A

VISIT TO EUROPE.

BY

T. N. MUKHARJI

WITH A PREFACE BY N. N. GHOSE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

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PREFACE.

Mr. T. N. Mukharji and two other Indian gentlemen were deputed by the Government of India to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition held in London in 1886. He stayed in Europe for about nine months, from April to December 1886, and travelled largely in England and on the Continent. He had no intention of writing an account of his travels and had therefore kept no notes of his journey and collected no materials for a systematic work. On his return to India, he was requested by some friends, and in particular by the Manager of the *Indian Nation*, to contribute to that journal, from week to week, a narrative of his experiences. Mr. Mukharji consented, and, relying upon his memory, and a few cards of invitation, catalogues and guide-books which he had preserved, he wrote his account which was published for about a year and a half in the *Indian Nation* in weekly instalments. The present work is mainly a reprint of the weekly contributions. Such alterations as have been introduced relate more to form than to substance. The work has been, though the articles were not, divided into chapters; and such adaptations as were necessary to secure greater

continuity and coherence than existed in the articles, have been made. I had the privilege of looking over the proof-sheets of the work, as well in the earlier as in the later stage. This is my only apology for accepting the honour which Mr. Mukharji conferred on me when he requested me to write the preface. And readers who remember the circumstances under which the work was written and originally published, will understand how observations which are in the nature of comments on current topics (*e.g.* pp. 253-257) have found a place here.

Mr. Mukharji is an unambitious writer. If I may presume to make any comments on his style at all, I may say that it is terse and idiomatic, and, above all, free and easy. He is blessed with a poetic vein and often indulges in metaphor, but is hardly ever obscure. The exuberant energy of his nature finds expression in his style, and to purists he may appear to have taken some liberties with the English language, for, in all seriousness and fully conscious of the risk of the adventure, he has actually coined a word here and a word there. His first endeavour has been to express himself; and in carrying it out with perfect freedom, he may have occasionally trodden under foot some conventional rule. Several of his comments on social life and manners have a touch of irony; but Mr. Mukharji is never bitter. Topics are discussed, about which opinions may differ as to

standards of reasonableness; but the element of suavity will never be missed even in the most uncompromising of Mr. Mukharji's criticisms.

The book is not a mere narrative but a compound of narrative and reflection. Mr. Mukharji's journey was more analogous to that of Arthur Young than to that of Sterne; and his account is at once a register of observations and a repository of ideas. Mr. Mukharji is at his best in the observation and description of details. The descriptions of the "banker at home" (p. 41), of the "poor couple" (p. 45), and of the Houses of Parliament (pp. 311-312), may be cited as instances. It is not ordinarily that the writer of travels sheds so much of dry light on the details of the life of a foreign people. The record of details is probably the most valuable part of the book. Nearly as valuable are the reflections which sometimes accompany the descriptive portions. The reflections on the "city" of London (p. 40) will probably be found to be striking, alike in point of accuracy, condensation, and sweep of the imagination. The description of "sights" seems to be sometimes a little too overweighted with historical details; but superfluity will naturally be regarded as more excusable than deficiency of detail. And an historical account of grand edifices, or of institutions associated with them, is sometimes the only way of conveying a vivid idea of them. Mr. Mukharji's observations on matters social,

religious, and political, especially where they touch questions of principle, will probably excite controversy in some quarters; but it will scarcely be possible not to acknowledge their relevancy or the independent spirit in which they have been made. His estimates of the Hindu character and the English, are sure to be closely scrutinised. In so far as they tend to make this a stimulating piece of work, they may be regarded as a desirable feature. Having regard to the origin of the work, it would be strange if it did not contain useful information on such a subject as Indian products,—raw or manufactured,—or the uses to which they might be turned, or the mode in which they might be developed. No reader is likely to be disappointed on this head. The chapter on the "Exhibition and its Visitors" contains as much practical information as could be introduced without breaking the continuity of narrative or impairing its interest. The concluding chapter will be especially interesting to Indian readers, for, though they have had placed before them descriptions of England and English life by their own countrymen, this is probably the first time that they get from the pen of a native of India a published account of his experiences on the European continent.

Taking a general view of the whole work, I may observe that it has a great moral significance. Here is an account of the experiences and ideas of a native

of India who knows his own country and has seen a great deal of Europe and European life. Mr. Mukharji has travelled very largely in India and has had exceptional opportunities of studying the realites of Indian life. In Europe too, in consequence of his official position, he found easy introductions to the highest classes of society and learnt more in nine months than could be learnt in a much longer period by one not so favourably situated. He saw a good deal of humbler life also. He went to England not as a young student but as a grown-up, practical man of the world, brought up in the heart of Hindu society and steeped in Hindu traditions. The observations and reflections of such a traveller ought to be of interest alike to the Hindu and the European. The Hindu cannot fail to regard the account as something like a revelation; and the European will learn to see himself as others see him. Above all, all parties will realise the far-reaching effects, moral, social and political, of a visit to Europe. Mr. Mukharji is still an esteemed member of Hindu society. He has not incurred those social pains and penalties which he dreaded (p. 27). This is evidence that Hindu society, or rather Hinduism, is acquiring plasticity. And it would be well if plasticity were fully developed, for change is the condition of life, and incapacity of change can only mean death. What Mr. Mukharji especially regrets is the hidebound condition of

Hindu society. And while his book inculcates the principle of change in the direction of progress, he and others like him are among the main solvent influences acting upon a hardened social régime. No nation, left to itself, has improved to any great extent, and whatever tends to bring Indian life and ideas into contact with English, is desirable even more in the interests of India than of England. The travelled Hindu, if he is quiet, condescending and social, becomes a source of instruction to his countrymen and a centre of influence among them; while his familiarity, acquired at first hand and not through the reading of novels and newspapers, with Western habits of thought and life, puts him in complete sympathy with the dominant race and qualifies him to be an interpreter of the Government to the people.

