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JOURNAL
OF
A VISIT TO EUROPE
IN 1896.

BY

RAO BAHADUR
GHANASHAM NILKANTH NADKARNI, B.A., LL.B., J.P.,
Fellow of the University, and Pleader, High Court, Bombay.

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PREFACE.

IN putting this volume before the public it is, perhaps, advisable that I should mention my principal reasons for so doing. The foremost of these is that it may help to remove the bar of prejudice against foreign travel, which still prevents many of my fellow-countrymen from enjoying and profiting by it ; next is my desire that many popular misapprehensions as to the difficulties and disagreeableness to be met with in the West may be corrected. Many have brought back lugubrious accounts of the manners and customs of the Briton. To these I would reply that every garment has its seamy side, but that is not the side which should be expatiated on in describing it. Those who have only discovered the under side of life cannot have sought for anything else.

With these ends in view I have published my journal, just as I wrote it. A six months' tour does not, as some travellers have apprehended, qualify one to pronounce authoritatively on the ethnography and politics of the countries seen ; and I felt that this unembellished record of my passing impressions would better convey to the reader an idea of the uniform courtesy the native of India may meet with, both from casual strangers and those to whom he is formally introduced, from retired Indian officials as well as untravelled Englishmen, than would a more elaborate and artificial essay in the field of literature.

Of the interest of such a tour I need not speak. To travel in countries where every hill and river, every city and castle is a landmark in history and a memorial of some high ideal, is in itself an education. Such associations are common enough in our own land, but they are often lost in the mists of time and through the lack of historical record. And since our fortunes are now linked with those of Britain, it is expedient that all who can should know something of the land and the associations that cradled her greatness.

Besides the tour itself, I had as an objective in my trip the Jubilee of Lord Kelvin's professorship at Glasgow, where I had the honour, in company with Mr. Justice Jardine, of representing the University of Bombay. Indeed, it was the spirit of a student which I endeavoured to preserve in all my wanderings, and the constant meetings with historical and poetic associations already endeared to my imagination by my studies begun long ago under Principal Chatfield, Professor Hughlings and others, gave me a pleasure that I cannot express.

More than six years have elapsed since the trip recorded here, and during that time many changes have come about. Some whom I saw during my stay in England, such as Mr. Justice Jardine and Mr. Bhownggree, have received official recognition of their merits; others, chief among them that gracious Lady under whose rule the benefits of converse with the West first came to be understood, have passed to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." To all those to whom these pages will bring back the pleasant recollection of their own kindness I would send greetings; and to any who may be encouraged by the reading of this unpretentious book to extend their knowledge of this fair world, I heartily bid Godspeed.

G. N. N.

Bombay, April 1903.

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JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO EUROPE

IN 1896.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

The S. S. *Australia*—the Red Sea—the Suez Canal—Straits of Messina—Marseilles—Paris—the English Channel—London.

S. S. "*Australia*," 21st April, 1896.—It is three days since I left Bombay. The voyage so far is very pleasant; the sea is as calm as a lake, and the ship goes steadily at the rate of nearly 17 miles an hour. The motion is imperceptible and I feel as if I were sitting indoors. Principal Hathornthwaite says that the steamer is the cleanest he ever saw. I have been very comfortable—more comfortable than at home, for the arrangements on board are so complete in every respect. The only thing I find myself awkward in is dressing myself after the English fashion. I am however, helped in this by the steward assigned to my cabin.

The company on board is very agreeable, and includes Mr. Justice Jardine, Mr. Sethna, Dr. Bahadurji, Mr. Mirza (a descendant of the Nawab of Bengal, Behar and Orissa), Mr. Kaderbhai Miss Turkhad, &c. The life on the ship is very regular and pleasant.

22nd April.—We are nearing Aden and are called upon to post our letters to Bombay. The sea continues calm and I am as lively as ever and sleep soundly. The days and nights are breezy. To-night we shall enter the Red Sea, which is generally warm.

Suez Canal, 26th April.—Since we left Aden on the 22nd April we have passed through the Red Sea, and I am glad to say the voyage was very pleasant, as we had a refreshing breeze throughout.

29th April.—We reached the Suez Canal at 2 a.m. on the 26th April. This Canal is 87 miles in length. It is very narrow at some places, so much so that two ships cannot pass each other. On the Egyptian side, there are stations at intervals just like railway stations, where steamers sometimes stop. Here and there

are to be found dredgers—mechanical arrangements to remove mud. The Canal is through the desert and consequently there are no trees to be seen all round. The speed of the ship is only four miles an hour and she is commanded by a pilot during her passage through the canal. We stopped at

ISMAILIA

for about an hour to put down passengers and to take up new ones. Ismailia is a station from which passengers go to Cairo and Alexandria. We left Ismailia at 12 and reached

PORT SAID

at 8.30 p. m. on the 27th. There the steamer stopped for three hours for coaling. This interval the passengers utilised in going to the town and having a stroll. The place is very neat and tidy. There are nicely laid streets and houses are built after the English and French fashion. The bazaars are fairly good. Every hawker and cooly seems to know a little English, enough, at least, to make himself intelligible. There are coffee and cold drink shops on the bundar and music halls and play-houses for idlers and spend-thrifts. We left Port Said at 11 p.m. and entered

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

When we had proceeded for a few hours, cold set in markedly, and thus since yesterday (28th April) all the passengers have been using their warm clothes. The ship has also been rolling a little. The greater part of yesterday and the whole of last night I passed in my cabin and I did not eat as usual. I was the better for the fasting. To-day I am lively. It is cold enough to make warm clothes necessary, but the sea is rather calm and the ship only pitches and does not roll. We are expected to reach Brindisi to-morrow (Wednesday) early in the morning.

We have been passing through the Mediterranean for the last two days and a half. We could see the Grecian coast and the Candian and Ionian islands. This morning (29th April) we entered the Adriatic Sea—the south portion of it—to go to Brindisi. We reached

BRINDISI

at 8.30 a. m. It is an Italian port. There being quarantine at the port the passengers were subjected to medical inspection

by an officer of the Italian Government. All the passengers were made to sit in the dining saloon, where two Italian Officers entered (one of them was a doctor) and went all round. Then they examined the crew of the ship. The inspection was a regular farce. The ship stopped in the harbour for nearly four hours to land the passengers going via Brindisi. During this interval we visited the city. The buildings on the shore are well arranged and are generally stone-built. It is the first European port we touched and by no means a grand one in point of buildings or wealth. Street musicians are to be found here and there, and the general appearance of the people is very poor and anything but handsome. Of the buildings we saw on the Bunder, the Grand International Hotel and the Library seemed to be very decent. The roads are generally paved. There are a few carriages for hire which throno towards the harbour or the railway station.

We left Brindisi about noon (29th April).

Thursday, 30th April.—Since yesterday we travelled a pretty long distance, passing the Straits of Messina and the passage between Scylla and Carybdis, supposed by ancient tradition to be very dangerous. The sea is particularly smooth. We have passed the Straits between Corsica and Sardinia.

Friday, 1st May.—This morning we entered the Gulf of Lyons at about 7 a.m. and from that hour, owing to the roughness of the sea, and the motion of the ship, I felt very miserable until we reached the harbour of Marseilles at 5 p.m. I could not eat anything for nearly 12 hours, but as soon as I reached

MARSEILLES

I felt quite fresh and enjoyed a meal. We did not wait long at this place. Marseilles is a big seaport town of France. It has magnificent buildings. The principal roads are paved, and the streets are very regular. The harbour is protected by natural and artificial hills. The Quai or the *Dhakka* is something like the Prince's and Victoria dock piers in Bombay.

We took the night train at 8.15 p.m. for Paris-Calais-Dover. The French trains are very comfortable. Although owing to the absence of previous arrangements I could not secure a sleeping car, yet the first class compartments were so comfortable that one could easily sleep as if sitting on a sofa. Each

compartment has four seats, so constructed as to allow the traveller to recline very comfortably with his head conveniently resting on a pillow. Each seat accommodates two travellers. There are electric lights and danger bells. The traveller can dispose of his hand baggage without any inconvenience. Marseilles is the most southern port of France, so when we had to proceed thence to Paris and Calais, we had necessarily to travel from the extreme south to the extreme north of the country. Owing to the first part of the night being dark we could not see the country on either side of the railway. But towards the morning and after daybreak we could see mountains and rivers on either side; and valleys and towns with pretty buildings. The whole country was picturesque. The cottages which we saw on the banks of the rivers were small, neat, and plain, as if built within the last year or two. Everything displayed taste and skill on the part of the French people.

Saturday, 2nd May.—We reached Paris at about 10 a.m. This is the finest city I had ever seen in my life. The buildings are very grand and high and models of architecture. The hour we entered the town was a busy one and consequently carriages and buses of all kinds were passing and repassing with great speed. It was very cold throughout the journey. Even at 11 a.m. the cold in Paris was intense, but quite bracing, so much so that the fatigue of the previous night's journey was altogether removed. We passed through some of the principal streets of Paris and we had a bird's-eye view of the city—for at 11.45 a.m. we started for Calais-Dover by the special train. Now we passed through northern France, and on either side of the railway line we had a view of extensive plains and towns and villages with nice-looking buildings, agricultural tracts and meadow lands. There are no big trees to be seen, but rivers appeared on either side, and the eye was pleased with the scenery. We reached Calais at 4 p.m., where a steamer with every arrangement for the comfort and pleasure of the traveller was waiting to sail for Dover.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

is known to be very rough and people generally get sick during the passage. In the steamer sofas and cushions are laid and other arrangements made for the comfort of seasick passengers.

Refreshments of all kinds are provided. Fortunately for me the sea was not rough and we crossed the channel in 65 minutes and reached

DOVER

at 6.15 p.m., where a special train was waiting to take us to London. The English trains are also magnificent, the like of which we do not see in India. The first class compartment has six seats, cushioned in a grand style. Framed maps of the railway are attached to the walls of the compartment. Refreshments are provided in the train. From Dover we travelled to

LONDON,

Charing Cross station, and reached there at 8.15 p.m.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON.

Hotel Metropole—Parks—Albert Memorial—Royal Academy—Crystal Palace—Jones and Higgins' Stores—Inns of Court—Law Courts—Cabs—Restaurants—Domestic Servants—Baths.

On arriving in London I drove to the Hotel Metropole, where I was very comfortably put up. The part of England which we passed through before reaching Charing Cross station was picturesque. Part of it consisted of suburbs with green vegetation and nice cottages and buildings, and nearer London it was occupied by houses whose chimney-stacks were very noticeable to the unaccustomed eye.

My place of residence was indeed one of the most fashionable hotels. My room is 20 ft. in length and 16ft. in breadth and 15ft. in height. It is well decorated. It has a fire-place to keep the room warm, and just over the fire-place there is a big mirror so that one can see oneself at full length. A washing table with all kinds of soap and other materials is also provided. There is also a bathing tub of the best fashion. There are writing tables and writing materials. Over the table is a looking glass and over that an electric light. There are five chairs, plain and upholstered, and an excellent cupboard with glass doors and drawers; in the centre of the room there is another electric light and a brass bedstead with springs, with a comfortable bed, pillows and coverings. The room

is kept in the best style. In the hotel there are well appointed lifts on the Ram principle, working day and night.

Sunday, 3rd May.—This morning after my usual ablutions I had tea. I took my breakfast at 11 a.m. and had a stroll through the streets and the fashionable parks. I passed by Buckingham Palace and Apsley House, the residence of the famous Duke of Wellington. Then I passed through St. James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. The day being Sunday, thousands of people—men and women—resorted to the parks after breakfast. In Hyde Park there is a lake, the Serpentine, in which people rowed in small boats. The parks were nicely laid out and thoroughly well arranged. In the Kensington Gardens there is the Albert Memorial containing a statue of Albert the Good. This is considered the grandest monument in London. At the four corners on the ground there are four pedestals on which there are the figures of the Bull, the Elephant, the Camel and the Bison, with figures representing the principal races of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. In the centre, on a raised platform, is the figure of Prince Albert, half sitting and half standing to show that he was not an absolute person to sit as a sovereign, nor was he an ordinary person to stand. In the four corners of this grand monument there are small pedestals with figures representing Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce and Engineering, with appropriate attributes. There are figures in all other directions. In the front there are the statuettes of learned men of the world arranged according to their merit. Homer is placed in the centre, Dante to the right of Homer, Shakespeare to the left, Chaucer just behind him, and Milton to the left of Shakespeare, and so on. Artists, painters, sculptors &c., are arranged according to their merit.

I visited Burlington House, where I found the mounted statue of Lord Roberts. I also passed by St. James's Palace, where the chief Court functions are generally held. I passed through several streets such as Piccadilly, Pall Mall and Victoria Street, and saw some minor places too. Thus I spent about three hours in pleasant walking with a gentleman who took delight in tourists.

Monday, 4th May.—After breakfast this morning at 11 I had a long drive in a bus through the streets. Then I called on Messrs. Bower and Co. and met my friends, Mr. Howard and Mr. Rich, who were very kind to me.

I passed by the Bank of England, the Exchange, and several banks and mercantile offices, but I had no time to visit them particularly. To-morrow I am going to visit the Crystal Palace with Mr. Howard.

Tuesday, 5th May.—This morning I again took a ride in an omnibus in different directions. The view is indeed grand. The houses are thickly crowded. Yet they are magnificent in appearance. London is a vast city, 60 square miles in area, with a population of 50 lakhs. The streets are ever crowded with busy people. A stranger is lost, as it were in a labyrinth.

In the afternoon I, in company with Mr. Howard, visited the Crystal Palace which is about 12 miles from the city. It is a production of great scientific and artistic talent. It was founded in 1852 by the public to provide a place of healthful exercise and wholesome recreation. The building was transferred from Hyde Park, where it was used for the great Exhibition of 1851, to its present site at Sydenham on an estate of 300 acres. Arts, architecture, and sculpture are particularly represented here. There are several courts in which grand productions of art and historical events are exhibited. In fact some of the world's best things; so far as art and science are concerned, can be seen here. There is a building for panoramic views. We saw in this the siege of Paris—the painting was simply a triumph of art. Both Mr. Howard and myself thought there was an open district of France before us extending over several miles and a fight going on between the Germans and the French, and soldiers being killed.

Numerous grand carriages were kept there as specimens of art. Among these were the state carriages of the Queen, the Lord Mayor, and the Chancellor.

In the Burmese court the grand golden carriage of Theebaw and Burmese objects were kept for show. In the gardens there are fountains throwing water to the height of nearly 250 feet. Musical performances are given here. There is a grand orchestra

in the central transept. Excellent arrangements are made for fireworks in the open grounds in front of the palace.

In the morning I spent some time in visiting Trafalgar Square, which is named after the victory of Nelson at Trafalgar. There are fountains in this square which are supplied with water from two artesian wells. I had seen wells of this kind at Madras in 1879. In the centre of the square stands the statue of Nelson. There are other statues too, viz. of Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles Napier and Major-General Gordon.

Wednesday, 6th May.—In the afternoon, in company with a friend, I went to the stores of Jones and Higgins at Peckham Rye, a suburban place. I was quite wonderstruck with the size and arrangement of these stores. They are bigger than Treacher, Whiteaway and Laidlaw, Badham Pile, and the Army and Navy in Bombay all put together. I am told there is a still grander place of this stamp in London, namely the stores of Whiteley. You can get any article you want, furniture included.

* * * * *

I found that the vests which B. had given to me in Bombay as the best article available were quite inferior to those I bought to-day.

Thursday, 7th May.—After breakfast I visited the different

INNS OF COURT,

Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, and the Middle Temple. Of these the first is the largest institution. It has a very splendid library where students and barristers sit to read and consult books. There are dining halls and common rooms. In the Middle Temple I saw several portraits in the Dining Hall and elegant carvings all round. In the middle of the portraits that of Charles I. is placed, showing how that King entered the city by the Temple Bar. There are other portraits, viz. Charles II., Queen Anne, Queen Victoria, George I., all well-executed. The Inner Temple is similar to the Middle one. There are barristers' chambers round about where those gentlemen repair for their business, and during the recess of the law courts, which are very near.

THE LAW COURTS.

This is a very magnificent building, and is very convenient to the principal Inns of Court, and is central as regards the capital

generally, Eighteen courts sit here. The division courts of the Queen's Bench, Common Law, Equity, Divorce, Probate and Appeal courts. I visited several of these courts, where I sat for a few minutes and saw how the Barristers and Judges did their work. I saw the faces of the very Judges whose judgments I read in the law reports. All of them generally struck me by their marked intelligence; some of them were funny in their remarks and all showed strong common sense and legal erudition besides civility in manners. Some of the barristers I saw struck me as possessing shining talent and quick intelligence. They speak distinctly and convey their ideas remarkably well.

I ought to have said, when speaking of the hall in the Middle Temple, that according to the account handed down, Shakespeare gave the first performance of his "Twelfth Night" in this place and he himself took part in it.

During my wanderings through the city, either on foot or in a bus or a hansom (similar to the carriages introduced in Bombay in the time of Mr. Arthur Crawford), I found that every other house in the busy streets of London was either an hotel or a restaurant or a tea or coffee house. Very few persons have got their own houses in the city to live in. Most of the people live in hired apartments, and take their meals at the places mentioned above. They buy their food every day—breakfast, lunch and dinner. Families even go to these places for their food. These restaurants and hotels are full in the morning from 8 to 11 for breakfast, 12 to 2 p.m. for lunch, and 6 to 9 p.m. for dinner. If a gentleman wants to treat his friends to a dinner, he goes with them to places like these. You must understand that these places are generally quite respectable. Banquets even are given in these hotels and restaurants by the nobility and gentlemen of rank. It is the system of the country.

Generally the domestic servants are female. It is very costly to secure a male servant. The servants are very polite in manners and they are respected by the gentlemen on whom they wait. It is usual to thank your servant for every piece of work done for you.

Except in large hotels, where all useful institutions are combined on the premises, the people have to resort to the barber's saloon

and the bathing places which are to be found in abundance in every neighbourhood. If one has got money every comfort is available at one's door. The charges for shaving vary from 2*d.* to 6*d.*, and hot baths cost from 1*s.* upwards. Living in the city is extremely dear. A destitute man would soon succumb to the inclemencies of the weather. The cold is intense, sunshine is very uncertain. I must stop here. I postpone giving any views about the people &c., as my acquaintance with them is not sufficiently long.

CHAPTER III.

LANDMARKS OF LONDON.

British Museum—Tower Bridge—Tower of London—Thames Ditton—Hampton Court—St. Paul's Cathedral—Mint—Bank of England—Royal Exchange.

Friday, 8th May.—I gave some account of what I did up to yesterday. This morning, after breakfast, I paid a visit to

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This institution is like the Victoria Museum and the Royal Asiatic Society's Library and Geographical Society's Institution of Bombay combined, but on a hundred times larger scale. I spent about three hours seeing various things collected there. The institution is so vast that it would take days together to have an idea of the wonders stored there and it would take a life-time to become acquainted with them all. The contents of this wonderful museum are divided into different departments—antiquities, ethnography, printed books, maps, drawings, photographs, coins, medals, manuscripts, &c. It is hardly necessary for me to describe to you the gods and goddesses of Grecian and Roman mythology and the important personages who played a part in the histories of those countries. Their statues and figures are there, so also the figures of Assyria and Egypt. The most important thing that struck me was the collection of manuscripts and autographs. The royal autographs, from the time of Richard II. down to the present time, are put in a case and you can read the handwriting of every sovereign. So there are historical autographs and papers which throw light on English and contemporary history. Among these I read a letter written by Robert Clive in his own hand to the

Duke of Newcastle, reporting his recovery of Calcutta and the defeat of the Nawab in 1757, and a letter written by "Junius," presenting the first edition of his collected letters to the English nation. I also read a neatly written letter from Warren Hastings to his wife immediately after his duel with Francis :

"MY DEAR MARIAN,

* * * * * (I omit para I.)

"2. I have now the pleasure to tell you that Mr. Francis is in no manner of danger, the Ball having hit just below the shoulder, but without penetrating or injuring any of the bones. As you say, who knows what may happen ? Who can look into the seeds of time &c. !"

Another letter which I read was from George Washington to the Earl of Buchan on the principle of abstention from European politics which should guide the United States, &c. Nelson wrote a fine hand, as shown by his letter to Lady Hamilton written only a few minutes before his death. It was written by the left hand, as his right one was lost in the fight. I also read some letters written by Lord Palmerston and Disraeli, and the last page of the diary of General Gordon at Khartoum. Among other autographs I read some letters of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Carlyle and others. I visited the room where oriental MSS. are kept. I found several gentlemen sitting there to take copies of rare MSS. The industry of English men and women is to be admired. I noticed also several ladies and gentlemen engaged in taking drawings of the figures of the ancient gods and goddesses of Greece Rome, Assyria and Egypt.

In the afternoon I went over to Dr. Bhabha at Drakefell Road.

Saturday, 9th May.—This noon I called at the office of Bower and Co., and in company with Mr. Howard I visited the Tower Bridge. This is a gigantic work. The construction of it was finished only in 1894 and it cost £1,184,000. The huge towers two hundred feet apart rise to a height of a hundred and fifty feet above high water mark from the opposite sides of the Thames, and their foundations are laid in the bed of the river. Each communicates with the shore by a suspension bridge twenty-seven feet above high-water mark, and the towers are

connected by draw-bridges. When these bridges are raised the water-way is open. I then visited the Tower of London, the most famous fortress in this country from a historical point of view. It served at different times as a fortress, as a palace, and as a prison. When the science of artillery had not made any progress, this building was used as a fortress to protect the city. It is a well-constructed fort like the Forts of Redi, Fort Augustus near Vingorla, or the fort at Ahmadnagar. It is surrounded by a ditch. Formerly this ditch was filled up with water, but now the ground is dry and is used as a cricket ground by school children.

As a palace the Tower was occupied by many sovereigns at intervals. As a prison it was used to keep important prisoners including sovereigns.

Several executions took place in this tower. I saw the spot where Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded. It is a paved ground in the open courtyard about 20×15 feet, and in the centre is an iron square 3 feet wide. Over this spot the executions took place. In the time of Mary even Elizabeth was kept as a prisoner in the Tower for some time. The tower is now used for the safe custody and exhibition of the Regalia or Royal Sceptre, the Crown and Insignias of different orders of the British Realm, and numerous kinds of armour and weapons. Among the persons in armour is to be found Queen Elizabeth on horseback going to St. Paul's church to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. Among the arms and armour I saw numerous specimens brought from India and Burma. I saw also the execution block, axe, and instruments of torture and punishment used on prisoners.

I got easy access to every room. I must notice here that the military and police guards in this city are extremely civil, and particularly to foreigners, so much so that they instinctively showed me great attention and took me to all places and explained everything minutely.

There is at the entrance a tower which is called the Bloody Tower, as murders were committed here. There is a gate to this fortress through which traitors used to be taken, and hence the

gate is styled the Traitor's Gate. Elizabeth protested against being taken through this gate when Mary made her a prisoner.

In the afternoon I accompanied Mr. Howard to his suburban place, called Thames Ditton. As we left the city I found on either side of the railway fine open country with villages here and there. There were flower gardens laid out in the best style, giving a beautiful appearance to the country. These gardens supply flowers to the city every day. The trees also were high and green. Mostly the tree called poplar was found by the rail side, but the grassy plains were so picturesque that the eye was sumptuously treated. Mr. Howard's village is nearly half an hour's journey. I went with that gentleman first to the lawn tennis ground, where a few gentlemen who did business in the city, and who after closing their offices on Saturday at noon passed their time at suburban places, had met. Mr. Howard introduced me to some of these gentlemen. Their ladies were also there. I found all to be of a genuine type of Englishmen and Englishwomen. Most of them belonged to higher walks of life. They lived at these suburban places for quiet enjoyment and healthful recreations. They played at lawn tennis, cricket and other games. After refreshment Mr. Howard took me to the

HAMPTON COURT PALACE,

which was one station further, only two miles. There we first drove through Bushey Park. I found avenues of chestnut trees about forty feet high with foliage extending in all directions and white flowers, giving a beautiful aspect to the whole Park. It is considerably larger than the Park at Government House, Parel, and infinitely better kept. In the centre is a fountain with a statue of Diana, the Grecian goddess. There is a large riding ground too.

