establishment lived in a blackwood cabinet—it was profanation to call it a house—alone with a bronze of priceless workmanship, a set of blackwood furniture and all the medals that his craft had won for him in England, France, Germany and America. He was a very quiet and cat-like man and spoke almost in a whisper. Would we be pleased to inspect the manufactory? He led us through a garden—it was nothing in his eyes, but we stopped to admire long. Stone lanterns green with moss peeped through clumps of papery bamboos where bronze storks were pretending to feed. A dwarfed pine, its foliage trimmed to dish-like plaques, threw its arms far across a fairy pond where the fat lazy carp grubbed and rooted, and a couple of eared grebes squawked at us from the protection of the—waterbutt. So perfect was the silence of the place that we heard the cherry-blossoms falling into the water and the lisping of the fish against the stones. We were in the very heart of the willow-pattern plate and loth to move for fear of breaking it. The Japanese are born bower-birds. They collect water-worn stones, quaintly-shaped rocks and veined pebbles for the ornamentation of their homes. When they shift house they take the garden away with them—pine trees and all—and the incoming tenant has a free hand.

Half a dozen steps took us over the path of mossy stones to a house where the whole manufactory was at work. One room held the enamel powders all neatly arranged in jars of scrupulous cleanliness, a few blank copper vases ready to be operated on, an invisible bird who whistled and whooped in his cage somewhere near the ceiling, and a case of gaily-painted butterflies ready for reference when patterns were wanted. In the next room sat the manufactory—three men, five women and two boys—all as silent as sleep. It is one thing to read of *cloissonnée*-making, but quite another to watch it being made. I began to understand the cost of the ware when I saw a man working out a pattern of sprigs and butterflies on a plate about ten inches in diameter. With finest silver-ribbon wire set on edge and less than the sixteenth of an inch high he followed the curves of the drawing at his side, pinching the wire into tendrils and the serrated outlines of leaves with infinite patience. A touch on the raw copper-plate would have sent the pattern flying into a thousand disconnected threads. When all was put down on the copper the plate would be warmed just sufficiently to allow the wires to stick firmly to the copper, the pattern then showing in raised lines. Followed the colouring which was done by little boys in spectacles. With a pair of tiniest steel chopsticks they filled from bowls at their side each compartment of the pattern with its proper hue of paste. There is not much room allowed for error in filling the spots on a butterfly's wing with avanturine enamel when the said wings are less than an inch across. I watched the delicate play of wrist and hand till I was wearied, and the manager showed me his patterns—terrible dragons, clustered chrysanthemums, butterflies and diapers as fine as frost on a window pane—all drawn in unerring line. "Those things are our subjects. I compile from them, and when I want some new colours I go and look at those dead butterflies," said he. After the enamel has been filled in the pot or plate goes to be fired, when the enamel bubbles all over the boundary lines of wire and the whole comes from the furnace looking like delicate majolica. It may take a month to put a pattern on the plate in outline, another month to fill in the enamel, but the real expenditure of time does not commence till the polishing. A man sits down with the rough article, all his tea things, a tub of water, a flannel and two or three saucers full of assorted pebbles from the brook. He does not get a wheel with tripoli or emery or buff. He sits down and rubs. He rubs for a month, three months or a year. He rubs lovingly with his soul in his finger ends, and little by little the efflorescence of the fired enamel gives way and he comes down to the lines of silver, and the pattern in all its glory is there waiting for him. I saw a man who had only been a month over the polishing of one little vase five inches high. He would go on for two months. When I am in America he will be rubbing still, and the ruby-coloured dragon that romped on a field of lazuli, each tiny scale and whisker a separate compartment of enamel, will be growing more lovely.

"There is also cheap *cloisonnée* to be bought," said the manager with a smile. "We cannot make that. The vase will be seventy dollars."

I respected him for saying "cannot" instead of "do not." There spoke the artist.

When I besought him to tell me how buff, slate, grey and avanturine enamels were made he smiled.

"We do not tell these things" he said, and then politely: "But of course you can make these things in England in another way."

"Oh yes, in another way. Tell him some lies about Jaipur enamel, Professor, for the honour of India," I said.

I understood from the Professor that his opinion of India generally, and Jaipur enamels in particular, had suffered a change for the worse. Then we cast ourselves upon the entire finished stock of the house—*videlicet*, three pairs of vases. They were perfect in shape and in colour. The largest were a foot high, the next six inches, and the next about three.

"Five hundred dollars, seventy-five dollars, thirty-five dollars a pair," said the manager sweetly when we had returned to his little room and were examining the treasures with microscopical eye. "An Austrian Prince told us, and there was a letter from the Government at Tokio saying this also, that we should make him. a pair of vases to take with him. We could have made a vase in eight months. You have seen What can we do to make things quick?"

We left because we did not happen to have six hundred and thirty dollars to spare. I am certain that if either of us had been rich there would have been bloodshed in that cloistered garden of the grebe, and the pine and the fish. The manager smiled us out. He knew we were clumsy foreigners.

"'Fessor," I said, when we were out of temptation, "let's start a mission to save Japan from herself. I'll run along the streets and knock off the policemen's forage caps, while you go and tear up the railway and pull down the telegraph poles. If they are left to themselves they will make *cloisonnée* by machinery in another twenty years and build black factories instead of gardens."

Our last visit was paid to the largest establishment in Kioto, where boys made gold inlay on iron sitting in camphor wood verandahs overlooking a garden lovelier than any that had gone before. They had been caught young, even as is the custom in India. A real grown-up man was employed on the horrible story, in iron, gold and silver, of two priests who waked up a rain-dragon and had to run for it all round the edge of a big shield, but the liveliest worker of the batch was a small fat baby who had been given a tenpenny nail, a hammer and a block of meta to play with that he might soak in the art by which he would live through the pores of his skin. He crowed and chuckled as he whacked. There are not many five-year-olds in England who could hammer anything without pulping their little pink fingers. The baby had learned how to hit straight. On the wall of the room hung a Japanese painting of the Apotheosis of Art. It represented with fidelity all the processes of pottery from the digging of the clay to the last firing. But all the pencilled scorn of the artist was reserved for the closing scene, where an Englishman, his arm round his wife's waist, was inspecting a shop full of curios. The Japanese are not impressed with the grace of our clothing or the beauty of our countenances. Later we beheld the manufacture of gold lacquer, which is laid on speck by speck from an agate palette fitted on the artist's thumb, and the carving of ivory which is exciting until you begin to realise that the graver never slips.

"A lot of their art is purely mechanical" said the Professor, when he was safe back in the hotel.

"So's a lot of ours—'specially our pictures. Only we can't be spiritedly mechanical" I answered. "Fancy a people like the Japanese solemnly going in for a constitution. Observe. The only two nations with constitutions worth having are the English and the Americans. The English can only be artistic in spots and by way of crazes over glimpses at the art of other nations—Sicilian tapestries, Persian saddle-bags, Khoten carpets, and the sweepings of pawnbrokers' shops. The Americans are artistic so long as a few of 'em can buy their art to keep abreast of the times with. They try to be artistic *dekhne ke waste.* Spain is artistic but she is also disturbed at intervals; France is artistic, but she must have her revolution every twenty years for the sake of fresh material; Russia is artistic, but she occasionally wishes to kill her Czar and has no sort of *Belaiti* Government; Germany is not artistic because she experienced religion; and Italy is artistic because she did very badly. India—"

"When you have finished your verdict on the world perhaps you'll go to bed."

"Consequently," I continued with scorn, "I am of opinion that a constitution is the worst thing in the world for a people who are blessed with souls above the average. It makes them vote; it makes them talk about politics; it makes them edit newspapers and start factories. Now the first demand of the artistic temperament is mundane uncertainty. The second is ——."

"Sleep" said the Professor, and left the room.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XVII.—THE NAUTCH OF CHERRY-BLOSSOMS AND THE TRAFFIC OF THE TOWN OF KIOTO. TAKES ME ACROSS A LAKE AND INTO A STREET ROW. SHOWS THAT THE SOLDIER IS VERY MUCH ALIKE ALL THE WORLD OVER, WHILE THE OFFICER DIFFERS. DRAWS A VEIL OVER A WASH-TUB AND SOME GIRLS NEAR IT.

" But blind or lame, or sick or sound,
We follow that which flies before.
We know the merry world is round
And we may sail for evermore."

"What is the use of leaving Kioto until our steamer is ready for us at Yokohama?"

"In order that we may see Japan. If I hadn't been with you, you would have stayed at Kobe and never moved another step."

"Very good. I'll come, but I want to see a nautch first—the nautch of the cherry-blossoms. It performs itself at a theatre hung with red lanterns, and the price of stalls is ten cents."

It was night—a clear starry spring night—in Kioto as the Professor and I wrangled. Somewhere in the luminous mist below the hotel lay a great city laughing to itself. The night wind blew, unseen, cherry-blossoms across our faces and brought to our nostrils the spice of the pines. The spirit of the spring riding on the night called all the people out of their houses. They had lighted blood-red lanterns in the tea gardens and were feasting in simple fashion. Across the dim bulk of the city ran a line of light—the lamps of the main street in truth, but to the eye a pathway of silver climbing to the stars that tipped the hilltops across the plain.

We pranced joyously down the slope, through the mobs of women and little children gambling for sweetmeats at the roadside stalls, under the grey eaves of fantastic temples and down flights of steps till we reached a wonderful Japanese theatre lighted by electric light, whose roof was supported by a single massive beam sixty feet in length and four in the square. The nautch of the cherry-blossoms is performed in cherry-blossom time, and so great is the rush to see it that the dance is limited to one hour per audience. Then it begins all over again. Sixteen maidens attired in the stiffest of old time Japanese dresses and holding fans of pink cherry-buds filed from the right wing of the stage—the Jap stage has two wings about six feet broad running the whole depth of the house. Other sixteen maidens waving fans of white buds filed from the left wing, while a chorus of twenty-two girls sitting on the right and left of the house supplied the music. The movements of the girls were slower even than in the " weaving" nautch in India. They twisted their garments into quaint shapes; they moved hands and fans and feet in perfect but slowest time; they stamped with a single foot these two and thirty, while the chorus twanged their guitars and dolorously mewed through their pretty little noses. It ought to have been monotonous, but it was attractive and for an hour at least even charming. There was a dainty dignity about the groups and posings and an unexpectedness in the outcries of the orchestra that the Indian nautch does not give.

And the next morning the Professor tore me away from this delicate city, the dancing-girls, my lounging in the cherry gardens and rambles under the eaves of huge temples. Put me in a 'rickshaw and removed me to a place called Otza, which is at the head of a great lake—Lake Biwa, seven miles away from Kioto. The lake is called *Biwa*, as we should say Sitar Sagar, because it is supposed to resemble in outline a Japanese guitar—one forty miles long by eighteen wide. The winds on this great instrument and their music is sometimes death to the trading junks. Before we saw the lake we had to pass through seven continuous miles of village street in the face of the current of local trade that was pouring into Kioto city. A gap which might have been the Mohun Pass led us through the circle of hills many times mentioned. Over the saddle of the gap poured the traffic. Sturdy oxen had dragged up the logs of timber, the drays of saki, the crates of baskets and all the hundred oddments that minister to the needs of a large town, from the slope below, and with lowered heads and rolling red eyes were shouldering back again. We met the two-wheeled carts coming down and hardly restrained from breaking away by the two men in charge. The tail of each cart acted as a skid and was used as such once every minute, while the white dust flew up from the flinty road under the impact. There is a well-known artist wandering through Japan now. Will he, I wonder, ever see the last half-mile of the Otza road into Kioto, and later on delight the good folk at home by a picture of it? The red and brown and yellow logs ploughing up the metalling, the green and white saki tubs jolting on the wains and the carters hanging back on the drag ropes with shouts as their charge threatened a cart in front, the countrywomen now bound with blue and white handkerchiefs also wrestling with their little barrows of onions or fish, the wild rush of the 'rickshaws dodging in and out of the timber, and at the head of the gaps the sullen jowls of the released bullocks snorting at their fellows—a brush could paint these things: a pen fails.

In plain English the road was feeding the city on one side as fast as the rail could do so on the other, and the former was a trifle congested. On the slope of the hills beyond the gap we could see the raw red side of a cutting which brought the pipes of the new reservoir into Kioto, and half-trodden and half-hidden among the trees the line of the railway. The countryside was alive with people—hardworking, fat, ugly little people, whose houses lined the road along which our 'rickshaws crawled. When the houses thickened and spread out we knew that we had reached another city without having quitted the last one. Lake Biwa shone at our feet, and grey temples gleamed through the pines of the hill overlooking the town. They took us to a purely Japanese hotel which maintained three small bedrooms for the use of passing foreigners. The rooms overhung a tiny garden and a pond full of gold-fish. Mine host laughed and said we were welcome. Two pretty girls laughed and a fat child laughed. There is a pleasure in coming to a Japanese hotel even though you are an Englishman encumbered with boxes and passports. A gentleman of the country has a much better time of it: he carries no luggage. Why should he? On arrival he is shown into a specklessly clean room. The tiny tea set is placed ready for him on the floor. In a corner lie pillow and wadded sleeping suit for the night. In ten minutes his dinner is served. After dinner he bathes long and heatedly. The hotel gives him a prettily-coloured dressing-gown in which he wanders about, talks to the world generally and smokes until it is time to go to bed. That is comfort. When a Japanese attempts European comforts he is so impressed with the rarity of his purchases, such as knives, forks, cruets and tablecloths, that he leaves them strictly alone, whereby they become very filthy. Also when a Japanese abandons the customs of his ancestors and eats with a knife and fork he is prone to eat like a pig. This is a pity because personally he is of exquisite cleanliness. If you go to a Japanese hotel which attempts a *belaiti* compromise, insist on being fed in the Japanese manner. At the worst they will give you flaky-white fish boiled over charcoal, snowy rice and soy, with bamboo-shoots and sponge-cakes to follow. Go further into the kitchen and watch the cooking of your meal to know what real refinement means. The girls will not tie a dish-clout to your coat, but they will box your ears if you try to interrupt them.

The great bathing question cropped up at Otza. Apparently Englishmen were scarce in these parts and nothing could satisfy the maidens of the establishment but to peep through the bath-room screens and observe how one of the race tubbed. Covert watching of this kind, especially when it is accompanied by much giggling, is not nice. Even Lord Chesterfield never laid down any rules for deportment in a bath. You see one cannot stand up to argue with the unseen gallery.

Otza, like all the other towns of Japan, holds temples—Buddhist and Shinto—built on the highest available points of land. There is a view from the chief shrine across the lake and over the city. I took it on trust, for the rain came down and a white-haired Shinto priest to whom I had given two cents was lighting candles in front of his little shrine at a scandalous rate. Views become monotonous all too quickly, but men and women never. Shinto priests are very like Hindu ones. A present to their temple makes you a co-warden for the time being. The Professor ran a sweetmeat stall for the babies at the bottom of the flight of steps that led to the temples while I investigated the mysteries of the Shinto creed at the top, and between us we very nearly managed to miss the steamer that was to take us across the lake.

" Now for the view" said the Professor. The rain shut down upon the word, the steamer butted stone breakwaters of the harbour, slid into deep water and launched upon a sea that might have been boundless for aught we could tell. Nature never gives you the same chance twice. We had missed the view. A fellow-passenger who had many times crossed the Atlantic and more often the lake told us thrilling tales of wreck and misadventure upon the sleeping waters.

"The wind comes through the gaps in the mountains and throws up as heavy a sea as I care to be in. Last year when I was crossing—it's a four hours' trip by rights—we spent nineteen hours fooling about between the shores. To be sure we picked up the crew of a junk that had turned

bottom upwards. Biwa's a nasty dangerous little lake, and I shall be glad when the railway round it is opened : then we shall be able to go straight through from Kobe to Yokohama without changing The lake line ought to be finished in two months. Just at present Japan is a very funny little country to deal with. You turn your back on it for six months, and when you come back half a dozen new lines are through and running—running like steam. I am going to America for a few months. Three fresh lines will be open by the time I return. You are going to Yokohama by railway from the head of the lake ? Ah, then, go by the Tokardo or sea road line. You'll see the loveliest landscapes under heaven, and that's a fact. Did you notice that lump of dark cloud that slid by half a minute ago? That's a big island in the middle of the lake and the only place to run to in a storm. I've lain half a day under the lea of that island, the steamer not daring to put her nose outside."

So much for talking to folk by the way. I should have passed Biwa as a peaceable little pond instead of presenting her to the public as a treacherous and very big Ulleswater. There was nothing to watch but rain above and the manners and customs of young Japan in the first-class saloon below. The steamer company generously supplied tea (how long, I wonder, could a fine bronze kettle, a dainty teapot and set of china be left untended in a penny steamer at home?) and a small boy to hand it to the company. Young Japan in spats, tweed trousers, black "diagonal" coat, stand-up collar, fawn silk tie, dogskin gloves and patent leather boots drank the liquid ceremoniously. From a neat little black bag he drew a pair of chopsticks, two chip boxes containing rice-stewed mushrooms, a little fish, some sauce and bamboo-shoots, eat his tiffin with all imaginable propriety, read his vernacular newspaper for a space, and then slipped off his boots, coat, tie, collar and waistcoat and lay down on the seats to slumber, the nape of his neck supported, in default of a Japanese pillow, by the neat little handbag. Old Japan at his side slept on a red lacquer pillow, and it was curious to note how in both men the national attitude of repose was exactly alike. Though you expel nature with a Constitution dated the 11th of February, nevertheless she will return when a man wants to go to sleep. Nagahama, at the wrong end of Biwa and a place where lake sailing schooners thrust their bowsprits across the track, was the beginning of the line to Yokohama. When you come to Japan take special care to come across Lake Biwa in a steamer, because you may be wrecked and compelled to cling to the bottom of the boat and go through other exciting experiences. A Japanese ought not to be trusted with either a steamer or a horse. He is too familiar towards the former and too polite towards the latter. A man on the boat—really Lake Biwa was very like the pool of salt water that Alice fell into, as regarded the variety of queer fish in it—gave the Japanese this character. He owned a sealing schooner that went sealing somewhere about the inhospitable Kusile Islands. All day long her boat's crews used to row in and out of the creeks and fiords hunting for seal, knocking 'em on the head. " At night," to use my friend's words, " the men 'ud come back as dead as the seals in the boats—Danes, Norwegians, Americans, British and the like, with their tongues a yard out of their mouths All except the Japanese. You can't tire a Jap sailor who comes of the fisherman lot. But the Lord protect me from a Jap engineer. He'd rivet a boiler with bamboo spikes and then wonder why it blew out the inside of the boat. 'Its machinery,' says the Jap, 'and the wheels are bound to go round if you pile on the coals.' He piles on the coals and, Gad! the wheels do go round till something happens, and that's generally no little smash. I've seen the engines of a Jap boat playing Handel's oratorium with all the stops out and the engineer shouting down the stokehole to know whether the firemen were dead or how. If it had been my own ship I'd ha' towed him over the side for a spell."

By all means travel on the steamer and do not attempt the railway run from Nagahama to Yokohama without a break, but stop for the night four hours from Biwa at Nagoya, where you may either put up at the finest pukka Japanese hotel in all the island or at a house of entertainment where they really know how to attend to Europeans. If the Jap hostel be full you will be turned away without scruple, because you are only a foreigner and your wants and desires must be subordinated to those of the people. I admire the Japanese for this independenee. There is no trace of discourtesy in it. You are one of the *queue* and you must take your chance with the others.

Nagoya must be a very wicked town. In my walks abroad I saw a crying baby and a street row. Japan being governed by children, the former affair was as serious as the death of the Mikado. A fat young sinner aged about two, had got hold of his elder sister's guitar and was literally sweeping the floor with it. The girl was naturally angry and tapped the baby on the head with such force that the head actually bobbed forward perhaps an inch. Then the baby yelled, and the last I saw of him was his cuddlement in his sister's bosom, the rest of the family standing round to condole with him. The guitar, the cause of all the trouble, lay unheeded on the floor and the girl trod on it as she walked to and fro with the baby. The street row was really amusing. A police officer had occasion to gently rebuke a soldier of the line for a breach of municipal conservancy regulations. The soldier was thick-set, pig-jowled and deep-chested. The constable was thin, spectacled, white gloved and a literate. He struck attitudes, he waved his white gloves in the air, and the soldier cursed him fluently because the streets were full of lounging privates and it would never do to be put down by a policeman.

" Soldiers and policemen always fighting" said my guide with a grin.

The policeman would fain have withdrawn from the argument. "Then what did you say I did for?" said the soldier with an over-shoulder glance for the approval of the rapidly gathering crowd. " Go it, 'Enery : give the beggar what for," shouted a fellow private in the background. " 'E aint worth 'itting" was the response. " Hi! Yi! You're afraid yourself" shouted the crowd." " No I aint" said the soldier and backed the little man of peace into a corner where he hustled him. The policeman pushed him in return. " You do that again and I'll knock your 'ed off" said the soldier. " Well you leave me alone then" said the policeman. " 'Oo are you to tell me wot I'm to do and what I ain't? Take an' go 'ome." " I shant. 'Oo are you a shovin' of."

I have reproduced the outlines of the dialogue in English owing to an imperfect knowledge of Japanese, but I'll swear to the general purport being here set down. Both men had their arms—sword-bayonet and sword. I hoped they would fight fair, or at the worst draw and show me whether they could use their weapons. They faced each other and wrangled. The soldiers in the street loafed in to the crowd. Another policeman ran to the police barracks a little way up the street. Out rushed a gentleman with curled mustachios at least an inch long and a portentous sword. Out rushed three or four more policemen. " What! Aint there goin' to be no fight" said the little street boys and dispersed. Policeman and soldier marched off to the police barracks together. I stood in the street and grieved with the little street boys. Mark the sequel. That night at dinner (in a room of screens ornamented with drawings of cherry, chrysanthemum and hawthorn, fit for a duchess' drawing-room at home, but here only good enough for an inn) entered mine host rather unhappy. " A police officer wants to see you and—— you have shown your passport ?"

" F. Kundoo, police officer," as his card attested, came in and proved to be the little man with the curled mustachios that I had seen running from the barracks.

"If he wants to know anything about that row," whispered the Professor, "remember you know nothing. You can't be detained as a witness."

Quick as the passing of a cup of tea to F. Kundoo Esquire, I had matured half a dozen lies but—alas! for the vanity of poor human nature—his first question nearly disarmed.

" Are you an officer—an English officer ?" said F. Kundoo.

Joy! I have been mistaken for a missionary and doctor, but for an officer never!

" No, he isn't " said the Professor swiftly. He saw my preened vanity poising herself for flight into the æther of imagination.

" No, I am not" I said with (I hope it properly impressed F. Kundoo) the air of one who might have been a Field Marshal had he not preferred to come to Japan and watch street-fights.

" Oh-ah-Nung! Good-a-bye," said F. Kundoo and disappeared.

" Has be gone ?" said a tea-girl round the corner.

" He came to get a sahib's testimony about the row. Such is the incorruptible purity of *sahib log* when they travel that the nations of the earth hasten to secure their testimony in courts of law" I said softly. " Now I could have taken brevet-rank as a major for the rest of the trip if you hadn't interrupted. A major of cavalry."

" Hasn't it struck you that the Japanese officer, so far as we have seen him, is about as measly, untidy and unsoldierly a little creature as you could wish to see ?" said the Professor.

"It has not" I said very shortly indeed.

Mister Yamaguchi, the guide, strolled into the room attired in a blue dressing-gown. By day in English kit he was merely very ordinary. At night he blossomed into silks and became a Japanese gentleman.

" That police officer. O! he come see if you want sketch the fort here Sometimes not allow officers make sketches. Sometimes, yes. Kundoo, he come I think see what you look like. Just like calls on gentlemans."

" He came to get the evidence of an honest and upright sahib. I shouldn't be surprised if that poor Tommy isn't languishing in jail now. He was in the wrong all through, but I'd give evidence in his favour all the same because he is a Tommy. Ah! the Japs know when they have to deal with a race above prejudice. What a little beast the bobby was."

That night I dreamed I was an officer until a tea-girl came and took away my uniform and made me wash myself in a lake full of boiling water, with no place to rest on except the bottom of a derelict junk manned entirely by a crew of F. Kundoos singing " Good-a-by."

FROM SEA TO SEA.

No. XVIII.—OF THE NATURE OF THE TOKAIDO AND JAPANESE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION. ONE TRAVELLER EXPLAINS THE LIFE OF THE *Sahib-log* AND ANOTHER THE ORIGIN OF DICE. SHOWS HOW THE PROFESSOR AND I WENT TO WASH, BUT REMAINED TO STARE. OF THE BABIES IN THE BATH-TUB AND THE MAN IN D. T.

" When I went to Hell I spoke to the man on the road."
—*Old Saw.*

You know the story of the miner who borrowed a dictionary and returned it with the remark that the stories, though interesting in the main, were considerably disconnected and too various. I have the same complaint to make against Japanese scenery—twelve hours of it by train from Nagoya to Yokohama. About seven hundred years ago the king of those days built a sea-road which he called the Tokaido (or else all the sea coast was called the Tokaido, but it's of no importance), which road endures to the present. Later on when the English engineer appeared he followed the Grand Trunk more or less closely, and the result has been a railway that any nation might take off their hat to. The last section of the through line from Kioto to Yokohama was only opened five days before the Professor and I honoured it with an unofficial inspection. It grieved me that Sir Guilford Molesworth—not absolutely unknown in India—had gone round from Kobe to Yokohama by sea, and so was saved from a few hundred professional questions that I was dying to ask him.

The accommodation of all kinds is arranged for the benefit of the Japanese: and this is distressing to the foreigner, who expects in a carriage remotely resembling E. I. R. rolling-stock the conveniences of that pea-green and very dusty old line. But it suits the Japanese admirably: they hop out at every other station—*pro re nata*—and occasionally get left behind. Two days ago they managed to kill a Government official of high standing between a footboard and a platform, and to-day the Japanese papers are seriously discussing the advantages of lavatories. Far be it from me to interfere with the arrangements of an artistic empire, but for a twelve hours' run there might at least be arrangements.

I got hold of a copy of the *Maru-Maru Chimbun*, a sort of *Punch* with litho-cartoons explained by letter-press in English, and, between the pauses of my grief at not being able to understand the meaning of the allusions to the politics of the day, was admiring the drawings and the lampoons.. I was reading about an elephant who "resolved to commit at his own will but could not get back again" when the Professor began to grunt admiringly at the scenery. You can reach Yokohama by two roads—the Tokaido or the Nakasendow—and are rather looked down upon if you choose the former. The latter is supposed to be more mountainous and you *dâk* it in *'rickshaws*. As the Tokaido is chiefly mountain I am content. So was the Professor. We had left the close-packed cultivation at the foot of the hills and were running along the shores of a great lake all steel-blue from one end to the other, except where it was dotted with little islands. Then the lake turned into an arm of the sea and we ran across it on a cut-stone causeway, and the profligacy of the pines ceased as the trees had to come down from clothing dank hills and fight with bowed head, outstretched arms and firmly-planted feet against the sands of the Pacific, whose breakers were spouting and blowing not a quarter of a mile away from the causeway. The Japs know all about forestry. They stake down wandering *chos* which are still allowed to ruin the crops in the Hoshiarpur district, and they plug a shifting sanddrene with wattle dams and pine seedlings as cleverly as they would pin plank to plank. Were their forest officers trained at Nancy or are they local products? The stake-binding used to hold the sand is of French pattern and the diagonal planting out of the trees is also French.

Half a minute after the train dropped this desolate hardly-controlled beach it raced through four or five miles of the suburbs of Patna, but a clean and glorified Patna bowered in bamboo plantations. Then it hit a tunnel and sailed forth into a section of the London, Brighton and South Coast, or whatever the line is that wants to make the Channel tunnel. At any rate the embankment was on the beach and the waves lapped the foot of it, and there was a wall of cut-rock to landward. Then we disturbed many villages of fishermen, whose verandahs gave on to the track and whose nets lay almost under our wheels. The railway was still a new thing in that particular part of the world, for mothers held up their babes to see it.

Anyone can keep pace with Indian scenery, arranged as it is in reaches of five hundred miles. This blending alternation of field, mountain, sea-beach, forest, bamboo-grove and rolling moor covered with azalea blossoms was too much for me, so I fled to the society of a man who had lived in Japan for twenty years.

" Yes, Japan's an excellent country as regards climate. The rains begin in May or latter April. June, July and August are hot months. I've known the thermometer as high as 86° at night, but I'd defy the world to produce anything more perfect than the weather between September and May. When one gets seedy one goes to the hot springs in the Hakone mountains close to Yokohama. There are heaps of places to recruit in, but we English are a healthy lot. Of course we don't have half as much fun as you in India. We are a small community and all our amusements are organised by ourselves for our own benefit—concerts, races and amateur theatricals and the like. You have heaps of 'em in India, haven't you?"

"Oh yes!" I said, "we enjoy ourselves awfully, specially about this time of the year. I quite understand though that small communities dependent on themselves for enjoyment are apt to feel a little slow and isolated—almost bored in fact. But you were saying —— ?"

" Well, living is not very dear and house-rent is. A hundred dollars a month gets you a decent house and you can get one for sixty. But house property is down just now in Yokohama. Then your servants altogether may cost you about sixty or seventy dollars a month. A gardener gets ten dollars and a cook about eight a month. There is any amount of game and fish in the markets: the beef's good, but we have no mutton. The races are on in Yokohama to-day and Monday. Are you going? No? You ought to go and see all the foreigners enjoying themselves. But I suppose you've seen much better things in India, haven't you? You haven't anything better than old Fuji—Fujiyama. There he is now to the left of the line. What do you think of him?"

I turned and beheld Fujiyama across a sea of upward sloping fields and woods. This is not quite strong enough. Let us be more precise. Fujiyama is the mountain which from time immemorial has appeared on the Japanese fan, is the heart of the country of the chosen home of legend, devil, goblin and sprite, and an extinct volcano to boot. It is about fourteen thousand feet high—not very much according to our ideas. But fourteen thousand feet seen from seven thousand-feet above the sea in the midst of sixteen thousand foot peaks is quite another thing from the same height noted at sea-level in a comparatively flat country. The labouring eye crawls up every foot of the dead crater's smooth flank, and at the summit confesses that it has seen nothing in all the Himalayas to match the monster. My view was graduated by three lines of clouds—the first where the green fields were drawn together at the base; the second where the green gave place to black rock streaked with the dirty snows of last winter; the third rested for a wreath on the white head. I was satisfied. Fujiyama was exactly as I had seen it on fans and lacquer boxes, plus its own peculiar glory of colouring and outline, and I would not have sold my sight of it for the crest of Kinchinjunga flushed with the morning. Fujiyama is the key-note of Japan. When you understand the one you are in a position to learn something about the other. I tried to get information from my fellow traveller.

" Yes, the Japanese are building railways all over the island. What I mean to say is that the companies are started and financed by Japs, and they make 'em pay. I can't quite

tell you where the money comes from, but it's all to be found in the country. Japan's neither rich nor poor, but just comfortable. I'm a merchant myself. Can't say that I altogether like the Jap way o' doing business. You can never be certain whether the little beggar means what he says. Give me a China to deal with. Other men have told you that, have they? You'll find that opinion at most of the treaty ports. But what I will say is that the Japanese Government is about as enterprising a Government as you could wish, and a good one to have dealings with. When Japan has finished reconstructing herself on the new lines she'll be quite a respectable little Power. See if she isn't. Now we are coming into the Hakone mountains. Watch the railway. It's rather a curiosity."

We come into the Hakone mountains by way of some Irish scenery, a Scotch trout stream, a Devonshire coombe and an Indian river running masterless over half a mile of pebbles. This was only the prelude to a set of geological illustrations, including the terraces formed by ancient river-beds, denudation and half a dozen other ations that the Professor discoursed of learnedly. It was all beautiful—wildly beautiful—till we came to a little Polau driven through the mountains. First there was a tunnel, then a rock-cutting, then an embankment, then a bridge: one following the other as orderly as cards in a pack. In ten minutes the sequence was marred and we jumbled everything up together and whistled without ceasing for half an hour as we plunged from river to cliff, cliff to cascade, and cascade to terraced rice-field and water-mill. The line was very new indeed, so new that it seemed as if the engineer ought to be sitting somewhere on one of the bridges smiling at his work. He must have had good men to help him, and his assistants on the Hakone sections must have had lovely *shikar*.

A great many of the cuttings were through rolled-out volcanic rock, and, by reason of their depth, at much too steep an angle to hold without help in so rainy a climate. Consequently the raw cut had been carefully turfed with sods, each sod pinned down by a dear little bamboo-pin. Where this was impossible the cut was corded by bamboo or grass ropes stretched diagonally across each other, and in their diamonds keeping safe tufts of bamboo. All the surface drains of the cuttings—and they were many—were laid in stone, and the ballast was packed under the keys like counted shot in a cartridge case. Had these things occurred once or twice only as an evidence of what the Japanese could do, I should have smiled patronisingly; but when it came to miles and miles of sodded or corded cutting forty feet deep on the average I was angry. We do not do these things in India, even on the line to Rawalpindi, and I do not believe, for all the Professor says, that Continental lines are finished off with anything like the same neatness. But do you send home a professional by this road and let him write you his views of the Tokaido rail, and see if he does not speak well of it. I was so busy telling the man from Yokohama lies about the height of the Himalayas that I did not watch things closely till we got to Yokohama, at eight in the evening, and went to the Grand Hotel, where all the clean and nicely-dressed people who were just going in to dinner regarded us with scorn, and men whom we had met on steamers aforetime dived into photograph books and pretended not to see us. There's a deal of human nature in a man—got up for dinner—when a woman is watching him, and you look like a bricklayer—even in Yokohama.

The Grand is the Semi or Cottage Grand really, but you had better go there unless a friend tells you of a better. A long course of good luck has spoiled me for even average hotels. They are too fine and large at the Grand, and they don't always live up to their grandeur—unlimited electric bells, but no one in particular to answer 'em; printed menu, but the first comers eat all the nice things, and so forth. None the less there are points about the Grand not to be despised. It is modelled on the American fashion and is but an open door through which you may catch the first gust from the Pacific slope. Officially there are twice as many English as Americans in the port. Actually you hear no languages but French, German or American in the street. My experience is sadly limited, but the American I have heard up to the present is a tongue as distinct from English as Patagonian. It differs in pitch, cadence, intonation, slang, reference, allusion and jest, and every third word has nothing whatever to do with England.

A gentleman from Boston was kind enough tell me something about it. He defended the use of "I guess" as a Shakespearian expression to be found in "Richard the Third." I have learned enough never to argue with a Bostonian.

"All right," I said, "I've never heard a real American say 'I guess:' but what about the balance of your extraordinary tongue? Do you mean to say that it has anything in common with ours except the auxiliary verbs, the name of the Creator and Damn. Listen to the men at the next stable!"

"They are Westerners" said the man from Boston, as who should say, "observe this cassowary." "They are Westerners, and if you want to make a Westerner mad tell him he is not like an Englishman. They think they are like the English. They are awfully thin-skinned in the West. Now in Boston its different. We don't care what the English people think of us."

The idea of the English people sitting down to think about Boston while Boston on the other side of the water ostentatiously "didn't care" made me snigger. The man told me stories. He belonged to a Republic. That was why every man of his acquaintance belonged either "to one of the first families in Boston" or else "was of good Salem stock and his fathers had come over in the *Mayflower*." I felt as though I were moving in the midst of a novel. Fancy having to explain to the casual stranger the blood and breeding of the hero of every anecdote. I wonder whether many people in Boston are like my friend with the Salem families. I am going there to see.

"There's no romance in America—its all hard, business facts" said a man from the Pacific slope after I had expressed my opinion about some rather curious murder cases which might have been called miscarriages of justice. Ten minutes later I heard him say slowly, *àpropos* of a game called "Round the Horn"—(this is a bad game. Don't play it with a stranger.)—"well it's a good thing for this game that Omaha came up. Dice were invented in Omaha and the man who invented 'em he made a colossal fortune."

I said nothing. I began to feel faint. The man must have noticed it. "Six and twenty years ago Omaha came up," he repeated, looking me in the eye, "and the number of dice that have been made in Omaha since that time is incalculable."

I left the table while he was explaining the inwardness of some riots at Chicago which in his own speech were "put through p.d.q.," *id est*, with great speed.

"There is no romance in America" I moaned like a stricken ringdove in the Professor's ear. "Nothing but hard business facts and the first families of Boston, Massachussets, invented dice at Omaha when it first came up twenty-six years ago, and that's the cold truth. What am I to do with a people like this?"

"Are you describing Japan or America? For goodness sake stick to one or the other" said the Professor.

"It wasn't my fault There's a bit of America in the bar-room, and on my word its rather more interesting than Japan. Let's go across to Frisco and hear some more lies."

"Let's go and look at photographs and refrain from mixing our countries or our drinks."

If you buy nothing else in Japan, and you will break yourself unless you begin as a pauper, you must buy photographs, and the best are to be found at the house of Faisari & Co., whose reputation extends from Saigon even to America. M. Faisari is a nice man, eccentric, and an artist, for which peculiarties he makes you pay, but his wares are worth the money. A coloured photograph ought to be an abomination. It generally is, but Faisari knows how to colour accurately and according to the scale of lights in this fantastic country. On the deck of a steamer I laughed at his red and blue hill-sides. In the hills I saw he had painted true. In his shop..... but it's hardly worth mentioning. My friend the King of Italy was having an album of views made. I saw the book and ordered a better one. You needn't say anything about it, but if ever you happen to be turning over photos in the king's drawing-room you may tell him this. Seriously, spend as much money as you can afford on Faisari and let him choose illustrations of Japanese. Next door to his house stands the big, big curio-shop of Yokohama—Deakin's—which is supposed to be good and convenient. All manner of lovely things are stored behind plate-glass windows, and if you have unlimited money you can enjoy yourself. But if you are wise do not bother your head about vanities of crockery and *cloissonée*. There are only two kinds of both in Japan—the Arimas or what the seller has, and the Arimasen or what he has not. Buy for colour and shape, for the lust of the eye and the delight of touch. There may be points about old Smari, Kago, Kioto, Satsuma with a golden small-pox upon it, lacquer of two hundred years polish and *cloissonée* of three, but you will not understand them. Get bits of things—go to the pawnshops, and wherever you find the European quarter of a town avoid it and go to the other side. Sometimes an eating house, a butcher's shop or a fishmonger's stall will sell you a plate from under the meat. Do not flatter yourself that you will ever make a bargain by this ransacking, but you will stumble on quaint things occasionally and more incidents than can be found in Deakin's shop. But wherever you go in the Further East be humble to the white trader. Recollect that you are only a poor beast of a buyer with a few dirty dollars in your pockets and you can't expect a man to humble himself by taking them. And observe humility not only in the shops but elsewhere. I had something on my mind and was anxious in fact to know how I was to cross the Pacific to Frisco, and very foolishly went to an office where they might under certain circumstances be supposed to attend to these things. The steamers were full and I own I was anxious. But no anxiety troubled the sprightly soul who happened to be in the office chair. "There's heaps of time for finding out later on" he said, "and anyhow I'm going to the races this afternoon. Come later on." I put my head in the spittoon and crawled out under the door.

When I am left behind by the steamer it will console me to know that that young man had a good time and won heavily. Everybody keeps horses in Yokohama, and the horses are nice little fat little tubs of the circus persuasion. I didn't go to the races, but a Calcutta man did and returned saying that "they ran 13-2 cart-horses, and even time for a mile was four minutes and twenty-seven seconds." Perhaps he had lost heavily, but I can vouch for the riding of the few gentlemen I saw outside animals. It is very impartial and remarkably all round.

Just when the man from Boston was beginning to tell me some more stories about first families, the Professor developed an unholy taste for hot springs and bore me off to a place called Myanoskita to wash myself. "We'll come back and look at Yokohama later on, but we must go to this because it's so beautiful."

"I'm getting tired of scenery. It's all beautiful and it can't be described, but these men here tell you stories about Lokel Sluff in America. Did you ever hear how the people of Carmel lynched Edward M. Petree for preaching the Gospel without making a collection at the end of the service? There's no romance in America—its all hard business facts. Edward M. Petree was."—

"Are you going to see Japan or are you not?"

I went to see. First in a train for an hour in the company of a carriageful of howling globe-trotters, then in a 'rickshaw for four. You cannot appreciate scenery unless you sit in a 'rickshaw. We struck after seven miles of modified flat—the flattery of nature that lures you to her more rugged heart—a mountain river all black pools and boiling foam. Him we followed into the hills along a road cut into the crumbling volcanic rock and entirely unmetalled. It was as hard as the Simla cartroad, but those far hills behind Kalka have no such pine and maple, ash and willow. It was a land of green-clothed cliff and silver waterfall, lovely beyond the defilement of the pen. At every turn in the road whence a view could be commanded stood a little tea-house full of admiring Japanese. The Jap dresses in blue because he knows that it contrasts well with the colour of the pines. When he dies he goes to a heaven of his own because the colouring of ours is too crude to suit him. I delivered this on the way to Myanoskita.

We kept the valley of the glorified stream till the waters sank out of sight down the cliff side and we could but hear them calling to one another through the tangle of the trees. Where the woodlands were lovelier, the gorge deepest and the colours of the young hornbeam most tender they had clapped down two vile hostelries of wood and glass and a village that lived by selling turned wood and grass inlay things to the tourist. But Providence is very just. When a man sins against colour it presently takes away his sense of form, as was pleasingly shown in the more expensive cabinets. Myanoskita is a sort of second-hand Murree to the Pindi of Yokohama whence many people come in the summer.

"I remember this place sixteen years ago before it was spoiled," said a man at the hotel. "You took a coach of sorts from Yokohama to the foot of the hills and then got up here as you could. There were no ladies and no hotels then. You put up for a couple of months in a Jap tea-house, wore Japanese kit and splashed about in the hot springs all day long."

Verily those must have been good times! Even the Japanese tea-girl, nicest of her sex, was nicer then.

Australians, Anglo-Indians, dwellers in London and the parts beyond the Channel were running up and down the slopes of the hotel garden and by their strange dresses doing all they knew to deface the landscape. The Professor and I slid down the *khud* at the back and found ourselves back in Japan once more. Rough steps took us down five or six hundred feet through dense jungle to the bed of that stream we had followed all the day. The air vibrated with the rush of a hundred torrents, and whenever the eye could pierce the undergrowth it saw a headlong stream breaking itself on a boulder. We came face to face with one little river, six or eight feet broad and hung up by the tail to foam. It spat warm water at us, by which we knew that the hot springs were no invention of the guide-book. Up at the hotel we had left the grey chill of a November day and cold that numbed the fingers: down in the gorge we found the climate of Bengal with real steam thrown in. Green bamboo pipes led the water to a score of bathing-houses in whose verandahs Japanese in blue and white dressing-gowns lounged and smoked. From unseen thickets came the shouts of those who bathe and splash water at each other and—Oh shame!—round the corner strolled a venerable old lady chastely robed in nothing but a white bathing towel, and not too much of that. Then we went up the gorge, mopping our brows and staring to the sky through arches of rampant foliage.

"Blue-green for young bamboo, indigo-blue for the pines, red for poung maple leaves, sea-green and silver for the hornbeams," murmured the Professor, taking an inventory of the glimpses "What a country! No wonder Faisari complains that people will not believe in his colouring. I wouldn't credit it unless I had seen the reality. "How do you intend to describe that hillside?"

"For the tenth time, 'Fessor," I made answer, "I am not trying to describe things. Let us go and watch girls bathing and say nothing aboutit."

Japanese maids of fourteen or fifteen are not altogether displeasing to behold. I have not seen more than twenty or thirty of them. Of these none were in the least disconcerted at the sight of the stranger. After all 'twas but Brighton beach without the bathing-gowns. At the head of the gorge the heat became greater and the hot water more abundant. The joints of the waterpipes on the ground gave off jets of steam; there was vapour rising from boulders on the river-bed and the stab of a stick into the warm moist soil was followed by a little pool of warm water. The existing supply was not enough for the inhabitants. They were mining for more in a casual and disconnected fashion. I tried to crawl down a shaft eighteen inches by two feet in the hillside, but the steam, which had no effect on the Japanese hide, drove me out. What happens, I wonder, when the pick strikes the liquid and the miner has to run or be parboiled?

We scrambled up and down boulders, under and over wooden bridges and through colonies of bath-houses till nightfall, the Professor making geological observations as profound as the gorge and bidding me note the evanescent colours of the dying day. In the twilight, when we had reached upper earth once more and were passing through the one street of Myanoskita Pahar, we saw two small fat cherubs about three years old taking their evening tub in a barrel sunk under the eaves of a shop. They feigned great fear, peeping at us behind outspread fingers, attempting futile dives and trying to hide one behind the other in a hundred poses of spankable chubbiness, while their father urged them to splash us. 'Twas the prettiest picture of the day and one worth coming even to the sticky paint-reeking hotel of Myanoskita to see.

* * * *

He was dressed in a black frock-coat, and at first I took him for a missionary as he mooned up and down the empty corridor.

"I have been under a ban for three days" he whispered in a husky voice, "through no fault of mine—no fault of mine. They told me to take the third watch, but they didn't give me a printed notification which I always require, and the manager of this place says that whisky would hurt me. Through no fault of mine, God knows, no fault of mine."

I do not like being shut up in an echoing wooden hotel next door to a gentleman of the naval persuasion who is just recovering from D. T. and who talks to himself all through the dark hours.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XIX.—Concerning a hot-water tap and some general conversation. The man with the pictures and the woman with the washing.

"Always speak to the stranger. If he doesn't shoot, the chances are he'll answer you."
—*Western Proverb.*

It is a far cry from Myanoskita to Michni and Mandalay. That is why we have met men from both those stations and have spent a cheerful season talking about dacoits and the Black Mountain Expedition. One of the advantages of foreign travel is that one takes such a keen interest in and hears so much about home. Three giddy young gunners who are supposed to be seeing the scenery have just spent an hour talking of exchange and promotion in the Royal Regiment. Truly they change their trains but not their train of thought who run across the sea.

"This is a most extraordinary place," said the Professor, red as a boiled lobster. "You sit in your bath and turn on the hot or cold spring as you choose, and the temperature is phenomenal. Let's go and see where it all comes from and then let's go 'way."

There is a place called the Burning Mountain five miles in the hills. Thither went we through unbroken loveliness of bamboo-copse, pine wood, villages of two houses, grass downs and pine wood again, while the river growled below and polite villagers rushed from their mats to proffer beer to the Briton. In the end we found an impoverished and second-hand Hell set out orderly on the side of a raw and bleeding mountain. It looked as though a match factory had been whelmed by a landslip and the trees had not found time to cover the wreckage. Water, in which untold eggs had been boiled, stood in blister-lipped pools, and puffs of thin white smoke went up from the labouring under-earth. Despite the smell and the sulphur incrustations on the black rocks I was disappointed till I felt the heat of the ground which was the heat of a boiler-sheathing. They call the mountain extinct. If untold tons of viewless, pulsing power cased in a few feet of dirt be the Japanese notion of extinction, glad am I that I have not been introduced to a lively volcano. Indeed it was not an overweening notion of my own importance, but a tender regard for the fire-crust below and a lively dread of starting the machinery by accident that made me step so delicately and urge return upon the Professor.

"Huh! It's only the boiler of your morning bath. All the sources of the springs are here," said he.

"I don't care. Let 'em alone. Did you never hear of a boiler bursting? Don't prog about with your stick in that amateur way. You'll turn on the tap."

When you have seen a burning mountain you begin to appreciate Japanese architecture. It is not solid. Every one gets burnt out once or twice and refers to the fact casually as an index-date. Farsari has been burned out, Deakin has been burned out, three merchants that I talked to had all been burned out, and Naraya's hotel at Myanoskita has been burned out twice. A business isn't respectable until it has received its baptism of fire. But that is of no importance. The one thing that inconveniences a Jap is an earthquake. Consequently he arranges his house so that it shall fall as lightly as a bundle of brooms upon his head. Still further safeguarding himself, he has no foundations, but the corner posts rest on the crowns of round stones sunk in the earth. It is the next best thing to building a pukka house on round-shot in trenches. The corner posts take the wave of the shock, and though the building may give way like an eel-trap nothing very serious happens. This is what epicures of earthquakes aver. I wait for mine own experiences, but not near a suspected district such as the Burning Mountain.

It was only to escape from one terror to another that I fled Myanoskita. A blue-breeked dwarf thrust me into a dwarf 'rickshaw on spidery wheels, and down the rough road that we had taken four hours to climb ran me clamorously in half an hour. Take all the parapets off the Simla road and leave it alone for ten years. Then run down the steepest four miles of any section, not steeper than the drop to the old Gaiety Theatre, behind one man. You may occupy your time profitably as you bound from boulder to slough and rockridge to hole in speculating on the chances of turning the next corner (*a*) with one wheel in the air, (*b*) without any wheels at all, or (*c*) by way of a drop down the *khud* after having run over your *jhampani*.

"We couldn't get six *paharis* to take us in this style" shouted the Professor as he spun by, his wheels kicking like a duck's foot, and the whole contraption at an angle of thirty. I am proud to think that not even sixty *paharis* would have gambolled with a *sahib* in that disgraceful manner. Nor would any tramway company in the Real East have run its cars to catch a train that used to start last year, but now—rest its soul—is as dead as Queen Anne. This thing a queer little seven-mile tramway accomplished with much dignity. It owned a first-class car and a second-class car—two horses to each—and it ran them with a hundred yards interval—the one all but empty, and the other half full for the maintenance of dignity and economy of rolling-stock. When the very small driver could not control his horses, which happened on the average once every two minutes, he did not waste time by pulling them in. He screwed down the brake and laughed—possibly at the company who had paid for the very elaborate car. Yet he was an artistic driver. He wore no Philistine brass badge. Between the shoulders of his blue jerkin were done in white three rail-heads in a circle, and on the skirts as many tram-wheels conventionalised. Only the Japanese know how to conventionalise a tram-wheel or make a key pattern of rail-heads. Though we took twelve hours to cover the thirty miles that separated us from Yokohama, we admitted this while we waited for our train in a village by the sea. [*Nota bene.*—A village of any size is about three miles long in the main street; then it changes its name and continues for another three miles as something else. Villages with a population of more than ten thousand souls take lower ranks as towns.]

"And yet," said a man at Yokohama that night, "you have not seen the densest population. That's away in the western *kens*—districts as you call them. The folk really are crowded thereabouts, but virtually poverty does not exist in the country. You see an agricultural labourer can maintain himself and his family, as far as rice goes, for four cents a day, and the price of fish is nominal. Rice now costs a hundred pounds to the dollar. What do you make it? From twenty to twenty-five seers the rupee. Yes, that's about it. Well, he gets perhaps three dollars and a half a month. I can't explain why the wages are so much above the cost of living. The people spend a good deal in pleasuring. They must enjoy themselves. I don't think they save much. How do they invest their savings? In jewellery. No, not exactly; though you'll find that the women's hair-pins, which is about the only jewellery they wear, cost a good deal. Seven and eight dollars are paid for a good hair-pin, and of course jade may cost anything. What the women really lock their money up in is in their *obis*—the things you call sashes. An *obi* is ten or twelve yards long and I've known them sold wholesale for fifty dollars each. Every woman above the very poorest class has at least one good dress of silk and an *obi*. Yes, all their savings go in dress, and a handsome dress is always worth having. The western *kens* are the richest taken all round. A skilled mechanic gets a dollar or dollar and a half a day there, and, as you know, lacquer-workers and inlayers—artists—get two. There's enough money in Japan for all current expenses. They won't borrow any for railroads. They raise it 'emselves. Most progressive people the Japanese are as regards railways. They make them very cheaply, much more cheaply than any European lines. I've some experience and I take it that £3,600 is the average cost of construction. Not on the Tokaido of course—the line that you came up by. That's a Government line, State-built and a very expensive one. I'm speaking of the Japanese Railway Company from Tokio to Shogawd with a mileage of three hundred, and the Sando from Kobe south and the Kiushiu line in the southern island. There are lots of little companies with a few score miles of line, but all the companies are extending. The reason why the construction is so cheap is the nature of the land. There's no great haulage of rails, because you can nearly always get a creek running far up into the country and put out your rails within a few miles of the place where they are wanted. Then, again, all your timber lies to your hand and your staff are Japs. There are a few European engineers, but they are quite the heads of departments, and I believe if they were cleared out to-morrow the Japs would go on building their lines. They know how to make 'em pay. One line started on a State guarantee of 8 per cent. It hasn't called for the guarantee yet. It's making twelve on its own hook. There's a very heavy freight traffic in wood and provisions for the big towns, and there's a local traffic that you can have no idea of unless you've watched it. The people seem to move in twenty-mile circles for business or pleasure—specially pleasure. Oh! I tell you Japan will be a gridiron of railways before long. In another month or two you'll be able to travel nearly seven hundred miles on end by the Tokaido line alone from one end to the other of the central islands. Getting from east to west is harder work. The backbone hills of the country are just cruel, and it will be some time before the Japs run many lines across. But they'll do it of course. Their country must go forward.

"If you want to know anything about their politics I'm afraid I can't help you much. They are, so to speak, drunk with Western liquor and are sucking it up by the hogshead. In a few years they will see how much of what we call civilisation they really want and how much they can discard. 'Tisn't as if they had to learn the arts of life or how to make 'emselves comfortable. They knew all that long ago. When their railway system is completed and they begin to understand their new constitution they will have learned as much as we can teach 'em. That's my opinion: but it needs time to understand this country. I've been a matter of eight or ten years in it, and my views aren't worth much. I've come to know some of the old families that used to be of the feudal nobility. They keep themselves to themselves and live very quietly. I don't think you'll find many of them in the official classes. Their one fault is that when they entertain they do so far beyond their means. They won't receive you informally and take you into their houses. They raise dancing-girls or take you to their club and have a big feed. They don't introduce you to their wives and they haven't yet given up the rule of making the wife eat after the husband. Like the native of India you say. Well, I am very fond of the Jap: but I suppose he is a native any way you look at him. You wouldn't think that he is careless in his workmanship and dishonest. A Chinaman on an average is out and away a bigger rogue than a Jap, but he has sense enough to see that honesty is the best policy and to act by that light. A Jap will be dishonest just to save himself trouble. He's like a child that way."

How many times have I had to record such an opinion as the foregoing? Three or four times? Everywhere the foreigner says the same thing of the neat-handed, polite little people that live among flowers and babies and smoke tobacco as mild as their own manners. I am sorry: but when you come to think of it a race without a flaw would be perfect. And then all the other nations of the earth would rise up and hammer it to pieces. And then there would be no Japan.

"I'll give you a day to think over things generally," said the Professor. "After that we'll go to Nikko and Tokio. Who has not seen Nikko does not know how to pronounce the word beautiful."

It was altogether another word that I pronounced. I object to deliberately looking for loveliness. If it comes in the course of the day, well and good: if not, leave it alone. A kiss that involves strategy and forethought, for instance, never tastes half so well as one chance-caught on the staircase—the result of a happy inspiration or the unpremeditated turn of the head. When you come to Japan, as you will the next time you get three months' leave, do even as I have done. Secure a strong-minded friend to whom the *bandobast* of travel is a pleasure. Let him arrange and think for you, and with him follow the fancy of the day, nothing doubting. But wherever you go cling to a guide—an English-speaking one, such as you catch in hotels. The Professor and I made our excursion to Myanoskita without one on the grounds that Japanese was very like Hindustani if you spoke quickly enough. We were repentant ere we had taken seats in the train and uncomfortable throughout, though it is not true that I was found at midnight clamouring for a *murgha-ka-dum* in the belief that I should get a cocktail thereby.

Yokohama is not the proper place to arrange one's impressions in. The Pacific Ocean knocks at your very door, asking to be looked at; the Japanese and American men-of-war demand serious attention through a telescope; and if you wander about the corridors of the Grand Hôtel you stop to play with Spanish Generals, all gold lace and spurs, or are captured by touts for curio-shops. 'Tis not a nice experience to find a sahib in a Panama hat handing you the card of his firm for all the world like a Delhi silk-merchant. You are inclined to pity that man until he sits down, gives you a cigar and tells you all about his diseases, his past career in California, where he was always making money and always losing it, and his hopes for the future in a language which he fondly believes to be English. You see then that you are entering upon a new world. Talk to everyone you meet if they show the least disposition to talk to you, and you will gather, as I have done, a host of stories that will be of use to you hereafter. Unfortunately they are not all fit for publication. When I tore myself away from the distractions of the outer world and was just sitting down to write seriously on the Future of Japan there came by a fascinating man with heaps of money who had collected Indian and Japanese curios all his life, and was now come to this country to get some old books which his collection lacked. Can you imagine a more pleasant life than his *dilettante* wanderings over the earth, with a lifetime's special knowledge to back each signature of his cheque-book?

In five minutes he had carried me far away from the clattering fidegetty life around to a quiet world where men meditated for three weeks over a bronze, and scoured all Japan for a sword-guard designed by a great artist and—were horribly cheated in the end.

"And who is the best artist in Japan now?" I asked.

"He died in Tokio last Friday, poor fellow, and there is no one to take his place. His name was K——, and as a general rule he could never be persuaded to work unless he was drunk. He did his best pictures when he was drunk."

"*Emu*: artists are never drunk."

"Quite right. I'll show you a sword-guard that he designed. All the best artists out here do a lot of designing. K—— used to fritter away his time on designs for old friends. Had he stuck to pictures he could have made twice as much. But he never turned out pot-boilers. When you go to Tokio make it your business to get two little books of his called *Drunken Sketches*—pictures that he did when he was—*emu*. There is enough dash and go in them to fill half a dozen studios. An English artist studied under him for some time. But K——'s touch was not communicable, though he might have taught his pupil something about *technique*. Have you ever come across one of K——'s crows? You could tell it anywhere. He could put all the wicked thoughts that ever came into the mind of a crow—and a crow is first cousin to the Devil—on a piece of paper six inches square with a brush of Indian ink and two turns of his wrist. Look at the sword-guard I spoke of. How is that for feeling?"

On a circular piece of iron four inches in diameter and pierced by the pole for the tang of the blade poor K——, who died last Friday, had sketched the figure of a coolie trying to fold up a cloth which was bellying to a merry breeze—not a cold wind but a sportive gust of summer air. The coolie was enjoying the performance, and so was the cloth. It would all be folded up in another minute and the coolie go on his way with a grin.

This thing had K—— conceived, and the faithful workman executed with the lightest touches of the graver to the end that it might lie in a collector's cabinet in London.

"Wah! Wah!" I said and returned it reverently. "It would kill a man who could do that to live after his touch had gone. Well for him he died—but I wish I had seen him. Show me some more."

"I've got a painting by Hokusai—the great artist who lived at the end of last century and the beginning of this. Even you have heard of Hokusai, haven't you?'

"A little. I have heard it was impossible to get a genuine painting with his signature attached."

"That's true; but I've shown this one to the Japanese Government expert in pictures—the man the Mikado consults in cases of doubt—to the first European authority on Japanese art, and of course I have my own opinion to back the signed guarantee of the seller. Look!"

He unrolled a hanging scroll of the kind that adorn the recesses of the guest-chamber and showed me the figure of a girl in pale-blue and grey crêpe, carrying in her arms a bundle of clothes that, as the tub behind her showed, had just been washed. A dark-blue handkerchief was thrown lightly over the left forearm, shoulder and neck, ready to tie up the clothes when the bundle should be put down. The flesh of the right arm showed through the thin drapery of the sleeve, and the sleeve pockets of thicker material were lined with red. The right hand merely steadied the bundle from above: the left gripped it firmly from below. Through the stiff blue-black hair showed the outline of the left ear.

That there was enormous elaboration in the picture, from the ornamentation of the hair-pins to the graining of the slogs, did not strike me till after the first five minutes, when I had sufficiently admired the certainty of touch.

"Recollect there is no room for error in painting on silk" said the proud possessor. "The line must stand under any circumstances. All that is possible before painting is a little dotting with charcoal which is rubbed off with a feather brush. Did he know anything about drapery or colour or the shape of a woman? Is there anyone who could teach him more if he were alive to-day?'

I wondered how long the enthusiasm would last. Could a word of mine prove conclusively that Hokusai was not the creator of that woman with the washing? Happy is the man who knows nothing but whether he is pleased or pained. I had seen real Japanese painting at last, and would admire it heart-free without a thought to sealed guarantees.

Then we went to Nikko.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XX.—CURSES A NATION AND DESCRIBES A TEMPLE. THE LEGEND OF TUKKO FORD AND THE STORY OF THE AVOIDANCE OF MISFORTUNE.

A rose red city, half as old as Time.

THE journey to Nikko from Yokohama began with a difficulty as regards the American Nation. I required something to read on the way, for well I knew that unadulterated nature even in her sweetest aspects becomes swiftly monotonous. There was a shop which unhappily is not yet burned down. It sold every novel of any pretensions that has been published within the last five and twenty years at a uniform price of twenty cents, or something between six and ninepence. In other words it was the receiving shop—the fence—for property stolen by American thieves with printing machines from English authors. I had read a good deal and thought more about what is euphemistically called piracy of literature, but I was not prepared for the black record of crime put forward by a nest of filchers called the "Seaside Publishing Company," and put into my hand by the obliging shopman. "I think you'll find

everything that you want there." O! did he? I should have been exacting had I not done so. Apart from the mighty dead who are all the world's property, because they still compete with the living author, I found the names of all the lesser lights who twinkle from the tops of one, two or three columns to-day. Besant, Braddon, Inglesant, Haggard, Stevenson, Hall Caine, Anstey, "Q," Farjeon, Ouida, Farrar, George Moore and others whom the pen holds not in remembrance were all on the list, and their works did follow their names orderly. The riot of rapine did not end there. The catalogue concluded with a section headed "Miscellaneous." No attempt at organisation marked this last "round up" of little authors. They were packed into it hoof, horn and hide like cattle. You would see how the head-thief who regulated the lifting had marked the *Saturday's* reviews in red ink by the batch, while his underlings did the mechanical work of stealing. Not content with this the Library—forgive me for using that word—poured foul and fulsome praise on the larger authors—trotted them out before the American public—while it improved their spelling according to the notion prevalent in the Board Schools of the States. When Thackeray is made to talk about "travelers" and "theaters" it is time for England to declare war. The crown and flower of these insults was a warning to the public not to buy books from firms other than the Seaside Library, because the latter gave all the stories unabridged. The big thief was congratulating himself on the completeness of his fraud.