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exciting pleasing undulations on its breast might tempt even the timid sex to muster courage and make a voyage to the El Dorado on the opposite side. Oh *Golfo de las damas!* what intoxication didst thou lead the Spaniards and their neighbours to; and oh, what a fall! The sea was calm when we entered the much-dreaded Bay of Biscay. We heard various reports of its boisterous nature, but we had a very pleasant voyage through it. In the Bay of Biscay we saw a whale spurting out water, as also several big sharks which followed our ship a long way. On the 5th of April early in the morning we passed Eddystone Light-house, which is built in the midst of the sea, and shortly after we entered the harbour of Plymouth, a port in the south of England. Here we stayed for a few hours only to deliver the Malta and Gibraltar mails. Many passengers left the vessel at this place to go by rail to London. We however remained in the vessel. From Plymouth to London is twenty-four hours' voyage. We sailed all day along the South Coast of England. In the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea we rarely met with any vessel; in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic the number of such vessels increased, but in the English Channel we found ourselves in the highway of commerce through which numerous steamers and sailing ships were going in all directions. On the morning of the 6th of April we were on the mouth of the Thames. We passed Gravesend and Tilbury, and arrived at the Albert Docks near London in the middle of the day.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

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

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

As soon as we landed we were taken charge of by the official agent deputed for the purpose. He was

so clever and so expert! In no time our luggage was passed through the customs office, and we found ourselves on our way to London by rail. In half an hour's time we came to the Liverpool Street Station. Here we took a cab for the "Museum Hotel" at Bloomsbury. In passing through London we were struck with the cleanliness that pervaded all places. Everything was neat and clean—the streets, the shops and the houses. There was no stink in the road, no filth left accumulated in any place. The glass of the shop windows looked as transparent as glass could be, and the wood, brass and iron used in the construction of shops and houses, shone as much like mirror as constant scraping and rubbing could make them do. Frequent use of soap water even imparted a glossiness to the steps leading to doorways. Inside the shops, the articles were tastefully arranged, and everything was tidy and in its proper place. The shops on the Esplanade in Calcutta will give one a little idea of what London is or how the cities of the civilised world are maintained. We have yet much to learn from the Europeans in the matter of general cleanliness. The ordinances of our religion, which in many respects have no doubt made the Hindus one of the cleanliest nations in the world, do not go far enough. Nor are they always consistent with rules which modern science inculcates. Their religious garb often deprives them of the respect they would have commanded in their naked truthful form. Only recently the fact has been put before us in an intelligent form that dust, dirt and unwholesome water have a strong affinity for di-

seases of the most virulent type. Positive proofs are not wanting to shew that waters, which according to the most sacred books are highly beneficial to the soul, are nevertheless fatally poisonous for the body. By a universalized observance of sanitary laws what a vast amount of misery and sorrow might be averted! If science is true, who can estimate the butchery going on around us? The wholesale slaughter of brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, friends and neighbours goes on daily, hourly, all round us. Could we have saved at least some of those whose loss we now deeply mourn? Ah! teach us to have faith in what you would say for an answer. Would we not then cast our apathy to the winds and with all our heart do for prevention what we now do for cure, often in vain? O for a despot like Akbar or Peter the Great to force us to learn and practise all that we ought to learn and practise! Poor Fate! little dost thou merit the curses of oriental nations unceasingly poured upon thy head as the clouds pour their rain drops on the lofty pinnacles of the Himalayas.

We arrived at the hotel. The same cleanliness pervaded that place. The walls of the sitting room were decorated with pictures, the mantelpiece with specimens of tasteful pottery and glass, the fireplace with grass flower-tops brought from Africa or America. A thick carpet was spread on the floor, ornamental sofas and chairs were scattered in the room, and a massive table with albums, pictures and writing materials stood in the middle. In the bed-room, in the coffee room, and in the dining room, the same refinement was to be seen. Remember, that this

was not an exceptionally good hotel. Traders and middle-class country people stay here during their sojourn in town. The landlady and the servants at once took us under their special care, and even the people staying at the hotel felt proud at being taken notice of by us, and were extremely delighted to parade before us all the learning and all the qualifications each possessed. One of these was gifted with the faculty of reading the character of a man from his autograph. He wanted to shew us this special gift of his and asked us to sign our names on a piece of paper. Now, while we were on board the ship on our way to London, we are warned by many well-meaning English friends to take care of London sharpers. We were in utter dismay when our signatures were thus suddenly required; we thought that it must be for some kind of forgery. I asked my Bombay friend, Mr. Gupte, to sign first; Mr. Gupte nudged at Mr. U. C. Mukharji; and Mr. U. C. nudged at me. Seeing our hesitation the autographist, thought-reader, phrenologist, astrologer, or whatever he might choose to call himself, brought out a pocket book in which were many hundreds of signatures. This confirmed our suspicions rather than allayed them. A burglar might as well have shewn his jemmy to prove his honesty. However, in utter desperation we eventually signed our names, but happily no evil has come out of it up to date. Experience has since taught me the necessity of explaining that I have here described our fears in a rather exaggerated form.