Just near the Park is Hampton Court Palace. This is surrounded on three sides by the Thames. The grounds on which the place stands belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and he erected a fine building upon it for his own enjoyment, as he was told by his physicians, that nowhere within 20 miles of London was there a healthier spot. Henry VIII., his master, being jealous of this superb building, asked Wolsey for whom it was erected. The cardinal knew the object of this question, and

answered, "For your Majesty." The king lost no time in taking the cardinal at his word and took possession of the palace, which was afterwards occupied by several sovereigns in succession. There are superb paintings, drawings and tapestry work in this palace. I saw a picture hung in the lower Hall which is said to represent the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham presenting Art and Science personified to King Charles I. On the front gate there are the heads of Tiberius and Nero. In the garden round about there are nice flower-beds and lawns laid out. Some of them look like velvet. As I said, the Thames runs on three sides. I found beautiful barges and boats plying upon the waters of the river, wherein people went out for recreation. I saw several small tents on the banks of the river at this suburban palace. Mr. Howard told me that young students attending colleges and schools, who get a holiday once a year, enjoy it in rowing down the Thames, which is 150 miles in length. In the evening they halt on the bank and pass their time in these small tents which they carry with them. They cook their own food, and next day they renew their excursion. Thus they enjoy their holiday in an innocent but healthy manner.

From Hampton Court Mr. Howard and myself returned to the cottage which is temporarily occupied by that gentleman for the season. It is a nicely furnished, neat small cottage. There Mr. Howard lives with a friend named Mr. Redford, a merchant dealing extensively in Indian and other teas. He is a very agreeable gentleman. There were also present Mr. Fowler, a rising solicitor and honorary magistrate, and his wife, and an insurance agent Mr. Armstrong. I passed a very pleasant evening with this party. All of them were excellent scholars. Mrs. Fowler was an exceptionally clever, affable and humorous lady. She kept the whole party in very cheerful spirits by her modest but appropriate talk. Mr. Howard had perhaps brought about this meeting to give me an insight into English family life. The whole party seemed to me a very polite, guileless and genuine one. I returned to the city at night.

Sunday, 10th May.—I remained at home for the greater part of the day, as I had made appointments to see some of the Indian students. Mr. Dixit (nephew of Mr. Hari S. Dixit, solicitor,

Bombay), Mr. Khalil of Bombay, and Mr. Khasgrivale, a Parbhu of Baroda, came to see me. These gentlemen are studying for the Bar. Shrimant Sampatrao Gaikwad, brother to the Maharaja of Baroda who is studying for the Bar, is with me. This gentleman is a typical man. He is an earnest student, and is very careful and gentlemanly in his behaviour.

I availed myself, however, of visiting

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

and heard a sermon delivered by Rev. Scott Holland, an eminent clergyman, who is famous for powerful sermons, like the present Lord Bishop of Bombay (Bishop Mylne.) During the service, I had to kneel out of considerations of decency and good sense, as the gentlemen with whom I had gone knelt several times. After kneeling, however, three or four times, I got tired, and for the remaining part of the service I followed the example of four or five gentlemen, who were old and stout, in sitting in the chair, but bending my head. In Goa, at the exposition of St. Francis Xavier, I had to take my turban off.

St. Paul's Cathedral, as you have already heard, is a colossal edifice. It has a magnificent dome like the Bole Gomuz, at Bijapur. The ceiling is of small coloured marble pieces, forming very beautiful figures. The organ in the cathedral is very splendid and powerful. On Sunday last it was played by the celebrated organist Sir John Bridge. The whole length of the church with its porticos is 500 feet, and the width 180 feet. The diameter of the dome is 145 feet, and from the top of the dome springs a lantern enriched with columns and surmounted by a gilded ball and cross. The cathedral stands on elevated ground in the city. The building took 35 years to be completed. There is a splendid clock. The music of the bells just before the service was very captivating. Our University clock music is similar on a smaller scale. There are several monuments, principally of military and naval heroes, such as Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington. Other monuments are also there, namely, the statues of Howard the philanthropist, Sir William Jones, and Sir Joshua Reynolds (the celebrated painter) are placed in an angle.

Monday, 11th May.—In the morning after breakfast, I went to Bower & Co.

* * * * *

I visited the Mint in company with Mr. Howard, and saw different operations, and as I had visited a mint for the first time in my life I was very much interested. In spite of my stay for 33 years in Bombay I was not able for some reason or other to find an opportunity to visit the Mint there. I saw how they put the metal into the crucibles, and then the machines which turn the substance into bars, then the sheets and then small coins &c. I also saw the weighing machines which reject the heavier or lighter coins and receive the right ones in the central pan. At present they were manufacturing silver coins for Hong Kong.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Then we visited the Bank of England, a wonderful place. The Head Assistant Manager, who was a friend of Mr. Howard, took us all round. The first room he took us to was the treasury room, in which gold and silver coins and Bank notes, altogether about 50 crores sterling were kept, and the chief keeper of the room placed a small bundle of Bank notes, worth about 30 lacs of rupees, into my hands. I am told by Sampatrao Gaikwad that Englishmen (visitors) are not generally allowed to enter this room. Thence we were taken to the places where golden bars, which you can lift only with both hands, are kept, and thence to the room of silver bars. Afterwards we were shown how gold coins are weighed for examination, and how the right ones are separated from the wrong ones by machinery to which I have already referred. Then we were taken to the room where Bank notes and the Indian currency notes are printed, and the whole operation was shown. Lastly we were introduced to a room where all cancelled notes are kept. It is the practice here that as soon as a note comes back to the Bank it is cancelled, and such cancelled notes are preserved for five years. This room is in the charge of an old gentleman who showed us three curiosities, namely, three notes which came to the Bank after circulation for periods varying 115 to 195 years. These notes are kept in a glass frame. Then we were shown

boxes of notes cancelled during the last five years. I said to this man, "After all, this room is valuable as containing antiquities." "No, no," he replied, "it is valuable for another reason, namely, we have frequently to go to Court to give evidence with reference to some of these cancelled notes." The Bank is strongly guarded by the military, particularly at night.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

We saw also this stupendous edifice. It has a very large open square where brokers transact their business, as brokers in Bombay do.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW SCENES.

Westminster Abbey—Sir G. Birdwood—Turkish Bath—Whiteley's Stores
—House of Commons—National Indian Association—South Kensington
—Indian Institute—Hyde Park.

Tuesday, 12th May.—This day, I did not do much. I visited several courts in company with Mr. Fowler, the solicitor, and saw the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England. I wanted to call on Sir W. Wedderburn but missed the address. Still I visited the famous Westminster Abbey. English History tells us that many kings, noblemen, heroes, poets and scholars &c., have been buried in this Abbey, and statues and monuments are erected here. I went round the building and admired its structure. I found an interesting inscription on the monument of James Watt. It runs thus: "Not to perpetuate the name, for the name must endure while the peaceful arts and sciences flourish, but to show that mankind have learnt to honour those who deserve their gratitude, the King, Ministers, and many of the nobles and commoners have raised this monument to James Watt," &c.

Among the monuments of literary men I saw those of Grote, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Johnson and some others. It is really an honour to all these geniuses that they should have been buried in this important place—what if these hundreds and thousands of great authors were suddenly to rise from their graves and hold a literary meeting for a few hours!

To one who has read these authors it is a great pleasure to pass through these avenues of monuments, reading either the names or the inscriptions thereon. It seems that no statue is yet

raised in honour of Dr. Livingstone, for I saw a big slab on the ground with an inscription. A fellow-visitor in answer to my question said that he did not require any monument as Livingstone's name itself was great. The architecture of the Abbey is very elaborate and wonderfully graceful.

Wednesday, 13th May.—This day I did a little visiting. At 11 a. m., I called at Palace Chambers, 9 Bridge Street, Westminster, to see Sir William Wedderburn. He was just leaving his place for a meeting of a Parliamentary Committee at the India Office. He was glad to see me, and we walked together to the India Office. He has asked me to be present at the House of Commons to-morrow at 3, when he will receive me and give me a seat in the gallery for visitors. Just when we reached the steps of the India Office I met Sir Andrew Scoble, Q. C., formerly the Advocate-General of Bombay, and afterwards the Legal Member of the Council of the Government of India. He greeted me cordially and gave me his card that I may see him again. I asked him whether he would like to take up some business in the Privy Council. He said he could not, as his hands were full with Parliamentary business. Then I called upon Sir G. Birdwood. This old gentleman is as sprightly in his spirits as I had found him 30 years ago. We had a long chat on different subjects. He expressed the opinion that our countrymen did not pay sufficient attention to the development of resources of the country. Everybody took to the professions or quill driving. If a thousand Hindoos, throwing off caste prejudices, travelled in different countries and found out the wants of those countries and tried to supply them out of the materials in India, the labour would result in large profits. Again, if the statistics of the Custom House are carefully studied it will be found worth the while of natives to manufacture some of the things in India in a proper style. For instance, he said that a large quantity of mustard is produced in Guzerath, and if this article were put in tin boxes properly manufactured, it would not be necessary to import tins from England. He was sorry that the people of India were not sufficiently industrious.

As regards the Congress, he said he sympathised with it from his heart, but not from his head, as there was much talk in the

air, but nothing substantial was done by way of developing the industries of the country. He also remembered several gentlemen of old. About Jaganath Shankershett, he said that this was a typical grand man. He said that he had got a deal of information on Hindu mythology from him. He used to visit Jaganath when the latter was worshipping his God, half-naked, with ashes on his forehead and chest, and the old man explained to him with the assistance of his Brahman several subjects of mythology. Sir George used to write speeches for Jaganath when he was a Member of the Legislative Council. On one occasion, he had written a very strong speech, pro-native, for the old man, and had driven with him to the Legislative Council. When the time for his speech came Jaganath's spirits failed him, and yielding to the official influence, he suppressed Sir George's draft. Sir George remembered Sir Mangaldas, too, and said that he was a fine fellow but often failed in independence. He asked me what Dr. Bhau Daji's children and grandchildren were doing. Hearing that the syndicate of the Bombay University had chosen me to be an honorary representative of that University at the Jubilee of Lord Kelvin's professorship at the Glasgow University to be held on the 15th and 16th of the next month, Sir George said that I should go to Scotland about the first week of June next, and on my way I should stop at some of the most beautiful English lakes, and then, after going to Scotland, see those which are near Glasgow. He gave a high character to the Scotch people for their patriotic spirit. He said they had the same affection and attachment to their homes as the Marathas in the Dekhan had to their homes and estates. Englishmen, he said, were tame and spiritless like the Bhatias and Bunias of Bombay. Then we had a talk about Englishmen who have retired from India to this country. Sir George has written to Sir William Hunter and Sir E. Arnold to receive me when I go to Oxford.

THE TURKISH BATH.

In the afternoon, I had a Turkish Bath. I had resorted to similar baths in December, 1886, at Delhi, on my way back from Calcutta. The Turkish Bath here is conducted in a very excellent manner. As soon as you enter the house the porter, or clerk at the door receives your valuables and puts them in a drawer,

the key of which he hands over to you. Then you are permitted on payment of 3s. 6d. to go to a room, where you undress, and there he gives you two coloured warm towels, one of which is to be used to cover the loins, the other for covering the upper part of the body. Then having put on felt sandals, you enter a hot room. Here you sit on an easy chair, reading newspapers or magazines (for wherever you go, whether a refreshment room or a barber's shop, side by side with the refreshment table or shaving chair there are newspapers or magazines to read) for nearly half an hour, until you perspire profusely. If this room is found insufficient for the purpose there is another, which is hotter, where you can go, and a third, which is still hotter. After you have perspired profusely you are introduced into another room where you are made to lie down on a marble sofa, and then your body is rubbed by a man, first with the plain hand, and after with a rough glove, and the whole dirt from the body is removed. Then you are washed in tepid water with a fine brush. While these operations go on, the man, who looks like a practised athlete, engages you in conversation. Ignorant as these people are they are very humorous. While I was being rubbed and washed my man said in a humorous way, "Sir, you are a stout man. If you went to India as a missionary, your religious followers would eat you up." Then in answer to my remark, "You have removed all my dirt," he said, "I wish I had removed all your sins." After a pause he remarked, to please me, "But, sir, I expect your sins are as easily removed as your dirt." After the rubbing was over, I was taken to a place where a powerful shower bath of hot and cold water was given to me. I took this but I did not like to plunge myself into the tank of cold water which was nigh. After the shower bath was over, the body was wiped with fresh warm towels, and then three towels were given—two to be used as before, and the third for covering the head. I was then taken to another room where sofas were placed for rest. There I lay down for half an hour and had a cup of tea and biscuits, after which I left for my lodgings.

MR. WHITELEY'S STORES.

Thursday, 14th May.—This morning I visited Mr. William Whiteley's stores. This may be called an emporium of trade, or

as Mr. Whinning, the Shipping Agent of the shop, said, it was Asia Minor. This shop belongs to one man, Mr. Whiteley. Every day from 5,000 to 7,000 hands are employed in different departments. There are 3,000 salesmen and saleswomen who are always very busily engaged in attending to the customers who are to be found in thousands and thousands every hour. The premises extend over some acres. The building has five stories, each appropriated to different work; you can find any article which is procurable in the world. The men employed in the shop get their lunch and refreshment at stated times. Dinner halls are provided, and each employé is given his seat in these where he goes at the recess hour to refresh himself. Some of the Departments are attended to by women only. Near the counters chairs are kept for customers to sit when buying. The employés are very civil and courteous to the customers. I was taken round all the rooms and I was wonderstruck; All the Bazars in the Bombay Fort put together would not come up to the standard of this institution. I was shown some pianos played by electricity and some by the aid of hot-air. These interested me very much. On the premises elegant drawing rooms, dining rooms, and bed rooms are provided with appropriate furniture, so that a customer may have an idea and approve of the fittings. The catalogues of the articles sold here would make the size of Webster's Enlarged Dictionary. Out of curiosity, I asked the gentleman who took me round, whether a stock was taken of the articles in the shop. He told me that stock is taken twice every year, and on the last occasion the value of the stores was £1,000,000 which is equal to $1\frac{3}{4}$ crores of rupees. Besides the stock and the premises, which are extensive, Mr. Whiteley has got other properties also. What a splendid fortune for one man to possess? I could not spend more than a couple of hours at these premises, for I had to keep an appointment with Sir W. Wedderburn at the House of Commons.

I visited

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

at 3 p.m., when Sir W. Wedderburn introduced me to some gentlemen. Mr. Swanne, M.P., was one of them, and took me to the visitors' gallery from which place I could hear

the debate in the House. At the time I entered the House some questions were being put by individual members to the Government Party. Afterwards the House went into a Committee, and I had the opportunity of hearing some members. The debate was on the Agricultural Bill and of local importance, only affecting England and Wales, and not Scotland. Among the gentlemen who spoke, were Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Balfour—distinct and clear speakers. The whole debate was conducted in a becoming and argumentative way, and I was greatly pleased. I sat there from 3-30 to 7-15 p.m., when Sir W. called me to a room in the House where refreshments are served. I was then shown the different chambers and taken to the Terrace, which is on the bank of the Thames. It was a beautiful scene. I saw some of the procedure of Parliamentary discussion—how they divide and go into the Lobby &c. Sir W. Wedderburn has given me a ticket for next Monday, when he hopes the Cotton Duty question will be discussed in the House, and he will have to say something on the matter.

Friday, the 15th May.—At 4 p.m., I attended a Drawing Room meeting, at the house of Lord Hobhouse. Miss Sorabji read a paper on the work in connection with the education of women in India. Lord Hobhouse presided. At the end of Miss Sorabji's paper, a young Bengali gentleman, Chattopadya, made some remarks on the education of females in Bengal. Mr. Dadabhai Nowroji, Mr. Bhabha of Mysore, and myself, and Sir Charles Elliot, Governor of N.-W. Provinces, were then asked by Lord Hobhouse to give our views, and we accordingly did so. Before winding up, Dr. Bahadurji was also asked to say what he had to say on the subject—and he also spoke. The assembly was a mixed one. Many English ladies and some native gentlemen and ladies had met there at the invitation of Miss Manning, the Secretary to the National Indian Association. I was introduced by Miss Manning to Lord and Lady Hobhouse, who impressed me at once as very good-natured people. Refreshments were served at the meeting, and I met some young Indian students there.

Saturday, 16th May.—I called at Bower and Co., in the morning, and then I visited

THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

I travelled by the Underground Railway. It is convenient to travel by these railways, but I do not think it is quite healthy to do so for any long time. After seeing this Museum I saw

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE,

of which a splendid account appeared in the Bombay local papers some years ago. At the time I visited it there were certain sports of children going on. Little boys and girls showed great skill in some of the athletic exercises which we now and then see in Bombay. Music accompanied these exercises.

At the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum I saw the golden Throne Chair of Ranjit Singh.

At about 4 p.m., I called at 40, Egerton Gardens, South Kensington, to see Sir Charles Sargent, but he was out, so I left my card.

In the evening, I went to Drakefell Road, Brockley, to see Dr. Bhabha, and returned late at night to the city.

Sunday, 17th May.—This day was very dull, till 2 p.m., as the sun did not make any appearance. After 2 it commenced to be a little pleasant. I went in a bus to see Miss Manning.

In the evening, I visited Hyde Park, which was full of people, who enjoy Sunday as a day of rest from labour. Open air speeches are made here on all sorts of subjects. One Negro delivered in English a stirring speech on the South African politics. Another man advocated Christianity. Close by, another pleaded for atheism; a fourth spoke on palmistry, and foretold by the lines on the hands of ladies and gentlemen whether their love would result in good to them. Another man, a German, I believe, from his pronunciation, delivered a spirited speech on the Propaganda of humanitarian deism. His name was Joachim Kaspar. It was for the conversion of Christians, Jews, atheists, and other non-believers or sinners. He advocated progress and freedom from orthodoxy and a civilized effort for knowledge. He told his hearers that they might love the Queen, but must abolish the monarchy. He said excessive poverty and excessive riches result in misery alike, &c. There was a show of actors in a part of the Park.

The salvationists were not wanting. In fact there were numerous gatherings at different places to keep the attention of those who repaired to idle away their time or to enjoy a well-earned holiday from excessive work on week-days.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AND LOCOMOTION.

Cycling—Typewriting—Hotels—Railway Stations—Carriages—Buses—Cars—Cabs—Police.

CYCLING.

This exercise seems to have taken a deep hold of young men and young women in this city. As soon as they get a holiday they go about cycle-racing with one another. On Saturday afternoons in the suburban places, and on Sundays in the city as well as in the suburbs one has simply to stand on the footpath to see these excursionists in numbers riding about with the greatest speed. In fact there is a rage for cycling, and I was particularly struck by the eagerness with which the ladies were trying to compete with men in this exercise. Except in Parliament an Englishwoman is to be found nearly everywhere side by side with an Englishman. Go wherever you like, a merchant's office, a shop, or any other institution, you find Englishwomen doing business along with Englishmen.

TYPEWRITING.

With the art of cycling, another art, namely typewriting, has come very much in use and is practised in this city both by men and women. In my ramblings I found numerous places bearing signboards "Typewriting is taught here."

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

Coffee and tea shops &c. are to be found in every street, and every day I am told new places are opened. Companies are formed for the purpose of erecting new houses on a grand scale as hotels. In fact, as the *Graphic* very properly observes, London has become a city of caravanserais. It is the Mecca for the pilgrims of pleasure. Of course, as I observed before, these places are provided not only with food for the body, but also with food for the mind, for those who are desirous of reading can get any amount of magazines and newspapers here.

RAILWAY STATIONS AND CARRIAGES.

I have had several opportunities of travelling to suburbs by rail and found the stations round about the city not very grand in appearance, although they are a little puzzling. Another circumstance which I noticed particularly is that all over the walls of the stations such a number of advertisements are pasted as to render it impossible for the traveller to see the names of the stations. I was reminded of the late Babu Keshab Chandra Sen's remark that the railway stations are covered with forests of advertisements.

The railway carriages for all classes are very decent. To see what sorts of men and women one meets in these carriages I have travelled by all classes. In the first class you generally find people of the highest or wealthy mercantile class. The poorer people generally travel by the third class. They are courteous and civil in their behaviour.

OMNIBUSES, TRAMCARS, CABS.

In the heart of the city omnibuses and cabs move to and fro. It is said that thirteen hundred omnibuses and ten thousand cabs are busy in the streets every day. With all this, accidents are rare, as the drivers are skilful and the police arrangements are remarkably strict and exact. There are two kinds of cabs. One is two-wheeled and is called "Hansom" from its originator. In this the driver is perched on a seat behind the vehicle, the means of communication between him and his "fare" being by means of a trap-door in the roof just over the head of the latter. The other kind of public vehicle is four-wheeled; it is nicknamed "growler." It is useful when you have to carry much luggage, but it is slower than a Hansom. The cabmen are very clever and civil people. They know the streets very well—not like our Bombay Victoria-walas. The charges are fixed—one shilling a mile; you have not to higgie-haggle with a cabman—he tells you the exact amount. I have had frequent opportunities of testing this. If you wish you can arrange with the cabman for fares computed according to time. The omnibuses are roomy and comfortable. There are only two benches lengthwise, well cushioned, each accommodating five persons. There are garden seats on the top of these vehicles to which the passengers go by a winding stair-

case. Many gentlemen and ladies like to travel on the top of an omnibus, for they can breathe more open air and have a better view of the town. The regular passenger knows exactly from the colour of a bus, where it will go. Most of these buses are covered with a number of advertisements and it is difficult for a stranger like myself to find out the directions of the road written on the bus itself.

Tramways are not permitted within the city limits. They are to be found in the north-east and south where there is not much crowded traffic.

I hear that some capitalists are contemplating the formation of a company for the purpose of running electric tramcars.

A number of four-horse coaches run at times from Piccadilly, near Hyde Park, for the enjoyment of those who go to suburban places. I saw some of these at Hampton Court Palace when I paid a visit to that place with Mr. Howard.

THE POLICE.

The London Police Force is divided into the City Police and the Metropolitan Police. The former is under the control of the city fathers and the latter under the supervision of the Home Secretary of State. Altogether the Police Force numbers 17,000. In spite of the continuous traffic in the streets of the city, numberless foot passengers, and endless vehicles of all kinds, passing and repassing, the policemen are able to make very satisfactory arrangements. They are invariably polite. A stranger need not be alarmed by the number of quick running vehicles. He has simply to go to the constable who stands in the middle of the street and he is taken safely across the road. The constable waves his hand and the traffic must stop. The driver obeys without a murmur, and the horses obey the driver as if instinctively. When the constable sees that men, women and children want to cross a road, he goes to them and takes them across. If you want to know a place in a particular street a police constable is the proper referee. He respectfully gives you the exact information or directs the bus conductor or cabman to take you to your destination. At the railway stations and public places when you get down from or get into a cab, the policeman comes near you and

helps you. In fact the London policeman is the type of a gentleman. These constables are generally tall, stout people. They do not carry their batons so ostentatiously as the Bombay Police. A mere wave of the hand is quite enough to indicate their authority. They are great protection to the city from thieves &c.

There are Fire Brigades on a very extensive scale.

CHAPTER VI.

ART AND ORATORY.

National Gallery—House of Commons—Earls Court—Royal Academy—Big Wheel—Whole Night Sitting of Parliament—Doulton's Pottery Works—Kew Gardens—Richmond.

Monday, 18th May.—In the morning I visited the National Gallery. This is considered as one of the best collections of pictures in the country. The arrangement is that followed at the art exhibition in the Secretariat of Bombay held every year. It contains most valuable pictures which are masterpieces of the greatest artists and painters of the world, dead and living. It has twenty-two rooms in which are pictures divided into British and Foreign, old and modern schools. I spent two hours and a half upon a survey of these pictures. I particularly liked the following.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds.—The Graces decorating a terminal figure of Hymen. The Graces are portraits of three daughters of Sir William Montgomery, who decorate the god of marriage.

By John Constable.—(1) The Valley Farm, (2) Hay wain, (3) The Glebe farm.

These are landscapes—considered to be three of the best pictures in the gallery.

By Hogarth.—(1) His own portrait, and (2) Sigismunda mourning over the heart of Guiscardo, which was sent her by her own father who was displeased with their secret marriage.

By Landseer.—(1) Low life and High life—two dogs—a bulldog and a stag-hound; (2) The defeat of Comus; (3) Shoeing a horse.