"Don't you want any of these publications?" said the shopman.

"These aren't publications, they are burglaries, what we call thefts: do you understand? Things that men in civilised countries get imprisoned for," I responded.

"They've stopped the sale of them in Singapore and Hongkong," he answered, "and I think they are going to stop the sale of them here. But everybody buys 'em. Aren't you going to have any?"

I was not going to assist the disgrace. I was going to express my opinions, but not in the shop. The loathsome library had been cribbing Anglo-Indian stories not altogether unknown to me. It might have left our unhappy country alone. Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it very copiously, in these terms and others unreportable:—

Because you steal the property of a man's head, which is more his peculiar property than his pipe, his horse or his wife, and because you glory in your theft and have the indecency to praise or criticise the author from whom you steal, and because your ignorance, which is as dense as a pickpocket's ignorance of anything outside his calling, leads you to trifle with his spelling, and because you print the stolen property aforesaid very vilely and uncleanly, you shall be cursed with this curse from Alaska to Florida and back again.

Your women shall scream like peacocks when they talk and your men neigh like horses when they laugh. You shall call "round" "raound," and "very" "varry," and "news" "noos" till the end of time.

You shall be governed by the Irishman and the German, the vendor of drinks and the keepers of vile dens, that your streets may be filthy in your midst and your sewage arrangements filthier.

You shall be given over to the cult of tin-pot secret societies and the organising of "tuppeny-hapenny" processions, the spouting of nonsense and the perpetration thereof.

You shall be governed by laws that you cannot enforce and sentiments that you cannot control that the murderer may walk among you a vision of delight to young women and the darling of old maids while you are engaged in shooting the wrong man.

You shall prostitute and pervert the English language, till an Englishman has neither power nor desire to understand you any more.

You shall be cursed state by state, territory by territory, with a provincialism beyond provincialism of an English county town—you and your governors and what you are pleased to call your literature, your newspapers and your politics.

You shall buy your art from France and considerably spoil it in the buying because you are dishonest.

Your hearts shall be so blinded that you shall consider each one of the curses foregoing a blessing to you as it comes about, and finally I myself will curse you more elaborately later on.

"Yes, yes. I dare say we shall find the American Eagle as sick as the Jackdaw of Rheims when he has digested that," said the Professor soothingly as I puffed the tale of my wrongs into his ear on the Yokohama platform. "But before you go on swearing in that libertine fashion just think how much better it would be for the English author if he published his book in the first instance at prices that defied competition."

"There's no romance in America. It's all hard business facts. You bet the animals would find out a new way of cheating. Take me away to commune with nature."

Five hours in the train took us to the beginning of a rickshaw journey of twenty-five miles. The guide unearthed an aged *dâk-ghari* on Japanese lines and seduced us into it by promises of speed and comfort beyond anything that a *rickshaw* could offer. Never go to Nikko in a *dak-ghari*. The town of departure is full of pack-ponies who are not used to it and every third animal tries to get a kick at his friends in the shafts. This renders progress sufficiently exciting till the bumpsomeness of the road quenches all emotions save one. Nikko is reached through one avenue of *cryptomerias*—cypress like trees eighty feet high with red or dull silver trunks and hearse plume foliage of darkest green. When I say one avenue I mean one continuous avenue twenty-five miles long, the trees so close to each other throughout that their roots interlace and form a wall of wood on either side of the sunken roads. When it was necessary to make a village along the line of march—that is to say once every two or three miles—a few of the giants had been wrenched out, as teeth are wrenched from a full-planted jaw, to make room for the houses. Then the trees closed up as before to mount guard over the road. The banks between which we drove were alight with azaleas, camelias and violets. "Glorious! stupendous! magnificent" sang the Professor and I in chorus for the first five miles, in the intervals of the bumps. The avenue took not the least notice of our praise except by growing the trees even more closely together. "Vistas of pillared shape" are very pleasant to read about, but on a cold day the ungrateful heart of man could cheerfully dispense with a mile or two of it if that would shorten the journey. We were blind to the beauty around, to the files of pack ponies with manes like hearth-brooms and tempers of Eblis coquetting about the path, to the pilgrims with blue and white handkerchiefs on their heads, enviable silver-grey leggings on their feet and Buddha-like babies on their backs, to the trim country drags pulled by miniature cart-horses bringing down copper from the mines and saki from the hills, to the colour and movement in the villages where all the little children shouted "Ohi's!" and all the old people laughed. We wanted Nikko and nothing but Nikko. The grey tree trunks marched us solemnly along over that horrid bad road which had been mended with brushwood, and after five hours we got what we wanted in the shape of a long village at the foot of a hill, and capricious nature to reward us for our sore bones laughed on the instant in floods of sunshine. And upon what a mad scene did the light fall! The cryptomerias rose in front of us a wall of green darkness, a tearing torrent ran deep green over blue boulders, and between stream and trees was thrown a blood-red bridge—the sacred bridge of red lacquer that no foot save the Mikado's may press.

Very cunning artists are the Japanese. Long ago a great-hearted king came to Nikko river and looked across at the trees, up-stream at the torrent and the hills whence it came and down-stream at the softer outlines of the crops and spurs of wooded mountains. "It needs only a dash of colour in the foreground to bring it all together" said he, and he put a little child in a blue and white dressing-gown under the awful trees to judge the effect. Emboldened by his tenderness an aged beggar ventured to ask for alms. Now it was the ancient privilege of the great to try the temper of their blades upon beggars and such cattle. Mechanically the King swept off the old man's head, for he did not wish to be disturbed. The blood spurted across the granite slabs of the river-ford in a sheet of purest vermilion. The King smiled. Chance had solved the problem for him. "Build a bridge here" he said to the Court carpenter, "of just such a colour as that stuff on the stones. Build also a bridge of grey stone close by, for I would not forget the wants of my people." So he gave the little child across the stream a thousand pieces of gold and went his way. He had composed a landscape. As for the blood they wiped it up and said no more about it, and that is the story of Nikko Bridge. You will not find it in the guide-books—which is the sign of its truth.

When a Japanese makes red lacquer to stand out in the open he coats it with common red paint for the sake of preservation. The lacquer is there just the same, only the finger of faith is needed to discover it. I rubbed foolishly, walked round a little, rubbed some more and dropped a futile lower jaw. Then I tried to scratch the lacquer with my finger nail, but it wouldn't scratch. The Professor was for photographing the wonder on the spot, but the guide dissuaded thus:—"In a by and bye seeing beauties much more than this by several times, keep you plate and everything for anything. Not now doing pictures, come and go about."

Three fierce attacks on the poor man—and on my faith all I wanted was honest information—had weakened the mind of the guide. Moreover he had been possibly puzzled by a thing called a bedding-roll. (By the way, never abandon your bedding-roll in Japan. It is unsightly but very convenient.) "Gentlemen, come here bringing round box or square box, or hand-box or band-box" he piped confidentially to the Professor. "That all right. Load he up all right, load he down too. But *this* gentleman that come with you has no box—neither round nor square-face. Sometimes both and then so fat in he side. No gentleman I know bring that sort of box—all cloth and soft." The Professor took him away up hill and soothed him. I followed the voice of the river through a ricketty toy village, across some rough bottom-land, till crossing a bridge I found myself among lichened stones, scrub and the blossoms of spring. A hill side steep and wooded as the flanks of the red Aravallis rose on my left, on the right the eye travelled from village to cropland, crop to towering crypress, and rested at last on the cold blue of an austere hill top encircled by streaks of yet unmelted snow. The Nikko hotel stood at the foot of this hill, and the time of the year was May! Then a sparrow came by with a piece of grass in her beak, for she was building her nest, and I knew that the spring was come to Nikko. One is so apt to forget the changes of the year over there with you in India.

Sitting in a solemn line on the banks of the river—it was a stream really but it made so much noise that I gave it brevet rank—were fifty or six cross-legged images which the untrained eye put down immediately as so many small Buddhas. They had all, even when the lichen had cloaked them with leprosy, the calm port and unwinking regard of the Lord of the World. They are not Buddhas really but other things—presents from forgotten great men to dead and gone institutions or else memorials of ancestors. The guide-book will tell you. They were a ghostly crew. As I examined them more closely I saw that each differed from the other. Many of them held in their joined arms a little store of river pebbles evidently put there by the pious. When I inquired the meaning of the gift from a stranger who passed, he said:—"Those so distinguished are images of the God who Plays with Little Children up in the Sky. He tells them stories and builds them houses of pebbles. The stones are put in his arms either that he may not forget to amuse the babies or to prevent his stock running low."

I have no means of telling whether the stranger spoke the truth, but I prefer to believe that tale for gospel truth. Only the Japanese could invent the God who Plays with Little Children. Thereafter the images took a new aspect in my eyes and were no longer "Græco-Buddhist sculptures" but personal friends. I added a great heap of pebbles to the stock of the cheeriest among them. His bosom was ornamented with small printed slips of prayers which gave him the appearance of a disreputable old parson with his bands in disorder. A little further up the bank of the river was a rough solitary rock hewn with what men called a Shinto shrine. I knew better: the thing was Hindu, and I looked at the smooth stones on every side for the familiar dab of red paint. On a

flat rock overhanging the water were carved certain characters in Sanskrit, remotely resembling those on a Tibetan prayer-wheel. Not comprehending these matters and grateful that I had brought no guide-book with me I clambered down to the lip of the river—now compressed into a raging torrent. Do you know the Stud near Bolton—that spot where the full force of a river is pent up in two yards breadth? The Nikko stud is an improvement upon the Yorkshire one. The blue rocks are hollowed like soapstone by the rush of the water. They rise above head level and in spring are tufted with azalea blossom. The stranger of the godlings came up behind me as I basked on a boulder. He pointed up the little gorge of rocks. "Now if I painted that as it stands every critic in the papers would say I was a liar."

From our standpoint the mad stream came down directly from a blue hill blotched with pink, through a sky-blue gorge also pink-blotched. An obviously impossible pine mounted guard over the water. I would give much to see an accurate representation of that view. The stranger departed growling over some hidden grief—connected with the Academy perhaps.

Hounded on by the Professor, the guide sought me by the banks of the river and bade me "come and see temples." Then I fairly and squarely cursed all temples, being stretched at my ease on some warm sand in the hollow of a rock and ignorant as the grass-shod cattle that tramped the further bank. "Very fine temples," said the guide, "you come and see. By and by temple be shut up because priests make half an hour more time." Nikko time is half an hour ahead of the standard because the priests of the temples have discovered that travellers arriving at three try to do all the temples before four—the official hour of closing. This defrauds the church of her dues, so her servants put the clock on and Nikko knowing naught of the value of time is well content.

When I cursed the temples I did a foolish thing and one for which this poor pen can never make fitting reparation. We went up a hill by way of a flight of grey stone slabs. The *cryptomerias* of the Nikko road were as children to the giants that overshadowed us here. Between their iron-grey boles were flashes of red—the blood red of the Mikado's bridge. That great king who killed the beggar at the ford had been well pleased with the success of his experiment. Passing under a mighty stone arch we came into a square of splendour alive with the sound of hammers. Thirty or forty men were tapping the pillars and steps of a cornelian shrine heavy with gold. "That," said the guide impassively, "is a godown. They are renewing the lacquer there. First they extract it."

Have you ever "extracted" lacquer from wood? I smote at the foot of a pillar with force, and after half a dozen blows chipped off one small fragment of the stuff in texture like red horn. Betraying no surprise I demanded the name of a yet more magnificent shrine across the courtyard. It was red lacquered like the others, but above its main door were carved in open work three apes—one with his hands to his ears, another covering his mouth, and the third blinding his eyes. "That place," said the guide, "used to be a stable when the Daimio kept his horses there. The monkeys are the three who hear no wrong, say no wrong, and see no wrong."

"Of course," I said. "What a splendid device for a stable where the *syces* steal the gram!" I was angry because I had grovelled before a godown and a stable, though the round world cannot hold their equals.

We entered a temple or a tomb, I do not know which, through a gateway of carven pillars. Eleven of them bore a running pattern of trefoil—the apex pointing earthward—the twelfth had the pattern reversed.

"Make 'em all the same—no good" said the guide emphatically. "Something sure to come bad by an' by. Make one different all right. Save him so. Nothing happen then."

Unless I am mistaken that voluntarily breaking of the set was the one sacrifice that the designer had made to the great gods above who are so jealous of the craft of men. For the rest he had done what he pleased, even as a god might have done, with the wood in its gleaming lacquer sheath, with enamel and inlay and carving and bronze, hammered work and the work of the inspired chisel. When he went to his account he saved himself from the jealousy of his judges by pointing to the trefoil pillars for proof that he was only a weak mortal and in no sense their equals. Men say that never man has given complete drawings, details or descriptions of the temples of Nikko. Only a German would try and he would fail in spirit. Only a Frenchman would succeed in spirit but he would be inaccurate. I have a recollection of passing through a door with *cloisonné* hinges with a golden lintel and red lacquer jambs, with panels of tortoise-shell lacquer and clamps of bronze tracery. It opened into a half lighted hall on whose blue ceiling a hundred golden dragons romped and spat fire in a hundred different attitudes. A priest moved about the gloom with noiseless feet and showed me a pot-bellied lantern four feet high that the Dutch traders of old time had sent as a present to the temple. There were posts of red lacquer dusted over with gold to support the roof. On one post lay a rib of lacquer six inches thick that had been carved or pinched into high relief carvings and had set harder than crystal.

The temple steps were of black lacquer, and the frames of the sliding screens red. That money, lakhs and lakhs of money, had been lavished on the wonder impressed me but little. I wished to know who were the men that, when the *cryptomerias* were saplings, had sat down and spent their lives on a niche or corner of the temple, and dying passed on the duty of adornment to their sons, though neither father nor child hoped to see the work completed. This question I asked the guide who plunged me in a tangle of Daimios and Shoguns, all manifestly extracted from the guide-book.

Shelving further demands he took me further up the hill by way of a stone staircase, the rails of which were made out of solid stone—four rails with top and bottom pieces being carved *en bloc*. At each story, and I counted four, we found a temple or a shrine for the accommodation of temple drums standing on a platform cut into the hillside and overshadowed by the funereal green of the *cryptomerias*. After a while the builder's idea entered into my soul.

He had said :—"Let us build blood-red chapels in a Cathedral." So they planted the Cathedral three hundred years ago, knowing that tree boles would make the pillars and the sky the roof.

Round each temple stood a small army of priceless bronze or stone lanterns stamped as was everything else with the three leaves that make the Daimio's crest. The lanterns were dark green or lichened grey, and in no way lightened the gloom of the red. Down below by the sacred bridge I believed red was a joyous colour. Up the hillside under the trees and the shadow of the temple eaves I saw that it was the hue of sorrow. When the great king killed the beggar at the ford he did not laugh as I have suggested. He was very sorry and said :—"Art is art and worth any sacrifice. Take that corpse away and pray for the naked soul." Once in one of the temple court-yards nature dared to rebel against the scheme of the hill side. Some forest tree, all unimpressed by the *cryptomerias*, had tossed a torrent of tenderest pink flowers down the face of the grey retaining wall that guarded the cutting. It was as if a child had laughed aloud at the magnificence it could not understand.

"You see that cat?" said the guide, pointing out a pot-bellied pussy painted above a door. "That is the sleeping cat. The artist he paint it left handed. We are proud of that cat."

"And did they let him remain left-handed after he had painted that thing?"

"Oh yes. You see he was always left-handed."

The infinite tenderness of the Japanese towards their children extends, it would seem, even to artists. Every guide will take you to see the sleeping cats. Don't go. It is bad. Coming down the hill I learned that all Nikko was two feet under snow in the winter, and while I was trying to imagine how fierce red, white and black-green would look under the light of a winter sun I met the Professor murmuring expletives of admiration.

"What have you done? What have you seen?" said he.

"Nothing. I've accumulated a lot of impressions of no use to any one but the owner."

"Which means you are going to slop over for the benefit of the people out there," said the Professor.

And the notion so disgusted me that I left Nikko that very afternoon, the guide clamouring that I had not seen half its glories. "There is a lake" he said: "there are mountains. You must go see!"

"I will return to Tokio and study the modern side of Japan. This place annoys me because I do not understand it."

"Yet I am the good guide of Yohomana!" said the guide.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXI.—SHOWS HOW I GROSSLY LIBELLED THE JAPANESE ARMY AND EDITED A *Civil and Military Gazette* OF TOKIO WHICH IS NOT IN THE LEAST TRUSTWORTHY.

And the Duke said: "Let there be cavalry," and there were cavalry." And he said: "Let them be slow," and they were slow: d—d slow, and the Japanese Imperial Horse called he them.

I was wrong. I know it. I ought to have clamoured at the doors of the Legation for a pass to see the Imperial Palace. I ought to have investigated Tokio and called upon some of the political leaders of the Liberal and Radical parties. There are a hundred things which I ought to have done, but somehow or other the bugles began to blare through the chill of the morning and I heard the tramp of armed men under my window. The parade-ground was within a stone's throw of the hotel: the Imperial troops were going on parade. Would you have bothered your head about politics? I ran after them.

It is rather difficult to get accurate information about this army. It seems to be in perpetual throes of reorganisation. At present, so far as one can gather, it is about one hundred and seventy thousand strong. Everybody has to serve for three years, but payment of one hundred dollars will shorten the term of service by one year at least: this is what a man who has gone through the mill told me. He capped his information with this verdict:—"English army no use. Only navy any good. Have seen two hundred English army. No use." The idea of Japan standing up in its wood-boots and passing criticisms on Us made me laugh in my informant's face. But this is a digression.

On the parade-ground they had a company of foot and a wing of what, for the sake of brevity, I will call cavalry under instruction. The former were being put through some simple evolutions in close order: the latter were variously and singularly employed. To the former I took off the hat of respect: at the latter I am ashamed to say I pointed the finger of derision. But let me try to describe what I saw. The likeness of the Jap infantryman to the Gurkha grows when you see him in bulk. Thanks to the wholesale system of conscription the quality of conscript varies immensely. I have seen scores of persons with spectacles whom it were base flattery to call soldiers, and who I hope were in the medical or commissariat department. Again I have seen dozens of bull-necked, deep-chested, flat-backed, thin-flanked little men who were as good as a colonel commanding could desire. There was a man of the 2nd N. I. whom I met at an up-country railway station. He carried just the proper amount of insolent swagger that a soldier should, refused to answer any question of mine and parted the crowd round him without ceremony. A Gurkha of the Prince of Wales' Own could not have been trimmer. In the crush of a ticket-collecting we both got out together—I managed to run my hand over that small man's forearm and chest. They must have a very complete system of gymnastics in the Japanese army, and I would have given much to have stripped my friend and seen how he peeled. If the 2nd N. I. are equal to sample they are good.

The men on prade at Tokio belonged either to the 4th or the 9th N. I., and turned out with their cowskin valises strapped but I think not packed. Under full kit, such as I saw on the sentry at Osaka Castle, they ought to be much too heavily burdened. Their officers were as miserable a set of men as Japan could furnish—spectacled, undersized even for Japan, hollow-backed and hump-shouldered. They squeaked their words of command and had to trot by the side of their men to keep up with them. The Jap soldier has the long stride of the Gurkha, and he doubles with the easy lope of the 'rickshaw coolie. Throughout the two hours that I watched them they never changed formation but once, when they doubled in pairs across the *maidan* their rifles at the carry. Their step and intervals were as good as anything that our native regiments have to show, but they wheeled rather promiscuously and were not checked for this by their officers. So far as my limited experience showed, their formation was not ours but continental. Does a company in column move on a face of nine files, or how? The words of command were as beautifully unintelligible as anything our parade-grounds can produce; but between each the officers of each half company vehemently harangued their men and shook their swords at 'em in distinctly unmilitary style. The precision of their movements was beyond praise. They enjoyed three hours of steady drill and in the rare intervals when they stood easy to draw breath I looked for slackness all down the ranks, inasmuch as "standing easy" is the crucial test of men after the first smartness of the morning has worn off. They stood easy neither more nor less, but never a hand went to a shoe or stock or button while they were so standing. When they knelt still in this queer column of company I understood the mystery of the long-sword bayonet which had puzzled me sorely. I had expected to see the little fellows lifted into the air as the bayonet sheath took ground: but they were not. They kicked it sideways as they dropped. All the same the authorities tie men to bayonets instead of bayonets to men. When at the double there was no grabbing at the cartridge pouch with one hand and steadying the bayonet with the other, as may be seen any day at running-firing on Indian ranges. They doubled cleanly as our Gurkhas double.

It was an unchristian thought, but I would have given a good deal to see that company being blooded on an equal number of native infantry—just to know how they would work. If they have pluck, and there is not much in their past record to show that they have not, they ought to be first-class enemies. Under British officers instead of the little anatomies at present provided, and with a better rifle, they should be as good as any troops recruited east of Suez. I speak here only for the handy little men I saw. The worst of conscription is that it sweeps in such a mass of fourth and fifth-rate citizens who, though they may carry a gun, are likely by their own excusable ineptitude to do more harm to the morale and set-up of a regiment than exe-

cution in front of them. In their walks abroad the soldiery never dream of keeping step: they tie things to their side-arms, they carry bundles, they slouch and dirty their uniforms, so that all the world may say :—" Who's that civilian who has stolen a uniform ?"

And so much for a raw opinion on Japanese infantry. The cavalry were having a picnic on the other side of the parade-ground—circling right and left by sections, trying to do something with a troop and so forth. I would fain believe that the gentlemen I saw were recruits: but they wore all their arms, and their officers were just as clever as themselves. Half of them were in white fatigue dress and flat cap—though no need to say whence those had been borrowed—and wore half-boots of brown leather with short hunting spurs and black straps—no chains. They carried carbine and sword—the sword fixed to the man and the carbine slung over the back, with the pouch. No martingales, but breast-plate and crupper, a huge heavy saddle with single hide girth, over two *numdahs* completed the equipment which a thirteen-hand tattoo all mane and tail was trying to get rid of. When you thrust a two-pound bit and bridoon into a small pony's mouth you hurt his feelings. When the rider wears, as did my friends, white-worsted gloves he cannot take a proper hold of the reins. When he rides with both hands, sitting well on his mount's neck, his knuckles level with its ears and his stirrup leathers as short as they can be, the chances of the pony getting rid of the rider are manifestly increased. Never have I seen such a wild dream of equitation as the Tokio parade-ground shows. Do you remember the picture in *Alice in Wonderland*, just before Alice found the lion and the unicorn, when she met the armed men coming through the woods? I thought of that and I thought of the white knight in the same classic, and I laughed aloud. Here were a set of very fair ponies, sure-footed as goats, mostly entires, and full of go. Under Japanese weights they would have made very thorough mounted infantry animals. And here was this blindly imitative nation gravely trying to turn them into heavy cavalry. As long as the little beasts were gravely trotting in circles they did not mind their work. But when it came to slashing at the Turk's head they objected very much indeed. I affiliated myself to a section who, armed with long wooden-swords, were enjoying some Turk's heading. Out started the pony at the gentlest of canters while the rider bundled all the reins into one hand and held his sword like a lance. Then the pony shied a little shy, shook his shaggy head and began to passage round the Turk's head. There was no pressure of knee or rein to tell him what was wanted. The man on top began kicking with the spurs from shoulder to rump, and shaking up the ironmongery in the poor brute's mouth. The pony could neither rear, nor kick nor buck: but it shook itself free of the incubus, who slid off, and patiently waited till it was remounted. Three times I saw this happen. The catastrophe didn't rise to the dignity of a fall. It was the blundering collapse of incompetence, plus worsted gloves, two-handed riding and a haystack of equipment. Very often the pony went at the post and the man delivered a back-handed cut at the Turk's head which nearly brought him out of his world-too-wide saddle. Again and again this solemn performance was repeated. I can honestly say that the ponies are very willing to break rank and leave their companions, which is what an English troop-horse fails in: but I fancy this is more due to the urgent private affairs of the pony than any skill in training. The troops charged once or twice at a terrifying canter. When the men wished to stop they leaned back and tugged, and the pony put his head to the ground and bored all he knew. They charged me, but I was merciful and forebore to empty half the saddles, as I assuredly could have done by throwing up my arms and yelling " Hi ! " The saddest thing of all was the painful conscientiousness displayed by all the performers in the circus. They had to turn the tats into cavalry. They knew nothing about riding and what they did know was wrong: but the tats must be made troop-horses. Why wouldn't the scheme work ? There was a patient pathetic wonder on the faces of the men that made me long to take one of them in my arms and try to explain things to him—bridles for instance and the futility of hanging on by the spurs. Just when the parade was over and the troops were ambling off, Providence sent diagonally across the parade-ground at a gallop a big, rawboned man on a lathy-red American horse wild with the intoxication of the keen morning air. The brute cracked his nostrils, and switched his flag abroad —and romped across the plain while his rider dropped one hand and sat still, swaying lightly from the hips. The two served to scale the surroundings. Some one really ought to tell the Mikado that *ekka ponies* were never intended for dragoons.

It the changes and chances of military service ever send you against Japanese troops, be tender with their cavalry. They mean no harm. Put some fusees down for the horses to step on and send a fatigue-party out to pick up the remnants. But if you meet Japanese infantry led by a continental officer, commence firing early and often and at the longest ranges compatible with getting at them. They are bad little men who know too much.

Having thoroughly settled the military side of the nation exactly as my friend at the beginning of this letter settled us—on the strength of two hundred men caught at random—I devoted myself to a consideration of Tokio. The Professor had gone off to look at temples. I am wearied of temples. Their monotony of splendour makes my head ache. You also will weary of temples unless you are an artist and then you will be disgusted with yourself. Some folk say that Tokio covers an area equal to London. Some folk say that it is not more than ten miles long and eight miles broad. There are a good many ways of solving the question. I found a tea garden situated on a green plateau far up a flight of steps with pretty girls smiling on every step. From this elevation I looked forth over the city and it stretched away from the sea as far as the eye could reach—one grey expanse of packed house roof, the perspective marked by numberless factory chimneys. Then I went several miles away and found a park, another eminence, and some more tea-girls prettier than the last; and looking again the city stretched out in a new direction as far as the eye could reach. Taking the scope of the eye at eighteen miles on a clear day, I make Tokio thirty-six miles long by thirty-six miles broad exactly, and there may be some more which I missed. The place roared with life through all its quarters. Double lines of trams ran down the main streets for mile on mile, rows of omnibuses stood at the principal railway station and the " Compagnie General des Omnibus de Tokio " paraded the streets with gold and vermillion cars. All the trams were full, all the private and public omnibuses were full, and the streets were full of *'rickshaws*. From the sea shore to the shady green park from the park to the dim distance, the land pullulated with people.

Here you saw how Western civilisation had eaten into the people. Every tenth man was attired in Europe clothes from hat to boots. It is a queer race. It can parody every type of humanity to be met in a large English town. Fat and prosperous merchant with mutton-chop whiskers; mild-eyed long-haired Professor of Science, his clothes baggy about him; Schoolboy in Eton jacket, broadcloth trousers; young clerk, member of the Clapham Athletic Club in tennis flannels; artisans in sorely worn tweeds; top-hatted lawyer with clean shaven upper lip and black leather bag; sailor out of work and counter-jumper: all these and many, many more you shall find in the streets of Tokio in half an hour's walk. But when you come to speak to the imitation, behold it can only talk Japanese. You touch it and it is not what you thought. I fluctuated down the streets addressing myself to the most English-looking folk I saw. They were polite with a graciousness that in no way accorded with their raiment, but they knew not a word of my tongue. One small boy in the uniform of the Naval College said suddenly :— " I spik Englees " and collapsed. The rest of the people in our clothes poured their own vernacular upon my head. Yet the shop-signs were English, the tramway under my feet was English gauge, the commodities sold were English, and the notices on the streets were in English. It was like walking in a dream. I respected the Babu in that hour because he did not dress deceitfully in flannels or dittoes, and spoke our tongue none the less. But then the Babu had an Educational Department behind him and more Englishmen about him than ever did the Japanese. I reflected. Far away from Tokio and off the line of rail I had met men like the men in the streets. Perfectly dressed Englishmen to the outer eye, but dumb. The country must be full of their likes.

" Good gracious. Here is Japan going to run its own civilisation without learning a language in which you can say damn satisfactorily. I must inquire into this. "

Chance had brought me opposite the office of a newspaper and I ran in demanding an editor. He came—the Editor of the *Tokio Public Opinion*, a young man in a black frock-coat. There are not many editors in other parts of the world who would offer you tea and a cigarette ere beginning a conversation. My friend knew but little English. His paper, though the name was printed in English, was Japanese. But he knew his business. Almost before I had explained my errand, which was the pursuit of miscellaneous information he began: " You are English. How you think now the American Revision Treaty ?" Out came a note-book and I sweated cold. It was not in the bargain that he would interview me.

" There's a great deal," I answered remembering Sir Roger, of blessed memory. " A great deal to be said on both sides. The American Revision Treaty—h'm—demands an enormous amount of matured consideration and may safely be referred"—

" But we of Japan are now civilised." Have I told you that the construction of Japanese and Hindustani are very much the same, and a Jap speaking or writing English glides into Babuese. Read some of their Anglo-vernacular papers if you doubt this. Japan says that she is now civilised. That is the *crux* of the whole matter so far as I misunderstand it. 'Let us have done with the idiotic system of treaty ports and passports for the foreigner who steps beyond them," says Japan in effect. " Give us our place among the civilised nations of the earth, come among us, trade with us, hold land in our midst. Only be subject to our jurisdiction and submit to our—tariffs." Now since one or two of the foreign nations have won special tariffs for their goods in the usual way, they are not over-anxious to become just ordinary folk. The effect of accepting Japan's views would be excellent for the individual who wanted to go up-country and make his money, but bad for the nation. For our nation in particular.

All the same I was not prepared to have my ignorance of a burning question put down in any note-book save my own. I Gladstoned about the matter with the longest words I could. My friend recorded them much after the manner of Count Smorltork. Then I attacked him on the subject of civilisation—speaking very slowly because he had a knack of running two words of mine together and turning them into something new.

" You are right," said he, " We are becoming civilised. But not too quick, for that is bad Now there are two parties in the State—the Liberal and the Radical: one Count lead one, one Count lead the other. The Radicals say that we should swiftly become all English. The Liberal he says not so quick, because that nation which too swiftly adopts other people's customs he decay. That question of civilisation and the America Revision Treaty he occupy our chief attentions. Now we are not so zealous to become civilised as we were two—three years gone. Not so quick—that is our watch-word. Yes."

If matured deliberation be the wholesale adoption of imperfectly understood arrangements, I should dearly like to see Japan in a hurry. We discussed comparative civilisations for a short time, and I protested feebly against the defilement of the streets of Tokio by rows of houses built after glaring European models. Surely there is no need to discard our own architecture I said.

" Ha," snorted the chief of the *Public Opinion*. " You call it picturesque. I call it too. Wait till he light up—incendiate. A Japanese house there is one only fire box—no fire box. *That* is why we think good to built in European fashion. I tell you, and you must believe, that we take up no change without thinking upon it. Truth indeed it is not because we are curious children wanting new things, as some people have said. We have done with that season of picking up things and throwing them down again. You see ?"

" Where did you pick up your Constitution then ?"

I did not know what the question would bring forth, yet I ought to have been wise. The first question that a Japanese on the railway asks an Englishman is: " Have you got the English translation of our Constitution ?" All the book-stalls sell it in English and Japanese, and all the papers discuss it. The child is not yet three months old.

" Our Constitution ?—that was promised to us—promised twenty years ago. Fourteen years ago the provinces they have been allowed to elect their big men—their heads. Three years ago they have been allowed to have assemblies and thus Civil Liberty was assured."

I was baffled here for some time. In the end I thought I made out that the municipalities had been given certain control over police funds and the appointment of district officials. I may have been entirely wrong, but the editor bore me along on a torrent of words, his body rocking and his arms waving with the double agony of twisting a foreign tongue to his service and explaining the to-be-taken-seriouslyness of Japan. He was very much in earnest. Whack came the little hand on the little table, and the little tea cups jumped again.

" Truly, and indeed this Constitution of ours has not come too soon. It proceeded step-by. You understand that ? Now your Constitution, the Constitutions of the foreign nations, are all bloody—bloody Constitutions. Ours has come step-by. We did not fight as the barons fought with King John at Runnymede."

This was a quotation from a speech delivered at Otsu a few days previously by a member of the Government. I grinned at the brotherhood of editors all the world over. Up went the hand anew.

" We shall be happy with this Constitution and a people civilised among civilisations."

" Of course. But what will you actually do with it ? A Constitution is rather a monotonous thing to work after the fun of sending members to Parliament has died out. You have a Parliament, have you not ?"

" Oh, yes, *with* parties—Liberal and Radical."

" Then they will both tell lies to you and to each other. Then they will pass bills, and spend their time fighting with each other. Then all the foreign governments will discover that you have no fixed policy."

" Ah yes. But the Constitution." The little hands were crossed in his lap. The cigarette hung limply from his mouth.

" No fixed policy. Then, when you have sufficiently disgusted the foreign Powers they will wait until the Liberals and Radicals are fighting very hard about the character of some pirate who may be a member of Parliament, and then they will blow you out of the water."

" You are not making fun ? I do not quite understand " said he. " Your Constitutions are all so bloody."

" Yes. That is exactly what they are. You are very much in earnest about yours, are you not ?"

" Oh yes, we all talk politics now."

" And write politics of course. By the way under what—h'm—arrangements with the Government is a Japanese paper published ? I mean must you pay anything before starting a press."

" Literary, scientific and religious papers—no. Quite free. All purely political papers pay five hundred yens—give to the Government to keep, or else some man says he will pay."

" Gives security, you mean ?"

" I do not know, but sometimes the Government can keep the money. We are purely political."

Then he asked questions about India and appeared astonished to find that the natives there possessed considerable political power and controlled districts.

" But have you a Constitution in India ?"

" I am afraid that we have not."

" Ah !"

He crushed me there, and I left very humbly, but cheered by the promise that the *Tokio Public Opinion* would contain an account of my words. Mercifully that respectable journal is printed in Japanese, so the hash will not be served up to a large table. I would give a good deal to discover what meaning he attached to my forecast of Constitutional government in Japan.

" We all talk politics now." That was the sentence which remained to me. It was true talk. Men of the Educational Department in Tokio told me that the students would " talk politics " by the hour if you allowed them. At present they were talking in the abstract about their new plaything the Constitution, with its Upper House and its Lower House, its committees, its questions of supply, its rules of procedure and all the other skittles we have played with for six hundred years.

Japan is the second oriental country which has made it impossible for a strong man to govern alone. This she has done of her own free will. India, on the other hand, has been forcibly ravished by the Secretary of State and the English M. P., aided by the telegraph.

Japan is luckier than India.

XXII.—Shows the similarity between the Babu and the Japanese and the way we settled things. Contains the earnest outcry of an Unbeliever. The Explanation of Mr. Smith of California and elsewhere. Takes me on board ship after due warning to those who follow.

Very sadly did we leave it, but we gave our hearts in pledge

To the pine above the city, to the blossoms by the hedge,

To the cherry and the maple and the plum-tree and the peach,

And the babies—Oh the babies—romping fatly under each.

Eastward ho ! Across the water see the black bow drives and swings

From the Land of Little Children where the babies are the Kings.

The Professor discovered me absorbed in meditation and the company of tea-girls at the back of the Ueno Park in the heart of Tokio. My rickshaw coolie sat by my side drinking tea from daintiest china and eating maccaroons. I thought of Sterne's donkey and smiled vacuously into the blue above the trees. The tea-girls giggled. One of them captured my spectacles, perched them on her own snubby-chubby nose and ran about among her cackling fellows.

" And loose thy fingers in the tresses of the cypress, slender minister of wine," quoted the Professor coming round a booth suddenly. " Why aren't you at the Mikado's garden party ?"

" Because he didn't invite me, and anyhow he wears Europe clothes—so does the Empress—so do all the Court people. Let's sit down and consider things. This people puzzles me. It has points in common with the Babu."

And I told my story of the interview with the Editor of the *Tokio Public Opinion*. The Professor had been making investigation into the Educational Department. " And further," said he at the end of the tale, " the ambition of the educated student is to get a place under Government. Therefore he comes to Tokio: will accept any situation at Tokio that he may be near to his chance."

" Who's son is that student ?"

" Son of the peasant, yeoman farmer and shop keeper—*ryot*, *tehsildar* and *bunnia*. While he waits he imbibes Republican leanings on account of the nearness of Japan to America. He talks and writes and debates, and is convinced he can manage the Empire better than the Mikado."

" Does he go away and start newspapers to prove that ?"

" He may, but it seems to be unwholesome work. A paper can be suspended without reason given under the present laws, and I'm told that one enterprising editor has just got three years' simple imprisonment for caricaturing the Mikado."

" Then there is yet hope for Japan. I can't quite understand how a people with a taste for fighting and quick artistic perceptions can care for the things that delight our friends in Bengal."

" You make the mistake of looking on the Bengali as unique. So he is in his own peculiar style: but I take it that the drunkenness of Western wine affects all Oriental folk in much the same way. What misleads you is that very likeness. Followest thou ? Because a Jap struggles with problems beyond his grip in much the same phraseology as a Calcutta University student, and discusses Administration with a capital A, you lump Jap and Chatterjee together."

" No I don't. Chatterjee doesn't sink his money in railway companies or sit down and provide for the proper sanitation of his own city, or of his own motion cultivate the graces of life as the Jap does. He is like the *Tokio Public Opinion*—' purely political.' He has no art whatever, he has no weapons, and there is no power of manual labour in him. Yet he is like the Jap in the pathos of his politics. Have you ever studied Pathetic Politics ? *Why* is he like the Jap ?"

" Both drunk, I suppose," said the Professor. " Get that girl to give back your giglamps and you will be able to see more clearly into the soul of the Far East."

" The ' Far East' hasn't got a soul. She swopped it for a constitution on the Eleventh of February last. Can any constitution make up for the wearing of Europe clothes ? I saw a Jap lady just now in full afternoon calling kit. She looked atrocious. Have you seen the later Japanese art—the pictures on the fans and in the shop windows ? They are faithful reproductions of the changed life—telegraph poles down the streets, conventionalised tram-lines, top-hats and carpet-bags in the hands of the men. The artists can make those things almost passable, but when it comes to conventionalising a *belaitee* dress the effect is horrible !"

" Japan wishes to take her place among civilised nations" said the Professor.

" That's where the pathos comes in. It's enough to make you weep to watch this misdirected effort—this wallowing in unloveliness for the sake of recognition at the hands of men who paint their ceilings white, their grates black, their mantelpieces French grey and their carriages yellow and red. The Mikado wears blue and gold and red, his guards wear orange breeches with a stone blue stripe down them; the American missionary teaches the Japanese girl to wear bangs—shingled bangs—on her forehead, plait her hair into a pigtail and to tie it up with magenta and cobalt ribbons. The German sells them the offensive chromos of his own country and the labels of his beer bottles. Allen and Ginter devastate Tokio with their blood red and grass green tobacco-tins. And in the face of all these things the country wishes to progress towards civilisation. I have read the entire Constitution of Japan, and it were dearly bought at the price of one of the kaleidoscope omnibuses plying in the street there.

" Are you going to inflict all that nonsense on them at home ?" said the Professor.

" I am. For this reason. In the years to come, when Japan has sold her birthright for the privilege of being cheated on equal terms by her neighbours, when she has so heavily run into debt for her railways and public works that the financial assistance of England and annexation is her only help, when the daimios through poverty have sold the treasures of their houses to the curio-dealer and the dealer has sold them to the English collector, when all the people wear slop trousers and ready-made petticoats and the Americans have established soap factories on all the rivers and a boarding-house on the top of Fujiyama, some one will turn up the files of the *Pioneer* and say: ' This thing was prophesied. Then they will be sorry that they began tampering with the great sausage-machine of civilisation. What is put into the receiver must come out at the spout, but it must come out mincemeat. *Dixi !* And now let us go to the tomb of the Forty-Seven Ronins."

" It has been said some time ago, and much better than you can say it," said the Professor, *àpropos* of nothing that I could see. Distances are calculated by the hour in Tokio. Forty minutes in a rickshaw, running at full speed, will take you a little way into the city; two hours from the Ueno Park brings you to the tomb of the famous Forty-Seven, passing on the way the very splendid temples of Shiba which are all fully described in the guide-books. Lacquer, gold-inlaid bronze-work, and crystals carved with the words " Om" and " Shri " are fine things to behold, but they do not admit of very varied treatment in print. In one tomb of one of the temples was a room of lacquer panels overlaid with gold leaf. An animal of the name of V. Gay had seen fit to

scratch his entirely uninteresting name on the gold. Posterity will take note that V. Gay never cut his finger-nails and ought not to have been trusted with anything prettier than a hog-trough.

"It is the handwriting upon the wall" I said when the commination service was over. "Presently there will be neither gold nor lacquer—nothing but the finger-marks of foreigners. Let us pray for the soul of V. Gay all the same. Perhaps he was a missionary"

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The Japanese papers occasionally contain, sandwiched between notes of railway mining and train concessions, announcements like the following:—"Dr. ——— committed *hara-kiri* last night at his private residence in such and such a street. Family complications are assigned as the reason of the act." Nor does *hara-kiri* merely mean suicide by any method. *Hara-kiri* is *hara-kiri*, and the private performance is even more ghastly than the official one. It is curious to think that any one of the dapper little men with top hats and reticules who have a constitution of their own may, in time of mental stress, strip to the waist, shake their hair over their brows and, after prayer, rip themselves open. When you come to Japan look at Farsari's *hara-kiri* pictures and his photos of the last crucifixion (twenty years ago) in Japan. Then at Deakin's inquire for the modelled head of a gentleman who was not long ago executed in Tokio. There is a grim fidelity in the latter work of art that will make you uncomfortable. The Japanese in common with the rest of the East have a strain of blood-thirstiness in their composition. It is very carefully veiled now, but some of Hokusai's pictures show it, and show that not long ago the people revelled in its outward expression. Yet they are tender to all children beyond the tenderness of the West, courteous to each other beyond the courtesy of the English, and polite to the foreigner alike in the big towns and in the mofussil. What they will be after their Constitution has been working for three generations the Providence that made them what they are alone knows.

All the world seems ready to proffer them advice. Colonel Olcott is wandering up and down the country now telling them that the Buddhist religion needs reformation, offering to reform it and eating with ostentation rice gruel which is served to him in cups by admiring handmaidens. A wanderer form Kioto tells me that in the Chion-in, loveliest of all the temples, he saw only three days ago the Colonel mixed up with a procession of Buddhist priests, just such a procession as the one I tried vainly to describe, and "tramping about as if the whole show belonged to him." You cannot appreciate the solemnity of this until you have seen the Colonel and the Chion-in. The two are built on entirely different lines and they don't seem to harmonise. It only needs now Madame Blavatsky, cigarette in mouth, under the cryptomenas of Nikko, the return of Mr. Caine, M.P., to preach the sin of drinking *saki*, and Mister Oscar Wilde to prove that Japan never really existed, and the menagerie would be full. America imports barbarians from the West, to meet kindred barbarians from the East, and the two breeds are "elevating the country."

Something should be done to America. That she steals from England is no great matter. Badly brought up children frequently steal from their fathers, and America, alas! has been dragged up. But she should not infect other and happier lands with her own disease. There are many American missionaries in Japan, and some of them construct clapboard churches and chapels for whose ugliness no need could compensate. They further instil into the Japanese mind wicked ideas of "progress," and teach that it is well to go ahead of your neighbour, to improve your situation and generally to thresh yourself to pieces in the battle of existence. They do not mean to do this, but their own restless energy enforces the lesson. The American is objectionable. And yet—this is written from Yokohama—how pleasant in every way is a nice American whose tongue is cleansed of "right there," "all the time," "noos," "revoo," "ra-ound" and the Falling Cadence. I have met such an one even now—a Californian ripened in Spain, matured in England, polished in Paris and yet always a Californian. His voice and manners were soft alike, temperate were his judgments and temperately expressed, wide was his range of experience, genuine his humour and fresh from the mint of his mind his reflections. It was only at the end of the conversation that he startled me a little.

"I understand that you are going to stay some time in California. Do you mind my giving you a little advice. I am speaking now of towns that are still rather brusque in their manners. When a man offers you a drink accept at once and then stand drinks all round. I don't say that the second part of the programme is as necessary as the first, but it puts you on a perfectly safe footing. Above all remember that where you are going you must never carry anything. The men you move among will do that for you. They have been accustomed to it. It is in some places unluckily a matter of life and death as well as daily practice to draw first. I, have known really lamentable accidents occur from a man carrying a revolver when he did not know what to do with it. Do you understand anything about revolvers?"

"N-no" I stammered "of course not."

"Do you think of carrying one?"

"Of course not. I don't want to kill myself."

"Then you are safe. But remember you will be moving among men who go heeled and you will hear a good deal of talk about the thing and a great many tall stories. You may listen to the yarns, but you must not conform to the custom however much you may feel tempted. You invite your own death if you lay your hand on a weapon you don't understand. No man flourishes a revolver in a bad place. It is produced for one specified purpose and produced before you can wink."

"But surely if you draw first you have an advantage over the other man," said I valorously.

"You think so? Let me show you. I have no use for any weapon but I believe I have one about me somewhere. An ounce of demonstration is worth a ton of theory. Your pipe case is on the table. My hands are on the table too. Use that pipe case as a revolver and as quickly as you can."

I used it in the approved style of the penny dreadful—pointed it with a stiff arm at my friend's head. Before I knew how it came about the pipe case had quitted my hand, which was caught close to the funny-bone and tingled horribly. I heard four persuasive clicks under the table almost before I knew that my arm was useless. The gentleman from California had jerked out his pistol from its pocket and drawn the trigger four times, his hand resting on his hip while I was lifting my right arm.

"Now, do you believe?" he said. "Only an Englishman or an Eastern man fires from the shoulder in that melodramatic manner. I had you safe before your arm went out, merely because I happened to know the trick: and there are men out yonder who in a trouble could hold me as safe as I hold you. They don't reach round for their revolver as novelists say. It's here in front close to the second right brace button and it is fired, without aim, at the other man's stomach. You will understand now why in event of a dispute you should show very clearly that you are unarmed. You needn't hold up your hands ostentatiously: keep them out of your pockets, or somewhere where your friend can see them. No man will touch you then. Or if he does he is pretty sure to be shot by the general sense of the room."

"That must be singular consolation to the corpse" I said.

"I see I've misled you. Don't fancy that any part in America is as free and easy as my lecture shows. Only in a few really rough towns do you require *not* to own a revolver. Elsewhere you are all right. Most Americans of my acquaintance have got into the habit of carrying something, but its only a habit. They'd never dream of using it unless they are hard pressed. Its the man who draws to enforce a proposition about canning peaches, orange-culture or town lots or water-rights that's a nuisance."

"Thank you," I said faintly. "I purpose to investigate these things later on. I'm much obliged to you for your advice."

When he had departed it struck me that, in the language of the East, "he might have been pulling my leg." But there remained no doubt whatever as to his skill with the weapon he excused so tenderly.

I put the case before the Professor. "We will go to America before you forejudge it altogether" said he. "To America in an American ship will we go, and say good-bye to Japan." That night we counted the gain of our sojourn in the Land of Little Children more closely than many men count their silver. Nagasaki with the grey temples, green hills and all the wonder of a first-seen shore; the Inland Sea a thirty-hour panorama of passing islets drawn in grey and buff and silver for our delight; Kobé where we fed well and went to a theatre; Osaka of the canals and the peach blossom; Kioto—happy, lazy, sumptuous Kioto and the blue rapids and innocent delights of Araskima; Otzu on the shoreless rainy lake; Myanoshita in the hills; Kamakura by the tumbling Pacific where the great god Buddha sits and equably hears the centuries and the seas murmur in his ears; Nikko, fairest of all places under the sun! Tokio, the two-thirds civilised and altogether progressive warren of humanity, and composite Franco-American Yokohama—we renewed them all, sorting out and putting aside our especial treasures of memory. If we stayed longer we might be disillusioned and yet—surely that would be impossible.

"What sort of mental impression do you carry away?" said the Professor.

"A tea-girl in fawn-coloured crépe under a cherry tree all blossom. Behind her green pines, two babies and a hog-backed bridge spanning a bottle-green river running over blue boulders. In the foreground a little policeman in badly fitting Europe clothes drinking tea from blue and white china on a black lacquered stand. Fleecy white clouds above and a cold wind up the street" I said summarising hastily.

"Mine is a little different. A Japanese boy in a flat-headed German cap and baggy Eton jacket: a king taken out of a toy-shop, a railway taken out of a toy-shop, hundreds of little Noah's Ark trees and fields made of green-painted wood. The whole neatly packed in a camphor-wood box with an explanatory book called the Constitution—price twenty cents."

"You looked on the darker side of things. But what's the good of ruling impressions. Every man has to get his own at first hand in this marvellous place. Suppose I give an itinerary of what we saw."

"You couldn't do it," said the Professor blandly. "I'm the man who struck out all the routes and made all the arrangements. Besides by the time the next Anglo-Indian comes this way there will be a hundred more miles of railway and all the local arrangements will have changed. Write that a man should come to Japan without any plans. The guide-books will tell him a little and the men he meets will tell him ten times more. Let him first get a good guide at Kobé and the rest will come easily enough. An itinerary is only a fresh manifestation of that unbridled egoism which ——"

"And the expenses?" I interrupted. "What shall I say about the expenses? We have been rather more than two months out from India."

"If you intend publishing a record of waste and profligacy tell them the truth."

"I shall write that a man can do himself well from Calcutta to Yokohama, stopping at Rangoon, Moulmein, Penang, Singagore, Hong-kong, Canton and taking a month in Japan for about sixty pounds--rather less than more. But if he begins to buy curios that man is lost. Five hundred rupees cover his month in Japan and allow him every luxury. Above all he should bring with him thousands of cheroots, enough to last him till he reaches 'Frisco. Singapore is the last place on the line where you can buy Burmas. Beyond that point wicked men sell Manilla cigars with fancy names for ten and Havanas for thirty-five cents. No one inspects your boxes till you reach 'Frisco. Bring therefore at least a thousand cheroots."

"Do you know, it seems to me you have a very queer sense of proportion."

And that was the last word the Professor spoke on Japanese soil.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXIII.—Shows how I came to America before my time and was much shaken in body and soul by what I felt and heard.

> Then spoke der Captain Stossenheim
> Who had theories of God,
> " Oh Breittmann this is judgment on
> Der ways dot you have trod.
> You only lifs to enjoy yourself
> While you yourself agree
> Dot self-development requires
> Der Religious Idee."

This is America. They call her the *City of Peking* and she belongs to the Pacific Mail Company, but for all practical purposes she is the United States. We live under a new dispensation remote from the P. and O., unknown to the British India, foreign to Apcar's opium boats and quaint exceedingly. The saloon is the cabin, but the officers are saloon officers, the steward wears plain clothes for the most part, and there is a gentle and refined abstraction called the chief steward who is rarely seen and might be an eminent teacher of the violin. We are divided between missionaries and generals—generals who were at Vicksburgh and Shiloh, who are German by birth but more American than the Americans, and who in confidence tell you that they are not generals at all but only brevet-majors of a Militia corps. One reads about this jumping of rank and laughs; but this a serious thing to meet. A colonel by English rules of thinking is a great man, he commands or will command a regiment. A general is even greater—he will attain to a division or a house in Southsea. But here are men who sport with these terrible names and the world, their world, says nothing. I was civil to the first American colonel I met. He was a friend. The next man was a general. Him I treated with contempt. No man is justified in tampering with the titles of the Line. It is neither pretty nor funny. The missionaries are perhaps the queerest portion of the cargo. Did you ever hear an English minister sit down and lecture for half an hour on the freight traffic receipts and general working of, let us say, the Midland? The Professor has been sitting at the feet of a keen-eyed, close-bearded swarthy man who expounded unto him kindred mysteries with a fluency and precision that a city leader-writer might have envied. " Who's your financial friend with the figures at his fingers' ends?" I asked. "Missionary—Presbyterian Mission to the Japs," said the Professor. I laid my hand upon my mouth and was dumb. The Americans have a large spiritual traffic with Japan. One of the most pathetic things of the many that one finds in religious papers I noted a few days ago, when a record of missionary enterprise rejoiced over the extension of church work in Japan. There were, let us say, a hundred and fifty thousand converts in the island: of these one hundred and eight thousand odd had been recruited by the Church of Rome. On the next page of the same paper were some casual remarks on the nature and tendencies of that Church. These were not complimentary.

Again as a counterpoise to the missionaries we carry men from Manilla—lean Scotchmen who gamble once a month in the Manilla State lottery and occasionally turn up trumps. One at least drew a ten-thousand dollar prize last December and is away to make merry in the New World. Everybody on the staff of an American steamer this side the Continent seems to gamble steadily in that lottery, and the talk of the smoking-room runs almost entirely on prizes won by accident or lost through a moment's delay. The tickets are sold more or less openly at Yokohama and Hongkong and the drawings, losers and winners both

agree here, are above reproach. Chinamen on the coast ports are steady investors, all Manilla gambles as a matter of duty to the State, and the sinful and profligate in India might do worse than make inquiries for the address of the bucket-shops where tickets may be procured.

We have resigned ourselves to the infinite monotony of a twenty-days' voyage. The Pacific Mail advertises falsely. Only under the most favourable circumstances of wind and steam can their under-engined boats cover the distance in fifteen days. Our *City of Peking*, for instance, has been jogging along at a gentle ten knots an hour, a pace out of all proportion to her five-thousand tons bulk. " When we get a wind," says the Captain, " we shall do better." She is a four-master and can carry any amount of canvas. It does not do to run steamers across this void under the poles of Atlantic liners. Unless you take a sailing-ship and beat from India to Australia this is about the longest straight run in the world. The monotony of the sea is paralysing. We have passed the wreck of a little sealer lying bottom up on the water and covered with gulls. She weltered by in the chill dawn, as unlovely as the corpse of a man, and the wild birds piped thinly at us as they steered her across the surges. The pulse of the Pacific is no little thing even in the quieter moods of the sea. It set our black bows swinging and nosing and ducking gently ere we were a day clear of Yokohama, and yet there was never swell nor crested wave in sight. " We ride very high," said the Captain, " and she's a dry boat. Now Occidental and Oriental liners they cut slick through anything that's going and the least ripples set the decks swimming. This old woman has a knack of crawling over things somehow, but we shan't need to put her to the test this journey."

* * * * * *

The Captain was mistaken. For four days we have endured the sullen displeasure of the North Pacific, winding up with a night of extreme discomfort. It began with a grey sea, flying clouds and a head wind that smote fifty knots off the day's run. Then rose from the south-east a beam sea warranted by no wind that was abroad upon the waters in our neighbourhood, and we wallowed in the trough thereof for sixteen mortal hours. In the stillness of the harbour, when the newspaper man is lunching in her saloon and the steam-launch is crawling round her sides, a ship of pride is a " stately liner." Out in the open, the rugged shoulder of a sea between you and the horizon, she becomes, " the old cutter," a " lively boat" and other things of small import, for this is necessary to propitiate the Ocean. " There's a storm to the south-east of us," explained the Captain. " That's what's kicking up this sea."

The *City of Peking* did not belie her reputation. She crawled over the seas in liveliest wise never shipping a bucket till—she was forced to. Then she took it green over the bows to the vast edification of at least one passenger who had never seen the scuppers fill before.

Later in the day the *tamasha* began. " Oh she's a daisy at rolling" murmured the chief steward flung starfish wise on a table among his beloved glassware. " She's rolling some" said a black apparition now risen from the stoke hole. " Is she going to roll any more?" demanded the ladies, grouped in what ought to have been the ladies' saloon but, according to American custom, was labelled " Social Hall." The wash of a sea across the stern was the audible answer, supplemented by the shriek of the screw as it " kicked" itself black in the face.

" To-morrow," said I, as I slid gracefully into a ladies' lap, " to-morrow I shall get the Captain's opinion on what he calls a gale. There was never a sailor yet who would admit to passenger that he was in a heavy sea."

Passed in the twilight, at the barred windows of the Social Hall, the chief officer—a dripping bearded face. "Shall I mark out the bull-board?" said he, and lurched aft followed by the tongue of a wave. "She'll roll her guards under this night," said a man from Louisiana, where their river steamers do not understand the meaning of bulwarks. We dined to a dashing accompaniment of crockery, the bounds of emancipated beer bottles livelier than their own corks, and the clamour of the ship's gong broken loose and calling to meals on its own account.

After dinner the real rolling began. She did roll "guards under" as the Louisiana man had prophesied. At thirty-minute intervals to the second arrived one big sea, and the electric lamps died down to nothing, while the screw raved and the blows of the sea made the decks quiver. On those occasions we moved from our chairs, not gently but discourteously. At other times we were merely holding on with both hands.

It was then that I studied Fear—Terror bound in black silk and fighting hard with herself. For reasons which will be thoroughly understood there was a tendency among the passengers to herd and to address inquiries to every officer who happened to stagger through the saloon. No one was in the least alarmed—oh dear no—but all were keenly anxious for information. This anxiety redoubled after a more than usually vicious roll. Terror was a large, handsome and cultured lady who knew the precise value of human life, the inwardness of *Robert Elsmere*, the latest poetry—everything in fact that a clever woman should know. When the rolling was near its worst she began to talk swiftly. I do not for a moment believe that she knew what she was talking about. The rolling increased. She buckled down to the task of making conversation. By the heave of the labouring bust, the restless working of the fingers on the table-cloth, and the uncontrollable eyes that turned always to the companion stairhead I was able to judge the extremity of her fear. Yet her words were frivolous and commonplace enough: they poured forth unceasingly and were punctuated with little laughs and giggles as a woman's speech should be. Presently a member of her little group suggested going to bed. No, she wanted to sit up: she wanted to go on talking, and as long as she could get a soul to sit with her she had her desire. When for sheer lack of company she was forced to get to her own cabin she left reluctantly, looking back to the well-lighted saloon over her shoulder. The contrast between the flowing triviality of her speech and the strained intentness of eye and hand was a quaint thing to behold. I know now how Fear should be painted, that men by mere looking should also catch the contagion of Terror.

I do not think anyone on board slept very heavily that night. Both arms were needed to grip the berth, while the trunks below wound the carpet slips into knots and battered the framing of the cabins. Once it seemed to me that the whole of the labouring fabric that cased our trumpery fortunes stood on end and in this undignified posture hopped a mighty hop. Twice I know I shot out of my berth to join the adventurous trunks on the floor. A hundred times the crash of the wave on the ship's side was followed by the roar of the water as it swept the decks and raved round the deckhouses. In a lull I heard the flying feet of a man, a shout, and a far-away chorus of lost spirits singing somebody's requiem.

Then the sea took fresh hold and worried us as a terrier worries a rat, till it seemed that I, forlorn in the mess of flying cabin lumber, was being shaken by the scruff of the neck. Towards dawn there came a modified peace. At breakfast we did not slide from our chairs. "Was it very bad?" I asked the chief officer. "Very bad indeed—for the geese. We had to shift their pens in the night." That accounted for the tramping and the wail of voices. The dark deck showed a few raw patches where the sliding pens had ploughed them up, but nothing had been carried away. In desperation I sought the Captain and he consoled me. "Did you feel her rear up on end any time last night? That was to meet a real big 'un. It came on the port bow and stood half-way up to the fore-yard. The old woman crawled over it, but if it had come aboard it might have cleared away the forward deck-house. A ship might go a dozen passages and not meet a heavier sea than she did last night. Is that good enough for you?"

It was not. I wanted him to admit that we had been in a gale. Never mind. I have seen the whole line of a five thousand ton ship's port bulwarks from wheel-house to bow-anchor dip and disappear in boiling foam. That is enough.

May 24th.—If ever you meet an American be good to him. This day the ship was dressed with flags from stem to stern, and chiefest of the bunting was the Union-Jack. They had given no word of warning to the English who were proportionately pleased. At dinner uprose an ex-Commissioner of the Lucknow Division (on my honour Anglo-India extends to the ends of the earth) and gave us the health of Her Majesty and the President. It was afterwards that the trouble began. A small American penned half a dozen English into a corner and lectured them soundly on—their want of patriotism!

" What sort of Queen's birthday do you call this?" he thundered. " What did you drink the President's health for? What's the President to you on this day of all others? Well, suppose you are in the minority, all the more reason for standing by your country. Don't talk to me. You Britishers made a mess of it—a mighty bungle of the whole thing. I'm an American of the Americans, but if no one can propose Her Majesty's health better than by just chucking it at your heads I'm going to try."

Then and there he delivered a remarkably neat little oration—pat, well put together and clearly delivered. So it came to pass that the Queen's health was best honoured by an American. We English were dazed. I wondered how many Englishmen not trained to addressing their fellows would have spoken half so fluently as the gentleman from 'Frisco.

" Well, you see," said one of us feebly, " she's our Queen anyhow and—and—she's been ours for fifty years, and not one of us here has seen England for seven years and we can't enthuse over the matter. We've lived to be hauled over the coals for want of patriotism by an American. We'll be more careful next time."

And the conversation drifted naturally into the question of the government of men—English, Japanese (we have several travelled Japanese aboard) and Americans throwing the ball from one to another. Always bearing in mind the golden rule: " Never agree with a man who abuses his own country," we got on well enough.

" Japan," said a little gentleman who was a rich man there, " Japan is divided into two administrative sides. On the one the remains of a very strict and quite Oriental despotism; on the other a mass of—what do you call it?—red tapeism which is not understood even by the officials who handle it. We copy the red tape, and when it is copied we believe that we administer. That is a vice of all Oriental nations. We are Orientals."

" Oh no, say the most westerly of the westerns, reckoning from 'Frisco out," purred an American soothingly.