Next day we went to the Exhibition. Dr. Watt who had come before us from India kindly took

charge of us. He took us home in the evening and showed us over Oxford Street, the Westminster Bridge and the Whitehall Palace. The road, a portion of which is called Oxford Street, stretches under various names from one end of London to the other, and is about 20 miles long. Westminster Bridge is one of the most beautiful bridges I ever saw in my life. We could scarcely realise our own individuality when on that chilly evening of the 7th of April (1886) we looked down from this magnificent bridge into the silvery water of the Thames beneath. The bridge is 1160 feet long and 85 feet wide, with footways on each side 15 feet in breadth. During our stay in London we occasionally read in the newspapers of people committing suicide by throwing themselves into the water from this bridge. We had only a glimpse of the Whitehall Palace, and were shewn a window near which we were told Charles I. was beheaded.

We now daily went to the Exhibition, and spent the evenings in seeing the sights of London. One of these days His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, came to the Exhibition; Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen kindly introduced me to him. The Prince was very affable, and made many enquiries about India and ourselves.

We were also introduced to Sir George Birdwood. Sir George Birdwood is one of the best friends of India. He is well versed in our literature, our religion and our ancient philosophical systems. He knows more about our art-industries than perhaps any other man in the world. His book on "The Industrial

Arts of India" breathes all throughout its pages a deep sympathy for the Indian people and their work. This book has done an immense service to India by popularising its art-manufactures among the people of Europe. As for ourselves we were under the special protection of Sir George Birdwood, and I take this opportunity to express my deep gratitude for the kindness he always shewed to us while we were in his country. It was to Sir George Birdwood we owed in a great measure the opportunities given to us to see English society in its best aspects. I understand that he is now engaged in a more comprehensive work on Indian art. I have no doubt his book will throw an immense light upon the commerce and commercial products of ancient India.

We now frequently travelled by the Underground Railway. This railway system is one of the wonders of London. It belongs to two companies, the Metropolitan Railway and the District Railway, and is divided into the Inner Circle and the Outer Circle. The former is carried round the central and thickest part of the town, the line being constructed within tunnels excavated underground and supported by arches. The stations are built in open spaces, but below the level of the surrounding ground, with which they are connected by broad easy staircases. There are 48 stations in the two circles. The trains run every three minutes from 7-30 A.M. to 12-30 or 1 A.M., and every one is thronged with passengers. Some of the stations are very large having three or four platforms for trains going to different directions. Two or three trains can always be seen at a station

arriving from different quarters. Engines puffing and whistling, passengers running in and out, guards shutting doors, the faint hum of voices, all combine to create a grandeur of busy life which must be seen to be fully realised. Here passengers do not shout to each other as they do in India. At railway stations or at public places, and even at home, they talk in whispers or at any rate in a low voice. Our habit of talking loud frequently drew upon us the eyes of our neighbours, and though they did not say anything, we soon found that it was better not to attract attention. Boards with "Here wait for first class," "Here wait for second class," "Here wait for third class" are hung at different sections of the platform, where passengers for each class wait and find before them their respective carriages as soon as the train stops.

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

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

If one is to find out the name of a station, he must look for it in the lamps, on which it is written. Although so many trains run night and day over these lines, the whole work is so carefully managed that

accidents seldom happen. While we were there a German gentleman met with a singular fate in the Underground Railway. He had a habit of thrusting his head out of the carriage window to see what his fellow passengers were doing in other compartments. Once before his head came in contact with something while he was thus looking out. He was slightly hurt, but this did not teach him to be careful in future. The last time his head was almost smashed to pieces by a stone projecting from the arches. He died three days after the accident. Besides the Underground Railway system numerous other suburban and provincial railways traverse all sides of London. There is the Great Eastern Railway which runs from Liverpool Street Station towards Cambridge and other places; the Great Northern Railways from King's Cross towards Scotland; the Great Western Railway from Paddington to the western counties; the London and Northern Railway from Euston Road to Manchester, Liverpool and Scotland; the Midland Railway from Euston Road towards Scotland; the London, Chatham and Dover Railway which connects England with Belgium and France by way of Ostend and Calais; the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, which goes towards Portsmouth and connects London with Paris *via* Normandy; the South Eastern Railway which runs to Folkestone and Dover with corresponding mail steamers for Boulogne, Calais and Ostend; and other miner lines.