By Maclise.—The play scene in Hamlet.

By George Morland.—The inside of a stable.

By Joseph Turner.—Dido building Carthage ; or the Rise of the Carthaginian Empire (a river scene with the sun in the centre of the picture, a bridge in front and piles of architecture completed and in progress on either side, high banks and rocks in the background. Dido, Queen of Carthage, is seen surrounded by her people on the left, on the right is the monument to her murdered husband). Turner was a very prolific painter, and many of his pictures have from time to time been presented to public institutions.

By Ward.—(1) The South Sea Bubble, a scene in Change Alley in 1720.

The following extract from Lord Mahon's History of England given by a guide to the gallery describe the picture fairly.

"The crowds were so great within doors that tables with clerks were set in the streets. In the motley throng were blended all parties, churchmen and dissenters, whigs and tories, country gentlemen and brokers. An eager strife of tongues prevailed in this second Babel : new reports, new subscriptions, new transfers flew from mouth to mouth, and the voices of ladies (for even many ladies had turned gamblers) rose loud and incessant above the general throng."

As Shakespeare says, in "Macbeth,"

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath, and these are of them."

Another picture by the same artist is of James II. in his Palace of Whitehall receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange in 1688. In this James is represented as standing pale and motionless, in great anxiety.

Among the pictures of foreign schools I liked those by Antonio Allegri—(1) Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus—a pretty scene ; (2) Christ presented by Pilate to the people, crowned with thorns. His hands are bound in front.

By Boucher.—Pan and Syrinx.

By Callari.—St. Helena—vision of the Invention of the Cross ; Respect—Allegorical group—a masterpiece of art. Towards the right a female figure lies undressed and asleep on a sofa. On the left a Roman warrior enters on the scene and unwittingly

raises his hand with a gesture of surprise and is about to retire hastily when he is detained by an amorina (a beautiful figure) bearing a dart. Behind is another man whose head alone is seen. In the background an arched opening reveals the sky.

By Gaspard Poussin.—A fine landscape ; on the left a group of lofty trees with swaying branches. Beneath them an angel accosts Abraham, pointing upwards to a figure representing God seated in the clouds.

By Van Dyck.—An equestrian picture of Charles I., clad in armour but bare-headed.

By Gelle.—A seaport representing the embarkation of the Queen of Sheba.

By Pippi.—The Infancy of Jupiter. The picture shows the young god in the cradle, watched by nymphs.

By Nicholas Poussin.—Venus sleeping.

By Ribera.—The Dead Christ—the Virgin weeping over the body.

I noted these pictures so that if I see them again I may recognise them. Again, I thought I might be able to compare this gallery with the Louvre Gallery at Paris or those at Dresden, Hague, Brussels and Amsterdam if I happened to visit those places.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the afternoon I went to the House of Commons and was present for nearly three hours. I heard Sir William Wedderburn, when he moved for the adjournment of the House for the consideration of the question as to the Indian cotton duty. The motion was brought on with the special permission of the House. Sir William appealed to the House and said that his proposal would be accepted by all the parties. Sir John Leng, another Liberal, supported the motion. It was, however, opposed by Lord George Hamilton, who maintained that the duty did not affect the poorer classes of India. He relied upon certain statistics. Sir Henry Fowler (a very able speaker), a Liberal though he is in English party politics, threw cold water on the motion and said he would not take any part in the debate as the motion was

brought without sufficient intimation, and to take any action would be casting a slur on the authority of the present Government without much consideration. He also said that the Agricultural Rating bill which affected England was of greater importance just now. This decided the fate of Sir William's motion. I am sorry to note that the members of Parliament generally do not take much interest in questions like the cotton duty in India. The Government party is very strong and the Liberal party is not unanimous on many points.

Tuesday, 19th May.—I saw Messrs. Sethna and Ghaswalla at the National Indian Club.

I called at the India Office to secure a passport, as I thought I might accompany Messrs. Sampatrao Gaikwad, Khasgiwale (Rao Bahadur Laxman Jaganath's son-in-law) and Pillay, an Agent of the Zamindars of Madras, to see the Coronation of the Czar at Moscow and see some places in Germany. I have secured the pass for two shillings, but given up the idea of going to Russia for many reasons, one of them being that the trip would be hurried and troublesome.

In the afternoon I went with Dr. Bhabha to see Mrs. Prescott at Sutton—a very fine suburban place, green with foliage and quite elevated and picturesque.

Wednesday, 20th May.—In the morning I called at Mr. James Jardine's chambers and had a very long talk on different matters. I went there by appointment and Mr. Jardine received me very cordially. He took me over to the Temple Library.

In the evening again I met him at his house, where I saw Mr. Justice Jardine. The wives of these gentlemen are well informed ladies. They take a great interest in drawings and paintings. We had an agreeable conversation here. Mr. James Jardine's house (3 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park) is an excellent one, well furnished and situated in one of the most fashionable parts of the city, being close to the Park.

The subjects of the conversation were—Pictures, Bicycling, the South African question and politics in connection therewith, a visit to Paris and Holland. I thought I had done well in seeing

minutely the pictures at the National Gallery, for I took great part in the conversation on that subject, when the ladies, who were well versed in the art of painting, asked me about the different pictures. In current politics also the English ladies take a remarkable interest and show a fund of information. What a contrast with Indian women, who care for little beyond the culinary department !

Tuesday, 21st May.—This morning I was sorry to hear of the sudden death of Abdul Huk at the Alexandra Hotel. This gentleman met me at the entrance of the House of Commons on Monday last at 5-30 p. m., when I was leaving it, and we accosted each other. His son was with him and I was to have visited him. He looked very poor in health and seemed to be in great anxiety.

EARL'S COURT.

In the afternoon I visited Earl's Court, where the Indian and Ceylon Exhibition is held. It is under the management of Imre Kiralfy. I was there for three hours. Among other things I noticed the great wheel on which the visitors could have a ride and see the city twenty miles round. The Indian Jungle and Electric Power House were worth seeing. There were daily amusements supplied here, but as I had to see Dr. Bhabha at 3 I could not wait. I mean to pay another visit with friends on some future day.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Friday, 22nd May.—In the afternoon I had the pleasure of visiting the Royal Academy where there was an exhibition of Arts. This was the 128th exhibition and 1,928 pictures in oil paint and water colours were exhibited. I liked the following pictures.

- 253. 'The Close of Day,' by Peter Graham R.A.
- 379. 'The Miracle of the Roses,' by I. J. Glong.
- 397. 'The New Calf,' by Stanhope A. Forbes.
(This picture is excellent.)
- 554. 'At sunset,' by Yeend King.
- 562. 'Late Summer in England—Afternoon,' by J. W. North.
- 571. 'The Coming of Apollo,' by Robert Fowler.
- 640. 'Sir H. Fowler,' by Arthur S. Cope.
- 643. 'Portrait of a lady,' by Bright.

644. 'Silver Summer,' by Murray, A.
 645. 'While there is life there is hope', by Frank Bramley, A.
 649. 'Miss Freda Langdon Davis,' by Riviere.
 661. 'Venus and Tannhäuser,' by Lauren Koe.
 672. 'Trust her not, she is fooling thee,' by Briton Riviere,
 R. A.
 678. 'Summer,' by Henrietta Rae.
 680. 'Early Winter,' Sidney Cooper, R. A.
 950. 'Jezebel,' by Byam Shaw.
 956. 'The Leper's wife,' by George Harcourt.
 999. 'The Story-teller,' by Ernest Normand.
 1006. 'Vanities,' by Taylor.

The Exhibition rooms are crowded by visitors—many of whom are ladies who seem to take a great deal of interest in the exhibition, for the reason, it is said, that numerous pictures of ladies in different fashions of dresses are exhibited there, and again, among the artists the number of ladies is not small. Some of the visitors are themselves amateur artists. A good many of these visitors are from high circles. This I guess from the richness of their dresses, and also from the circumstance that many carriages were waiting in the courtyard. A man here who is rich according to our Bombay idea, cannot afford to keep a carriage in this city. Many well-to-do people travel by a bus or a hired carriage.

In the evening at 8 p. m., I called at the Charing Cross railway station to meet Mr. Justice Parsons and Mr. Macpherson, who were leaving for India. They were very glad to see me. Mr. Inverarity, too, had come to the station.

Saturday, 23rd May.—I had an invitation from Sir Charles Sargent to visit his house. Mr. Setna and Dr. Bahadurji also were there. Sir Charles had a long talk with me on different matters. He brought out the photo which the Pleaders had presented to him, inquired after many of them, and showed us great civility. After spending about two hours with us, he took us to the studio of an artist who has been painting his portrait. Besides the original, which is for Sir Charles himself; a duplicate will be made for Bombay.

I asked Sir Charles how he passed his time. He said he found it rather difficult to pass it. He liked to be in Court and to hear second appeals. Now he goes out sight-seeing and taking exercise. He used to live at Folkstone, a sea-side place, but it did not suit him. We had a long talk about English politics here, and Sir Charles seems to continue holding the same impartial and liberal views that he always expressed while in India.

The present Judges of the High Court were also the subject of interesting conversation.

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I should not omit to mention two incidents which occurred last week in London.

THE BIG WHEEL.

One was in connection with the big wheel at the Earl's Court Indian Exhibition, on which I had already taken a trip.

The accident with this wheel was that the hydraulic-power by which it is moved proved defective, and the persons who were in the forty compartments, which are like large closed tramcars, were kept prisoners for twenty-two hours. They had no food, and there was great distress. This is the second accident to the wheel and I considered myself very fortunate in escaping the disagreeableness of starvation. I am told the persons who were thus confined the whole night were each paid £5 as compensation by the company who had the management of the Exhibition.

THE WHOLE NIGHT SITTING OF PARLIAMENT.

The other incident was the whole night and day sitting of the House of Commons on Thursday last to finish the local Agricultural Rating Bill. The Opposition did not wish to pass the Bill and raised objections at every stage. The Government wanted to carry the Bill through, and when the Chairman of the Committee called upon the Members of the Parliament to go into the Lobby for Division, five members of the Opposition would not leave the room. The Chairman of the Committee called upon these recalcitrant members to comply with his order, but when they were obstinate he ordered the Sergeant-at-arms to remove them, and suspended them for a week. In fact, there was a great scene such as fortunately seldom occurs in the House of Commons.

Those who read the *Times Weekly Summary* in India will get the full report of this incident by the mail leaving next week.

Sunday, 24th May.—I called upon Mr. Justice Jardine at his house, 34, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park. His library is a fairly copious one. He showed me a well bound book of the Charters, including the Magna Charta.

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After leaving him I went to Chiswick to see Mr. Muncherji Bhownagri, M.P. as he had asked me to his residence. As was to be expected, our conversation mostly related to India. He said that he was not against the objects of the Congress but against the methods adopted by the leaders. The Congress ought to attend to the development of the resources of the country and should not talk too much about political rights. He did not approve of simultaneous examinations. If these are allowed and many Indians get into the Civil Service, the English people are likely to shut out Indians altogether. He also said many Indians come to this country to try for the I. C. S. On my saying that "many" was hardly the correct word, he replied that a sufficient number came and more should not be allowed. He said that he was often criticised in error; he never obstructed, but assisted the cause of India whenever an opportunity offered itself. He complained that one M. P. who was ignorant of Indian affairs put questions about India in a way to excite opposition and prejudice against the interests of the Indian Rajas. He said this particularly in reference to the Raja of Zalawar's Deposition. Mr. Bhownagri was very busy with Parliamentary work—heaps of papers lying on his table. He regrets that his hands are not strengthened by the Indian leaders and the public, as he has taken up a Parliamentary career without any selfish motive.

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I visited Doulton's Pottery works on my way back from Chiswick. Earthen pipes &c., are supplied to Bombay from these works, which are very extensive.

The visit to Chiswick was pleasant. Chiswick is a suburban place, with commons, parks and gardens, and a good view of the country places on either side of the railway is obtainable on the way down.

Monday, 25th May.—This is Whit Monday and a Bank holiday. Only a few shops here and there are open and the people are all on pleasure bent. It was because of the approach of this holiday that the House of Commons hurried on the Agricultural Rating Bill, which event was the cause of the recent unseemly scene.

I thought I should pay a visit to

THE KEW GARDENS,

and left by a train from Charing Cross, reaching them within half an hour. These gardens are indeed very attractive because of the various museums and green-houses, where plants of different kinds are reared up. Hundreds of people visit the gardens, but to-day, being a holiday, thousands and thousands with families resorted hither. There was, as it were, a regular fair. The area of the gardens is 75 acres. The great palm house is 360 feet in length and is all of glass like the Crystal Palace. Palms and plantain trees are reared in it. The temperature is kept up to the necessary pitch by means of hot pipes which run along the ground. As the outside atmosphere was rather chilly, I was delighted to pass through this house and to observe the various palms. These gardens are very useful to students of botany. They are like the Horticultural Gardens which I saw near Kandy, in Ceylon, in 1879. The houses with creeping plants are also picturesque. The holiday visitors amused themselves by visiting the museums and the green houses and by walking through the numerous avenues of the gardens. Some of the young folk, men, women, and children, were taking their ease on the green grass, sitting or lying down. The gardens are free to the public. Among the striking objects at these gardens are a flag staff, one hundred and fifty feet high, and Napoleon's Willow. This latter was a small twig in 1825 when first planted, and it is now fifty feet high. Originally it was cut from one of the trees which overhung the Emperor's grave at St. Helena. There is a good deal of cricketing about here. Numerous matches take place on Saturdays and on holidays.

From Kew Gardens I went up by train nearly to the foot of Richmond Hill, and thence I went up to the hill itself and through Richmond Park.

RICHMOND PARK.

The town of Richmond is most beautifully situated. The hill commands a splendid view of the valley of the Thames, which winds among meadows and woodlands, very picturesque and charming. Since my arrival here, I had not seen such a refreshing view. Between the banks of the river and the hill are terrace gardens which are beautifully laid out, and to descend the terrace easy steps are placed at intervals. A walk on the banks of the river is indeed very pleasant. This is a place where people go on holidays to enjoy country scenery and have aquatic excursions. Hundreds of boats ply over the waters of the Thames at this place just as at the Hampton Court Palace, as I have already noted in my diary at an earlier date, when I visited Thames-Ditton with Mr. Howard. Small boats are built here. There is a regular factory on the bank of the Thames for this purpose. Upon the top of the Hill are the mansions of various gentlemen who can enjoy the scenery of the terrace gardens and the river and the large expanse in front. These gentlemen, it is said, make use of the gardens for pleasant walks and occasional picnics. India has got many natural beauties, but the scenery which I note is made very superb by the industry and attention which the sovereigns and noblemen of England have bestowed on it as well as by the course which the Thames has taken. Richmond has played an important part in English history and the lovely and picturesque scenery which I saw has been the subject of poetry by eminent bards like Pope, Thomson and Wordsworth. These poets, it is said, used to pass many hours at this place.

Richmond Park was laid out by Charles I., who took possession of the lands—not under a Land Acquisition Act—but forcibly from the owners, paying them what he liked. It has an area of two or three thousand acres, and about 1,500 or 1,600 deer are in the park. The brick wall surrounding the park is nearly eight miles in length. Among the large houses in the Park is Pembroke Lodge where the late Earl Russell resided. The aristocracy who live in Richmond Town drive and walk through the Park constantly, and many people from the city repair to the Park on holidays. Cyclists, both men and women, find the Park a very large and quiet place for their pleasant exercise.

I saw many amusements on the Hill. Some Englishmen had painted their faces black to represent niggers. They danced and sang. Some people played the part of clowns as we see at a circus—standing on poles and imitating drunkards. The people here enjoy holidays just as our people do during the Holi or the Moharam holidays, but do not indulge in so many processions. On my return to town I found the streets in all directions thronged by people who showed an intense desire to enter theatres or music halls, men and women pushing their way in indiscriminately. People here do not seem to think seriously about the future, but are for living a life of pleasure and merriment. "Enjoy and die" seems to be the favourite motto.

During my visit to some of these public places of pleasure and interest, I observed some Indian young men, apparently students in this country, who were "doing in Rome as the Romans do."

CHAPTER VII.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

Royal Music Hall—Charing Cross Hospital—Professor Max Müller—Albert Hall—Agricultural Hall - The Empire—The Barber's Saloon—Chiropodist—British Museum Again—Whitechapel—Toynbee Hall—Alhambra.

Tuesday 26th May.—This day I called at the National Indian Club and the Office of the British Congress Committee.

In the evening I visited the Royal Music Hall which was close to my hotel. Varieties were played here, and there were acrobatic feats by Englishwomen and Arab young men and boys. The Arabs, of whom there were more than a dozen, displayed very wonderful feats such as we do not see in Bombay on any occasion.

During the day I paid a visit to Sir G. Birdwood, who showed me a photo of a statue, four and a half feet high, of a young Hindu woman going to the temple, sculptured by Mr. G. K. Mhatre, a young Khatri 18 years old, who attends the School of Arts in Bombay. Mr. Greenwood sent this photo, eulogising the young man in the highest terms and asking Sir George whether there could be found any aid to further educate this young man in the art of sculpture in Europe. Sir George Birdwood thinks that young Mhatre is a genius and with due education he will get a

great name as an artist. He is going to write to Mr. Greenwood a letter for publication in the local papers of Bombay. He thinks that it will be a great shame if India does not assist such a genius. He has asked me to interest myself on behalf of this young man and write to friends like the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Ranade about him. I believe Sir George is going to send this photo to the *Graphic* for publication.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

Wednesday, 27th May.—I had intended to visit some of the London Hospitals. I therefore seized the opportunity of visiting the Charing Cross Hospital which was conveniently situated. It has 200 beds for sick people. The House Superintendent, Mr. Reade, a retired Anglo-Indian, received me very kindly and took me round the different wards. The arrangements are most satisfactory. The wards are kept perfectly clean, and there are separate wards for little children from three years to nine years. It was interesting as well as touching to see these little children separately placed in one room. They were either lying or sitting on their beds, unable to move, some playing with cards or toys—poor children severed from their relations in their suffering. In the wards for men and women, those whose maladies allowed it were engaged in reading something or other. These patients get as much comfort as they desire, and they are not scantily fed. Sir Guyer Hunter is the Consulting Physician. I was shown the operating theatre by the Superintendent, who, having been born in India, and his father and other relations having served in India in former times, and himself having retired from that country recently, took an interest in Indians and therefore made it a point to show me everything that would enable me to compare the management here with that of the Sir J. J. Hospital or the Gokuldas Hospital.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

In the afternoon I attended a lecture delivered by Professor Max Müller at the Royal Literary Society. The meeting was presided over by Lord Halsbury, Lord Chancellor of England. Professor Max Müller's great intelligence is visible in his face. As regards his learning and ability it is hardly necessary to say anything. He is a middle-sized man, neither stout nor thin, neither

tall nor short, and appears to be between sixty and seventy years old. Lord Halsbury is a stout gentleman, and intelligent looking. He did not agree with the Professor's conclusions that Christianity borrowed ideas from Buddhism and Hinduism. Professor Max Müller, in his written lecture on "Coincidences," said that from similarities in the languages and fables among the nations, it appeared that there was intercourse among the nations of India, Greece, Rome &c. He referred to the fables of "A Donkey in the Lion's Skin," "The Stomach and the Limbs," and of Solomon's judgment as to the ownership of the child about whom there was a dispute between two women. In other things, such as celibacy, holy waters, beads for prayers, there was similarity between the systems. The Professor concluded by saying that India was first in civilization and wise sentiments.

Lord Halsbury, in a half humorous and half cynical speech, disagreed with the Professor's conclusions on certain controversial points. Two-thirds of the audience consisted of ladies, old and young, a very striking circumstance compared with our Indian meetings for literary purposes. The ladies were delighted with the humorous attacks of the President on the Professor as well as with the lecture itself.

I was introduced to the Professor by the Secretary of the Association after the conclusion of the meeting, and he referred during our conversation to the hard hits the President had given him. The lecture and the proceedings will, I have no doubt, be published in due course.

Thursday, 28th May.—I read in to-day's papers that the London population according to the last census was 6,177,000, inner and outer London.

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HYDE PARK.

At about 10 a.m. I took a bus, and having got down at the Marble Arch took a stroll to the Albert Hall, near Hyde Park. I saw many men—about 100—lying down on the green grass fast asleep. They were wretched looking. On inquiry I was told that owing to strikes many labourers idle away their time in this manner. Another explanation given to me was that the men who

thus lay there were lazy and did not want to work. At first sight they appeared to be drunk.

ALBERT HALL.

This is something after the fashion of a theatre. Concerts are given here. It is a very spacious building and can accommodate 13,000 people at a time.

I called at the office of Mr. William Digby, C.I.E. This gentleman was once an editor at Madras. He takes a deal of interest in Indian affairs. He is a partner in Hutchinson and Co. He told me he looks after the interests of 61 Indian students at present, and his wards were behaving very fairly.

In the afternoon I visited the

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

This is a sort of large pavilion. Here a Royal Military Tournament, similar to the one in Bombay held two years ago, was held. To-day was the opening day. The Hall was not so big as the oval near the Bandstand occupied by the Bombay tournament, but the space was sufficient to render the military feats quite enjoyable. I was there from 3 to 5-45 p.m. Some members of the Royal family including the Prince of Wales, who opened the Tournament, were present, and witnessed the performance of several feats.

Among other items were musical drives by the Royal Artillery; four sets of guns on wheels drawn by six horses, and horses marching to music; horsemen piercing with spears figures of heads and rings fixed on posts; lemon cutting with swords while running; tent-pegging &c.

Some of these feats were really remarkable, and the whole show was grand. Tickets were sold at high prices, and several thousands of pounds must have been collected. The tournament is to continue till the 12th June.

In the evening I was entertained at the Constitutional Club (a conservative institution of which there are 4,000 members) by Mr. Howard, along with Mr. Rich, and an iron merchant, Mr. Gilford, a Pole by extraction. The last gentleman seems to have a literary turn of mind. His father and grandfather were linguists. He himself has spent five years in Paris. He gave me some of his experiences of Russian shams and pomp. He said I did well

in coming first to London, for when I go to Paris, I shall be able to see how much cleaner and more beautiful Paris is. From the club we went by Piccadilly and the Haymarket to the

EMPIRE,

one of the principal Theatre Music Halls in London. At the time we went there the hall was over-crowded, so much so, that although very heavy charges were paid, people had to stand to see the performance. Among the things I saw there was the exhibition of moving photographs, or living pictures. A Frenchman has recently invented a mode by which you can see photos (reflected, I suppose) of moving things and persons. For instance, we saw the rolling sea, waves rising and falling as if we were actually observing the real sea—people coming out of the water, going to a bridge and again jumping into the water and swimming,—a train coming with great speed, stopping at a station, travellers coming out of compartments, some rushing up to train to take their seats, some walking about the station, the driver getting down from the engine, etc.

As I have already noticed, these theatres and music halls are all gaiety and pleasure. People high and low enjoy and patronise these spectacles bountifully. There are so many gaieties in London and the inducements to spend money are so great and so various that one can easily understand how it is that people frequently ruin themselves in these dissipations.

THE SHAVING AND HAIR-DRESSING SALOONS.

The Barber is as important an institution in this country as he is in Bombay; but instead of his waiting upon you, you have to visit him. There are shaving saloons in every street. You can go to these at any time between 8 a.m. and 11 p.m. The barber is a man of some standing. When you go to his saloon, he greets you civilly and you return his greeting. When you leave him he says 'Good morning etc.,' and you must return the civility. You sit in a comfortable chair, with a big mirror before you, and a china basin and shaving bowls, &c. He engages you in conversation on different topics, political, social &c. He asks you how you spent the last day or week, and tells you how he spent it. The shaving operation is finished in ten minutes, and you are charged 2*d.* to 6*d.* for this service. There are chairs and

newspapers and periodicals provided, and customers occupy themselves in reading until their turn for being shaved comes. It is to be noticed that there is no supersession so far as the barber's saloon is concerned. Each gentleman visiting the saloon goes to the shaving chair according to the priority of the time of his entry into the saloon. There is this feeling of justness and fairness on the part of the English people. I noticed the same feeling on board the steamer while coming from Bombay. There were military and civil officials on board, but at the bath-rooms and barber's saloon, priority of presence was strictly respected. Neither the gentlemen, nor the barber nor bathman would commit any mistakes.