The little man was pleased. " Thanks, that is what we hope to believe, but up to the present it is not so. Look now. A farmer in my country holds a hillside cut into little terraces. Every year he must submit to his Government a statement of the size and revenue paid, not on the whole hillside but on each terrace. The complete statement makes a pile of our thin paper three inches high, and is of no use when it is made except to keep in work thousands of officials to check the returns. Is that administration? By God! we call it so, but we multiply officials by the twenty and *they* are not administration. What country is such a fool? Look at our Government offices eaten up with clerks and men with swords. Some day, I tell you, there will be a smash."

This was new to me, but I might have guessed it. In every country where swords and uniforms accompany civil office there is a natural tendency towards ill-considered increase of officialdom.

" You might pay India a visit some day" I said. " I fancy you would find that our country shares your trouble."

Thereupon a Japanese gentleman in the Educational Department began to cross-question me on the matters of his craft in India, and in a quarter of an hour got from me the very little that I knew about *patshalas*, primary schools, higher education and the value of an M. A. He knew exactly what he wanted to ask, and only dropped me when the tooth of desire had clean picked the bone of ignorance.

Then an American held forth, harping on a string that has already been too often twanged in my ear. What will it be in America itself?

" The whole system is rotten from top to bottom," he said. " As rotten as rotten can be."

"That's so," said the Louisiana man with an affirmative puff of smoke.

" They call us a Republic. We may be. I don't think it. You Britishers have got

the only Republic worth the name. You choose to run your ship of state with a gilt figurehead, but I know, and so does every man who has thought about it, that your queen doesn't cost you one-half what our system of pure democracy costs us. Politics in America? There aren't any. The whole question of the day is spoils. That's all. We fight our souls out over tram contracts, gas contracts, road contracts and any darned thing that will turn a dishonest dollar, and we call that politics. No one but a low-down man will run for Congress and the Senate—the Senate of the freest people on earth are bound slaves to some blessed monopoly. If I had money enough I could buy the Senate of the United States, the Eagle and the Star-spangled Banner complete."

"And the Irish vote included?" said some-one—a Britisher I fancy.

"Certainly, if I chose to go yahooing down the street at the tail of the British lion. Anything dirty will buy the Irish vote. That's why our politics are dirty. Some day you Britishers will grant Home Rule to the vermin in our blankets. Then the real Americans will invite the Irish to get up and get to where they came from. Wish you'd hurry up that time before we have another trouble. We're bound hand and foot by the Irish vote, or at least that's the excuse for any unusual theft that we perpetrate. I tell you there's no good in an Irishman except as a fighter. He doesn't understand work. He has a natural gift of the gab and he can drink a man blind. These three qualifications make him a first-class politician."

With one accord the Americans present commenced to abuse Ireland and its people as they had met them, and each man prefaced his commination service with:—"I am an American by birth—an American from way back."

It must be an awful thing to live in a country where you have to explain that you really belong to the land. Louder grew the clamour and crisper the sentiments.

"If we weren't among Americans I should say we were consorting with Russians," said a fellow-countrymen in my ear.

"They can't mean what they say," I whispered. "Listen to this fellow."

"And I know, for I have been three times round the world and resided in most countries on the Continent, that there was never people yet could govern themselves."

"Allah Akhbar. And this from an American!"

"And who should know better than an American?" was the retort. "For the ignorant—that is to say for the majority—there is only one argument—fear: the fear of Death. In our case we give any Scallawag who comes across the water all the same privileges that we have made for ourselves. There we make a mistake. They thank us by playing the fool. Then we shoot them down. You can't persuade the mob of any country to become decent citizens. If they misbehave themselves shoot them. I saw the bombs thrown at Chicago when our police were blown about. I saw the banners in the procession that threw the bombs. All the mottoes on them were in German. The men were aliens in our midst, and they were shot down like dogs. I've been in labour riots and seen the militia go through a crowd like a finger through tissue paper.

"I was in the riots at New Orleans" said the man from Louisiana. "We turned the Gatling on the other crowd and they were sick."

"Whew! I wonder what would have happened if a Gatling had been used when the West End riots were in full swing?" said an Englishman.

"You see, my friend, if a single rioter were killed in an English town by the police the chances are that the bobby would have to stand his trial for murder and the Ministry of the day would go out."

"Then you've got all your troubles before you. The more power you give the people the more trouble will they give. With us our better classes are corrupt and our lower classes are lawless. There are millions of useful, law-abiding citizens and they are very sick of this thing. We execute our justice in the streets. The law courts are no use. Take the case of the Chicago Anarchists. It was all we could do to get 'em hanged, whereas the dead in the street had been punished offhand. We were sure of them. Guess that's the reason we are so quick to fire on a mob. But it's unfair all the same. We receive all these cattle—Anarchists, Socialists and ruffians of every sort—and then we shoot them. The States are as Republican as they make 'em. We have no use for a man who wants to try any more experiments on the Constitution. We are the biggest people on God's earth. All the world knows that. We've been shouting to the firmament that we are also the greatest people. No one cares to contradict us but ourselves: and we are now wondering whether we are what we claim to be. Never mind, you Britishers will have the same experiences to go through. You're beginning to rot now. Your County Councils will make you more rotten because you are putting power into the hands of untrained people. When you reach our level—every man with a vote and the right to sell it, the right to nominate fellows of his own kidney to swamp out better men—you'll be what we are now—rotten, rotten, rotten!"

The voice ceased and no man rose up to contradict.

"We'll worry through it somehow" said the man from Louisiana. What would do us a world of good now would be a big European war. We're getting slack and sprawly. Now a war outside our borders would make us all pull together. But that's a luxury we shan't get."

"Can't you raise one within your own borders?" I said flippantly, to get rid of the thought of the great blind nation in her unrest putting out her hand to the sword. Mine was a most unfortunate remark.

"I hope not" said an American very seriously. "We have paid a good deal to keep ourselves together before this, and it is not likely that we shall split up without protest. Yet some say we are too large, and some say that Washington and the Eastern States are running the whole country. If ever we do divide—God help us when we do—it will be East and West this time."

"Built the old hooker too long in the run. Put the engine-room aft. Break her back," said an American who had not yet spoken. "Wonder if our forebears knew how she was going to grow."

"A very large country." The speaker sighed as though the weight of it from New York to 'Frisco lay upon his shoulders. "If ever we do divide, it means that we are done for. There is no room for four first-class empires in the States. One spilt will lead to another if the first is successful. What's the use of talking?"

What was the use? Here's the conversation as it ran, the night of the Queen's birthday. What do *you* think?

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXIV.—How I got to San Francisco and took tea with the natives there.

"Serene, indifferent to fate,
Thou sittest at the western gate,
Thou seest the white seas fold their tents
Oh warder of two Continents,
Thou drawest all things small and great
To thee beside the western gate."

This is what Bret Harte has written of the great city of San Francisco, and for the past fortnight I have been wondering what made him do

it. There is neither serenity nor indifference to be found in these parts, and evil would it be for the continent whose wardship was entrusted to so reckless a guardian. Behold me pitched neck-and-crop into the whirl of California, deprived of the guidance of the Professor—who, wise man, has fled to more settled places—and left to draw my own conclusions. Protect me from the wrath of an outraged community if these letters are ever read by American eyes. San Francisco is a mad city—a city inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people whose women are of remarkable beauty. When the *City of Pekin* steamed through the Golden Gate I beheld with great joy that the block-house which guarded the mouth of the "finest harbour in the world, Sir" could be silenced by two gunboats from Hongkong with safety, comfort and despatch. Also there was not a single American vessel of war in the harbour. This may sound bloodthirsty: but remember I had come with a grievance upon me, the grievance of the pirated English books.

Then a reporter leaped aboard and ere I could gasp held me in his toils. He pumped me all the time I was getting ashore, demanding, of all things in the world, news about Indian journalism. It is an awful thing to enter a new land with a lie on your lips. I spoke the truth to the evil-minded Custom-house man who turned out my most sacred raiment on a floor composed of stable refuse and pine splinters, but the reporter overwhelmed me not so much by his poignant audacity as his beautiful ignorance. I am sorry now that I did not tell more lies as I passed into a city of three hundred thousand white men. Think of it. Three hundred thousand men and women gathered in one spot walking upon real pavements in front of plate-glass windowed shops and talking something that at first sight was not very different from English. It was only when I had tangled myself up in a hopeless maze of small wooden houses, dust, street refuse and children who played with empty kerosine tins, and urgently desired to find a hotel that I discovered the difference.

"You want to go to the Palace Hotel?" said an affable youth on a dray. "What in hell are you doing here then? This is about the lowest ward in the city. Go six blocks north to corner of Geary and market, then walk around till you strike corner of Gutter and Sixteenth and that brings you there."

I do not vouch for the literal accuracy of these directions. I do but quote from a disordered memory.

"Amen" I said. "But who am I that I should strike the corners of such as you name? Peradventure they be gentlemen of repute and might hit back. Bring it down to dots my son."

I thought he would have smitten me, but he didn't. He explained that no one ever used the word street and that everyone was supposed to know how the streets ran: sometimes the names were up on the lamps and sometimes they weren't. Fortified with these directions I proceeded till I struck a mighty street full of sumptuous buildings four and five-storied high, but paved with rude cobble stones after the fashion of the year One. Here a tram-car without any visible means of support slid stealthily behind me and nearly struck me in the back. That was the famous cable-car of San Francisco which runs by gripping an endless wire-rope sunk in the ground and of which I will tell you more anon. A hundred yards further there was a slight commotion in the street—a gathering together of three or four and something that glittered as it moved very swiftly. A ponderous Irish gentleman with a priest's cords in his hat and a small nickel-plated badge on his bosom emerged from the knot supporting a Chinaman who had been stabbed in the eye and was bleeding like a pig. The bystanders went their way and the Chinaman, assisted by the policeman, his own. Of course this was none of my business, but I rather wanted to know what had happened to the gentleman who had dealt the stab. It said a great deal for the excellence of the municipal arrangements of the town that a surging crowd did not at once block the street to see what was going forward. I was the sixth man and the last who assisted at the performance, and my curiosity was six times the greatest. Indeed I felt ashamed of showing it.

There were no more incidents till I reached the Palace Hotel, a seven-storied warren of humanity with a thousand rooms in it. All the travel books will tell you about hotel arrangements in this country. They should be seen to be appreciated. Understand clearly—and this letter is written after a thousand miles of experiences—that money will not buy you service in the West. When the hotel clerk—the man who settles your room for you and who is supposed to give you information—when that resplendent individual stoops to attend to your wants he does so whistling or humming, or picking his teeth, or in the pauses of conversation with someone he knows. These performances, I gather, are to show you that he is a free man and your equal. From his general appearance and the size of his diamonds he ought to be your superior. There is no necessity for this swaggering, self-consciousness of freedom. Business is business, and the man who is paid to attend to you might reasonably devote his whole attention to the job. Afterwards he can take his coach-and-four and pervade society.

In a vast marble-paved hall under the glare of an electric light sat forty or fifty men, and for their use and amusement were provided spittoons of infinite capacity and generous gape. Most of them wore frock-coats and top-hats—the things that we put on at a wedding breakfast if we possess them—but they all spat. They spat on principle. The spittoons were on the staircases, in each bedroom—yea, in chambers even more sacred than these. They chased one into retirement, but they blossomed in chiefest splendour round the bar and they were all used, every one of 'em. Just before I began to feel deathly sick another reporter grappled me. What he wanted to know was the area of India in square miles. I referred him to Whittaker. He had never heard of Whittaker. He wanted it from my own mouth and I would not tell him. Then he swerved off to details of journalism in the country—just like the other man. When I ventured to suggest that the interior economy of a paper most concerned the people who worked it he protested. "That's the very thing that interests us" he said. "Have you got reporters anything like our reporters on Indian newspapers?" "We have not" I said, and suppressed the "thank God" that was rising to my lips. "Why haven't you?" said he. "Because they would die" I said. It was exactly like talking to a child—a very rude little child. He would begin almost every sentence with: "Now tell me something about. India," and would turn aimlessly from one question to the other without the least continuity I was not angry but keenly interested. The man was a revelation to me. To his questions I returned answers mendacious and evasive. After all it really did not matter what I said. He could not understand. I can only hope and pray that none of the readers of the *Pioneer* will ever see that portentous interview. The man made me out to be an idiot several sizes more drivelling than my destiny intended, though the rankness of his ignorance managed to distort the few poor facts with which I supplied him into large and elaborate lies. Then thought I: "The matter of American journalism shall be looked into later on: at present I will enjoy myself."

No man arose to tell me what were the lions of the place. No one volunteered any sort of conveyance. I was absolutely alone in the big city of white folk. By instinct I sought refreshment and came upon a bar-room, full of bad Salon pictures. in which men with hats on the backs of their heads were wolfing food from a counter. It was the institution of the "Free Lunch" that I had struck, You paid for a drink and got as much as you wanted to eat. For something less than a rupee a day a man can feed himself sumptuously in San Francisco, even though he be bankrupt. Remember this if ever you are stranded in these parts.

Later I began a vast but unsystematic exploration of the streets. I asked for no names. It was enough that the pavements were full of white men and women, the streets clanging with traffic and the restful roar of a great city in my ears. The cable-cars glided to all points of the compass at once. I took them one by one till I could go no further. San Francisco has been pitched down on the sand-bunkers of the Bikanir desert. About one-fourth of it is ground reclaimed from the sea—any old liners will tell you all about that. The remainder is just ragged unthrifty sand-hills, to-day held down by houses.

From an English point of view there has not been the least attempt at grading those hills, and indeed you might as well try to grade the hillocks of Sind. The cable-cars have for all practical purposes made San Francisco a dead level. They take no count of rise or fall, but slide equably on their appointed courses from one end to the other of a six-mile street. They turn corners almost at right angles; cross other lines, and, for aught I know, may run up the sides of houses. There is no visible agency of their flight, but once in a while you shall pass a five-storied building humming with machinery that winds up an everlasting wire-cable, and the initiated will tell you that here is the mechanism. I gave up asking questions. If it pleases Providence to make a car run up and down a slit in the ground for many miles, and if for twopence-halfpenny I can ride in that car, why should I seek the reasons of the miracle? Rather let me look out of the windows till the shops give place to thousands and thousands of little houses made of wood (to imitate stone)—each house just big enough for a man and his family. Let me watch the people in the cars and try to find out in what manner they differ from us their ancestors. It grieves me now that I cursed them (in the matter of book piracy) because I perceive that my curse is working and their speech is becoming a horror already. They delude themselves into the belief that they talk English—*the* English—and I have already been pitied for speaking with "an English accent." The man who pitied me spoke, so far as I was concerned, the language of thieves. And they all do. Where we put the accent forward they throw it back, and *vice versâ*; where we gave the long *a* they use the short; and words so simple as to be past mistaking they pronounce somewhere up in the dome of their heads. How do these things happen? Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school marm, the cyder and the salt cod-fish of the Eastern States are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils for ever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue to-day. "Cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs and so's parrots; but this ere tortoise in an insect, so there ain't no charge," as the old porter said. A Hindu is a Hindu and a brother to the man who knows his vernacular; and a Frenchman is French because he speaks his own language: but the American hasn't got a language. He's dialect, slang, provincialism, accent and so forth. Now that I have heard their voices all the beauty of Bret Harte is being ruined for me, because I find myself catching through the roll of his rhythmical prose the cadence of his peculiar fatherland. Get an American lady to read to you "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's bar," and see how much is under her tongue left of the beauty of the original.

But I am sorry for Bret Harte. It happened this way. A reporter asked me what I thought of the city, and I made answer suavely that it was hallowed ground to me because of Bret Harte. That was true. "Well," said the reporter, "Bret Harte claims California, but California don't claim Bret Harte. He's been so long in England that he's quite English Have you seen our cracker-factories or the new offices of the *Examiner?*" He could not understand that to the outside world the city was worth a great deal less than the man. I never intended to curse the people with a provincialism so vast as this.

But let us return to our sheep—which means the sea-lions of the Cliff House. They are the great show of San Francisco. You take a train which pulls up the middle of the street (it killed two people the day before yesterday, being unbraked and driven regardless of consequences), and you pull up somewhere at the back of the city on the Pacific beach. Originally the cliffs and their approaches must have been pretty, but they have been so carefully defiled with advertisements that they are now one big blistered abomination. A hundred yards from the shore stood a big rock covered with the carcasses of the sleek sea-beasts who roared and rolled and wallopped in the spouting surges. No bold man had painted the creatures sky-blue or advertised newspapers on their backs, wherefore they did not match the landscape which was chiefly boarding. Some day, perhaps, whatever sort of Government may obtain in this country will make a rescuration of the place and keep it clean and neat. At present the sovereign people, of whom I have heard so much already, are vending cherries and painting the virtues of "Little Bile Beans" all over it.

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Night fell over the Pacific and the white seafog whipped through the streets dimming the splendours of the electric lights. It is the use of this city, her men and womenfolk to parade between the hours of eight and ten a certain street called Kearney Street, where the finest shops are situated. Here the click of light heels on the pavement is loudest, here the lights are brightest, and here the thunder of the traffic is most overwhelming. I watched young California and saw that it was at least expensively dressed, cheerful in manner, and self-asserting in conversation: also the women were very fair. Perhaps eighteen days aboard-ship had something to do with my unreserved admiration. The maidens were of generous build, large, well-groomed and attired in raiment that even to my inexperienced eyes must have cost much. Kearney Street at nine o'clock levels all distinctions of rank as impartially as the grave. Again and again I loitered at the heels of a couple of resplendent beings, only to overhear, when I expected the level voice of culture, the *staccato* "Sez he," "Sez I" that is the mark of the white servant-girl all the world over.

This was depressing because, in spite of all that goes to the contrary, fine feathers ought to make fine birds. There was wealth—unlimited wealth—in the city, but not an accent that would not have been dear at fifty cents. Wherefore, revolving in my mind that these folk were barbarians, I was presently enlightened and made aware that they also were the heirs of all the ages. There appeared before me an affable stranger of prepossessing appearance with a blue and innocent eye. Addressing me by name he claimed to have met me in New York at the Windsor, and to this claim I gave a qualified assent. I did not remember the fact, but since he was certain of it, why then—I waited developments. "And what did you think of Indiana when you came through?" was the next question. It revealed the mystery of previous acquaintance and one or two other things. With reprehensible carelessness my friend of the light-blue eye had looked up the name of his victim in the hotel register and read "India" for Indiana. The provincialism with which I had cursed his people extended to himself. He could not imagine an Englishman coming through the States from West to East instead of by the regularly-ordained route. My fear was that in his delight at finding me so responsive he would make remarks about New York and the Windsor which I could not understand. And indeed he adventured in this direction once or twice, asking me what I thought of such and such streets, which from his tone I gathered were anything but respectable. It is trying to talk unknown New York in almost unknown San Francisco. But my friend was merciful. He protested that I was built after his own heart and pressed upon me rare and curious drinks at more than one bar. These drinks I accepted with gratitude, as also the cigars with which his pockets were stored. He would show me the life of the city. Having no desire to watch a weary old play again, I evaded the offer and received in lieu of the Devil's instruction much coarse flattery. Verily curiously constituted is the soul of man. Knowing how and where this man lied, waiting idly for the finale, I was distinctly conscious as he bubbled compliments in my ear of soft thrills of gratified pride stealing from hat-rim to boot-heels. I was wise quoth he, anybody could see that with half an eye; sagacious; versed in the affairs of this world; an acquaintance to be desired; one who had tasted the cup of life with discretion. All this pleased me and in a measure numbed the suspicion that was thoroughly aroused. Eventually the blue-eyed one discovered, nay insisted, that I had a taste for cards (this was clumsily worked up, but it was my fault in that I met him half-way and allowed him no scope for good acting). Hereupon I laid my head upon one side and simulated unholy wisdom, quoting odds and ends of poker talk, all ludicrously misapplied. My friend kept his countenance admirably: and well he might, for five minutes later we arrived by the purest of chances at a place where we could play cards and also frivol with Louisiana State Lottery tickets. Would I play? "Nay" said I, "for to me cards have no meaning or continuity, but let us assume that I am going to play. How would you and your friends get to work. Would you play a straight game, or make one drunk, or—well, the fact is I'm a newspaper man and I'd be much obliged if you'd let me know something about bunco-steering." My blue-eyed friend erected himself into an obelisk of profanity. He cursed me by his gods—the Right and the Left Bower—he even cursed the very good cigars he had given me. But, the storm over, he quieted down and explained. I apologised for causing him to waste an evening and we spent a very pleasent time together. Inaccuracy and provincialism, and a too hasty rushing to conclusions were the rocks that he split on; but he got his revenge when he said: "How would I play with you? From all the poppycock (*Anglice* rot) you talked about poker, I'd ha' played a straight game and skinned you. I wouldn't have taken the trouble to make you drunk. You never knew anything of the game: but how I was mistaken in going to work on you makes me sick." He glared at me as though I had done him an injury. To-day I know how it is that year after year, week after week, the bunco-steerer, who is the confidence-trick and the card-sharper man of other climes, secures his prey. He slavers them over with *mēta bāt* as the snake slavers the rabbit. The incident depressed me because it showed I had left the innocent East far behind and was come to a country where a man must look out for himself. The very hotel bristled with notices about keeping your door locked and depositing your valuables in a safe. The white man in a lump is bad. Weeping softly for O-Toyo (little I knew then that my heart was to be torn afresh from my bosom) I fell asleep in the clanging hotel.

Next morn I had entered upon the Deferred Inheritance. There are no princes in America—at least with crowns on their heads—but a generous-minded member of some royal family got hold of a letter of introduction. Ere the day was done I was a member of the two clubs and booked for many engagements to dine and party. Now this prince, upon whose financial operations be continual increase, had no reason, nor had the others his friends, to put himself out for the sake of one Briton more or less: but he rested not till he had accomplished all in my behalf that a mother could think of for her *débutante* daughter. Know you the Bohemian Club of San Francisco? They say its fame extends over the world. It was created somewhat on the lines of the Savage by men who wrote or drew things, and has blossomed into most unrepublican luxury. The ruler of the place is an owl—an owl standing upon a skull and cross-bones, showing forth grimly the wisdom of the man of letters and the end of his hopes for immortality. The owl stands on the staircase, a statue four feet high, is carved in the woodwork, flutters on the frescoed ceilings, is stamped on the note paper and hangs on the walls. He is an ancient and honourable bird. Under his wing 'twas my privilege to meet with white men whose lives were not chained down to routine of toil, who wrote magazine articles instead of reading them hurriedly in the pauses of *kutcherry*, who painted pictures instead of contenting themselves with cheap etchings picked up at a long-leaver's sale of effects. Mine were all the rights of social intercourse, craft by craft, that India, stony-hearted step-mother of collectors, has swindled us out of. Treading soft carpets and breathing the incense of superior cigars I wandered from room to room studying the paintings in which the members of the club had caricatured themselves, their associates and their aims. There was a slick French audacity about the workmanship of these men of toil unbending that went straight to the heart of the beholder. And yet it was not altogether French. A dry grimness of treatment, almost Dutch, marked the difference. The club indulges in revelries which it calls "jinks"—high and low at intervals—and each of these gatherings is faithfully pourtrayed in oils by hands that know their business. Here were no amateurs spoiling canvas because they fancied they could handle oils without knowledge of shadows or anatomy—no gentlemen of leisure ruining the temper of publishers and an already ruined market with attempts to write because everybody writes something these days. My hosts were working or had worked for their daily bread with pen or paint, and their talk for the most part was of the shop-shoppy—that is to say delightful. They extended a large hand of welcome and were as brethren, and I did homage to the owl and listened to their talk. An Indian club about Christmas time will yield, if properly worked, an abundant harvest of queer tales; but at a gathering of Americans from the uttermost ends of their own continent the tales are larger, thicker and more spinous than any Indian variety. Tales of the war I heard told by an ex-officer of the South over his evening drink to a Colonel of the Northern Army, my introducer, who had served as a trooper in the Northern Horse, throwing in emendations from time to time. Tales of the land, which in this country is an amazingly elastic affair, followed from the lips of a judge. Forgive me for recording one that struck me as new. It may interest the up-country bar.

Once upon a time there was a young lawyer who feared not God neither regarded the Bench. (Name, age and town of the man were given at great length.) To him no case had ever come, partly because he lived in a district where lynch law prevailed, and partly because the most desperate prisoner shrank from entrusting himself to the talents of a phenomenal stammerer. But in time there happened an aggravated murder, so bad that by common consent the citizens decided to give the *pukka* law a chance. They met—the court in its shirt-sleeves—and against the raw square of the court-house window a temptingly suggestive branch of a tree fretted the sky. No one appeared for the prisoner, and partly in jest the court advised young Samuelson to take up the case. "The prisoner is undefended, Sam," said the court. "The square thing to do would be for you to take him aside and do the best you can for him." Court, jury and witness adjourned to the verandah, while Samuelson led his client aside to the court-house cells. An hour passed ere the lawyer returned alone. Mutely the audience questioned. "May it p-p-please the c-court," said Samuelson, "my client's case is a b-b-b-bad one—a ad-d-damn bad one. You told me to do the b-b-best I c-could for him, judge. So I've jest given him y-your b-b-bay gelding an' told him to light out for healthier c-c-climes, my p-p-professional opinion being he'd be hanged quicker'n H-H-Hades if he dallied here. B-by this time my client's 'bout fifteen miles out yonder somvhars. That was the b-b-best I could do for him—may it p-p-please the Court." The young man, escaping punishment in lieu of the prisoner, made his fortune ere five years.

Other voices followed with equally wondrous tales of riata-throwing in Mexico or Arizona, of gambling at army posts in Texas, of newspaper wars waged in godless Chicago, of deaths sudden and violent in Montana and Dakota, of the loves of half-breed maidens in the South and fantastic huntings for gold in mysterious Alaska. Above all they told the story of old San Francisco when the "finest collection of humanity on God's earth, sir, started this town and the water came up to the foot of Market Street." Very terrible were some of the tales, grimly humorous the others, and the men in broadcloth and fine linen who told them had played their part in them.

"And now and again when things got too bad they would toll the city bell, and the Vigilance Committee turned out and began hanging the suspicious characters. A man didn't begin to be suspected in those days till he had committed at least one unprovoked murder," said a calm-eyed portly old gentleman. I looked at the pictures around me, the noiseless, neat uniformed waiter behind me, the oak-ribbed ceiling above, the velvety carpet beneath. It was hard to realise that even twenty years ago you could see a man hanged with great pomp. Later on I found reason to change my opinion. The tales gave me a headache and set me thinking. How in the world was it possible to take in even one-thousandth of the huge, roaring, many-sided continent? In the tobacco-scented silence of the sumptuous library lay Professor Bryce's book on the American Republic. "It is an omen" said I. "He has done all things in all seriousness, and he may be purchased for half a guinea. Those who desire information of the most undoubted must refer to his pages. For me is the daily round of vagabondage, the recording of the incidents of the hour and intercourse with the travelling companion of the day. I will not 'do' this country at all."

And I forgot all about India for ten days while I went out to dinners and watched the social *dastur* of the people, which is entirely different from our *dastur*, and was introduced to men of many mil-

lions. These persons are harmless in their earlier stages; that is to say, a man worth three or four million dollars may be a good talker, clever, amusing and of the world; a man with twice that amount is to be avoided; and a twenty-million man is—just twenty millions. Take an instance. I was speaking to a newspaper man about seeing the proprietor of his journal, as in my innocence I supposed newspaper men occasionally did. My friend snorted indignantly: "See *him*! Great Scott! *No*! If he happens to appear in the office I have to associate with him: but, thank Heaven, outside of that I move in circles where he cannot come." And yet the first thing I have been taught to believe is that money was everything in America.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXV.—Shows how through folly I assisted at a murder and was proportionately afraid. The rule of the Democracy and the Despotism of the Alien.

"Poor men—God made, and all for that!"

It was a bad business throughout and the only consolation is that it was all my fault. A man took me round the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, which is a ward of the city of Canton set down in the most eligible business quarter of the place. The Chinaman with his usual skill has possessed himself of good brick fire-proof buildings and, following instinct, has packed each tenement with hundreds of souls, all living in filth and squalor not to be appreciated save by you in India. That cursory investigation ought to have sufficed: but I wanted to know how deep down in the earth the pig-tail had taken root. Therefore I explored the Chinese quarter a second time and alone, which was foolishness. No one in the filthy *gullies* and *mohullas* (but for the blessed sea breezes San Francisco would enjoy cholera every season) interfered with my movements, though many asked for *cumshaw*. I struck a house about four stories high full of celestial abominations and began to burrow down, having heard that these tenements were constructed on the lines of ice-bergs—two-thirds below sight level. Downstairs I crawled past Chinamen in bunks, opium-smokers, brothels and gambling hells, till I had reached the second cellar—was, in fact, in the labyrinths of a warren. Great is the wisdom of the Chinaman. In time of trouble that house could be razed to the ground by the mob, and yet hide all its inhabitants in brick-walled and wooden-beamed subterranean galleries strengthened with iron-framed doors and gates. On the second underground floor a man asked for *cumshaw* and took me downstairs to yet another cellar, where the air was as thick as butter and the lamps burned little holes in it not more than an inch square. In this place a poker club had assembled and was in full swing. The Chinaman loves "pokel" and plays it with great skill, swearing like a cat when he loses. Most of the men round the table were in semi-European dress, their pig-tails curled up under billy-cock hats. One of the company looked like a Eurasian, whence I argued that he was a Mexican—a supposition that later inquiries confirmed. They were a picturesque set of fiends and polite, being too absorbed in their game to look at the stranger. We were all deep down under the earth, and save for the rustle of a blue gown sleeve and the ghostly whisper of the cards as they were shuffled and played, there was no sound. I except an occasional oath. The heat was almost unendurable. There was some dispute between the Mexican and the man on his left. The latter shifted his place to put the table between himself and his opponent, and stretched a lean yellow hand towards the Mexican's winnings.

Mark how purely man is a creature of instinct. Rarely introduced to the pistol, I saw the Mexican half rise in his chair and at the same instant found myself full length on the floor. None had told me that this was the best attitude when bullets are abroad. I was there prone, before I had time to think—dropping as the room was filled with an intolerable clamour like the discharge of a cannon. In those close quarters the pistol report had no room to spread any more than the smoke—then acrid in my nostrils. There was no second shot, but a great silence in which I rose slowly to my knees. The Chinaman was gripping the table with both hands and staring in front of him at an empty chair. The Mexican had gone and a little whirl of smoke was floating near the roof. Still gripping the table the Chinaman said: "Ah!" in the tone that a man would use when, looking up from his work, suddenly he sees a well-known friend in the doorway. Then he coughed and fell over to his own right, and I saw that he had been shot in the stomach.

I became aware that, save for two men leaning over the stricken one, the room was empty: and all the tides of intense fear, hitherto held back by intenser curiosity, swept over my soul. I ardently desired the outside air. It was possible that the Chinamen would mistake me for the Mexican—everything horrible seemed possible just then—and it was more than possible that the stairways would be closed while they were hunting for the murderer. The man on the floor coughed a sickening cough. I heard it as I fled, and one of his companions turned out the lamp. Those stairs seemed interminable, and to add to my dismay there was no sound of commotion in the house. No one hindered, no one even looked at me. There was no trace of the Mexican. I found the doorway and, my legs trembling under me, reached the protection of the clear cool night, the fog and the rain. I dared not run, and for the life of me I could not walk. I must have effected a compromise, for I remember the light of a street lamp showed the shadow of one-half skipping, of caracolling along the pavements in what seemed to be an ecstacy of suppressed happiness. But it was fear—deadly fear. Fear compounded of past knowledge of the Oriental—only other white man—available witness—three stories underground—and the cough of the Chinaman now some forty feet under my clattering boot-heels. It was good to see the shop-fronts and electric lights again. Not for anything would I have informed the police: because I firmly believed that the Mexican had been dealt with somewhere down there on the third floor long ere I had reached the air: and, moreover, once clear of the place I could not for the life of me tell where it was. My ill-considered flight brought me out somewhere a mile distant from the hotel, and the clank of the lift that bore me to a bed six stories above ground was music in my ears. Wherefore I would impress it upon you who follow after, do not knock about the Chinese quarters at night and alone. You may stumble across a picturesque piece of human nature that will unsteady your nerves for half a day.

The Americans are not kind to their young. The boy—you shall hear later how he is brought up at home—the boy when he is sprouting into youth is bidden to go ahead and take the chances of life in a city brimful of pitiful temptations. He goes, and, coming of a nervous excitable stock in a much too large percentage of cases knocks himself to pieces. Then say his acquaintances, who never gave him a helping hand:—"A man who goes to the dogs, who hasn't strength of mind enough to keep from the dogs, ought to go to the dogs, sir." This is not fair. The young men are treated by their seniors as equals, to whom advice or restraint would be an impertinence; by their seniors, too, they are accompanied nto tasks far beyond their strength, and pleasures, beyond the resistance of their morale. Their veneer of unholy precocity secures them the grosser rights of citizenship when they ought to be under sternest discipline: and, as these eyes have seen in scores of cases, they go to pieces. A little kindly help might have saved; a touch on the curb might have changed the direction of the gallop. Help and restraint were both lacking, and each young fool had to look after himself. Incidentally I may mention that nine American youths out of ten are heavily handicapped by the abnormal weakness of their heads. Theirs is supposed to be a nervous and highly strung organisation, and in California at least the brilliant dryness of the air lends colour to the supposition. Phlegmatic or spiritual, however, they manage to get flushed, voluble and drunk on astonishingly small quantities of liquor. At first I fancied that the trouble lay with the whisky, but that, both rye and Bourbon, was at least fifty per cent weaker than our brands. Even when they do not mix their drinks, which they are sadly prone to do, the result is the same, and I have seen a broad-built man who ought to have carried his liquor like a Dutch galleon visibly affected by a couple of glasses of Lager.

And this brings me by natural sequence to the great drink question. As you know, of course, the American does not drink at meals as a sensible man should. Indeed he has no meals. He stuffs for ten minutes thrice a day. Also he has no decent notions about the sun being over the yard-arm or below the horizon. He pours his vanity into himself at unholy hours, and indeed he can hardly help it. You have no notion of what "treating" means on the Western slope. It is more than an institution: it is a religion, though men tell me that it is nothing to what it was. Take a very common instance. At 10-30 A.M. a man is smitten with desire for stimulant. He is in the company of two friends. All three adjourn to the nearest bar—seldom more than twenty yards away—and take three straight whiskies. They talk for two minutes. The second and third man then treats in order: and thus each walks into the street, two the poorer by three goes of whisky under their belt and one with two more liquors than he wanted. It is not etiquette yet to refuse a treat. The result is peculiar. I have never yet, I confess, seen a drunken man in the streets, but I have heard more about drunkenness among white men and seen more decent men above or below themselves with drink than I care to think about. And the vice runs up into all sorts of circles and societies. Never was I more astonished than at one pleasant dinner party to hear a pair of pretty lips say casually of a gentleman friend then under discussion: "He was drunk." The fact was merely stated without emotion. That was what startled me. But the climate of California deals kindly with excess and treacherously covers up its traces. A man neither bloats nor shrivels in this dry air. He continues with the false bloom of health upon his cheeks, an equable eye, a firm mouth and a steady hand till a day of reckoning arrives, and suddenly breaking up, about the head, he dies and his friends speak his epitaph accordingly. Why people who in most cases cannot hold their liquor should play with it so recklessly I leave to other heads to decide. This unhappy state of affairs has, however, produced one good result which I will confide to you. In the heart of the business quarter, where banks and bankers are thickest and telegraph wires most numerous, stands a semi-subterranean bar tended by a German with long blonde locks and a crystalline eye. Go thither softly, treading on the tips of your toes, and ask him for a Button Punch. 'Twill take ten minutes to brew, but the result is as it were the highest and noblest product of the age. No man but one knows what is in it. I have a theory it is compounded of the shavings of cherub's wings, the glory of a tropical dawn, the red clouds of sunset and fragments of lost epics by dead masters. But try you for yourselves and pause a while to bless

me, who am always mindful of the truest interests of my brethren.

But enough of the stale spilth of bar-rooms. Turn now to the august spectacle of a Government of the people, by the people, for the people, as it is understanded in the city of San Francisco. Professor Bryce's book will tell you that every American citizen over twenty-one years of age possesses a vote. He may not know how to run his own business, control his wife, or instil reverence into his children, may be pauper, half-crazed with drink, bankrupt, dissolute or merely a born fool: but he has a vote. If he likes he can be voting most of his time—voting for his State Governor, his municipal officers, local option, sewage contracts or anything else of which he has no special knowledge.

Once every four years he votes for a new President. In his spare moments he votes for his own judges—the men who shall give him justice. *These are dependent on popular favour for re-election* inasmuch as they are but chosen for a term of years—two or three I believe. Such a position is manifestly best calculated to create an independent and unprejudiced administrator. Now this mass of persons who vote is divided into two parties—Republican and Democrat. They are both agreed in thinking that the other part is running creation (which is America) into red flame. Also the Democrat as a party drinks more than the Republican, and when drunk may be heard to talk about a thing called the Tariff, which he does not understand but which he conceives to be the bulwark of the country or else the surest power for its destruction. Sometimes he says one thing and sometimes another, in order to contradict the Republican who is always contradicting himself. And this is a true and lucid account of the forepart of American politics: the behind-part is otherwise.

Since every man has a vote and may vote about every conceivable thing, it follows that there exist certain wise men who understand the art of buying up votes retail and vending them wholesale to whoever wants them most urgently. Now an American engaged in making a home for himself has not time to vote for turn-cocks and district attorneys and cattle of that kind, but the unemployed have much time because they are always on hand somewhere in the streets. They are called "the boys," and form a peculiar class The boys are young men: inexpert in war, unskilled in labour, who have neither killed a man, lifted cattle or dug a well. In plain English they are just the men in the street who can always be trusted to rally round any cause that has a glass of liquor for a visible heart. They *hazar-ho*—they are on hand: and in being on hand lies the crown and the glory of American politics. The wise man is he who, keeping a liquor-saloon and judiciously dispensing drinks, knows how to retain within arm's reach a block of men who will vote for or against anything under the canopy of Heaven. Not every saloon-keeper can do this. It demands careful study of city politics, tact, the power of conciliation and infinite resources of anecdote to amuse and keep the crowd together night after night till the saloon becomes a salon. Above all the liquor side of the scheme must not be worked for immediate profit. The boys who drink so freely will ultimately pay their host a thousandfold. An Irishman, and an Irishman pre-eminently, knows how to work such a saloon parliament. Observe for a moment the plan of operations. The rank and file are treated to drink and a little money—and they vote. He who controls ten votes receives a proportionate reward the dispenser of a thousand votes is worthy of reverence, and so the chain runs on till we reach the most successful worker of public houses—the man most skilful in keeping his items together and using them when required. Such a man governs the city as absolutely as a king. And you would know where the gain comes in? The whole of the public offices of a city (with the exception of a very few where special technical skill is required) are short-term offices distributed according to "political" leanings. What would you have? A big city requires many officials. Each office carries a salary and influence worth twice the pay. The offices are for the representatives of the men who keep together and are on hand to vote. The Commissioner of Sewage, let us say, is a gentleman was has been elected to his office by a Republican vote. He knows little and cares less about sewage, but he has sense enough to man the pumping-works and the street-sweeping machines with the gentlemen who elected him. The Commissioner of Police has been helped to his post very largely by the influence of the boys at such and such a saloon. He may be the guardian of city morals, but he is not going to allow his subordinates to enforce early closing or abstention from gambling in that saloon. Most commissions of office are limited to four years, consequently he is a fool who does not make his office pay him while he is there.

The only people who suffer by this happy arrangement are in fact the people who devised the lovely system. And they suffer because they are Americans. Let us explain. As you know, every big city here holds at least one big foreign vote—generally Irish, frequently German. In San Francisco, the gathering place of races, there is a distinct Italian vote to be considered: but the Irish vote is the more important. For this reason the Irishman does not kill himself with overwork. He is made for the cheery dispensing of liquors, for everlasting blarney, and possesses a wonderfully keen appreciation of the weaknesses of lesser human nature. Also he has no sort of conscience, and only one strong conviction—that of deep-rooted hatred towards England. He keeps to the streets—he is on hand—he votes joyously, spending days lavishly, and time is the American's dearest commodity. Behold the glorious result. To-day the city of San Francisco is governed by the Irish vote and the Irish influence under the rule of a gentleman whose sight is impaired and who requires a man to lead him about the streets. He is called officially "Boss Buckley," and unofficially the "Blind White Devil." I have before me now the record of his amiable career in black and white. It occupies four columns of small print, and perhaps you would thing it disgraceful. Summarised it is as follows. Boss Buckley, by tact and deep knowledge of the seamy side of the city, won himself a following of voters. He sought no office himself, or rarely: but as his following increased he sold their services to the highest bidder, himself taking toll of the revenues of every office. He controlled the Democratic party in the city of San Francisco. The people appoint their own judges. Boss Buckley's people appointed judges. These judges naturally were Boss Buckley's property. I have been to dinner parties and heard educated men, not concerned with "politics," telling stories one to another of "justice," both civil and criminal, being bought with a price from the hands of these judges. Such tales they told without heat, as men recording facts. Contracts for road-mending, public buildings and the like are under the control of Boss Buckley, because the men whom Buckley's following sent to the City Council adjudicate on these contracts: and on each and every one of these contracts Boss Buckley levies his percentage for himself and his allies. The Republican party in San Francisco also have their boss. He is not so great a genius as Boss Buckley, but I decline to believe that he is any white more virtuous. He has a smaller number of votes at his command.

There are three great centres in America—San Francisco, Chicago and New York. These three are administered by the alien for the alien—by the Irishman for his own interests and those of the German. And the rule of the Democracy is a rule of iron. The newspapers must bow to the power that controls the vote: and they bow with reverence. The Cronin murder at Chicago will be an old story by the time these lines reach you. I have seen paper after paper from Chicago, New York and in San Francisco dutifully suggesting that the murder was a "put up" business arranged by the British Government to discredit the Irish cause. The more outspoken journals vacillated pitifully between their desire to condemn the murderer and at the same time to refrain from offending Irish susceptibilities. And they were the journals of a free country, helping, it may be presumed, in the work of government. Wherefore they came to heel like whipped hounds at the bidding of the power that controlled them.

And, indeed, they were fit for no better fate. Within the past few weeks I have learned what it is to be ashamed of my profession. To their credit be it said that the average American journalist disclaims any idea of teaching or elevating his public. Not one, but scores of newspaper men have said to me: "We aren't responsible for the morals of the people. We give 'em what they want." Gentlemen not in the profession have bade me watch the papers in the hand of the crowd, and note how a cheap press was elevating the people. I prefer to believe the journalists. They are responsible for publications which are, lively and perfect images of a purposeless Hell. With infinite pains and the expenditure of a vast amount of money they produce day by day newspapers that ought to move a man to despair. Their first need is sensation—and their last also. A pyramidal vulgarity marks the abomination of their quadruplicated head lines. As a butcher dresses with red and blue calico rosettes the shamelessly exposed vitals of the steer, so they dress their murder cases for the world to stare upon. It is no fault of theirs if they miss a single sob, squeak or gasp of the day's tale of woe. Disregarding such elementary pity as allows a stricken beast to get to his lair and die in peace, they send their brazen representatives to hunt down the relatives of the latest and most notorious criminal, that the world may know how murderer Smith looked when he was a baby or a boy courting his first love. This is enterprise.

In scorn of common decency they judge and condemn the accused before a jury has been empanelled, trying a case day by day with the gaiety of a legally-appointed tribunal and the ignorance of the half-educated. For the sake of advertisement they employ detectives of their own to hunt down or out or into doubly-confused confusion the mystery of the hour. And the impertinence is called enterprise. They publish feebly prurient slush of the pink-garter-and-black-silk-corsage order under the guise of fashionable notes: they foment dissension between citizen and citizen already bearing each other ill-will, in the hope that a "sensational affair" may result. They cause to be interviewed the abortionist and the adulteress, the "bonnet" of a gambling saloon, the owner of an opium "joint:" and the seed of these interviews springs up and bears fruit throughout the city. They deal in personal invective always unedifying, frequently vulgar, and at times cowardly and brutal. They distort the reported speeches of their political opponents and do not present both sides of the question. They minister to the crazy self-consciousness of their nation by means of turgid statements of the "might, majesty, dominion and power" of the people. They collect news as the bower-bird gathers rubbish without order, arrangement or sense of proportion. Their interviewers are reckless of the truth, imperfectly informed, and insult to their boot heels. Lastly, they degrade, debase and defile the English language from day to day by persistent and wilful use of every variety of slang, cant, short cut, back talk, thieves' Latin and argot that can be gathered from the lips of the counter-jumper, engine-driver, brake-man, bar-tender, gambler or travelling salesman. They spawn hybrid words unfit for self-respecting tongue to touch, and sling them across the continent. So that they are now fast reducing the English tongue, their heritage, to the *lingua-franca* of the hotel-clerk. They are without dignity, decency or reverence: and their reward is that no man shall respect them, though many shall fear their abuse and buy their favour.

And yet they are amusing, when one gets over the recurrent thrill of horror. The "direction" of a leading San Francisco journal afloat on the boundless sea of continental politics has lately been moving me to tears of graceless merriment. They were grappling with a European crisis and, naturally, spoke of "old Bismarck," "young William," and so forth in the true Republican spirit, and the way in which the royalties and diplomats of effete Europe were banged and fumbled about was amazing. The writer was going to have Europe fixed to rights somehow, though he wasted half a column over it. If in the settling he ignored not more than three of the conditions under which Europe lies, and showed an all-embracing ignorance of the history of the past five years, the defaults did not weight his radiant spirit. A man does not know what genuine American humour means till he watches a journal sailing out upon the vast profound of "Russia and the Balkan States," "The Outlook in France," or something similar. But mirth dies swiftly in face of other

studies. It is not amusing to read again and again at breakfast in the papers from Chicago, Cincinnati, New York and the rest coarse, violent and ill-considered attacks on England, her Queen, her court, her customs and everything that is hers. Were the expressions of dislike genuine and prompted, let us say, by the unquenched hate of a hundred years, they would be laudable enough, though hardly wise. But both those who write and those who read are at pains to assure you that the outpouring is nothing more than a daily performance gone through for the purpose of catching the Irish eye. And herein lies the sadness. The journals may be taken as representing public opinion, though everybody says they don't. Here, then, we find a nation descended from Anglo-Saxon stock compelled to bespatter so many times per annum the land of its birth by order of an alien who does not happen to approve of the aforesaid land. The vituperative skittles may or may not find its way to England, where it does no harm beyond helping to still further corrupt our decaying speech: but what is the effect on the average American citizen? Does he without exception know that it is all play—ugly play because it is compulsory, but play none the less or does he believe in it and mould his notions accordingly? I should very much like to find out. At present I cannot understand.

Side by side with this thorough-going denunciation of all things British, with prophecies of mutiny in India, insults to the Queen, and painstaking misapprehension of all our motives, exists an exquisite self-consciousness that shrieks aloud at a breath of criticism from the altogether despicable and of no account little island. *Exempli gratiâ.* There is a paper called *Puck* in New York which answers in some measure to *Punch.* A Saturday Reviewer wound up his weary tale of books not long ago by hastily noting three or four little volumes of light work by American authors. The notices did not occupy more than twenty or thirty lines altogether. These lines *Puck*, a large paper, took for the text of a lengthy article headed "English Opinion on American Literature." The books represented America as much as the opinion represented England: but that was good enough for *Puck*, who waxed very serious over the matter: and from the first to the tenth-rate journal this note of uneasiness runs without break. The leading journals of New York will devote time and space that is presumably valuable to rebuking a President's son for being "overcome by monarchical influences," the said son on a European tour merely having made himself pleasant, as every man of the world should do, to his hosts. This is provincialism, rank, untamed, contemptible, but pathetic.

Some day circumstances will call these journals to account for making fools of their *clientèle.* It is not useful in season and out of season to pander to every form of pride that grows in the breast of a nation—to tell the town that there was never finer city on the sod—the village that there was never sturdier commune—the man that there was never better citizen—or the author and poet that they excel their brethren throughout the earth. Because the earth is a very big place, stocked with some remarkable large men, and the end of these dreamings is an uncomfortable awakening or, if not, at least the lowering of self-respect. A parish tucked away in the fold of some lonely hillside may be justified in believing in its own virtues to the exclusion of all others: but a big country is not a parish.

* * * *

As these things are written, the great American nation have learned that their delegates at Berlin have settled with Prince Bismarck the international control of affairs in Samoa, and are very much disposed to believe that America in the matter has got the best of Germany. I fancy they will be undeceived later on: but that is beside the question. The visible result is vastly entertaining. With one consent the newspapers childishly joyed at their country's plunge into the troubled waters of continental diplomacy, are at one in declaring that never have such skilled negotiators (American) conducted so delicate and august an affair (American). "Henceforward," they cry, "our country must take her place among the powers in lively earnest. She must be respected more than of old. She must dabble in foreign affairs and impress the world."

It is a very big boy whose first tail-coat, fresh from the tailor, sits uneasily on his big limbs, and dearly he desires recognition at the hands of the old men. But he comes into their presence whistling, his hat on his head, his hands in his pockets and uninformed insolence in his restless eye. "I *am* a man, a great, big, grown-up, live man. Hear me cuss," says he. And he cusses.

"Run along and grow, my son" answer the seniors. "Come back in a little time and tell us all about it."

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Miscellaneous.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXVI.—Tells how I dropped into politics and the tenderer sentiments. Contains a moral treatise on American maidens and an ethnological one on the Hubshi.

I have been watching machinery in repose after reading about machinery in action. An excellent gentleman who bears a name honoured in the magazines writes, much as Disraeli orated, of "the sublime instincts of an ancient people," the certainty with which they can be trusted to manage their own affairs in their own way, and the speed with which they are making for all sorts of desirable goals. This he called a statement or purview of American politics. I went almost directly afterwards to a saloon where gentlemen interested in ward politics nightly congregate. They were not pretty persons. Some of them were bloated and they all swore cheerfully till the heavy gold watch-chains on their fat stomachs rose and fell again: but they talked over their liquor as men who had power and unquestioned access to places of trust and profit. The magazine-writer discussed theories of government: these men the practice. They had been there. They knew all about it. They banged their fists on the table and spoke of political "pulls," the vending of votes, and so forth. Theirs was not the talk of village babblers reconstructing the affairs of the nation, but of strong, coarse, lustful men fighting for spoil and thoroughly understanding the best methods of reaching it. I listened long and intently to speech I could not understand or but in spots. It was the speech of business, however. I had sense enough to know that, and to do my laughing outside the door. Then I began to understand why my pleasant and well-educated hosts spoke with a bitter scorn of such duties of citizenship as voting and taking an interest in the distribution of offices. Scores of men have told me with false pride that they would as soon concern themselves with the public affairs of the City or State as rake muck with a steam-shovel. It may be that their lofty disdain covers selfishness, but I should be very sorry habitually to meet the fat gentlemen with shiny top-hats and plump cigars in whose society I have been spending the evening. Read about politics as the cultured writer of the magazines regards 'em and then, and not till then, pay your respects to the gentlemen who run the grimy reality.

I'm sick of interviewing night editors, who lean their chair against the wall, and in response to my demand for the record of a prominent citizen answer: "Well, you see, he began by keeping a saloon, &c." I prefer to believe that my informants are treating me as in the old sinful days I was used to treat the wandering globe-trotter. They declare that they speak the truth, and the news of dog-politics lately vouchsafed to me in groggeries incline me to believe—but I won't. The people are much too nice to slangander as recklessly as I have been doing. Besides I am hopelessly in love with about eight American maidens—all perfectly delightful till the next one comes into the room. O-Toyo was a darling, but she lacked several things: conversation for one. You cannot live on giggles. She shall remain unpersecuted at Nagasaki while I roast a battered heart before the shrine of a big Kentucky blonde who had for ayah, when she was little, a negro "mammy." By consequence she has welded on Californian beauty, Paris dresses, Eastern culture, Europe trips, and wild Western originality the queer dreamy superstitions of the quarters and the result is soul-shattering. And she is but one of many stars. *Item*, a maiden who believes in education, and possesses it, with a few hundred thousand dollars and a taste for slumming. *Item*, the leader of a sort of informal salon where girls congregate, read papers and daringly discuss metaphysical problems and candy—a sloe-eyed, black-browed, imperious maiden she. *Item*, a very small maiden, absolutely without reverence, who can in one swift sentence trample upon and leave gasping half a dozen young men. *Item*, a million-heiress, burdened with her money, lonely, caustic, with a tongue keen as a *Kuttar*, yearning for a sphere but chained up to the rock of her vast possessions. *Item*, a type-writer maiden earning her own bread in this big city because she doesn't think a girl ought to be a burden on her parents, who quotes Theophile Gautier and moves through the world manfully and much respected for all her twenty inexperienced summers. *Item*, a woman from Cloudland who has no history in the past or future, but is discreetly of the present and strives largely for the confidences of male humanity on the grounds of "sympathy" (methinks this is not altogether a new type). *Item*, a girl in a "dive," blessed with a Greek head and eyes that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But woe is me!—she has no ideas in this world or the next beyond the consumption of beer, and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly without more than the vaguest notion of their meaning.

Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France clinging closely to their mothers and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian "spin" in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk—yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive. They are original, and regard you between the brows with unabashed eyes as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed, too, in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they have associated with boys from babyhood, and can discerningly minister to both vices, or pleasantly snub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a life among themselves independent of any masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea-fights where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed without parting with any tenderness that is their sex right; they understand; they can take care of themselves; they are superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming they say: "It is because we are better educated than your girls and—and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round, but we aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on regularly." Yes, they have good times, their freedom is large, and they do not abuse it. They can go driving with young men, and receive visits from young men to an extent that would make an English mother wink with horror; and neither driver nor drivee have a thought beyond the enjoyment of a good time. As certain also of their own poets have said:—

"Man is fire and woman is tow,
And the Devil he comes and begins to blow."

In America the tow is soaked in a solution that makes it fireproof, in absolute liberty and large knowledge; consequently accidents do not exceed the regular percentage arranged by the Devil for each class and climate under the skies. But the freedom of the young girl has its drawbacks. She is—I say it with all reluctance—irreverent, from her forty-dollar bonnet to the buckles in her eighteen-dollar shoes. She talks flippantly to her parents and men old enough to be her grandfather. She has a prescriptive right to the society of the Man who Arrives. The parents admit it. This is sometimes embarrassing, especially when you call on a man and his wife for the sake of information; the one being a merchant of varied knowledge, the other a woman of the world. In five minutes your host has vanished. In another five his wife has followed him and you are left alone with a very charming maiden doubtless but certainly not the person you came to see. She chatters and you grin; but you leave with the very strong impression of a wasted morning. This has been my experience once or twice. I have even said as pointedly as I dared to a man: "I came to see you." "You'd better see me in my office then. The house belongs to my women-folk—to my daughter that is to say." He spoke truth. The American of wealth is owned by his family. They exploit him for bullion, and sometimes it seems to me that his lot is a lonely one. The women get the ha'pence, the kicks are all his own. Nothing is too good for an Ameri-

can's daughter (I speak here of the moneyed classes). The girls take every gift as a matter of course; and yet they develop greatly when a catastrophe arrives and the man of many millions goes up or goes down and his daughters take to stenography or type-writing. I have heard many tales of much heroism from the lips of girls who counted the principals among their friends. The crash came, Maimie or Hattie or Sadie gave up their maid, their carriages and candy, and with a No. 2 Remington and a stout heart set about earning their daily bread. "And did I drop her from the list of my friends? No, Sir," said a vision in white lace, "that might happen to us any day."

It may be this sense of possible disaster in the air that makes San Franciscan society go with so captivating a rush and whirl. Recklessness is in the air. I can't explain where it comes from, but there it is. The roaring winds off the Pacific make you drunk to begin with. The aggressive luxury on all sides helps out the intoxication and you spin for ever "down the ringing groves of change (there is no small change, by the way, west of the Rockies) as long as money lasts. They make greatly and they spend lavishly; not only the rich but the artisans, who pay nearly £5 for a suit of clothes and for other luxuries in proportion. The young men rejoice in the days of their youth. They gamble, yacht, race, enjoy prize-fights and cock-fights—the one openly the other in secret—they establish luxurious clubs; they break themselves over horse-flesh and—other things, and they are instant in a quarrel. At twenty they are experienced in business; embark in vast enterprises, take partners as experienced as themselves, and go to pieces with as much splendour as their neighbours. Remember that the men who stocked California in the fifties were physically, and as far as regards certain tough virtues, the pick of the earth. The inept and the weakly died *en route* or went under in the days of construction. To this nucleus were added all the races of the Continent—French, Italian, German and, of course, the Jew. The result you shall see in large-boned, deep-chested, delicate-handed women, and long, elastic well-built boys. It needs no little golden badge swinging from the watch-chain to mark the native son of the Golden West—the country-bred of California. Him I love because he is devoid of fear, carries himself like a man, and has a heart as big as his boots. I fancy, too, he knows how to enjoy the blessings of life that his province so abundantly bestows upon him. At least I heard a little rat of a creature with hock-bottle shoulders explaining that a man from Chicago could pull the eye-teeth of a Californian in business. Well, if I lived in Fairyland, where cherries were as big as plums, plums as big as apples, and strawberries of no account; where the procession of the fruits of the seasons was like a pageant in a Drury Lane pantomime and the dry air was wine, I should let business slide once in a way and kick up my heels with my fellows. The tale of the resources of California—vegetable and mineral—is a fairy tale. You can read it in books. You would never believe me. All manner of nourishing food from sea-fish to beef may be bought at the lowest prices; and the people are consequently well-developed and of a high stomach. They demand ten shillings for tinkering a jammed lock of a trunk; they receive sixteen shillings a day for working as carpenters; they spend many sixpences on very bad cigars which the poorest of them smoke, and they go mad over a prize-fight. When they disagree, they do so fatally with firearms in their hands and on the public streets. I was just clear of Mission Street when the trouble began between two gentlemen, one of whom perforated the other. When a policeman, whose name I do not recollect, "fatally shot Ed. Kearney" for attempting to escape arrest I was in the next street. For these things I am thankful. It is enough to travel with a policeman in a tram-car, and while he arranges his coat-tails as he sits down to catch sight of a loaded revolver. It is enough to know that fifty per cent of the men in the public saloons carry pistols about them. The Chinaman waylays his adversary and methodically chops him to pieces with a hatchet. Then the press roar about the brutal ferocity of the Pagan. The Italian reconstructs his friend with a long knife. The press complain of the waywardness of the alien. The Irishman and the native Californian in their hours of discontent use the revolver, not once but six times. The press records the fact and asks in the next column whether the world can parallel the progress of San Francisco. The American who loves his country will tell you that this sort of thing is confined to the lower classes. Just at present an ex-judge who was sent to jail by another judge (upon my word I cannot tell whether these titles mean anything) is breathing red-hot vengeance against his enemy. The papers have interviewed both parties and confidently expect a fatal issue.

Now let me draw breath and curse the negro waiter and through him the negro in service generally. He has been made a citizen with a vote, consequently both political parties play with him. But that is neither here nor there. He will commit in one meal every *bétise* that a *mussalchi* fresh from the plough-tail is capable of, and he will continue to repeat those faults. He is as complete a heavy-footed, uncomprehending, bungle-fisted fool as any *memsahib* in the East ever took into her establishment. But he is according to law a free and independent citizen—consequently above reproof or criticism. He, and he alone, in this insane city will wait at table (the Chinaman doesn't count). He is untrained, inept, but he will fill the place and draw the pay. Now God and his father's fate made him intellectually inferior to the Oriental. He insists on pretending that he serves tables by accident—as a sort of amusement. He wishes you to understand this little fact. You wish to eat your meals, and if possible to have them properly served. He is a big black, vain baby and a man rolled into one. A coloured gentleman, who insisted on getting me pie when I wanted something else, demanded information about India. I gave him some facts about wages. "Oh Hell," said he cheerfully, "that wouldn't keep me in cigars for a month." Then he fawned on me for a ten-cent piece. Later he took it upon himself to pity the natives of India—"heathen" he called them, this *hubshi* whose race have been the butt of every comedy on the native stage. And I turned and saw by the head upon his shoulders that he was a Yoruba man, if there be any truth in ethnological castes. He did his thinking in English, but he was a Yoruba negro, and the race type had remained the same throughout his generations. And the room was full of other races—some that looked exactly like Gallas (but the trade was never recruited from that side of Africa), some duplicates of Cameroon heads, and some Kroomen, if ever Kroomen wore evening dress. The American does not consider little matters of descent, though by this time he ought to know all about "damnable heredity." As a general rule he keeps himself very far from the negro and says things about him that are not pretty. There are six million negroes more or less in the States, and they are increasing. The American once having made them citizens cannot unmake them. He says, in his newspapers, they ought to be elevated by education. He is trying this: but it is like to be a long job because black blood is much more adhesive than white and throws back with annoying persistence. When the negro gets religion he returns, directly as a homing bee, to the instincts of his people. Just now a wave of religion is sweeping over some of the Southern States. Up to the present, two Messiahs and a Daniel have appeared; and several human sacrifices have been offered up to these incarnations. The Daniel managed to get three young men, who he insisted were Shadrak, Meshak and Abednego, to walk into a blast furnace guaranteeing non-combustion. They did not return. I have seen nothing of this kind, but I have attended a negro church—they pray or are caused to pray—by themselves in this country. The congregation were moved by the spirit to groans and tears, and one of them danced up the aisle to the mourner's bench. The motive may have been genuine. The movements of the shaken body were those of a Zanzibar stick-dance, such as you see at Aden on the coal boats; and even as I watched the people the links that bound them to the white man snapped one by one and I saw before me—the *hubshi* praying to a God he did not understand. Those neatly-dressed folk on the benches, the grey-headed elder by the window were savages neither more nor less. What will the American do with the negro? The South will not consort with him. In some States miscegenation is a penal offence. The North is every year less and less in need of his services. And he will not disappear. He will continue as a problem. His friends will urge that he is as good as the white man. His enemies—Well, you can guess what his enemies will do from a little incident that followed on a recent appointment by the President. He made a negro an assistant in a post office where—think of it!—he had to work at the next desk to a white girl, the daughter of a Colonel—one of the first families. Southern chivalry and all the weary, weary rest of it. The Southern chivalry howled, and hanged or burnt some one in effigy. Perhaps it was the President and perhaps it was the negro,—but the principle remains the same, said Mrs. Nickleby. They said it was an insult. It is not good to be a negro in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But this has nothing to do with San Francisco and her merry maidens: her strong swaggering men and her wealth of gold and pride. They bore me to a banquet in honour of a brave Lieutenant—Carlin of the *Vandalia*, who stuck by his ship in the great storm at Apia and comported himself as an officer should. On that occasion—'twas at the Bohemian Club—I heard oratory with the roundest of o's; and devoured a dinner, the memory of which will descend with me into the hungry grave. There were about forty speeches delivered; and not one of them was average or ordinary. It was my first introduction to the American Eagle screaming for all it was worth. The Lieutenant's heroism served as a peg from which the silver-tongued ones turned themselves loose and kicked. They ransacked the clouds of sunset, the thunderbolts of Heaven, the deeps of Hell, and the Splendour of the Resurrection for hopes and metaphors, and hurled the result at the head of the guest of the evening. Never since the morning stars sang together for joy, I learned, had an amazed creation witnessed such superhuman bravery as that displayed by the American navy in the Samoa cyclone. Till earth rotted in the phosphorescent star-slime of a decayed universe that Godlike gallantry would not be forgotten. I grieve that I cannot give the exact words. My attempt at reproducing their spirit is pale and inadequate. I sat bewildered on a coruscating Niagara of—*bukh*. It was magnificent—it was stupendous, and I was conscious of a wicked desire to hide my face in a napkin and grin. Then, according to rule, they produced their dead, and across the snowy table-cloths dragged the corpse of every man slain in the civil war and hurled defiance at "our natural enemy" (England, so please you) "with her chain of fortresses across the world." Thereafter they glorified their nation afresh, from the beginning in case any detail should have been overlooked, and that made me uncomfortable for their sakes. How in the world can a white man, a *sahib* of our blood, stand up and plaster praise on his own country? He can think as highly as he likes, but this open-mouthed vehemence of adoration struck me almost as indelicate. My hosts talked for rather more than three hours, and at the end seemed ready for three hours more. But when the Lieutenant—such a big brave gentle giant—rose to his feet he delivered what struck me as the speech of the evening. I remember nearly the whole of it, and it ran something in this way: "Gentlemen,—It's very good of you to give me this dinner and to tell me all these pretty things, but what I want you to understand—the fact is—what we want and what we ought to get at once is a navy—more ships—lot's of 'em—." Then we howled the top of the roof off, and I for one, fell in love with Carlin on the spot.