Numerous omnibuses go night and day from one part of the town to another. The omnibuses are big carriages with cushioned seats inside and benches on

the top. Like tram cars they run at regular intervals of time and are drawn by horses, but do not go upon rails. While the two Underground Railway companies carry annually about 136 millions of passengers, the omnibuses carry more than 78 millions. Then, there are the steamboats which ply every five minutes on the Thames from one end of busy London to the other, *i.e.*, from Chelsea to London Bridge, touching at various piers erected on either side of the river, which serve as stations. It will be an insult to the London cabs, if in order to explain to my countrymen I call them hackney carriages, for the conception that will be thereby formed of them will be entirely erroneous. In short, cabs are very superior four-wheeled carriages drawn by strong, sleek, well-fed horses, with which the rickety, dirty second-class carriages of Calcutta and their miserable skeleton horses cannot be compared. It gives comfort to an Indian's eye to see the huge sinewy beasts which here perform all the work that bullocks do in India. They do agricultural work, draw trucks (which take the place of our carts), and tow boats in the canals. It would not be respectable for a baker or a butcher to employ in his delivery-truck any but a strong showy beast. Two wheeled-carriages are called hansoms. There are upwards of 13,000 cabs and hansoms in London. In the busy streets they run so continuously that it is dangerous to cross the road. In difficult crossings small spaces have therefore been railed in the middle of the road where foot passengers take breath after running through the first half and wait for an opportunity to cross the other

half. With all these means of conveyance which are more than fully utilised, one would suppose that the roads are comparatively empty of foot passengers. No such thing. Go wherever you will, the main streets are always so blocked up with passers-by, who habitually walk at a more rapid pace than we do in India, that two men can hardly find room enough to go abreast. But they always walk side by side, and do not go in what they call the Indian file, *i. e.*, one following the other. No collision takes place. Nor that curious phenomenon which often occurs in India of two persons coming from opposite directions, who suddenly meet face to face and try to pass each other, but with an unanimity of purpose worthy of a better cause they repeatedly move to the same side rendering all means of egress impossible except through each other's body, when at length they suddenly change their mind and shoot across as if by a sudden inspiration. Such things do not happen in London, for the rule is universally followed that foot-passengers should keep to the right. Carriages keep to the left.

But if any one wishes to see what a concourse of active human beings is like, he must go to the City at office time between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. We have fairs in India where thousands and tens of thousands meet and form a motley crowd, but in India everything is inert and dead, even a crowd of living men. The listless indolent look noticed in the face of prisoners while at work, or in the face of men dragged from their homes to work under the forced labour system prevalent in certain parts of India, is

merely an exaggerated form of expression natural to the Indian races. The resigned submissive expression of an Indian face suggests to one's mind the idea that the owner has, after a long course of reasoning, come to the conclusion that he had no business to be born, and that he is constantly smarting under the sense of wrong done to him by being sent to this world against his strong wish to the contrary. He therefore goes through life as a prisoner goes through the task allotted to him, and brings the same energy to bear upon his work as does the forced labourer while employed in carrying the *Jhámpán* of his petty Rana or the baggage of a European tourist through the meandering paths on the outer slopes of the Himalayas. In point of fact the high intellectuality of the Indian races, being driven back by the rampant forces of nature to work in an imaginative sphere, has created a diseased state of mind. This disease assumes more and more a virulent form as a man advances in age, and it becomes positively mischievous to the well-being of the nation at large if a man happens to have deserved by his education and abilities to be a leader of men in his younger days. Respect due to age enhances his prestige, and his words are received as gospel by the younger generations, however absurd and antagonistic they may be to all notions of national economy. In short, the whole nation is suffering from a mental aberration which my countrymen fondly call *intense religiousness*. Hence perhaps this vacant look. It is impossible for a Hindu to comprehend the earnest reality of life unless he witnesses that mighty human stream which every

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

Among this flowing multitude may be noticed the rich banker. He began the battle of life under serious difficulties, but his serene face will tell you that he has succeeded in overcoming them. He has been honest, industrious, frugal and methodical, and always knew how to take the best advantage of every opportunity that came in his way. He has risen in life not by chance, but by sheer force of mind. He now occupies a palatial residence in the suburbs with a large garden attached to it, owns a deer-preserve in the highlands and has English governesses for his children and Swiss maids for his daughters. The family lives in a sumptuous style, as may be seen from the variety of food daily placed on the table. One day's bill of fare may be taken as a sample.

For breakfast they had—ham and eggs, sole (fish), mutton-chop, veal cutlets, ox tongue, bread of different sorts, vegetables, tea and coffee. Being a business man, the breakfast was rather early for a rich family (8-30 A.M.), and was somewhat hurried. The banker himself took his lunch at a restaurant in the City. The lunch at home for the family at 1-30 consisted of—Imperial soup; mayonnaise of salmon, pickled salmon, lobster salad; York ham, pigeon pie with truffles; forequarter of lamb, sirloin of beef; Victoria jelly; strawberry cream; French pastry, Venice bread, rout cakes; pineapple and filberts for desert; with hock, claret, sherry and champagne for drink. Afternoon tea at 4 was simple, consisting of tea, bread, cakes and a little cold meat and tongue. Dinner at 7 P.M., was elaborate in which the whole family joined. It consisted of—Clear turtle soup; turbot and lobster sauce, fried fillet of soles; haunch of venison, saddle of mutton, roast sirloin of beef; roast duck, boiled chicken; pine apple cream; macedoin of fruits, savoy cakes, cheese, biscuits; grapes, melons, filberts, walnuts; sparkling champagne, pale sherry, hock, claret and port wine for drink. The ladies pass their time in visiting friends, in needle-work, and in reading novels in English, German or French. German and French are indispensable for a lady's education. He sent his first two daughters to France for education; but a younger one is now in Heidelberg, for Germany is the fashion of the day. One of the girls is a great linguist: besides French and German she has perfect command over Spanish and Italian, as also some knowledge of Greek and Latin. Two

aunts of the family can boast of extensive learning and high scientific acquirements. Such women are usually very stiff and they are nick-named "Blue stockings."