The barber's saloon is generally owned by the head of the establishment, who employs two or three subordinates to work with him. These are paid their wages from 15s. to 25s. a week. The saloon which I resorted to was close to my residence, the Inns of Court Hotel. The saloon subscribes to 3 daily and six weekly papers. Of the two barbers, the elder takes a great deal of interest in the topics of the day. He knows what passes in Parliament. He can give his opinions about the capacities of ministers. He knows the machinery of courts. He tells you what judge is very clever and what counsel is the ablest. The younger barber also knows a great deal about public affairs; but he takes a greater interest in theatres and music-halls. He enjoys his holiday well. He goes to Kew Gardens, Brighton, and other places where there is gaiety on holidays. He does not care for landscapes and scenery so much as he loves to see people moving about and enjoying life. He is very humorous in his talk.

THE CHIROPODIST.

This is a cousin to the barber or a petty surgeon. His business is simply to remove corns. In Bombay Sadu Hajam removed corns from my foot; but here the barber would not do the business. I had to go to a chiropodist to have a corn removed. I paid 1s. to the chiropodist (who was, I believe, not flourishing much, for some chiropodists charge half a crown for the operation) and he removed the corn and made me comfortable.

With regard to the moving pictures I saw at the Empire, my

barber says that the effect produced is to be attributed to the fact that instantaneous photos are taken thirty in a second, while the object moves, and these thirty photos can be moved in quick succession, so as to represent the motion of the original object. If anybody is to have credit for this, Mr. Madox should have it.

BRITISH MUSEUM AGAIN.

Tuesday, 29th May.—To-day I called at the British Museum again especially to see Mr. Rapon, an oriental scholar who is in charge of the Coins department there.

He showed me a good many coins from before the time of the visits of the Greeks to India. Among the collections, he showed me about 200 presented by Pandit Bhagwan Lal Indraji who helped Dr. Bhau Daji so much in antiquarian researches, Mr. Rapon spoke of Pandit Bhagwan Lal in terms of admiration. He praised Dr. Bhau Daji for his scholarship and learned paper on the dates of the ancient dynasties of India formerly published among the records of the Bombay Royal Asiatic Society.

Among the maps I noticed one drawn for Columbus by his pilot. It is indeed a curious production and reflects immense credit on the pilot.

WHITECHAPEL.

At the suggestion of a friend I visited this place to have an idea of a poor district. This part is generally inhabited by the poorer classes, mostly labourers. In former times it was a place occupied by people of bad character and the police had a very hard time of it. The sanitation too is not as satisfactory as in other parts of London.

But one very important institution to be noticed is

TOYNBEE HALL.

It was founded in 1884 by some of the energetic and self-sacrificing graduates of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and also by generous hearted school-masters, solicitors, barristers &c. with the aid of the public, to provide education and the means of recreation and enjoyment for the people of the poorer districts of London and other great cities and to advance plans for the bettering of the condition of the poor.

About 20 graduates live on the premises. These, together

with their other friends, such as school-masters and lawyers, teach classes in the evening and give lectures to those who require them after leaving school and taking up employment. Many of these generous people have formed themselves into committees, for doing different sorts of work in connection with this institution. They give University Extension Lectures. They have girls' afternoon classes, and evening classes for men. They have different clubs and associations such as a Literary Club, Library, Readers' Union, Economic Club, Sketching Club, Smoking Debates, &c. They teach all subjects. In fact, members of this institution try to improve themselves and others. This institution has many friends and patrons among the nobility and the political parties in this country. Their meetings are attended by very many of these grand personages, and consequently the work of these graduates and others is very well appreciated. I was favoured with a report of the institution by the Superintendent on the premises.

ALHAMBRA.

I visited the Alhambra Theatre in the evening as it is recognised as one of the most instructive music halls. It was of the same kind as the Empire and the performance was very nearly of the same character. I saw also animated photography. The acrobatic exercises on the suspended bar were indeed sensational.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIGHTON.

London's Sanitarium, Brighton—Preston—St. Ann's Well.

Saturday, 30th May.—This day I spent on a visit to Brighton. This is a sea-side place, fifty miles from London. I went there by train 8-55 a.m. and returned at 9-30 p.m. The whole time I spent very usefully. The journey was pleasant, as on either side of the railway there were extensive views, and pretty villages and green fields, all combining to make a scene even more pleasant than Lanowli or Deolali and other places near Bombay. I met two retired military officers who have spent years in India. They said that India has got scenery so far as large trees, &c. are concerned, but not so pleasant as in this part of England, where verdure is extensive and continuous.

Brighton, which is called Dr Brighton by some because of its curative properties, is a clean town situated on elevated ground. The streets are nicely laid out and the drainage is highly satisfactory. It is said that the town is improving day by day.

The sea-front is really very beautiful. The town is extending in area. The original Brighton extends towards the east as far as the Kemp Town, and towards the west Brighton joins Hove Town. Thus the sea-front is now more than 4 miles. The beach is pleasant to walk along. More than a mile and a half towards the west (Hove Town) there is a very magnificent terrace in the vicinity of which there is a small garden. Then there are town promenades and below these again there are walks. Thousands of people have faith in the efficacy of the air here, and it is my own experience that it is very healthy. Many of the wealthy and aristocratic classes come here and spend several weeks, and there is a constant succession of humbler folk enjoying a short holiday. There are splendid hotels and restaurants, theatres and music-halls, in this town, just as in London. In fact, Brighton is equal to two or three big streets of London in point of places of pleasure. It has got two piers. On the old one, called the Chain Pier, celebrated men such as Mr. Gladstone have in times past spent quiet hours together with their families and friends. The other is newly and splendidly constructed and is 400 feet long. There are theatres, stalls, and refreshment rooms provided on this pier. People move about in open carriages in the town. Sick people ride in Bath chairs which are dragged by servants or relations.

I drove about the whole town in an open carriage for nearly two hours, and then continued my explorations by bus, electric car, and on foot. Albert Sassoon has got some magnificent buildings facing the sea, which fetch him good rent. The Prince of Wales and the members of the Royal family often visit this place, which helps to make it more fashionable. At the new pier I met a retired Bengal Civilian, Mr. Patten, who served a large part of his period of service in the Persian Gulf. I had a talk with him about India as well as London and Brighton. He agreed with me that the people here were given to too much pleasure. He has lately come to live at Brighton and he thinks the place is very healthy.

The Royal Pavilion is the important place here. It used to be the residence of George IV. whenever he came to this sea-side place. It is built in an ornamental style—a sort of vulgarised Taj Mahal.

Out of curiosity I visited the cemetery here, which is situated on high ground. It is a very large cemetery, ornamented with beautiful trees, flower and plants. I was taken to the place by a poor man who was going there with some tools to repair the tomb of his grandmother who died 30 years back. I also saw an old man who was going there with a basket of flowers to place them on the tomb of his little one who died a few months ago. Others also met me on the ground who had gone for similar purposes—what a great devotion among these people towards their dead relatives.

Aquatic excursions by boats are resorted to by many young men and women. I saw several young women rowing, and it was a great pleasure to notice the interest the people in this country take in many exercises. Mr. Rich the other night observed to me that the women twenty-five years ago were not so tall as now, and the reason is that the women of the present age have a good deal of open air exercise. Men, too, are taller now than before. For instance big men of the present age could not put on the armour in the Tower of London which I have already described.

A few miles from Brighton is

PRESTON,

best known for its park and race course. It is the next station to Brighton, and the drive thence is very pleasant.

There is a splendid Aquarium here, a visit to which is delightful. You see all sorts of aquatic plants and animals in the tanks. There are many baths here on the sea-side and the people have great facilities. Both gentlemen and ladies take full advantage of these institutions.

There is a well-known well called

ST. ANN'S WELL,

the water of which is said to be very healthy and pure. I had no time to go to this well, but its water, which I drank, was very pure and sweet.

CHAPTER IX.

MIND AND MATTER.

Sir R. West—Royal Theatre--the Derby—Grand Lodge—Baldheadedness—Gardens—Windsor Castle—Eton College.

Sunday, 31st May.—In the afternoon I went by rail to Upper Norwood, which is close to the Crystal Palace, to see Sir Raymond West who had asked me to meet him. Sir Raymond owns a splendid house with a very large garden, which has flowers, plants and fruit trees and a lawn-tennis ground. Sir Raymond received me very cordially and introduced me to the members of his family. Sir Raymond is reader of Indian Law to the selected candidates for the I. C. S. He continues to take interest in India. He showed me great civility, and we had a very pleasant tea party. He introduced me to his relation, Mr. Burne, who was a retired Educational Inspector in England. This gentleman said that he had read recently an article in a German periodical which said the Roman notation system was inferior to the Hindu system which was very convenient. Sir Raymond showed some analogy between the two, by comparison of the number of strokes in the two notations.

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The Inspector said that the Hindus by introducing the cipher o made the notation system easier. The Roman notation was clumsy. Sir Raymond said that o was called पूज. I said it was called पूज as well as शून्य. The sign o was the last point of ॐ which meant the Deity, an object worthy of worship. Again, the cipher or circle or shùnya is symbolical in Hindu philosophy of Eternity as being without beginning and without end, and represents Brahman, self-subsisting, Eternal and Omnipresent One. The cipher is to be found in each of the numbers of the Hindu notation.

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We talked afterwards about India and other countries. Sir Raymond is as engrossed in the pursuit of learning as ever.

Monday, 1st June.—I saw Mr. Samuel Digby this afternoon and we exchanged our views on different subjects, social, political and religious. He is not against the Congress but he does not

agree with Mr. Dadabhai Nowroji on some points. In religious matters he appeared to me to hold the same opinions as an ordinary Englishman does. About social reform his opinion is that the natives of India should make progress if they expect Europeans to admit them into their society. We talked about education in general and female education in particular.

He was good enough to make a list of some sights which I should visit.

I note a somewhat amusing incident that occurred in the morning. I was driving in a bus to Mr. Howard's office. When I got down at the stand nearest to the office, I forgot to take my London guide which I carried with me. The error I found immediately, but before I could call out for the conductor, another bus intervened, and then a third and these buses went on. I thought it was useless to run after them and engaged a cab to catch my bus, but as I could not identify the vehicle, the cabman took advantage of the circumstance and took me through several streets (to increase the amount of his fare) and ultimately I found out the conductor who had kept my book. The cabman, however, had to be paid 2s 6d. for a few minutes. This amount and 6d. which I paid to the conductor made 3s, which was the price of the book. This illustrated the Marathi saying अडक्याची भवानी आणि बाराहपयांचा गोंधळ i. e. the image of the goddess Bhawani is worth a pice and the vigil ceremony on account of the same costs Rupees twelve). I underwent the trouble because I had made some notes in the book. In connection with this matter I must complain of the horrid practice of pasting all kinds of advertisements on the sides of buses, which makes it almost impossible to identify the vehicles. The difficulty is still greater in the case of railway stations, the walls of which are full of advertisements as I have already noted. Some of the advertisements are written in such big letters, for instance the name of the newspaper "Standard," as to produce an impression that the name mentioned in the advertisement is the name of the station.

Tuesday, 2nd June.—In the forenoon I called at the meeting of

THE BRITISH COMMITTEE OF THE CONGRESS

at 84, Westminster Palace. Sir W. Wedderburn presided. Messrs. Martin-Wood, Dadabhai Nowroji, Alexander Rogers, K.

Ghaswala and two others were present. The Secretary, Mr. Hewett, seems to be a sharp young man. The questions of the Revenue assessment at Jubalpure, and the Revenue rates at Madras, and the cost of the Indian troops engaged in Egypt, were considered.

I called at the office of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son at Ludgate Circus, and have got from them an Itinerary for my tour through Scotland.

In the evening I visited the

THEATRE ROYAL

at the Haymarket, where a play called "Trilby" was performed. I witnessed this play as Mr. S. Digby had strongly recommended it to me. It is a play in four acts, by Paul M. Potter, dramatised from George Du Maurier's novel. It is a very popular play here, for the house, I am told, is generally crowded and many of the nobility go to see this play. To me it did not appear very interesting, although the principal actors, Mr. Tree (who is a very clever actor and is the soul of the whole performance) and Miss Baird, did their parts very well. The play was a tragic-comedy. By going to these places you get an idea how freely people spend their money. I am told many people go to see this play over and over again, and I saw many old people taking a full share in the enjoyment. Miss Baird, the heroine of this play, is to be married to a son of Sir H. Irving the celebrated actor, who was knighted for his histrionic ability and his high public and private character. This shows how dignified the profession is becoming. I remember only a short time ago Lord Russell, presiding at a meeting in one of the theatres for the aid of a like institute, said that, referring back to the statutes of the time of Queen Elizabeth, he found that playing on the stage was considered a crime; and that the profession is now considered honourable is shown by the fact that a knighthood has been conferred by Her Majesty on Mr Henry Irving.

Wednesday, 3rd June.—This was a gala day for those who take an interest in sport. The world-famous Derby race meeting commenced at Epsom, a suburban place (Lord Rosebery's village) where there is a grand race-course. The principal race was first established by Lord Derby about a century ago and hence is called the Derby.

THE DERBY.

Epsom is 20 miles from London. It can be reached by rail in less than half an hour, but some people chose to go there in coaches or other kinds of carriages, taking their provisions with them. Poor people from the district round about walk up to the race grounds which are several acres in extent. Near the race course there is a stand which is 800 feet in length and has got five floors, accommodating several thousand visitors. The race-course is in shape oval, and on race days is surrounded by pendals, stalls and pavilions, and carriages bringing in visitors. Refreshments, as is usual in this country, are provided everywhere. For the convenience of the pedestrians and others at every 200 yards on the roads for several miles, ice-cream and light refreshments are sold. The people consider it a grand day for enjoyment. Poor people who walk up to the place and cannot afford to pay the railway fare spend two or three days, during the continuance of the races, on the race ground, sleeping on the grass and satisfying their appetites with bread, &c. A great many go there for betting. Of the betting people, the principal are those who are called bookmakers. While the races go on, these people as well as others are deeply engaged in betting. They cry out, "4 to 1 bar one, 5 to 3 bar one," and so on; some people cry out £100 for such and such a horse.

Mr. Rich and myself took first-class tickets from Waterloo station and reached Epsom about 12. We purposely walked from the station to the race-course, which was nearly a mile and a half, that we might have a view of the people visiting the ground. We met a number of people going in all kinds of vehicles—coaches gigs, &c.—many of which I had not seen in Bombay or elsewhere. The roads were for several miles thronged with pedestrians. There were hawkers, passing and repassing with articles for sale such as gingerbeer, ice-cream, aerated waters, bread, and other refreshments. Hotels and restaurants were opened to the public. Some of the restaurants were called after the names of horses which had won great races in times gone by. After reaching the race-course we bought tickets (£1 each), admitting us to the Grand Stand. We walked about and then went up to the fourth floor. We had before us the whole race-course and the picturesque

country around, and saw the races without any obstacle. During the intervals between races, the mob was engaged in witnessing games and comic amusements. We saw some people engaged in boxing—a woman boxing with a man and giving him blows on the head, cheeks &c. Is it not extraordinary? Some were engaged in comic gestures, some in card tricks, some in swinging, some in throwing at cocoanuts stuck on pegs, some in the display of magic lanterns, &c. Some of these amusements were similar to those which we see on the Bombay Esplanade on a fair day. There were several races run this day but we were present during only the first three. The third race was the race for the Derby Stakes of 6,000 sovereigns for three-year-old horses. Among the competing horses were,

PERSIMMON

(name of an American fruit) belonging to the Prince of Wales, St. Frusquin, belonging to the Rothschilds, and Regret, belonging to the Duke of Westminster. The second horse was supposed to be the best and most likely to win, but Persimmon was also a favourite. When the time for this race approached, the interest of the people grew intense, and it seems the desire of the people was that Persimmon should win. The Prince of Wales was present on his stand, which was a portion of the same building where we had our seats. The contest between Persimmon and St. Frusquin was very close, but the former won the race ultimately and the victory was received by the people with so great a cheer and waving of hats that the popularity of the reigning family was clearly manifest. The people here love the Royal family with an intense feeling of loyalty and affection. With regard to this Derby, I should not omit to notice the fact that the popular delight for the success of the Prince of Wales was demonstrated in such a high degree, not only on the ground of the Prince's popularity but also on the ground that this success was achieved by the Royal family after 108 years. For George IV., when he was Prince of Wales was the last Royal personage who had succeeded in the Derby.

I observe that the Royal family is popular with the highest as well as the lowest people. Many people come on these public

occasions to the places of amusement so that they may be able to see the Royal personages.

The refreshments were served in several booths as well as in several halls of the stand. The charges were fabulously high. The police arrangements were excellent. About 150,000 people were present on the race-course.

THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

In the evening I visited the Grand Lodge of England, which was not far away from my residence. The Hall, which is the property of Freemasons, is a very spacious and ornamental one. More than 300 masons of rank had assembled. In the absence of the Prince of Wales, Lord Amherst, the Deputy Grand Master, presided. The proceedings were formal. The offices are held by persons who have high social position, such as Justice Bruce. I appeared in my Masonic clothing which I got made here. As a subscribing Past Master I was allowed to exercise my right of voting on the propositions before the meeting. I met at this meeting W. Bro. James Whitaker Burgess, P. M. Concord 757 Bombay, who has retired to this country and who occupies some position in the Grand Lodge. I was well received by the Grand Secretary, Bro. Leechworth, and Bro. Palmer, clerk to the Grand Secretary.

Thursday, 4th June.—I saw Mr. Aston, a mathematical professor, and called at Messrs. Bower & Co.

I have already noticed the fact that advertising in this country is very largely and curiously carried on. By way of illustration I note that on the back of omnibus tickets we find advertisements like these: "Cockle's Antibilious Pills: 'A Ride to Khiva' states that the author took with him Quinine and Cockle's Pills." "This spaceto let for advertising." "Crystal Palace, Horse and Horseless Carriages," and so on. If any person were willing to have an advertisement on his back, or on his forehead, I think there would be found people to pay for the undertaking. Advertisements pay amply in the end.

Friday, 5th June.—In the evening there was a small gathering at Mr. Justice Jardine's house, including Miss Manning, Miss

Butler (the daughter of a military officer in India), a naval officer, Mr. and Mrs. Jardine and myself.

We talked about different matters. Among the subjects a reference was made to the Vedanta doctrine and to University reform. Miss Manning seems to take a great deal of interest in the Indian students.

Miss Butler is a very intelligent lady. She has travelled over India and also visited Burmah. She is an excellent French scholar, as is also Mr. Justice Jardine.

The naval officer is an unassuming man, as naval people generally are. He made an attempt to read a French book. His pronunciation was an object of great amusement to Miss Butler and Mrs. Jardine.

Mr. Justice Jardine possesses photos of a good many Bombay scenes, and has a collection of the Hindu and Jain gods and Indian curiosities. His house is a comfortable moderate sized building. It is situated in a fashionable part and has a church opposite. I congratulated Mr. Jardine on the last circumstance and told him that it was a fine thing, for he could be religious and contemplative. He told me that he was reading the New Testament in French. We parted at 11 p.m.

SCOTCH BOY.

While going to Hammersmith I met in a bus a little boy of twelve years. He appeared to me a remarkably intelligent boy. For a few minutes he was looking at me as if wishing to speak. I also wished to speak to him. Accidentally a piece of paper fell from my hand and the boy seized the opportunity of lifting it up and giving it to me. I thanked him and he said "Don't mention it sir!" I asked him where he was going to. He said "for a rehearsal." I inquired whether he was fond of theatres. He said, "Yes, I like 'Romeo and Juliet' very well." He was not going for the rehearsal of that play but he was going that evening for a rehearsal of the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." I asked him whether he was a Scotch boy. He said, "Yes, sir, I like my country well, and I like Sir Walter Scott. But sir, I don't like politics like those Americans." Here the young man went on referring to some of the incidents of the American's love for politics, but as the bus was moving rapidly and the boy was

speaking quickly I could not catch the words. However, from his face and gestures, he seemed to ridicule the American propensity for politics, and he said that the people had better be engaged in literary pursuits. When he reached his destination, he bade me good afternoon and I shook hands with him. The incident pleased the fellow passengers too.

BALDHEADEDNESS.

I notice that a large number of Englishmen are bald-headed. It seems the climate and water are not favourable to the growth of hair here. Whether you go to the Houses of Parliament, or to a theatre, or to any meeting, and notice the heads of the men assembled, you find a great many people with bald heads or with scanty hair. This circumstance produces an interesting spectacle, especially at night, when electric light falls upon the heads of these individuals. Englishwomen too cannot be said to have so profuse and dark hair as women in India.

The teeth of men and women are generally not so clean as those of the Indian people. Of course, the food and the manner of cleaning them may have something to do with this fact.

WOMEN'S TASTES AND OCCUPATIONS.

I need hardly say that in the dresses of women, more and more particular attention is paid to the matter of being "fashionable." English ladies are quite as fond of reading and open air amusements as Englishmen, and I have seen on board the steamer or at hotels Englishwomen deeply engaged in reading, whether a novel or any other book of English literature. They are generally fond of the fine arts—pictures, oil-paintings or water-colours. Somehow or other they have not taken much to photography. I say much, because I have met with some ladies doing the work, for instance the wife and the daughter of Mr. Vidal, I.C.S., whom I met at Dehalwada Temple, at Mount Abu, in India. Women have as much sense of beauty and as much patience, skill and leisure as art requires, but I believe they do not like to handle a camera so much as the pencil or brush, nor do they like to be as exact as the art will allow. They want to make everything as beautiful and pleasant as they can. Their time is taken up in too many social frivolities.

FLORAL WEALTH.

England is rich in floral wealth. You find numerous gardens in every direction. All the flowers thus produced are used for beautifying different parts of houses—drawing-rooms, dinner-halls, &c. On the roads at any hour you will find girls big and small, standing and offering for sale flowers of various kinds tied in bunches. Old and decrepit persons also follow this calling. The people thus earn their livelihood in an honest manner.

About Sunday closing of houses I have already noted. The business places on week days are not opened for business before 9 a.m. Till about 8 o'clock the streets are quiet except the vegetable, fish and meat markets, and such other institutions.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Saturday, 6th June.—In the afternoon I visited Windsor Castle, which is about 26 miles from London. The railway journey was pleasant for the tract of the country on both sides was green and picturesque. The Castle was not far from Windsor station. To save time, however, I went in a cab and saw the several parts of the Castle. The Queen was not there and consequently the State apartments were accessible to the public. At the Castle gates tickets are issued to visitors without payment. When a reasonable number of visitors is collected in a room, the sergeant in attendance opens the door of one of the apartments, and an old man, whose duty it is, explains to the visitors the things placed in the various rooms. This old man by constant repetition has learnt by heart a conventional description of everything. Like a lecturer, he stands with an air of some dignity and says, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a picture of Charles I., painted by such and such an artist in such and such a year. This is a suit of armour belonging to the time of Queen Elizabeth," and so on. Thus he parrot-like goes on describing things in every room, one after another. The sergeant who opened the door, finding I was a stranger and a visitor from India, whispered in my ear, "If you wait, sir, I will explain to you particular things in these apartments," and then he said to the other people, "Ladies and gentlemen, follow the guide, please," and they went out. Then he took me to the most important things and told me the whole history about them. His way is quite different from that of the

guide, who repeats by rote like the hawking picture-shower of India, who says : " This is Ramchandrajī. Sitting near him is Sita. Luxmanjī is standing behind. Hanuman is standing in front with his hands folded." The apartments in my opinion are not very grand. The Durbar Halls at Gwalior, Kutch, and Baroda, are far superior to any of them, though the Queen's Audience Hall, the Throne Room, Armoury, and Waterloo Room are very elegant. Some of them possess excellent pictures of old kings and sovereigns and Waterloo heroes, and the tapestry work is indeed admirable, making the rooms valuable from an historical point of view. Some of the work exhibited in them is seven or eight hundred years old. The Castle is kept in very good order. William the Conqueror was the first to build a castle at Windsor, but the oldest part of the present Castle was built by Edward III., and it has undergone modifications and improvements since. In company with some ladies and gentlemen I went to the tower from which we could see in all directions beautiful hills and towns. Like the guide, who showed us the State apartments on the ground floor, a sergeant—a stout, fine-looking man—treated us to an oration. He said to us, " Ladies and gentlemen, I take it that you do not know anything about the surrounding district and will explain to you what I think you ought to know. This is Essex, this is Sussex. Here is the Thames. That is Richmond, &c." Until he mentioned " This is Harrow-hill, where Byron lived and wrote his poetry," we thought his lecture was dry. Then I said to him, " You should tell us more interesting things such as you have just mentioned." Then he went on telling us the names of literary men, soldiers and statesmen who lived in the surrounding districts. " Here is Eton College, where many of the statesmen of the present age, such as Mr. Gladstone, received their early training." After his lecture was over, I went to see St. George's Chapel, which is within the Castle. It is a beautiful chapel. Near it is the Albert Chapel raised by the people of Windsor. Here lies buried the body of the Duke of Clarence, the Queen's grandson. The Castle overlooks a beautiful and quiet park which is nearly three miles in length and is intersected by a road called " The Long Walk," which is used by the Queen and her household. The Queen often drives to the excellent garden at Datchet by this path. This

Datchet is the same place as is mentioned in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and it is a favourite haunt of anglers. The military orator at the Castle, in the course of his lecture, said: "This is Runnymede, where the Magna Charta was signed by King John. How generous we English people are! We gave liberty to the Americans who are our kith and kin." I said, "Yes, the Americans took the liberty. It is just the same, they enjoy it." This produced some laughter among the other visitors, and they interested themselves in the further conversation between my friend the sergeant and myself. From Windsor I drove to Eton, which is on the other side of the Thames. The school is situated on the bank of the river, the width there not being great. There are numerous rowing boats near at hand and the young fellows take a delight in going about in them. The principal building is very old. The master or provost, and his assistants live on the premises. For the students, in addition to the wings of the original buildings, new ones are built in the neighbourhood. There is a chapel attached to the school. In fact, the older educational institutions are seldom without a chapel. This shows that learning took its root from the clergy who had great control over the ruling authorities. I returned to town in the evening.