The Prince among merchants bade me take no heed to the warlike sentiments of some of the old Generals. "The sky-rockets are thrown in for effect" quoth he, "and whenever we get on our hind legs we always express a desire to chaw up England. It's a sort of family affair." And, indeed, when you come to think of it there is no other country for the public speaker to trample upon.

France has Germany; we have Russia; for Italy Austria is provided, and the humblest Pathan possesses an ancestral enemy. Only America stands out of the racket; and therefore to be in fashion, makes a sand-bag of the mother-country and bangs it when occasion requires. "The chain of fortresses" man, a fascinating talker, explained to me after the affair that he was compelled to blow off steam. Everybody expected it. When we had chaunted the "Star Spangled

Banner" not more than eight times we adjourned. America is a very great country, but it is not yet Heaven with electric lights and plush fittings as the speakers professed to believe. My listening mind went back to the politicians in the saloon who wasted no time in talking about Freedom, but quietly made arrangements to impose their will on the citizens. "The Judge is a great man, but give thy *dalli* to the *munsiff*," as the proverb saith.

And what more remains to tell? I cannot write connectedly, because I am in love with all those girls aforesaid and some others who do not appear in the invoice. But the type-writer maiden is the fairest and most fascinating of them all. The type-writer is an institution of which the comic papers make much capital, but she is vastly convenient. She and a companion rent a room in a business-quarter and aided by a type-writing machine copy MS. at the rate of some six annas a page. Only a woman can manage a type-writing machine, because she has served a long apprenticeship to a sewing machine She can earn as much as a hundred dollars a month, and professes to regard this form of bread-winning as her natural destiny. But, oh how she hates it in her heart of hearts! When I had gotten over the surprise of doing business and trying to give orders to a young woman of coldly clerkly aspect entrenched behind gold-rimmed spectacles, I made inquiries concerning the pleasures of this independence. They liked it—indeed they did. 'Twas the natural fate of almost all girls—the recognised custom in America—and I was a barbarian not to see it in that light.

"Well, and after?" said I. "What happens?"

"We work for our bread."

"And then what do you expect?"

"That we shall work for our bread."

"Till you die?"

"Ye-es—unless. . . . . . .

"Unless what? This is your business, you know. A man works till he dies."

"So shall we." This without enthusiasm—"I suppose."

Said the partner in the firm audaciously:—"Sometimes we marry our employers—at least that's what the newspapers say." The hand banged on half a dozen keys of the machine at once. "Yes, I don't care. I hate it—*I hate it*—I hate it, and you needn't look so."

The senior partner was regarding the rebel with grave-eyed reproach.

"I thought you did" said I. "I don't suppose American girls are much different from English ones in instinct."

"Isn't it Theophile Gautier who says that the only differences between country and country lie in the slang and the uniform of the police?"

Now in the name of all the Gods at once, what is one to say to a young lady (who in England would be a person) who earns her own bread and, very naturally hates the employ, and slings out of the way quotations at your head? That one falls in love with her goes without saying; but that is not enough.

A mission should be established.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXVII.—Takes me through Bret Harte's country and to Portland with "old man California." Explains how two vagabonds became homesick through looking at other people's houses.

> "I walked in the lonesome even,
> And who so sad as I,
> As I saw the young men and maidens
> Merrily passing by."

San Francisco has only one drawback. 'Tis hard to leave. When like the pious Hans Breitmann I "cut that city by the sea" it was with regrets for the pleasant places left behind, for the men who were so clever and the women who were so witty, for the "dives," the beer halls, the bucket shops and the poker hells where humanity terrible and unrestrained was going to the Devil with shouting and laughter and song and the rattle of dice boxes. I would fain hav stayed, but I feared that an evil end would come to me when my money was all spent and I descended to the street corner. No man need lack warnings to keep him in the path of sobriety and moderation in San Francisco. I saw a face in the night—the face of an officer in our army, a man who had once served in India. He had been "broke" by court-martial, but that was a little breaking to what came afterwards. This summer he is loafing about the streets of the city and living Heaven knows how. He has gone down and he says that he will never come up again. Then he laughs and asks for the price of a drink. A voice inside me said: "Get out of this. Go north. Strike for Victoria and Vancouver. Bask for a day under the shadow of the old Flag." So I set forth from San Francisco to Portland in Oregon, and that was a railroad run of thirty-six hours. Let no man attempt to make his own travelling arrangements out here. Catch the agent of the estimable Cook and confide yourself to his hands. The city is studded with ticket offices, all most anxious to convey you across the Continent by the only safe and picturesque line in existence. Each railway publishes a fraudulent map wherein its own system is drawn straight as a rule from point to point, while all the others do manifestly wriggle and squirm. This is not cheating: it is competition. Occasionally men establish bogus ticket offices and sell forged tickets. This also is competition. A ticket for a variegated trip is called a "*kewpon*" ticket and may be a yard and a half long. It does not include accommodation in a Pullman. That you must buy from the Pullman Car Company, reserving your berth exactly as you would one in a steamer. These things accomplished you begin to enter into the spirit of American travel. It is "Look after yourself, for I'm d—d if I'll help you." The Oakland railway terminus, whence all the main lines start, does not own anything approaching to a platform. A running yard with a dozen or more tracks is roughly asphalted, and the traveller laden with hand-bags skips merrily across the metals in search of his own particular train. The bells of half a dozen shunting engines are tolling suggestively in his ears. If he is run down, so much the worse for him. "When the bell rings look out for the locomotive." Long use has made the nation familiar and even contemptuous towards trains to an extent which God never intended. Women who in England would gather up their skirts and scud timorously over a level crossing in the country here talk dress and babies under the very nose of the cow-catcher, and little children dally with the moving car in a manner horrible to behold. When I had seen Oakland yard—it wasn't a station—I understood how insurance companies blossomed like pansies in the spring. We pulled out at the wholly insignificant speed of twenty-five miles an hour through the streets of a suburb of fifty thousand, and in our progress among the carts and the children and the shop fronts slew nobody: at which I was not a little disappointed.

"You've no railways like this in England," said a fellow-passenger who recognised in me a lone lorn Britisher.

"We have not," I said stiffly as the train whistled through somebody's backyard. "We are by way of being civilised."

"I hear you protect your tracks more than we do. I suppose you have to," continued the American. "We don't care about these little things. We are too busy."

"My friend," I said, "I am sick of this. Your countrymen have told me that they are too busy to care when their rubbish is shot into the main street, when their side-walks are blocked with packing cases and when their children are maimed by tram-cars. They say this as though they were proud of the fact. Believe me you have nothing to be proud of. Your business is the manufacture of dollars for yourselves. Yours may be a fine indifference, but it is a dashed poor civilisation. What you call your liberty is just the desolate freedom of the wild ass. Because you are not yet crowded together in blocks you can throw over your heels and whinny and bray. Wait till your country fills up and you have to unlearn all your pleasant little theories of doing as you darn please if you are strong enough."

The American laughed and refused to believe. He was a lawyer from San Francisco and held a fund of quaint experiences, some of which may hereafter find their way into print. What he could not understand was my deep interest in the arrangements of the Pullmans, from the stuffy green plush dog kennel set apart for smokers to the "fuggy" tapestry curtains that veiled the stuffy bunk and the elaborate window catches that rendered hasty egress impossible. When the negro porter bedded me up for the night and I had solved the problem of undressing while lying down—a man who has tried to change his kit in a Dalhousie *dooli* will know what that means—I was much cheered by the thought that if anything happened in the night I should have to stay where I was and wait till the kerosine lamps set the overturned car alight and fired me to death. It is easier to get out of a full theatre than to quit a Pullman in haste. We crossed a river by a gigantic ferry-boat in the night, and 'twas not a cheerful sensation.

By the time I discovered that a profusion of nickel-plating, plush and damask does not compensate for closeness and dust the train ran into the daylight on the banks of the Sacramento river. A few windows were gingerly opened after the bunks had been reconverted into seats, but that long coffin-car was by no means ventilated, and we were a gummy, grimy crew who sat there. At six in the morning the heat was distinctly unpleasant, but seeing with the eye of the flesh that I was in Bret Harte's own country I rejoiced. There were the pines and madrone-clad hills

his miners lived and fought among; there was the heated red earth that showed whence the gold had been washed; the dry gulch, the red dusty road where Hamblin was used to slop the stage in the intervals of his elegant leisure and superior card play; there was the timber felled and sweating resin in the sunshine; and above all there was the quivering pungent heat that Bret Harte drives into your dull brain with the magic of his pen. Californian pine woods have a scent of their own, a sharp biting reek drawn out by the sun that sets the blood in motion and fills the idle mind with thoughts of going away into the woods and never coming back this side of eternity. When we stopped at a collection of packing cases dignified by the name of a town my felicity was complete. The name of the place was something offensive—Amberville or Jacksonburgh or Pink Toes—but it owned for its heart a cast-iron fountain worthy of a town of thirty thousand. Next to the fountain was a "hotel," at least seventeen feet high including the chimney, and next to the hotel was the forest—the pine, the oak and the untrammelled undergrowth of the hill-side. A cinnamon-bear cub—Baby Sylvester in the fur—was tied to the stump of a tree opposite the fountain; a pack mule dozed in the dust haze, a red-shirted miner in a slouch hat supported the hotel, a blue-shirted miner swung round the corner, and the two went indoors for a drink. A girl came out of the only other house but one, and shading her eyes with a brown hand stared at the panting train. She didn't recognise me, but I knew her—had known her for years. She was M'liss. She never married the schoolmaster after all, but stayed always young and always fair among the pines. I knew Red Shirt too. He was one of the bearded men who stood back when Tennessee claimed his partner from the hands of the law. The Sacramento river, a few yards away, shouted joyously that all these things were true. The train went on while Baby Sylvester stood on his downy head and M'liss swung her sun bonnet by the strings.

"What do you think?" said the lawyer. "It's a new world to you: isn't it?"

"No. It's quite familiar. I was never out of England: it's as if I saw it all."

Quick as light came the answer: "Yes, they lived once thus at Venice when the miners were kings."

I loved that lawyer on the spot. We drank to Bret Harte who, you remember, "claimed California, but California never claimed him. He's turned English."

Sitting back in state I waited for the flying miles to turn over the pages of the book I knew. They brought me all I desired—from the Man of no Account sitting on a stump and playing with a dog, to "that most sarcastic man the quiet Mister Brown." He boarded the train from out of the woods, and there was venom and sulphur on his tongue. He had just lost a lawsuit. Only Yuba Bill failed to appear. The train had taken his employment from him and he was working eastward. A nameless ruffian backed me into a corner and began telling me about the resources of the country and what it would eventually become. All I remember of his lecture was that you could catch trout in the Sacramento river—the stream that we followed so faithfully.

Then rose a tough and wiry old man with grizzled hair and made inquiries about the trout. To him was added the secretary of a life insurance company. I fancy he was travelling to take in the dead that the train killed. But he, too, was a fisherman and the two turned to meward. The frankness of a Westerner is delightful. They tell me that in the Eastern States I shall meet another type of man and a more reserved. The Californian always speaks of the man from the New England States as a different breed. It is the Punjab and Madras over again, but more so. The old man was on a holiday in search of fish. When he discovered a brother-loafer he proposed a confederation of rods. Quoth the insurance agent: "I'm not staying any time in Portland, but I will introduce you to a man there who'll tell you about fishing." The two told marvellous tales as we slid through the forests and saw afar off the snowy head of a great mountain. There were vineyards, fruit orchards and wheat fields where the land opened out, and every ten miles or so twenty or thirty wooden houses and at least three churches. A large town would have a population of two thousand and an infinite belief in its own capacities. Sometimes a flaring advertisement bordered the line calling for men to settle down, take up the ground and make their home there. At a big town we would pick up the local newspaper, narrow as the cutting edge of a chisel and twice as keen—a journal filled with the prices of stock, notices of improved reaping and binding machines, movements of eminent citizens "Whose fame beyond their own abode Extends for miles along the Harlem road." There was not much grace about these papers, but all breathed the same want—good men, steady men who will plough and till and build schools for their children and make a township of the ready hills. Once only I found a sharp change in the note and a very pathetic one. I think it was a young soul in trouble and consequently writing poetry. The editor had jammed the verses between the flamboyant advertisement of a real estate agent—a man who sells you land and lies about it—and that of a Jew tailor who disposed "nobby" suits at "cut-throat prices." Here are two verses: I think they tell their own story—

> "God made the pine with its root in the earth,
> Its top in the sky,
> They have burned the pine to increase the worth
> Of the wheat and the silver rye.
>
> Go weigh the cost of the soul of the pine
> Cut off from the sky,
> And the price of the wheat that grows so fine
> And the worth of the silver rye!"

It seems very probable that circumstances are bringing a young sapling down with a crash from the blue to the decent levels of grain, and the process hurts. I wish I could have met the young man that launched these heretical sentiments about the souls of trees in a country where a pine is lumber and should be cleared away. The thin-lipped, keen-eyed men who boarded the train would not read that poetry, or, if they did, would not understand. Heaven guard that poor pine in the desert and keep "its top in the sky."

When the train took to itself an extra engine and began to breathe heavily someone said that we were ascending the Siskyou Mountains. They call a four thousand-foot hill a mountain in these parts. We had been climbing steadily from San Francisco and at last won to over four thousand feet above sea-level, always running through forest. Then, naturally enough, we came down, but we dropped two thousand two hundred feet in about thirteen miles. It was not so much the grinding of the brakes along the train, the sheer drop down the khud, or the sight of three curves of track apparently miles below us, or even the vision of a goods-train apparently just under our wheels, or even the tunnels that made me reflect: it was the sight of the trestles over which we crawled—trestles of something over a hundred feet high and looking like a collection of match-sticks.

"I guess our timber is as much a curse as a blessing" said the old man from Southern California. "These trestles last very well for five or six years: then they get out of repair and a train goes through 'em, or else a forest fire burns 'em up."

This was said in the middle of a groaning, shivering trestle and made me happy when I thoroughly understood that the line was spiked to the sleepers and not chaired, the joints only being strengthened by fish-plates. An occasional plate-layer took a look at us as we went down, but that railway didn't waste men on inspection duty. Very often there were cattle on the track against which the engine used a diabolical form of whistling. The old man had been a driver in his youth and beguiled the way with cheery anecdotes of what might be expected if we fouled a young calf.

"You see they get their legs under the cow-catcher and that'll put an engine off the line. I remember when a hog wrecked an excursion train and killed sixty people. 'Guess the engineer will look out."

There is considerably too much of guessing about this large nation. As one of them put it rather forcibly: "We guess a trestle will stand for ever and we guess that we can patch up a washout on the track, and we guess the road's clear and sometimes we guess ourselves into the *Deepot* and sometimes we guess ourselves into Hell"—which being translated means that the work is *kutcha* and the track isn't ballasted. They haven't time and it wouldn't pay: and anyhow the survivors can take their change out of the company at law.

The descent had brought us far into Oregon and a timber and wheat country. We drove through wheat and pine in alternate slices, but pine chiefly, till we reached Portland, which is a city of fifty thousand, possessing the electric light of course, equally of course devoid of pavements, and a port of entry about a hundred miles from the sea at which big steamers can load. It is a poor city that cannot say it has no equal on the Pacific coast. Portland shouts this to the pines which run down from a thousand-foot ridge clear up to the city. You may sit in a bedizened bar-room furnished with telephone and clicker, and in half an hour be in the woods. The insurance man and the old fisherman bade me, if I wanted good accommodation, to follow the wake of the Jew and the Drummer—the commercial traveller. "The Sheeny always knows where to feed himself," said the insurance man, and piloted me to a place full of men who talked of money. The Westerner is worse than the native in his *paisa* and *khana* talk. He is much worse. On the streets, in the bars, in the tramcars, in the trains and in the hotels he speaks of the dollar and nothing else but the dollar, and in the evening coming out of a theatre he stops to talk dollar with a friend. Portland produces lumber and jig-saw fittings for houses, and beer and buggies, and bricks and biscuit; and, in case you should miss the fact, there are glorified views of the town hung up in public places with the value of all the products down in dollars. All this is excellent and exactly suitable to the opening up of a new country; but when a man cocks his hat on the back of his head and tells you it is civilisation, you object. The first thing that the civilised man learns to do is to keep the dollars in the background because they are only the works of the machine that makes life go smoothly.

When I was ordered to admire by a complete stranger, and to take delight in the lumber and the planing mills and the fruit, I suggested that all the mechanism that merely enabled a man to keep alive, so aggressively put forward, was no more lovely than the cave man's output of stone hatchets or dead deer. He called me a crank, and he couldn't see that nickel-plated bar furniture and pictures of lewd, nude females floating from the ceiling had nothing to do with civilisation. Portland is so busy that it can't attend to its own sewage or paving, and the four storey brick blocks, front cobble stones and plank side-walks and other things much worse. A man who had served on the Municipal Committee aforetime told me some of his experiences with the people. They would run up houses and sell plots and trade like Americans, but they didn't see any particular use for sanitation or road works. They wanted to go on and make money. I saw a foundation being dug out. The sewage of the old-time town, perhaps of twenty years ago, had thoroughly soaked into the soil, and there was a familiar and Oriental look about the compost that flew up with each shovel-load. Yet the local papers, as was just and proper, swore there was no place like Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., chronicled the performances of Oregonians, "claimed" prominent citizens elsewhere as Oregonians, and fought tooth and nail for dock, rail and wharfage projects. And you could find men who had thrown in their lives with the city, who were bound up in it, and worked their life out for what they conceived to be its material prosperity. It is strange to find an echo of the clanishness of a public school in a large city. They would get in cable cars to surmount the slopes of the hills they would repave the streets some day; and so forth, and so forth. Pity it is to record that in this strenuous labouring town there had been a week before a shooting case. One well-known man had shot another on the street and was now pleading self-defence because the other man had, or the murderer thought he had, a pistol about him. Not content with shooting him dead he squibbed off his revolver into him as he lay. I read the pleadings and they made me ill. So far as I could see, if the dead man's body had been found with a pistol on it the shooter would have gone free. Apart from the mere murder, cowardly enough in itself, there was a refinement of cowardice in the plea. Here in this civilised city the

surviving brute was afraid he would he shot—fancied he saw the other man make a motion to his hip pocket, and so on. Eventually the jury disagreed. I don't know whether they will try the man again, but no one I talked to seemed to anticipate a fatal result from the performance. And the degrading thing was that the trial was reported by men who evidently understood all about the pistol, was tried before a jury who were versed in the etiquette of the hip pocket, and was discussed on the streets by men equally initiate. Here as in San Francisco I gathered that about fifty per cent of the men, the younger ones, carried a revolver not because they moved in an unsettled country—Portland prides itself on its civilisation—but to protect them against the chance of being slain by men who wore tops-hats and frock-coats and flowers in their button-holes. The old man my companion spoke rather brutally on the subject, and the mildest word he used was cowardice.

But let us turn to more cheerful things. The insurance man kept his word and introduced us as friends to a real estate man, who promptly bade us go up the Columbia River for a day while he made inquiries about fishing. There was no overwhelming formality. The old man was addressed as "California," I answered indifferently to "England" or "Johnny Bull," and the real estate man was "Portland." This was a lofty and spacious form of address and gave us the feeling of severally representing the countries whence we were christened. A big fat man who crossed our sun-illumined horizon was called "Chicago." This may or may not be the custom of the West.

So California and I got a steamboat and upon a sumptuous blue and gold morning steered up the Willamette River, on which Portland stands, into the great Columbia—the river that brings the salmon that goes into the tin that is emptied into the dish when an extra guest arrives. California introduced me to the boat and the scenery, told me the locality of the "texas," the difference between a tow head and a sawyer and the precise nature of a "slue." All I remember is a hazy and delightful feeling that Mark Twain's Hucklebery Finn and Mississippi Pilot were quite true, and that I could almost recognise the very reaches down which Huck and the negro had drifted We were on the border line between Oregon State and Washington territory, but that didn't matter. The Columbia was the Missisippi as far as I was concerned. We ran along the sides of wooded islands whose banks were caving in with perpetual smashes, and we skipped from one side to another of the mile-wide stream in search of a channel exactly like a Missisippi steamer, and when we wanted to pick up or set down a passenger we chose a soft and safe place on the shore and ran our very snub nose against it. California spoke to each new passenger as he came aboard and told me the man's birthplace. A soft featured, long-haried tender of kine crashed out of the underwood, waved his hat and was taken aboard forthwith. "South Carolina," said California almost without looking at him: "when he talks you will hear a softer dialect than mine." And it befell as he said: whereat I marvelled and California chuckled. Every island in the river carried fields of rich wheat, orchards and a white, wooden settler's house, or else if the pines grew very thickly a saw mill, the tremulous whine of whose saws flickered across the water like the drone of a tired bee. From remarks that he let fall I gathered that California owned timber ships and dealt in lumber, had ranches too, a partner and everything handsome about him in addition to a chequered career of some thirty-five years. But in appearance he looked almost as disreputable a loafer as I, and in his childish and innocent delight in his holiday I greatly envied him.

At Vancouver, the American town of that name, I saw things that made me faint. They were respectively a private and a sergeant of artillery loafing at the wharf. Their uniform was filthily dirty; they wore civilian waistcoats and any sort of collar; they stuffed their hands in their pockets and their tunics were unbuttoned. The sergeant wore civilian trousers. California couldn't see that ten days' extra kit-drill and about a week's confinement to barracks was what these persons wanted.

"They will turn out quite clean at parade tomorrow," said he.

"But a soldier should always be tidy," I remonstrated. "They are two disgraces to their regiment."

"Young feller," quoth California, "we don't run our regular army in that hard and fast way. We regard them only as a nucleus: our citizen soldiers are the ones we trust in."

California may be right: but I'll go to the stake for it that in any country under Heaven a dirty soldier—a composite, loafing, unclean soldier—is bad. Vancouver's garrison may be of excellent quality, but that isn't the way it impresses a stranger. The town, which by the way was half burned down the next day, looked fat and green and sleepy.

"Say, young feller, we're going to see scenery now. You shout and sing," said California when the soft wooded islands gave place to bolder outlines, and the steamer ran herself into a hornet's nest of black-fanged rocks not a foot below the boiling broken water. We were trying to get up a slue or back channel by a short cut, and the stern wheel never spun twice in the same direction. Then we hit a floating log with a jar that ran through our system, and then, white-bellied, open-gilled and yellow-moulded, spun by a dead salmon—a lordly twenty-pound Chenook salmon who had perished in his pride. "You'll see the salmon wheels 'fore long," said a man who lived "way back on the Washoogle," and whose hat was spangled with trout flies. "Those Chenook salmon never rise to the fly. The canneries take them by the wheel." At the next bend we sighted a wheel—an infernal arrangement of wire gauze compartments worked by the current and moved out from a barge in shore to scoop up the salmon as he races up the river. California swore long and fluently at the sight, and the more fluently when he was told of the weight of a good night's catch—some thousands of pounds. Think of the black and bloody murder of it: but you insist in buying tinned salmon out yonder and the canneries cannot live by letting down lines.

About this time California was smitten with madness. I found him dancing on the fore-deck shouting—"Isn't she a daisy? Isn't she a darling!" He had found a waterfall—a blown thread of white vapour that broke from the crest of a hill—a waterfall eight hundred and fifty feet high whose voice was even louder than the voice of the river. "Bridal Veil" jerked out the Purser. "D— that Purser and the people who christened her: why didn't they call her Mechlin lace falls at fifty dollars the yard while they were at it," said California. And I agreed with him. There are many "bridal veil" falls in this country, but few, men say, livelier than those that come down to the Columbia River. The railway ran by the foot of the falling water, and it was only when I saw the insignificance of a long passenger train as it hooted at the splendour above that I understood the height I was watching. Then the scenery began—poured forth with the reckless profusion of Nature, who when she wants to be amiable only succeeds in being oppressively magnificent. The river was penned between gigantic stone walls crowned with the ruined bastions of Oriental palaces. The stretch of green water widened and was guarded by pine-clad hills three thousand feet high. A wicked devil's thumbnail of rock shot up a hundred feet in midstream. A sand bar of blinding white sand gave promise of flat country that the next bend denied: for, lo! we were running under a triple tier of fortifications, lava-topped, pine clothed and terrible. Behind them the white dome of Mount Hood ran fourteen thousand feet into the blue, and at their feet the river threshed among a belt of cotton-wood trees. There I sat down and looked at California half out of the boat in his anxiety to see both sides of the river at once. He had seen a note-book and it offended him. "Young feller, let her go—and you shut your head. It's not you nor anybody like you can put this down. Black the novelist he could. He can describe salmon fishing, *he* can." And he glared at me as though he expected me to go and do likewise. "I can't: I know it," I said humbly. "Then thank God that you came along this way."

I cannot say what I saw till we reached a little railway, on an island, which was to convey us to a second steamer, because, as the Purser explained, the river was "a little broken-up above." We had a six mile run, sitting in the sunshine on a dummy wagon, and we were whirled just along the edge of the river-bluffs throughout. Sometimes we dived into the fragrant pine woods, ablaze with flowers; but we generally watched the river, now narrowed into a turbulent mill race. Just where the whole body of water broke in riot over a series of cascades, the United States Government had chosen to build a lock for steamers, and between the original lock works the stream was one boiling, spouting mob of water. A log shot down the race, struck on a rock, split from end to end and rolled over in a white foam. I shuddered because my toes were not more than sixty feet above the log, and I feared that a stray splinter might have found me. But the train ran into the river on a sort of floating trestle, and I was upon a screw steamer ere I fully understood why. The cascades were not two hundred yards below us, and when we cast off to go up stream the rush of the river, ere the wheel struck the water, dragged us as though we had been towed. Then the country opened out and California mourned for his lost bluffs and crags, till we struck a rock wall four hundred feet high, crowned by the gigantic figure of a man watching us. On a rocky island we saw the white tomb of an old-time settler who had made his money in San Francisco, but had chosen to be buried on an Indian burying ground. A decayed wooden "wickness" where the bones of the Indian dead are laid almost touched the tomb. The river ran into a canal of basaltic rock, painted in yellow, vermilion and green by Indians and, by inferior brutes, adorned with advertisements of "bile beans," and we had reached the Dalles—the centre of a great sheep an d wool district, and the head of navigation.

When an American arrives at a new town it is his bounden duty to "take it in." California swung his coat over his shoulder with the gesture of a man used to long tramps, and together, at eight in the evening, we explored the Dalles. The sun had not yet set, and it would be light for at least another hour. All the inhabitants seemed to own a little villa and at least one church apiece. The young men were out walking with the young maidens, the old folks were sitting on the front steps—not the ones that led to the religiously-shuttered best drawing-room, but the side front steps—and the husbands and wives were tying back pear trees or gathering raw cherries. A scent of hay reached me, and in the stillness we could hear the cattle bells as the cows came home across the lava-sprinkled fields. California swung down the wooden pavements audibly criticising the housewife's hollyhocks and the more perfect ways of pear grafting, and, as the young men and maidens passed, giving quaint stories of his youth. I felt that I knew all the people aforetime, I was so interested in them and their life. A woman hung over a gate talking to another woman, and as I passed I heard her say "skirts," and again "skirts," and "I'll send you over the pattern:" and I knew that they were talking dress. We stumbled upon a young couple saying good-bye in the twilight, and "when shall I see you again?" quoth he: and I understood that to the doubting heart the tiny little town we paraded in twenty minutes might be as large as all London and as impassable as an armed camp. I gave them both my blessing because "when shall I see you again?" is a question that lies very near to hearts of all the world. The last garden gate shut with a crisp click that travelled far down the street, and the lights of the comfortable families began to shine in the confidingly uncurtained windows.

"Say, Johnny Bull, doesn't all this make you feel lonesome?" said California. "Have you got any folks at home? So've I—a wife and five children—and I'm only on a holiday."

"And I'm only on a holiday," I said, and we went back to the Spittoon-wood Hotel. Alas! for the peace and purity of the little town that I had babbled about. It supported a grocery where you buy corn-cob pipes—sweetest of all pipes. At the back of the shop and discreetly-curtained was a room where the young men who had been talking to the young maidens could play poker and drink and swear, and on the shop were dime novels of bloodshed to corrupt the mind of the little boy, and prurient servant-girl slush yarns to poison the mind of the girl. California only laughed grimly. He said that all these little one-

horse towns were much the same all over the States.

That night I dreamed I was back in India with no place to sleep in, tramping up and down the station mall and asking everybody: "When shall I see you again?"

XXVIII.—Shows how I caught salmon and clothed myself in purple and triumph.

"The race is neither to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but time and chance cometh to all."

I have lived! The American continent may now sink under the sea. I have taken the best that it yields and the best was neither dollars, terrapin, nor real estate. Hear now, gentlemen of the Punjab Fishing Club who whip the reaches of the Tavi and you who painfully import trout ova to Ootacamund, and I will tell you how California and I went a fishing and you shall envy. We returned from the Dalles to Portland by the way we had come, the steamer stopping *en route* to pick up a night's catch of one of the salmon-wheels on the river and to deliver it at a cannery downstream. When the proprietor of the wheel announced that his take was two thousand two hundred and thirty pounds weight of fish, "and not a heavy catch neither," I thought he lied. But he sent the boxes aboard and I counted the salmon by the hundred—huge fifty pounds, hardly dead, scores of twenty and thirty pounders and a host of smaller fish. They were all Chenook salmon, as distinguished from the "steel head" and the "silver side." That is to say, they were royal salmon and California and I dropped a tear over them as monarchs who deserved a better fate: but the lust of slaughter entered into our souls and we talked fish and forgot the scenery that had so moved us a day before.

The steamer halted before a rude wooden warehouse built on piles in a lonely reach of the river and delivered the fish. I followed them up the scale-strewn fishy incline that led to the cannery. The crazy building was quivering with the machinery on its floors, and a glittering bank of tin-scraps twenty feet high showed where the waste was thrown after the cans had been punched. Only Chinamen were employed on the work, and they looked like blood-besmeared devils as they crossed the rifts of sunlight that lay upon the floor. All hands were waiting for more fish. When our consignment arrived the rough wooden boxes broke of themselves as they were dumped down under a jet of water and the fish burst out in a stream of quicksilver. A Chinaman jerked up a twenty-pounder, beheaded and detailed it with two swift strokes of a knife, flicked out its internal arrangements with a third and cast it into a blood-dyed tank. The headless fish leaped from under his hands as though they were facing a rapid. Other Chinamen pulled them from the vat and thrust them under a thing like a chaff cutter, which descending hewed them into unseemly red gobbets fit for the can. More Chinamen with yellow crooked fingers jammed the stuff into the cans which slid down some marvellous machine forthwith, soldering their own tops as they passed. Each can was hastily tested for flaws and then sunk with a hundred companions into a vat of boiling water, there to be half cooked for a few minutes. The cans bulged slightly after the operation, and were therefore slidden along by the trollyful to men with needles and soldering irons who vented them and soldered the aperture. Except for the label, the "finest Columbia salmon" was ready for the market. I was impressed not so much with the speed of the manufacture as the character of the factory. Inside on a floor ninety by forty the most civilised and murderous of machinery. Outside three footsteps the thick growing pines and the immense solitude of the hills. Our steamer only stayed twenty minutes at that place, but I counted two hundred and forty finished cans made from the catch of the previous night ere I left the slippery, blood-stained, scale-spangled, oily floors and the offal smeared Chinamen.

We reached Portland. California and I crying salmon, and the real estate man to whom we had been entrusted by the insurance man met us in the street saying that fifteen miles away across country we should come upon a place called Clackamas where we might perchance find what we desired. And California, his coat tails flying in the wind, ran to a livery stable and chartered a wagon and team forthwith. I could push the wagon about with one hand, so light was its structure. The team was purely American—that is to say, almost human in its intelligence and docility. Some one said that the roads were not good on the way to Clackamas and warned us against smashing the springs. "Portland," who had watched the preparations, finally reckoned "he'd come along too," and under heavenly skies we three companions of a day set forth, California carefully lashing our rods into the carriage, and the bystanders overwhelming us with directions as to the saw mills we were to pass, the ferries we were to cross and the sign-posts we were to seek signs from. Half a mile from this city of fifty thousand souls we struck (and this must be taken literally) a flank road that would have been a disgrace to an Irish village.

Then six miles of macadamized road showed us that the team could move. A railway ran between us and the banks of the Willamette, and another above us through the mountains. All the land was dotted with small townships and the roads were full of farmers in their town wagons, bunches of tow-haired-boggle-eyed urchins sitting in the hay behind. The men generally looked like loafers, but their women were all well dressed. Brown hussar-braiding on a tailor-made jacket does not consort with hay wagons. Then we struck into the woods along what California called a "*camina reale*"—a good road—and Portland a "fair track." It wound in and out among fire blackened stumps, under pine trees, along the corners of log fences, through hollows which must be hopeless marsh in the winter, and up absurd gradients. But nowhere throughout its length did I see any evidence of road-making. There was the track—you couldn't well get off it, and it was all you could do to stay on it. The dust lay a foot thick in the blind ruts, and under the dust we found bits of planking and bundles of brushwood that sent the wagon bounding into the air. The journey in itself was a delight. Sometimes we crashed through bracken; anon where the blackberries grew rankest we found a lonely little cemetery, the wooden rails all awry and the pitiful stumpy headstones nodding drunkenly at the soft green mulleens. Then with oaths and the sound of rent underwood a yoke of mighty bulls would swing down a "skid" road, hauling a forty-foot log along a rudely-made slide. A valley full of wheat and cherry trees succeeded, and halting at a house we bought ten pound weight of luscious black cherries for something less than a rupee and got a drink of icy cold water for nothing, while the untended team browsed sagaciously by the roadside. Once we found a way-side camp of horse dealers lounging by a pool ready for a sale or a swap, and once two sun-tanned youngsters shot down a hill on Indian ponies, their full creels banging from the high-pummelled saddle. They had been fishing and were our brethren therefore. We shouted aloud in chorus to scare a wild cat; we squabbled over the reasons that had led a snake to cross a road; we heaved bits of bark at a venturesome Chipmunk, who was really the little grey squirrel of India and had come to call on me; we lost our way and got the wagon so beautifully fixed on a khud-bound road that we had to tie the two hind wheels to get it down. Above all California told tales of Nevada and Arizona, of lovely nights spent out prospecting, the slaughter of deer and the chase of men, of woman, lovely woman, who is a firebrand in a Western city and leads to the popping of pistols, and of the sudden changes and chances of fortune that delights in making the miner or the lumberman a quadruplicate millionaire, and in "busting" the railroad king. That was a day to be remembered, and it had only begun when we drew rein at a tiny farm-house on the banks of the Clackamas and sought horse-feed and lodging ere we hastened to the river that broke over a weir not a quarter of a mile away. Imagine a stream seventy yards broad divided by a pebbly island, running over seductive "riffles" and swirling into deep quiet pools where the salmon goes to smoke his pipe after meals. Let such a stream, amid fields of breast high crops surrounded by hills of pines, throw in where you please quiet water, meadows sacred to deep-uddered kine, and a hundred foot bluff just to keep the scenery from growing too monotonous, and you will get some faint notion of the Clackamas. The weir had been erected to pen the Chenook salmon from going further up stream. We could see them, twenty and thirty pounds, by the score in the deep pools, or flying madly against the weir and foolishly skinning their noses. They were not our prey, for they would not rise at a fly and we knew it. All the same when one made his leap against the weir and landed on the foot plank with a jar that shook the board I was standing on I would fain have claimed him for my own capture.

Portland had no rod. He held the gaff and the whisky. California sniffed up stream and down stream across the racing water, chose his ground and let the gaudy fly drop in the tail of a riffle. I was getting my rod together when I heard the joyous shriek of the reel and the yells of California, and three feet of living silver leaped into the air far across the water. The forces were engaged. The salmon tore up stream the tense line cutting the water like a tide rip behind him, and the light bamboo bowed to breaking. What happened thereafter I cannot tell. California swore and prayed, and Portland shouted advice, and I did all three for what appeared to be half a day but was in reality a little over a quarter of an hour, and sullenly our fish came home with spurts of temper, dashes head on and sarabands in the air: but home to the bank came he and the remorseless reel gathered up the thread of his life inch by inch. We landed him in a little bay and the spring-weight in his gorgeous gills checked at eleven and a half pounds. Eleven and one half pounds of fighting salmon! We danced a war dance on the pebbles, and California caught me round the waist in a hug that went near to breaking my ribs while he shouted:—"Partner! Partner! This is glory! Now you catch your fish! Twenty-four years I've waited for this!"

I went in to that icy cold river and made my cast just above the weir, and all but foul hooked a blue and black water snake with a coral mouth who coiled herself on a stone and hissed maledictions. The next cast—ah the pride of it, the regal splendour of it! the thrill that ran down from fingertip to toe. When the water boiled. He broke for the fly and got it! There remained enough sense in me to give Him all he wanted when he jumped not once but twenty times before the upstream flight that ran my line out to the last half-dozen turns, and I saw the reel-bar glittering under the thinning green coils. My thumb was burned deep when I strove to stopper the line: but I did not feel it till later. My soul was out in the dancing water praying for Him to turn ere he took my tackle away. And the prayer was heard. As I bowed back, the butt of the rod on my left hip-bone and the top-joint dipping like unto a weeping willow, He turned and I accepted each inch of slack that I could by any means get in as a favour from on High. There be several sorts of success in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope. Like California's fish he ran at me head on and leaped against the line, but the Lord gave me two hundred and fifty pairs of fingers in that hour. The banks and the pine trees danced dizzily round me, but I only reeled—reeled as for life—reeled for hours, and at the end of the reeling continued to give him the butt while he sulked in a pool. California was further up the reach, and with the corner of my eye I could see him casting with long casts and much skill. Then he struck and my fish broke for the weir in the same instant, and down the reach we came, California and I, reel answering reel even as the morning stars sung together.

The first wild enthusiasm of capture had died away. We were both at work now in deadly earnest to prevent the lines fouling, to stall off a downstream rush for snaggy water just above the weir, and at the same time to get the fish into the shallow bay downstream that gave the best practicable landing. Portland bade us both be of good heart, and volunteered to take the rod from my hands. I would rather have died among the pebbles than surrender my right to play and land a salmon, weight unknown, with an eight ounce rod. I heard California, at my ear it seemed, gasping:—"He's a fighter from Fightersville sure,"

as his fish made a fresh break across the stream. I saw Portland fall off a log fence, break the overhanging bank and clatter down to the pebbles, all saud and landing net, and I dropped on a log to rest for a moment. As I drew breath the weary hands slackened their hold, and I forgot to give Him the butt. A wild scutter in the water, a plunge and a break for the head waters of the Clackamas was my reward, and the weary toil of reeling in with one eye under the water and the other on the top joint of the rod was renewed. Worst of all I was blocking California's path to the little landing bay aforesaid, and he had to halt and tire his prize where he was. "The father of all the salmon," he shouted. "For the love of Heaven get your *trout* to bank, Johnny Bull." But I could do no more. Even the insult failed to move me. The rest of the game was with the salmon. He suffered himself to be drawn, skipping with pretended delight at getting to the haven where I would fain bring him. Yet no sooner did he feel shoal water under his ponderous belly than he backed like a torpedo boat and the snarl of the reel told me that my labour was in vain. A dozen times at least this happened ere the line hinted he had given up that battle and would be towed in. He was towed. The landing net was useless for one of his size, and I would not have him gaffed. I stepped into the shallows and heaved him out with a respectful hand under the gull, for which kindness he battered me about the legs with his tail, and I felt the strength of him and was proud. California had taken my place in the shallows, his fish hard held. I was up the bank lying full length on the sweet-scented grass, and gasping in company with my first salmon caught, played and landed on an eight-ounce rod. My hands were cut and bleeding. I was dripping with sweat, spangled-like harlequin with scales, water from my waist down, nose-peeled by the sun, but utterly, supremely and consummately happy. He the beauty, the darling, the daisy, my Salmon Bahadur weighed twelve pounds and I had been seven and thirty minutes bringing him to bank. He had been lightly hooked on the angle of the right jaw and the hook had not wearied him. That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads—greater than them all. Below the bank we heard California scuffling with his salmon, and swearing Spanish oaths. Portland and I assisted at the capture and the fish dragged the spring balance out by the roots. It was only constructed to weigh up to fifteen pounds. We stretched the three fish on the grass—the eleven and a half, the twelve and fifteen-pounder—and we gave an oath that all who came after should merely be weighed and put back again.

How shall I tell the glories of that day so that you may be interested? Again and again did California and I go down that reach to the little bay each with a salmon in tow, and land him in the shallows. Then Portland look my rod and caught some ten-pounders and my fly was carried away by an unknown leviathan. Each fish, for the merits of the three that had died, was hastily hooked on the balance and flung back, Portland recording the weight in a pocket-book. Each fish fought for all he was worth, and none more savagely than the smallest—a game little six-pounder. At the end of six hours we added up the list. Read it. Total: 16 fish, aggregate weight 141lb. The score in detail runs something like this—it is only interesting to those concerned—15, 11½, 12, 10, 9¾, 8 and so forth: as I have said, nothing under six pounds and three ten-pounders.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXIX.—Discusses the shortcomings of Tacoma-on-the-Boom, and Seattle-after-the-Fire. Introduces a heretic.

Very solemnly and thankfully we put our rods away. It was glory enough for all time—an experience which rendered the possessor everlastingly the superior of the Norwegian, Scotch or Irish plutocrat who pays three hundred a year for a hook on captives not half the size of those we had taken. California and I returned weeping in each other's arms—weeping tears of pure joy to that simple bare-legged family in the packing-case house by the waterside. The old farmer recollected days and nights of fierce warfare with the Indians—"way back in the fifties" when every ripple of the Columbia and her tributaries hid covert danger. God had dowered him with a queer crooked gift of expression and a fierce anxiety for the welfare of his two little sons—tanned and silent children who attended school daily and spoke good English in a strange tongue. The wife was an austere woman who had once been kindly and perhaps handsome. Very many years of toil had taken the elasticity out of step and voice. She looked for nothing better than everlasting work—the chafing detail of house work, and then a grave somewhere up the hill among the blackberries and the pines. But in her grim way she sympathised with her daughter, a small, very silent maiden of eighteen, who had thoughts very far from the meals which she tended to and the pans she scoured. We stumbled into the household at a crisis, and there was a deal of downright humanity in that same. A bad wicked dressmaker had promised the maiden a dress in time for the morrow's railway journey, and though the barefooted Georgy who stood in very wholesome awe of his sister had scoured the woods on a pony in search that dress never arrived. So with sorrow in her heart and a hundred Sister Anne glances up the road she waited upon the strangers, and I doubt not cursed them for the wants that stood between her and her need for tears. It was a genuine little tragedy. The mother in a heavy passionless voice rebuked her for her impatience, yet sat up far into the night bowed over a heap of sewing for her daughter's benefit. These things I beheld in the long marigold-scented twilight and whispering night, loafing

* Bagh Bazaar, Chandernagore and Halishahar are principal centres of opium-smoking.

round the little house with California, who unfolded himself like a lotus, or in the little boarded bunk that was my bed-room, swapping tales with Portland and the old man. Most of the yarns began this way:—"Red Larry was a bull-puncher back of Lone County Montana," or "There was a man riding the trail met a jack-rabbit sitting in a cactus," or "'Bout the time of the San Diego land boom, a man with a gun, &c." You can try to piece out for yourselves what sort of stories they were.

And next day California tucked me under his wing and told me we were going to see a city smitten by a boom and catch trout, so we took a train and killed a cow—she wouldn't get out of the way and the locomotive "chanced" her and slew—and crossing into Washington territory won the town of Tacoma, which stands at the head of Puget Sound upon the road to Alaska, and Vancouver. California was right. Tacoma was literally staggering under a boom of the boomest. I do not quite remember what her natural resources were supposed to be, though every second man shrieked a selection in my ear. They included coal and iron, carrots, potatoes, lumber, shipping and a crop of thin newspapers all busily engaged in shouting down the line to Portland that her days were numbered. "I have known four-and-twenty leaders of revolts in Faenza." Whenever I hear of a coming town or a town that is going to be the centre of thirty railway systems, forty saw mills and two hundred liquor saloons, I run away. Tacoma possesses about thirty thousand people, stands on a wooded bluff overlooking a landlocked and shallow bay, half of which is going to be filled up some day. California and I struck the place at twilight. The rude boarded pavements of the main streets rumbled under the heels of hundreds of furious men all actively engaged in hunting drinks and eligible corner lots. They sought the drinks first. The street itself alternated five-story business blocks of the later and more abominable forms of architecture with board shanties; overhead the drunken telegraph, telephone and electric light tangled on the tottering posts whose butts were half-whittled through by the knife of the loafer. Down the muddy, grimy, unmetalled thoroughfare ran a horse-car line—the metals three inches above road-level. Beyond this street rose many hills, and the town was thrown like a broken set of dominoes over all. A steam-tramway—it got off the line the only time I used it—was nosing about the hills, but the most prominent features of the landscape were the foundations in brick and stone of a gigantic opera house and the blackened stumps of the pines. California sized up the town with one comprehensive glance from the lumber mills across the bay to the forest close at hand. "Big boom," said he; and a few instants later: "About time to step off I think," meaning thereby that the boom had risen to its limit, and it would be expedient not to meddle with it. We passed down ungraded streets that ended abruptly in a fifteen-foot drop and a nest of brambles, along pavements that beginning in pine plank ended in the living tree; by hotels with Turkish mosque trinketry on their shameless tops and the pine stumps at their very doors; by a female seminary, tale, gaunt and red, which a native of the town bade us marvel at and we marvelled; by houses built in imitation of the ones on Nob Hill, San Francisco—after the Dutch fashion; by other houses plenteously befouled with jig-saw work and others flaring with the castlemented, battlemented, Bluebeard bosh of the wooden Gothic school.

"You can tell just about when those fellers had their houses built," quoth California. "That one yonder wanted to be an Italian and his architect built him what he wanted. The new houses with the low straddle roofs and windows pitched in sideways and red brick walls are Dutch. That's the latest idea. I can read the history of the town." I had no occasion to so read. The natives were only too glad, too proud to tell me. The hotel walls bore a flaming panorama of Tacoma in which by the eye of faith I saw a faint resemblance to the real town. The hotel stationery advertised that Tacoma bore on its face all the advantages of the highest civilisation, and the newspapers sang the same tune in a louder key. The real estate agents were selling house lots on unmade streets miles away for thousands of dollars. On the streets—the rude, crude streets where the unshaded electric light was fighting with

the gentle northern twilight—men were babbling of money, town lots and again money—how Alf or Ed had done such and such a thing, what had brought him so much money—and round the corner in a creaking boarded hall the red-jerseyed Salvationists were calling upon mankind to renounce all and follow their noisy God. The men dropped in by twos and threes, listened silently for a while and as silently went their way: the cymbals clashing after them in vain. I think it was the raw new smell of fresh sawdust everywhere pervading the air that threw upon me a desolating home sickness. It brought back in a moment all remembrances of that terrible first night at school when the establishment has been newly whitewashed and a soft smell of escaping gas mingles with the odour of trunks and wet overcoats. I was that little boy, and the school was very new. A vagabond among collarless vagabonds I loafed up the street looking into the fronts of little shops where they sold slop shirts at fancy prices—which shops I saw later described in the papers as "great." California had gone off to investigate on his own account and presently returned laughing noiselessly. "They are all mad here" he said. "All mad. A man nearly pulled a gun on me because I didn't agree with him that Tacoma was going to whip San Francisco on the strength of phenomenal crops of carrots and potatoes." I pressed him to tell me what the town produced, and I couldn't get anything out of him except those two darned vegetables. "Say, what do you think.

I responded firmly: "I'm going into British territory for a while—to draw breath."

"I'm going up the Sound for a while too" said he, "but I'm coming back—coming back to our salmon on the Clackamas. A Stringhalt galoot has been pressing me to buy real estate here. Young feller, don't you buy real estate here."

And I answered, as I watched the hubbub, that I would not. The largest lumber mill in the world, "the finest house property on earth," "the most perfect climate ever created," and all the other strident swaggering beauties of the place were nothing to me, and less did I care for the future of Tacoma and the downfall of San Francisco. I wanted rest and places where men did not spit at my legs—rest from the electric lights, the feet that ran up and down the hotel stairs at all hours of the night, and the hubbub of the bars. The twilight did not die before ten minutes to ten, and when I woke at a quarter to three the dawn had come. What hope can there be for men whose days are twenty hours long?

California disappeared with a kindly wave of his overcoat into worlds other than mine, and I took a steamer up Puget Sound for Vancouver, which is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. That was a queer voyage. The water, landlocked among a thousand islands, lay still as oil under our bows and the wake of the screw broke up the unquivering reflections of pines and cliffs a mile away. 'Twas as though we were trampling on glass. No one, not even the Government, knows the number of islands in the Sound. Even now you can almost get one for the asking; can build a house, raise sheep, catch salmon and become a king on a small scale—your subjects the Indians of the reservation, who glide among the islets in their canoes and scratch their hides monkeywise by the beach. A Sound Indian is unlovely and only by accident picturesque. His wife drives the canoe, but he himself is so thorough a mariner that he can spring up in his cockle-craft and whack his wife over the head with a paddle without tipping the whole affair into the water. This I have seen him do unprovoked. I fancy it must have been to show off before the whites.

Have I told you anything about Seattle—the town that was burned out a few weeks ago when the insurance men at San Francisco took their losses with a grin? In the ghostly twilight, just as the timber fires were beginning to glare from the unthrifty islands, we struck it—struck it heavily, for the wharves had all been burned down and we tied up where we could, crashing into the rotten foundations of a boat-house as a pig roots in high grass. The town, like Tacoma, was built upon a hill. In the heart of the business quarters there was a horrible black smudge, as if a hand had come down and rubbed the place smooth. I know now what being wiped out means. The smudge seemed to be about a mile long, and its blackness was relieved by tents in which men were doing business with the wreck of the stock they had saved. There were shouts and counter-shouts from the steamer to the temporary wharf: laden with shingles for roofing, chairs, trunks, provision boxes and all the lath and string arrangements out of which a western town is made. This is the way the shouts ran:—

"O George, what's the best with you?"

"Nawthin'. Got the old safe out. She's burned to a crisp. Books all gone."

"Save anythin'?"

"Bar'l o' crackers and my wife's bonnet. Got to start store on them though."

"Bully for you. Where's that emporium? I'll drop in."

"Corner what used to be fourth and main—little brown tent close to the militia picquet. Sa-ay. We're under martial law an' all the saloons are shut down."

"Best for you, George. Some men gets crazy with a fire, an' liquor makes 'em crazier."

"——— 'Spect any creator condemned son of a female dog who has lost all his fixin's in a conflagration, is going to put ice on his head an' run for Congress, do you? How'd you like us act?"

The Job's comforter on the steamer retired into himself.

"O George, dived into the bar for a drink."

The Americans are a prompt people. Immediately after any catastrophe the militia are called out and the place put under martial law, the sale of liquor is stopped, and evil it is for any man who plunders, or for matter of that bears the appearance of one who would under certain circumstances plunder. He may be shot on the spot, or hanged, or merely driven from the town. You have read of course the reports of the Johnstown disaster, but I fancy your versions are silent as to the quantity of shooting and lynching that went on there. The subjects were aliens—Hungarians and Continental scallawags who rifled the dead, but there was no manner of hesitation about the shooting. Seattle was treated in the same way, though there was nothing approaching the same sort of disorder. The militia shut down the saloons, and in one case confiscated the liquor. There was a dark rumour that the stock was returned minus a cask of whisky and some champagne, but as the aggrieved owner said: "It was a darned sight better the boys getting outside it than a crowd of crazy toughs who would be raising h—l off'n it."

And thus much for the manners and customs of the Americans.

P.S.—Among many curiosities I have unearthed one. It was a face on the steamer—a face above a pointed straw-coloured beard, a face with thin lips, eloquent eyes, and an outpouring of speech. We conversed, and presently I got at the ideas of the face. It was, though it lived for nine months of the year in the wilds of Alaska and British Columbia, an authority on the canon law of the Church of England—a zealous and bitter upholder of the supremacy of the aforesaid Church. Into my amazed ears as the steamer plodded through the reflections of the stars, it poured the battle-cry of the Church Militant here on earth and put forward as a foul injustice that in the prisons of British Columbia the Protestant Chaplain did not always belong to the Church. He had no official connection with the august body, and by force of his life very seldom attended service. "But," said he proudly, "I should think it direct disobedience to the orders of my Church if I attended any other places of worship than those prescribed. I was once three months in a place where there was only a Wesleyan Methodist chapel and I never set foot in it once, Sir. Never once. 'Twould have been heresy. Rank heresy."

And as I leaned over the bars methought that all the little stars in the water were shaking with austere merriment! But it may have been only the ripple of the steamer after all.

XXX.—Takes me from Vancouver to the Yellowstone National Park with a mean opinion of myself and a meaner of Rayment's tourists.

> But who shall chronicle the ways
> Of common folk, the nights and days
> Spent with rough goatherds on the snows
> And travellers come whence no man knows.

This day I know how a deserter feels. Here in Victoria, a hundred and forty miles out of America, the rail brings me news from our Home—the land of regrets. I was enjoying myself by the side of a perfect trout-stream away in the woods, and I feel inclined to apologise for every rejoicing breath I drew in the diamond clear air. The sickness they said is heavy with you; from Rewari to the South good men are dying. Two names come in by the mail—two strong men dead—men that I dined and jested with only a little time ago, and it seems unfair and wrong that I should be here, cut off from the chain gang and the shot drill of our weary life. After all, there was no life like it that we lead over yonder. Americans are Americans and there are millions of them; English are English; but we of India are us all the world over, knowing the mysteries of each other's lives and sorrowing for the death of a brother. How can I sit down and write to you of the mere joy of being alive. The news has killed the pleasure of the day for me, and I am ashamed of myself. There are seventy speckled beauties of hook trout lying in a creel, fresh drawn from Harrison Hot Springs, the result of two hours' strenuous wading, and they do not in the least console me. Rather they are like the stolen apples that clinch the tact of a bad boy's playing truant. I would sell them all and my heritage in the woods and air and the delight of meeting new and strange people, just to be back again in the old galling harness, the heat and the dust, the gathering in the evenings by the flooded tennis-courts, the ghastly dull dinners at the Club when the very last woman has been packed off to the hills and the four or five men ask the doctor the symptoms of incubating small-pox. I should be troubled in body, but at peace in the soul. O excellent and toil-worn public of mine, men of the brotherhood, griffins now joined from the February troopers, and gentlemen waiting for your off-reckonings, take care of yourselves and keep well. It hurts so when any die. There are so few of us and we know each other too intimately.

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Vancouver three years ago was swept off by fire in sixteen minutes and only one house was left standing. To-day it has a population of fourteen thousand people, and builds its houses out of brick with dressed granite fronts. None the less a great sleepiness lies on Vancouver as compared with an American town: men don't fly up and down the streets telling lies, and the spittoons in the delightfully comfortable hotel are unused; also the baths are free and their doors are unlocked. You do not have to dig up the hotel clerk when you want to bathe; which shows the inferiority of Vancouver. An American bade me notice the absence of bustle and was alarmed when in a loud and audible voice I thanked God for it. "Give me granite—hewn granite and peace," quoth I, "and keep your deal boards and bustle for yourselves."

The Canadian Pacific terminus is not a very gorgeous place as yet, but you can be shot directly from the window of the train into the liner that will take you in fourteen days from Vancouver to Yokohama. The *Parthia*, of some five thousand tons, was at her berth when I came; and the sight of the ex-Cunard, on what seemed to be a little lake, was curious. Except for certain currents which are not much mentioned, but which make the entrance rather unpleasant for sailing boats, Vancouver possesses an almost perfect harbour. There are no tides that can be reduced to a tide-table. A man came here once and stayed for six months in order to make out the tides. He then left raving mad, his tables unfinished. All the Sound and all the shores of British Columbia are a mass of queer tide effects when the sea pours through the thousand channels forming tide rips a foot high on the glassy water and whirlpools which spin small craft round like tops. A venerable steamer, the first and certainly the smallest that ever turned screw in the Pacific or doubled Cape Horn, lies a mouldy green wreck at the entrance to the Narrows which lead into the harbour. She was caught in the sheer of the tide at the precise moment when her engines happened to be out of order and tossed on a rock. The town is built all round and about the harbour, and young as it is its streets are better than those of Western America. Moreover, the old flag waves over some of the buildings, and this is cheering to the soul. Also the place is full of Englishmen who speak the English tongue correctly and with clearness, avoiding more blasphemy than is necessary and taking a respectable

length of time in getting through their drinks. These advantages and others that I had heard about, such as the construction of elaborate workshops and the like by the Canadian Pacific in the near future, moved me to invest in real estate. That's American for buying a piece of land. He that sold it me was a delightful English boy who, having tried for the Army and failed, had somehow meandered into a real estate office where he was doing well. I couldn't have bought it from an American. He would have overstated the case and proved me the possessor of the original Eden. All the boy said was :—I give you my word it isn't on a cliff or under water, and before long the town ought to move out that way. I'd advise you to take it." And I took it, as easily as a man buys a piece of chewing tobacco. *Me voici*, owner of about four hundred well-developed pines, a few hundred tons of granite scattered in blocks at the roots of the pines, and a sprinkling of earth. That's a town plot in Vancouver. You or your agent hold to it till property rises, then sell out and buy more land further out of town and repeat the process. I do not quite see how this sort of thing helps the growth of a town, but the English boy says that it is the "essence of speculation," so it must be all right. But I wish there were fewer pines and rather less granite on my ground. Moved by curiosity and the lust of trout, I went seventy miles up the Canadian Pacific in one of the cross-continent living cars which are cleaner and less stuffy than the Pullman. A man who goes all the way across Canada is liable to be disappointed—not in the scenery, but in the progress of the country. So a batch of wandering politicians from England told me. They even went so far as to say that Eastern Canada was a failure and unprofitable. The place didn't move they complained, and whole counties—they said provinces—lay under the rule of the Roman Catholic Priests, who took care that the people should not be overcumbered with the good things of this world to the detriment of their souls. All my interest was for the line—the real and accomplished railway which is to throw actual fighting troops into the East when our hold of the Suez Canal is temporarily loosened.

All that Vancouver wants is a fat earthwork fort upon a hill—there are plenty of hills to choose from. A selection of big guns, a couple of regiments of infantry, and later on a big arsenal. The raw self-consciousness of America would be sure to make her think these arrangements intended for her benefit, but she could be enlightened. It is not seemly to leave unprotected the head-end of a big railway, for though Victoria and Esquimalt, our naval stations on Vancouver Island, are very near, so also is a place called Vladivostock, and though Vancouver narrows are strait they allow room enough for a man-of-war. The people—I did not speak to more than two hundred of them—do not know about Russia or military arrangements. They are trying to open trade with Japan in lumber and are raising fruit, wheat and sometimes minerals. All of them agree that we do not yet know the resources of British Columbia and all joyfully bade me note the climate, which was distinctly warm. "We never have killing cold here. It's the most perfect climate in the world." Then there are three perfect climates, for I have tasted 'em—California, Washington Territory and British Columbia. I cannot say which is the loveliest. Here in British Columbia it seems to me that the retired Anglo-Indian might establish himself in great comfort. He can rent him a pretty cottage for fifteen dollars a month, or with his savings buy one for three or four hundred pounds. The cost of living is cheap, and there are good schools for the babies and more than good amusements for the father. All the world is his to fish or hunt deer in, and he can buy a boat and drift about the glossy Sound exploring a thousand islands, prospecting for gold if he likes or pretending to raise sheep at "perfectly ridiculous cost." This information was given to me by a retired officer of a Highland regiment who had a little yacht and contrived to extract a great deal of amusement out of the evening of his day. For the memsahib who follows her husband there is very pleasant English society, and it will presently grow; and young people seem to get through quite as much flirtation as is consistent with attention to business. This latter the English Boy told me, and I fancy he's an authority.