The time passed by the banker in the drawing room after dinner is perhaps the most agreeable part of his life. The incidents of one evening may be mentioned. As soon as dinner was finished the whole family repaired there. A cheerful fire was burning which shed a soothing influence all over the room and imbued the mind of every one present with a sense of voluptuous comfort, the charm of which was further enhanced by the density of the darkness outside, where the angry wind with terrific hisses and growls was chasing myriads of cotton-like snow flakes, driving some to seek shelter among crevices of houses, edges of balconies, and hat-brims and pockets of passengers, bringing others to bay under the wall opposite the leeside of the road, and compelling some to rush for refuge into the narrow passage of the bricklayer's cottage close by, as the little girl opened the street door for her belated father. The matron of the house presided over this family assemblage. She sat on her chair with needle work on her lap, surrounded by her young ones, one on the sofa, one on a low chair, while two squatted on the ground near her feet along with a sleepy dog whom they began by turns to fondle and tease. The young Miss of eighteen just returned from the Continent was asked for music. She went to the piano and sang, while a young neighbour, invited to dinner,

stood by her side and turned over the pages of the music. Meanwhile the master of the family reclining on his easy chair was enjoying a quiet nap dreaming of the bright faces with which God has blessed him. After the music and the usual compliments to the lady for her performance, a little girl of nine was requested to recite a short poem. She did it beautifully, and the piece she selected was well suited to the time and the weather outside. The story ran thus:—The wife of a life-boat man was ailing for sometime. On the night in question she grew worse. Her husband sat by her side with the palm of her left hand within both of his, and mournfully watched the pale face and the hard breathing which he supposed was getting less and less every minute. He thought she would go with the tide; she herself thought so too. The night was pitch dark and a furious storm raged outside. At this moment, the boom of a distant gun rang above the howling storm and the roar of the waves that thundered on the rocky coast, the signal of distress from a ship about to be wrecked. Another gun signified to him the summons to his duty. He hesitated to leave his dying wife, but she insisted upon his going. "Jack," she softly murmured, "you must leave me to obey the call to your duty. Our Alfred left home these five years. The poor boy may have gone to sea, and, who knows? that in this wild night he may be at this moment in some unknown shore in the same situation as the men in the yonder vessel are. May be, I will be no more when you come back, but, Jack, for this act of yours God will bless you

and our dear Alfred. My last wish has been to see my poor boy before I died, but as it is not to be, I will when the moment arrives cheerfully resign my soul to Him who does everything for our good. God bless you." Jack and his comrades bravely rowed the lifeboat to the vessel in distress. It was, however, completely wrecked and all hands washed away except a boy who tenaciously clung to the ropes high up in the mast. Him they saved with considerable difficulty and at great risk of their own lives. Jack found in him his long lost son Alfred. His wife was living when he came back. The sight of her son whom she dotingly loved gave her new life. She recovered, and she and Jack and Alfred were happy ever afterwards. The little girl repeated these lines with such grace and animation that as she sat down shouts of applause from everyone present greeted her ears. This is how respectable Englishmen pass their evenings. Any one who as a guest shared in all these innocent enjoyments will ever afterwards associate the English fireside with one of the most refined ideas of human happiness possible in this world of troubles.

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

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

costs from 6d. upwards. For 6d. a plate of meat and vegetables is given. Some people manage to have a dinner at 4d. for which they get a pork-chop and fried onions. There are shops especially for this sort of dinner. It is difficult to fix the lowest sum on which a poor man can maintain a family in such an expensive place as England. There are men who with a family of five or six children live on £ 1 a week. This sounds a large sum when applied to India, but it is not so in England. In this country a man can subsist on 1d. a day and can do without many things which in England are indispensably necessary for the maintenance of health. In many parts of the United Kingdom the poor people can seldom afford to have meat. Bread, potatoes and oat-meal are their chief food staples. An Indian student can have board and lodging in England for 30 shillings a week, but he cannot do without another 30 shillings to pay his washing, railway fare, and various other items of expenditure which one does not foresee but are sure to come up. A middle aged gentleman who goes there for sight-seeing cannot do at less then £5 a week.

I shall now notice a young girl of about twenty belonging to a toy shop where she serves as an assistant. She was saying to her friend that she could live on love. Her case is a sad one. One Saturday night three years ago she paid six pence at the door of a public bath and was admitted to a hall where a ball was being held. Such balls take place weekly or bi-weekly in many parts of London and are got up as private speculation by enterprising

individuals like the proprietor of the baths. They are largely patronised by young folks of an affectionate turn of mind, who are in quest of worthy objects on whom to bestow their love. The young miss danced with a railway plate-layer, and immensely enjoyed the evening. Next day the plate-layer loitered about the toyshop for two long hours though he knew it never closed before seven. At last he met her on the road, and offered to see her home. She distinctly told him where she lived, yet the forgetful young man lost the way, but why she herself did not notice the mistake it is not explained. There was no help for it now; they took many turnings, crossed the Hyde Park, sat there for a while to take rest, and further refreshed themselves with a glass of port wine each, which the Miss at first declined but was obliged to accept after much pressing on his part. Every day since that time the young man came punctually and escorted her home, not direct of course, but through streets and parks not quite on their way. Once he took her to a theatre and spent 6s. 4d., *viz.*, 2 tickets 4s., ice 1*s.*, two glasses of port wine 8d., omnibus 8d. Matters at last came to a crisis. All day long and in the still hours of night, the sweet face of the young maiden was ever present in the platelayer's mind, and she too wondered if the hour hand of the shop clock now took more time to move towards VII. than heretofore. One Sunday while they sat side by side on a bench in the Hyde Park and watched the sport of wild ducks on the Serpentine, the young man broke silence and in the usual way told her his love and asked