Sunday, 7th June.—I saw Mr. Sethna in the morning and called at Dr. Bhabha's in the afternoon.

CHAPTER X.

CAMBRIDGE.

The University—Indian Students—The Indian Majlis Cambridge.

Monday, 8th June.—At 11 a.m. I started from Liverpool Street station, in London, for Cambridge, Cook's man having accompanied me to the station. I reached Cambridge at 12.15 p.m. and took lodgings close to King's College, and then went to see several colleges, which are almost in one row, not far from one another. I was struck with the arrangements of these institutions. Their most noteworthy feature is that they have got three or four spacious open squares or courts. The masters, fellows, scholars and students generally live within the premises. The rooms are well furnished and decorated. The windows are decorated with various flowers, plants and creepers, very pleasing to the

eye. In the rear of the colleges are compounds, gardens and parks and shady paths. These are called the Backs, and are considered the principal beauty of Cambridge. There are chapels attached to the colleges. The river Cam runs close by in the rear of these institutions and small boats are to be found on its surface everywhere. Young men take their books to the boats and read them in a reclining position while the boats drift; or they lie on the grass on the river-bank or sit on a bench beneath a shady tree and quietly study. In fact, there is every incentive to study. There are lawn tennis courts and cricket grounds for those who wish to play. I visited several institutions and went about the river-bank and playgrounds. The students here have a gentlemanly look about them and are very civil in their conduct. The majority of the students consist of young men who come for the ordinary degree, but another object of University life is to learn good manners and become self-reliant. Some attend these colleges for a short time only for associating with men of learning. A good deal of time is spent in sports, which, in the opinion of the people in this country, give a young man polish, by affording him opportunities of association with good people. I visited the rooms of some of the students. Each has got a bed-room and sitting-room well furnished. I am told by the head-porter who conducted me to these rooms that when a student is Here and another comes in his place, the furniture is bought though the latter from the former at valuation. There are ample quiet conveniences for study. I was particularly delighted when he went his and was reminded of my College days at Gowalia, where statesment students had a quiet garden and rooms to study. I Eton College, point to inquire about the Indian students here. I called such as Mr. Rama, a Government of India student. He is a very lecture was intelligent student, and holds a scholarship of £50 a is within the Indian scholarship has expired. He seems to have Chapel raised age of thinking. He goes in for the I. C. S, this the body of the to get through. I saw also young Modi (a studious Castle overlooks too) who is going in for the B.A., LL.B. I three miles in lengthigent young man from Benares, Mr. Das, who Walk," which is use I. C. S. He is a B.A. I met Mr. Ajarali, a often drives to the ex] another Bengali. I did not meet any Indians

on the river side or at the boats. The Indian students here have started a club called the Indian Majlis Cambridge. The meetings are held in the rooms of students in rotation. The owner of the room is called the host, and some member becomes the proposer of the subject on which the debate is to be carried on. The subjects are of the following character :—

“That this House would welcome the abolition of Hereditary Monarchy.”

“That this House would welcome the system of Sunday closing in India.”

“That this House condemns the action of the present Government in not taking up the Temperance Question.”

“That this House considers that the Study of Politics for Indian students is of paramount necessity.”

“That this House approves of the granting of degrees to women in Universities.”

“That this House views with disapprobation the Jingoism of the English.”

“In the opinion of this House we Indian students devote too much attention to the materialistic side of our life.”

These subjects were debated upon. The meetings are held on Sundays, one subject being discussed at a time. I give this account from what Mr. Cama told me and from the card he put in my hand when I was inquiring after the Indian students. One can see our Indian statesmen in embryo.

The graduates and undergraduates must not go out without their gowns and university caps during lecture hours or in the evening, and they must not smoke when they are in their University dress. For each offence they are fined 13s. 4d. and 6s. 4d. respectively.

I visited the following Colleges and Institutions :—Corpus Christi College, just in front of my lodging. Besides the excellent courts this contains a very valuable collection of MSS. bequeathed by Archbishop Parker; King's College—this is a splendid building and has got a glorious chapel; University Library—a very splendid library containing 450,000 vols. and 300 MSS. Among the MSS. there is one called the Beza MS. of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles (6th century, presented by Theodore Beza in 1581). The porter told me that this is one of the four original

MSS. which the world possesses. Another MS. is a copy on vellum of Wycliffe's Bible. Another is a Persian MS.

The senate house is just near this. I met there the Marshal or the Director of Ceremonies—the same as our Assistant Registrar Bhandarkar. The Chancellor's seat has a canopy over it, but the senators and the graduates have not got chairs to sit upon, but plain and simple benches. The whole appearance is quite inferior to our senate house or the senate house of Madras.

A little further on is Trinity Hall. This institution is generally frequented by students of law. Mr. Modi, a B. A. student, is here. The garden court is very picturesque, and the Fellows' garden is also pretty. In the dining hall are hung the portraits of Lord Chesterfield, Lord Lytton (the novelist), Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and other famous alumni of this institution.

Clare College—this is one of the oldest colleges. I have nothing particular to record about this institution.

The Gonville and Caius College has got elegant courts or squares. It has three gates called the gate of Honour, the gate of Virtue and the gate of Humility. Among the old students of this college were Harvey, Jeremy Taylor, and Judge Jeffreys, &c. Further on, I passed through the King's Gateway of Trinity College, which is the largest College in England. The courts or squares are very large. There are numerous statues and busts in this College, among them one of Sir Isaac Newton. In the hall are hung the portraits of Newton, Bacon and Dryden. I was shown by my guide the rooms where Macaulay and Byron studied, and also the rooms of Newton and Thackeray.

Next to this is St. John's College, the College of Principal Hathornthwaite and Mr. Cama. It has four courts. In size and appearance it is next to Trinity College. Darwin, Wordsworth and Lord Palmerston were among the alumni of this College.

The last College I visited was Jesus College. This is really picturesque. It has got splendid grounds and extensive playgrounds. The most interesting of its buildings is the Chapel. It is somewhat detached from other colleges which are in the same row. I passed by other Colleges but had no time to enter them.

The town has got a museum called the FitzWilliam Museum, a very good specimen of its kind.

From a few miles out of London begins the agricultural country. It is similar in appearance to the tract at Lanowli, but it is more verdant and pleasant. Cambridge cannot be very healthy, as it is a flat country and watery. However, I am told that from October to March it is very pleasant. Cambridge is a quiet place. Even the character of the shops partakes of this virtue of a seat of learning. The population is 45,000. There is a tramway along the principal street between the station and the senate house.

CHAPTER XI.

CATHEDRALS AND CASTLES.

Ely—Lincoln—York—Durham—Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ELY.

Tuesday, 9th June.—I left Cambridge at 12-45 p.m. for the town of Ely, which is about fifteen miles from it. The tract I passed through was pleasanter. The further to the north you go the more beautiful is the country you come across, agricultural though it be. The town of Ely is celebrated for its cathedral, and a visitor is always recommended to see it. It was the last stronghold of the Saxons who held their own under the leadership of Hereward the "last of the English" from 1066 to 1071. The city is situated on a small eminence, where the Cathedral of Ely stands. It is only fifteen minutes' walk from the station. It is one of the most ancient cathedrals. I take particular delight in seeing these venerable places of worship. From my childhood I have been accustomed to visit Hindu temples and Christian churches such as are to be found in Goa. I have visited nearly all the temples in Southern India and out of a like curiosity I visited this cathedral and I found it a very splendid specimen of Christian architecture. It has the appearance of a big stronghold. The edifice is said to have been begun from the time of the Normans about the end of the 11th century. After a good many improvements and additions the Cathedral is now in its complete form. One of the Towers has got a military appearance—I mean from an architectural point of view. The nave of the cathedral is 208 feet long. The roof is finely painted by Mr. Gambier Parry, an excellent painter. The nave ends at the Octagon which is a beautiful and

special feature of the Ely Cathedral. Beyond the Octagon is the choir, which is accessible to visitors on payment of 6d. to the church fund. I entered it and saw the different chapels and monuments in memory of Bishops of former times. On one side of the choir is the Lady chapel. On the walls of this chapel is written the New Testament, but the writing was greatly mutilated in the time of Oliver Cromwell. My guide told me that in recent times great care has been taken of this chapel and the other parts. It appeared to me an excellent church. The town of Ely is not a large one. It has few streets and the population is only 8,000. The park is near the Cathedral and great care is taken of it.

LINCOLN.

After finishing my inspection of Ely I started for Lincoln—there are so many convenient trains. Lincoln is only sixty miles from Ely. The country on either side of the railway was more beautiful than the part already travelled over, and was richer in agriculture. I reached Lincoln in less than two hours, and repaired to my lodging, which was already secured, very near the station.

Lincoln is one of the most ancient towns of Great Britain and historically it is very important. It has a large castle which I went round. I climbed up one of its turrets and enjoyed the scenery round. I had a companion from a neighbouring place who was also a visitor. In the fort there are buildings for Magistrates' courts, petty sessions, prisons and for assizes. The chief industry of Lincoln is the manufacture of agricultural implements. The most important object for the visitor to see is the Cathedral, which is larger than that of Ely, although not so ancient. The transepts on either side of the middle dome are much larger. This Cathedral has got many chapels. Like the Cathedral at Ely this underwent mutilation at the hands of Oliver Cromwell. The town of Lincoln is situated on hilly ground. The Bishop's Palace is another place which the visitor sees. It is very near the Cathedral, which is on the hill. Some of the parts are in a ruinous condition. There is an arch called the Roman Arch which has almost fallen. It is a remnant of the Roman times, and therefore it is looked upon with some curiosity. The tram-car runs from very near the railway station for about

three miles to the outskirts of the town, where there is a large common which is much used by cricketers. Just above it is the hill where the Cathedral and the Castle stand and which presents a beautiful scene.

While coming from Ely I met a girl about fifteen years old in the train. She was coming from London. I asked her whether she was attending a school. She said that she had finished schooling and she was about to take to bookbinding, at which trade in the course of time she expected to get about 15s. a week. I met a boy about fourteen years old in one of the streets, and asked him what he was doing. He said he intended to join the Lincoln Foundry and would not go in for further education. I cite these instances to show that people in this country do not go in for higher education or education beyond their stations, and they are more inclined to industrial pursuits, quite unlike the people of India.

At Lincoln, just near the station, Mr. Seely, M. P., has presented a very fine building called the Constitutional Club. One of the curiosities shown to the visitor here is the house of Aaron the Jew—an old building having a Norman window. There is nothing particularly interesting about it apart from historical legends.

The passage from the Bishop's Palace down the hill is paved and pleasant to walk along. The footpaths are also well paved and many people—particularly children—while descending it slide down as if skating. I passed the evening at Lincoln.

YORK.

Wednesday, 10th June.—After breakfast I started for York, about 60 miles from Lincoln, and reached it in two hours. The district between these places is rich in agriculture. I saw nice fields for miles together. Here and there are cottages and small villages with a few houses and wind-mills. The country appeared to me something like that I had seen in the Benares and Oudh-Rohilkhand district. One thing must be particularly noticed. A great deal of care is taken here by the farmer. At two places particularly I noticed gardens beautifully laid out, namely, at Doncaster and Selby. These are prosperous agricultural towns. I wish I had time to get down from the train and walk through them.

The town of York is situated on the river Ouse. Its population is about 70,000. The ancient walls are still standing and according to the usage of visitors I walked along them for a mile. The path along them is about five feet wide. On one side is a railway. The pavement is of cut slabs. It is a quiet path and quite pleasant to walk along. York is the seat of an Archbishop, who is second only to the Archbishop of Canterbury. York was the chief station of the Romans and in the Saxon period it retained its importance on the ground of its being a Christian centre for the North. The son of the Prince of Wales is called the Duke of York, and the Mayor of York has the title of Lord. York is situated on an eminence. The Cathedral or Minster is one of the largest of its kind. The police constable who met me told me that there are only two larger minsters, and those are at Rome. In point of architecture it is similar to the Cathedral at Lincoln. The ancient builders must have incurred enormous expense in the erection of these magnificent Cathedrals, which in costliness are seldom equalled by our temples, and in grandeur far surpass the churches of Goa. The York Cathedral is 525 feet long, 100 feet high, and 100 feet wide across the nave, and 220 feet across the transepts.

The roof is of timber but painted to resemble stone. The stained glass of the windows is remarkably beautiful and peculiar. In front of the Cathedral is a Roman Catholic Church. It is a French Gothic building, not of any particular importance. I visited the museums and exhibition halls and also a palace of the times of the Tudors—not a very magnificent edifice, and now used as a school for the blind. The river Ouse runs through the town, and many boats pass along it. I had a stroll along the banks of this river and then returned to the station.

DURHAM.

Originally I had no idea of visiting Durham, but on returning to the station a thought crossed my mind that I should visit that place, as it was only two hours' journey, and I could see Rev. Mr. Gurney there. So I started at 3-30 p.m., and arrived at Durham at 5-15. Just about this time a band of boys attending an Industrial institution was parading through the town, and the whole town appeared to be *en fête* as there were boat races between the

amateur young men of Durham and the Newcastle Students. Durham is situated on hills and the river passes through the town. On one side of the river is a hill sloping down. On the other side there is a flat open space. The hilly bank has many large houses built on it; towards the river trees grow in great abundance and consequently the hill side presents a very fine appearance. The other bank, being open and flat, was used for pavilions and refreshment-stalls in connection with the races. I arrived just in time to see the last two races, and I enjoyed the fun. Both banks were crowded with thousands of people, who, while the races were going on, cheered lustily and hurraed the competitors. There was merriment everywhere. The races are held once a year, and if I had not thought of visiting this place I should have lost a rare opportunity. At night, at 10 p.m., fireworks were let off and some of them were really new to me. The rockets were manufactured at Newcastle. Some of the fireworks were let off over the river and presented an excellent spectacle. The scenery of the town appeared to me like the scenery in some of our Deccan towns as Mahuli, Toke and Kayagam, except in the arrangement of houses and gardens. I felt that I was really among country people who enjoyed a holiday just as our people in a mofussil town do. I was shown every attention by the people I met on the banks. Round about this city there are coal-mines.

Thursday, 11th June.—This morning, after breakfast, I visited Durham Cathedral, which architecturally is of the same style as the other Cathedrals. I met here the Rev. Mr. Whiteside, formerly a teacher of Divinity School in Poona. With him and another clergyman (formerly of Karachi) I went to a chapel in the Cathedral and was present at the morning service which is held for the benefit of the students of Divinity in the University College of Durham. This College is held in the Castle, which is close by. Unlike other castles in this part of the country, it is both a college house and the Court house for Assizes, where a Justice of the High Court visits periodically to try Sessions cases. As at Windsor Castle, there is a guide here who explains everything. The guide (a woman) described the different things to me in a very interesting manner. There is a big

banqueting-hall where the portraits of eminent divines are hung. This is used by the college students. The thickness of the castle walls is 9 feet and in the wall a small secret room is cut. Some of the work is of Norman times. On the ground floor the original chapel was constructed by William the Conqueror. It is something like our Hemad Panthi temples. There is a small well-decorated chapel for the University students' use at the evening service. In the castle there is a large bell 500 years old and also some well carved wooden gates. A pendulum or a round weight suspended by a wire from the roof has been used to demonstrate the rotatory motion of the earth. King Solomon's judgment on the dispute between two mothers regarding the child is exhibited on a stained glass window. The stairs to different rooms on the first and second floors are beautifully laid and they are called the Black Stairs from the colour of the wood. The tapestry work by French artists is excellently executed. For the Judge of Assizes two rooms are set apart. These rooms were originally used by Charles I. shortly before he was beheaded, and afterwards by Charles II. The Judge's and the Archbishop's rooms and drawing rooms are well furnished. In fact I liked these and some of the rooms at Hampton Court much better than the rooms at Windsor Castle.

The College students who go in for Divinity must attend the service at the chapel in the cathedral—a regular roll-call is kept. The training college for students is on the bank of the river. It has got a beautiful terrace garden in front and it presents a pleasing aspect.

NEWCASTLE.

From Durham I went on to Newcastle, principally to see Mr. Gurney, who is the Principal of the College of Science, and for whom I had great regard, as he took care of my son when in London. I took up my abode near the station and first visited the old castle and St. Mary's Cathedral, which is very near the station, and also the High Level Bridge. After, I rode on the top of a tram-car which went to Gosforth, a fashionable suburb of Newcastle. While going I could see a great part of the town and the parks and commons which were outside. Newcastle is a very big city and the houses are in plain square blocks as in London, but most

of them are built with cut black stones. The museum here is an important institution. The collection of birds is the best of its kind in this country after that in London. As regards the butterflies I think the collection at Colombo is better and also that at Madras. There are a big lion which was killed by another lion and a very big polar bear, not having hair as we ordinarily see. I saw a model ship made by a French prisoner with the bones of meat which he was given to eat during his incarceration, a Greenland shark having a mouth like a bottle, and a picture of Alexander entering Babylon. I saw also the College of Science, which resembles in appearance the College of Science of Poona. This college is well equipped. The railway station is magnificent.

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At the particular wish of Principal Gurney, I stopped in this city. In the evening I first went to the open common outside the city to see the cricket. The boys here play till 9 o'clock, for there is light till then in June. Thence I went to Mr. Gurney's house, where we had a small party: Mr. and Mrs. Gurney and their daughters, Mr. Duff, Professor of Literature at the College of Science, four students from the College and myself. Mr. and Mrs. Gurney and their daughters paid me great attention. Mr. Gurney and I talked about matters particularly relating to education in India and the prospects and training of Indians in this country. We also had a talk about the feasibility of India having a college for training Indian youths for the I. C. S. I gave my views, which I had already expressed to Principal Hathornthwaite on one occasion. In answer to my inquiry, Mr. Gurney said that a first class professor in any of the collegiate subjects could not be expected to go to India below £1,000 a year. To conduct a college for the training of youths for the I. C. S. ten professors will be required. I suggested to him the difficulty of getting very clever men—men experienced in the way of training—men of mature years—I said such men even for money would not like to go to India, and therefore mediocre people would have, in the end to be chosen, and this would not do. He said with judicious management it could be arranged if you have a competent Principal. I asked him whether he would like

to go to India. He said he was well off and would not go, but he would assist the establishment of such an institution if he were consulted. He named Mr. Stewart, the Principal of the Madras Presidency College, as a competent teacher and fit to be consulted in matters of this kind. Then as regards the training of Indian students in this country, he said his college, which has got a very strong and efficient staff, can train Indians for the I. C. S. Last year one got through. As the college is subsidised by Government and the corporation, the expenses are not very heavy, and Mr. Gurney says that for £150 a year he could undertake to look after the education of youths at Newcastle. This expense includes fees, boarding, lodging, clothes &c. and tuition. He asked me particularly to see the University hostels for men and women respectively, under the management of Mr. Terry, the professor of History at the College of Science, and Miss Osborne, Lady Superintendent, respectively. Mr. Duff and the students played at whist in the evening and at about 10.30 p.m. we parted.

Professor Duff appears to be a clever man. He is an M. A. of Oxford and well read in the classics. He would like to go to India if he got a good appointment. His sister is married to a medical gentleman at Raipur in the Central Provinces. The chief drawback to going to India, in the opinion of the people here, is the great heat.

Friday, 12th June.—At the invitation of Mr. Gurney I visited the male and female University Hostels. These are very nicely managed. The residents get all domestic comforts here. In the male hostel there are only seven students, but Mr. Terry expects more. The method he adopts is just that followed at Cambridge and Oxford. He would not curb the liberty of the young men more than is absolutely necessary. No student could be absent between 9 and 11 p. m. without permission. Any absence after 11 p. m. particularly noticed carries its punishment. His sole attention is confined to bringing up gentlemen students. Miss Osborne took me round the different rooms—the recreation room, common room, single rooms, share rooms (*i. e.*, the rooms shared by two or more people) and she did not omit to show her own room which she called her den. Here too the comforts of the girls were particularly attended to. Any young lady desirous of going on

with the science course can very well reside in this hostel, which is indeed very comfortable. The cost of students residing in hostels and studying at the college does not exceed £75 a year as Mr. Gurney told me.

After visiting the hostel I proceeded to another place, namely, Jesmond Dene, a nicely wooded little glen about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile in length. The whole woody tract on this side of the town presents a lovely aspect. The Dene is laid out as a public park and many people who are fond of quiet and pleasant walks resort to this glen during any hour of the day. There is a chapel near it called the Pilgrimage Chapel, used by pilgrims to Jesmond (Jesus Mount), which was in former times looked upon with the same veneration as Chatarsingi of Poona or Yalama's mount in the Belgaum District.

I wish I had secured a view of this place. I tried, but failed in getting a good photograph at any shop.

I was sorry I had no time to visit the famous workshops, gun manufacturing works, and ship-building yards of Lord Armstrong which were 2 or 3 miles off. The admission required a permit from Lord Armstrong and it would have necessitated my stay. Lord Armstrong is very particular about what people see these works. He has made his fortune by doing work for all countries, Great Britain, France, Japan, &c. It is said 21,000 men are employed here.

Two other things worth visiting in this city are the statue of George Stephenson, the first Locomotive Engineer, and the High Level Bridge. The latter is 110 feet above the water and cost £500,000. It was constructed by Robert Stephenson, Engineer.

Newcastle is situated on the river Tyne on which you can go for rowing excursions. The sea is not far away. The place enjoys a good climate. Mr. Gurney says that Newcastle is very healthy and during my stay I found the outskirts particularly pleasant.

As in London, bicycling is freely resorted to by men old and young, women, generally young, and little boys and girls. Two or three miles outside the city you meet a large number of bicycles.

Mrs. Gurney does not approve of this exercise. I asked one of the daughters of Mr. Gurney whether she practised cycling.

She said "No, my mother would not allow it." It seems girls all like the exercise. I am sure within the next six months you will find many Englishwomen and Parsi girls practising cycling in Bombay.

CHAPTER XII.

IN SCOTLAND.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child,
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Edinburgh—Glasgow—Lord Kelvin—the Clyde—Scotch Lakes—Stirling—Excursions—Crinan Canal—Oban—Caledonian Canal—Inverness—Aberdeen—Queen's Visit—Tay—Firth of Forth.