When I left by steamer and struck across the Sound to our naval station at Victoria, Vancouver Island, I found in that quite English town of beautiful streets quite a colony of old men doing nothing but talking, fishing and loafing at the Club. That means that the retired go to Victoria. On a thousand a year pension a man would be a millionaire in these parts, and for four hundred he could live well. It was at Victoria they told me the tale of the fire in Vancouver. How the inhabitants of New Westminster, twelve miles from Vancouver, saw a glare in the sky at six in the evening, but thought it was a lumber fire, how later bits of burned paper blew about their streets and they guessed that evil had happened; how an hour later a man rode in to the city crying that there was no Vancouver left. All has been wiped out by the flames in sixteen minutes. How two hours later, the Mayor of New Westminster having voted nine thousand dollars from the Municipal funds, relief wagons with food and blankets were pouring into where Vancouver stood. How fourteen people were supposed to have died in the fire, but how even now when they laid new foundations the workmen unearth charred skeletons, many more than fourteen. "That night," said the teller, "all Vancouver was houseless. The wooden town had gone in a breath. Next day they began to build in brick, and you have seen what they have achieved."

The sight afar off of three British men-of-war and a torpedo boat consoled me as I returned from Victoria to Tacoma and discovered *en route* that I was surfeited with scenery. There is a great deal in the remark of a discontented traveller: "When you have seen a fine forest, a bluff, a river and a lake you have seen all the scenery of Western America." Sometimes the pine is three hundred feet high and sometimes the rock is and sometimes the lake is a hundred miles long. But it's all the same don't you know. I'm getting sick of it. I dare not say getting sick. I'm only tired. If Providence could distribute all this beauty in little bits where people most wanted it—among you in India—it would be well. But it is *en masse*, overwhelming, with nobody but the tobacco-chewing captain of a river steamboat to look at it. Men said if I went to Alaska I should see islands even more wooded, snow-peaks loftier and rivers more lovely than those around me. That decided me not to go to Alaska. I went East—east to Montana after another horrible night in Tocoma, among the men who spat. Why does the Westerner spit? It can't amuse him and it doesn't interest his neighbour. How is it that in the East things are not so foul?

But I am beginning to mistrust. Everything good as well as everything bad is supposed to come from the East. Is there a shooting scrape between prominent citizens? Oh you'll find nothing of that kind in the East. Is there a more than usually revolting lynching? They don't do that in the East. I shall find out when I get there whether this unnatural perfection be real.

Eastward then to Montana I took my way for the Yellowstone National Park, called in the guide-books "Wonderland." But the real Wonderland began in the train. We were a merry crew. One gentleman announced his intention of paying no fare and grappled the conductor who neatly cross-buttocked him through a double window of plate glass. His head was cut open in four or five places. A doctor on the train hastily stitched up the biggest gash and he was dropped at a wayside station, spurting blood at every hair—a scarlet-headed and ghastly sight. The conductor guessed that he would die and volunteered the information that there would be no profit in monkeying with the North Pacific Railway.

Night was falling as we cleared the forests and sailed out upon a wilderness of sage brush. The desolation of Montgomery, the wilderness of Sind, the hummock-studded desert of Bikaneer is joyous and homelike compared to the impoverished misery of the sage. It is blue, it is stunted, it is dusty. It wraps the rolling hills as a mildewed shroud wraps the body of a long dead man. It makes you weep for sheer loneliness and there is no getting away from it. When Childe Rolande came to the dark Tower he traversed the sage brush or he could never have been so magnificently gloomy.

Yet there is one thing worse than sage unadulterated and that is a prairie city. We stopped at Pasco junction and a man told me that it was the Queen City of the Prarie. I wish Americans didn't tell such useless lies. I counted fourteen or fifteen frame houses, a portion of a road that showed like a bruise on the untouched surface of the earth that was sage—blue sage running away and away up to the setting sun. The sailor ships with a half-inch plank between himself and death. He is nobody compared to the handful of people who curl themselves up o'nights with nothing but a frail scantling almost as thin as a blanket, to shut out the unmeasurable loneliness of the sage.

When the train stopped on the road, as it did once or twice, the solid silence of the sage got up and shouted at us. It was like a nightmare and one not in the least improved by having to sleep in an Emigrant car, the regularly-ordained sleepers being full. There was a row in the car towards morning, a man having managed to get querously drunk in the night; then up and rose a Cornishman with a red head full of strategy and strapped the obstreperous, smiling largely as he did so, and a delicate little woman in a far bunk watched the fray and called the drunken man a "damned hog," which he certainly was though she needn't have put it quite so coarsely. Emigrant cars are clean but the accommodation is as hard as a plank bed.

Later we laid our bones down to crossing the Rockies. An American train can climb up the side of a house if need be, but it is not pleasant to sit in it. We clomb till we struck violent cold, and an Indian reservation and the noble savage came to look at us. He was a Flathead and unlovely. Most Americans are charmingly frank about the Indian. "Let us get rid of him as soon as possible," they say. "We have no use for him." Some of the men I meet have a notion that we in India are exterminating the native in the same fashion, and I have been asked to fix a date for the final extinction of the Aryan. I answer that it will be a long business. Also very many Americans have an offensive habit of referring to natives as "heathen." Mahomedans and Hindus are heathen alike in their eyes, and they vary the epithet with "pagan" and "idolator." But this is beside the matter which is the Stampede Tunnel—the actual point of crossing the Rockies. Thank Heaven I need never take that tunnel again. It is about two miles long, and in effect is nothing more than the gallery of a mine stored with timber and lighted with electric lamps. Black Darkness would be preferable, for the lamps just reveal the rough cutting of the rocks, and that is very rough indeed. The train crawls through, brakes down, and you can hear the water and little bits of stone falling on the roof of the car. Then you pray, pray fervently, and the air gets stiffer and stiffer, and you dare not take your unwilling eyes off the timber storing lest a prop should fall for lack of your moral support. Before the tunnel was built you crossed in the open air by a Switchback line. Like the Bhoreghat line only more so. A watchman goes through the tunnel after each train, but that is no protection. He just guesses that another train will pull through, and the engine-driver guesses the same thing. Some day between the two of them there will be cave in the tunnel. Then the enterprising reporter will talk about the shrieks and groans of the buried and the heroic efforts of the Press in securing first information, and—that will be all. Human life is of no account out here.

I was listening to yarns in the smoking-compartment of the Pullman all the way to Helena, and with very few exceptions each had for its point, violent, brutal and ruffianly murder—murder by fraud and the craft of the savage—murder unavenged by the law or at the most by an outbreak of fresh lawlessness. At the end of each tale I was assured that the old days had passed away, and that these were anecdotes of five years' standing. One man in particular distinguished himself by holding up to admiration the exploits of some cowboys of his acquaintance, and their skill in the use of the revolver. Each tale of horror wound up with "and that's the sort of man he was," as who should say:—"Go and do likewise." Remember that the shootings, the cuttings and the stabbings were not the outcome of any species of legitimate warfare; the heroes were not forced to fight for their lives. Far from it. The brawls were bred by liquor in which they assisted—in saloons and gambling hells they were wont to "pull their guns" on a man, and in the vast majority of cases without provocation. The tales sickened me, but taught one thing. A man who carries a pistol

may be put down as a coward—a person to be shut out from every decent mess and club, and gathering of civilised folk. There is neither chivalry nor romance in the weapon, for all that American authors have seen fit to write. I would I could make you understand the full measure of contempt with which certain aspects of Western life have inspired me. Let us try a comparison. Sometimes it happens that a young, a very young, man whose first dress-coat is yet glossy, gets slightly flushed at a dinner party among his seniors. After the ladies have gone he begins to talk. He talks, you will remember, as a "man of the world" and a person of varied experiences, an authority on all things human and divine. The grey heads of the elders bow assentingly to his wildest statements; some one tries to turn the conversation when what the youngster conceives to be wit has offended a sensibility; and another deftly slides the decanters beyond him as they circle round the table. You know the feeling of discomfort, pity mingled with aversion, over the boy who is making an exhibition of himself. The same emotion came back to me when an old man who ought to have known better appealed from time to time for admiration of his pitiful sentiments. It was right in his mind to insult, to maim and to kill; right to evade the law where it was strong and to trample over it where it was weak; right to swindle in politics, lie in affairs of State and commit perjury in matters of municipal administration. The car was full of little children, utterly regardless of their parents, fretful, peevish, spoilt beyond anything I have ever seen in Anglo-India. They in time would grow up into men such as sat in the smoker, and had no regard for the law; men who would conduct papers siding "with defiance of any and every law." But it's of no consequence as Mr. Toots says. Later on, when I have concluded a small investigation, I will return and preach a sermon on the text: "And each man did what was right in his own eyes and the people loved to have it so."

During the descent of the Rockies we journeyed for a season on a trestle only two hundred and eighty-six feet high. Mercifully it was made of iron, but up till two years ago a wooden structure bore up the train, and was used long after it had been condemned by the civil engineers. Some day the iron one will come down, just as Stampede Tunnel will, and the results will be even more skutling. Late in the night we ran over a skunk—ran over it in the dark. Everything that has been said about a skunk is true. The awful stench waked me through all the swaddlements of a Pullman bed; waked me to sorrow, anguish and presently despair. The smell clung to the train. I got off at Livingston but the smell continued to go on with the train. It was an Awesome Stink.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXXI.—Shows how Yankee Jim introduced me to Diana of the Crossways on the banks of the Yellowstone, and how a German Jew said I was no true citizen. Ends with the celebration of the 4th of July and a few lessons therefrom.

Livingstone is a town of two thousand people and the junction for the little side line that takes you to the Yellowstone National Park. It lies in a fold of the prairie, and behind it is the Yellowstone river and the gate of the mountains through which the river flows. There is one street in the town where the cowboy's pony and the little foal of the brood mare in the buggy do rest contentedly in the blinding sunshine while the cowboy gets himself shaved at the only other barber's shop and swaps lies at the bar. I exhausted the town, including the saloons, in ten minutes, and got away on the rolling grass downs whereon I threw myself to rest. Montana is a bad territory. She grows little green cacti, hidden in the grass, which hurt. Directly under the hill I was on swept a drove of horses in charge of two mounted men. That was a picture I shall not soon forget. A light haze of dust went up from the hoof-trodden green, scarcely veiling the unfettered devilries of three hundred horses who very much wanted to stop and graze. "Yow! Yow! Yow!" yapped the mounted men in chorus like coyotes. The column moved forward at a trot, divided as it met a hillock and scattered into fanshape all among the suburbs of Livingstone. I heard the "snick" of a stock whip, half a dozen "Yow, yow's" and the mob had come together again and, with neighing and whickering and squealing, and a great deal of kicking on the part of the youngsters, rolled like a wave of brown water towards the uplands.

I was within twenty feet of the leader, a grey stallion—lord of many brood mares all deeply concerned for the welfare of their fuzzy foals. A cream-coloured beast—I knew him at once for the bad character of the troop—broke back, taking with him some frivolous fillies. I heard the snick of the whips somewhere in the dust, and the fillies came back at a canter, very shocked and indignant. On the heels of the last rode both the stockmen—picturesque ruffians who wanted to know "what in hell" I was doing there, waved their hats and sped down the slope after their charges. When the noise of the troop had died there came a wonderful silence on all the prairie—that silence they say, which enters into the heart of the old-time hunter and trapper and marks him off from the rest of his race. The town disappeared in the dusk of the evening, and a very young moon showed herself over a bald-headed, snow-flecked peak that guards it. Then the Yellowstone hidden by the water willows lifted up its voice and sang a little song to the mountains, and an old horse that had crept up in the dust breathed inquiringly on the back of my neck. When I reached the hote I found all manner of preparations under weigh for the 4th of July, and a drunken man with a Winchester rifle over his shoulder patrolling the side walk. I do not think he wanted anyone. He carried the gun as other folk carry walking-sticks. None the less I avoided direct line of fire and listened to the blasphemies of miners and stockmen till far into the night. In every bar-room lay a copy of the local paper, and every copy impressed it upon the inhabitants of Livingstone that they were the best, finest, bravest, richest and most progressive town of the most progressive nation under Heaven, even as the Tacoma and Portland papers had belauded their readers. And yet all my purblind eyes could see was a grubby little hamlet full of men without clean collars and perfectly unable to get through one sentence unadorned by three oaths. They raise horses and minerals round and about Livingstone, but they behave as though they raised cherubim with diamonds in their wings. Merely as a matter of curiosity I should like to see an American stripped of all his blatherumskite and bunkum and reduced to ordinary levels. I do not think he would bulk larger than any other white man.

From Livingstone the National Park train follows the Yellowstone river through the gate of the mountains and over arid volcanic country. A stranger in the cars saw me look at the ideal trout-stream below the windows and murmured softly: "Lie off at Yankee Jim's if you want good fishing." They halted the train at the head of a narrow valley, and behold I leaped literally into the arms of Yankee Jim, sole owner of a log hut, an indefinite amount of hay-ground, and constructor of twenty-seven miles of wagon-road over which he held toll right. There was the hut—the river fifty yards away, and the polished line of metals that disappeared round a bluff. That was all. The railway added the finishing touch to the already complete loneliness of the place. Yankee Jim was a picturesque old man with a talent for yarns that Ananias might have envied. It seemed to me presumptuous in my ignorance that I might hold my own with the old-timer if I judiciously painted up a few lies picked up, in the course of my wanderings. In ten minutes I saw the error and was dumb. Yankee Jim saw every one of my tales and went fifty better on the spot. He dealt in bears and Indians—never less than twenty of each; had known the Yellowstone country for years and bore upon his body marks of Indian arrows; and his eyes had seen a squaw of the Crow Indians burned alive at the stake. He said she screamed considerable. In one point did he speak the truth—as regarded the merits of that particular reach of the Yellowstone. He said it was alive with trout. It was. I fished it from noon till twilight and the fish bit at the brown hook as though never a fat trout fly had fallen on the water. From pebbly reaches, quivering in the heat haze where the foot caught on stumps cut foursquare by the chisel tooth of the beaver, past the fringe of the water willows crowded with the breeding trout fly and alive with toads and water-snakes, over the drifted timber to the grateful shadow of big trees that shadowed the potholes where the fattest fish lay I worked for seven hours. The mountain flanks on either side of the valley gave back the heat as the desert gives it, and the dry sand by the railway track, where I found a rattlesnake, was hot-iron to the touch. But the trout did not care for the heat. They breasted the boiling river for my fly and they got it. I simply dare not give the bag. At the fortieth trout I gave up counting, and

I had reached the fortieth in less than two hours. They were small fish—not one over two pounds—but they fought like small tigers, and I lost three flies before I could understand their methods of escape. The click of the reel followed the swish of the rod, as the plunge of the horse follows the stroke of the lash. Ye gods! That was fishing, though it peeled the skin from my nose in strips.

At twilight Yankee Jim bore me off, protesting, to supper in the hut. The fish had prepared me for any surprise, wherefore when Yankee Jim introduced me to a young woman of five and twenty, with eyes like the deep-fringed eyes of the gazelle, and on the neck the small head buoyant, like a bell-flower in its bed, I said nothing. It was all in the day's events. She was California-raised the wife of a man who owned a stock farm "up the river a little ways," and, with her husband, tenant of Yankee Jim's shanty. I know she wore list slippers and did not wear stays: but I know also that she was beautiful by any standard of beauty, and that the trout she cooked were fit for a king's supper. And after supper strange men loafed up in the dim delicious twilight with the little news of the day—how a heifer had "gone strayed" from Nicholson's, how the widow at Grant's Fork wouldn't part with a little hay-land nohow though "she an' her big brothers can't manage more than ha-af their land now. She's so darned proud." Diana of the Crossways entertained them in queenly wise, and her husband and Yankee Jim bade them sit right down and make themselves at home. Then did Yankee Jim uncurl his choicest lies of Indian warfare aforetime; then did the whisky flask circle round the little crowd; then did Diana's husband 'low that he was quite handy with the lariat, but had seen men rope a steer by any foot or horn indicated; then did Diana in womanly wise unburden herself about her neighbours. The nearest house was three miles away, "but there the women aren't nice, neighbourly folk. They talk so. They haven't got anything else to do seemingly. If a woman goes to a dance and has a good time they talk, and if she wears a silk dress they want to know how jest ranchin' folks—folks on a ranche—come by such things, and they make mischief down along all the lands here from Gardiner city way back up to Livingstone. They're mostly Montana-raised and they haven't been nowheres. Ah, how they talk.' "Were things like this," demanded Diana, "in the big world outside whence I had come?" "Yes," I said, "things were very much the same all over the world," and I thought of a far away station in India where new dresses and the having of good times at dances raised cackle more grammatical perhaps, but no less venomous than the gossip of the lower Montana-raised folk on the ranches of the Yellowstone.

Next morn I fished again and listened to Diana telling the story of her life. I forget what she told me, but I am distinctly aware that she had royal eyes and a mouth that the daughter of a hundred earls might have envied—so small and so delicately cut it was. "An' you come back right along an' see us again" said the simple-minded folk. "Come back an' we'll show you how to catch six-pound trout at the head of the canon." I would that I could.

To-day I am in the Yellowstone Park, and I wish I were dead. The train halted at Cinnabar station and we were decanted, a howling crowd of us, into stages, variously horsed, for the eight-mile drive to the first spectacle of the park—a place called the Mammoth Hot Springs. "What means this eager, anxious throng?" I asked the driver. "You've struck one of Rayment's excursion parties—that's all—a crowd of creator condemned fools mostly. Aren't you one of 'em?" "No" I said. "May I sit up here with you, great chief and man with a golden tongue?" I do not know Mister Rayment. I belong to T. Cook and Son. The other person, from the quality of the material he handles, must be the son of a sea cook. He collects masses of Down-Easters from the New England States and elsewhere and hurls them across the Continental and into the Yellowstone Park on tour. A brake-load of Cook's Continental tourists trapezing through Paris on an exhibition trip (I've seen 'em) are angels of light compared to the Rayment trippers. It is not the ghastly vulgarity, the oozing, rampant Bessemer steel self-sufficiency and ignorance of the men that revolts me, so much as the display of these same qualities in the womenfolk. I saw a new type in the coach and all my dreams of a better and more perfect East died away. "Are these—um—*janwars* here any sort of man in their own places?" I asked a shepherd who appeared to be herding them. "Why, certainly. They include very many prominent and representative citizens of seven States of the Union and most of them are wealthy. Yes, *Sir*. Representative and prominent."

I do not remember fainting. I think I moaned like a stricken dove till I had to clutch the rails of the box seat and stay clutched. We ran across bare hills on an unmetalled road under a burning sun in front of a volley of playful repartee from the prominent citizens inside. It was the 4th of July. The horses had American flags in their headstalls, some of the women wore flags and coloured handkerchiefs in their belts, and a young German on the box seat with me was bewailing the loss of a box of crackers and a flag. He said he had been sent to the Continent to get his schooling and so had lost his American accent, but no continental schooling writes German-Jew all over a man's face and nose. He was a rabid American citizen—one of a very difficult class to deal with. As a general rule praise unsparingly and without discrimination. That keeps most men quiet: but some, if you fail to keep up a continuous stream of praise, proceed to revile the Old Country—Germans and Irish who are more American than the Americans are the chief offenders. In the latter event sit still and take notes. This young American began to attack the English army. He had seen some of it on parade and he pitied the men in bearskins as slaves. The citizen, by the way, has a contempt for his own army which exceeds anything you meet among the most illiberal classes in England. I admitted that our army was very poor, had done nothing and been nowhere. This exasperated him, for he expected an argument, and he trampled on the British Lion generally. Failing to move me he vowed that I had no patriotism like his own. I said I had not, and further ventured that very few Englishmen had: which, when you come to think of it, is quite true. By the time he had proved conclusively that before the Prince of Wales came to the throne we should be a blethering republic, we struck a road that overhung a river and my interest in "politics" was lost in admiration of the driver's skill as he sent his four big horses along that winding *khud* road. There was no room for any sort of accident—a shy or a swerve would have dropped us sixty feet into the roaring Gardiner river. Some of the persons in the coach remarked that the scenery was "elegant." Wherefore, even at the risk of my own life, I did urgently desire an accident and the massacre of some of the more prominent citizens. What elegance lies in a thousand-foot pile of honey-coloured rock, riven into peak and battlement, the highest peak defiantly crowned by an eagle's nest, the eaglet peering into the gulf and screaming for his food? I could not for the life of me understand. But they speak a strange tongue.

En route we passed Akkastarus, full of trippers who had done their appointed five days in the Park and yelped at us paternally as they disappeared in clouds of red dust. The road lay up hill throughout Livingstone, was some five thousand feet above sea level, and when we struck the Mammoth Spring Hotel—a huge yellow barn—a signboard informed us that the altitude was 6,200 feet. The Park is just a howling wilderness of three thousand square miles, full of all imaginable freaks of a fiery nature. An hotel company assisted by the Secretary of State for the interior appears to control it: there are hotels at all the points of interest, guide books full of telegraphese talk, stalls for the sale of minerals and photographs and so forth, after the model of Swiss summer places.

The tourists—may Rayment their master die an evil death by the hand of a mad locomotive—poured into that place with a joyful whoop, and scarce washing the dust from themselves began to celebrate the 4th of July. They called it "Patriotic exercises;" elected a clergyman of their own faith as President and sitting, on the landing of the first floor, began to make speeches and read the Declaration of Independence. The clergyman rose up and told them they were the greatest, freest, sublimest, most chivalrous and richest people on the face of the earth, and they all said Amen. Another clergyman asserted in the words of the Declaration that all men were created equal and equally entitled to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. I should like to now whether the wild and woolly West recognises the first right as freely as the grantors intended. The clergyman then bade the world notice that the tourists included representatives of seven of the New England States: whereat I felt deeply sorry for the new England States in their latter days. He opined that this running to-and-fro upon the earth under the auspices of the excellent Rayment would draw America more closely together, especially when the Westerners remembered the perils that they of the East had surmounted by rail and river. At duly appointed intervals the congregation sang "My country 'tis of Thee" to the tune of "God Save the Queen" (here they did not stand up) and the "Star Spangled Banner" (here they did), winding up the exercise with some doggerel of their own composition to the tune of "John Brown's Body" movingly setting forth the perils before alluded to. They then adjourned to the verandahs and watched fire-crackers of the feeblest exploding one by one for several hours.

What amazed me was the calm with which these folk gathered together and commenced to belaud their noble selves, their country, their "Institootions" and everything else that was theirs. The language was, to these bewildered ears, wild advertisement, gas, bunkum, blow, *bukh*, anything you please beyond the bounds of common sense. An archangel selling town-lots on the glassy sea would have blushed to the tips of his wings to describe his property in similar terms. Then they gathered round the pastor and told him that his simple little sermon was "perfectly glorious," really grand, sublime, and so forth, and he bridled ecclesiastically. At the end a perfectly unknown man attacked me and asked me what I thought of American patriotism. I said there was nothing like it in the Old Country. By the way, always tell an American this. It soothes him.

Then said he:—"Are you going to get your letters—your letters of naturalisation?"

"Why?" I asked.

"I presoom you do business in this country and make money out of it—and it seems to me that it would be your dooty."

"Sir," said I sweetly, "there is a forgotten little island across the seas called England. It is not much bigger than the Yellowstone Park. In that island a man of your country could work, marry, make his fortune or twenty fortunes and die. Throughout his career not a soul would ask him whether he were a British subject or a child of the Devil. Do you understand?"

I think he did, because he said something about "Britishers" which wasn't complimentary.

XXXII.—Shows how I entered Mazanderan of the Persians and saw devils of every colour and some troopers. Hell and the old lady from Chicago. The Captain and the Lieutenant.

> "That desolate land and lone
> Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
> Roar down their mountain path."

Twice have I written this letter from end to end. Twice have I torn it up, fearing lest those across the water should say that I had gone mad on a sudden. Now we will begin for the third time quite solemnly and soberly. I have been through the Yellowstone National Park in a buggy, in the company of an adventurous old lady from Chicago and her husband who disapproved of scenery as being "ongodly." I fancy it scared them.

We began as you know with the Mammoth Hot Springs. They are only a gigantic edition of those pink and white terraces not long ago destroyed by earthquake in New Zealand. At one end of the little valley in which the hotel stands the lime-laden springs that break from the pine-covered hillsides have formed a frozen cataract of white, lemon and palest pink formation, through and over and in which water of the warmest bubbles and drips and trickles from pale-green lagoon to exquisitely fretted basin. The ground rings hollow as a kerosine tin, and some day the Mammoth Hotel, guests and all, will sink into the caverns below and be turned into a stalactite. When I set foot on the first of the terraces, a tourist-

trampled ramp of scabby grey stuff, I met a stream of iron-red hot water which ducked into a hole like a rabbit. Followed a gentle chuckle of laughter, and then a deep-exhausted sigh from nowhere in particular. Fifty feet above my head a jet of stream rose up and died out in the blue. It was worse than the boiling mountain at Myanoskita. The dirty white deposit gave place to lime whiter than snow, and I found a basin which some learned hotel-keeper has christened Cleopatra's pitcher, or Marc Antony's whisky jug, or something equally poetical. It was made of frosted silver, it was filled with water as clear as the sky. I do not know the depth of that wonder. It may have been thirty or three hundred feet. The eye looked down beyond grottoes and caves of beryl into an abyss that communicated directly with the central fires of Earth. And the pool was in pain, so that it could not refrain from talking about it: muttering and chattering and moaning. From the lips of the lime ledges forty feet under water spirits of silver bubbles would fly up and break the peace of the crystal atop. Then the whole pool would shake and grow dim and there were noises underfoot. I removed myself only to find other pools all equally unhappy, rifts in the ground full of running red-hot water, slippery sheets of deposit overlaid with greenish-grey hot water, and here and there pit-holes dry as a rifled tomb in India, dusty and waterless. Elsewhere the infernal waters had first boiled dead and then embalmed the pines and underwood, or the forest trees had taken heart and smothered up a blind formation with greenery, so that it was only by scraping the earth you could tell what fires had raged beneath. The pines will win the battle all along the line in years to come, because Nature, who first forges all her work in her great smithies, has nearly finished this job and is ready to temper it in the soft brown earth. The fires are dying down; the hotel stands where terraces have overflowed into flat wastes of deposit; the pines have taken possession of the high ground whence the terraces first started: only the actual curve of the cataract stands clear, and it is guarded by soldiers who patrol it with loaded six-shooters in order that the tourist may not laboriously bring up fence rails and sink them in a pool, or chip the fretted tracery of the formations with a geological hammer, or, walking where the crust is too thin, foolishly cook himself. I manœuvred round those soldiers: they were cavalry in a very slovenly uniform, dark-blue blouse and light-blue trousers unstrapped, cut spoon shape over the boot; cartridge belt, revolver, peaked cap and worsted gloves—black buttons. By the mercy of Allah I opened conversation with a spectacled Scot. He had served the Queen in the Marines and a line regiment, and the "go-fever" being in his bones had drifted to America, there to serve Uncle Sam. We sat on the edge of an extinct little pool that under happier circumstances would have grown into a geyser and began to discuss things generally. To us appeared yet another soldier. No need to ask his nationality or to be told that the troop called him "The Henglishman." A cockney was he, who knew something of warfare in Egypt and had taken his discharge from a Fusilier regiment not unknown to you.

"And how did things go?"

"Very much as you pleased" said they. "There's not half the discipline here that there is in the Queen's service—not half—nor the work either, but what there is is rough work. Why, there's a sergeant now with a black-eye that one of our men gave him. They won't say anything about that of course. Our punishments? Fines mostly, and then if you carry on too much you go to the cooler—that's the clink. Yes, Sir. Horses? Oh, they're devils, these Montana horses. Bronchoes mostly. We don't slick 'em up for parade—not much. And the amount of schooling that you put into one English troop horse would be enough for a whole squadron of these creatures. You'll meet more troopers further up the Park. Go and look at their horses and their turnouts. I fancy it'll startle you. Me wearing a made tie and breastpin under my blouse? Of course I am! I can wear anything I darn please. We aren't particular here. I shouldn't dare come on parade—no, nor yet fatigue duty—in this condition in the old country: but it don't matter here. But don't you forget, Sir, that it's taught me how to trust to myself and my shooting irons. I don't want fifty orders to move me across the Park and catch a poacher. Yes, they poach here. Men come in with an outfit and ponies, smuggle in a gun or two and shoot at the bison. If you interfere they shoot at you. Then you confiscate all their outfit and their ponies. We have a pound full of them now down below. There's our Captain over yonder. Speak to him if you want to know anything special. This service isn't a patch on the old country's service: but look you, if it was worked up it would be just a Hell of a service. But these citizens despise us and they put us on to road-mending and such like. 'Nough to ruin any army."

To the Captain I addressed myself after my friends had gone. They told me that a good many officers dressed by the French army. The Captain certainly might have been mistaken for a French officer of light cavalry, and he had more than the courtesy of a Frenchman. Yes, he had read a good deal about Indian border warfare and had been much struck with the likeness it bore to Red Indian warfare. I had better when I reached the next cavalry post, scattered between two big geyser basins, introduce myself to a named Captain and Lieutenant—West-pointers. They had the horses with them and could show me things. He himself was devoting all his time to conserving the terraces and surreptitiously running hot water into dried-up basins that fresh pools might form. "I get very interested in that sort of thing. It's not duty, but it's what I'm put here for," and then he began to talk of his troop as I have heard his brethren in India talk. Such a troop! Built up carefully and watched lovingly, "not a man that I'd wish to exchange, and, what's more, I believe not a man that would wish to leave on his own account. We're different, I believe, from the English. Your officers value the horses: we set store on the men. We train them more than we do the horses." Of the American trooper I will tell you more hereafter. He is not a gentleman to be trifled with.

Next dawning, entering a buggy of fragile construction with the old people from Chicago, I embarked on my perilous career. Then we ran straight up a mountain till we could see sixty miles away the white houses of Cork city on another mountain, and the whiplash-like trail leading thereto. The live air made me drunk with joy of living. If Tom the driver had proposed to send the mares in a bee-line to the city I should have assented with howls of delight, and so would the old lady who chewed gum and talked about her symptoms. The tub-ended rock-dog, which is but the translated prairie-dog, broke across the road under our horses' feet, the rabbit and the chipmunk dance with fright, we heard the roar of the river and the road—went out round a corner. But such a corner! On one side piled rock and shale that enjoined silence for fear of a general slide down: on the other a sheer drop and a fool of a noisy river below. Then, apparently in the middle of the road, lest any should find driving too easy, a post of rock. Nothing beyond that save the flank of a cliff. Then my stomach departed from me as it does when you swing, for we left the dirt, which was at least some guarantee of safety, and sailed out round the curve and up a steep incline on a plank road built out from the cliff. The planks were nailed at the outer edge and did not shift or creak very much—but enough, quite enough. That was the Golden Gate. I got my stomach back again when we trotted out on to a vast upland adorned with a lake and hills. The latter were from fifteen to twenty-five miles away. Tom said so when we all wanted to skirt round them. Therefore we collapsed. The road was simple. A bank of grass divided the path of the near wheeler from that of the off, and we could hear the long grass threshing against the bottom of the buggy as we slid along the grooves marked for us. Sometimes one mare would be a foot or two above the other, but there was sufficient play in the harness to allow for this. Have you ever seen an untouched land—the face of virgin nature? It is rather a curious sight because the hills are choked with timber that has never known an axe, and the storm has rent a way through this timber, so that a hundred thousand trees lie matted together in swathes; and since each tree lies where it falls you may behold trunk and branch returning to the earth whence they sprung—exactly as the body of man returns—each limb making its own little grave, the grass climbing above the bark, till at last there remains only the outline of a tree upon the rank undergrowth. It is a horrible thing and the most impressive of all in the Park.

Then we drove under a cliff of Obsidian, which is black glass, some two hundred feet high; and the road at its feet was made of black glass that crackled. This was no great matter because half an hour before Tom had pulled up in the woods that we might sufficiently admire a mountain who stood all by himself shaking with laughter or rage. One can never tell what the forces of Nature intend. At any rate this mountain shook and roared, and two jets of white steam broke through the pines from time to time. He is there still, though the snow has disked the Park, laughing and swearing to himself. We went on in a hurry.

But to return to this cliff of glass. It overlooks a lake where the beavers built a dam about a mile and a half long in a zig-zag line as their necessities prompted. Then came the Government and strictly preserved them, and, as you shall learn later on, they be damn impudent beasts. The old lady had hardly explained the natural history of beavers before we climbed some hills—it really didn't matter in that climate because we could have scaled the stars—and (this mattered very much indeed) shot down a desperate dusty slope, brakes shrieking on the wheels, the mares clicking among unseen rocks, the dust dense as a fog and a wall of trees on either side. "How do the heavy four-horse coaches take it Tom?" I asked, remembering that some twenty-three souls had gone that way half an hour before. "Take it at full gallop. And up there!" said Tom, spitting out the dust. Of course there was a sharp curve and a bridge at the bottom, but luckily nothing met us, and we came to a wooden shanty called an hotel, soapwhite with dust, in time for a crazy tiffin served by very gorgeous handmaids with very pink cheeks. When health fails in other and more exciting pursuits a season as help in one of the Yellowstone hotels will restore the frailest constitution.

Then by companies after tiffin we walked chattering to the uplands of Hell. They call it the Norris Geyser Basin on Earth. It was as though the tide of desolation had gone out, but would presently return, across innumerable acres of dazzling white geyser formation. There were no terraces here, but all other horrors. Not ten yards from the road a blast of steam shot up roaring every few seconds, a mud volcano spat filth to Heaven, streams of hot water rumbled under foot, plunged through the dead pines in steaming cataracts and died on a waste of white, where green-grey, black-yellow and pink pools roared, shouted, bubbled or hissed as their wicked fancies prompted. By the look of the eye the place should have been frozen over. By the feel of the feet it was warm. I ventured out among the pools carefully following tracks, but one unwary foot began to sink, a squirt of water followed, and having no desire to descend quick into Tophet I returned to the shore where the mud and the sulphur and the nameless fat ooze-vegetation of Lethe lay. But the very road rang as built over an arch: and, besides, how was I to tell when the raving blast of steam would find its vent insufficient and blow the whole affiair into Nirvana? There was a potent stench of stale eggs everywhere, and crystals of sulphur crumbled under the foot, and the glare of the sun on the white stuff was blinding. Sitting under a bank to me appeared a young trooper—ex-Cape Mounted Rifles, this man: the real American seems to object to the army—mounted on a horse half-maddened at the noise and steam and smell. He carried only the six-shooter and cartridge belt. On service the Springfield carbine (which is clumsy) and a cartridge-belt slung diagonally complete equipment. The sword is no earthly use for Border warfare and, except on State parade, is never worn. The saddle is the McClellan tree over the four-folded blanket. Sweat leathers you must pay for yourself. And the beauty of the tree is that it necessitates first very careful girthing and a thorough knowledge of tricks with the blanket to suit the varying conditions of the horse—a broncho will float in a night if he can get at a squashy green bellyful—and, secondly, even more careful riding to prevent galling. Crupper and breast-band do not seem to be used—but they are casual about their accoutrements—

and the bit is the single, jaw-breaking curb which American war pictures show us. That young man was very handsome and the grey service hat—most like the under half of a seedy terai—shaded his strong face admirably as his horse backed and shivered and sidled and plunged all over the road, and he lectured affably from his saddle, one foot out of the heavy-hooded stirrup, and one hand on the sweating neck. "He's not used to the Park, this brute, and he's a confirmed bolter on parade: but we understand each other." *Whoosh!* went the steam-blast down the road with a dry roar. Round spun the troop horse prepared to bolt, and, his momentum being suddenly checked, reared till I thought he would fall back on his rider. "Oh no! we've settled that little matter when I was breaking him," said Centaur "He used to try to fall back on me. Isn't he a devil? I think you'd laugh to see the way our regiments are horsed. Sometimes a big Montana beast like mine has a thirteen-two broncho pony for neighbour, and it's annoying if you be used to better things. And oh, how you have to ride your mount. It's necessary: but I can tell you at the end of a long day's march, when you'd give all the world to ride like a sack, it isn't sweet to get extra drill for slouching. Our Captain—not the one you met at the Mammoth Hot Springs—is made of girder-iron, and he can't see why a man should ever ride slack. When we're turned out, we're turned out for *anything*—not a fifteen-mile trot, but just for the use and behoof of all the Northern States. I've been in Arizona. A trooper there who was in India told me that Arizona was like Afghanistan. There's nothing under Heaven there except horned toads and rattlesnakes—and Indians. Our trouble is that we only deal with Indians and they don't teach us much, and of course the civil people look down on us and all that. As a matter of fact I suppose we're really only mounted infantry, but remember we're the best mounted infantry in the world." And the horse danced a fandango in proof.

"My faith" said I, looking at the dusty blouse, grey hat, oiled leather accoutrements, and whalebone poise of the wearer. "If they are all like you, you are ——!"

"Thanks, whoever you may be. Of course if we were turned into a lawn-tennis court and told to resist, say, your heavy cavalry we'd be ridden off the face of the earth if we couldn't get away. We have neither the weight nor the drill for a charge. My horse, for instance, by English standards is half broken, and like all the others he bolts when we're in line. But cavalry charge against cavalry charge doesn't happen often, and if it did well.... All our men know that up to a hundred yards they are absolutely safe behind this old thing." He patted his revolver pouch. "Absolutely safe from any shooting of yours. What man do you think would dare to use a pistol at even thirty yards if his life depended on it? Not one of your men. They can't shoot. We can. You'll hear about that down the Park—further up."

Then he added courteously: "Just now it seems that the English supply all the men to the American army. That's what makes them so good perhaps." And with mutual expressions of good-will we parted—he to an outlying patrol fifteen miles away, I to my buggy and the old lady, who regarding the horrors of the fire holes could only say "Good Lord!" at thirty-second intervals. Her husband talked about "dreffel waste of steam-power," and we went on in the clear crisp afternoon speculating as to the formation of geysers.

"What I say," shrieked the old lady *àpropos* of matters theological, "and what I say more after having seen all that, is that the Lord has ordained a Hell for such as disbelieve his gracious works."

Nota bene.—Tom had profanely cursed the near mare for stumbling. He looked straight in front of him and said no word, but the left corner of his left eye flickered in my direction.

"And if," continued the old lady, "if we find a thing so dreffel as all that steam and sulphur allowed on the face of the earth (she wanted it all ploughed land and neat houses), mustn't we believe that there is something ten thousand times more terrible below prepared unto*e* our destruction?"

Some people have a wonderful knack of extracting comfort from things. I am ashamed to say I agreed ostentatiously with the old lady, Tom heading the horses up a pitiless hill. She developed the personal view of the matter.

"*Now* I shall be able to say something to Anna Fincher about her way of living. Shan't I, Blake?" This to her husband.

"Yes" said he, speaking after a heavy tiffin. "But the girl's a good girl," and they fell to arguing as to whether the luckless Anna Fincher really stood in need of lectures edged with Hell fire (she went to dances I believe), while I got out and walked in the dust alongside of Tom.

"I drive blame cur'ous kinder folk through this place" said he. "Blame cur'ous! Seems a pity they should ha' come so far just to liken the Norris Basin to Hell. Guess Chicago would ha' served'em, speaking in comparison, just as good."

We curved the hill and entered a forest of spruce, the path serpentining between the tree holes, the wheels running silent on immemorial mould. There was nothing alive in the forest save ourselves. Only a river was speaking angrily somewhere to the right. For miles we drove till Tom bade us alight and look at certain falls. Wherefore we stepped out of that forest and nearly fell down a cliff which guarded a tumbled river and returned demanding fresh miracles. If the water had run uphill we should perhaps have taken more notice of it; but 'twas only a waterfall, and I really forget whether the water was warm or cold. There is a stream here called Firehole River. It is fed by the overflow from the various geysers and basins, and it is a warm and deadly river wherein no fish breed. I think we crossed it a few dozen times in the course of a day.

Then the sun began to sink and there was a taste of frost about, and we went swiftly from the forest into the open, dashed across a branch of the Firehole River and found a wood shanty, even rougher than the last, at which, after our forty-mile drive, we were to dine and sleep. Half a mile from this place stood, on the banks of the Firehole River, a "beaver-lodge," and there were rumours of bears and other cheerful monsters in the woods on the hill at the back of the building.

In the cool crisp quiet of the evening I sought that river devoutly, and presently came upon a pile of newly-grown sticks and twigs. The beaver works with the cold-chisel and four clean strokes suffice to level a four-inch bole. Across the water on the far bank glimmered with the ghastly white of peeled dead timber the beaver-lodge—a mass of dishevelled branches. The inhabitants had dammed the stream lower down and spread it into a nice little lake. The question was would they come out for their *hawah-khana* before it got too dark to see. They came—blessings on their blunt muzzles, they came—as shadows come drifting down the stream, stirring neither foot nor tail. There were three of them. One went down to investigate the state of the dam: the other two began to look for supper. There is only one thing more startling than the noiselessness of a tiger in the jungle, and that is the noiselessness of a beaver in the water. The straining ear could catch no sound whatever till one of them began to eat the thick green river scudge that they call beaver-grass. He sat on a submerged log up to his waist in water, and said to her that it wasn't as tender as it was last Wednesday, and asked what was the use of her being head of the house if she couldn't speak to the cook. I know he said this because she dived down in a huff, got out on the opposite bank and pretended to go home, but came back again and thought she'd have some too. So they both sat on the log and fed chumpingly, while the mists swam down the river and the third beaver swam up the river: and I, bowed among the logs, held my breath and stared with all my eyes. They were not ten yards from me, and they would have eaten their dinner in peace so long as I had kept absolutely still. They were dear and desirable beasts, and I was just preparing to creep a step nearer when that wicked old lady from Chicago clattered down the bank, an umbrella in her hand, shrieking: "Beavers! beavers! Young man, where are those beavers? Good Lord! What was that now?"

The solitary watcher, as Gustave Aimard says might have heard a pistol shot ring through the air. I wish it had killed the old lady, but it was only the beaver giving the warning of danger with the slap of his tail on the water. It was exactly like the "phink" of a pistol fired with damp powder, and it made me jump in that utter stillness. Then there were no more beavers—not a whisker end. The lodge, however, was there, and a beast lower than any beaver began to throw stones at it because the lady from Chicago said: "P'raps, if you rattle them up they'll come out. I do so want to see a beaver." Had the bear come out at that moment I could have died cheerfully, if only the old lady had been ripped up first.

Yet it cheers me to think I have seen the beaver in his wilds. Never will I go to the Zoo. That even after supper—'twere flattery to call it dinner—a Captain and a Subaltern of the cavalry post appeared at the hotel. The only distraction of their monotonous lives appeared to be watching the tourists sweep by—much as men on lonely posts go down to the station to see the mail-train come in at midnight. These were the officers of whom the Mammoth Springs Captain had spoken. Except that their saddle-cloths were of finer texture, it was hard to see that their accoutrements in any way differed from those of their men: and their uniform was picturesquely unlovely. But for all that they were delightful, being West-pointers of much education in books and more in knocking about the States—genial, frank and most courteous. The Lieutenant had read everything that he could lay hands on about the Indian army, especially our cavalry arrangements, and was very full of a scheme for raising the riding Red Indians—it is not every noble savage that will make a trooper—into frontier levies—a sort of Khyber guard. "Only," as he said ruefully, "there is no frontier these days and all our Indian wars are nearly over. Those beautiful beasts will die out, and nobody will ever know what splendid cavalry they can make."

The Captain told stories of borderwar fare—of ambush, firing on the rear-guard, heat that split the skull better than any tomahawk, cold that wrinkled the very liver, night-stampedes of baggage mules, raiding of cattle, and hopeless stern chases into inhospitable hills, when the cavalry knew that they were not only being out-paced but outspied. Then he spoke of one fair charge when a tribe gave battle in the open and the troopers rode in swordless, firing right and left with their revolvers and—it was excessively uncomfy for that tribe. And I spoke of what men had told me of huntings in Burma, of hill-climbing in the Black Mountain affair, and so forth.

"Exactly," said the Captain. "Nobody knows and nobody cares. What does it matter to the down-easter who Wrap-Up-His-Tail was?"

"And what does the fat Briton know or care about Boh Hla-Oo?" said I. Then both together:—"Depend upon it, my dear Sir, the army in both Anglo-Saxon countries is a mischievously under-estimated institution and it's a pleasure to meet a man who, &c., &c." And we nodded triangularly in all good will and swore eternal friendship. Then the Lieutenant made a statement which rather amazed me. Frankly, I think he exaggerated, but he said that, on account of the scarcity of business, very many American officers were to be found getting practical instruction from any little trouble that might blaze up in heathen parts or among the South American republics. When the need broke out they would return. "There is so very little for us to do, and the Republic has a nasty trick of making us hedge and ditch for our pay. A little road-making on service is not a bad thing, but continuous harrying is enough to knock the heart out of any army."

I agreed, and we sat up till two in the morning swapping the lies of East and West. As that glorious chief Man-afraid-of-Pink-Rats once said to the Agent on the Reservation:—'Melican officer good man. Heap good man. Drink me. Drink he. Drink me. Drink he. Drink *he*. Me blind. *Heap* good man."

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXXIII.—Ends with the Canon of the Yellowstone, the Maiden from Newhampshire, Larry "Wrap up his tail" Tom, the old lady from Chicago, and a few natural phenomena including one Briton.

> "What man would read and read the self-same faces
> And like the marbles which the windmill grinds,
> Rub smooth for ever with the same smooth minds,
> This year retracing last year's, every year's, dull traces
> When there are woods and unmansuffed places?"
>
> *Lowell.*

Once upon a time there was a carter who brought his team and a friend into the Yellowstone Park without due thought. Presently they came upon a few of the natural beauties of the place and that carter turned his team into his friend's team, howling:—"Get back o' this Jim. All Hell's alight under our noses." And they called the place Hell's Halfacre to this day to witness if the carter lied. We, too, the old lady from Chicago, her husband, Tom and the good little mares came to Hell's Halfacre, which is about sixty acres, and when Tom said: "Would you like to drive over it?" We said: "Certainly no, and if you do we shall report you to the authorities!" There was a plain, blistered and peeled and abominable, and it was given over to the sportings and spoutings of devils who threw mud and steam and dirt at each other with whoops and halloos and bellowing curses. The place smelt of the refuse of the pit, and that odour mixed with the clean wholesome aroma of the pines in our nostrils throughout the day. Be it known that the Park is laid out, like Ollendorf, in exercises of progressive difficulty. Hell's Halfacre was a prelude to ten or twelve miles of geyser formation. We passed hot streams boiling in the forest; saw whiffs of steam beyond these and yet other whiffs breaking through the misty green hills in the far distance; we trampled on sulphur in crystals, and sniffed things much worse than any sulphur which is known to the upper world: and so, journeying bewildered with the novelty came upon a park-like place where Tom suggested we should get out and play with the geysers on foot.

Imagine mighty green fields splattered with lime beds: all the flowers of the summer growing up to the very edge of the lime. That was the first glimpse of the geyser basins. The buggy had pulled up close to a rough, broken, blistered cone of stuff between ten and twenty feet high. There was trouble in that place—moaning, splashing, gurgling and the clank of machinery. A spurt of boiling water jumped into the air and a wash of water followed. I removed swiftly. The old lady from Chicago shrieked. "What a wicked waste," said her husband. I think they called it the Riverside Geyser. Its spout was torn and ragged like the mouth of a gun when a shell has burst there. It grumbled madly for a moment or two and then was still. I crept over the steaming lime—it was the burning marl on which Satan lay—and looked fearfully down its mouth. You should never look a gift-geyser in the mouth. I beheld a horrible slippery slimy funnel with water rising and falling ten feet at a time. Then the water rose to lip level with a rush and an infernal bubbling troubled this devil's Bethesda before a sullen heave of the crest of a wave lapped over the edge and made me run. Mark the nature of the human soul! I had begun with awe, not to say terror. I stepped back from the flanks of the Riverside Geysir saying:—"Pooh! Is that all it can do?" Yet, for aught I knew, the whole thing might have blown up at a minute's notice: she, he or it being an arrangement of uncertain temper.

We drifted on up that miraculous valley. On either side of us were hills from a thousand to fifteen feet high and wooded from crest to heel. As far as the eye could range forward were columns of steam in the air, misshapen lumps of lime, mist like preadamite monsters, still pools of turquoise blue, stretches of blue cornflowers, a river that coiled on itself twenty times, boulders of strange colours, and ridges of glaring staring white.

The old lady from Chicago poked with her parasol at the pools as though they had been alive. On one particularly innocent-looking little puddle she turned her back for a moment and there rose behind her a twenty-foot column of water and steam. Then she shrieked and protested that "she never thought it would ha' done it," and the old man chewed his tobacco steadily and mourned for steam-power wasted. I embraced the whitened stump of a middle-sized pine that had grown all too close to a hot pool's lip, and the whole thing turned over under my hand as a tree would do in a nightmare. From right and left came the trumpetings of elephants at play. If the long-haired mammoth of the Science primers (he that was etched by primitive man) had broken out from the undergrowth I should not have been in the least surprised. Perfectly natural, too, was it that I should step into a pool of old dried blood rimmed with the nodding cornflowers; that the blood should change to ink even as I trod; and that ink and blood should be washed away in a spurt of boiling sulphurous water spat out from the lee of a bank of flowers. This sounds mad, doesn't it?

A moonfaced trooper of German extraction—never was Park so carefully patrolled—came up to inform us that as yet we had not seen any of the real geysers that they were all a mile or so up the valley and tastefully scattered round the hotel in which we would rest for the night. America is a free country, but the citizens look down on the soldier. I had to entertain that trooper. The old lady from Chicago would have none of him: so we loafed along together, now across half-rotten pine logs sunk in swampy ground, anon over the ringing geyser formation, then pondering through river sand or brushing knee-deep through long grass.

"And why did you 'list?" said I.

The moonfaced one's face began to work. I thought he would have a fit, but he told me a story instead—such a nice tale of a naughty little girl who wrote love-letters to two men at once. She was a simple village wife, but a wicked "Family Novelette" countess couldn't have accomplished her ends better. She drove one man nearly wild with the pretty little treachery; and the other man abandoned her and came west to forget the trickery. Moonface was that man. We rounded and limped over a low spur of hill and came out upon a field of aching snowy lime, rolled in sheets, twisted into knots, riven with rents and diamonds and stars, stretching for more than half a mile in every direction. On this place of despair lay most of the big geysers who know when there is trouble in Krakatoa, who tell the pines when there is a cyclone on the Atlantic seaboard, and who—are exhibited to visitors under pretty and fanciful names. The first mound that I encountered belonged to a goblin who was splashing in his tub. I heard him kick, pull a shower-bath on his shoulders, gasp, crack his joints and rub himself down with a towel; then he let the water out of the bath, as a thoughtful man should, and it all sank down out of sight till another goblin arrived. Yet they called this place the Lioness and the Cubs. It lies not very far from the Lion, which is a sullen roaring beast, and they say that when it is very active

the other geysers presently follow suit. After Krakatoa all the geysers went mad together, spouting, spurting and bellowing till men feared that they would rip up the whole field. Mysterious sympathies exist among them, and when the Giantess speaks (of her more anon) they all hold their peace.

I was watching a solitary spring well within the line of the woods, catching at a pine branch overhead, when far across the fields and not more than a quarter of a mile from the hotel there stood up a plume of spun glass, iridescent and superb, against the sky. "That," said the trooper, "is Old Faithful. He goes off every sixty-five minutes to the minute, plays for five minutes and sends up a column of water a hundred and fifty feet high. By the time you have looked at all the other geysers he will be ready to play."

So we looked and we wondered at the Beehive, whose mouth is built up exactly like a hive, at the turban (which is not in the least like a turban) and at many, many other geysers, hot holes and springs. Some of them rumbled, some hissed, some went off spasmodically, and others lay still in sheets of sapphire and beryl.

Would you believe that even these terrible creatures have to be guarded by the troopers to prevent the irreverent American from chipping the cones to pieces, or, worse still, making the geysers sick? If you take of soft soap a small barrelful and drop it down a geyser's mouth, that geyser will presently be forced to lay all before you and for days afterwards will be of an irritated and inconstant stomach. When they told me the tale I was filled with sympathy. Now I wish that I had stolen soap and tried the experiment on some lonely little beast away in the woods. It sounds so probable and so human.

Yet he would be a bold man who would administer emetics to the Giantess. She is flat-lipped, having no mouth, she looks like a fool, fifty feet long and thirty wide, and there is no ornamentation about her. At irregular intervals she speaks and sends up a column of water over two hundred feet high to begin with, then she is angry for a day and a half—sometimes for two days. Owing to her peculiarity of going mad in the night not many people have seen the Giantess at her finest: but the clamour of her unrest, men say, shakes the wooden hotel and echoes like thunder among the hills. When I saw her trouble was brewing. The pool bubbled seriously and at five-minute intervals, sank a foot or two, then rose, washed over the rim and huge steam-bubbles broke on the top. Just before an eruption the water entirely disappears from view. *Nota bene.*—Whenever you see the water die down in a geyser mouth get away as fast as you can. I saw a tiny little geyser suck in its breath in this way and instinct made me retire while it hooted after me.

Leaving the Giantess to swear and spit and thresh about, we went over to Old Faithful, who by reason of his faithfulness has benches close to him whence you may comfortably watch. At the appointed hour we hear the water flying up and down the mouth with the sob of a wave in a cave. Then came the preliminary gouts, then a roar and a rush, and that glittering column of diamonds rose, quivered a moment, and stood still for a minute. Then it broke, and the rest was a confused snarl of water not thirty feet high. All the young ladies—not more than twenty—in the tourist band remarked that it was "elegant" and betook themselves to writing their names in the bottoms of shallow pools that showed the ground. Nature fixes the insult indelibly, and after years shall learn that "Hathe," "Sadie," "Maim," "Sophie" and so forth have taken out their hairpins and scrawled in the face of Old Faithful.

The congregation returned to the hotel to put down their impressions in diaries and note-books which they wrote up ostentatiously in the verandahs. It was a sweltering hot day, albeit we stood somewhat higher than the summit of Jakko, and I left that raw pine-creaking caravanserai for the cool shade of a clump of pines between whose trunks glimmered tents. A batch of troopers came down the road and flung themselves across country into their rough lines. Verily the 'Melican cavalryman can ride, though he keeps his accoutrements pig and his horse cow-fashion.

I was free of that camp in five minutes—free to play with the heavy lumpy carbines, have the saddles stripped and punch the horses knowingly in the ribs. One of the men had been in the fight with Wrap-up-his-Tail before alluded to, and he told me how that great chief, his horse's tail tied up in red calico, swaggered in front of the U. S. cavalry, challenging all and sundry to single combat. But he was slain, and a few of his tribe with him. "There's no use in an Indian any way" concluded my friend.

A couple of cowboys—real cowboys, not the Buffalo Bill article—jingled through the camp amid a shower of mild chaff. They were on their way to Cook City I fancy, and I know that they never washed. But they were picturesque ruffians exceedingly, with their long spurs, hooded stirrups, slouch hats, fur weather-cloth over their knees and pistol butts just easy to hand.

"The cowboy's goin' under before long" said my friend. "Soon as the country's settled up he'll have to go. But he's mighty useful now. What should we do without the cowboy?"

"As how?" said I, and the camp laughed. "He has the money. We have the skill. He comes in in winter to play poker at the military posts. We play poker—a few. When he's lost his money we make him drink and let him go. Sometimes we get the wrong man." And he told a tale of an innocent cowboy who turned up, cleaned out, at a post, and played poker for thirty-six hours. But it was the post that was cleared out when that long-haired Caucasian Ah Sin removed himself, heavy with everybody's pay and declining the proffered liquor. "Naow,' said the historian, "I don't play with no cowboy unless he's a little bit drunk first.

Ere I departed I gathered from more than one man that significant fact that up to one hundred yards he felt absolutely secure behind his revolver.

"In England, I understand," quoth a limber youth from the South, "In England a man arn't allowed to play with no firearms. He's got to be taught all that when he enlists. I didn't want much teaching how to shoot straight, for I served Uncle Sam. And that's just where it is. But you was talkin about your horse guards now?"

I explained briefly some peculiarities of equip, ment connected with our crackest crack cavalry. I grieve to say the camp roared.

"Take 'em over swampy ground. Let 'em run around a bit an' work the starch out of 'em an' then, Almighty, if we wouldn't plug 'em at ease I'd eat their horses."

"But suppose they engaged in the open?" said I.

"Engage in Hades. Not if there was a tree trunk within twenty miles they *couldn't* engage in the open!"

Gentlemen, the officers, have you ever seriously considered the existence on earth subsequent to the year 1864 of cavalry who by preference would fight in timber? The evident sincerity of the proposition made me think hard as I moved over to the hotel and joined a party of exploration, which, diving into the woods, unearthed a pit pool of burningest water fringed with jet black sand—all the ground near by being pure white. But miracles pall when they arrive at the rate of twenty a day. A flaming dragon-fly flew over the pool, reeled and dropped on the water, dying without a quiver of his gorgeous wings: and the pool said nothing whatever, but sent its thin steam wreaths up to the burning sky. I prefer pools that talk.

There was a maiden—a very little maiden—who had just stepped out of one of James's novels. She owned a delightful mother and an equally delightful father, a heavy-eyed, slow-voiced man of finance. The parents thought that their daughter wanted change. She lived in New Hampshire. Accordingly she had dragged them up to Alaska to the Gosemite valley, and was now returning leisurely *viâ* the Yellowstone just in time for the tail end of the summer season at Saratoga. We had met once or twice before in the Park, and I had been amazed and amused at her critical commendation of the wonders that she saw. From that very resolute little mouth I received a lecture on American literature, the nature and inwardness of Washington society, the precise value of Cable's works as compared with Uncle Remus Harris, and a few other things that had nothing whatever to do with geysers but were altogether delightful. Now an English maiden who had stumbled on a dust-grimed, lime-washed, sun-peeled, collarless wanderer come from and going to goodness knows where would, her mother inciting her and her father brandishing his umbrella, have regarded him as a dissolute adventurer—a person to be disregarded. Not so those delightfull people from New Hampshire. They were good enough to treat him—it sounds almost incredible—as a human being, possibly respectable, probably not in immediate need of financial assistance. Papa talked pleasantly and to the point. The little maiden strove valiantly with the accent of her birth and that of her reading, and mamma smiled benignly in the background. Balance this with a story of a young English idiot I met knocking about inside his high collars, attended by a valet who condescended to tell me that "you can't be too careful who you talk to in these parts." He stalked on fearing, I suppose, every minute for his social chastity. Now that man was a barbarian (I took occasion to tell him so), for he comported himself after the manner of the head-hunters and hunted of Assam who are at perpetual feud one with another.

You will understand that these foolish stories are introduced in order to cover the fact that this pen cannot describe the glories of the Upper Geyser basin. The evening I spent under the lee of the Castle Geysir, sitting on a log with some troopers and watching a baronial keep forty feet high spouting hot water. If the Castle went off first they said the Giantess would be quiet and *vice versâ*; and then they told tales till the moon got up and a party of campers in the woods gave us all something to eat.

Next morn Tom drove us on, promising new wonders. He pulled up after a few miles at a clump of brushwood where an army was drowning. I could hear the sick gasps and thumps of the men going under, but when I broke through the brushwood the hosts had fled and there were only pools of pink, black and white lime thick as turbid honey. They shot up a pat of mud every minute or two, choking in the effort. It was an uncanny sight. Do you wonder that in the old days the Indians were careful to avoid the Yellowstone? Geysers are permissible, but Doré-like mud is terrifying. The old lady from Chicago took a piece of it, and in half an hour it died into limedust and blew away between her fingers. All *maya*—illusion—you see. Then we clinked through sulphur in cubes and crystals, but it broke if you touched it, and there was a waterfall of boiling water; and then a road across a level park hotly contested by the beavers. Every winter they build a dam and flood the low-lying land: every summer that dam is torn up by the Government, and for half a mile you must plough axle-deep in water, the willows brushing in to the buggy, and little water ways branchching off right and left. The road is the main stream—just like the Bolan line in flood. If you turn up a byeway there is no more of you, and the beavers work the buggy into next year's dam.

Then came soft turfy forest that deadened the wheels, and two troopers—on detachment duty—came noiselessly behind us. One was the Wrap-up-his-Tail man, and they talked merrily while the half broken horses bucked about among the trees: and so a cavalry escort was with us for a mile, till we came to a mighty hill all strewn with moss agates and everybody had to get out and pant in that thin air. But how intoxicating it was! The old lady from Chicago ducked like an emancipated hen as she scuttled about the road cramming pieces of rock into her reticule. She sent me fifty yards down the khud to pick up a piece of broken bottle which she insisted was moss agate. "I've some o' that at home an' they shine Yes, go young man."

As we climbed the long path the road grew viler, and viler till it became without disguise the bed of a torrent; and just when things were at their rockiest we emerged into a little sapphire lake—but never sapphire was so blue—called Mary's Lake: and that between eight and nine thousand feet above the sea. Then came grass downs, all on a vehement slope, so that the buggy following the new-made road ran on the two off-wheels mostly till we dipped head first into a ford, climbed up a cliff, raced along a down, dipped again and pulled up dishevelled at "Larry's" for lunch and an hour's rest. Only "Larry" could have managed that school feast tent on the lonely hillside. Need I say that he was an Irishman? His supplies were at their lowest ebb. The seven-foot giant from Arkansaw in the back hovel announced that the beer was

following the beef, but Larry enveloped us all in the golden glamour of his voluble speech ere we had descended, and the tent with the rude trestle table became a palace, the rough fare delicacies of Delmonico, and we the abashed recipients of Larry's imperial bounty. It was only later that I discovered I had paid eight shillings for tinned beef, biscuits and beer, but on the other hand Larry had said:—"Will I go out an' kill a buffalo?" And I felt that for me and for me alone would he have done it. Everybody else felt that way. Good luck go with Larry!