her to be his wife. She blushed, and cried, and at the end she laid her head on the broad bosom of the plate-layer and whispered a little "Yes," adding however that she could not consent to be his wife without the permission of her parents. This the young man readily obtained and they were "engaged." For three long years they remained in this engaged state, because in the first place they were too young and in the next place the earnings of the plate-layer were not sufficient to maintain a wife and family. So the parents advised and necessity compelled them to wait. A short time ago, the plate-layer got a more lucrative employment in another railway and then they talked of marriage and their future prospects. But alas, for the treachery and fickleness of man! He went to Margate on a week's leave, "to take" as he said, "the smoke of London out of his system." While on an excursion boat, he met there a young girl with a prettier face, with which he was at once over head and ears in love, she on her part nothing loath to accept his attentions. Their mutual relations did not however assume any precise form, for the law court and breach of promise loomed before the mental vision of the amorous swain, but it was understood that they would meet again in London. On his return his coolness was at once noticed by his forsaken sweetheart. He did not meet her with that warmth natural on such occasions; the breach widened when the indifference developed into studied neglect, and it was a positive insult when the young man one day threw himself in her way in company with his new love. It broke the

poor girl's heart, but womanly pride came to her aid, which enabled her to meet the vile conduct of her unworthy lover with supreme contempt. But a woman's love is not effaced in a day; true affection leaves in her tender heart a deep scar which is often carried through life. To one friend only she confided her deep grief, to whom she said sobbing, that she could have lived upon love if they had nothing to live upon.

This was however an exceptional case. Such meetings and such "goings out" generally end in marriage. The time of courtship with its first sensation of love, the earnest longing to see the object of one's affection, the joy of meeting, the pain of separation, the hopes and doubts, and many little things which make one now transcendently happy, now dolefully miserable, they remember in after days as the sweetest moments of life. The mind of an oriental youth can be possessed with a temporary infatuation, but it has really no opportunity to experience the romance of love. The custom of the country has thus deprived him of one of the charming excitements of life.

But the individual who has the strongest reason to curse this custom is the Indian novelist. To write a novel without a love story is to play Hamlet without its hero, or to sing Rámáyana leaving out the name of Ráma. Reluctantly he therefore falls back upon bygone times when lovely damsels were allowed to roam about at their pleasure; or he fabricates far-fetched stories of latter days, when the Muhammadan invaders of India carried their victorious arms

from one end of the country to the other; or still later, when in the early days of British rule Dacoits ravaged the villages of Bengal. Charles Dickens has thus narrowly escaped from wholesale piracies being committed upon him, but historical romance-writers of Europe have not fared so well in his hands.

In a sober point of view, the oriental is no sufferer for this want of romance in his life, and in the matter of family happiness at least, he can altogether dispense with the pity which English people often bestow upon him. There is more concord in an Indian family consisting of father, mother, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, sons-in-law, nephews, grandsons, grand-daughters and all sorts of near and distant relations, than in an English family of husband, wife, a few children, and a mother-in-law. An Indian husband and wife have no chance of comparing their lot with that of others, so they are content. They grow up together from childhood, and left solely to themselves they learn to like each other, and their affections are soon fixed on the little progeny which come to them at an early age. Besides, it requires a little spirit to quarrel.

But happiness or no happiness, the present state of things shall not continue if India is to take her place among the civilised countries of the globe. Education and liberty among women may jeopardise family peace to a certain extent by creating new ideas and aspirations in their heads and making them impatient of control, but it is the old, old story of the tyrant to disregard the inestimable advantages of knowledge and to lay stress on its little drawbacks. Infant

marriage must cease, and women must be fully emancipated not only in India but in all countries of the world. At all events, let China glory in her *patria potestas*, but in no form whatsoever shall it exist in British India. Indian parents must be made to recognise the fact that they have no right to sell for money or to "give away" a helpless human being even to a worthy object. Within the last fortnight a Bráhman acquaintance of mine purchased from her mother a little girl of four years for Rs. 300. Facts like this can be easily gathered which would appal the most ardent admirer of Hindu society. Among the poorer classes thousands of infants are every year bought and sold under the name of marriage. If religion is the root of this evil, no right-minded man can support that religion, for a man has no more right to dispose of an infant on religious grounds, than he has to allow his aged mother to become a *Sati* or to offer a human sacrifice to his tutelary deity.

But the most serious argument brought forward against Zanáná emancipation is that education and liberty in women will lead to immorality. I venture to say this notion is entirely a mistaken one. I may not approve some of the European customs and may not desire their introduction into this country, but this I can unhesitatingly assert that with all the education, all the freedom and all the independence allowed to women in Europe there is not more immorality there than there is in India. An opinion of Indian morality based on the conduct of the servant women of Calcutta will be as sound as

an opinion of English morality based on the conduct of the street girls of London. An English woman values chastity and honour as much as an Indian woman does. In her strong sense of duty an Englishman has implicit trust; and even if he is otherwise disposed the Englishwoman has the spirit to compel it from him.