I LEFT Newcastle at 12:47 p.m. and am now going towards the North. I see around me fields and scattered hills, frequent rivers with thick woods on either side—all green in every direction. After travelling for 60 miles we reach Berwick from which place the sea is quite close. I see just at this moment a magnificent view of the grand ocean only 50 yards from the spot I am passing by. It is really exquisite. On the other side of the railway there are fields or sloping hills. The sea air is simply delightful. Berwick is a pretty large seaport town, but I did not see much shipping there. There were a few boats near the shore. We pass over the bridge across the Tweed. The river Tweed is the boundary between England and Scotland. The river is of large volume and a beautiful winding course. A mile or two north of Berwick the railway takes a north-westerly direction, and as we proceed we see woodlands and plains interspersed with pretty looking villas and preserved forests of considerable extent. Further on, I saw a number of young women engaged in agricultural operations. Some of them were breaking clods with clubs. I was reminded of the girls of Ambégám who worked in our fields forty years ago. These girls were curiously clothed in different colours. We are nearing Edinburgh and we see large moors around us. The environs are bright and cheering. We reach the station at 3:35, and here I give rest to my pencil.

EDINBURGH.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hailthy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's Sovereign powers!

BURNS.

The Waverley station is under repairs. It is going to be thoroughly rebuilt, and will, when finished, be one of the largest in the Kingdom. I entered the city and drove by one of the principal streets called the Prince's Street, facing the Edinburgh Castle and the old town. My present residence is the Windsor Hotel, which faces the Castle. While I am writing I have the grand scenery of the Castle and the garden below before me. I must admit that I left London for Edinburgh with some prejudice in its favour. For all my friends, who spoke to me of this city, described it as very beautiful, and I think the opinion is fully justified. Edinburgh is called the modern Athens. Its appearance is indeed very romantic. It is situated on several ridges separated by ravines. The old town occupies a long ridge, with the Castle at the upper end and Holyrood Palace at the foot. The new town, in which there are important streets and edifices, is separated from the old by a valley. Between the Castle and the town on one side and the Prince's Street on the other is a garden beautifully laid out; there are lovely promenades—a bandstand and woody paths. It resembles in some respects the Bund garden of Poona, so far as the arrangements are concerned. From the garden there are paths leading to the Castle and the old town, which is green and picturesque on every side. Soon after my arrival I left my things in my room at the hotel, and went to the gardens which were a hundred yards or so distant, where I had a pleasant stroll and enjoyed the music of the band which played there. I felt as if this amusement was provided for me after the railway journey from Newcastle. The whole garden was full of visitors—men, women and children from the town and other places. I met here Dr. Nair, M.D., and Babu Mullick, a medical student. They were nice people to talk to. They live at the University Union and seem to be sympathetic Indians. After whiling away some time in the gardens I took my dinner at six and then went by tram to Grange Road, in the old town, to see Mr. Bhajekar, the son of Raoji Bhajekar, who has been studying

here for the I. M. S., and Mr. Redkar, who has recently come here for the L. R. C. P. I met neither, and left my card. Young Bhajekar came to see me in the evening and I have asked him to dinner.

Saturday, 13th June.—I started on my work of sight-seeing by walking up to the Castle. On my way I visited the statue of Sir Walter Scott. I visited also the statue of Dr. Livingstone whose memorial slab, as I have said, lies in Westminster Abbey. Scott is respected in this country more than a mighty king would be. On my way, I saw the High Court of Scotland, which is held in the Parliamentary House. The court rooms are much better than the court rooms of London in point of light and ventilation. Of course, the fireplace is also in use. On the way to the court rooms there is a big hall, just as big as that in the House of Commons. There the Barristers and their friends congregate. In this Hall the fire is kept burning, as it is generally cold. Pictures of eminent men are hung on all the walls, and the appearance of the Hall is grand. The High Court has got a very splendid library, occupying several rooms. A portion of it, called the Advocates' Library is open to the public. A clerk in an insurance office led me to this part and brought to my attention particularly two things. One was a MS. of the Waverley novels in the handwriting of the author, very plain and legible. The other was the confession of the renunciation of the Catholic Faith, in the handwriting of Mr. John Craig, Minister of the Holyrood House, signed by James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, the Earls of Lennox, Morton and Argyll, Lord Ruthven, and John Craig and 31 others. Another MS. was the confirmation of this confession by Charles in the second Reformation. This Advocates' Library has the privilege of being favoured with a copy of every book published in Great Britain and Ireland. I visited the Appeal Court, presided over by the Lord President and three other Judges, and also another Appeal Court. The Barristers who conducted the cases were comparatively young. I met several Barristers walking and talking in the Parliamentary room above noticed. I asked two of them, simply out of curiosity, whether they knew or had heard of a well-known member of the Indian Bar whose name I mentioned. They said they had not heard of any Barrister of that name. I said to myself, after all our great men are nobodies here.

Just in the neighbourhood of the High Court is St. Giles's Cathedral. This is a very fine and historic church. Between the church and the High Court there is a slab bearing the inscription J K 1572. It is supposed that the grave of John Knox is at this spot. Near the church is also an equestrian statue of Charles II., and just close to it is the City Cross rebuilt by Mr. Gladstone. On the other side of the church is a figure of a heart in the pavement marking the site of the old city prison known as the "Heart of Midlothian." The county Midlothian office is close to it. Thence I went up to the Castle, which is situated on a high rock, precipitous on one side, but on the other sloping gradually to Holyrood Palace, the old City of Edinburgh lying between. Just near the entrance an old military gentleman saw me approaching the castle and I overheard him whispering to another military man, "Well, Sergeant, you have a job," and then he said to me, "Sir, do you wish to have the Castle shown to you? Here is the Sergeant." Before I said "yes," up sprung the old Sergeant and affected to be my guide, friend and philosopher. He said "Here is a ditch, but you are to take it that it was not filled up with water at any time." I said, "Of course not, there is no river here; rain-water may accumulate sometimes." He went on with his lecture: "This castle had seven gates, some are removed. Guns are kept in this place and the one o'clock gun is fired here. Here the prisoners used to be kept. Here the officers lived," and so on. His information was almost nothing. I found him out within a short time. He told me that in 1858 he went to India and was there for a few years, having passed his time in Poona, Ahmednagar, and Malegaum. I despatched him with 6d.

The principal things to be noticed in the Castle are the crown room, where the Scotch Regalia are kept, and Queen Mary's room where James I. was born. This room is very small, 8 by 6 feet, inside a larger room. Here the old lady in charge keeps a photograph stall for the sale of local views. Another room of importance was one called the Parliamentary Hall. This is now put in proper order and here Scottish armour and weapons of all kinds, of which Sir Walter Scott has left a description, are kept. They are peculiar in appearance. The guns are somewhat like our flint guns. St. Margaret's Chapel is

another show place. It is the oldest ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh, and said to be smallest in Scotland. It was the private chapel of Queen Margaret. There is a big gun, 20 inches in bore and about 12 feet long, called Mons Meg. It is a specimen of mediæval ordnance and as to its origin there is a dispute, some saying it was manufactured at Mons in Belgium and some saying it was manufactured in the country. This gun is inferior to Muluk Maidan of Bijapur which is 27 feet in length. A magnificent view of the city, and the Firth of Forth with the Highlands behind, is obtained from different parts of the Castle.

From the Castle I went down to the House of John Knox, the admission to which is obtained on payment of 6*d*. It is exhibited as the residence of that great religious reformer. His effigy is cut in relief on the outer wall of the house. I visited the Holyrood Palace and Abbey. The important things to be noticed in this palace are the apartments of Mary Queen of Scots. Her bed is shown with old sofas, chairs, &c. The cloth is much worn. Outside the chamber dusky spots on the floor are shown as the marks of Rizzio's blood. It was at that place that the Italian was killed by the daggers of Ruthven, Darnley and their followers.

There is a picture gallery in this palace where portraits of Robert Bruce, Macbeth, Mary Queen of Scots &c., are hung.

Not far away from this palace there is a hill about 900 feet high called Arthur's Seat. I could not climb it for want of time. It is something like Arthur's Seat in the Brahmâranya of Mahabaleshwar.

To the east of the city there is a hill which commands a very grand prospect in all directions. It is called the Calton Hill. Near the foot of this hill is a monument to Dugald Stewart, the philosopher. It has seven columns in the Corinthian style enclosing a big funeral urn and a domed canopy. There is a Royal observatory near it. Nelson's monument is built on the highest point of the hill. I could see everything from it. At one time a national monument was intended to be built after the fashion of the Parthenon at Athens. The building was partly erected and then abandoned. It has now 12 pillars after the style of our Town Hall pillars in Bombay.

The streets of Edinburgh are broad and clean. One of the three principal streets is the Prince's Street, which faces the Castle and the old town on the ridge. The Windsor Hotel, where I am now residing, is in this street, which is one of the most beautiful thoroughfares. Trams run through it, and among other buildings it contains the Royal Institutions and the Art Galleries. Close by is the Waverley Market, a great glass-roofed building, used not only for buying and selling, but for military parades, displays of cycling, political meetings, &c. The two other chief streets in the new town are George Street and Queen Street. They are parallel to each other. The houses in the New Town are massive and regularly built. The Old Town also is well laid out. The Bank of Scotland and the Scottish Church, in the Court square of which the statue of John Knox is placed, are grand buildings. I saw also John Wallace's India Warehouse which is on the way to the Infirmary.

In company with my friend Mr. Redkar, I visited the Infirmary or the great hospital of Edinburgh. It is an institution supported by private patronage. Upon the walls can be read the names of thousands of donors in gold letters, with their respective donations. There are 32 wards and more than 1,200 beds. The Infirmary is divided into two parts. The main part is intended for surgical patients and in the four separate blocks medical patients are placed. Thirty-two Assistant Surgeons live on the premises and the patients are very kindly and carefully attended to by nurses. Amusements are provided. Each ward has got a piano which is played by nurses, patients, or friends of the patients. At the time of my visit, the sister of a patient was playing on the piano and the patient himself was singing. I must confess my ear was much delighted. There was a band too for the special amusement of all the patients and inmates of the hospital. Meals and refreshments are regularly provided. Private food is neither required nor permitted except a few biscuits. There are operating theatres and lecture rooms for the instruction of the students. Students attending lectures are required to be present for two hours at the Laboratory which is quite close to the Infirmary. The building is magnificent and has got a garden. Many Indian students who fail to get medical degrees in India visit this place,

and I must say that the climate and sanitation of this town are extremely favourable to residence, and our Indian students surely derive great benefit from the visit, especially as the college and the Infirmary are under the management of the best physicians. They are generally men who have written works on medicine and surgery and are recognised authorities on the subjects.

Saturday, 14th June.—This is a holiday, such as I witnessed in London. Offices and business places are entirely closed and there is perfect quiet in all the streets. At 10 a. m. I went up to St. Giles's Cathedral where there was a service for the military. I enjoyed the sermon and the music and singing there. More than 500 people, men, women and children were assembled and they at intervals sang psalms and hymns. A service is very enlivening on Sundays, when everything else is quiet. The people who loved quiet went about the parks in small companies to sit and talk. As I am now sitting in my room I see before me on the sloping terraces of the hill many people sitting on the grass or on benches in twos and threes enjoying the fine weather, which is especially clear and refreshing to-day. This place is visited by many pilgrims like myself. People from America (New York and other places) from France, Germany &c. are here in numbers. People in Europe and America are fond of travelling, and this season is considered the best for travelling in this country. In the house where I have put up I find more than twenty old men and women. Four old ladies between 60 and 70 are my neighbours. They have a particular love for travelling in this part of the country, for it presents the best scenery. I have had frequent opportunities of meeting these pilgrims at the different sights. We go about with guide-books in our hands, our object is common, and we have been very sympathetic with one another. By reason of my studying some of the things yesterday at Holyrood Palace I was able to become a guide to some of the French and English ladies who were at sea, for the guide-books in their hands were rather poor and insufficient for the purpose of enlightenment. These old people, however, show wonderful activity in moving about and seeing things.

While strolling about I saw at the roadside a blind man with a large book containing a portion of the New Testament. It was

written in letters in relief and the man could read the book by feeling the letters with his fingers. I made him read a page at random and he did so remarkably well. There are schools for the blind here.

One of the peculiarities I noticed here as well as in the suburbs of London is that men, and occasionally women, draw with chalk in different colours the figures of animals, fish &c. and images of persons on the pavement, by the side of gardens or churches, and the pedestrians who pass by and stand to look at these performances of art pay something to the roadside artists—a better way of earning a livelihood than by begging.

The general appearance of the people is very respectable. They are considered honest in petty affairs. Dr. Bhajekar, who has lived here for ten months, gives me to understand that petty thefts are almost unknown. The Magistrate's work is very light. The physique of the people is very robust. They are generally tall and can stand exertion remarkably well. The manner of ordinary people is somewhat different from that of an Englishman. The nasal sound is a predominant feature. I found it a little difficult to understand a Scotchman from the country, for instance a tram-conductor who had been only a month in the town.

I have not seen enough of Edinburgh. It requires at least two days more to see some of the important sights. I intend to finish them when I return from the Highlands and the lakes. I am bound to keep my engagement as a dutiful delegate of our University at Lord Kelvin's Jubilee at Glasgow, for which I start at 5-30 p. m. from the Haymarket, Waverley Station. As the train proceeds westward I find for several miles extensive fields and heaps of hay and avenues of trees where people repair for recreation. The patches of fields are generally larger than those in the Dekkan or in the Konkan. After passing about 15 miles from Edinburgh the train reaches a pretty town named Linlithgow, which has a river flowing to the north of the town, and just above it is an elevated tract with terraced fields. The houses are close to the railway line just as at Talegaum in the Poona District, and round about the town there are numerous small hills just as at Lanowli, and the winding roads which pass through the fields and verdant trees are a charming sight. It is said that Linlithgow

was long a favourite residence of the Scottish Kings. There is a palace of the former times to the right of the railway as we proceed towards Glasgow. Mary Queen of Scots was born in this town and it was afterwards the scene of the public assassination of the Regent Moray or Murray, whose picture I had the pleasure of seeing in the Windsor Hotel this afternoon, before I started for Glasgow, with some remarks taken from Sir Walter Scott's writings. Linlithgow is thus famous in Scottish history.

Eight miles from Linlithgow is the town of Falkirk. It is a very large town, as the number of the houses demonstrates. It has iron works and coal pits as the thick smoke shows; but these æsthetic disadvantages are counteracted by avenues of stately trees. Wallace was defeated by Edward I. at this place and here Prince Charles Stuart defeated the English in 1746.

About five miles further on is the station of Castlecary, where the manufacture of brick from a whitish clay is carried on on a large scale close to the station. A small river flows to the right and there is a preserved forest to the left extending over a mile.

As we proceed further, the Campsie Hills are visible, but quite enveloped in mist, pierced through only by the delightful rays of the evening sun—which gives them a beautiful aspect. The sunshine in this country is considered quite a luxury, and whenever there is a bright sun the people say that the day is lovely. They are fully justified, for the country all round is green and the atmosphere is very cool and refreshing and the sun's rays do not in the least spoil the cheerfulness. It produces an atmospheric appearance quite delightful. Umbrellas are not used as a protection from the sun. People use them as walking-sticks when the weather is fine.

We are nearing Glasgow, and the misty atmosphere of the station just before it is a precursor of the smoky cloud which hangs over the city factories which send forth smoke. We pass through a tunnel to the Glasgow station which is much longer than the longest tunnel on the Khandala Ghat.

GLASGOW.

It is 7.50 p. m. and we are in Glasgow. The train stopped at many intermediate stations. Otherwise Glasgow is only a little over an hour's journey from Edinburgh.

Monday, 15th June.—The atmosphere is smoky and muggy. After breakfast I started to have a general view of the town. I rode in the nearest tram going through the heart of the city. I went to the most distant outskirt, Whiteinch, where the tram stopped. While in the tramcar, a gentleman, when getting down, said to me, "You are a stranger, sir; you ought to see the University College and the Western Infirmary which are on your way, not far off." He did not know my errand. I wanted to call on the University Registrar, Professor Stewart. However, I thanked him for his kindness and appreciated his manners and civility. When I reached the Whiteinch suburb, the conductor of the tram came to me and said, "I will tell you what special thing is to be seen here, sir. All the town is dusty and noisy. This is a healthy place and here there is a park in which there are fossil trees." Accordingly I went up to the park, called Victoria Park, and found, in a building roofed with glass, several fossil trees. There are three large stony trunks with roots just as in the case of ordinary trees. Then there are small trees coming up out of the stones. It is said that this place was discovered when the Park was being laid out.

I then returned to the city and called at the University office to learn the programme of the Jubilee. I met Professor Stewart, who introduced me to Professor Young, teacher of Natural Philosophy, and Sir John Evans. I saw the Western Infirmary too—nothing compared with the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh. Mr. Justice Jardine is not here, but is expected this evening for the conversazione. To-morrow addresses are to be delivered by delegates of several Universities, and I have therefore prepared one, which will be finally settled in conjunction with Mr. Justice Jardine.

The Right Hon'ble Lord Kelvin has been Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Glasgow College and University for fifty years, and this is the Jubilee of his fifty years' professorship. To this Jubilee, universities in different parts of the world and societies and institutions have been invited, and distinguished men from different parts have already arrived, as the printed list shows. Mr. Justice Jardine and myself from Bombay and Professor Gilliland from Calcutta are here representing India.

Lord Kelvin is held in great respect. He is a scientist of extraordinary original ability. His brilliant and unique career as a student and as a professor in the Glasgow University, his reputation for experimental and mathematical researches, his valuable contributions to physical science for a very long period and his electrostatic researches and services to submarine telegraphy, whereby he has united the old world with the new, are fully acknowledged. He is a genius and a thoroughly practical man. Hence several telegraphic and marine companies have deemed it their duty to send in their representatives to this Jubilee. Lord Kelvin, formerly Mr. Thomson, afterwards Sir William Thomson, is the author of several books of science. (I remember having read some portions of his books while studying for the matriculation and college examinations more than thirty years ago.) He has made a great many inventions in connection with electricity, navigation and other things which closely affect human life and progress, and this has made him a very popular man. His services in connection with the Atlantic Cable are recognized. His towering abilities and successful efforts have raised him in public estimation and induced the Queen to elevate him to the peerage.

The University building is fully decorated and prepared for the proceedings of this evening. The building has got a very extensive garden which it overlooks.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

This event came off in the evening. From 8-30 to 11 p.m. was the time appointed. The garden and the different halls were lit up with electric light. Delegates from different parts of the world assembled. The university authorities with Lord Kelvin stood at the inner hall, where the guests were introduced by a gentleman. Lord Kelvin shook hands with every person just as they do at Government parties in Bombay. The guests walked and talked in different parts of the hall. There was instrumental and organ music in the hall. In a large room the different inventions of Lord Kelvin were shown and explained by professors and competent men in charge. The telegraphic companies had sent their delegates to show experiments. For illustration, telegrams were sent to America by the Atlantic cable and answers were

received in less than half an hour. More than 2,500 tickets were used and all the halls were full. I had the good fortune of having been introduced to Dr. Stewart, the University Clerk or Registrar, and also to Sir James King, a former Provost, in the morning. In the evening these gentlemen introduced me to several guests. Dr. Stewart introduced me almost at the commencement to Miss Galloway, Secretary to the Council of the College for ladies, and this lady throughout the proceedings kindly remained in my company. Miss Galloway is an influential lady and every professor, student, or a great man in the city or province knows and respects her well. Through her I had the good fortune of being introduced to almost all the professors. Some of them explained to me some of the inventions of Lord Kelvin. I passed the evening in excellent spirits. I had never before passed such a day when so many learned men from different parts of the world had met together. Miss Galloway introduced me to several ladies who had achieved eminence at the University. One of them, only twenty-three, had, I was told, prepared herself for the M. A. degree when she was nineteen, but as the law then in existence did not permit women being given degrees at Glasgow, she had to wait until the Parliament passed the law and to keep terms and pass the examination. This lady's conversation impressed me with her remarkable intelligence. Mr. Justice Jardine was a little late in arriving, and I introduced him to some of the gentlemen whose acquaintance I had already made.

There was a smoking concert for the young university students there. They sang, smoked, and enjoyed themselves.

Refreshments were plentifully provided. Among the practical inventions of Lord Kelvin are a mirror instrument by which the effects of lagging of electric currents are removed, the mariner's compass, a device for taking soundings by substituting a piano-wire for the old lead line, &c. Experiments with these were shown in the evening. It was very arduous work for Lord Kelvin, a man of 72, to shake hands with very nearly 2,000 people.

The party separated at 11-30 p.m.

Tuesday, 16th June.—This was a very busy day for me, for the guests invited in connection with Lord Kelvin's Jubilee were required to be present at 9 a.m., to have their seats assigned

at the senate house. Both Mr. Justice Jardine and myself were present there with our written address. It contained a few words of congratulation. The University senate house was filled with delegates from all quarters, individual guests, the citizens, ladies and friends of Lord Kelvin. Most of the delegates were in University hoods and gowns of various colours, lending beauty to the occasion. The Italian Ambassador, General Ferrero, was decorated with medals and lace all over his body; so were some of the French delegates, with green jackets. The whole spectacle was grand. On the platform were the University authorities with Lord Kelvin and some of the noblemen who attended the meeting. The names of the delegates were announced by Professor Story one after another and addresses enclosed in silver cases were handed over by each delegate as he approached Lord Kelvin on the platform and said a few words of congratulation. Lord Kelvin shook hands with each delegate. Mr. Justice Jardine and myself were called together, so were the other delegates when they numbered more than one from other bodies. The effect of the meeting was just like that which we witnessed in the Town Hall of Bombay on the occasion of Lord Ripon's departure from India. The number of addresses was very large, if not so large as the number of addresses given to Lord Ripon. At the commencement of the meeting the chairman announced the congratulations to Lord Kelvin from the Prince of Wales, couched in the richest language possible. At the close of the addresses the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Lord Kelvin by the chairman, who descended from the chancellor's chair, which was then occupied by Lord Kelvin, for the purpose of conferring the honorary Degree of LL.D. on distinguished literary men (mostly scientific) who were authors of several works on scientific subjects or who had done service to the development of applied sciences. At the close of this ceremony Lord Kelvin delivered a nice practical and precise speech, such as one would expect from a man devoted to the study of science. There was nothing of that empty tall talk which we sometimes notice in speeches delivered even on grand occasions. There was music at several stages during these ceremonies. I should notice that the proceedings on this occasion commenced with a prayer in

Latin and ended in the same way. Dr. Stewart read it. The manner of its delivery was just like the recital of our hymns in Sanscrit delivered by some of our learned priests. The convocation was over by 12 o'clock and the assembly broke up.

I should not omit to notice the mode of conferring the LL.D. degree in this University. The Registrar first announced the name of the candidate, then his achievements (namely the author of such and such works, or a person who has done some particular service in a particular department of science) and again his name. The candidate then goes before the Chancellor and the Chancellor places a red cap on the candidate's head and then at once removes it. The Registrar puts the hood over the back of the candidate who then retires and takes his seat on the platform. This method of placing the cap and taking it away suggested to me the method of our Acharyas giving the mudras or the Lingayat Aya putting the Rumal upon their disciples at the ceremony of making Pattada Aya.

In the evening a grand banquet was given jointly by the Corporation and the University in St. Andrew's Hall to guests numbering 604. The Hall is a very spacious one—something like our Town Hall, but without pillars to intercept the view of visitors. There were pillars on two sides only, over which there were galleries. On one side a platform was raised for seating the President or Provost of the Corporation, Lord Kelvin, some of the noblemen and a few prominent guests. 560 seats were placed in the main hall. The banquet was sumptuous and accompanied by orchestral music. After the dinner was over and before the toasts were proposed ladies were admitted to the galleries. They numbered more than 300. Before the toasts commenced the President read a letter of congratulation to Lord Kelvin sent by her Majesty the Queen. Then the usual toasts of the Queen, the Prince of Wales and other Members of the Royal Family were proposed. Next the toast of the Houses of Parliament, the toasts of Lord Kelvin, the representatives of other universities, the Corporation and University of Glasgow and the President were proposed and very appropriately answered, mostly by prominent members. The effect was very grand. I had never seen such a

spectacle before. I am glad I got the rare opportunity of witnessing the ceremony.

THE CLYDE.