"An' now you'll all go an' wash your pocket-handkerchiefs in that beautiful hot spring round the corner" said he. "There's soap an' a washboard ready, an 'tis not every day that ye can get hot water for nothing." And he waved us large-handedly to the open downs while he put the tent to rights. There was no sense of fatigue in the body or distance in the air. Hill and dale rode on the eyeball. I could have clutched the far-off snowy peaks by putting out my hand. Never was such maddening air. Why we should have washed pocket-handkerchiefs Larry alone knows. It appeared to be a sort of religious rite. In a little valley overhung with gay painted rocks ran a stream of velvet brown and pink. It was hot—hotter than the hand could bear—and it coloured the boulders in its course.

There was the maiden from New Hampshire, the old lady from Chicago, papa, mamma, the woman who chewed gum, and all the rest of them gravely bending over a washboard and soap. Mysterious virtues lay in that queer stream. It turned the linen white as driven snow in five minutes, and then we lay on the grass and laughed with sheer bliss of being alive. This have I known once in Japan, once on the banks of the Columbia, what time the salmon came in and "California" howled, and once again in the Yellowstone by the light of the eyes of the maiden from New Hampshire. Four little pools lay at my elbow, one was of black water (tepid), one clear water (cold), one clear water (hot), one red water (boiling): my newly-washed handkerchief covered them all and we marvelled as children marvel.

"This evening we shall do the grand canon of the Yellowstone?" said the maiden.

"Together?" said I: and she said yes.

The sun was beginning to sink when we heard the roar of falling waters and came to a broad river along whose banks we ran. And then—oh then! I might at a pinch describe the infernal regions but not the other place. Be it known to you that the Yellowstone River has occasion to run through a gorge about eight miles long. To get to the bottom of the gorge it makes two leaps, one of about hundred and twenty and the other of three hundred feet. I investigated the upper or lesser fall, which is close to the hotel. Up to that time nothing particular happens to the Yellowstone, its banks being only rocky, rather steep and plentifully adorned with pines. At the falls it comes round a corner, green, solid, ribbed with a little foam and not more than thirty yards wide. Then it goes over still green and rather more solid than before. After a minute or two you, sitting upon a rock directly above the drop behind, begin to understand that something has occurred: that the river has jumped between solid cliff walls and that the gentle froth of water lapping the sides of the gorge below is really the outcome of great waves. And the river yells aloud: but the cliffs do not allow the yells to escape.

That inspection began with curiosity and finished in terror, for it seemed that the whole world was sliding in chrysolite from under my feet. I followed with the others round the corner to arrive at the brink of the canon: we had to climb up a nearly perpendicular ascent to begin with, for the ground rises more than the river drops. Stately pine woods fringe either lip of the gorge, which is—the Gorge of the Yellowstone. You'll find all about it in the guide books.

All I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf seventeen hundred feet deep with eagles and fish hawks circling far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wild welter of colour—crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port wine, snow white, vermillion, lemon and silver grey, in wide washes. The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and air into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs, men and women of the old time So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone River ran a finger-wide strip of jade-green. The sunlight took those wondrous walls and gave fresh hues to those that nature had already laid there. Once I saw the dawn break over a lake in Rajputana and the sun set over the Oodey Sagar amid a circle of Holman Hunt hills. This time I was watching both performances going on below me, upside down you understand, and the colours were real. The canon was burning like Troy town; but it would burn for ever, and thank goodness neither pen nor brush could ever portray its splendours adequately. The Academy would reject the picture for a chromolithograph. The public would scoff at the letter-press for *Daily Telegraphese*. "I will leave this thing alone" said I. "'Tis my peculiar property. Nobody else shall share it with me." Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that canon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—blood red or pink it was—that overhung the deepest deeps of all. Now I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset. Giddiness took away all sensation of touch or form: but the sense of blinding colour remained. When I reached the main land again I had sworn that I had been floating. The maid from New Hampshire said no word for a very long time. She then quoted poetry, which was perhaps the best thing she could have done.

"And think that this show-place has been going on all these days an' none of we ever saw it" said the old lady from Chicago, with an acid glance at her husband.

"No, only the Injians" said he unmoved: and the maiden and I laughed long. Inspiration is fleeting, beauty is vain and the power of the mind for wonder limited. Tho' the shining hosts themselves had risen choiring from the bottom of the gorge they would not have prevented her papa and one baser than himself from rolling stones down those stupendous rainbow-washed slides. Seventeen hundred feet of steepest pitch and rather more than seventeen hundred colours for log or boulder to whirl through. So we heaved things and saw them gather way and bound from white rock to red or yellow, dragging behind them torrents of colour, till the noise of their descent ceased and they bounded a hundred yards clear at the last into the Yellowstone.

"I've been down there," said Tom that evening. "It's easy to get down if you're careful—just sit an' slide: but getting up is worse. An' I found down below there two stones just marked with a pictur of the canon. I wouldn't sell those rocks not for fifteen dollars."

And papa and I crawled down to the Yellowstone—just above the first little fall—to wet a line for good luck. The round moon came up and turned the cliffs and pines into silver: and a two-pound trout came up also, and we slew him among the rocks nearly tumbling into that wild river.

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Then out and away to Livingstone once more. The maiden from New Hampshire disappeared: papa and mamma with her disappeared. Disappeared, too, the old lady from Chicago and all the rest, while I thought of all that I had not seen—the forests of petrified trees with amethyst crystals in their black hearts; the great Yellowstone lake where you catch your trout alive in one spring and drop him into another to boil him; and most of all of that mysterious Hoodoo region where all the devils not employed in the geysers live and kill the wandering bear and elk, so that the scared hunter finds in Death Gulch piled carcasses of the dead whom no man has smitten. Hoodoo-land with the overhead noises, the bird and beast and devil rocks, the mazes and the bottomless pits—all these things I missed. On the return road Yankee Jim and Diana of the cross-ways gave me kindly greeting as the train paused an instant before their door, and at Livingstone whom should I see but Tom the driver.

"I've done with the Yellowstone and decided to clear out East somewhere" said he. "Your talkin' about movin' around so gay an' careless made me kinder restless, so I'm movin' out."

Lord forgie us for our responsibility one to another!

"And your partner"? said I.

"Here's him" said Tom, introducing a gawky youth with a bundle: and I saw these two young men turn their faces to the East.

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FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXXIV.—Of the American Army and the City of the Saints. The Temple, the Book of Mormon and the Girl from Dorset. An Oriental consideration of Polygamy.

"A fool also is full of words: a man cannot tell what shall be; and what shall be after him who can tell him."
Ecc. x., 14.

It has just occurred to me with great force that delightful as these letters may be to myself—on the same principle that made the commercial traveller frolic among his samples—their length and breadth and depth may be just the least little bit in the world wearisome to you over there. I will compress myself rigorously, though I should very much like to deliver a dissertation on the American Army and the possibilities of its extension. You see it is such a beautiful little army and the dear people don't quite understand what to do with it. The theory is that it is an instructional nucleus round which the militia of the country will rally and from which they will get stiffening in time of danger. Yet other people consider that the army should be built like a pair of lazy tongs, on the principles of elasticity and extension: so that in time of need it may fill up its skeleton battalions and empty saddle troops. This is real wisdom because the American Army as at present constituted is made up of

25 regiments	Infantry	... 10	companies each.
10 „	Cavalry	... 12	„ „
5 „	Artillery	... 12	„ „

Now there is a notion in the air to reorganise the service on these lines:—

18 regiments Infantry at 4 battns., 4 cos. each: 3rd battns. skeleton, 4th on paper.
8 regiments Cavalry at 4 battns., 4 troops each: 3rd battns. skeleton, 4th on paper.
5 regiments Artillery at 4 battns., 4 cos. each: 3rd battns. skeleton, 4th on paper.

Observe the beauty of this business. The 3rd battalion will have its officers but no men; the 4th will probably have a rendezvous and some equipment. It is not contemplated to give it anything more definite at present. Assuming the regiments to be made up to full complement we get an army of 50,000 men, which after the need passes away must be cut down fifty per cent to the huge delight of the officers. And the military needs of the States be three: (*a*) frontier warfare, an employment well within the grip of the present army of 25,000, and in the nature of things growing less arduous year by year; (*b*) internal riots and commotions which rise up like a dust-devil, whirl furiously and die out long before the authorities at Washington could begin to fill up even the third skeleton battalions, much less hunt about for material for the fourth; (*c*) civil war, in which, as was the case in the affair of the North and South, the regular army would be swamped in the mass of militia and armed volunteers that would turn the land into a hell. Yet the authorities persist in regarding an external war as a thing to be seriously considered; and the Power that would disembark troops on American soil would be capable of heaving a shovelful of mud into the Atlantic in the hope of filling it up. Consequently the authorities are fascinated with the idea of the sliding-scale or concertina army. This is an hereditary instinct, for you know that when we have got together two companies, one machine gun, a sick bullock, forty generals and a mass of W. O. forms we say we have "an army corps capable of indefinite extension."

The American Army is a beautiful little army. Some day, when all the Indians are happily dead or drunk, it ought to make the finest scientific and survey corps that the world has ever seen; it does excellent work now, but there is this defect in its nature: it is officered as you know from West Point, but the mischief of it is that West Point seems to be created for the purpose of spreading a general knowledge of military matters among the people. A boy goes up to that institution, gets his pass and returns to civil life, so they tell me, with a dangerous knowledge that he is a sucking von Moltke and may apply his learning when occasion offers. Given trouble, that man will be a nuisance, because he is a hideously versatile American to begin with, as cock sure of himself as a man can be and with all the racial disregard for human life to back him, through his demi-semi-professional generalship. In a country where, as the records of the daily papers show, men engaged in a conflict with police or jails are all too ready to adopt a military formation and get heavily shot in a sort of cheap half-instructed warfare instead of being decently scared by the appearance of the military this sort of arrangement does not seem wise. The bond between the States is of an amazing tenuity. So long as they do not absolutely march into the District of Columbia, sit on the Washington statues and invent a flag of their own, they can legislate, lynch, hunt negroes through swamps, divorce, lokil sluff, railroad and rampage as much as ever they choose. They do not need knowledge of their own military strength to back their genial lawlessness. That regular army, which is a dear little army, should be kept to itself, blooded on detachment duty, turned into the paths of science and now and again assembled at feasts of Freemasons and so forth. It's too tiny to be a political power. The immortal wreck of the Grand Army of the Republic is a political power of the largest and most unblushing description. It ought not to help to lay the foundations of an amateur military power that is blind and irresponsible.

Be thankful that the balance of the lecture is suppressed and with it the account of a "shiveree" which I attended in Livingstone City: the story of the editor and the sub-editor (and the latter was a pet congar or mountain lion who used, they said, skilfully to sub-edit disputants in the office) of the Livingstone daily paper.

Omitting a thousand matters of first importance let me pick up the thread of things in a narrow gauge line that took me down to Salt Lake. The run between Delhi and Ahmedabad on a May day would have been bliss compared to this torture. There was nothing but glare and desert and alkali dust. There was no smoking accommodation. I sat in the lavatory with the conductor and a gold prospector who told stories about Indian atrocities in the voice of a dreaming child—oath following oath as smoothly as clotted cream laps the mouth of the jug. I don't think he knew he was saying anything out of the way, but nine or ten of those oaths were new to me, and one even made the conductor raise his eyebrows.

"And when a man's alone mostly, leadin' his horse across the hills, he gets to talk aloud to himself as it was," said the weather-worn retailer of tortures, and a vision rose before me of this man tramping the Bannack city trail under the stars—swearing, always swearing.

Bundles of rags that were pointed out as Red Indians boarded the train from time to time. Their race privileges allow them free transit on the platforms of the cars. They mustn't come inside of course, and equally of course the train never thinks of pulling up for them. I saw a squaw take us flying and leave us in the same manner when we were spinning round a curve. Like the Punjabi, the Red Indian gets out by preference on a trackless plain and walks stolidly to the horizon. He never says where he is going.

SALT LAKE CITY.

I am seriously concerned for the sake of Mr. Phil Robinson, his soul. You will remember that he wrote a book called *Saints and Sinners* in which he proved very prettily that the Mormon was almost altogether an estimable person. Ever since my arrival at Salt Lake I have been wondering what made him write that book. On mature reflection, and after a long walk round the city, I am inclined to think it was the sun, which is very powerful hereabouts.

By great good luck the evil-minded train, already delayed twelve hours by a burnt bridge, brought me to the city on a Saturday by way of that valley which the Mormons' one time efforts had caused to blossom like the rose. Twelve hours previously I had entered into a new world where, in conversation, everyone was either a Mormon or a Gentile. It is not seemly for a free and independent citizen to dub himself a Gentile, but the Mayor of Ogden—which is the Gentile city of the valley—told me that there must be some distinction between the two flocks. Long before the fruit orchards of Logan or the shining levels of the Salt Lake had been reached that Mayor—himself a Gentile and one renowned for his dealings with the Mormons—told me that the great question of the existence of the power within the power was being gradually solved by the ballot and by education. "We have," quoth he, "hills round and about here, stuffed full of silver and gold and lead, and all hell atop of the Mormon church can't keep the Gentile from flocking in when that's the case. At Ogden, thirty miles from Salt Lake, this year the Gentile vote swamped the Mormon at the Municipal elections and next year we trust that we shall be able to repeat the success in Salt Lake itself. In that city the Gentiles are only one-third of the total population, but the mass of 'em are grown men, capable of voting: whereas the Mormons are cluttered up with children. I guess as soon as we have purely Gentile officers in the township and the control of the policy of the city, the Mormons will have to back down considerable. They're bound to go before long. My own notion is that it's the older men who keep alive the feeling of opposition to the Gentile and all his works. The younger ones, spite of all the elders tell 'em, will mix with the Gentile, and read Gentile books, and you bet your sweet life there's a holy influence working towards conversion in the kiss of an average Gentile—specially when the girl knows that he won't think it necessary for her salvation to load the house up with other womanfolk. I guess the younger generation are giving sore trouble to the elders. What's that you say about polygamy? It's a penal offence now under a Bill passed not long ago. The Mormon has to elect one wife and keep to her. If he's caught visiting any of the others—waal do you see that cool and restful brown stone building way over there against the hillside. That's the penitentiary. He is sent there to consider his sins and he pays a fine too. But most of the police in Salt Lake are Mormons, and I don't suppose they are too hard on their friends. I presoom there's a good deal of polygamy practised on the sly. But the chief trouble is to get the Mormon to see that the Gentile isn't the doubly damned beast that the elders represent. Only get the Gentiles well into the State and the whole concern is bound to go to pieces in a very little time."

And the wish being father to the thought "Why, certainly," said I, and began to take in the valley of Deseret, the home of the latter day saints, and the abode perhaps of as much misery as has ever been compressed into forty years. The good folk at home cannot understand, but you will, what follows. You know how in Bengal to this day the child-wife is taught to curse her possible co-wife, ere yet she has gone to her husband's house. And the Bengali woman has been accustomed to polygamy for a few hundred years. Yet she has a thoroughly feminine hatred of her rival. You know, too, the awful jealousy between mother-wife and barren behind the purdah—the jealousy that culminates sometimes in the poisoning of the well-beloved son. Now and again an Englishwoman employs a high caste Mussalmani *dhai*, and in the offices of that hire, women are apt to forget differences of colour and to speak unreservedly as twin daughters mutually under Eve's curse. The *dhai* tells very strange and awful things. She has, and this the Mormons count a privilege, been born into polygamy; but she loathes and detests it from the bottom of her jealous soul. And to the lot of the Bengali co-wife—"the cursed of the cursed—the daughter of the dunghill—the scald-head and the barren-mute" (you know the rest of that sweet commination service)—one creed, of all the white creeds to-day, deliberately introduces the white woman taken from centuries of training, which have taught her that it is her right to control the undivided heart of one man. To quench her most natural rebellion, that amazing creed and fantastic jumble of Mahomedanism, the Mosaical law and imperfectly comprehended fragments of Freemasonry, calls to its aid all the powers of a hell conceived and elaborated by coarse-minded hedgers and ditchers. It is a sweet view isn't it?

All the beauty of the valley could not make me forget it. And the valley is very fair. Bench after bench of land, flat as a table against the flanks of the ringing hills, marks where the Salt Lake rested for a while in its collapse from an inland sea to a lake fifty miles long and thirty broad. Before long these benches will be covered with houses. At present these are hidden among the green trees on the dead flat of the valley. You have read a hundred times how the streets of Salt Lake city are very broad, furnished with rows of shade trees and gutters of fresh water. This is true, but I struck the town in a season of

great drouth—that same drouth which is playing havoc with the herds of Montana. The trees were limp and the rills of sparkling water that one reads about were represented by dusty paved courses. Main Street appears to be inhabited by the commercial Gentile, who has made of it a busy, bustling thoroughfare, and, in the eye of the sun, swigs the ungodly lager and smokes the improper cigar all day long. For which I like him. At the head of Main Street stand the lions of the place, *videlicet*, the temple and the tabernacle, the tithing house, and the houses of Brigham Young, whose portrait is on sale in most of the booksellers' shops. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the late Amir of Utah does not unremotely resemble His Highness the Amir of Afghanistan, whom these fortunate eyes have seen. And I have no desire to fall into the hands of the Amir. The first thing to be seen was, of course, the temple, the outward exponent of a creed. Armed with a copy of the book of Mormon, for better comprehension, I went to form rash opinions. Some day the temple will be finished. It was only begun thirty years ago, and up to date rather more than three million dollars and a half have been expended in its granite bulk. The walls are ten feet thick; the edifice itself is about a hundred feet high; and its towers will be nearly two hundred. And that is all there is of it unless you choose to inspect more closely, always reading the book of Mormon as you walk. Then the wondrous puerility, of what I suppose we must call the design, becomes apparent. I am wrong: there is no design. These men, directly inspired from on high, heaped stone on stone and pillar on pillar without achieving either dignity, relief or interest. There is over the main door some pitiful scratching in stone representing the all seeing eye, the masonic grip, the sun, moon and stars and, perhaps, other skittles. The flatness and meanness of the thing almost make you weep when you look at the magnificent granite in blocks strewn abroad, and the skill that three million dollars could have called in to the aid of the church. It is as though a child had said:—"Let us draw a great big fine house—finer than any house that ever was"—and in that desire had laboriously smudged along with a ruler and pencil, piling meaningless straight lines on compass drawn curve, with his tongue following every movement of the inept hand. Then sat I down on a wheelbarrow and read the book of Mormon, and behold the spirit of the book was the spirit of the stone before me. The estimable Joseph and Hyrum Smith struggling to create a new Bible when they knew nothing of the comparative history of Old and New Testament, and the inspired architect muddling with his bricks—they were brothers. But the book was more interesting that the building. It is written, and all the world has read, that to Joseph Smith an angel came down from Heaven with a pair of celestial giglamps, whereby he was marvellously enabled to interpret certain plates of gold scribbled over with dots and scratches, and discovered by him in the ground. Which plates Joseph Smith did translate—only he spelt the mysterious characters "caractors"—and out of the dots and scratches produced a volume of six hundred closely printed pages containing the books of Nephi, first and second, Jacob, Enos, Jarom, Omni, Mormon, Mosiah, the Record of Zeniff, the book of Alma Helaman, the third of Nephi, the fourth, another book of Mormon, the book of Ether (the whole thing is a powerful anæsthetic by the way) and a final book of Moroni. Three men, of whom one I believe is now living, bear solemn witness that the Angel with the spectacles appeared unto them; eight other men swear solemnly that they have seen the golden plates of the revelation; and upon this testimony the book of Mormon stands. The Mormon Bible begins at the days of Zedekiah, King of Judah, and ends in a wild and weltering quagmire of tribal fights, fids of revelation and whosesale thefts from the Bible.

Very sincerely did I sympathise with the inspired brothers as I waded through their joint production. As a humble fellow-worker in the field of fiction I knew what it was to get good names for one's characters. But Joseph and Hyrum were harder bestead than ever I have been; and bolder men to boot. They created Teancum and Coriantumy Pahoran, Kishkumen and Gadianton and other priceless names which the memory does not hold; but of geography they wisely steered clear and were astutely vague as to the localities of places, because you see they were by no means certain what lay in the next county to their own. They marched and countermarched bloodthirsty armies across their pages; and added new and amazing chapters to the records of the New Testament and reorganised the heavens and the earth as it is always lawful to do in print. But they could not achieve style, and it was foolish of them to let into their weird Mosaic pieces of the genuine Bible whenever the labouring pen dropped from its toilsome parody to a sentence or two of vile bad English or downright "penny dreadfulism." "And Moses said unto the people of Israel:—"Great Scott! what air you doing?" There is no sentence in the book of Mormon word for word like the foregoing, but the general tone is not widely different.

There are the makings of a very fine creed about Mormonism. To begin with, the church is rather more absolute than that of Rome. Drop the polygamy plank in the platform, but on the other hand deal lightly with certain forms of excess. Keep the quality of the recruits down to a low mental level and see that the best of all the agricultural science available is in the hands of the Elders and there you have a first-class engine for pioneer work. The tawdry mysticism and the borrowing from Freemasonry serve the low caste Swede and the Dane, the Welshman and the Cornish cottar just as well as a highly-organised Heaven.

Then I went about the streets and peeped into people's front windows, and the decorations upon the tables were after the manner of the year 1850. Main Street was full of country folk from the *dehat* come in to trade with the Zion Mercantile Co-operative Institute. The church I fancy looks after the finances of this thing and it consequently pays good dividends. The faces of the women were not lovely. Indeed, but for the certainty that ugly persons are just as irrational in the matter of undivided love as the beautiful, it seemed that polygamy was a blessed institution for the women; and that only the dread threats of the spiritual power could drive the hulking, board-faced men into it. The women wore hideous garments and the men appeared to be tied up with string. They would market all that afternoon and on Sunday go to the praying place. I tried to talk to a few of them, but they spoke strange tongues and stared and behaved like cows. Yet one woman, and not an altogether ugly one, confided to me that she hated the idea of Salt Lake City being turned into a show-place for the amusement of the Gentile.

"If we 'ave our own institutions that aint no reason why people should come 'ere and stare at us, *his it*?"

The dropped "h" betrayed her.

"And when did you leave England?" I said.

"Summer of '84. I am Dorset" she said. "The Mormon agents was very good to us and we was very poor. Now we're better off—my father an mother an' me."

"Then you like the State?"

She misunderstood at first. "Oh I aint livin' in the state of polygamy. Not me yet. I aint married. I like where I am. I've got things o' my own—and some land."

"But I suppose you will. . . ."

"Not me. I aint like them Swedes an' Danes, I aint got nothin' to say for or against polygamy. It's the Elders' business, an' between you an' me I don't think its goin' on much longer. You'll 'ear them in the 'ouse to-morrer talkin' as if it was spreadin' all over America. The Swedes they think it his. I know it his'nt."

"But you've got your land all right."

"Oh yes, we've got our land an' we never say aught against polygamy o'course—father an' mother an' me."

It strikes me that there is a fraud somewhere. You've never heard of the *roti-khanakiwasti* Christian have you?

I should have liked to have spoken to the maiden at length but she dived into the Zion Co-op. and a man captured me saying that it was my bounden duty to see the sights of Salt Lake. These comprised the egg-shaped Tabernacle, the Beehive and town houses of Brigham Young, the same great ruffian's tomb with assorted samples of his wives sleeping round him (just as the eleven faithful ones sleep round the ashes of Runjit Singh outside Fort Lahore) and one or two other curiosities. But all these things have been described by abler pens than mine. The animal-houses where Brigham used to pack his wives are grubby villas; the Tabernacle is a shingled fraud, and the tithing house where all the revenue returns seem to be made, much resembles a stable. The Mormons have a paper currency of their own—ecclesiastical banknotes which are exchanged for local produce. But the little boys of the place have a great weakness for the bullion of the Gentiles. It is not pleasant to be taken round a township with your guide stopping before every third house to say:—"That's where Elder so and so kept Amelia Bathershins, his fifth wife—no his third. Amelia she was took on after Keziah, but Keziah was the Elder's pet an' he didn't dare to let Amelia come acrost Keziah for fear of her spilin' Keziah's beauty." The Mussalmans are quite right. The minute that all the domestic details of polygamy are discussed in the mouths of the people, the institution is ready to fall. I shook off my guide when he had told me his very last doubtful tale and went on alone. An ordered peace and a perfection of quiet luxury is the note of the city of Salt Lake. The houses stand in generous and well-groomed grass plots, none very much worse or better than their neighbours. Creepers grow over the house fronts, and there is a very pleasant music of wind among the trees in the vast empty streets with smell of hay and the flowers of summer.

On a tableland overlooking all the city stands the U. S. garrison of infantry and artillery. The State of Utah can do nearly anything it pleases until that much-to-be-desired hour when the Gentile vote shall quietly swamp out Mormonism, but the garrison are kept there in case of accidents. The big, shark-mouthed, pig-eared, heavy-boned farmers sometimes take to their creed with wildest fanaticsm, and in past years have made life excessively unpleasant for the Gentile when he was few in the land. But to-day, so far from killing openly or secretly or burning Gentile farms, it is all the Mormon dare do to feebly try to boycott the interloper. His journals preach defiance to the United States Government and in the Tabernacle of a Sunday the preachers follow suit. When I went there the place was full of people who would have been much better for a washing. A man rose up and told them that they were the chosen of God, the elect of Israel, that they were to obey their priests and that there was a good time coming. I fancy that they had heard all this before so many times it produced no impression whatever; even as the sublimest mysteries of another faith lose salt through constant iteration. They breathed heavily through their noses and stared straight in front of them—impassive as flat fish.

And that evening I went up to the garrison post—one of the most coveted of all the army commands—and overlooked the city of the saints as it lay in the circle of its forbidding hills. You can speculate a good deal about the mass of human misery, the love frustrated, the gentle hearts broken and the strong souls twisted from the law of life to a fiercer following of the law of death, that the hills have seen. How must it have been in the old days when the footsore emigrants broke through into the circle and knew that they were cut off from hope of return of sight of friends—were handed over to the power of the fiends that called themselves priests of the Most High? "But for the grace of God there goes Richard Baxter" as that eminent Divine once said. It seemed good that fate did not order me to be a brick in the upbuilding of the Mormon church, that has so aptly established herself by the borders of a lake bitter, salt, and hopeless.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXXV.—How I met certain people of importance between Salt Lake and Omaha.

"Much have I seen
Cities and men."

Let there be no misunderstanding about the matter. I love this people, and if any contemptious criticism has to be done I will do it myself. My heart has gone out to them beyond all other peoples, and for the life of me I cannot tell why. They are bleeding raw at the edges, almost more conceited than the English, vulgar with a massive vulgarity which is as though the Pyramids were coated with Christmas-cake sugar-works, cocksure they are, lawless and as kutcha as they are cocksure: but I love them, and I realised it when I met an Englishman who laughed at them. He proved conclusively that they were all wrong, from their tariff to their go-as-you-please Civil Service, and beneath the consideration of a true Briton. "I admit everything" said I. "Their Government's provisional; their laws the notion of the moment; their railways are made of hairpins and matchsticks, and most of their good luck lives in their woods and mines and rivers and not in their own brains: but for all that they be the biggest, finest and best people on the surface of the globe! Just you wait a hundred years and see how they'll behave when they've had the screw put on them and have forgotten a few of the patriarchal teachings of the late Mister George Washington. Wait till the Anglo-American-German-Jew—the Man of the Future—is properly equipped. He'll have just the least little kink in his hair now and again, he'll carry the English lungs above the Teuton feet that can walk for ever, and he will wave long, thin, bony Yankee hands with the big blue veins on the wrist from one end of the earth to the other. He'll be the finest writer, poet and dramatist, specially dramatist, that the world as it recollects itself has ever seen. By virtue of his Jew blood—just a little, little drop—he'll be a musician and a painter too. At present there is too much balcony and too little Romeo in the life-plays of his fellow citizens. Later on, when the proportion is adjusted and he sees the possibilities of his land, he will produce things that will make the effete East stare. He will also be a complex and highly composite administrator. There is nothing known to man that he will not be, and his country will sway the world with one foot as a man tilts a see-saw plank!"

"But this is worse than the eagle at its worst. Do you seriously believe all that?" said the Englishman.

"If I believe anything seriously, all this I most firmly believe. You wait and see: sixty million people, chiefly of English instincts, who are trained from youth to believe that nothing is impossible don't slink through the centuries like Russian peasantry. They are bound to leave their mark somewhere and don't you forget it."

But isn't it sad to think that with all Eternity behind and before us we cannot, even tho' we would pay for it with sorrow, filch from the Immensities one hundred poor years of active sentient life, wherein to watch the two Great Experiments? One hundred years hence India and America will be worth observing. At present the one is burned out and the other is only just stoking up. When I left my opponent there was much need for faith, because I fell into the hands of a perfectly delightful man whom I had met casually in the street, sitting in a chair on the pavement smoking a huge cigar. He was a commercial traveller and his beat lay through Southern Mexico, and he told me tales of forgotten cities, stone gods up to their sacred eyes in forest growth, Mexican priests, rebellions and dictatorships that made my hair curl. It was he who dragged me forth to bathe in Salt Lake, which is some fifteen miles away from the city and reachable by many trains which are but open tram-cars. The track, like all American tracks, was terrifying in its roughness: and the end of the journey disclosed the nakedness of the accommodation. There were piers and band houses and refreshment stalls built over the solid grey levels of the lake, but they only accentuated the utter barrenness of the place. Americans don't mix with their scenery as yet.

And "have faith" said the commercial traveller as he walked into water heavy as quicksilver. "Walk." I walked, and I walked till my legs flew up and I had to walk as one struggling with a high wind, but still I rode head and shoulders above the water. It was a horrible feeling this inability to sink. Swimming was not much use. You couldn't get a grip of the water, so I e'en sat me down and drifted like a luxurious anemone among the hundreds that were bathing in that place. Somehow it was like the Crystal Palace on an Easter Monday, with water for the green lawns where the populace frivol. You could wallow for three quarters of an hour in that warm sticky brine and fear no evil consequences: but when you came out you were coated with white salt from top to toe like a worn *reh*-rotten brick of the Punjab. And if you accidentally swallowed a mouthful of the water you died. This is true, because I swallowed half a mouthful and was half-dead in consequence. Because it was Salt Lake Utah, and because I was bobbing in the simplest of possible attire as a net-float bobs in deep sea, I naturally bobbed against a man from India who was doing a tour.

"Hullo!" said he. "Is that you?"

"Hullo!" said I "Is that you?" And then we parted. So small is this world when one begins to move about it.

The commercial traveller on our return journey across the level flats that fringe the lake's edge bade me note some of the customs of his people. The great open railway car held about a hundred men and maidens, "coming up with a song from the sea." To say that they were riotous would be to understate facts. They sang and they shouted and they exchanged witticisms of the most poignant, and comported themselves like their brothers and sisters over the seas—the 'Arrys and 'Arreits of the older world. And there sat behind me two modest maidens in white alone and unattended. To these, the privileged youth of the car—a youth with a marvellous range of voice—proferred undying affection. They laughed but made no reply in words. The suit was renewed, and with extravagant imagery: the nearest seats applauding. When we arrived at the city the maidens turned and went their way up a dark tree-shaded street and the boys elsewhere. Whereat, recollecting what the London rough was like, I marvelled that they did not pursue. 'It's all right," said the commercial traveller. "If they had followed—well, I guess some one would ha' shot 'em." The very next day on those very peaceful cars returning from the Lake some one was shot—shot dead. He was what they call a "sport," which is American for a finished "leg," and he had an argument with a police officer and the latter slew him. I saw his funeral go down the main street. There were nearly thirty carriages, filled with doubtful men and women not in the least doubtful, and the local papers said that deceased had his merits, but it didn't much matter, because if the Sheriff hadn't dropped him he would assuredly have dropped the Sheriff. Somehow this jarred on my sensitive feelings and I fled, though the commercial traveller would fain have entertained me in his own house, he knowing not my name. Twice through the long hot nights we talked, tilting up our chairs on the sidewalk, of the future of America. You should hear the Saga of the States reeled off by a young and enthusiastic citizen who has just carved out for himself a home, filled it with a pretty little wife and is preparing to embark on commerce on

his own account. I was tempted to believe that pistol-shots were regrettable accidents and lawlessness only the top-scum on the great sea of humanity. I am tempted to believe that still, though baked and dusty Utah is very many miles behind me.

Then chance threw me into the arms of another and widely different commercial traveller, as we pulled out of Utah on our way to Omaha *viâ* the Rockies. He travelled in biscuits, whereof more anon, and Fate had smitten him very heavily, having at one stroke knocked all the beauty and joy out of his poor life: so he journeyed with a case of samples as one dazed, and his eyes took no pleasure in anything that he saw. So in his despair he had withdrawn himself to his religion—he was a Baptist—and spoke of its consolations with the artless freedom that an American generally exhibits when he is talking about his most sacred private affairs. There was a desert beyond Utah, hot and barren as Mian Mir in May. The sun baked the car-roof and the dust caked the windows, and through the dust and the glare the man with the biscuits bore witness to his creed, which seems to include one of the greatest miracles in the world—the immediate, unforseen, self-conscious redemption of the soul by means very similar to those which turned Paul to the straight path.

"You must experi*ence* religion" he repeated, his mouth twitching and his eyes black ringed with his recent loss. "You must experi*ence* religion. You kaint tell when you're goin' to get, or haow; but it will come—it will come, Sir, like a lightning stroke, an' you will wrestle with yourself before you receive full conviction and assurance."

"How long does that take?" I asked reverently.

"It may take hours. It make take days. I knew a man in San Jo who lay under conviction for a month an' then he got the sperrit—as you *must* git it."

"And then?"

"And then you are saved. You feel that and you kin endure anything" he sighed. "Yes anything, I don't care what it is, though I allow that some things are harder than others."

"Then you have to wait for the miracle to be worked by powers outside yourself: and if the miracle does'nt work?"

"But it *must*. I tell you it must. It comes to all who profess with faith."

I learned a good deal about that creed as the train fled on: and I wondered as I learned. It was a strange thing to watch that poor human soul, broken and bowed by its loss, nerving itself against each new pang of pain with the iterated assurance that it was safe against the pains of hell.

The heat was stifling. We quitted the desert and launched into the rolling green plains of Colorado. Dozing uneasily with every removable rag removed I was roused by a blast of intense cold and the drumming of a hundred drums. The train had stopped. Far as the eye could range the land was white under two feet of hail—each hailstone as big as the top of a sherry glass. I saw a young colt by the side of the track standing with his poor little fluffy back to the pitiless pelting. He was pounded to death. An old horse met his doom on the run. He galloped wildly towards the train, but his hind legs dropped into a hole half water and half ice. He beat the ground with his fore-feet for a minute and then rolling over on his side submitted quietly to be killed.

When the storm ceased we picked our way cautiously and crippledly over a track that might give way at any moment. The Western driver urges his train much as does the subaltern the bounding *tattoo*, and t'would seem with an equal sense of responsibility. If a foot does go wrong why there you are don't you know, and if it is all right why all right it is don't you know. But I would sooner be on the tat than the train owing to my insular prejudices in favour of dignity and ease.

This seems a good place wherein to preach on American versatility. When Mr. Howells writes a novel; when a reckless hero dams a flood by heaving a dynamite-shattered mountain into it, or when a notoriety hunting preacher marries a couple in a balloon, you shall hear the great American Press rise on its hind legs and walk round a space mouthing over the versatility of the American citizen. And he is versatile—horribly so. The unlimited exercise of the right of private judgment (which by the way is a weapon not one man in ten is competent to handle), his blatant cocksureness and the dry air bred restlessness that makes him crawl all over the furniture when he is talking to you, all conspire to make him versatile. In his own tongue "he'd as lieve run one racket as the next if he could scoop the collateral." But what he calls versatility the impartial bystander of Anglo-Indian extraction is apt to deem mere *kutchaness*, and dangerous *kutchaness* at that. No man can grasp the inwardness of an employ by the light of pure reason—even though that reason be republican. He must serve an apprenticeship to one craft and learn that craft all the days of his life if he wishes to excel therein. Otherwise he merely "puts the thing through somehow," and occasionally people are killed and hurt or shocked and ruined and occasionally they aren't. But wherein lies the beauty of this form of mental suppleness? Old man California, whom I shall love and respect always, told me one or two anecdotes about American versatility and the consequences that came back to my mind with direful force as the train progressed. We didn't upset, but I don't think that that was the fault of the driver or the men who made the track. Take up—you can easily find them—the accounts of ten consecutive railway catastrophes—not little accidents but first-class fatalities, when the long coffin-like cars turn over, take fire and roast the luckless occupants alive. To seven out of the ten you shall find appended the cheerful statement: "The accident is supposed to have been due to the rails spreading." That means the metals were spiked down to the sleepers with such versatility that the spikes or the tacks drew under the constant vibration of the traffic and the metals opened out. No one is hanged for these little affairs. Imagine the joy of Colonel Conway-Gordon if a Hurdwar pilgrim train went "agee' because the track was simply a fraud. Someone would hear about the thing.

But to return to that long travel. We began to climb hills and then we began to stop. Stop at night in darkness while men threw sand under the wheels and crowbarred the track and then "guessed" that we might proceed. Not being in the least anxious to face my Maker half asleep and rubbing my eyes I went forward to a common car and was rewarded by two hours' conversation with the stranded, broken-down, husband-abandoned actress of a fourth-rate, stranded, broken-down, manager-bereft company. She was muzzy with beer, reduced to her last dollar, fearful that there would be no one to meet her at Omaha, and she wept copiously at intervals because she had given the conductor a five-dollar bill to change, and he hadn't appeared since. He was an Irishman, so I knew he couldn't steal, and I addressed myself to the task of consolation. I was rewarded, after a decent interval, by the history of a life so wild, so mixed, so desperately improbable and yet so simply probable, and above all so quick—not fast—in its kaleidescopic changes that the *Pioneer* would reject any summary of it with contumely. And so you must never know how she, the beery woman with the tangled blonde hair, was once a girl on a farm in far-off New Jersey. How he, a travelling actor, had wooed and won her—"but Paw he was always set against Alf"—and how he and she embarked all their little capital on the word of a faithless manager who disbanded his company a hundred miles from nowhere, and how she and Alf and a third person who had not yet made any noise in the world, had to walk the railway track and beg from the farm-houses; how that third person arrived and went away again with a wail, and how Alf took to the whisky and other things still more calculated to make a wife unhappy; and how after barn-stormings, insults, tramps, shooting-scrapes and pitiful collapses of inept companies she had once won an encore. It was not a cheerful tale to listen to. There was a real actress in the Pulman—such an one as travels sumptuously with a maid and dressing cases—and the draggle-tail thought of appealing to her for help, but broke down after several attempts to walk into the car jauntily as befitted sisters in the profession. Then the conductor reappeared—the five-dollar bill honestly changed—and she wept by reason of beer and gratitude together, and then fell asleep waveringly, alone in the car, and became almost beautiful and quite kissable; while the man with the sorrow stood at the door between actress and actress and preached grim sermons on the certain end of each if they did not mend their ways and find regeneration through the miracle of the Baptist creed. Yes, we were a queer company going up to the Rockies together. I was the luckiest, because where a breakdown occurred and we were delayed for twelve hours I ate all the Baptist's sample-biscuits. They were various in composition but nourishing. Always travel with a "drummer."

XXXVI.—Across the Great Divide, and how the man Gring showed me the garments of the Ellewomen.

After much dallying and more climbing we came to a pass like all the Bolan passes in the world, and the Black Canõn of the Gunnison called they it. We had been climbing for very many hours and attained a modest elevation of some seven or eight thousand feet above the sea, when we entered a gorge, remote from the sun, where the rocks were two thousand feet sheer and where a rock-splintered river roared and howled about ten feet below the track, which latter seemed to have been built on the simple principle of dropping miscellaneous dirt into the river and pinning a few rails a-top. There was a glory and a wonder and a mystery about that mad ride which I felt keenly (you will find it properly dressed up in the guide-books), until I had to stop to offer prayers for the safety of the train. There was no hope of seeing the track two hundred yards ahead. We seemed to be running into the bowels of the earth at the invitation of an irresponsible stream. Then the solid rock would open and disclose a curve of awful twistfulness. Then the driver would put on all steam and we would go round that curve on one wheel chiefly, the Gunnison river gnashing its teeth enviously below, and then when the scared heart had slid down from the open mouth, the process would begin again. The cars overhung the edge of the water, and if a single one of the spiked rails had chosen to spread nothing in the wide world could have saved us from drowning and cripplement. I knew we should damage something in the end—the sombre horrors of the gorge, the rush of the jade-green water below and the cheerful tales told by the conductor made me certain of the catastrophe. The conductor said that though the line was reasonably safe in summer, in spring, when the grip of the long cruel frost was relaxing, riven fragments of rock disturbed by the vibration of the train would casually crash into the cars and then—"and then there was no more of thee and me." The conductor may have been a liar, but don't attempt the Black Canõn of the Gunnison in spring. Take a tonga to Simla in the rains and your chance of being knocked over the *khud* by a landslip. But in regard to the catastrophe.

We had just cleared the Black Canõn and another gorge, and were sailing out into open country nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, when we came most suddenly round a corner upon a causeway across a waste water—half dam and half quarry-pool. The locomotive gave one wild "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" but it was too late. He was a beautiful bull and goodness only knows why he had chosen the track for a constitutional with his wife. *She* was flung to the left, but the cow-catcher caught *him* and, turning him round, heaved him shoulder deep into the pool. The expression of blank, blind bewilderment on his bovine jovine face was wonderful to behold He was not angry. I don't think he was even scared, though he must have traversed ten yards without touching the earth. All he wanted to know was:—"Will somebody have the goodness to tell a respectable old gentleman what in the world or out of it has occurred?" And five minutes later the stream that had been snapping at our heels in the gorges split itself into a dozen silver threads on a breezy upland and became an innocent trout beck, and we halted at a half-dead city, the name of which does not remain with me. It had originally been built on the very crest of a wave of prosperity. Once ten thousand people had walked its streets: but the boom had collapsed. The great brick houses and the greater factories were empty.

The population lived in little timber shanties on the fringes of the deserted town. There were some railway workshops and things, and the hotel (whose pavement formed the platform of the railway) contained one hundred and more rooms—chiefly vacant. The place in its half-inhabitedness was more desolate than Amber or Chitor. But a man said:—"Trout—six pounds—two miles away," and the sorrowful man and myself went in search of 'em. The town was ringed by a circle of hills all alive with little thunder-storms that broke across the soft green of the plain in wisps and washes of smoke and amber.

To our tiny party associated himself a lawyer from Chicago. We foregathered on the question of flies, but I didn't expect to meet Elijah Pogram in the flesh. He delivered orations on the future of England and America, and of the Great Federation that the years will bring forth when America and England will belt the globe with their linked hands. Accordingly to the notions of the British he made an ass of himself, but for all his high-falutin he talked sense. I might knock through England on a four months' tour till I found a man capable of putting into words the passionate patriotism that possessed the little Chicago lawyer. And he was a man with points, for he offered me three days' shooting in Illinois if I would step out of my path a little. I might travel for ten years up and down England ere I found a man who would give a complete stranger so much as a sandwich, and for twenty ere I squeezed as much enthusiasm out of a Britisher. But I didn't shoot. He and I talked politics and trout flies all one sultry day as we wandered up and down the shallows of the streams aforesaid. Little fish are sweet. I spent two hours whipping a ripple for a fish that I knew was there, and in the pasture-scented dusk caught a three-pounder on a ragged old brown hackle and landed him after ten minutes' excited argument. He was a beauty. If ever any man works the western trout streams he would do well methinks to bring out with him the dingiest flies he possesses. The natives laugh at the tiny English hooks, but they hold well, and duns and drabs and sober greys seem to take the æsthetic tastes of the trout. For salmon (but don't say that I told you) use the spoon—gold on one side, silver on the other. It is as killing as is a similar article with fish of another calibre. Also the natives seem to use much too coarse tackle.

It was a search for a small boy who should know the river that revealed to me a new phase of life—slack, slovenly and shiftless but very interesting. There was a family in a packing case but on the outskirts of the town. They had seen the city when it was on the boom and made pretence of being the metropolis of the Rockies: and when the boom was over they clung to the city in the days of its depression. She was affable but deeply coated with dirt; he was grim and grimy, and the little children were simply caked with filth of various descriptions. But they lived in a certain sort of squalid luxury, six or eight of them in two rooms: and they enjoyed the local society. It was their eight-year-old son whom I strove to take out with me, but he had been catching trout all his life and "guessed he didn't feel like coming" though I proferred him six shillings for what ought to have been a day's pleasuring. "I'll stay with Maw" he said, and from that attitude I could not move him. Maw didn't attempt to argue with him. "If he says he won't come, he won't" she said, as though he were one of the elemental forces of nature instead of a spankable brat: and "Paw" lounging by the store refused to interfere. Maw told me that she had been a school-teacher in her not-so-distant youth, but she did not tell me what I was dying to know—how she had arrived at this mucky tenement at the back of beyond and why. Though preserving the prettinesses of her New England speech she had come to regard washing as a luxury. Paw chewed tobacco and spat from time to time. Yet when he opened his mouth for other purposes he spoke like a well-educated man. There was a story there but I couldn't get at it.

Next day the man with the sorrow and myself and a few others began the real ascent of the Rockies: up to that time our climbing didn't count. The train ran violently up a steep place and was taken to pieces. Five cars were hitched on to two locomotives, and two cars to one locomotive. This seemed to be a kind and thoughtful act, but I was idiot enough to go forward and watch the coupling on of the two rear cars in which Cæsar and his fortunes were to travel. Someone had lost or eaten the regularly ordained coupling, and a man picked up from the tailboard of the engine a single iron link about as thick as a fetter-link watch-chain, and "guessed it would do." Get hauled up a Simla *khud* by the hook of a lady's parasol if you wish to appreciate my sentiments when the cars moved up-hill and a link drew tight. Miles away and two thousand feet above our heads rose the shoulder of a hill epauletted with the long line of a snow tunnel. The first section of the cars crawled a quarter of a mile ahead of us, the track snaked and looped behind and there was a black *khud* to the left. So we went up and up and up till the thin air grew thinner and the *chunk, chunk, chunk* of the labouring locomotive was answered by the oppressed beating of the exhausted heart. Through the chequered light and shade of the snow tunnels (horrible caverns of rude timbering) we ground our way, halting now and again to allow a down-train to pass. One monster of forty mineral cars slid by scarce held by four locomotives, their breaks screaming and churtling in chorus: and in the end, after a glimpse at half America spread map-wise leagues below us, we halted at the head of the longest snow tunnel of all, on the crest of the divide between ten and eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The locomotive wished to draw breath, and the passengers to gather the flowers that nodded impertinently through the chinks of the boarding. A lady passenger's nose began to bleed and other ladies threw themselves down on the seats and gasped with the gasping train, while a wind as keen as a knife edge rioted down the grimy tunnel.

Then, despatching a pilot engine to clear the way, we began the downward portion of the journey with every available break on and frequent shrieks, till after some hours we reached the level plain and later the city of Denver, where the man with the sorrow went his way and left me to journey on to Omaha alone after one hasty glance at Denver. The pulse of that town was too like the rushing mighty wind in the rocky mountain tunnel. It made me tired because complete strangers desired me to do something to mines which were in mountains and to purchase building blocks upon inaccessible cliffs; and once, a Fie! Fie! urged that I should supply her with strong drinks. I had almost forgotten that such attacks were possible in any land, for the outward and visible signs of public morality in American towns are generally safe-guarded. For that I respect this people. Omaha, Nebraska, was but a halting place on the road to Chicago, but it revealed to me horrors that I would not wittingly have missed. The city to casual investigation seemed to be populated entirely by Germans, Poles, Slavs, Hungarians, Croats, Magyars and all the scum of the Eastern European States, but it must have been laid out by Americans, for no other people would cut the roaring traffic of a main street with two streams of railway lines each some eight or nine lines wide, and cheerfully drive tramcars across the metals. Every now and again they have horrible railway-crossing accidents at Omaha, but nobody seems to think of building an overhead bridge. That would interfere with the vested interests of the undertakers.

Be pleased to hear some details of one of that class.

There was a shop the like of which I had never seen before, for its windows were filled with dress-coats for men and dresses for women. But the studs of the shirt were made of stamped cloth upon the shirt front and there were no trousers to those coats—nothing but a sweep of cheap black cloth falling like an abbé's frock. In the doorway sat a young man reading Pollock's *Course of Time*, and by that I knew that he was an undertaker. His name was Gring, which was a beautiful name, and I talked to him on the mysteries of his craft. He was an enthusiast and an artist I told him how corpses were burnt in India. Said he: "We're vastly superior. We hold—that is to say embalm—our dead. So!" Whereon he produced the horrible weapons of his trade and most practically showed me how you "held" a man back from that corruption which is his birthright. "And I wish I would live a few generations just to see how my people keep. But I'm sure it's all right. Nothing can touch 'em after I've embalmed 'em." Then he displayed one of those ghastly dress suits, and when I laid a shuddering hand upon it behold it crumpled to nothing, for the white linen was sewn on to the black cloth and—there was no back to it. That was the horror. The garment was a shell. "We dress a man in that" said Gring, laying it out tastily on the counter. "As you see here, our caskets have a plate glass window in front (Oh me, but that window in the coffin was fitted with plush like a brougham window!) and you don't see anything below the level of the man's waistcoat, consequently!" He unrolled the terrible cheap black cloth that falls down over the stark feet and I jumped back. "Of course a man can be dressed in his own clothes if he likes, but these are the regular things: and for women, look at this." He took up the body of a high-necked dinner dress in subdued lilac, slashed and puffed and bedevilled with black, but, like the dress suit, backless and below the waist turning to shroud. "That's for an old maid. But for young girls we give white with imitation pearls round the neck. That looks very pretty through the window of the casket—you see there's a cushion for the head—with flowers banked all round." Can you imagine anything more awful than to take your last rest as much of a dead fraud as ever you were a living lie—to go into the darkness one half of you shaved, trimmed and dressed for an evening party, while the other half—the half that your friends cannot see—is enwrapped in a flapping black sheet?

I know a little bit about burial customs in various places in the world, and I tried hard to make Mr. Gring comprehend dimly the awful heathendom that he was responsible for—the grotesquerie, the giggling horror of it all. But he couldn't see it even when he showed me a little boy's last suit, he couldn't see it. He said it was quite right to embalm, and trick out and hypocritically bedizen the poor innocent dead in their superior cushioned and pillowed caskets with the window in front.

Bury me, cased in canvas like a fishing-rod, in the deep sea; burn me on a back-water of the Hughli with half a maund of damp wood and no ghi; pin me under a Pullman car and let the lighted stove do its worst; sizzle me with a fallen electric wire or whelm me in the sludge of a broken river dam: but may I never go down to the pit grinning out of a plate-glass window, in a backless dress coat and the front half of a black *saloo* dressing-gown—not though I were "held" against the ravage of the grave for ever and ever. Amen!

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXXVII.—How I struck Chicago and how Chicago struck me. Of Religion, Politics and Pigsticking, and the Incarnation of the City among the Shambles.

> "I know thy cunning and thy greed,
> Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,
> And all thy glory loves to tell
> Of specious gifts material."

I have struck a city—a real city—and they call it Chicago. The other places do not count. San Francisco was a pleasure-resort as well as a city, and Salt Lake was a phenomenon. This place is the first American city I have encountered. It holds rather more than a million people with bodies and stands on the same sort of soil as Calcutta. Having seen it I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its water is the water of the Hughli, and its air is dirt. Also it says that it is the "boss" town of America.

I do not believe that it has anything to do with this country. They told me to go to the Palmer House, which is a gilded and mirrored rabbit-warren, and there I found a huge hall of tesselated marble crammed with people talking about money, and spitting about everywhere. Other barbarians charged in and out of this inferno with letters and telegrams in their hands, and yet others shouted at each other. A man who had drunk quite as much as was good for him told me that this was "the finest hotel in the finest city on God A'mighty's earth." By the way, when an American wishes to indicate the next country or State he says, "God A'mighty's earth." This prevents discussion and flatters his vanity.

Then I went out into the streets, which are long and flat and without end. And verily it is not a good thing to live in the East for any length of time. Your ideas grow to clash with those held by every right-thinking white man. I looked down interminable vistas flanked with nine, ten and fifteen storeyed houses, and crowded with men and women, and the show impressed me with a great horror. Except in London—and I have forgotten what London was like—I had never seen so many white people together, and never such a collection of miserables. There was no colour in the street and no beauty—only a maze of wire-ropes overhead and dirty stone flagging underfoot. A cab-driver volunteered to show me the glory of the town for so much an hour and with him I wandered far. He conceived that all this turmoil and squash was a thing to be reverently admired, that it was good to huddle men together in fifteen layers, one atop of the other, and to dig holes in the ground for offices. He said that Chicago was a live town, and that all the creatures hurrying by me were engaged in business. That is to say they were trying to make some money that they might not die through lack of food to put into their bellies. He took me to canals, black as ink, and filled with untold abominations, and bade me watch the stream of traffic across the bridges. He then took me into a saloon, and, while I drank, made me note that the floor was covered with coins sunk into cement. A Hottentot would not have been guilty of this sort of barbarism. The coins made an effect pretty enough, but the man who put them there had no thought to beauty and therefore he was a savage. Then my cab-driver showed me business blocks, gay with signs and studded with fantastic and absurd advertisements of goods, and looking down the long street so adorned it was as though each vendor stood at his door howling:—"For the sake of money employ or buy of *me* and me only!" Have you ever seen a crowd at a famine relief distribution? You knew then how the men leap into the air, stretching out their arms above the crowd in the hope of being seen; while the women do dolorously slap the stomachs of their children and whimper. I had sooner watch famine relief than the white man engaged in what he calls legitimate competition. The one I understand. The other makes me ill. And the cabman said that these things were the proof of progress, and by that I knew he had been reading his newspaper, as every intelligent American should. The papers tell their *clientèle* in language fitted to their comprehension that the snarling together of telegraph wires, the heaving up of houses and the making of money is progress.

I spent ten hours in that huge wilderness, wandering through scores of miles of these terrible streets and jostling some few hundred thousand of these terrible people who talked *paisa bat* through their noses. The cabman left me: but after a while I picked up another man who was full of figures, and into my ears he poured them as occasion required or the big blank factories suggested. Here they turned out so many hundred thousand dollars' worth of such and such an article; there so many million other things; this house was worth so many million dollars; that one so many million more or less. It was like listening to a child babbling of its hoard of shells. It was like watching a fool playing with buttons But I was expected to do more than listen or watch. He demanded that I should admire: and the utmost that I could say was:—"Are these things so? Then I am very sorry for you." That made him angry and he said that insular envy made me unresponsive. So you see I could not make him understand.

About four and a half hours after Adam was turned out of the garden of Eden he felt hungry, and so, bidding Eve take care that her head was not broken by the descending fruit, shinned up a cocoa-nut palm. That hurt his legs, cut his breast, and made him breathe heavily, and Eve was tormented with fear lest her lord should miss his footing and so bring the tragedy of this world to an end ere the curtain had fairly risen. Had I met Adam then I should have been sorry for him. To-day I find eleven hundred thousand of his sons just as far advanced as their father in the art of getting food, and immeasurably inferior to him in that they think that their palm trees lead straight to the skies. Consequently I am sorry in rather more than a million different ways. In the East bread comes naturally even to the poorest by a little scratching or the gift of a friend not quite so poor. In less favoured countries one is apt to forget. Then I went to bed. And that was on a Saturday night. Sunday brought me the queerest experience of all—a revelation of barbarism complete. I found a place that was officially described as a church. It was a circus really, but that the worshippers did not know. There were flowers all about the building which was fitted up with plush and stained oak and much luxury including twisted brass candlesticks of severest Gothic design. To these things and a congregation of savages entered suddenly a wonderful man completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated colloquially and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But unlike the newspaper reporter he never allowed his listeners to forget that he and not He was the centre of attraction. With a voice of silver and with imagery borrowed from the auction-room he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gilding real gold and all the plate-glass diamond) and set in the centre of it a loud-voiced, argumentative and very shrewd creation that he called God. One sentence at this point caught my delighted ear. It was *àpropos* of some question of the judgment, and ran:—"No! I tell you God doesn't do business that way." He was giving them a deity whom they could comprehend, and a gold and jewel heaven in which they could take a natural interest. He interlarded his performance with the slang of the streets, the counter and the Exchange, and he said that religion ought to enter into daily life. Consequently I presume he introduced it *as* daily life—his own and the life of his friends.

Then I escaped before the blessing, desiring no benediction at such hands. But the persons who listened seemed to enjoy themselves and I understood that I had met with a popular preacher. Later on when I had perused the sermons of a gentleman called Talmage and some others I perceived that I had been listening to a very mild specimen. Yet that man, with his brutal gold and silver idols, his hands-in-pocket-cigar-in-mouth-and-hat-on-the-back-of-the-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would count himself spiritually quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indians. All that Sunday I listened to people who said that the mere fact of spiking down strips of iron to wood and getting a steam and iron thing to run along them was progress. That the telephone was progress, and the network of wires overhead was progress. They repeated their statements again and again. One of them took me to their city hall and board of trade works and pointed it out with pride. It was very ugly but very big, and the streets in front of it were narrow and unclean. When I saw the faces of the men who did business in that building I felt that there had been a mistake in their billeting.

By the way, 'tis a consolation to feel that I am not writing to an English audience. Then should I have to fall into feigned ecstacies over the marvellous progress of Chicago since the days of the great fire, to allude casually to the raising of the entire city so many feet above the level of the lake which it faces, and generally to grovel before the golden calf. But you who are desperately poor and therefore by these standards of no account, know things and will understand when I write that they have managed to get a million of men together on flat land and that the bulk of these men appear to be lower than *Mahajans* and not so companionable as a Punjabi *Jat* after harvest. But I don't think it was the blind hurry of the people, their argot, and their grand ignorance of things beyond their immediate interests that depressed me so much as a study of the daily papers of Chicago. Imprimis, there was some sort of dispute between New York and Chicago as to which town should give an exhibition of products to be hereafter holden, and through the medium of their more dignified journals the two cities were ya-hooing and hi-yi-ing at each other like opposition newsboys. They called it humour, but it sounded like something quite different. That was only the first trouble. The second lay in the tone of the productions. Leading articles which include gems such as:—"Back of such and such a place," or "We noticed, Tuesday, such an event," or "don't" for "does not" are things to be accepted with thankfulness. All that made me want to cry was that in these papers were faithfully reproduced all the war-cries and "back-talk" of the Palmer House bar, the slang of the barbers' shops, the mental elevation and integrity of the Pullman car porter, the dignity of the Dime Museum and the accuracy of the excited fishwife. I am sternly forbidden to believe that the paper educates the public. Then I am compelled to believe that the public educate the paper, yet suicides on the press are rare.

Just when the sense of unreality and oppression were strongest upon me, and when I most wanted help, a man sat at my side and began to talk what he called politics. I had chanced to pay about six shillings for a travelling cap worth eighteen pence and he made of the fact a text for a sermon. He said that this was a rich country and that the people liked to pay two hundred per cent on the value of a thing They could afford it. He said that the Government imposed a protective duty of from ten to seventy per cent on foreign made articles and that the American manufacturer consequently could sell his goods for a healthy sum. Thus an imported hat would, with duty, cost two guineas. The American manufacturer would make a hat for seventeen shillings and sell it for one pound fifteen. In these things he said lay the greatness of America and the effeteness of England. Competition between factory and factory kept the prices down to decent limits, but I was never to forget that this people were a rich people, not like the pauper Continentals, and that they enjoyed paying duties. To my weak intellect this seemed rather like juggling with counters. Everything that I have yet purchased costs about twice as much as it would in England, and when native-made is of inferior quality. Moreover since these lines were first thought of I have visited a gentleman who owned a factory which used to produce things. He owned the factory still. Not a man was in it, but he was drawing a handsome income from a syndicate of firms for keeping it closed in order that it might not produce things. This man said that if protection were abandoned a tide of pauper labour would flood the country, and as I looked at his factory I thought how entirely better it was to have no labour of any kind whatever rather than face so horrible a future. Meantime do you remember that this peculiar country enjoys paying money for value not received. I am an alien and for the life of me cannot see why six shillings should be paid for eighteen-penny caps or eight shillings for half-crown cigar cases. When the country fills up to a decently populated level a few million people who are not aliens will be smitten with the same sort of blindness.

But my friend's assertion somehow thoroughly suited the grotesque ferocity of Chicago. See now and judge! In the village of Isser Jang on the road to Montgomery there be four *Changar* women who winnow corn—some seventy bushels a year. Beyond their hut lives Purun Dass, the money lender, who on good security lends as much as five thousand rupees in the year. Jowala Singh, the *Lohar*, mends the village ploughs—some thirty, broken at the share, in three hundred and sixty-five days: and Hukm Chund who, is letter-writer and head of the little club under the travellers' tree, generally keeps the village posted in such gossip as the *Nai* and the *Dhai* have not yet made public property. Chicago husks and winnows her wheat by the million bushels, a hundred banks lend hundreds of millions of dollars in the year, and scores of factories turn out plough gear and machinery by steam. Scores of daily papers do work which Hukm Chand and the *Nai* and the *Dhai* perform, with due regard for public opinion, in the village of Isser Jang. So far as manufactures go, the difference between Chicago on the lake and Isser Jang on the Montgomery road is one of degree only and not of kind. As far as the understanding of the uses of life goes Isser Jang, for all its seasonal cholera, has the advantage over Chicago. Jowala Singh knows and takes care to avoid the three or four ghoul-haunted fields on the outskirts of the village; but he is not urged by millions of devils to run about all day in the sun and swear that his ploughshares are the best in the Punjab; nor does Purun Dass fly forth in an ekka more than once or twice a year, and he knows, on a pinch, how to use the railway and the telegraph as well as any son of Israel in Chicago. But this is absurd. The East is not the West and these men must continue to deal with the machinery of life, and to call it progress. Their very preachers dare not rebuke them. They gloss over the hunting for money and the thrice sharpened bitterness of Adam's curse by saying that such things dower a man with a larger range of thoughts and higher aspirations. They do not say:—"Free yourselves from your own slavery," but rather: "If you can possibly manage it, do not set quite so much store on the things of this world." And they do not know what the things of this world are!