With all the meekness and modesty of the Indian woman, her kindly and affectionate disposition, her religious fervour, her strong love of virtue, her sense of self-respect, and all the good qualities with which nature has endowed her, it is very ungrateful on our part to entertain the notion that she cannot be trusted unless she is kept under lock and key. After all, if confidence cannot be placed in the honour of a woman that woman is not worth taking care of. The relation between man and woman was carefully defined by the early sages of India. It was a sacred knot which tied the sexes by the rules they laid down. Duties of human life, not carnality, demanded this blending of destiny with destiny, spirit with spirit. Nobler sentiments have not been uttered in the world than what those sages said about the relation between man and woman. Yet, the light which dimly burnt in the forest homes of a few Bráhman ascetics scarcely cast a momentary flicker on the deep gloom outside. Outside all was darkness, where passions raged strong among the diverse races in all stages of civilization that peopled India then, as now. That light in the forest soon burnt itself out; so that I am now forced to admit that the respectful deference shewn to women in Europe can scarcely be seen in this

country, and that savagery not chivalry will as a rule be experienced by a young woman who would dare act against the present customs, and gaily laugh and chat and go about all alone in the streets. The very strangeness of her conduct, and the very fact of such a conduct being hitherto associated with disrespectability, would bring down upon her suspicions of the worst kind and would subject her to all manner of annoyances. Yet, the bright faces of women, the reflection of their pure innocent hearts, freely moving around us, can alone efface the brutal instincts which man has received as a legacy from his primitive ancestor and which still maintains the kinship between him and the lower animals. A period of painful ordeal has to be passed through by those bold spirits among us who dare go ahead of their time, dare ignore the drawbacks of a weakened national character in which their own is included, dare face all the consequences of a sudden influx of light where all was darkness before and dare despise all the evils to be feared from their terrible environments. All honour, therefore, to them. For little do we know what incalculable mischief this anomalous position of women in our society has done to the country! Give us mothers like English mothers to bring up our boys, young girls to spur impetuous youths on to noble deeds, wives to steer our manhood safely through the whirlpools of life, and elegant ladies to refine, revive and invigorate our rotten society—then India will be regenerated in twenty years' time.

The day after our arrival in London, we saw an article in the *Daily News* triumphantly proclaiming

to the world that Mr. Gladstone was about to introduce in Parliament a "Bill for the better Government of Ireland," which would for ever set at rest the strifes and dissensions in that unhappy country, make the Irish peaceful and prosperous, and unite them eternally to England in the closest bond of amity and goodwill. Having lost all touch with the outside world for about a month, we could not realise the portentous nature of the news learnt for the first time. There were no outward symptoms to foreshadow any kind of serious commotion, nor were any distant rumblings heard of that tremendous storm which soon threw English society into violent convulsions. But in truth we were deceived. Under that superficial calm, the mind of conservative London was boiling and surging in nervous anxiety about the next piece of wickedness meditated by the Grand Old Man. Rumours of Mr. Gladstone's contemplated proposals had already got abroad, the "Separation" cry had already been taken up by his opponents, and four days before our arrival a meeting was held at the Guildhall protesting against the grant of Home Rule to Ireland. How the Bill was introduced in Parliament, how on that day the House was crowded by members and visitors from early morning, how the Bill was received, how it was defeated, and how Parliament was dissolved, are matters of history with which this narrative has no concern. What struck me most forcibly at the moment was the mistake which Mr. Gladstone made in justifying his Bill almost entirely on grounds of right and justice. His opponents sneeringly said—

"Did ever a politician utter such arrant nonsense before? Right and justice indeed! As if the world is governed by sentimentality! Such noble doctrines should have been reserved for the defence of acts like the extirpation of a patriotic band striving to free their country from the domination of foreign usurers, or the bombardment of an inoffensive town." In such a sweeping measure when self-interest was so much at stake, Mr. Gladstone no doubt overestimated the sense of justice among his people, however strong it may be. But nevertheless it reflects great credit on the English nation that a veteran statesman like him could place such absolute reliance on Englishman's proverbial love of justice in such a momentous question.

Such a thing was unknown in the East. Even in our halcyon days, when on many points we reached such a moral altitude that European nations have not yet been able to arrive at, we never thought of such international obligations. In comparison to the rules of warfare laid down four thousand years ago, just before the battle of Kurukshetra was fought, the results of the Geneva Convention sink into utter insignificance. But our kings never knew that it was sin to rob a neighbour of his kingdom, or to efface by despatches and regulations the physical, intellectual and moral deficiencies of a conquered people, in order to bring them up to a level with the conquerors. Religion permitted a king to make conquests, and there the matter ended. It is solely from English teachings that we have learnt to criticise international politics in a moral point of view. But we go to the extreme. Being weak and powerless ourselves

we have found it very convenient to heedlessly criticise the acts of the strong and the powerful. We make no allowance for the imperfection of human nature and expect that Englishmen should always do what is right. This is expecting from them more than what we found in the celestial politics of our gods. Take for instance that shabby swindling transaction by which the gods deprived the Asuras of their share in the spoils of Ocean churned out by their joint labour, to which any lawyer of to-day would say they were legally and morally entitled; or that mean deception which the gods, enamoured of her beauty, tried to practise on poor Damayanti, but in which they most ignominiously failed. If I were an Englishman, I would feel highly flattered by the abuse daily poured upon the head of the English for their proceedings in Egypt and other places, and would modestly take it as a high compliment to the English character which all orientals thus tacitly acknowledge as more god-like than the nature of their own gods. I do not defend a wrong act. I simply take into consideration what the world is, and think what we would have done ourselves had we the power to do what we liked under circumstances in which self-interest required a deviation from the right path. Criticise by all means every public measure, but criticise wisely, soberly and honourably.