Wednesday, 17th June.—This day was set apart for having an excursion on the river Clyde. We started at 10-30 a.m., from St. Enoch's railway station to Greenock, a place 22 miles away. Greenock is an excellent harbour where steamers touch. The cruise on the river was an agreeable treat, for it presents a beautiful scene. The steamer, which was one of the best of its kind, went round the different islands. The coast scenery was simply superb. The mountains and vegetation and the houses scattered here and there charmed the guests exceedingly. In a few words I could say the cruise was much more charming than a cruise in the Bombay Harbour towards Mandwa, Elephanta, Ooran &c., would be. From two or three points the mountain scenery on three sides was excellent. The photographers took photos of the landscape and also of the visitors. Lord Kelvin was among the party. He possesses a country house for summer residence on this coast. On the steamer refreshments were provided. There was music of different kinds, and the ladies and gentlemen had a dance. The number present was, of course, much smaller than at the *conversazione* or at the banquet, and the visitors could form further acquaintance among themselves. I was shown great attention both by the distinguished gentlemen and ladies on board the steamer—Sir James King, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, and Miss Galloway made it a particular point to introduce me to many of the visitors. Many of the ladies came to me and talked to me spontaneously, perhaps at the suggestion of Miss Galloway and Mrs. Stewart, who appeared to me to be very learned ladies. Many of the ladies who spoke to me were graduates or wives of noblemen. Mrs. Stewart asked me what opinion I had formed of English ladies. I replied, "Very favourable. The English ladies are equal to English gentlemen intellectually and the only thing now wanting is that their right to sit in Parliament should be recognized." This pleased her much and those who heard me. It seems these ladies communicated my views to their husbands, for in a few minutes I found more ladies and gentlemen collecting near me, taking me here and there and making it a point to show

me everything and explaining local matters. While I was sitting in the cabin to avoid the chill which followed a short shower of rain, one gentleman came to me particularly from the deck, asking me to go up, for the photographer was taking photos of guests and I was wanted there. I felt that I was looked upon as an Indian curio. I was asked by some of the visitors whether I could dance. Of course it was impossible for me to say yes. We returned at 4-30 p.m. The fellowship extended to me reminded me of the well-known lines of Burns which appeared to me equally applicable to Scotchmen in general:—

Thy sons, Edina ! social kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale.

I had the pleasure of witnessing one or two weddings. One of the ceremonies I found similar to ours. When the wedding parties separate after dinner the friends throw rice over the heads of the happy couple.

I visited the Cathedral, the picture gallery at the Corporation Hall, the botanical garden and some of the fashionable parts of the town on the western and southern side. The houses and streets are very nice, but as I said before, the streets occupied by the labouring classes are dirty. Glasgow is both a shipping and a manufacturing town. It has 800,000 inhabitants. Its chief industry is iron and steel ship-building. It is said that two-thirds of the British steamers are built on the Clyde. James Watt, who was a native of Glasgow, constructed the first steam engine here, in 1763, and the first steamer on this side of the Atlantic was launched on the Clyde by Henry Bell in 1812. The other principal products and industries of Glasgow are cotton and woollen goods, tubes, boilers, calico printing, glass, pottery, dyeing and muslin weaving and coal traffic.

Glasgow affords many opportunities for pleasant excursions to visitors in all directions.

While going to Greenock by rail we passed by a village where there are the Orphan Homes of Scotland (Bridge of Weir is the name of the village). A big ship is built there and kept fastened to the ground. Mr. William Puarrin an editor of a newspaper, who takes a great deal of interest in the institution,

collects subscriptions and maintains poor and helpless boys picked up in the streets, and teaches them the calling of sailors. He gives them object lessons by the aid of this model ship. The boys are taught how to handle the ship apparatus.

In the house where I have put up there was a dance in connection with a wedding. After the bride and bridegroom departed for the honeymoon, the relations and friends of the couple entertained themselves with dancing. The Scotch people have peculiar dances. Very often they cry out कुकुई *kukui* like the Goanese while dancing and a good deal of stamping and jumping goes on. I was invited by the parents of the couple to the dance. They asked me to take part in the dance, but I was asked to do an impossibility. I will return to Glasgow again and mention some further matters of interest I have omitted for want of time.

SCOTCH LAKES.

Thursday, 18th June.—I start for the Scotch lakes at 7 a.m. from the Queen's Street station with Cook's ticket. After passing through a few miles of industrial districts with chimneys and smoke, a region of mountains with towns at the foot on one side, and the river and boats on the other, is traversed. Again we pass industrial towns with elegant looking churches and on both sides the country becomes hilly. On the left we see Dumbarton fort, which is an imposing rocky fortress. The train takes us to Ballock pier where a steamer is ready to take the tourists or excursionists through the Scottish Lake District.

My eyes are indeed feasted with the sights of the numerous isles, mountains and lakes I have been passing, but having neither the imagination and descriptive power of a poet nor the skill of an artist who could produce the impression of the grandeur and magnificence of the scenery by his pencil and brush, it is useless to attempt any description. Having, however, thought it prudent to keep a diary of my visit to this country, I must note down what I think of this part of my journey. This trip is a continuation of the excursion which we had on the Clyde yesterday. On reaching the Ballock pier the lovely expanse of water and the charming scenery of the wooded islets and the surrounding mountains broke upon our view. Loch Lomond is one of

the largest lakes. It took nearly three-quarters of an hour to cross it. The mountain Ben Lomond is to the north of it, and its height is about 3,000 feet above the sea. It is the highest mountain in the Tróssachs, and commands an extensive view of many miles on every side. As one proceeds down the lake, delightful verdure is observable on all sides. There are places of great interest on the shores, where people go for picnics and holiday excursions. For instance, a place called Luss is a very lovely one. The houses are few, but well built and neatly kept, with gardens in front. At this place the lake begins to narrow. After proceeding some distance another beautiful place called Rowardennan comes in view on the right, where also the steamer halts for a few minutes. Further on to the right is the place where Rob Roy (the subject of Sir Walter Scott's novel of that name) the freebooter, brought his victims, and imprisoned them until they listened to reason, or threw them over the precipice (as some of the Sawant Wadi freebooters did at Madhowgad near Amboli ghats). The place is on Ben Lomond. Further on to the left is a village called Tarbert, and lastly the steamer stops at Inversnaid, a very beautiful part in the highlands.

Inversnaid is a small hamlet and is the point of communication between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine and the Trossachs. The scenery round about is picturesque. It was at this place that Wordsworth saw the "Sweet Highland Girl":—

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head ;
 And these grey rocks ; that household lawn
 These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay ; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode—
 In truth, together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;
 Such forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !
 But, O fair creature ! in the light
 Of common day so heavenly bright,
 I bless thee, vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart.
 God shield thee to thy latest years !
 Thee neither know I, nor thy peers ;
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

The fort at this place is in ruins. Not far from Inversnaid are

the Falls. At Inversnaid four-horse coaches are kept ready to take the tourists to the other side of the mountain, which is rugged and treeless. On our way is the path at the entrance of which a board is affixed to tell the traveller that Rob Roy's cave is near. Four or five miles from Inversnaid is the commencement of another lake called Loch Katrine. Although smaller than Loch Lomond, in beauty it surpasses the latter. It has small woody mountains round about it. It has also a nice path by it, resembling the path by the Venna lake at Mahableshwar. One cannot help admiring the fidelity of Sir Walter Scott's vivid description of the lake.

One burnished sheet of living gold
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him, rolled
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand
 To sentinel enchanted land.

The Corporation of Glasgow has, at a cost of three millions sterling, taken water to the city from this lake, a distance of 42 miles, and to avoid contamination of the water, residence by the lake-side is not allowed. Hence there are hardly any houses near the lake except the hotel, a church, and a small school-house for the children of shepherds. My guide told me that there were seven boys on the roll, and sometimes two or three boys attend. The school is under the management of the Educational Board. The church is maintained by a generous-hearted gentleman. Just about the entrance of the lake there is a small island called the Isle of Misery, and a mountain not far from the lake, called the Mountain of Misery, from the fact that Rob Roy levied his blackmail from these places. Rob Roy's place of birth is also pointed out.

The ethics of Rob Roy remind me of those of Raghoji Bhangray, our Indian Robin Hood, and are thus summarised by Wordsworth :

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
 As wise in thought as bold in deed:
 For in the principles of things
 He sought his moral creed.
 Said generous Rob, 'What need of books?
 Burn all the Statutes and their shelves:

They stir us up against our kind ;
 And worse, against ourselves.
 We have a passion, make a law,
 Too false to guide us or control !
 And for the law itself we fight
 In bitterness of soul.
 And puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
 Distinctions that are plain and few.
 These find I graven on my heart
 That tells me what to do.¹

There is a small cottage for the use of her Majesty on the bank of this lake. After proceeding some distance we come to the Isle of Ellen, and the "silvery strand" referred to in the "Lady of the Lake."

The isle does not possess very extraordinary charms, but its interest lies in its having been the retreat to which Ellen Douglas carried the Knight of Snowdon, his brave dogs following in the wake of the fairy skiff. Scott's description runs as follows :

Fast o'er the lake the shallop flew ;
 With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
 The hounds behind their passage fly,
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break
 The darkening mirror of the lake,
 Until the rocky isle they reach,
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

In fact all this district is famous for the scenes of the "Lady of the Lake" and the deeds of Rob Roy. These are very fascinating parts. At the head of Loch Katrine I landed and went to the Trossach's "shaggy glen" immortalized by Scott, by a coach as before—a distance of about three miles. The principal Lake here is Loch Achray, which is right in front of my residence. It is surrounded by mountains with trees, rocks, &c. Opinions are divided as to the rank to be given to this lake ; for some of my fellow-tourists say this lake is superior to Loch Katrine, but I differ. The only thing in its favour is that it has got many passes round about it. I took several walks in these parts of the lake district, and found them very pleasant. The only fear is that the weather here is unsettled. There is no knowing when it will rain.

Friday, 19th June.—A bright morning. The sun is very pleasant. The view of the Lake Achray is lovely. The hills round about are very pleasant to look at. I walked about the lake quite merrily in company with some American tourists—a family

consisting of father, mother, and two daughters, who had a great liking for their country. The ladies do not like English people.

Mr. Justice Jardine and Mrs. Jardine arrived here last evening. They are enjoying the tour over the Lake District very much. They are in the same house with me. We meet and talk often. We compare the scenery here with Indian scenes.

This morning I leave the Trossachs for Stirling *via* Aberfoyle, and have a drive by coach round the whole lake Achray. Indeed, the view which we get of the mountains surrounding these lakes and of the lakes themselves is splendid. I see before me the mountains arranged in tiers as it were. One is a little higher than the other, and the shadow of one in front falling on the one just behind. In fact, the drive along the hill and the large expanse below the hill reminded me of the road to Mahableshwar *via* Wai. Just when we reach Aberfoyle the scenery is lovely. There are small mountains interspersed with a few boulders and covered with a pleasant green. We saw Rob Roy's well while driving along the hills.

Leaving the lakes and Rob Roy's country I reach the railway station of Aberfoyle, whence I start at 10:45 a. m. for Stirling. Along the way large groves of trees with rivulets flowing by are seen. We have to change trains after two stations.

During my wanderings about Loch Achray in the Trossachs I met a Scotchman who visits these parts of the Highlands very often. He admiringly said Rob Roy was a brave and not a mean man. He had about 200 followers and he levied blackmail just enough to maintain himself and them. When he lived the times were troublous, for there were rebellions, but he did not join either party. If he had done so the tables would have been turned in favour of whichever side he took. The chief places where Rob Roy passed his time were Aberfoyle and Loch Ard.

The scene of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu is at the foot of Loch Vennachar, which is a picturesque lake.

STIRLING.

From this station (Buchlyvie) I went towards Stirling. The tract is a rich agricultural and verdant one. After reaching Stirling I started to see the battlefield of Bannockburn, where a battle

was fought between Edward II. and Robert Bruce of Scotland. As usual, there was a guide present on the spot to explain things in connection with the battle. He commenced his oration in this way. "This is the field of the battle of Bannockburn. The battle was fought between Edward II. and Robert Bruce on the 21st June, 1314. King Edward was standing on that hill and Robert Bruce on this hill. This is the *Bore Stone* on the field of Bannockburn on which the Scotch colours were placed. This is a pillar erected to show the place," and so on. Scotch people are naturally very proud of their patriots and warriors. My guide, after describing the battle, repeated the celebrated lines of Burns on Robert Bruce's address to his army :

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

He ended by saying that thirty thousand Scotch gained a signal victory over one hundred thousand English. After seeing the plain of Bannockburn and hearing the descriptive lecture of the old man I drove to the castle. This is something after the fashion of Edinburgh castle. Stirling is an old town and is now second to Edinburgh in importance—I mean historically. The castle affords a grand panoramic view of the province for several miles in all the directions, and is important because round about it, several battles were fought celebrated in Scotch History. The castle is on a rock and very strong. It overlooks the town. James II. and James V. were born in this castle, and here James VI. stabbed the Earl of Douglas. The window from which the body was thrown is shown to the tourist by the guide. A garden with a few flowers and plants, called the Douglas Garden is just below the Douglas room. The palace of James is now occupied by military people. There is an old chapel in the castle, from the walls of which the Grampian mountains are seen. All the mountains by which I passed yesterday and this morning (viz., Ben Lomond, Ben Venu, Ben Ledi &c.), are visible. The "Abbey Craig" is a hillock on which the monument for Wallace is erected. The river Forth flows down below. On the way to the castle are the Royal Infirmary (not a big one), the college, the church, the Earl of Mar's castle, now in a ruinous state, and the Argyle house.

The statue of Robert Bruce is just at the entrance of the castle. Stirling is considered a pretty town and the tourist is always recommended to see it.

I had met two Americans at Glasgow the other day. They were there as delegates to the Conference of the Presbyterians. In a conversation with them I found there is not that good opinion about English people among the Americans that we Indians have. This may be owing to the early differences resulting in the Independence of America. I met another American tourist at the station. He had toured in the south of Ireland and in Scotland. His view of the Irish people was that they were lazy and dirty, and of Scotch people that they were thrifty. As regards English people he said they were proud and they would stable themselves separately and would not mix up voluntarily like the Americans.

The journey between Stirling and Glasgow lasted nearly an hour. The district is fertile. Half the distance is agricultural and as we proceed towards Glasgow the chimneys and smoke of many industrial places is seen all round. I reached Glasgow at 7 p. m. and spent the evening there.

Saturday, 20th June.—After early breakfast I started by tram to catch the steamer for Rothesay and Oban, and soon got out of sight of the smoke and fog of Glasgow.

As we approach the coast, the country looks verdant, and at the Pier of Craigendoran we get into a steam boat. I had another pleasant cruise on the Clyde. The coast on both sides is very picturesque. After passing two other piers we were transferred into another steamer, called the "Columba," well known as a swift passenger steamer. The saloon is magnificent. It has sofas and chairs of the richest kind, and in the point of ornamental beauty it surpasses any saloon I have ever seen. It is infinitely better than most drawing-rooms in taste. The steamer took us to a station called Donoon, which is a watering place in Scotland. On board the steamer, we had excellent company. Some of them were tourists like myself. There were Scotch ladies and gentlemen, some of whom, being in high spirits, sang some Scotch songs composed by the famous bard Burns. To my ear the singing was very sweet, and had the air of some of our

songs sung by our ladies belonging to the well-to-do classes. The Scotch people are very proud of their bard and they sing his songs with enthusiasm. He was a very popular poet in this country, for every Scotchman I have met speaks highly of him.

We passed along the Clyde through its numerous windings and by the picturesque coast on either side, with its countless inlets and isles until we came to Rothesay, a sprightly looking port having a limited number of houses and backed by a pretty looking hill, interspersed with bungalows. This is a favourite resort of Glasgow working people. Owing to its close proximity to Glasgow the hard worked people avail themselves of every opportunity to spend their holiday at this refreshing resort and many a pleasure-seeking man is to be found here. Rothesay is the capital of Bute. The island of Bute is a pretty large one, and the place is well known for its fisheries. There is a castle there which overlooks the sea. The narrow straits between Bute and the mainland are called the Kyles of Bute, and are celebrated for their beauty. As we pass along we see many lochs or inlets. There are several piers at different places on the coast where the steamer stops to land and take up passengers. The further we go, the narrower the strait becomes and there are glens and mountains and lochs one after another. At last we come to Lock Fyne, a broad inlet, and after a few minutes to the harbour of Tarbert. This is a natural harbour surrounded on three sides by rocky hills and to me it looked like a miniature Marseilles. After steaming along Loch Fyne for four or five miles we reach a harbour called *Ardriskaig*. From this place we went up the canal to the height of 62 feet in a steam boat called the "Linnet." This canal is about nine miles long and is gradually elevated. In order to render it navigable there are several "locks," that is, spaces between two gates placed at different intervals are kept, where the water is "locked up." The gates by which the water is closed must have been constructed in very old times. They appeared to be of primitive construction.—nothing of the art which we see at the London Bridge or at the Prince's Dock or the Victoria Dock in Bombay. There are carriage paths and foot paths on either side of the canal and the whole district is mountainous for a pretty long distance. On

the bank of this canal there are here and there resting places and refreshment rooms; also open refreshment tables. As the steam boat proceeds very slowly owing to the narrowness of the canal and the time spent in the docks, passengers can refresh themselves wherever they like. They can even walk on the bank by the side of the boat. The boat has to stop at every "lock" until the gates are opened and shut. The passenger can get into the boat at any time he pleases. On the banks we saw people belonging to the mountains. Little boys and girls gather bunches of flower which the passengers buy for a penny or so. Some of these people, like our Waghris, sing songs of a sweet tone. These people are Gaels and Celts. There are pipers, too, who play on pipes passing and repassing. These are lazy people—regular Highlanders. It is indeed very pleasant to pass through this canal, which is called the Crinan Canal from the fact that it leads off from the Crinan loch or Crinan lake. Roses and wild flowers are to be found about the bank.

On this steam boat I met a purser, an old man, who has not seen India, but whose sister was in Bombay more than 25 years ago with her husband, who was in the service of the East India Company. Seeing me in the boat he wanted to show off his knowledge of Hindustani to his fellow-countrymen on board the boat. He asked me "kitna baja?" I said "ek baja." I then asked him in Hindustani several questions, but he had to confess that he could not understand Hindustani. He had just learnt to conjugate and decline a few words with Babu Kesab Chandrasen and to read "Mai Dekhatahun," &c. He said he had once intended to take up employment in India when he was young, but hearing from his sister an alarming account of the mosquitoes in Bombay he gave up the idea! This old man became my friend on the steamer and paid me great respect and came with us to Oban, where we got into another steamer that was awaiting the canal boat. The voyage from the Crinan Loch to Oban was very pleasant. The mountains on both sides of the channel were well wooded and picturesque. On the way we saw a big rock the "Lion of Crinan," so called from its resemblance to a lion sitting. Doubling many isles and lakes we come to a place called Luing. At this place there are three rocks (quite alike when looked at from a particular

position) which are called the cobblers of Lorn. Gliding over the sea, our steamer neared the harbour of Oban, and we beheld the ruins of the old castle of Dunollie. At 4-40 p.m. we reached Oban. The name of our steamer was the "Chevalier," a handsome boat.

OBAN.

Oban is a well protected harbour. It has hills behind the row of magnificent houses built on the shore of the semi-circular bay. The shore is well paved, and long walks along the coast are constructed where people who resort to this healthy retreat take strolls during fair weather at all hours of the day. This place has the advantage of the sea as well as mountain air and consequently differs from Brighton and such other watering places. From the hills the panoramic view is very grand. Oban is called the Charing Cross of the Highlands, and from this place excursions in different directions are made. After alighting from the steamer I walked along the shore and went up the hill, which, was close to my residence, and had an enjoyable view of the sea from it. To-day is Saturday, and to-morrow Sunday, which is observed strictly in Scotland. I cannot get a carriage or a steamer and I have to pass the day in rest and in pleasant wanderings round about. The Gaikwar of Baroda was once here for the benefit of his health for a fortnight. No doubt this place is somewhat inaccessible from London, but it appears a very quiet and airy place which is sure to benefit a sick man. It has not those institutions which are likely to injure health. It is a typical Scotch place. The people are very frugal and simple in dress. The population is 6,000 and the number of houses is limited. Some of them are on the terraces of the mountains. Labour is very dear here, and consequently some of the houses once begun have remained unfinished. Oban is the centre for excursions.

Professor Blackie says of Oban,

For Oban is a dainty place,
In distant or highlands.
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands.

Sunday, 21st June.—A very cheerful morning. The weather appears to improve during the day. I have before me a calm lake-like harbour just in front, and further on saddle-shaped hills. On the left side a woody hill with houses, and just below it the

railway station. A few steam-boats are in the harbour and a few rowing boats. If the weather continues till to-morrow as bright as now I intend taking an excursion either to the caves of Staffa and the ruins of Iona, where I must proceed by sea, or to Fort William, Ballachulish and Glencoe, known for its historical massacre. I was reminded of the stirring lines of Professor Aytoun in his poem, the "Widow of Glencoe," which describes the foul murder of the Macdonalds—men, women and children, by their treacherous guests, the soldiers of William and Mary, who were received with a Highland welcome by the Chief.

Till in deep and dark Glenlyon
 Rise a louder shriek of woe,
 Than at midnight, from their eyrie,
 Scared the eagles of Glencoe !
 Louder than the screams that mingled
 With the howling of the blast,
 When the murderers' steel was clashing,
 And the fires were rising fast ;
 When thy noble father bounded
 To the rescue of his men
 And the slogan of our kindred
 Pealed throughout the startled glen !
 When the herd of frantic women
 Stumbled through the midnight snow,
 With their father's houses blazing,
 And their dearest dead below,
 Oh, the horror of the tempest,
 As the flashing drift was blown
 Crimsoned with the conflagration,
 And the roofs went thundering down.

Both in the morning and in the afternoon I went round the hills and glens at Oban. The people I met with had mostly come here for the benefit of their health. They seem to have excellent appetites and take walking exercise freely. As at Mahableswar or Matheran, you meet here ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the country. American visitors are plentiful.

In the house where I have put up, I met two Manchester merchants, and the ladies of their houses. They appeared to me very respectable, and sympathetic. They have business relations in Bombay. I understood from them that the factory laws in Manchester are not considered hard by the merchants. The labourers work ten hours. I met also a merchant from Liverpool. He has also business relations in Bombay with European and native merchants. He seems to be of an inquiring mind. He was told by some Europeans that the

some people who have received an English education, and not of the masses. I corrected his ideas on this subject by comparing the agitations in England. He thought the National Congress did not mind the interests of the masses. On the question of the Egyptian expedition, he agreed with Indians that they ought not to be taxed for it. As to the work of missionaries in India, as far as religious education is concerned, he agreed with me in the end that they have not much scope in the teeth of the secular training the English Government encourages. As to exchange, he complains as much as myself. He has visited this place five times in 30 years, and considers it very healthy. He is an old man, apparently 70 years. He complained that the chief drawback of Oban was the absence of amusements such as theatres.

Monday, 22nd June.—The weather is uncertain, and I have given up the idea of sailing round the island of Mull and visiting the isle of Iona, where there are the ruins of the Cathedral, nunnery and St. Oran's chapel. This place is famous as the centre from which an Irish missionary Columba spread Christianity. There are tombs and crosses also. The island of Staffa has got a cave 70 feet in height and 230 in length, and it has got many columns. I am told that in case of rough weather the passengers are not landed at these places. I therefore decided not to make such an uncertain journey, however interesting it may be.

I leave Oban at 6 a.m. for Inverness. Again we have beautiful and impressive scenery—a delightful succession of hills and glens, woods and rivers, lakes and mountains, villas and cottages—all of lovely appearance. After passing through several lochs and intermediate stations we come to Ballachulish Pier, from which passengers drive to Glencoe. I could see the entrance to this glen, which is between two conical hills called the pass of Glencoe. Here the unfortunate Highland chief was massacred with his men by King William's orders. Passing further on, we reach the last station of the steamer, *i.e.*, Fort William. This is a good harbour, and the scenery here also is beautiful, as there are green-mantled mountains on every side. This town is a small one. Fort William is a rocky fort built in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and now it has become private property by purchase from Government. Just

near the Fort William Pier we get a train to go to a place called Banavie, about three miles distant. Here we get into another steam-boat which takes us through the Caledonian canal. This canal is wider than the Crinan canal. As we pass on, I see on both sides wood-clad mountains and the highest mountain in Great Britain—snow-capped Ben Nevis. It is ten o'clock and yet the morning mist has not risen from it. I cannot refrain from quoting this description of Ben Nevis to the accuracy of which my eyes have borne witness :—

Oh for a sight of Ben Nevis,
Methinks I see him now,
As the morning sunlight crimson
The snow wreath on his brow,
As he shakes away the shadows,
His heart the sunshine thrills,
And he towers high and majestic
Amid a thousand hills.