I went off to see cattle killed by way of clearing my head, which, as you will perceive, was getting muddled. They say every Englishman goes to the Chicago stock-yards. You shall find them about six miles from the city: and once having seen them will never forget the sight. As far as the eye can reach stretches a township of cattle pens, cunningly divided into blocks so that the animals of any pen can be speedily driven out close to an inclined timber path which leads to an elevated covered way straddling high above the pens. These viaducts are two storeyed. On the upper storey tramp the doomed cattle, stolidly for the most part. On the lower with a scuffling of sharp hooves and multitudinous yells, run the pigs. The same end being appointed for each. Thus you will see the gangs of cattle waiting their turn—as they wait sometimes for days: and they need not be distressed by the sight of their fellows running about in the fear of death. All they know is that a man on horseback causes their next door neighbours to move by means of a whip. Certain bars and fences are unshipped and, behold, that crowd have gone up the mouth of a sloping tunnel and return no more. It is different with the pigs. They shriek back the news of the exodus to their friends and a hundred pens skirl responsive. It was to the pigs I first addressed myself. Selecting a viaduct which was full of them, as I could hear though I could not see, I marked a sombre building whereto it ran, and went there, not unalarmed by stray cattle who had managed to escape from their proper quarters. A pleasant smell of brine warned me of what was coming. I entered the factory and found it full of pork in barrels, and on another storey more pork unbarrelled, and in a huge room, the halves of swine for whose behoof great lumps of ice were being pitched in at the window. That room was the mortuary chamber where the pigs lay for a little while in state ere they began their progress through such passages as kings may sometimes travel. Turning a corner and not noting an overhead arrangement of greased rail, wheel and pulley I ran into the arms of four eviscerated carcases, all pure white and of a human aspect, being pushed by a man clad in vehement red. When I leaped aside the floor was slippery under me. Also there was a flavour of farmyard in my nostrils and the shouting of a multitude in my ears. But there was no joy in that shouting. Twelve men stood in two lines—six a-side. Between them and over head ran the railway of death that had nearly shunted me through the window. Each man carried a knife, the sleeves of his shirt were cut off at the elbows, and from bosom to heel he was blood-red. Beyond this perspective was a column of steam and beyond that was where I worked my awestruck way unwilling to touch beam or wall, but almost unable to keep my footing on the slime. The atmosphere was stifling as a night in the rains by reason of the steam and the crowd. I climbed to the beginning of things and, perched upon a narrow beam, overlooked very nearly all the pigs ever bred in Wisconsin. They had just been shot out of the mouth of the viaduct and huddled together in a large pen. Thence they were flicked persuasively a few at a time into a smaller chamber, and there a man fixed tackle on their hinder legs so that they rose in the air suspended from the railway of death. Oh! it was then they shrieked and called on their mothers and made promises of amendment, till the tackle-man punted them in their backs and they slid head down into a brick floored passage, very like a big kitchen sink, that was blood-red. There awaited them a red man with a knife which he passed jauntily through their throats, and the full voiced shriek became a sputter, and there a fall as of heavy tropical rain and the red man who was backed against the passage wall, you will understand, stood clear of the wildly kicking hooves and passed his hand over his eyes not from any feeling of compassion but because the spurted blood was in his eyes, and he had barely time to stick the next arrival. Then that first stuck swine dropped, still kicking, into a great vat of boiling water and spoke no more words but wallowed in obedience to some unseen machinery and presently came forth at the lower end of the vat and was heaved on the blades of a blunt paddle wheel, things which said "*Hough! Hough! Hough!*" and skelped all the hair off him except what little a couple of men with knives could remove. Then he was again hitched by the heels to that said railway and passed down the line of the twelve men—each man with a knife—losing with each man a certain amount of his individuality which was taken away in a wheelbarrow, and when he reached the last man he was very beautiful to behold but excessively unstuffed and limp. Preponderance of individuality was ever a bar to foreign travel. That pig could have been in case to visit you in India had he not parted with some of his most cherished notions.

The dissecting part impressed me not so much as the slaying. They were so excessively alive, these pigs. And then they were so excessively dead, and the man in the dripping, clammy, hot passage did not seem to care, and ere the blood of such an one had ceased to foam on the floor such another and four friends within him had shrieked and died. But a pig is only the unclean animal—the forbidden of the Prophet. I was destined to make rather a queer discovery when I went over to the cattle slaughter. All the buildings here were on a much larger scale and there was no sound of trouble, but I could smell the salt reek of blood before I set foot in the place. The cattle did not come directly through the viaduct as the pigs had done. They debouched into a yard by the hundred, and they were big red brutes carrying much flesh. In the centre of that yard stood a red Texan steer with a headstall on his wicked head. No man controlled him. He was, so to speak, picking his teeth and whistling in an open byre of his own when the cattle arrived. As soon as the first one had fearfully quitted the viaduct, this red devil put his hands in his pockets and slouched across the yard, no man guiding him. Then he lowed something to the effect that he was the regularly appointed guide of the establishment and would show them round. They were country folk but they knew how to behave; and so followed Judas some hundred strong, patiently and with a look of bland wonder in their faces. I saw his broad back jogging in advance of them, up, up a lime-washed incline where I was forbidden to follow. Then a door shut, and in a minute back came Judas with the air of a virtuous plough bullock and took up his place in his byre. Somebody laughed across the yard, but I heard no sound of cattle from the big brick building into which the mob had disappeared. Only Judas chewed the cud with a malignant satisfaction, and so I knew there was trouble, and ran round to the front of the factory and so entered and stood aghast.

Who takes count of the prejudices that we absorb through the skin, by way of our surroundings? It was not the spectacle that impressed me. The first thought that almost spoke itself aloud was: "They are killing kine," and it was a shock. The pigs were nobody's concern, but cattle—the brothers of the cow, the sacred cow—were quite otherwise. The next time an M. P. tells me that India either Sultanizes or Brahminizes a man I shall believe about half what he says. It is unpleasant to watch the slaughter of cattle when one has laughed at the notion for a few years. I could not see actually what was done in the first instance because the row of stalls in which they lay was separated from me by fifty impassable feet of butchers and slung carcases. All I know is that men swung open the doors of a stall as occasion required, and there lay two steers already stunned and breathing heavily. These two they pole-axed, and half raising them by tackle they cut their throats. Two men skinned each carcase, somebody cut off the head, and in half a minute more the overhead rail carried two sides of beef to their appointed place. There was clamour enough in the operating room, but from the waiting cattle, invisible on the other side of the line of pens, never a sound. They went to their death, trusting Judas, without a word. They were slain at the rate of five a minute, and if the pig-men were spattered with blood, their butchers were bathed in it. The blood ran in muttering gutters. There was no place for hand or foot that was not coated with thicknesses of dried blood and the stench of it in the nostrils bred fear.

And then the same merciful Providence that has showered good things on my path throughout sent me an embodiment of the city of Chicago so that I might remember it for ever. Women come sometimes to see the slaughter, as they would come to see the slaughter of men. And there entered that vermillion hall a young woman of large mould, with brilliantly scarlet lips, and heavy eyebrows and dark hair that came down in a "widow's peak" on the forehead. She was well and healthy and alive exceedingly, and she was dressed in flaming red and black and her feet (know you that the feet of American women are like unto the feet of fairies?) her feet I say were cased in red leather shoes. She stood in a patch of sunlight, the red blood under her shoes, the vivid carcases stacked round her, a bullock bleeding its life away not six feet from her and the death factory roaring all round her. She looked curiously, with hard bold eyes, and was not ashamed.

Then said I:—"This is a special sending. I have seen the city of Chicago." And I went away to get peace and rest.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXXVIII.—How I found Peace and lost it at Musquash on the Monongahela.

> "Prince, blown by many a western breeze
> Our vessels greet you, treasure laden.
> We send them all—but best of these—
> A free and frank young Yankee maiden."

It is a mean thing and an unhandsome to "do" a continent in five hundred mile jumps. But after those swine and bullocks at Chicago I felt as though complete change of air would be good. The United States at present hinge in or about Chicago, as a double-leaved screen hinges. To be sure the tiny New England States call a trip to Pennsylvania "going west," but the larger minded citizen seems to reckon his longitude from Chicago "Eelenoy." Twenty years hence the centre of population—that shaded square on the census map—will have shifted men say far west of Chicago. Twenty years later it will be on the Pacific slope. Twenty years after that America will begin to crowd up and there will be some trouble. People will demand manufactured goods for their reduced-establishment households at the cheapest possible rates, and the cry that the land is rich enough to afford protection will cease with great abruptness. At present it is the *ryot*—the farmer—that pays most dearly for the luxury of high prices. In the old days when the land was fresh and there was plenty of it, and it cropped like the garden of Eden, he did not mind paying. Now there is not so much free land, and the old acres are needing stimulants, which cost money, and the *ryot*, who pays for everything, is beginning to ask questions. Also the great American nation, which individually never shuts a door behind its noble self, very seldom attempts to put back anything that it has taken from Nature's shelves. It grabs all it can and moves on. But the moving on is nearly finished and the grabbing must stop, and then the Federal Government will have to establish a Woods and Forests Department the like of which was never seen in the world before. And all the people who have been accustomed to take, hack, mangle and burn timber as they please will object, with shots and protestations, to this infringement of their rights. That will be the beginning of a great many salutary reforms consequent on the crowding up. The nigger will breed bounteously, and he will have to be reckoned with; and the manufacturer will have to be contented with smaller profits, and he will have to be reckoned with; and the railways will no longer rule the countries through which they run, and they will have to be reckoned with. And nobody will approve of it in the least.

Yes: it will be a spectacle for all the world to watch this big, slashing colt of a nation that has got off with a flying start on a freshly littered course being pulled back to the ruck by that very mutton-fisted jockey Necessity. There will be excitement in America when a few score millions of "sovereigns" discover that what they considered the outcome of their own Government is but the rapidly diminishing bounty of Nature; and that if they want to get on comfortably they must tackle every single problem from labour to finance humbly, without gasconade and afresh. But at present they look "that all the to-morrows shall be as to-day," and if you argue with them they say that the Democratic Idea will keep things going. They believe in that Idea, and the less well-informed fortify themselves in their belief by curious assertions as to the despotism that exists in England. This is pure provincialism of course: but it is very funny to listen to, especially when you compare the theory with the practice (pistol chiefly) as proven in the newspapers. I have striven zealously to find out where the central authority of the land lies. It isn't at Washington, because the Federal Government can't do anything to the States save run the *dāk* and collect a Federal *takkus* or two. It isn't in the States, because the townships can do as they like: and it isn't in the townships, because these are bossed by alien voters or rings of patriotic home-bred citizens. And it certainly is not in the citizens, because they are governed and coerced by an almost despotic power of public opinion as represented by their papers, preachers or local society. I found one man who told me that if anything went wrong in this huge congress of kings—if there was a split or an upheaval or a smash—the people in detail would be subject to the Idea of the sovereign people in mass. This is a survival from the civil war when, you remember, the people in a majority, did with guns and sword slay and wound the people in detail. All the same the notion seems very much like the worship by the savage of the unloaded rifle as it leans against the wall.

But the men and women alike set us an example in patriotism. They buck like Walers: but they believe in their land and its future and its honour and its glory, and they are not ashamed to say so. From the largest to the least runs this same proud, passionate conviction to which I take off my hat and for which I love them. An average English householder seems to regard his country as an abstraction that ought to supply him with certain temporal advantages in the way of policemen and fire-brigades. The cockney cad simply cannot understand what the word means. The bloomin' Toffs he knows and the law and the soldiers that supply him with a spectacle in the parks: but he would howl in your face at the notion of any duty being owed by himself to his land. Pick an American of the second generation anywhere you please—from the cab-rank, the porter's room or the plough-tail—specially the plough-tail—and that man will make you understand in five minutes that he understands what manner of thing his Republic is. He might laugh at a law that didn't suit his convenience, draw your eye-teeth in a bargain, and applaud 'cuteness on the outer verge of swindling: but you should hear him stand up and sing:—

> My country 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing!"

I have heard a few thousand of them engaged in that employment. I respect him. There is too much Romeo and too little balcony about our National Anthem. With the American article it is all balcony. There must be born a poet who shall give the English *the* song of their own, own country—which is to say about half the world. Remains then only to compose the greatest song of all—The Saga of the Anglo-Saxon all round the earth—a pæan that shall combine the terrible slow swing of the Battle Hymn of the Republic (which if you know not, get chanted to you) with "Britannia needs no bulwarks," the skirl of the British Grenadiers with that perfect quickstep "Marching through Georgia," and at the end the wail of the Dead March. For we even, we who share the earth between us as no gods have ever shared it, we also are mortal in the matter of our single selves. "Wal—will anyone take the contrack?"

It was with these rambling notions that I arrived at the infinite peace of the tiny township of Musquash on the Monongahela river, and here I eat salt and for that reason the name is veiled. The clang and tumult of Chicago belonged to another world with which I had no concern. Imagine a rolling, wooded English landscape under softest of blue skies, dotted at three mile intervals with fat little, quiet little villages or aggressive little manufacturing towns that the trees and the folds of the hills mercifully prevented from betraying their presence unseemly. The golden-rod blazed in the pastures against the green of the mulleins, and the cows picked their way home through the twisted paths between the blackberry bushes. All summer was on the orchards, and the apples—such apples as we dream of when we eat the woolly imitations of Kashmir—were ripe and toothsome. It was good to lie in a hammock with half-shut eyes and in the utter stillness to hear the apples dropping from the trees, and the tinkle of the cowbells as the cows walked statelily down the main-road of the village. Everybody in that restful place seemed to have just as much as he wanted—*videlicet*, a house with all comfortable appliances a big or little verandah wherein to spend the day, a neatly shaved garden with wild wealth of flowers, some cows and an orchard. Everybody knew everybody else intimately, and what they did not know the local daily—a daily for a village of twelve hundred people—supplied. There was a court-house where justice was done, and a jail where some very enviable prisoners lived, and there were four or five churches of four or five denominations. Also it was impossible to buy openly any liquor in that little paradise. But, and this is a very serious but, you could by producing a medical certificate get strong drinks from the chemist. This was nasty, for a chemist ought only to supply "pink pegs," and the bulk of the medical certificates were procured for base ends. That is the disadvantage of prohibition. It makes a man who wants to drink a shirker and a contriver, which things are not good for the soul of a man, and presently, specially if he be young, cause him to believe that he may be just as well hanged for a sheep as for a lamb: and the end of that young man is not pretty. Far be it from me to prejudice the idyllic arrangements of Musquash; but nothing except a rattling fall will persuade an average colt that a fence is not meant to be jumped over, whereas if he is turned out into the open he learns to carry himself with discretion. One heard a good deal of this same dread of drink in Musquash, and even the maidens seemed to know too much about it and its effects upon certain unregenerate youths, who, if they had been once made thoroughly, effectually and insistently drunk—with a tepid brandy and soda thrust before their goosefleshed noses on the terrible next morning—would perhaps have seen the futility of their ways. It was a sin by certain canons to imbibe lager and—*experto crede*—you can get dropsy on that stuff long before you can get drunk. "But what man knows his mind?" Besides it was all their own affair. The little community seemed to be as self-contained as an Indian village. Had the rest of the land sunk under the sea, Musquash would have gone on asking for no orders, sending its sons to school in order to make them "good citizens," which is the constant prayer of the American father, settling its own road-making, local cesses, town lot arbitrations, and internal government by ballot and vote and due respect to the voices of the headmen (which is the salvation of the ballot), until such time as all should take their places in the cemetery appointed for their faith. Here were Americans and no aliens—men ruling themselves by themselves and for themselves, and their wives and their children in peace, order and decency.

But what went straightest to this heart, though they did not know it, was that they were Methody folk for the most part—ay, Methody as ever trod a Yorkshire moor, or drove on a Sunday to some chapel of the faith in the Dales. The old Methody talk was there, with the discipline whereby the souls of the just are, sometimes to their intense vexation, made perfect on this earth in order that they may "take out their letters and live and die in good standing." If you don't know the talk you won't know what that means. The discipline or dis*cep*line is no thing to be trifled with, and its working among a congregation depends entirely upon the tact, humanity and sympathy of the leader who works it. He knowing what youth's desires are can turn the soul in the direction of good gently, instead of wrenching it savagely on the right path only to see it break away quivering and scared. The arm of the Dis*cep*line is long. A maiden told me, as a new and strange fact and one that would interest a foreigner, of a friend of hers who had once been admonished by some elders somewhere—but not in Musquash—for the heinous crime of dancing. She, the friend, did not in the least like it. She would not. Can't you imagine the delightful results of a formal wigging administered by a youngish and austere elder who was not accustomed to make allowances for the natural dancing instincts of the young of the human animal. The hot irons that are held forth to scare may also sear, as those who have ever lain under an unfortunate exposition of the old faith can attest.

But it was all immensely interesting—the absolutely fresh, wholesome, sweet life that paid

due reverence to the things of the next world, but took good care to get enough tennis in the cool of the evening; that concerned itself as honestly and thoroughly with the daily round, the trivial task (and that same task is anything but trivial when you are "helped" by an American "help") as with the salvation of the soul. I had the honour of meeting in the flesh, even as Miss Alcott drew them, Meg and Joe and Beth and Amy whom you ought to know. There was no affectation of concealment in their lives who had nothing to conceal. There were many "little women" in that place, because even as is the case in England the boys had gone out to seek their fortunes. Some were working in the thundering, clanging city only thirty miles away, others had removed to the infinite West, and others had disappeared in the languid, lazy South: and the maidens waited their return, as is the custom of maidens all over the world. Then the boys would come back in the soft sunlight, chiefly attired in careful raiment, their tongues cleansed of evil-words ard discourtesy. They had just come to look—bless their carefully groomed heads—so they had, and the maidens in white dresses glimmered like ghosts on the stoop and received them according to their merits. Mamma had nothing to do with this, nor papa either, for he was down town trying to drive reason into the head of a land surveyor, and all down the long, lazy, intimate street you heard the garden gates click and clash, as the mood of the man varied, and bursts of pleasant laughter where three or four, be sure the white muslins were among them, discussed a picnic past or a buggy-drive to come. Then the couples went their ways and talked together till the young men had to go at last on account of the trains, and all trooped joyously down to the station and thought no harm of it, and, indeed, why should they? From her fifteenth year the American maiden moves among "the boys" as a sister among brothers. They are her servants to take her out riding, which is driving, to give her flowers and candy. The last two items are expensive, which is good for a young man, as teaching him to value friendship that costs a little in cash and may necessitate economy on the cigar side. As to the maiden she is taught to respect herself, that her fate is in her own hands, and that she is the more stringently bound by the very measure of the liberty which is so freely accorded to her. Wherefore, in her own language, "she has a lovely time" with about two or three hundred boys who have sisters of their own, and a very accurate perception that if they were unworthy of their trust a syndicate of other boys would probably pass them into a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage—much less preliminary palaver. And so time passes till the maiden knows the other side of the house, knows that a man is not a demi-god nor a mysteriously veiled monster, but an average, egoistical, vain, gluttonous, not on the whole companionable sort of person, to be soothed, fed and managed—knowledge that does not come to her sister in England till after a few years of matrimony. And then she makes her choice. The Golden Light touches eyes that are full of comprehension: but the light is golden none the less, for she makes just the same sweet, irrational choices that an English girl does—with this advantage: she knows a little more, has experience in entertaining, insight into the businesses, employs and *shouks* of men gathered from countless talks with the boys and *causeries intimes* with the other girls who find time at those mysterious conclaves to discuss what Tom, Ted, Stuke or Jack have been doing in real-estate, improved ditto, wires, oil, or that desirable business known as "kew-pon-cutting"—*Anglice*, living on your revenues. Thus it happens that she is a companion, in the fullest sense of the word, of the man she weds, zealous for the interest of the firm, to be consulted in time of stress and to be called upon for help and sympathy in time of danger. Pleasant it is that one heart should beat for you, but it is better if the head above that heart has been thinking hard on your behalf and the lips, that are also very pleasant to kiss, should give wise counsel.

When the American maiden—I speak now for the rank and file of that noble army—is once married, why, *bus, hogya!* She has had her lovely time. It may have been five, seven or ten years according to circumstances. She abdicates promptly with startling speed, and her place knows her no more except with her husband. The Queen is dead, for looking after the house. This same household work seems to be the thing that ages the American woman. She is infamously "helped" by the Irish trollop and the negress alike It is not fair upon her, because she has to do three parts of the house work herself and in dry, nerve-straining air the "chores" are a burden. Be thankful, O my people, for Mauz Baksh, Kader Baksh and the ayah while they are with you. They are twice as handy as the unkempt slatterns of the furnished apartments to which you will return, Commissioners though you be, and five times as clever as the Amelia Araminta Rebellia Secessia Jackson (coloured) under whose ineptitude and insolence the young American housewife groans, and the special horror of the negress is—well, I am not of a sensitive nose—it has sniffed many things; but there was a negress in the course of my wanderings that did me the honour of cleaning my room, and by reason of the abhorrent whiff of the chain-gang, the musky reek of the slave-dhow, I could not enter that room for twenty minutes. It was ghastly, and what made it worse was the poor creature's excessive Europeanisation, and her airs. But all this is far enough from peaceful, placid Musquash and its boundless cordiality, its simple, genuine hospitality and its—what's the French word that just covers all?—*gra——gracieuseness* isn't it? Oh, be good to an American wherever you meet him. Put him up for the club and he will hold you listening till three in the morning, give him the best tent and the gram-fed sheep. I have incurred a debt of salt that I can never repay, but do you return it piece-meal to any of that nation, and the account will be on my head till our paths in the world cross again. He drinks iced water just as we do, but he doesn't quite like our cigars. And how shall I finish the tale? Would it interest you to learn of the picnics in the hot, still woods that overhang the Monongahela, when those idiotic American buggies that can't turn round got stuck among the brambles and all but capsized; of boatings in the blazing sun on the river that but a little time before had cast at the feet of the horrified village the corpses of the Johnstown tragedy? I saw one, only one, remnant of that terrible wreck. He had been a minister. House, church, congregation, wife and children had been swept away from him in one night of terror. He had no employment and he could have employed himself at nothing: but God had been very good to him. He sat in the sun and smiled a little weakly. It was on his poor blurred mind that something had happened—he was not sure what it was, but undoubtedly something had occurred. One could only pray that the light would never return.

But there be many pictures on my mind. Of a huge manufacturing city of three hundred thousand souls lighted and warmed by natural gas, so that the great valley full of flaming furnaces sent up no smoke wreaths to the clear sky; of Musquash itself lighted by the same mysterious agency; flares of gas eight feet long roaring day and night at the corners of the grass-grown streets because it wasn't worth while to turn them out: of fleets of coal-flats being hauled down the river on an interminable journey to St. Louis; of factories nestling in woods where all the axe-handles and shovels in the world seemed to be manufactured daily; and, last, of that quaint forgotten German community, the Brotherhood of Perpetual Separation, who founded themselves when the State was yet young and land cheap, and are now dying out because they will neither marry nor give in marriage and recruits are very few. The advance in the value of land has almost smothered these poor old people in a golden affluence that they never intended. They live in a little village where the houses are built, old Dutch fashion, with their front doors away from the road and cobbled paths all about. The cloistered peace of Musquash is metropolitan riot compared with the hush of that village. And there is also a love-tale tucked away among the flowers. It has taken seventy years in the telling, for the brother and sister loved each other well, but they loved their duty to the brotherhood more. So they have lived and still do live, seeing each other daily and separated for all time. But any trouble that might have been is altogether wiped out of their faces, which are as calm as those of very little children. To the uninitiated those constant ones resemble extremely old people in garments of even older cut. But they love each other, and that seems to bring me back quite naturally to the girls and the boys in Musquash. The boys were nice boys—graduates of Yale of course: you musn't mention Harvard here—but none the less in business skilled in stocks and shares, the boring for oil and the sale of everything that can be sold by one sinner to another Skilled, too, in base-ball, big shouldered, with straight eyes and square chins—but not above occasional diversion and mild orgies. They will make good citizens and possess the earth, and eventually wed one of the nice white muslin dresses wherein beats a stout and a wise little heart to guide the well-poised head under its crop of curly hair brought low down on the forehead. There are worse things in this world than being "one of the boys" in Musquash—much worse.

The Professor says so: and I think he ought to know.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

XXXIX.—TELLS HOW THE PROFESSOR AND I FOUND THE PRECIOUS RIDICULOUSES AND HOW THEY CHAUTAUQUACKED AT US. PUTS INTO PRINT SOME SENTIMENTS BETTER LEFT UNRECORDED, AND PROVES THAT A NEGLECTED THEORY WILL BLOSSOM IN CONGENIAL SOIL. CONTAINS FRAGMENTS OF THREE LECTURES AND A CONFESSION.

"But these in spite of careful dirt
Are neither green nor sappy,
Half conscious of the garden squirt
The Spendlings look unhappy."

OUT of the silence under the apple-trees the Professor spake. One leg thrust from the hammock netting kicked lazily at the blue. There was the crisp crunch of teeth in an apple core.

"Get out of this," said the Professor lazily. As it was on the banks of the Hughli so on the green borders of the Musquash and the Ohio—eternal unrest, and the insensate desire to go ahead. I was lapped in a very trance of peace. Even the apples brought no indigestion.

"Permanent Nuisance, what is the matter now?" I grunted.

"G'long out of this and go to Niagara," said the Professor in jerks. "Spread the ink of description through the waters of the Horseshoe falls—buy a papoose from the tame wild Indian who lives in the Clifton house—take a fifty-cent ride on the *Maid of the Mist*—go over the falls in a tub."

"Seriously, is it worth the trouble? Everybody who has ever been within fifty miles of the falls has written his or her impressions. Everybody who has never seen the falls knows all about them, and—besides, I want some more apples. They're good in this place, ye big fat man," I quoted.

The Professor retired into his hammock for a while. Then he reappeared flushed with a new thought. "If you want to see something quite new let's go to Chautauqua."

"What's that?"

"Well, it's a sort of institution. It's an educational idea, and it lives on the borders of a lake in New York State. I think you'll find it interesting: and I know it will show you a new side of American life."

In blank ignorance I consented. Everybody is anxious that I should see as many sides of American life as possible. Here in the East they demand of me what I thought of their West. I dare not answer that it is as far from their notions and motives as Hindustan from Hoboken—that the West, to this poor thinking, is an America which has no kinship with its neighbour. Therefore I congratulate them hypocritically upon "their West," and from their lips learn that there is yet another America, that of the south—alien and distinct. Into the third country, alas, I shall not have time to penetrate. The newspapers and the oratory of the day will tell you that all feeling between North and South is extinct. None the less the Northerner, outside his newspapers and public men, has a healthy contempt for the Southerner which the latter repays by what seems very like a deep-rooted aversion to the Northerner. I have learned now what the sentiments of the great American nation mean. The North speaks in the name of the country; the West is busy developing its own resources, and the Southerner sulks in his tents. His opinions do not count: but his girls are very beautiful.

So the Professor and I took a train and went to look at the educational idea. From sleepy, quiet little Musquash we rattled through the coal and iron districts of Pennsylvania, her coke ovens flaring into the night and her clamorous foundries waking the silence of the woods in which they lay. Twenty years hence woods and cornfields will be gone, and from Pittsburgh to Shenango all will be as smoky black as Bradford and Beverly: for each factory is drawing to itself a small town, and year by year the demand for rails increases. The Professor held forth on the labour question, his remarks being prompted by the sight of a train-load of Italians and Hungarians going home from mending a bridge.

"You recollect the Burmese," said he. "The American is like the Burman in one way. He won't do heavy manual labour. He knows too much. Consequently he imports the alien to be his hands—just as the Burman gets hold of the Madrassi. If he shuts down all contract labour immigration he will have to fill up his own dams, cut his own cuttings and pile his own embankments. The American Citizen won't like that. He is racially unfit to be a labourer in *muttee*. He can invent, buy, sell and design, but he cannot waste his time on earthworks. *Inwaste*, this great people will resume contract labour immigration the minute they find the aliens in their midst are not sufficient for the jobs in hand. If the alien gives them trouble they will shoot him."

"Yes, they will shoot him," I said, remembering how only two days before some Hungarians employed on a line near Musquash had seen fit to strike and to roll down rocks on labourers hired to take their places, an amusement which caused the sheriff to open fire with a revolver and wound or kill (it really does not much matter which) two or three of them. Only a man who earns ten pence a day in sunny Italy knows how to howl for as many shillings in America.

The composition of the crowd in the cars began to attract my attention. There were very many women, and a few clergymen. Where you shall find these two together, there also shall be a fad a hobby, a theory, or a mission.

"These people are going to Chautauqua," said the Professor. "It's a sort of open-air college—they call it—but you'll understand things better when you arrive." A grim twinkle in the back of his eye awakened all my fears. "Can you get anything to drink there?"

"No."

"Are you allowed to smoke?"

"Ye-es, in certain places."

"Are we staying there over Sunday?"

"*No*." This very emphatically.

Feminine shrieks of welcome:—"There's Sadie!" "Why, Maimie, is that you!" "Alf's in the smoker. Did you bring the baby," and a profligate expenditure of kisses between bonnet and bonnet told me we had struck a gathering place of clans. It was midnight. They swept us, this horde of clamouring women, into a black Mana omnibus and a sumptuous hotel close to the borders of a lake—Lake Chautauqua. Morning showed as pleasant a place of summer pleasuring as ever I wish to see. Smooth-cut lawns of velvet grass, studded with tennis courts, surrounded the hotel and ran down to the blue waters, which were dotted with row boats. Young men in wonderful blazers and maidens in more wonderful tennis costumes; women attired with all the extravagance of unthinking Chicago or the grace of Washington (which is Simla) filled the grounds, and neat French nurses and exquisitely dressed little children ran about together. There was pickerel fishing for such as enjoyed it; a bowling alley; unlimited bathing and a toboggang, besides many other amusements, all winding up with a dance or a concert at night. Women dominated the sham mediæval hotel, rampaged about the passages, flirted in the corridors and chased unruly children off the tennis courts. This place is called Lakewood. It is a pleasant place for the unregenerate.

"*We* go up the lake in a steamer to Chautauqua," said the Professor. "But I want to stay here. This is what I understand and like."

"No, you don't. You must come along and be educated."

All the shores of the lake, which is eighteen miles long, are dotted with summer hotels, camps, boat-houses and pleasant-places of rest. You go there with all your family to fish and to flirt. There is no special beauty in the landscape of tame cultivated hills and decorous woolly trees, but good taste and wealth have taken the place in hand, trimmed its borders and made it altogether delightful.

The institution of Chautauqua is the largest village on the lake. I can't hope to give you an idea of it, but try to imagine the Charleville at Mussoorie magnified ten times and set down in the midst of hundreds of tiny little hill houses, each different from its neighbour, brightly painted and constructed of wood. Add something of the peace of dull Dalhousie, flavour with a tincture of missions and the old Polytechnic, Cassell's Self Educator and a Monday pop, and spread the result out flat on the shores of Naini Tal lake which you will please transport to the Dun. But that does not half describe the idea. We reached it through a wicket gate where we were furnished with a red ticket, price forty cents, and five dollars if you lost it. I naturally lost mine on the spot and was fined accordingly.

Once inside the grounds on the paths that serpentined round themyriad cottages I was lost in admiration of scores of pretty girls, most of them with little books under their arms, and a pretty air of seriousness on their faces. Then I stumbled upon an elaborately arranged mass of artificial hillocks surrounding a mud puddle and a wormy streak of slime connecting it with another mud puddle. Little boulders topped with square pieces of putty were strewn over the hillocks—evidently with intention. When I hit my foot against one such boulder painted "Jerico," I demanded information in aggrieved tones.

"Hsh!" said the Professor. "It's a model of Palestine—the Holy Land—done to scale and all that, you know."

Two young people were flirting on the top of the highest mountain overlooking Jerusalem; the mud puddles were meant for the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee and the twisting gutter was the Jordan. A small boy sat down on the city "Safed" and cast his line into Chautauqua lake. On the whole it did not impress me. The hotel was filled with women, and a large black board in the main hall set forth the exercises for the day. It seemed that Chautauqua was a sort of educational syndicate, *cum* hotel, *cum* (very mild) Rosherville. There were annually classes of young women and young men who studied in the little cottages for two or three months in the year and went away to self-educate themselves. There were other classes who learned things by correspondence, and yet other classes made up of teachers. All these delights I had missed, but had arrived just in time for a sort of debauch of lectures which concluded the three months' education. The syndicate in control had hired various lecturers whose names would draw audiences, and these men were lecturing about the labour problem, the servant-girl question, the artistic and political aspects of Greek life, the Pope in the Middle Ages and similar subjects, in all of which young women do naturally take deep delight. Professor Mahaffy (what the devil was he doing in that galley?) was the Greek art side man, and a Dr. Gunsaulus handled the Pope. The latter I loved forthwith. He had been to some gathering on much the same lines as the Chautauqua one, and had there been detected, in the open daylight, smoking a cigar. One whole lighted cigar. Then his congregation or his class, or the mothers of both of them, wished to know whether this was the sort of conduct for a man professing temperance. I have not heard Dr. Gunsaulus' lecture, but he must be a good man. Professor Mahaffy was enjoying himself. I sat close to him at tiffin and heard him arguing with an American professor as to the merits of the American constitution. Both men spoke that the table might get the benefit of their wisdom, whence I argued

that even eminent professors are eminently human.

"Now, for goodness sake, behave yourself," said the Professor: "you are not to ask the whereabouts of a bar. You are not to laugh at anything you see, and you are not to go away and deride this Institution."

Remember that advice. But I was virtuous throughout, and my virtue brought its own reward. The parlour of the hotel was full of committees of women, some of them were Methodist Episcopalians, and some were Congregationalists, and some were United Presbyterians, or Old Presbyterians, or Free and Accepted Presbyterians; and some were faith-healers and Christian scientists, and all trotted about with note-books in their hands and the expression of Atlas on their faces. They were connected with missions to the heathen, and so forth, and their deliberations appeared to be controlled by a male missionary. The Professor introduced me to one of them as their friend from India.

"Indeed," said she, "and of what denomination are you?"

"I—I live in India," I murmured.

"You are a missionary, then?"

I had obeyed the Professor's orders all too well.

"I am not a missionary," I said, with I trust a decent amount of regret in my tones. She dropped me and I went to find the Professor, who had cowardly deserted me and I think was laughing on the balcony. It is very hard to persuade a denominational American that a man from India is not a missionary. The home-returned preachers very naturally convey the impression that India is inhabited solely by missionaries.

I heard some of them talking and saw how, all unconsciously, they were hinting the thing which was not. But prejudice governs me against my will. When a woman looks you in the face and pities you for having to associate with "heathen" and "idolaters"—Sikh Sirdar of the north, if you please, Mahommedan gentlemen and the simple-minded *Jat* of the Punjab—what can you do?

The Professor took me out to see the sights, and lest I should be further treated as a denominational missionary I wrapped myself in tobacco smoke. This ensures respectful treatment at Chautauqua. An amphitheatre capable of seating five thousand people is the centre, point of the show. Here the lecturers lecture and the concerts are held, and from here the avenues start. Each cottage is decorated according to the taste of the owners and is full of girls. The verandahs are alive with them; they fill the sinuous walks; they hurry from lecture to lecture, hatless and three under one sunshade; they retail little confidences walking arm in arm; they giggle for all the world like uneducated maidens, and they walk about and row on the lake with their very young men. The lectures are arranged to suit all tastes. I got hold of one called "The Eschatology of our Saviour." It set itself to prove the length, breadth and temperature of Hell from information garnered from the New Testament. I read it in the sunshine under the trees, with these hundreds of pretty maidens pretending to be busy all round: and it did not seem to match the landscape. Then I studied the faces of the crowd. One quarter were old and worn: the balance was young, innocent, charming and frivolous. I wondered how much they really knew or cared for the art side of Greek life, or the Pope in the Middle Ages: and how much for the young men who walked with them. Also what their ideas of Hell might be. We entered a place called a museum (all the shows here are of an improving tendency) which had evidently been put together by feminine hands, so jumbled were the exhibits. There was a facsimile of the Rosetta stone, with some printed popular information, an Egyptian camel saddle, miscellaneous truck from the Holy Land, another model of the same, photographs of Rome, badly blotched drawings of volcanic phenomena, the head of the pike that John Brown took to Harper's ferry what time his soul went marching on, casts of doubtful value, and views of Chautauqua, all bundled together without the faintest attempt at arrangement, and all very badly labelled.

It was the apotheosis of Popular Information. I told the Professor so, and he said I was an ass, which didn't affect the statement in the least. I have seen museums like the Chautauqua before, and well I know what they mean. If you do not understand, read the first part of *Aurora Leigh*. Lectures of the Chautauqua stamp I have heard before. People don't get education that way. They must dig for it, and cry for it, and sit up o' nights for it: and when they have got it they must call it by another name or their struggle is of no avail. You can take a degree from this Lawn Tennis Tabernacle of all the arts and sciences at Chautauqua. Mercifully the students are womenfolk and if they marry the degree is forgotten, and if they become school-teachers they can only instruct young America in the art of mispronouncing his own language. And yet so great is the perversity of the American girl that she can, scorning tennis and the allurements of boating, work herself nearly to death over the skittles of archœology and foreign tongues, to the sorrow of all her friends.

Late that evening the contemptuous courtesy of the hotel allotted me a room in a cottage of quarter-inch planking, destitute of the most essential articles of toilette furniture. Ten shillings a day was the price of this shelter, for Chautauqua is a paying institution. I heard the Professor next door banging about like a big jack-rabbit in a very small packing case. Presently he entered holding between disgusted finger and thumb the butt end of a candle, his only light, and this in a house which would burn quicker than cardboard if once lighted.

"Isn't it shameful! Isn't it atrocious! A dak bungalow *khansamah* wouldn't dare to give me a raw candle to go to bed by. I say, when you describe this hole rend them to pieces. A candle stump! Give it 'em hot."

You will remember the Professor's advice to me not long ago. "'Fessor," said I loftily (my own room was a windowless dog-kennel), "this is unseemly. We are now in the most civilised country on earth, enjoying the advantages of an Institootion which is the flower of the civilisation of the nineteenth century: and yet you kick up a fuss over being obliged to go to bed by the stump of a candle. Think of the Pope in the Middle Ages. Reflect on the art side of Greek life. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and get out of this. You're filling two-thirds of my room."

* * * * *

Apropos of the Sabbath, I have come across some lovely reading which it grieves me that I have not preserved. Chautauqua, you must know, shuts down on Sundays. With awful severity an eminent clergyman has been writing to the papers about the beauties of the system. The stalls that dispense terrible drinks of Moxie, typhoidal milk shakes and sulphuric-acid-on-lime-bred soda-water are stopped; boating is forbidden; no steamer calls at the jetty and the nearest railway station is three miles off and you cannot hire a conveyance; the barbers must not shave you; and no milkman or butcher goes his rounds. The reverend gentleman enjoys this (he must wear a beard). I forget his exact words, but they run:—"And thus, thank God, no one can supply himself on the Lord's Day with the luxuries or conveniences that he has neglected to procure on Saturday." Of course, if you happen to linger inside the wicket gate—verily Chautauqua is a close preserve—over Sunday you must bow gracefully to the rules of the place. But what are you to do with this frame of mind? The owner of it would send missions to convert the "heathen," or would convert you at ten minutes' notice: and yet if you called him a heathen and an idolater he would probably be very much offended.

Oh! my friends, I have been to one source of the river of missionary enterprise and the waters thereof are bitter—bitter as hate, narrow as the grave! Not now do I wonder that the missionary in the East is at times to our thinking a little intolerant towards beliefs he cannot understand and people he does not appreciate. Rather it is a mystery to me that these delegates of an imperious ecclesiasticism have not a hundred times ere this provoked murder and fire among our wards. If they were true to the iron teachings of Centreville or Petumna or Chunk Haven when they came they would have done so. For Centreville, or Smithson or Squeehawken teach the only true creeds in all the world, and to err from their tenets as laid down by the bishops and the elders is damnation. How it may be in England at the centres of supply I cannot tell but shall presently learn. Here in America I am afraid of these grim men of the denominations who know so intimately the will of the Lord and enforce it to the uttermost. Left to themselves they would prayerfully, in all good faith and sincerity, slide gradually, ere a hundred years, from the mental inquisitions which they now work with some success to an institootion—be sure it would be an "institootion" with a journal of its own—not far different from that Torquemada ruled aforetime. Does this seem extravagant? I have watched the expression on the men's faces when they told me that they would rather see their son or daughter dead at their feet than doing such and such things—trampling on the grass on a Sunday, or something equally heinous—and I was grateful that the law of men stood between me and their interpretation of the Law of God. They would assuredly slay the body for the soul's sake and account it righteousness. And this would befall not in the next generation perhaps but in the next, for the very look I saw in a Eusufzai's face at Peshawar when he turned and spat in my tracks I have seen this day at Chautauqua in the face of a preacher. The will was there, but not the power.

The Professor went up the lake on a visit, taking my ticket of admission with him, and I found a child, aged seven, fishing with a worm and pin, and spent the rest of the afternoon in his company. He was a delightful young citizen, full of information and apparently ignorant of denominations. We caught sunfish and catfish and pickerel together.

The trouble began when I attempted to escape through the wicket on the jetty, and let the creeds fight it out among themselves. Without that ticket I could not go, unless I paid five dollars. That was the rule to prevent people cheating.

"You see," quoth a man in charge, "you've no idea of the meanness of these people. Why, there was a lady this season—a prominent member of the Baptist connection—we know, but we can't prove it that she had two of her hired girls in a cellar when the grounds were being canvassed for the annual poll-tax of five dollars a head. So she saved ten dollars. We can't be too careful with this crowd. You've got to produce that ticket as a proof that you haven't been living in the grounds for weeks and weeks."

"For weeks and weeks!" The blue went out of the sky as he said it. "But I wouldn't stay here for one week if I could help it," I answered.

"No more would I," he said earnestly.

Returned the Professor in a steamer and him I basely left to make explanations about that ticket, while I returned to Lakewood—the nice hotel without any regulations. I feared that I should be kept in those terrible grounds for the rest of my life.

And it turned out an hour later that the same fear lay upon the Professor also. He arrived heated but exultant, having baffled the combined forces of all the denominations and recovered the five-dollar deposit. "I wouldn't go inside those gates for anything," he said. "I waited on the jetty. What did you think of it all?"

"It has shown me a new side of American life," I responded. "I never want to see it again—and I'm awfully sorry for the girls who take it seriously. I suppose the bulk of them don't. They just have a good time. But it would be better—"

"How?"

"If they all got married instead of pumping up interest in a bric-a-brac museum and advertised lectures, and having their names in the papers. One never gets to believe in the proper destiny of women until one sees a thousand of 'em doing something different. I don't like Chautauqua. There's something wrong with it and I haven't time to find out where. But it is wrong."

A CONFERENCE OF THE POWERS.

Life liveth but in life and doth not roam
To other realms if all be well at home—
"Solid as ocean-foam," quoth ocean-foam.

THE room was blue with the smoke of three pipes and a cigar. The leave season had opened in India and the first fruits on this side of the water were "Tick" Boileau of the 45th Bengal Cavalry, who called on me after three years' absence to discuss old things which had happened. Fate, who always does her work handsomely, sent up the same staircase within the same hour The Infant fresh from Upper Burma, and he and Boileau, looking out of my window, saw walking in the street one Nevin, late in a Gurkha regiment and the Black Mountain Expedition. They yelled to him to come up and the whole street was aware that they desired him to come up, and he came up, and there followed Pandemonium because we had foregathered from the ends of the earth, and three of us were on a holiday and none of us were twenty-five, and all the delights of all London lay waiting our pleasure.

Boileau took the only other chair, and The Infant, by right of his bulk, the sofa, and Nevin, being a little man, sat cross-legged on the top of the revolving book-case, and we all said: Who'd ha' thought it?" and "What are *you* doing here?" till speculation was exhausted and the talk went over to inevitable "shop." Boileau was full of a great scheme for securing a military tacheship at St. Petersburg, Nevin had hopes of the Staff College, and The Infant had been moving heaven and earth and the Horse Guards for a commission in the Egyptian army.

"What's the use o' that?" said Nevin, twirling round on the bookcase.

"O heaps! 'Course if you get stuck with a fellaheen regiment you're sold, but if you are appointed to a Soudanese lot you're in clover. They are first-class fighting men and—just think of the eligible central position of Egypt in the next row."

This was putting the match to a magazine. We all began to explain the Central Asian question offhand, flinging army corps from the Helmund to Kashmir with more than Russian recklessness. Each of the boys made for himself a war to his own liking, and when we had settled all the details of Armageddon, killed all our senior officers, handled a division a-piece and nearly torn the atlas in two in attempts to explain our theories, Boileau needs must lift up his voice above the clamour and cry:

"Anyhow it will be the hell of a row" in tones that carried conviction far down the staircase.

Entered unperceived in the smoke William the Silent.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," said he and disappeared, leaving in his stead none other than Mr. Eustace Cleever. William would have introduced the Dragon of Wantley with equal disregard of present company.

"I—I beg your pardon. I didn't know that there was anybody with you. I . . . . ."

But it was not seemly to allow Mr. Cleever to depart: he was a great man. The boys remained where they were, for any movement would choke up the little room. Only when they saw his grey hairs they stood up on their feet, and when The Infant caught the name he said:—

"Are you——? Did you write that book called *As it was in the beginning?*"

Mr. Cleever admitted that he had written the book.

"Then—then I don't know how to thank you, sir," said The Infant flushing pink. "I was brought up in the county you wrote about—all my people live there, and I read the book in camp on the Hlinedatalone, and I know every stick and stone and the dialect too; and, by Jove, it is just like being at home and hearing the country people talk. Nevin, you know "*As it was in the beginning?* So does Ti— Boileau."

Mr. Cleever has tasted as much praise, public and private, as one man may safely swallow, but it seemed to me that the outspoken admiration in The Infant's eyes and the little stir in the little company came home to him very nearly indeed.

"Won't you take the sofa?" said The Infant. "I'll sit on Boileau's chair," and here he looked at me to spur me to my duties as a host, but I was watching the novelist's face. Cleever had not the least intention of going away, but settled himself on the sofa. Following the first great law of the army, which says "All property is common except money and you've only got to ask the next man for that," The Infant offered tobacco and drink. It was the least he could do, but not four columns of the finest review in the world held half as much appreciation and reverence as The Infant's simple "Say when, sir" above the long glass.

Cleever said "When" and more thereto, for he was a golden talker and he sat in the midst of hero-worship devoid of all taint of self-interest. The boys asked him of the birth of his book and whether it was hard to write, and how his notions came to him; and he answered with the same absolute simplicity as he was questioned. His big eyes twinkled, he dug his long thin hands into his grey beard and tugged it as he grew animated, and dropped little by little from the peculiar pinching of the broader vowels, the indefinable "Euh" that runs through the speech of the Pundit caste, and the elaborate choice of words to freely-mouthed ows and ois, for him at least unfettered colloquialisms. He could not altogether understand the boys who hung upon his words so reverently. The line of the chin-strap, that still showed white and untanned on cheek-bone and jaw, the steadfast young eyes puckered at the corners of the lids with much staring through red-hot sunshine, the deep untroubled breathing and the curious crisp curt speech seemed to dazzle him equally. He could create men and women and send them to the uttermost ends of the earth to help, delight and comfort; he knew every mood of the fields and could interpret them to the cities, and he knew the hearts of many in city and the country: but he had hardly in forty years come into contact with the thing which is called a Subaltern of the Line. He told the boys this.

"Well, how should you?" said The Infant. "You—you're quite different y'see, sir."

The Infant expressed his ideas in his tone rather than his words, and Cleever understood the compliment.

"We're only Subs," said Nevin, "and we aren't exactly the sort of men you'd meet much in your life, I s'pose."

"That's true," said Cleever. "I live chiefly among those who write and paint and sculp and so forth. We have our own talk and our own interests, and the outer world doesn't trouble us much."

"That must be awf'ly jolly," said Boileau at a venture. "We have our own shop too, but 'tisn't half as interesting as yours of course. You know all the men who've ever done anything, and we only knock about from place to place and we do nothing."

"The army's a very lazy profession if you choose to make it so," said Nevin. "When there's nothing going on there is nothing going on, and you lie up."

"Or try to get a billet somewhere to be ready for the next show," said The Infant with a chuckle.

"To me," said Cleever softly, "the whole idea of warfare seems so foreign and unnatural—so essentially vulgar if I may say so—that I can hardly appreciate your sensations. Of course, though, any change from idling in garrison towns must be a godsend to you."

Like not a few home-staying Englishmen Cleever believed that the newspaper phrase he quoted covered the whole duty of the army whose toils enabled him to enjoy his many-side life in peace. The remark was not a happy one, for Boileau had just come off the Frontier, The Infant had been on the war-path for nearly eighteen months, and the little red man Nevin two months before had been sleeping under the stars at the peril of his life; but none of them tried to explain till I ventured to point out that they had all seen service and were not used to idling. Cleever took in the idea slowly.

"Seen service?" said he. Then as a child might ask: "Tell me. Tell everything about everything."

"How do you mean, sir?" said The Infant, delighted at being directly appealed to by the great man.

"Good Heavens, how am I to make you understand if you can't see? In the first place what is your age?"

"Twenty-three next July," said The Infant promptly.

Cleever questioned the other with his eyes.

"I'm twenty-four" said Nevin.

"I'm twenty-two" said Boileau.

"And you've all seen service?"

"We've all knocked about a little bit, sir, but The Infant's the war-worn veteran. He's had two years' work in Upper Burma," said Nevin.

"When you say work what do you mean, you extraordinary creatures?"

"Explain it, Infant," said Nevin.

"O keeping things in order generally and running about after little *dakus*—that's dacoits—and so on. There's nothing to explain."

"Make that young Leviathan speak," said Cleever impatiently.

"How can he speak?" said I. "He's done the work. The two don't go together. But, Infant, you're requested to *bukh*."

"What about? I'll try."

"*Bukh* about a *daur*. You've been on heaps of 'em," said Nevin.

"What in the world does that mean? Has the army a language of its own?"

The Infant turned very red. He was afraid he was being laughed at and he detested talking before outsiders, but it was the author of *As it was in the beginning* who waited.

"It's all so new to me," pleaded Cleever. "And—and you said you liked my book."

This was a direct appeal that The Infant could understand. He began rather flurriedly with:—"Pull me up, sir, if I say anything you don't follow. 'Bout six months before I took my leave out of Burma I was on the Hlinedatalone up near the Shan States with sixty Tommies—private soldiers that is—and another subaltern a year senior to me. The Burmese business was a subalterns' war, and our forces were split up into little detachments, all running about the country and trying to keep the dacoits quiet. The dacoits were having a first-class time, y' know—filling women up with kerosine and setting 'em alight, and burning villages and crucifying people."

The wonder in Eustace Cleever's eyes deepened. He disbelieved wholly in a book which describes crucifixion at length, and he could not quite realise that the custom still existed.

"Have you ever seen a crucifixion?" said he.

"Of course not. 'Shouldn't have allowed it if I had, but I've seen the corpses. The dacoits had a nice trick of sending a crucified corpse down the river on a raft just to show they were keeping their tails up and enjoying themselves. Well, that was the kind of people I had to deal with."

"Alone?" said Cleever. Solitude of the soul he knew—none better; but he had never been ten miles away from his fellow-men in his life.

"I had my men, sir, but the rest of it was pretty much alone. The nearest military post that could give me orders was fifteen miles away, and we used to heliograph to them and they used to give us orders same way. Too many orders."

"Who was your C. O.?" said Boileau.

"Bounderby. Major. *Pukka* Bounderby. More Bounder than *Pukka*. He went out up Bhamo way. Shot or cut down the last year," said The Infant.

"What mean these interludes in a strange tongue?" said Cleever to me.

"Professional information—like the Mississippi pilots' talk. He did not approve of his Major, who has since died a violent death" said I. "Go on Infant."

"Far too many orders. You couldn't take the Tommies out for a two days' *daur*—that's means expedition, sir—without being blown up for not asking leave. And the whole country was humming with dacoits. I used to send out spies and act on their information. As soon as a man came in and told me of a gang in hiding I'd take thirty men with some grub and go out and look for them, while the other subaltern lay doggo in camp."

"Lay? Pardon me, but how did he lie?" said Cleever.

"Lay doggo. Lay quiet with the other thirty men. When I came back he'd take out his half of the command and have a good time of his own."

"Who was he?" said Boileau.

"Carter-Deecoy of the Aurungabadis. Good chap but too *zubberdasti*, and went *bokhar* four days out of seven. He's gone out too. Don't interrupt a man."

Cleever looked helplessly at me.

"The other subaltern," I translated swiftly, "came from a native regiment and was overbearing in his demeanour. He suffered much from the fever of the country and is now dead. Go on, Infant."

"After a bit we got into trouble for using the men on frivolous occasions, and so I used to put my signaller under arrest to prevent him reading the helio orders. Then I'd go out and leave a message to be sent an hour after I got clear of the camp—something like this: 'Received important information. Start in an hour unless countermanded.' If I was ordered back it didn't much matter. I swore the C. O.'s watch was wrong or something when I came back. The Tommies enjoyed the fun and—O yes—there was one Tommy who was the bard of the detachment. He used to make up verses on everything that happened."

"What sort of verses?" said Cleever.

"Lovely verses, and the Tommies used to sing 'em. There was one song with a chorus, and it said something like this."

The Infant dropped into the barrack-room twang:—

"Theebaw, the Burma King, did a very foolish thing
When 'e mustered 'ostile forces in ar-rai.
'E *littul* thought that *we*—from far acrost the sea
Would send our armies up to Mandalai!"

"O gorgeous!" said Cleever. "And how magnificently direct. The notion of a regimental bard is new to me. It's epic."

"He was awf'ly popular with the men," said The Infant. "He had them all down in rhyme as soon as ever they had done anything. He was a great bard. He was always on time with a eulogy when we picked up a boh—that's a leader of dacoits."

"How did you pick him up?" said Cleever.

"Oh shot him if he wouldn't surrender."

"You! Have you shot a man?"

There was a subdued chuckle from all three, and it dawned on the questioner that one experience in life which was denied to himself—and he weighed the souls of men in a balance—had been shared by three very young gentlemen of engaging appearance. He turned round on Nevin, who had climbed to the top of the bookcase and was sitting crossed-legged as before.

"And have *you* too?"

"Think so," said Nevin sweetly. "In the Black Mountain, sir. He was rolling cliffs on to my half-company and spoiling our formation. I took a rifle from a man and brought him down at the second shot."

"Good Heavens! And how did you feel afterwards?"

"Thirsty. I wanted a smoke too."

Cleever looked at Boileau—the youngest. Surely his hands were guiltless of blood. Boileau shook his head and laughed. "Go on, Infant," said he.

"And you too?" said Cleever.

"Fancy so. It was a case of cut, cut or be cut with me, so I cut Cut One. I couldn't do any more, sir."

Cleever looked as though he would like to ask many questions, but The Infant swept on in the full tide of his tale.

"Well, we were called insubordinate young whelps at last and strictly forbidden to take the Tommies out any more without orders. I wasn't sorry, because Tommy is such an exacting sort of creature. Though he works beautifully he wants to live as though he were in barracks all the time. I was grubbing on fowls and boiled corn, but the Tommies wanted their pound of fresh meat and their half-ounce of this and their two ounces of t'other thing, and they used to come to me and badger me for plug-tobacco when we were four days in the jungle. I said: 'I can get you Burma tobacco, but I don't keep a canteen up my sleeve.' They couldn't see it. They wanted all the luxuries of the season—confound 'em."

"You were alone when you were dealing with these men?" said Cleever, watching The Infant's face under the palm of his hand. He was receiving new ideas and they seemed to trouble him.

"Of course. Unless you count the mosquitoes. They were nearly as big as the men. After I had to lie doggo I began to look for something to do, and I was great pals with a man called Hicksey in the Burma Police. The best man that ever stepped on earth. A first-class man."

Cleever nodded applause. He knew something of enthusiasm.

"Hicksey and I were as thick as thieves," continued The Infant, "He had some Burma mounted police—rummy little chaps armed with sword and Snider carbine. They rode punchy Burma ponies with string stirrups, red cloth saddles and red bell-rope head-stalls. Hicksey used to lend me six or eight of them when I asked him—nippy little devils, keen as mustard. But they told their wives too much and all my plans got known till I learned to give false marching orders overnight and take the men to quite a different village in the morning. Then we used to catch the simple *daku* before breakfast and make him very sick. It's ghastly country on the Hlinedatlone—all bamboo jungle with paths about four feet wide winding through it. The *daku* knew all the paths and used to pot at us as we came round a corner, but the mounted police knew the paths as well as the *daku*, and we used to go stalking 'em in and out among the paths. Once we flushed 'em: the men on the ponies had the pull of the men on foot. We held all the country absolutely quiet for ten miles round in about a month. Then we took Boh No-ghee—Hicksey and I and the civil officer. That was a lark!"

"I think I am beginning to understand a little" said Cleever. "It was a pleasure to you to administer and fight and so on?"

"Rather. There's nothing nicer than a satisfactory little expedition, when you find all your plans fit together and your conformation *teek*—correct you know—and the whole *sub-chiz*—I mean when everything works out like formulæ on a blackboard. Hicksey had all the information about the boh. He had been burning villages and murdering people right and left, and cutting up Government convoys and all that. He was lying doggo in a village about fifteen miles off, waiting to get a fresh gang together. So we arranged to take thirty mounted police and turn him out before he could plunder into our newly-settled villages. At the last minute the civil officer in our part of the world thought he'd assist at the performance"

"Who was he?" said Nevin

"His name was Dennis" said The Infant slowly. "And we'll let it stay so. He's a better man now than he was then."

"But how old was the Civil Power?" said Cleever. "The situation is developing itself." Then in his beard: "And who are *you* to judge men?"

"He was about six and twenty," said The Infant, "and he was awf'ly clever. He knows a lot of literary things, but I don't think he was quite steady enough for dacoit-hunting. We started overnight for Boh No-ghee's village, and we got there just before the morning without raising an alarm. Dennis had turned out armed to his teeth—two revolvers, a carbine and all sorts of things. I was talking to Hicksey about posting our men, and Dennis edged his pony in between us and said:—'What shall I do! What shall I do? Tell me what to do, you fellows!' We didn't take much notice, but his pony tried to bite me in the leg, and I said: 'Pull out a bit, old man, till we've settled the attack.' He kept edging in and fiddling with his reins and his revolvers, and saying: 'Dear me! Dear me! Oh dear me! What do you think I'd better do?' The man was in a blue funk and his teeth were chattering."

"I sympathise with the Civil Power," said Cleever. "Continue, young Clive."

"The fun of it was that he was supposed to be our superior officer. Hicksey took a good look at him and told him to attach himself to my party. Beastly mean of Hicksey, that. The chap kept on edging in and bothering, instead of asking for some men and taking up his own position, till I got angry. The carbines began popping on the other side of the village. Then I said: 'For God's sake be quiet and sit down where you are. If you see anybody come out of the village shoot at him.' I knew he couldn't hit a hayrick at a yard. Then I took my men over the garden wall—over the palisades y'know—somehow or other and the fun began. Hicksey had found the boh in bed under a mosquito curtain and he had taken a flying jump on to him."

"A flying jump," said Cleever. "Is that also war?"

"Yes," said The Infant, now thoroughly warmed. "Don't you know how you take a flying jump on to a fellow's head at school when he snores in the dormitory? The boh was sleeping in a regular bedful of swords and pistols, and Hicksey came down *à la* Zazel through the netting, and the net got mixed up with the pistols and the boh and Hicksey, and they all rolled on the floor together. I laughed till I couldn't stand, and Hicksey was cursing me for not helping him, so I left him to fight it out and went into the village. Our men were slashing about and firing, and so were the dacoits, and in the thick of the mess some ass set fire to a house and we all had to clear out. I froze on to the nearest *daku* and ran to the palisade, shoving him in front of me. He wriggled clear and bounded over the other side I came after him, but when I had one leg one side and one leg the other of the palisade I saw that my friend had fallen flat on Dennis' head. That man had never moved from where I left him. The two rolled on the ground together, and Dennis' carbine went off and nearly shot me. The *daku* picked himself up and ran, and Dennis buzzed his carbine after him,

and it caught him on the back of his head and knocked him silly. You never saw anything so funny in your life! I doubled up on the top of the palisade and hung there yelling with laughter: but Dennis began to weep like anything. 'Oh! I've killed a man' he said. 'I've killed a man, and I shall never know another peaceful hour in my life! Is he dead? Oh is he dead? Good God, I've killed a man.' I came down and said 'Don't be a fool,' but he kept on shouting 'Is he dead?' till I could have kicked him. The *daku* was only knocked out of time with the carbine. He came to after a bit and I said: 'Are you hurt much?' He grinned and said: 'No.' His chest was all cut with scrambling over the palisade. 'The white man's gun didn't do that, he said. 'I did that myself, and I knocked the white man over.' Just like a Burman, wasn't it? Dennis wouldn't be happy at any price. He said: 'Tie up his wounds. He'll bleed to death. O my God, he'll bleed to death!' 'Tie 'em up yourself,' I said, 'if you're so anxious.' 'I can't touch him," said Dennis, 'but here's my shirt.' He took off his shirt and he fixed his braces again over his bare shoulders. I ripped the shirt up and bandaged the dacoit quite professionally. He was grinning at Dennis all the time; and Dennis' haversack was lying on the ground bursting full of sandwiches. Greedy hog! I took some and offered some to Dennis. 'How can I eat?' he said "How can you ask me to eat? His very blood is on your hands, and, O God, you're eating *my* sandwiches!' 'All right,' I said, 'I'll give 'em to the *daku*.' So I did, and the little chap was quite pleased and wolfed 'em down like one o'clock."

Cleever brought his hand down on the table with a thump that made the empty glasses dance. "That's art," he said. "Flat, flagrant mechanism. Don't tell me that happened on the spot!"