In my point of view, even what my countrymen call the sanctimonious way of doing a wrong reflects great credit on the English nation, for it proves the existence in the country of a large body of right-minded people who require to be hoodwinked and de-

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

The main strength of the cause espoused by Mr. Gladstone lay in the self-interest of the British nation, the morality of the measure being only a secondary and auxiliary force. Mr. Gladstone did not utilise the main strength to its fullest extent, and frittered away the auxiliary force by making too much use of it. To an outsider, who could watch the controversy in a calm and dispassionate way, it would appear that he could easily have taken the wind out of his opponents' sail, and could honourably, more forcibly, and with a better prospect of success point out in his first speech that it was not separation that he contemplated, but the pacification of Ireland and a cordial union between the sister islands. This object must have

to be gained anyhow for the preservation of the British Empire and for the general welfare of humanity; for, the destruction of this colossal power with its ramifications thrown on every quarter of the globe will upset the equilibrium of the world, will produce more direful calamities than what resulted from the subversion of the Roman Empire, and will push civilisation many centuries backwards. Mr. Gladstone and his party subsequently discovered their mistake, but it was then too late; the cry of "Paper Union" was lost amidst the din of "Separation" which resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land. Does a union exist between England and Ireland now, or did it ever exist before? No, never. Ireland has always been treated as a conquered country. She had a Parliament of her own, but it never had any independent power, except only for seven years from 1783 to 1800, when by 23 Geo. III. c. 28, full power was relegated to it in all matters of legislation and judicature; but that was at a time when the world was in an unsettled state from the effects of the French Revolution, which made it impossible for it to get a fair trial. The country has been in a chronic state of rebellion, open or covert, since Pope Adrian IV. authorised the Anglo-Normans of England to partition its lands among themselves seven hundred years ago, and since that time Ireland always took advantage of England's home or foreign troubles. The disaffection of Ireland could be overlooked with safety so long as England was a first class military power, but since the Continental powers have outstripped her in fighting capabilities, England can

no longer allow Ireland to remain in her present state. Ireland must have to be thoroughly united to England. Only two courses are open for the achievement of this object: one is to adopt a conciliatory measure, full and complete, like that proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and the other is to treat Ireland just as Germany is now treating the conquered province of Alsace, *i.e.*, to compel the Irish to leave their country and then people it with Englishmen. But before the adoption of such a drastic measure, a chance should be given to the Irish to become peaceful members of the State. Mr. Gladstone's Bill would have given them that chance. If they had abused it, the whole world would have cried, shame! on Ireland, and England for her self-preservation would then have been perfectly justified to denude her of her disaffected population. England is sufficiently strong to do justice to Ireland in the first place, and to punish her for her perfidy if the worst comes to the worst. The third course of half-hearted coercion, and imperfect measures for the settlement of the land question is not only waste of time but highly mischievous in the long run. The people of India are watching with keen interest this Irish controversy; for they know that in time to come, though it may be very remote to-day, England will have to decide a bigger Home Rule question—the Home Rule for India. No Indian dreams of separating his country from the influence of England: the highest aspiration of Young India is to have the privileges of a British Colony. They want to nationalise British Rule in India.

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

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

Just after our arrival I saw in the papers mention of a meeting of the Nihilists held in London. To an Indian a live Nihilist was a sight worth seeing, and I went to the place where the meeting was held, but the birds were flown before my arrival. My mind is never clear on the subject of Nihilism, and I do not know what the Nihilists really want, so I cannot say whether they are a misguided band of fanatics, or some of those benefactors of the human race whose only fault is that they are before their time. At any rate a more determined and disinterested set of individuals the world perhaps never saw. The martyr dies after suffering unspeakable tortures buoyed up with the hope that as soon as his life is extinguished his soul would fly to heaven; the Gházi rushes to death cheered by the vision of charming houris, crystal fountains of nectar, and other pleasures of Muhammadan paradise; the Hindu woman burns herself with the full belief of meeting her husband in a better world; even the patriot and the warrior dies for his country in full faith in his God and in the justice of his cause. But what has the Nihilist to hope for? He does not believe in God, nor does he believe in the existence of the soul and the future world. A Nihilist calmly sacrifices himself (or herself, as is frequently the case) for an idea! It is a pity that such self-abnegation should be stained with innocent blood. To fight or die for an idea is beyond the conception of the Indian mind. It is however universal in Europe where the people are always ready to make immense sacrifices for a principle. The story of

the boy who got a black eye is very much to the point. On being asked how he got it, he explained that he fought another lad who said that his sister squinted, and he got the worst of the encounter. "Does your sister really squint?" "Oh no, a'int no sister" was the reply. "Then why did you fight?" "It is for the principle of the thing," was the most conclusive argument set forth for his fighting and getting the black eye.