The pupils of The Infant's eyes contracted to two pin points. "I beg your pardon," he said slowly and a little stiffly, "but I am telling this thing as it happened."

Cleever looked at him a moment. "My fault entirely" said he. "I should have known. Please go on."

"Oh! Then Hicksey came out of what was left of the village, with his prisoners and captives all neatly tied up. Boh No-ghee was first, and one of the villagers as soon as he saw the old ruffian helpless began kicking him quietly. The boh stood it as long as he could and then groaned, and we saw what was going on. Hicksey tied the villager up and gave him half a dozen—good—to remind him to leave a prisoner alone. You should have seen the old boh grin. Oh, but Hicksey was in a furious rage with everybody. He'd got a wipe over the elbow that had tickled up his funny bone, and he was simply rabid with me for not having helped him with the boh and the mosquito net. I had to explain that I couldn't do anything. If you'd seen 'em both tangled up together on the floor like a blaspheming cocoon you'd have laughed for a week. Hicksey swore that the only decent man of his acquaintance was the boh, and all the way back to camp Hicksey was talking to him and the boh was grumbling about the soreness of his bones. When we got home and had had a bath the boh wanted to know when he was going to be hanged. Hicksey said he couldn't oblige him on the spot, but had to send him to Rangoon. The boh went down on his knees and reeled off a catalogue of his crimes—he ought to have been hanged seventeen times over by his own confession—and implored Hicksey to settle the business out of hand. 'If I'm sent to Rangoon,' said he, 'they'll keep me in jail all my life, and that is a death every time the sun gets up or the wind blows.' But we had to send him to Rangoon, and of course he was let off down there and given penal servitude for life. When I came to Rangoon I went over the jail—I had helped to fill it y'know—and the old boh was there and recognised me at once. He begged for some opium first and I tried to get him some, but that was against the rules. Then he asked me to have his sentence changed to death because he was afraid of being sent to the Andamans. I couldn't do that either, but I tried to cheer him and told him how the row was going on up-country, and the last thing he said was:—'Give my compliments to the fat white man who jumped on me. If I'd been awake I'd have killed him.' I wrote that to Hicksey next mail, and—and that's all. I'm 'fraid I've been gassing awf'ly, sir."

Cleever said nothing for a long time. The Infant looked uncomfortable. He feared that misled by enthusiasm he had filled up the novelist's time with unprofitable recital of trivial anecdotes.

Then said Cleever: "I can't understand it! Why should *you* have seen and done all these things before you have cut your wisdom teeth?"

"Don't know," said The Infant apologetically. "I haven't seen much—only Burmese jungle."

"And dead men and war and power and responsibility" said Cleever under his breath. You won't have any sensations left at thirty if you go on as you have begun. But I want to hear more tales—more tales!" He seemed to forget that even subalterns might have engagements of their own.

"We're thinking of dining out somewhere—the lot of us—and going on to the Empire afterwards?" said Nevin with hesitation. He did not like to ask Cleever to come too. The invitation might be regarded as "cheek." And Cleever, anxious not to wag a greybeard unbidden among boys at large, said nothing on his side. Boileau solved the little difficulty by blurting out:—"Won't you come, too, sir?" Cleever almost shouted "Yes," and while he was being helped into his coat, continued to murmur "Good Heavens" at intervals in a manner that the boys could not understand.

"I don't think I've been to the Empire in my life" said he. "But what *is* my life after all? Let us go hence.'

So they went out with Eustace Cleever, and I sulked at home because the boys had come to see me but had gone over to the better man, which was humiliating. They packed him into a cab with utmost reverence: for was he not the author of *As it was in the beginning* and a person in whose company it was an honour to go abroad? From all I gather later he had taken less interest in the performance before him than in the boy's conversation, and they protested with emphasis that he was "as good a man as they make. 'Know what a man was driving at almost before he said it: and yet he's so dashed simple about things any man knows." That was one of many comments made afterwards.

At midnight they returned announcing that they were "highly respectable gondoliers" and that oysters and stout were what they chiefly needed. The eminent novelist was still with them, and I think he was calling them by their shorter names. I am certain that he said he had been moving in worlds not realised, and that they had shown him the Empire in a new light. Still sore at recent neglect I answered shortly: "Thank Heaven we have within the land ten thousand as good as they," and when Cleever departed I asked him what he thought of things generally. He replied with another quotation to the effect that though singing was a remarkably fine performance, I was to be quite sure that few lips would be moved to song if they found a sufficiency of kissing. Whereby I understood that Eustace Cleever, decorator and colourman in words, was blaspheming his own art and that he would be sorry for this in the morning.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

East of Suez, some hold, the direct control of Providence ceases; Man being there handed over to the power of the gods and devils of Asia, and the Church of England Providence only exercising an occasional and modified supervision in the case of Englishmen. This theory accounts for some of the more unnecessary horrors of life in India, and may be stretched to explain my story.

My friend Strickland, of the Police, who knows as much of natives of India as is good for any man, can bear witness to the facts of the case. Dumoise, our doctor, also saw what Strickland and I saw. The inference which he drew from the evidence was entirely incorrect. He is dead now; he died in a rather curious manner, which has been elsewhere described.

When Fleete came to India he owned a little money, and some land in the Himalayas, near a place called Dharmsala. Both properties had been left him by an uncle, and he came out to finance them. He was a big, heavy, genial and inoffensive man. His knowledge of natives was, of course, limited, and he complained of the difficulties of the language; assuring us that the same word was used for "horse," "white," "watch," "hour" and "basin."

He rode in from his place in the hills to spend New Year in the station, and stayed with Strickland. On New Year's Eve there was a big dinner at the club, and the night was excusably wet. When men foregather from the uttermost ends of the Empire, they have a right to be riotous. The Frontier had sent down a contingent o'Catch-em-Alive-O's who had not seen twenty white faces for a year, and were used to ride fifteen miles to dinner at the next fort at the risk of a Khyberee bullet where their drinks should be. They profited by their new security for they tried to play pool with a curled-up hedgehog found in the garden, and one of them carried the marker round the room in his teeth. Half a dozen planters had come in from the south and were talking "horse" to the Greatest Liar in Asia, who was trying to cap all their stories at once. Everybody was there, and there was a general closing up of ranks and taking stock of our losses in dead or disabled that had fallen during the past year. It was a very wet night, and I remember that we sang "Auld Lang Syne" with our feet in the polo championship cup, and our heads among the stars, and swore that we were all dear friends. Then some of us went away and annexed Burma, and some tried to open up the Soudan, and got opened up by Fuzzies in that cruel scrub outside Suakim, and some got stars and medals, and some got married, which was bad, and some did other things which were worse, and the rest of us stayed in our chains and strove to make money on insufficient experiences.

Fleete began the night with sherry and bitters, drank champagne steadily up to dessert, then raw, rasping Capri with all the strength of whiskey, took Benedictine in his coffee, four or five whiskies and soda to improve his pool stroke, beer and bones at half-past two, winding up with old brandy. Consequently when he came out, at half-past three in the morning, into fourteen degrees of frost, he was very angry with his horse for coughing, and tried to leap frog into the saddle. The horse broke away and went to his stables; so Strickland and I formed a Guard of Dishonour to take Fleete home.

Our road lay through the bazaar, close to a little temple of Hanuman, the Monkey-god, who is a leading divinity worthy of respect. All gods have good points, just as have all priests. Personally, I attach much importance to Hanuman, and am kind to his people—the great grey apes of the hills. One never knows when one may want a friend.

There was a light in the temple, and as we passed we could hear voices of men chanting hymns. In a native temple the priests rise at all hours of the night to do honour to their god. Before we could stop him Fleete dashed up the steps, patted two priests on the back and was gravely grinding the ashes of his cigar-butt into the forehead of the red-stone image of Hanuman. Strickland tried to drag him out, but he sat down and said solemnly:—

"Shee that? 'Mark of the B—beasht! *I* made it. Ishn't it fine?"

In half-a-minute the temple was alive and noisy, and Strickland, who knew what came of polluting gods, said that things might occur. He, by virtue of his official position, long residence in the country and weakness for going among the natives, was known to the priests and he felt unhappy. Fleete sat on the ground and refused to move. He said that "good old Hanuman" made a very comfy pillow.

Then, without any warning, a Silver Man came out of a recess behind the image of the god. He was perfectly naked in that bitter, bitter cold, and his body shone like frosted silver, for he was what the Bible calls, "a leper as white as snow." Also he had no face, because he was a leper of some years' standing, and his disease was heavy upon him. We were both hauling Fleete up, and the temple was filling and filling with folk who seemed to spring from the earth, when the Silver Man ran in under our arms, making a noise exactly like the mewing of an otter, caught Fleete round the body and dropped his head on Fleete's breast before we could wrench him away. Then he retired to a corner and sat mewing while the crowd blocked all the doors. The priest was very angry until the Silver Man touched Fleete That nuzzling seemed to sober them.

At the end of a few minutes' silence one of the priests came to Strickland and said, in perfect English:—"Take your friend away. He has done with Hanuman but Hanuman has not done with him." The crowd gave room and we carried Fleete into the road.

Strickland was very angry. He said that we might all three have been knifed, and that Fleete should thank his stars that he had escaped without injury.

Fleete thanked no one. He said that he wanted to go to bed. He was gorgeously drunk.

We moved on, Strickland silent and wrathful, until Fleete was taken with violent shivering fits and sweating. He said that the smells of the bazaar were overpowering and he wondered why slaughter-houses were permittted so near English residences. "Can't you smell the blood?" said he.

We put him to bed at last just as the dawn was breaking, and Strickland invited me to have another whiskey and soda. While we were drinking he talked of the trouble in the temple, and admitted that it baffled him completely. Strickland hates being mystified by natives because his business in life is to overmatch them with their own weapons. He has not yet succeeded in doing this, but in fifteen or twenty years he will have made some small progress.

"They should have mauled us," he said, "instead of mewing at us. I wonder what they meant. I don't like it one little bit."

I said that the Managing Committee of the temple would in all probability bring a criminal action against us for insulting their religion. There was a section of the Indian Penal Code which exactly met Fleete's offence. Strickland said he only hoped and prayed that they would do this. Before I left I looked into Fleete's room,

and saw him lying on his right side, scratching his left breast. Then I went to bed, cold, depressed and unhappy, at seven o'clock in the morning.

At one o'clock I rode over to Strickland's house to inquire after Fleete's head. I imagined that it would be rather sore. Fleete was breakfasting and seemed unwell. His temper was gone, for he was abusing the cook for not supplying him with an underdone chop. A man who can eat raw meat after a wet night is a curiosity. I told Fleete this and he laughed.

"You breed queer mosquitoes in these parts," he said. "I've been bitten to pieces, but only in one place."

"Let's have a look at the bite," said Strickland. "It may have gone down since this morning."

While the chops were being cooked Fleete opened his shirt and showed us, just over his left breast, a mark, the perfect double of the black rosettes—the five or six irregular blotches arranged in a circle—on a leopard's hide. Strickland looked and said :—"It was only pink this morning. It's got black now."

Fleete ran to a glass.

"By Jove!" he said, "this is nasty. What is it?"

We could not answer. Here the chops came in, all red and juicy, and Fleete bolted three in a most offensive manner. He ate on his right grinders only, and threw his head over his right shoulder as he snapped the meat. When he had finished it struck him that he had been behaving strangely, for he said apologetically: "I don't think I ever felt so hungry in my life. I've bolted like an ostrich."

After breakfast Strickland said to me: "Don't go. Stay here, and stay for the night."

Seeing that my house was not three miles from Strickland's this request was absurd. But Strickland insisted, and was going to say something when Fleete interrupted by declaring in a shame-faced way that he felt hungry again. Strickland sent a man to my house to fetch over my bedding and a horse, and we three went down to Strickland's stables to pass the hours until it was time to go out for a ride. The man who has a weakness for horses never wearies of inspecting them; and when two men are killing time in this way they gather knowledge and lies the one from the other.

There were five horses in the stables. I shall never forget the scene as we tried to look them over. They seemed to have gone mad. They reared and screamed and nearly tore up their pickets; they sweated and shivered and lathered and were distraught with fear. Strickland's horses used to know him as well as his dogs; which made the matter more curious. We left the stable for fear of the brutes throwing themselves in their panic. Then Strickland turned back and called me. The horses were still frightened, but they let us "gentle" and make much of them, and put their heads in our bosoms.

"They aren't afraid of *us*," said Strickland. 'D'you know, I'd give three months' pay if Outrage here could talk."

But Outrage was dumb, and could only cuddle up to his master and blow out his nostrils, as is the custom of horses when they wish to explain things but can't. Fleete came up when we were in the stalls, and as soon as the horses saw him their fright broke out afresh. It was all that we could do to escape from the place unkicked. Strickland said: "They don't seem to love you, Fleete."

"Nonsense," said Fleete; "my mare will follow me like a dog." He went to her; she was in a loose-box; but as he slipped the bars, she plunged, knocked him down and broke away into the garden. I laughed, but Strickland was not amused. He took his moustache in both fists and pulled at it till it nearly came out. Fleete, instead of going off to chase his property, yawned, saying that he felt sleepy. He went to the house to lie down: which was a foolish way of spending New Year's Day.

Strickland sat with me in the stables and asked if I had noticed anything peculiar in Fleete's manner. I said that he ate his food like a beast; but that this might have been the result of living alone in the hills, out of the reach of society as refined and elevating as ours for instance. Strickland was not amused. I do not think that he listened to me, for his next sentence referred to the mark on Fleete's breast, and I said that it might have been caused by blister-flies, or that it was possibly a birth-mark newly-born and now visible for the first time. We both agreed that it was unpleasant to look at, and Strickland found occasion to say that I was a fool.

"I can't tell you what I think now," said he, "because you would call me a madman; but you must stay with me for the next few days, if you can. I want you to watch Fleete, but don't tell me what you think till I have made up my mind."

"But I am dining out to-night," I said.

"So am I," said Strickland, "and so is Fleete. At least if he doesn't change his mind."

We walked about the garden smoking, but saying nothing—because we were friends, and talking spoils good tobacco—till our pipes were out. Then we went to wake up Fleete. He was wide awake and fidgetting about his room.

"I say, I want some more chops," he said. "Can I get them?" We laughed and said, "Go and change. The ponies will be round in a minute."

"All right," said Fleete. "I'll go when I get the chops—underdone ones, mind."

He seemed to be quite in earnest. It was four o'clock, and we had had breakfast at one; still for a long time he asked for those underdone chops. Then he changed into riding clothes and went out into the verandah. His pony—the mare had not been caught—would not let him come near. All three horses were unmanageable—mad with fear—and finally Fleete said that he would stay at home and get something to eat. Strickland and I rode out wondering. As we passed the temple of Hanuman the Silver Man came out and mewed at us.

"He is not one of the regular priests of the temple," said Strickland. "I think I should peculiarly like to lay my hands on him."

There was no spring in our gallop on the racecourse that evening. The horses were stale, and moved as though they had been ridden out.

"The fright after breakfast has been too much for them," said Strickland.

That was the only remark he made through the remainder of the ride. Once or twice I think he swore to himself: but that did not count.

We came back in the dark at seven o'clock, and saw that there were no lights in the bungalow. "Careless ruffians my servants are!" said Strickland.

My horse reared at something on the carriage drive, and Fleete stood up under its nose.

"What are you doing grovelling about the garden?" said Strickland.

But both horses bolted and nearly threw us. We dismounted by the stables and returned to Fleete, who was on his hands and knees under the orange-bushes.

"What the devil's wrong with you?" said Strickland.

"Nothing, nothing in the world,' said Fleete, speaking very quickly and thickly. "I've been gardening—botanizing you know. The smell of the earth is delightful. I think I'm going for a walk—a long walk—all night."

Then I saw that there was something excessively out of order somewhere, and I said to Strickland: "I am not dining out."

"Bless you!" said Strickland. "Here, Fleete, get up. You'll catch fever there. Come in to dinner and let's have the lamps lit. We'll all dine at home."

Fleete stood up unwillingly, and said:—"No lamps—no lamps. It's much nicer here. Let's dine outside and have some more chops—lots of 'em and underdone—bloody ones with gristle."

Now a December evening in Northern India is bitterly cold, and Fleete's suggestion was that of a maniac.

"Come in," said Strickland sternly. "Come in at once."

Fleete came, and when the lamps were brought we saw that he was literally plastered with dirt from head to foot. He must have been rolling in the garden. He shrank from the light and went to his room. His eyes were horrible to look at. There was a green light behind them—not in them, if you understand—and the man's lower lip hung down.

Strickland said:—"There is going to be trouble—big trouble—to-night. Don't you change your riding-things."

We waited and waited for Fleete's reappearance, and ordered dinner in the meantime. We could hear him moving about his own room, but there was no light there. Presently from the room came the long-drawn howl of a wolf.

People write and talk lightly of blood running cold and hair standing up and things of that kind. Both sensations are too horrible to be trifled with. My heart stopped as though a knife had been driven through it, and Strickland was as white as the table-cloth.

The howl was repeated, and was answered by another howl far across the fields.

That put the gilded roof on the horror. Strickland dashed into Fleete's room. I followed, and we saw Fleete getting out of the window. He made beast-noises in the back of his throat. He could not answer us when we shouted at him. He spat.

I don't quite remember what followed, but I think that Strickland must have stunned him with the long boot-jack or else I should never have been able to sit on his chest. Fleete could not speak, he could only snarl, and his snarls were those of a wolf, not a man. The human spirit must have been giving way all day and have died out with the twilight. We were dealing with a beast that had once been Fleete.

The affair was beyond any human and rational experience. I tried to say "Hydrophobia," but the word wouldn't come, because I knew that I was lying.

We bound this beast with leather thongs of the punkah-rope, and tied its thumbs and big toes together, and gagged it with a shoe-horn, which makes a very efficient gag if you know how to arrange it. Then we carried it into the dining-room, and sent a man to Dumoise, the doctor, telling him to come over at once. After we had despatched the messenger and were drawing breath, Strickland said: "It's no good. This isn't any doctor's work.' I, also, knew that he spoke the truth.

The beast's head was free, and it threw it about from side to side. Anyone entering the room would have believed that we were curing a wolf's pelt. That was the most loathsome accessory of all.

Strickland sat with his chin in the heel of his fist, watching the beast as it wriggled on the ground, but saying nothing. The shirt had been torn open in the scuffle and showed the black rosette mark on the left breast. It stood out like a blister.

In the silence of the watching we heard something without mewing like a she-otter. We both rose to our feet, and, I answer for myself, not Strickland, felt sick—actually and physically sick. We told each other as did the men in *Pinafore*, that it was the cat.

Dumoise arrived, and I never saw a little man so unprofessionally shocked. He said that it was a heartrending case of hydrophobia, and that nothing could be done. At least, any palliative measures would only prolong the agony. The beast was foaming at the mouth. Fleete, as we told Dumoise, had been bitten by dogs once or twice. Any man who keeps half a dozen terriers must expect a nip now and again. Dumoise could offer no help. He could only certify that Fleete was dying of hydrophobia. The beast was then howling, for it had managed to spit out the shoe-horn. Dumoise said that he would be ready to certify to the cause of death, and that the end was certain. He was a good little man, and he offered to remain with us: but Strickland refused the kindness. He did not wish to poison Dumoise's New Year. He would only ask him not to give the real cause of Fleete's death to the public.

So Dumoise left, deeply agitated; and as soon as the noise of the cart-wheels had died away Strickland told me, in a whisper, his suspicions. They were so wildly improbable that he dare not say them out loud; and I, who entertained all Strickland's beliefs, was so ashamed of owning to them that I pretended to disbelieve.

"Even if the Silver Man had bewitched Fleete for polluting the image of Hanuman, the punishment could not have fallen so quickly."

As I was saying this the cry outside the house rose again, and the beast fell into a fresh paroxysm of struggling till we were afraid that the thongs that held it would give way.

"Watch!" said Strickland. "If this happens six times I shall take the law into my own hands, and I look to you to help me."

He went into his room and came out in a few minutes with the barrels of an old shot-gun, a

piece of fishing-line, some thick cord, and his heavy wooden bedstead. I reported that the convulsions had followed the cry by two seconds in each case, and the beast seemed perceptibly weaker.

Strickland muttered:—"But he can't take away the life! He can't take away the life!"

I said, though I knew I was arguing against myself:—"It may be a cat. It must be a cat. If the Silver Man is responsible, why does he dare to come here?"

Strickland arranged the wood on the hearth, put the gun barrels into the red of the fire, spread the twine on the table and broke a walking-stick in two. There was one yard of fishing line, gut, lapped with wire, such as is used for *mahseer* fishing, and he tied the two ends together in a loop.

Then he said:—"How can we catch him? He must be taken alive and unhurt."

I said that we must trust in Providence, and go out softly with polo-sticks into the shrubbery at the front of the house. The man or animal that made the cry was evidently moving round the house as regularly as a night-watchman. We could wait in the bushes till he came by and knock him over.

Strickland accepted this suggestion, and we slipped out from a bath-room window into the front verandah and then across the carriage drive into the bushes.

By the moonlight we could see the leper coming round the corner of the house. He was perfectly naked, and from time to time he mewed and stopped to dance with his shadow. It was an unattractive sight, and thinking of poor Fleete brought to such degradation by so foul a creature I put away all my doubts, and resolved to help Strickland from the heated gun-barrels to the loop of twine—from the loins to the head and back again—with all tortures that might be needful.

The leper halted in the front porch for a moment and we jumped out on him with the sticks. He was wonderfully strong, and we were afraid that he might escape or be fatally injured before we caught him. We had an idea that lepers were frail creatures, but this proved to be incorrect. Strickland knocked his legs from under him and I put my foot on his neck. He mewed hideously, and even through my riding boots I could feel that his flesh was not as the flesh of a clean man.

He struck at us with his hand and foot stumps. We put the lash of a dog-whip round him, under the arm pits, and dragged him backwards into the hall and so into the dining-room where the beast lay. We tied him with trunk-straps. He made no attempt to escape, but mewed.

When we confronted him with the beast the scene was beyond description. The beast doubled backwards into a bow as though he had been poisoned with strychnine, and moaned in the most pitiable fashion. Several other things happened also, but they cannot be put down here.

"I think I was right," said Strickland. "Now we will ask him to cure this case."

But the leper only mewed. Strickland wrapped a towel round his hand and took the gun-barrels out of the fire. I put the half of the broken walking stick through the loop of fishing-line and buckled the leper comfortably to Strickland's bedstead. I understood then how men and women and little children can endure to see a witch burnt alive; for the beast was moaning on the floor, and though the Silver Man had no face, you could see horrible feelings passing through the slab that took its place, exactly as waves of heat play across red-hot iron—gun-barrels for instance.

Strickland shaded his eyes with his hands for a moment and we got to work. This part is not to be printed.

* * * * * *

The dawn was beginning to break when the leper spoke. His mewings had not been satisfactory up to that point. The beast had fainted from exhaustion and the house was very still. We unstrapped the leper and told him to take away the evil spirit. He crawled to the beast and laid his hand upon the left breast. That was all. Then he fell face down and whined, drawing in his breath as he did so.

We watched the face of the beast and saw the soul of Fleete coming back into the eyes as the face of a man comes up through clear green water. Then a sweat broke out on the forehead and the eyes—they were human eyes—closed. We waited for an hour but Fleete still slept. We carried him to his room and bade the leper go, giving him the bedstead, and the sheet on the bedstead to cover his nakedness, the gloves and the towels with which we had touched him, and the whip that had been hooked round his body. He put the sheet about him and went out into the early morning without speaking or mewing.

Strickland wiped his face and sat down. A night-gong, far away in the city, made seven o'clock.

"Exactly four-and-twenty-hours?" said Strickland. "And I've done enough to ensure my dismissal from the service, besides permanent quarters in a lunatic asylum. Do you believe that we are awake?

The red-hot gun-barrel had fallen on the floor and was singeing the carpet. The smell was entirely real.

That morning at eleven we two together went to wake up Fleete. We looked and saw that the black leopard-rosette on his chest had disappeared. He was very drowsy and tired, but as soon as he saw us he said:—"O! Confound you fellows. Happy New Year to you. Never mix your liquors. I'm nearly dead."

"Thanks for your kindness, but you're over time." said Strickland. "To-day is the morning of the 2nd. You've slept the clock round with a vengeance."

The door opened, and little Dumoise put his head in. He had come on foot, and fancied that we were laying out Fleete.

"I've brought a nurse," said Dumoise. "I suppose that she can come in for . . . . what is necessary."

"By all means,' said Fleete cheerily, sitting up in bed. "Bring on your nurses."

Dumoise was dumb. Strickland led him out and explained that there must have been a mistake in the diagnosis. Dumoise remained dumb, and left the house hastily. He considered that his professional reputation had been injured, and was inclined to make a personal matter of the recovery. Strickland went out too. When he came back he said that he had been to call on the Temple of Hanuman to offer redress for the pollution of the god, and had been solemnly assured that no white man had ever touched the idol and that he was an incarnation of all the virtues labouring under a delusion.

"What do you think?" said Strickland.

I said:—'"There are more things . . . .'"

But Strickland hates that quotation. He says that I have worn it threadbare.

One other curious thing happened which frightened me as much as anything in all the night's work. When Fleete was dressed he came into the dining-room and sniffed. He had a quaint trick of moving his nose when he sniffed. "Horrid doggy smell, here," said he. "You should really keep those terriers of yours in better order. Try sulphur, Strick."

But Strickland did not answer. He caught hold of the back of a chair and, without warning, went into an amazing fit of hysterics. It is terrible to see a strong man overtaken with hysteria. Then it struck me that we had fought for Fleete's soul with the Silver Man in that room and had disgraced ourselves for ever as Englishmen, and I laughed and gasped and gurgled just as shamefully as Strickland, while Fleete thought that we had both gone mad. We never told him what we had done.

Some years later, when Strickland had married and was a church-going member of society for his wife's sake, we reviewed the incident dispassionately, and Strickland suggested that I should put it before the public.

I cannot myself see that this step is likely to clear up the mystery; because in the first place no one will believe a rather nasty story, and in the second, it is well known to every right-minded man that the gods of the heathen are stone and brass, and any attempt to deal with them otherwise is justly condemned.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

LETTERS ON LEAVE.

I.

To Lieutenant JOHN McHAIL,
151st (Kumharsen) P. N. I.,
Hakaiti viâ Tharanda,
Assam.

Dear Old Man,—Your handwriting is worse than ever, but, as far as I can see among the loops and fish-hooks, you are lonesome and want to be comforted with a letter. I knew you wouldn't write to me unless you needed something. You don't tell me that you have left your regiment, but from what you say about "my battalion," "my men," and so forth, it seems as if you were raising military police for the benefit of the Chins. If that's the case I congratulate you. The pay is good. Ouless writes to me from some new fort something or other, saying that he has struggled into a billet of Rs. 700 (Military Police), and instead of being chased by writters as he used to be, is ravaging the country round Shillong in search of a wife. I am very sorry for the Mrs. Ouless of the future.

That doesn't matter. You probably know more about the boys yonder than I do. If you'll only send me from time to time some record of their movements I'll try to tell you of things on this side the water. You say "You don't know what it is to hear from town." I say "You don't know what it is to hear from the *dehat*." Now and again men drift in with news: but I don't like hot weather *khubber*. It's all of the domestic occurrence kind. Old "Hat" Constable came to see me the other day. You remember the click in his throat before he begins to speak. He sat still, clicking at quarter-hour intervals, and after each click he'd say: "D'ye remember Mistress So-an'-So? Well, she's dead o' typhoid at Naogong." When it was'nt "Mistress So-an'-So" it was a man. I stood four clicks and four deaths and then I asked him to spare me the rest. You seem to have had a bad season, taking it all round, and the women seem to have suffered most. Is that so?

We don't die in London. We go out of town and we make as much fuss about it as if we were going to the Neva. Now I understand why the transport is the first thing to break down when our army takes the field. The Englishman is cumbrous in his movements and very particular about his baskets and hampers and trunks—not less than seven of each—for a fifty-mile journey. Leave season began some weeks ago and there is a *burra-choop* along the streets that you could shovel with a spade. All the people that say they are everybody have gone—quite two hundred miles away. Some of 'em are even on the Continent—and the clubs are full of strange folk. I found a Reform man at the Savage a week ago. He didn't say what his business was, but he was dusty and looked hungry. I suppose he had come in for food and shelter.

Like the rest I'm on leave too. I converted myself into a Government Secretary, awarded myself one month on full pay with the chance of an extension, and went off. Then it rained and hailed and rained again, and I ran up and down this tiny country in trains trying to find a dry place. After ten days I came back to town, having been stopped by the sea four times. I was rather like a kitten at the bottom of a bucke chasing its own tail. So I'm sitting here under a grey muggy sky wondering what sort of time they are having at Simla. It's August now. The rains would be nearly over: all the theatricals would be in full swing and Jakko Hill would be just Paradise. You're probably pink with prickly heat. Sit down quietly under the punkah and think of Umballa station, hot as an oven at four in the morning. Think o' the dâk-gharry slobbering in the wet and the first little cold wind that comes round the first corner after the tonga is clear of Kalka. There's a wind you and I know well. It's blowing over the grass at Dugshai this very moment and there's a smell of hot fir trees all along and along from Solon to Simla, and some happy man is flying up that road with fragments of a tonga-bar in his eye, his pet terrier under his arm, his thick clothes on the back-seat and the certainty of a month's pure joy in front of him. *Instead of which* you're being stewed at Hakaiti and I'm sitting in a second-hand atmosphere above a sausage-shop, watching three sparrows playing in a dirty-green tree and pretending that it's summer. I have a view of very many streets and a river. Except the advertisements on the walls, there isn't one speck of colour as far as my eye can reach. The very cat, who is an amiable beast, comes off black under my hand, and I daren't open the window for fear of smuts. And this is better than a soaked and sobbled country, with the corn-shocks standing like plover's eggs in green moss and the oats lying flat in moist lumps. We haven't had any summer and yesterday I smelt the raw touch of the winter. Just one little whiff to show that the year had turned. "Oh what a happy land is England!"

I cannot understand the white man at home. You remember when we went out together and landed at the Apollo Bunder with all our sorrows before us, and went to Watson's Hotel and saw the snake-charmers. You said: "It'll take me all my lifetime to distinguish one nigger from another." That was eight years ago. Now you don't call them niggers any more, and you're supposed—quite wrongly—to have an insight into native character, or else you would never have been allowed to recruit for the Kumharsens. I feel as I felt at Watson's. They are so deathlily alike, specially the more educated. They all seem to read the same books, and the same newspapers telling 'em what to admire in the same books, and they all quote the same passages from the same books and they write books on books about somebody else's books, and they are penetrated to their boot heels with a sense of the awful seriousness of their own views of the moment. Above that, they seem to be, most curiously and beyond the right of ordinary people, divorced from the knowledge or fear of death. Of course every man conceives that every man except himself is bound to die (you remember how Hallatt spoke the night before he went out), but these men appear to be like children in that respect.

I can't explain exactly, but it gives an air of unreality to their most earnest earnestnesses; and when a young gentleman of views and culture and aspirations is in earnest the trumpets of Jericho are silent beside him. Because they have everything done for them, they know how everything ought to be done: and they are perfectly certain that wood pavements, policemen, shops and gas light come in the regular course of nature. You can guess with these convictions how thoroughly and cocksurely they handle little trifles like colonial administration, the wants of the army, municipal sewage, housing of the poor and so forth. Every third common need of average men is, in their mouths, a tendency or a movement or a federation affecting the world. It never seems to occur to 'em that the human instinct of getting as much as possible for money paid, or, failing money, for threats and fawnings, is about as old as Cain; and the burden of their *bât* is: "Me an' a few mates o' mine are going to make a new world."

As long as men only write and talk they must think that way I suppose. It's compensation for playing with little things. And that reminds me? Do you know the University smile? You don't by that name, but sometimes young civilians wear it for a very short time when they first come out. Something—I wonder if it's our brutal chaff, or a billiard cue, or which?—takes it out of their faces, and when they next differ with you they do so without smiling. But that smile flourishes in London. I've met it again and again. It expresses tempered grief, sorrow at your complete inability to march with the march of progress at the Universities, and a chastened contempt. There is one man who wears it as a garment. He is frivolously young—not more than thirty-five or forty—and all these years no one has removed that smile. He knows everything about everything on this earth, and above all he knows all about men under any and every condition of life. He knows all about the aggressive militarism of you and your friends; he isn't quite sure of the necessity of an army; he is certain that colonial expansion is nonsense; and he is more than certain that the whole step of all our Empire must be regulated by the knowledge and foresight of the working man. Then he smiles—smiles like a seraph with an M. A. degree. What can you do with a man like that? He has never seen an unmade road in his life; I think he believes that wheat grows on a tree and that beef is dug from a mine. He has never been forty miles from a railway, and he has never been called upon to issue an order to anybody except his well-fed servant. Isn't it wondrous? And there are battalions and brigades of these men in town removed from the fear of want living till they are seventy or eighty, sheltered, fed, drained and administered, expending their vast leisure in talking and writing.

But the real fun begins much lower down the line. I've been associating generally and very particularly with the men who say that they are the only men in the world who work—and they call themselves *the* working man. Now the working man in America is a nice person. He says he is a man and behaves accordingly. That is to say he has some notion that he is part and parcel of a great country. At least he talks that way. But in this town you can see thousands of men meeting publicly on Sundays to cry aloud that everybody may hear that they are poor down-trodden helots—in fact "the pore workin' man." At their clubs and pubs the talk is the same. It's the utter want of self-respect that revolts. My friend the tobacconist has a cousin who is, apparently, sound in mind and limb, aged twenty-three, clear-eyed and upstanding. He is a "skibbo" by trade—a painter of sorts. He married at twenty and he has two children. He can spend three-quarters of an hour talking about his down-trodden condition. He works under another *Raj-mistri* who has saved money and started a little shop of his own. He hates that *Raj-mistri*; he loathes the police, and his views on the lives and customs of the aristocracy are strange. He approves of every form of lawlessness, and he knows that anybody who holds authority is sure to be making a good thing out of it. Of himself as a citizen he never thinks. Of himself as an Ishmail he thinks a good deal. He is entitled to eight hours' work a day and some time off—said time to be paid for; he is entitled to free education for his children—and he doesn't want no bloomin' clergymen to teach 'em—he is entitled to houses specially built for himself because he pays the bulk of the taxes of the country. He is not going to emigrate, not he, he reserves to himself the right of multiplying as much as he pleases; the streets must be policed for him while he demonstrates, immediately under my window by the way, for ten consecutive hours, and *I* am probably a thief because my clothes are better than his. The proposition is a very simple one. He has no duties to the State, no personal responsibilty of any kind, and he'd sooner see his children dead than soldiers of the Queen. The Government owes him everything because he is a pore working man. When the Guards tried their Board-school mutiny at the Wellington Barracks my friend was jubilant: "What did I tell you?" he said. "You see the very soldiers won't stand it."

"What's it?"

"Bein' treated like machines instead of flesh and blood. 'Course they won't."

The popular evening paper wrote that the Guards with perfect justice had rebelled against being treated like machines instead of flesh and blood. Then I thought of a certain regiment that lay in Mian Mir for three years and dropped four hundred men out of a thousand. It died of fever and cholera. There were no pretty nursemaids to work with it in the streets, because there were no streets. I saw how the Guards amused themselves and how their sergeants smoked in uniform. I pitied the Guards with their cruel

sentry-goes, their three nights out of bed, and their unlimited supply of love and liquor.

Another man, not a workman, told me that the Guards' riot—it's impossible, as you know, to call this kick-up of the fatted flunkies of the army a mutiny—was only "a schoolboy's prank;" and he could not see that if it was what he said it was, the Guards were no regiment and should have been wiped out decently and quietly. There again the futility of a sheltered people cropped up. You mustn't treat a man like a machine in this country; but you can't get any work out of a man till he has learned to work like a machine. D—— has just come home for a few months from the charge of a mountain battery on the frontier. He used to begin work at eight and was thankful if he got off at six: most of the time on his feet. When he went to the Black Mountain he was extensively engaged for nearly sixteen hours a day: and that on food at which the "pore workin' man" would have turned up his state-lifted nose. D—— on the subject of labour as understood by the white man in his own home is worth hearing. Though coarse—considerable coarse! But D—— doesn't know all the hopeless misery of the business. When the small pig, oyster, furniture, carpet, builder or general shopman works his way out of the ruck he turns round and makes his old friends and employés sweat. He knows how near he can go to flaying 'em alive before they kick; and in this matter he is neither better nor worse than a *bunnia* or a *havildar* of our own blessed country. It's the small employer of labour that skins his servant; exactly as the forty-pound householder works her one white servant to the bone and goes to drop pennies into the plate to convert the heathen in the East.

Just at present, as you have read, the person who calls himself the pore workin' man—the man I saw kicking fallen men in the mud by the docks last winter—has discovered a real, fine, new original notion; and he is working it for all he is worth. He calls it the solidarity of labour *bundobast*—but its caste—four thousand years old, caste of Menu—with old *shetts, mahajuns,* guild-tolls, excommunication and all the rest of it. All things considered there isn't anything much older than caste—it began with the second generation of man on earth—but to read the "advance" papers on the subject you'd imagine it was a revelation from Heaven. The real fun will begin—as it has begun and ended many times before—when the castes of skilled labour—that's the pore workin' man—are pushed up and knocked about by the lower and unrecognised castes, who will form castes of their own and outcaste on the decision of their own *punchayats*. How those castes will scuffle and fight among themselves and how astonished the Englishman will be!

He is naturally lawless because he is a fighting animal; and his amazingly sheltered condition has made him inconsequent. I don't like inconsequent lawlessness. I've seen it down at Bow Street, at the docks, by the G. P. O. and elsewhere. It's chief home of course is in that queer place called the House of Commons, but no one goes there who isn't forced by business. It's shut up at present and the persons who belong to it are loose all over the face of the country. I don't think—but I won't swear—that any of them are spitting at policemen. One man appears to have been poaching, others are advocating various forms of murder and outrage—and nobody seems to care. The residue talk—just Heavens, how they talk; and what wonderful fictions they tell! And they firmly believe, being ignorant of the mechanism of Government, that they administer the country. In addition, certain of their newspapers have elaborately worked up a famine in Ireland that could be engineered by two Deputy Commissioners and four average 'Stunts into a "woe" and a "calamity" that is going to overshadow the peace of the nation—even the Empire. I suppose they have their own sense of proportion, but they manage to keep it to themselves very successfully. What do you, who have seen half a country-side in deadly fear of its life, suppose that this people would do if they were *chukkered* and *gabraowed*? If they really knew what the fear of death and the dread of injury implied? If they died very swiftly indeed and could not count on their futile lives enduring beyond next sundown? Some of the men from your—I mean our—part of the world say that they would be afraid and break and scatter and run. But there is no room in the island to run. The sea catches you, midwaist, at the third step. I am curious to see if the cholera, of which these people stand in most lively dread, gets a firm foothold in London. In that case I have a notion that there will be scenes and panics. They live too well here, and have too much to make life worth clinging too—clubs, and shop fronts, and gas, and theatres and so forth—things that they affect to despise, and whereon and whereby they live like leeches. But I have written enough. It doesn't exhaust the subject; but you won't be grateful for other epistles. De Vitre of the Poona Irregular Moguls will have it that they are a tiddy-iddy people. He says that all their visible use is to produce loans for the colonies and men to be used up in developing India. I honestly believe that the average Englishman would faint if you told him that it was lawful to use up human life for any purpose whatever. He believes that it has to be developed and made beautiful for the possessor, and in that belief talkatively perpetrates cruelties that would make Torquemada jump in his grave. Go to Alipur if you want to see. I am off to foreign parts—forty miles away—to catch fish for my friend the char-cat: also to shoot a little bird if I have luck.

Yours,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE PITCH WE COME TO.

SCENE—*Begum Nugger, B—bay Presidency.*
Newly arrived Competition-wallah and Oldest Inhabitant.

N. A. C. W. (Opening *Times of Hindustan*) *loq.* to *O. I.*—"I suppose that one can obtain all the daily news of the Empire in this the apparently leading newspaper of this Presidency? No need to take in one from Bengal or Madras in order to keep *au courant* with affairs?"

O. I.—"Oh, ah, yes. . . Certainly. Never read more than the telegrams myself, but you'll be sure to find all you want in the *Times of Hindustan*. Want to buy a horse?"

N. A. C. W.—"Thanks, not yet." Determines to take in *Times of Hindustan* for a month. Does so. Reads it steadily and finds the telegrams, &c., run as follows (with a few slight variations in Reuter's from Europe) from the 1st to the 30th:—

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

RIOTING IN IRELAND.

Mr. O'Blather has been arrested.

ANOTHER MILITARY MUTINY.

Drummer Atkins has broken his drumhead in a fit of insubordination.

WAR IMMINENT.

All the European Powers are arming.

CRICKET.

P—— &c.

The cricket match between the Veterans and the Griffs, which we all know is of the utmost importance and on which one may say so many political issues hinge in this Presidency, commenced to-day in a burst of sunshine—real Governor's weather—on a wicket of perfection, smooth as an English graveyard and hard as a macadamised road. The sides were generally considered to be so evenly matched that, allowing for the usual intervals for refreshments, the match, if properly played out, will last a week. Public business will of course be suspended during this period to admit of H. E. the Governor and his *éntourage* being constantly present, as well as to enable the Members of Council, Secretaries to Government and other leading personages of the Presidency to attend daily. The greatest interest is evinced in the game by the large numbers of spectators and the Parsees have sent their Chamber of Commerce to witness the event. Mr. Vobis and Dr. Nobis acted as umpires with a true British spirit of justice, partiality and affection, while the Hon'ble Mr. Muzfuz, having "got wind of the sport," as usual closed his court in order to undertake the onerous duties of scorer, the intricacies of which he has so nobly grasped by long and varied experience in the Presidency. Indeed he has disinterestedly deferred judgment in the trifling cases before him in consequence—public-spirited action which is much admired in the Presidency.

Play commenced punctually one hour after the time stated to give the Veterans an opportunity of digesting their last night's supper at the —— -Club and their *chota-hazris* of whisky and soda (the former supplied by Messrs. T-ch-r and Co. at Rs. 38 the dozen). The Griffs won the toss and sent in Messrs. Snooks and Flooks to the bowling of Major Florid and Mr. Torid. The first wicket fell for 0 amidst a round of applause from the spectators, in which His Excellency the Governor joined heartily. Play was then adjourned to hear the opinion of His Excellency the Governor upon a "duck's egg," and the manner in which he would lay down the cricketing law upon the way this was laid. "A duck's egg" said H. E. the Governor, "is laid upon an average. But in my opinion the laws of cricket on this point need reform, as an average of duck's eggs leads to nothing. But, gentlemen and cricketers, remember that in my position here, when anything I may state may be used in evidence against me—ahem, I mean may be turned to political purposes—I must leave it to you, gentlemen, to study the laws of cricket yourselves, and when in doubt give the egg the benefit of it—do not addle it, so to speak." (His Excellency's remarks were greeted with continuous applause, in which the Parsee Chamber of Commerce fully joined.) Precisely at five minutes before 2 P.M. the game proceeded, when Lieutenant Flooks was succeeded by Mr. Trundle. Trundle hit freely, but before he could increase the score was taken cleverly at the wicket, after hitting it, by Dr. Muffler, who would have kept wicket splendidly had not the bowling been swift and inclined to leg. In order to equalise this Mr. Poker was put on to bowl while Lieutenant Stoker went in. He had added a brilliant cut of one to the off, when the tiffin bell rang, much to the relief of the field, who were growing exhausted.

During tiffin several speeches were made and H. E. the Governor gave his opinion on cricket luncheons in general. He said: "Gentlemen and cricketers, gooseberries and cream and long scores go not together. Let me remind you of this: in fact they play old gooseberry with your play. (Applause to a choking pitch.) You may correct the gooseberries, it is true), with green chartreuse (applause, especially from the Veterans), but nothing green will correct your cricket except the village green; and if you draw your corks too freely you may as well draw your stumps for ever. I may mention that this is mere metaphor without any political significance." (Great applause.) After tiffin Mr.

Sniggler went to the wicket to face the bowling of Major-General Von Flareup. Before many overs he made a brilliant cut to square leg which was stopped by the umpire, who declined to stay out any longer in such a position.

Fortunately Mr. Jerkeminjeebhoy, who was a spectator, offered to replace him, but unfortunately this led to a somewhat disagreeble dispute, which, however, was settled on appeal to H. E. the Governor, who stated that : "The umpire's decision should be final, but as, gentlemen, this in a great measure depends upon the weather and the laws of cricket need often some interpretation, I would recommend you to refer the question to the M. C. C., as otherwise, in my position here, such a ruling might be construed to contain some class or political inference." Major-General Von Flareup then withdrew his objections and play proceeded, and the next three wickets fell for six runs. Here another slight *contretemps* occurred as Mr. Thugdeus O'Tule made some hint about a P—na "rot" having set in : but no offence being, it appears, meant, the game continued and H. E. the Governor did not leave the ground as was at first feared. Then Stoppinger went in. He had come all the way from Kirkee to play, and this high-spirited action was much and deservedly applauded, especially as he had arrived in time to bat. He is the *pièce de résistanse* of the Griffs' team and comes with the reputation of being a beautiful bat and superb bowler. Indeed H. E. the Governor remarked that he could see with half an eye that he was a born cricketer from the way in which he buttoned his gloves and stopped play for over five minutes as a large butterfly was hovering over the bowler's arm. He was clean bowled the first ball amidst thunders of applause. He met with much sympathy, especially as he candidly admitted the ball was a straight one. Stoppinger was followed by Fiddlekins. . . . . .

C. W.—"Oh hang it all! Can't read through all this : let's see who won" (looks at end of telegram.) "This closed the innings for the Griffs, Fiddlekins, who defended his wicket carefully in spite of a sore nose, having carried his bat for four. . . . . ." (With a sigh).—"I suppose some one at the Club will tell me who has won." Now, for the other telegrams. Reads—

CRICKET.

Y. M. C. A. vs. Hindus.—This match was commenced at——on the——and a general holiday was preserved in consequence. The Y. M. C. A. eleven . . . .&c. (here follow particulars).

Reads next telegram.

CRICKET, B—B-Y.

"A large and influential gathering took place to-day to discuss the question of Mr. Jerkeminjeebhoy's bowling, and it was unanimously determined to send a deputation to ask H. E. the Governor to give his decision in the matter."

Goes on to next telegram.

CRICKET AT MUGGUR.

"This place has been *en fête* for the last week on account of the annual match of the Parsees *vs.* The Station. A dispute having arisen during the match regarding the exact position of Mr. Legbeforewicketwallah's big toe it was determined to refer the matter to H. E. the Governor for his decision, &c."

Reads next.

BALL AT P— — — —

A grand ball was given by the members of the —— Club at their premises last night. The grounds were beautifully laid out as cricket pitches, the stumps lending a realism to the scene, while the rooms were tastefully decorated with cricket bats and balls. Great credit is due to Messrs. —— and —— for the originality of the idea, and His Excellency the Governor and Lady H—— expressed their high appreciation. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief was also present and appeared to be pleased with the kala-juggers decorated with polo sticks and balls, and which he insinuated were more fatal than the game as about to be played under the recent G. O. Dancing was kept up till the small hours.

C. W.—"Ah! here is something more intellectual." Reads—

THE D—— COLLEGE.

"H. E. the Governor, accompanied by Captain —— A.-D.-C., visited the College this evening. He made a trite speech on manly sports and told the boys that if they wished to make a forward drive in life they should always play with a straight bat. This has given an impetus to cricket."

N. A. C. W.—"Oh! here's some news at last. I've heard of B——y, that centre of——Eh—what? Cricket again!!"

B - - - - - Y, &c.

"The Ladies' team has been practising for the last week under the able direction of Mrs. ——. We hear that her chief difficulty lies in trying to persuade her fair eleven to discard high-heeled boots and rings and adopt a rational cricket costume instead, and it is proposed to send a deputation to H. E. Lady H——for her opinion in the matter."

C. W. after two columns of cricketing telegrams turns to the letter-press and finds—short leader on Finance, and then long leader on—cricket again! A question of dispute between B-bay Gymkhana and Parsees. Reads paragraphs and extracts from up-country papers on current topics, and then reads the letters to the Editor.

No. 1.—To THE EDITOR, *Times of Hindustan.*

SIR,—In the recent cricket match between, &c. &c.

BUMBLEPUTTYWALLAH,
Capt. Embryo Hindu C. C.

Groaning in spirit he goes on to the next.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that in a cricket match played between Kent and Surrey during the reign of the late Queen Anne one *Myddle-de-Stumpe*—a distinguished ancestor of mine who appears to have been a cricketer of no mean repute at that period —made a "payre of specktakles" as it was then termed.

ANTIQUARY.

N.B.—I enclose my card, which you may show to H. E. the Governor should he ask for it.

C. W.—Oh! Oh! Ooh! Ah! Gives a sigh of relief and read. "News in advance of the mail"—um. "Cricket averages for . . . . . . !" Tableau!

Tears up paper and takes in the *Trombay Gazette* instead, only to find that for one column of cricket in the *Times of Hindustan*—he gets two in the *Gazette.* Driven to desperation he goes to see the Oldest Inhabitant again.

C. W.—"I say, Oldest Inhabitant, are there no other papers in India, or is the whole Press devoted to the cricket interest?

O. I.—"Eh, Oh! Ah yes! I believe there are one or two other newspapers. There's one in Bengal and I think another in Madras called the *Mail,* or something like that. B'lieve they give local news. Myself I only read the telegrams. Yes, a lot of cricket on just now—seems more than usual. By the way, I think you said you wanted to buy a horse? No? Have a peg? No! Well, good morning."

C. W.—Goes home and reflects. "There's no help for it apparently. Now I see why the Collector asked me so anxiously if I played and whether I could give him a few hints on the latest cricketing terms, rules about declaring the innings at an end, &c., as he shortly expected a visit from the Governor. What was it he said about my encouraging the game among the puttywallahs and mamlukhdars of the district, the latter especially, as they are under a cloud. Let's see . . ." After long reflection takes a gloomy view of his future prospects and applies to be transferred to Burma!

K.

Miscellaneous.

LETTERS ON LEAVE.

II.

To Captain J. McHAIL,
151st (Kumharsen) N. I.,
Hakaiti viâ Tharanda.

Captain Sahib Bahadur! The last *Pi* gives me news of your step, and I'm more pleased about it than many. You've been "cavalry quick" in your promotion. Eight years and your company! Allahu! But it must have been that long, lean horse-head of yours that looks so wise and says so little that has imposed upon the authorities. My best congratulations. Let out your belt two holes, and be happy, as I am not.

Did I tell you in my last about going to Woking in search of a grave? The dust and the grime and the grey and the sausage shop told on my spirits to such an extent that I solemnly took a train and went grave-hunting through the Necropolis—locally called the Necrapolis. I wanted an eligible, entirely detached site in a commanding position—six by three and bricked throughout. I found it, but the only drawback was that I must go back to town to the head office to buy it. One doesn't go to town to haggle for tomb-space, so I deferred the matter and went fishing. All the same there are very nice graves at Woking, and I shall keep my eye on one of 'em.

Since that date I seem to have been in four or five places, because there are labels on the bag. One of the places was Plymouth, where I found half a regiment at field exercises on the Hoe. They were practising the attack in three lines with the mixed rush at the end, even as it is laid down in the drill-book, and they charged shouting subduedly across the Hoe. The people laughed. I was much more inclined to cry. Except the Major, there didn't seem to be anything more than twenty years old in the regiment; and oh! but it was pink and white and chubby and undersized—just made to die succulently of disease. I fancied that some of our battalions out with you were more or less young and exposed, but a home battalion is a *crêche*, and it scares one to watch it. Eminent and distinguished Generals get up after dinner—I've listened to two of 'em—and explain that though the home battalion can only be regarded as a feeder to the foreign, yet all our battalions can be regarded as efficient; and if they aren't efficient we shall find in our military reserve the nucleus—how I loath that lying word!—of the Lord knows what, but the speeches always end with allusions to the spirit of the English, their glorious past, and the certainty that when the hour of need comes the nation will "emerge victorious." It the Engineer of the Hungerford Bridge told the South-Eastern Railway that because a main girder had stood for thirty years without need of renewal it was therefore sure to stand for another fifty, he would probably get the sack. Our military authorities don't get the sack. They are allowed to make speeches in public. Some day, if we live long enough, we shall see the glorious past and the "sublime instincts of an ancient people" without one complete army corps, pitted against a few unsentimental long-range guns and some efficiently organised troops. Then the band will begin to play, and it will not play *Rule Britannia* until it has played some very funny tunes first.

Do you remember Tighe? He was in the Deccan Lancers and retired because he got married. He is in Ireland now, and I met him the other day, idle, unhappy and dying for some work to do. Mrs. Tighe is equally miserable. She wants to go back to Poona instead of administering a big barrack of a house somewhere at the back of a bog. I quote Tighe here. He has, you may remember, a pretty tongue upon him, and he was describing to me at length how a home regiment behaves when it is solemnly turned out for a week or a month training under canvas:—

"About four in the mornin', me dear boy, they begin pitchin' their tents for the next day—four hours to pitch it, and the tent ropes a howlin' tangle when all's said and sworn. Then they tie their horses with strings to their big toes and go to bed in hollows and caves of the earth till the rain falls and the tents are flooded, and then, me dear boy, the men and the horses and the ropes and the vegetation of the country cuddle each other till the morning for company's sake. And next day it all begins again. Just when they are beginning to understand how to camp they are all but back into their boxes, and half of 'em have lung disease."

But what is the use of snarling and grumbling? The matter will adjust itself later on, and the one nation on earth that talks and thinks most of the sanctity of human life will be a little astonished at the waste of life for which it will be responsible. In those days my captain, the man who can command seasoned troops and have made the best use of those troops, will be sought after and petted and will rise to honour. Remember this in Hakaiti when next you measure the naked recruit.

Let us revisit calmer scenes. I've been down for three perfect days to the seaside. Don't you remember what a really fine day means? A milk-white sea, as smooth as glass, with blue-white heat haze hanging over it, one little wave talking to itself on the said, warm shingle, four bathing machines, cliff in the background, and half the babies in Christendom paddling and yelling. It was a queer little place, just near enough to the main line of traffic to be overlooked from morning till night. There was a baby—an Ollendorfian baby—with whom I fell madly in love. She lived down at the bottom of a great white sun-bonnet; talked French and English in a clear, bell-like voice, and of such I fervently hope will the Kingdom of Heaven be. When she found that my French wasn't equal to hers, she condescendingly talked English and bade me build her houses of stones and draw cats for her through half the day. After I had done everything that she ordered she went off to talk to some one else. The beach belonged to that baby and every soul on it was her servant, for I know that we rose with shouts when she paddled into three inches of water and sat down, gasping: *Mon Dieu? Je suis mort!* I know you like the little ones, so I don't apologise for yarning about them. She had a sister aged seven and one-half—a lovely child without a scrap of self-consciousness and enormous eyes. Here comes a real tragedy. The girl—and her name was Violet—had fallen wildly in love with a little fellow of nine. They used to walk up the single street of the village with their arms round each other's necks. Naturally she did all the little wooings, and Hugh submitted quietly. Then devotion began to pall and he didn't care to paddle with Violet. Hereupon, as far as I can gather, she smote him on the head and threw him against a wall. Anyhow, it was very sweet and natural, and Hugh told me about it when I came down. "She's so unrulable" he said. "I did'nt hit her back, but I was very angry." Of course Violet repented, but Hugh grew suspicious, and at the psychological moment there came down from town a destroyer of delights and a separator of companions in the shape of a tricycle. Also there were many little boys on the beach—rude, shouting, romping little chaps—who said:—"Come along!" "Hullo!" and used the wicked word "beastly!" Among these Hugh became a person of importance and began to realise that he was a man who could say "beastly," and "Come on!" with the best of 'em. He preferred to run about with the little boys on wars and expeditions, and he wriggled away when Violet put her arm round his waist. Violet was hurt and angry, and I think she slapped Hugh. Relations were strained when I arrived because one morning Violet, after asking permission, invited Hugh to come to lunch. And that bad, Spanish-eyed boy deliberately filled his bucket with the cold sea-water and dashed it over Violet's pink ankles. (Joking apart, this seems to be about the best way of refusing an invitation that civilisation can invent. Try it on your Colonel.) She was madly angry for a moment and then she said:—"Let me carry you up the beach, 'cause of the shingles in your toes." That was divine, but it didn't move Hugh, and Violet went off to her mother. She sat down with her chin in her hand, looking out at the sea for a long time, very sorrowfully. Then she said, and it was her first experience:—"I know that Hugh cares more for his horrid bicycle than he does for me, and if he said he didn't I wouldn't believe him."

Up to date Hugh has said nothing. He is running about playing with the bold, bad little boys, and Violet is sitting on a breakwater trying to find out why things are as they are. It's a nice

tale, and tales are scarce these days. Have you noticed how small and elemental is the stock of them at the world's disposal. Men foregathered at that little seaside place and manlike exchanged stories. They were all the same stories. One had heard 'em in the East with eastern variations, and in the West with western extravagances tacked on. Only one thing seemed new, and it was merely a phrase used by a groom in speaking of an ill-conditioned horse: "No, Sir; he's not ill in a manner o' speaking, but he's so to speak generally unfriendly with his innards as a usual thing."

I entrust this to you as a sacred gift. See that it takes root in the land. "Unfriendly with his innards as a usual thing." Remember. It's better than laboured explanations in the rains. And I fancy it's raw.

And now. But I had nearly forgotten. We're a nation of grumblers and that's why other people call Anglo-Indians bores. I write feelingly because M——, just home on long leave, has for the second time sat on my devoted head for two hours simply and solely for the purpose of swearing at the Accountant-General. He has given me the whole history of his pay, prospects and promotion twice over, and in case I should misunderstand wants me to dine with him and hear it all for the third time. If M—— would leave the A.-G. alone he is a delightful man, as we all know; but he's loose in London now button-holing English friends and quoting leave and pay codes to them. He wants to see a Member of Parliament about something or other, and I believe he spends his nights rolled up in a *rezai* on the stairs of the India Office waiting to catch a secretary. I like the India Office. They are so beautifully casual and lazy, and their rooms look out over the Green Park and they are never tired of admiring the view. Now and then a man comes in to report himself, and the secretaries and the under-secretaries and the *chaprassies* play battledore and shuttlecock with him until they are tired.

Some time since when I was better, more serious and earnest than I am now, I preached a *jehad* up and down those echoing corridors and suggested the abolition of the India Office and the purchase of a four pound ten American revolving bookcase to hold all the documents on India that were of public value or could be comprehended by the public. Now I am more frivolous because I am dropping gently into that grave at Woking; and yet I believe in the bookcase. India is bowed down with too much duftar as it is: and the house of Correction, Revision, Division and Supervision cannot do her much good. I saw a committee or a council file in the other day. Only one desirable tale came to me out of that office. If you've heard it before stop me. It began with a cutting from an obscure Welsh paper I think. A man—a gardener—went mad, announced that Lord Cross was the Messiah and burned himself alive on a pile of garden refuse. That's the first part. I never could get at the second, but am credibly informed that the work of the India Office stood still for three weeks, while the entire staff took council how to break the news to the Secretary of State. I believe it still remains unbroken.

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Decidedly, leave in England is a disappointing thing. I've wandered into two stations since I wrote the last. Nothing but the labels on the bag remain—Oh, and a memory of a weighing-in at an East End fishing club. That was an experience. I foregathered with a man on the top of a 'bus, and we became great friends because we both agreed that gorge-tackle for pike was only permissible in very weedy streams. He repeated his views, which were my views, nearly ten times, and in the evening invited me to this weighing-in, at, we'll say, rooms of the Lea and Chertsey Piscatorial Anglers Benevolent Brotherhood. We assembled in a room at the top of a public house, the walls ornamented with stuffed fish and water-birds, and the anglers came in by twos and threes, and I was introduced to all of 'em as "the gen'el-man I met just now." This seemed to be good enough for all practical purposes. There were ten and five shilling prizes, and the affable and energetic clerk of the scales behaved as though he were weighing-in for the Lucknow races. The take of the day was one pound fifteen ounces of dace, and roach, about twenty fingerlings, and the winner who is in charge of a railway bookstall described minutely how he had caught each fish. As a matter of fact roach-fishing in the Lea and Thames is a fine art. Then there were drinks—modest little drinks—and they called upon me for a sentiment. You know how things go at the sergeants' messes and some of the lodges. In a moment of brilliant inspiration I gave "free fishing in the parks" and brought down the whole house. Sah! free fishing for coarse fish in the Serpentine and the Green Park water would hurt nobody and do a great deal of good to many. The stocking of the water—but what does this interest you? The Englishman moves slowly. He is just beginning to understand that it is not sufficient to set apart a certain amount of land for a lung of London and to turn people into in with "There, get along and play" unless he gives 'em something to play with. Thirty years hence he will almost allow *cafés* and hired bands in Hyde Park.

To return for a moment to the fish club. I got away at eleven, and in darkness and despair had to make my way west for leagues and leagues across London. I was on the Mile End road at midnight and there lost myself, and learned something more about the policeman. He is haughty in the East and always afraid that he is being chaffed. I honestly only wanted sailing directions to get homeward. One policeman said:—"Get along. You know your way as well as I do." And yet another:—"You go bock to the country where you comed from. You ain't doin' no good 'ere!" It was so deadly true that I couldn't answer back and there wasn't an expensive cab handy to prove my virtue and respectability. Next time I visit the Lea and Chertsey Affabilities I'll find out something about trains. Meantime I keep holiday dolefully. There is not anybody to play with me. They have all gone away to their own places. Even the Infant, who is generally the idlest man in the world, writes me that he is helping to steer a ten-ton yacht in Scottish seas. When she heels over too much the Infant is driven to the O. P. side and she rights herself. The Infant's host says "Isn't this bracing? Isn't this delightful?" And the Infant who lives in dread of a chill bringing back his Indian fever has to say "Ye-es" and pretend to despise overcoats.

Wallah! This is a cheerful world.

RUDYARD KIPLING.