Again the scenery of the mountains on which the rays of the sun were falling was indeed enchanting. Here and there on the banks of the canal were huts and cottages, built after the manner of those we see in the Deccan, of stones of irregular size and with straw roofs. Near them were small cultivated patches, and at places black heaps of earth, which are used when dry, as fuel, were stacked up beside the pits whence they were dug. In the rivers flowing by people were fishing with rod line and fly. After passing a short distance we come to locks just as in the Crinan canal, but these have got more modern and improved machinery. At the first gate, an Irishman sang an Irish song accompanying it with a dance. Here and there we see cattle and sheep. The cattle are of smaller size than in the lowlands. We proceed several miles till it is 11-30, and yet Ben Nevis has his cap of mist. Further on we come to Loch Lochy, where the canal is very wide, so much so that it seems like a lake. On two sides the mountains clad with trees look very majestic. The higher we go the prettier the scenery becomes. In one place where the canal is narrow, avenues of larch and fir trees close to the banks obscure the passage, which is known here as the "dark mile." The height of the canal above the sea level is 100 feet and the length of it from Banavie is 60 miles. We now get to another loch called Loch Oich, bounded by trees, larch and fir on one side and hazel on the other. Here is the well of "seven heads"—where the

bodies of seven murderers of two innocent sons of a nobleman were thrown. The banks continue to be thickly wooded with firs. We then come to Loch Cullochy, and two miles further we reach Fort Augustus, now the property of Lord Lovat, who has given the estate to the Roman Catholics. Fort Augustus is a pretty large town. There is a school and a church here and pretty little houses. There is a house for the sale of articles made at the Highland Industrial School, such as hand-knit stockings &c. Fort Augustus is a favourite retreat for anglers. In fact almost all these lochs supply an unlimited quantity of fish, such as herring, salmon trout &c. Loch Ness, the last of the lochs on the Caledonian Canal begins at St. Augustus. It is 24 miles in length, and as we proceed it increases both in width and depth with trees on the banks. Since we left Fort Augustus hundreds of sea-gulls have been following our steam-boat to pick up eatables thrown from the ship while going from and returning to that place. They also catch fish while flying. There are several landing places where the steamer stops for the convenience of the passengers. The coast is somewhat uniform for several miles, until at last we come within a few miles of Inverness, when its picturesqueness is augmented by the variety of trees and windings of the loch, elegant villas, and the farms on the terraces of the hills.

While steaming through the canal we also stopped at the Foyer Pier from which can be seen the falls of Foyers, a river which runs through a glen between two mountains.

We at last come to

INVERNESS.

This city is the capital of the West Highlands. It is a picturesque city, after the style of Rome and Florence. The river Ness passes through the city. On both banks extends a series of magnificent houses and beautiful walks. Inverness has a cathedral, a hospital, and a town hall. The castle, which is on the hill, is used as a court house and a prison. There are two shady islands formed by the windings of the river, which is spanned by fine suspension bridges.

The Necropolis or cemetery, which stands on a hill, is the most beautiful of its kind in Great Britain. The hill commands a beautiful view of the town. I had seen this cemetery from the

canal, and after landing walked up to it. The view of the town and the river from the castle also is very pleasant indeed. The castle is of modern construction. In its place stood the castle of Macbeth, where King Duncan was murdered.

The walk in the camp and through the promenades of the islands, where I met a number of visitors and people of the town, was indeed enjoyable. The town is full of shady trees on the river side and also on the hills.

I am now in the north of the Great Britain. The twilight lasts till 11-30 p.m., and the people stroll about till 11 p.m. It is very cold here. The temperature is 55 degrees.

Tuesday, 23rd June.—I drove to the Culloden field, where Prince Charles Edward's disastrous invasion ended in such carnage in 1746. This is only five miles from Inverness and is much visited by tourists as being the scene of the last battle fought on British soil.

I met a young man here who introduced himself to me as the nephew of Dr. Peterson of Bombay. I saw Dr. Peterson's brother at Glasgow at Lord Kelvin's jubilee. The brother is a professor in Canada and the nephew is a merchant.

The Town Hall of Inverness is a splendid building. It has a commodious hall for public meetings. Portraits of eminent statesmen and scholars are placed here, especially of those who flourished in these parts. There is an elegant hall for the meetings of the Corporation, consisting of the Lord Provost, four magistrates, the Treasurer (Collector of Revenue) and the Dean of the Guild, who sit on the platform, and fourteen members who sit in the body of the hall. There are seats for the clerk, assistant clerk, and Town Chamberlain. This hall has also got portraits of eminent members of the Corporation and a portrait of Lord Rosebery and Lord Roberts, who have received the Freedom of the City of Inverness (in other words they are made *gaumkars* of this place.)

In the forenoon I start for Aberdeen. On my way I see a large and fertile agricultural district on the right, and the sea on the left for some distance. Then for miles, groves of fir trees and again fields are seen. We pass a few hills here and there until we reach Keith, where the Highland Railway ends and the Great Northern Railway begins.

After Leaving Keith I am journeying through hills and fields. The cold is rather intense, and it rains slightly. The journey looks like the journey between Kaylan and Lanauli (excluding the Khandalla Ghat) during the rainy season, for I am going south-east towards Aberdeen from the north coast. As we approach Aberdeen we are going through mountainous country and the tract is open for miles together.

ABERDEEN.

We are now in the town of Aberdeen. The School-Hill station is beyond the railway crossing to the right. On an eminence is a row of grand buildings. A few yards further and we reach the Aberdeen station at 3 p.m.

I take my refreshment and secure a ticket to go to Ballater, the station for Balmoral, where the Queen lives during the season. I was told by a railway man that her Majesty was expected to arrive by train at 4-30 p.m., a mile off the railway station, where I got down. He gave me a pass to be admitted to the enclosure where the Queen's carriage was to stop. I drove up to that place and was among the people collected to see Her Majesty. The members of the Corporation were also there. The Royal train arrived at 4-30. Her Majesty was in her compartment. She only showed herself at the window and the people had but a glimpse of her face. She looks very old. I returned to the station where I had left my luggage in the "left luggage room," and went to my lodging, which happened to be one of the houses which I had just seen from the railway carriage. This house has the advantage of being situated in one of the best streets in Aberdeen and has before it a garden, a terrace and a band-stand. Soon afterwards I walked along the principal street, Union street, close by my residence. The chief buildings are all of excellent granite stone and ornamental. I visited the cathedral. Then I got on top of a tramcar and went to the terminus of the tramway. On the road I saw the grand municipal buildings, the market place in front, and then I went along King's street, which is a continuation of Union street. I got down from the train and went towards the river Donne and along its quiet and retired bank. Having reached the bridge I went thence by a rustic road to the King's College, an institution after the style of

King's College, at Cambridge, but certainly neither so beautiful nor so large. I saw a cow-herd leading five cows. He told me each cow gave him 14*d.* a day, but he had to spend 4*d.* out of it. I saw also the working grounds for monumental masonry in King's street. This town is full of grounds of this kind, as granite is very plentiful in the adjacent quarries, which I am going to see to-morrow.

After dinner I started on another expedition in a tram-car. I met a young Singalese, who is here for studying medicine. I was told that the Singalese students generally come to this university as the Indian students go to the Edinburgh University. I was sorry to hear from him that William Guntlakam, a very good Sanskrit scholar (in grammar) and a proctor at Candy in Ceylon, with whom I had formed an acquaintance in 1879, and who had presented to me the book of the laws prevalent in Ceylon, is dead.

I went sight-seeing by tram for a long distance. The streets of this city are clean and the houses also are pleasant looking, constructed mostly of granite with pretty little gardens in front. The chief industries of this place are quarrying and working granite, and fishing. Mr. Macdonald (Field & Co.) gave an impetus to the art of polishing granite and this city prospers in that trade. More than 80 thousand tons of granite are quarried in this country. Ship-building is also carried on here.

By way of curiosity and amusement I visited the public Music Hall which was close to my residence in University street. It is a very splendid building, quite befitting the town. There was an exhibition of portraits and curiosities there, and also some electric and other scientific experiments. Music both vocal and instrumental was performed by some people from London. Men and women also appeared in dresses and postures, motionless, as if they were exhibited in portraits at the Academy. There was an exhibition of the "flying lady." The professor who exhibited this living lady said that she did not fly up by means of strings or wire, but he raised her up by the aid of mesmerism and passes. He arranged the lights on the stage specially prepared for this exhibition in such a way as to produce the appearance of a crescent, and then he said that the lady was also under the influence of the moon. I have no doubt that there was some mechanical contrivance.

Wednesday, 24th June.—After breakfast I started on my wanderings in the city. I visited the market buildings, a very splendid place but not coming up to the standard of our Crawford market. This market, which is roofed with glass, has got one big central hall, devoted chiefly to fruit and vegetables, and two narrower wings where meat is sold. I visited the east and west churches, built together with one central corridor and one spire with a clock. Near the Municipal buildings and opening into the Broad street, is the Maraschal College of Medicine. It is much bigger than King's College. I went there at a time when the College Professors were admitting candidates for examination. The examinees were sitting on benches with their fees in their pockets. As I was pressed for time I was conducted to the principal halls by the sacrist or keeper of the building. The halls are ornamental as well as spacious. One of them was 90 feet in length and about 35 feet in breadth. The second hall was a continuation of the first. There are very commodious rooms for students' meetings. Aberdeen, like Edinburgh, is famous for easy degrees in medicine. Just near this college is situated an old house where Lord Byron lived when he was in a Grammar School. The tourist is always recommended to see this house by way of curiosity. So I went in by the front passage, which is very narrow. On reaching the first floor, I knocked at the door, when an old lady came out, and I asked her whether that was the house where Byron lived. She answered "they say so," but she did not know anything of it. I was coming down when I met a man who said, "Sir, you have come to see Byron's room, I suppose. Come, I will show you. Byron did not live in the front part. He lived in a room at the back of this house. The front is later." He took me upstairs and showed me a room on the topmost floor which has a low roof and is now used as a bedroom. It is 8 by 7 feet. When I was coming down the spiral staircase of Lord Byron's house, I was very nearly falling down, as the steps were so narrow and worn out. I am told the Aberdeen University is going to buy the surrounding houses to enlarge the premises of the Maraschal College. Then Lord Byron's house will have to be demolished. "But, noble lord, although your house will come down, your name

will last so long as English literature lasts." I trust, however, the University will place some monument on the spot when they remove the house.

In connection with the King's College, which I visited yesterday, I should have noticed the copy of the Koran belonging to Tippoo Sultan, with annotations in his own hand, in the College Library. How far this is genuine it is difficult to say.

I also visited the granite quarry lying on the western outskirts. It is more than half a mile in circumference. About 200 people were at work. It is now pretty deep. Large slabs are cut. Some of the footpaths contain big slabs, as also graves in churchyards and cemeteries here. I went over the bridge of the river Dee, the basin of which is very large. The bridge is very magnificent.

The population of Aberdeen is 13,000. Robert the Bruce has, according to tradition, given this city the motto "Bon accord." I saw at several places boards bearing these words.

There are several churches in the city which one passes as one goes round the town in the tram-car ; for the circular trip you have to pay 4*d.*

As you pass through Union street, just near the Municipal building, there is the city cross and near it the Salvation Army's quarters.

There are several statues in the city, such as those of the Queen, Prince Albert, Burns, Gordon &c.

While passing along the King's street in a tram I was shown two places, Heading Hill and Gallows Hill—the places where heads of offenders were cut off by the axe or the offenders were gibbeted. The hangman in the former times had a right to receive a fish or a bundle from every load. Consequently he was much abhorred by fishermen or those who brought articles for sale to the market. The hangman's right was analogous to those of our Shetyes in the mofussil bazars or Mahars in villages. While wandering about I met several men standing on the road staring at the cars and carriages, and the passers-by. I asked some what they were doing. They said they were just idling away time. I asked whether they had no occupation. They replied, "no orders for monuments."

After luncheon I left for Edinburgh. I find the country I am now traversing extremely beautiful and rich in agriculture.

Proceeding a few miles, the train stops for a few minutes at Montrose, a station which is only 25 feet from sea. Further on we cross the bridge of the South Esk. Montrose is known as the first place in Scotland where Greek was taught. Passing higher up the train goes through a more cheerful district, and after a few miles reaches the port of Arbroath and then runs parallel to the sea.

Since the morning the weather was rather wet, but in the afternoon (3-15 p. m.) it got clear and the sun's rays gave a pleasant aspect to the country, which is already green.

The train stops at Dundee—a great commercial town in Scotland. It has many houses and a large population, 153,000. The station looks grand. It is on the river Tay, the bridge of which is two miles long and which we are crossing at this moment. The appearance of the river is very magnificent. Just when we come to the end of the bridge, a row of houses on the bank is seen, with all their gardens &c. in front.

After passing a short distance we strike inland, where there are fields, gardens, and avenues of trees, with hills here and there; also villages with model houses.

The train then goes swiftly, and within a few minutes we arrive at Kirkcaldy, where Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving were school-masters. In a few minutes we are near the river Forth, and now we cross the famous Forth Bridge, which is described by M. Eiffel as the greatest construction in the world. It took seven years to build it, and cost £2,500,000. The whole structure is very gigantic. It is 2,765 yards in length.

And now I am again in Edinburgh (5-15 p. m.) and once more enjoy the scenery in front of my window. After dinner I took a stroll in the gardens with Mr. Bhajekar. The day here is pleasanter than at Aberdeen.

SCOTCH TRAITS.

My experience of the Scotch people is that they are very proud of their country, especially the Highlanders, and also of their authors and statesmen. They are fond of their poetry and songs. They are very frugal. They are very strong and generally taller than Englishmen. The women are not so gay as Englishwomen. In a good many parts I saw young

children without shoes. On inquiry I found that they were not absolutely poor, and yet they could stand the cold climate of even Inverness and other places in the Highlands. It may be said my tour extended to the very north of Scotland, and I am complimented by a good many people on having chosen the best part of the country and the best season for visiting it. I was very agreeably impressed with the courtesy and kindness I received not only from people who were touring like myself, but also from those who were going on business. Marked attention was often paid to me, and not the least delightful experience of my tours was the happy and cheerful conversation which I had with gentlemen and ladies with whom I came in contact. One cannot fail to notice the superior attention which educated Indians receive from the people in Great Britain.

Thursday, 25th June.—I leave for the English Lakes this afternoon and bid adieu to "Bonnie Scotland," the land of Robert the Bruce, the land of Wallace, the land of Sir Walter Scott and Burns, and the land of Rob Roy.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
 Farewell to the mountains, high covered with snow,
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods,
 Farewell to the forests and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

I was a little late in going to the station for the train. In the hurry I was getting into a wrong train but I was saved from the mistake by a railway official and also the porter in charge of my luggage.

We are traversing the country between Edinburgh and Carlisle. The first part for about 20 miles is an agricultural and plain country. As we proceed we meet with hills and farms, with villages and woods, just as between Lanowli and Poona. The mountains and hills are beautified by the shrubs which are artistically pruned into different shapes and forms. As we approach Melrose station the country round about grows in

picturesqueness on account of hills and eminences with verdant trees interspersed. Near this is Abbotsford—Sir Walter Scott's home.

The town of Hawick appears a large one with beautiful houses, churches, spires and clocks. The cemetery, by which the train runs, is effectively laid out. Our train now goes past the Cheviot Hills—a large expanse without trees or any cultivation. As we proceed to Langholm station we see on a hill to the right a commemorative obelisk of General Sir John Malcolm, and further on, past the station, several parallel avenues of trees which lend beauty to the place.

CHAPTER XIII.

WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

Carlisle—Penrith—Ullswater—Troutbeck—A Theological Guard—Keswick—A Mountain Panorama—Poetical Reminiscences—Windermere—Bowness.

A FEW miles after crossing the border, we stopped at Carlisle, a great railway junction, where the Scotch lines end and the English begin. The town of Carlisle is situated a few miles from the mouth of the river Eden. It contains large railway workshops and some textile factories. The Cathedral and castle can be seen from the train. It is a large place having a population of 40,000.

Within half an hour we reach Penrith station from which I drive to the Crown Hotel, which is down the town of Penrith.

Penrith is a small town at the foot of a hill. The houses here are built of red sandstone. There is a castle. I arrived at the Crown Hotel at 1-30 p.m. and within half an hour after taking my lunch I started in a coach for Pooley Bridge—a small village at the end of the Ullswater Lake. On the way I had to pass through fields and hills. The village folk were working in the fields. There were sheds similar to those in our Indian villages by the roadside. The rustics were collecting hay and forming it into heaps. From Pooley Bridge we went in a steamboat to the head of the Ullswater lake, which is 9 miles in length; but as we had to go through windings of the lake caused by a succession of mountains such as Hallin Fell, Brick Fell, Gowbarrow Fell &c. (Fell means a mountain or eminence, as in Scotland Ben has the same meaning) we could not see the whole lake at one time. We could

see it from three positions well. The lake is seen to the greatest advantage when we proceed nearly half the distance, *i.e.*, at a point where the Fell on one side and Stybarrow Crag on the other bound the lake, with the village of Patterdale in front and beyond it, the magnificent Helvellyn. Our steamboat stopped at Patterdale Pier, which is a very decent landing place. Just near it is the Ullswater Hotel with a splendid garden, abutting on the shore of the lake, of which it commands a splendid view.

I started in a boat for an interesting excursion. I was the only person in the boat, and the boatman charged me 4s. 6d. I rowed to the Aira Force Waterfall which was within a short distance of Gowbarrow Fell, and Gowbarrow Park, mentioned in Wordsworth. The waterfall is not a grand one to the eyes of one who has seen many waterfalls in India, but to the poet's magnifying glass it is sufficiently grand. The way to the foot of the Fall is woody, and when I passed along it I thought that I was passing along the banks of a brook. The height is about 50 feet. The sheet of water is not wider than 10 feet during summer.

Lylph's Tower, which is a stone building with walls covered with ivy, is in front of the Gowbarrow Park, and the scenery of the whole region is indeed beautiful.

The following lines from Wordsworth's "Somnambulist" refer to the places which formed the subject of my excursions:—

List ye who pass by Lylph's Tower
 At eve: how softly then
 The Aira Force, that torrent hoar
 Speaks from the woody glen,
 Fit music for a solemn vale!
 And holier seems the ground
 To him who catches on the gale
 The spirit of a mournful tale
 Embodied in the sound.

These lines have an allusion to a romantic story of love. A damsel who was in a bewildered state of mind on account of her separation from her lover had her sleep haunted with his image, and ultimately she fell into a stream, where she had gone in her sleep, when the lover appeared suddenly before her.

I had another excursion in the evening to the old village of Patterdale at the extreme head of the lake. The scenery is different at that place. The village has got a church, a school,

and an excellent garden. In the churchyard I was shown a dry stem of a yew tree. It is said that this tree stood for a thousand years and it fell recently. It was rotten in the core. There are rabbits and deer at this place. It is very pleasant to walk and sit on the bank of this lake on a moonlight night.

Friday, 26th June.—It is 8 a.m. now and the lake presents a beautiful view. The sun's rays are falling on the water. The mountains round are still under mist which is gradually dispersing.

I visited the Greenside Lead mines which are near this lake. They are extensive, 300 yards deep and half a mile in circumference.

After breakfast I start by coach for Troutbeck, the railway station for Keswick, the centre of the Lake District. The drive along the bank of the Ullswater Lake was easy, and the scenery of the lake is pleasant. I saw also Stybarrow Crag (mountain) and Glen Coen valley closely. After going a few more miles, I ascended a steep hill from which a still more extensive view of the lake was obtained. On the way I came across some villages with a few houses, and traversed a large plateau on the top of the hill. Then the mountains one after another with the picturesque shadows of passing clouds were before me. Again I descended the hill and on both sides lay large open grazing grounds, where there were seen several enclosures for sheep, horses and cows to graze. These plots belong to different small tenants.

I came to the Troutbeck station and I found the note-book I am now writing in had dropped from the coach. I was very much put out, as it contained my diary for two or three days. It was only five minutes for the train to Keswick. The coachman was good enough to drive me back. A little girl of twelve who found my book on the road and was running after the coach for more than a mile was seen by the coachman. I was cheered with hopes and the little girl brought the book to me. After rewarding her, I asked the girl what she would have done with the book. She said that she would have brought it to the station to hand it over to me, and if she had not found me, she would have given it to the coachman. I had to spend a couple of hours at this quiet station, as I missed the train.

Through the combined kindness of the station-master and the

guard of a mineral train carrying coke, I was able to secure a ride on the train which brought me to Keswick within twenty minutes. I was given a seat on a cushion in the guard's own compartment, which was by no means clean. I found there a copy of the Bible containing the Old and the New Testament. The guard said to me: "If there is God, if there is a devil, there is Heaven and Hell. In Heaven there is perfect happiness and glory. Jesus Christ was the true Son of God. I believe in Him. I cannot live without Him." I asked him whether it was proper to allow me to ride on the goods-train (as I knew it was contrary to the railway regulations). He answered: "You have got a ticket, sir, you haven't robbed any one. I will tell any official that you missed the train and the station-master asked me whether I could allow you to ride." I gave him a shilling, and he said: "Thanks, you are a gentleman."

So I am in Keswick now—famous for its picturesque lake scenery. The place appears to be quite enjoyable. This is a regularly established town on the bank of the river Greta, which falls into Derwentwater. There are many houses, hotels, churches etc., in the town. Although the lake is a little distant, I have chosen the Keswick Hotel, near the station, as it commands a magnificent garden, bowers and playgrounds of its own and affords a view of mountain scenery on all sides. I am given an excellent room facing a green-mantled hill and freely admitting the refreshing air. I passed through the public park, which is a large one and very well kept, and contains lawn-tennis grounds. The lovely vegetation is rich and profuse like that at Bangalore, when you leave the railway station and go to the city. I crossed the town by the Keswick garden and public park along the river, and then, instead of turning to the upper end went to the lower end, where I met a gentleman. He remarked that to see the beauty of the lake I should visit the upper end, and the best position would be the Castle Hill. He then led me through fields and hills to the road. I had to cross hedges and ascend hillocks to join the road leading to Castlehead. Just at the entrance, a cripple was sitting, and I took him to be the gate-keeper, for he accosted me as if he was one, but I soon discovered my mistake and

went up. As I was doing so, he said "Sir, before going further you should give me something. It is the custom for visitors to give me something." I gave him an alms, throwing the coin down, but the man was really helpless, and said: "Sir, I am a cripple and cannot bend." I had to pick up the money and put it into his hands. Then I wended my way to the hill, but unfortunately, I took the wrong track, and the consequence was that I had to ascend the hill by rugged and steep rocks, so much so that I felt that I was in danger of slipping down. I had my boots on, but relying on Providence I made a venture. I was reminded of a similar adventure I had in 1880 when I went down the Girsappa waterfall in Canara. The only difference is that there are no snakes or thorny bushes on these hills as in Canara, nor are the places so rugged and steep. In Canara I met on my way a big cobra, and had to pass down very steep and thickly wooded places. There was not that difficulty here. The only thing I felt was that I was in danger of falling down a few feet and of being hurt a little. However, I went through the ordeal safely and came to the top. This is the best position to see the beautiful ranges of mountains which Cumberland possesses and which are round about Keswick. It commands also the best view of the Derwent-water lake which is near Keswick, and also Bassenthwaite lake, which is four miles away. In order to assist the visitor, a plate is kept there with lines pointing to the particular mountains, the names of which are also given.

The mountains are ranged in a circle as it were, and when you get out of one circle, you get into another. This is somewhat after the fashion of the hills at Mount Abu, as I particularly noticed when I had gone to see the Dehalwada Temple. A visit to Castlehead Hill gives you a complete idea of the English lakes. There are many excursions which can be made from this place by way of circular drives and visits to the falls. For want of time and also with the prospect of seeing more at the next lakes which I am to visit, I confined my ambition to taking a circular drive round Keswick and Bassenthwaite lake which was eighteen miles in extent. This walk disclosed to me most superb rural and wild scenery of mountains and rocks, rivers and lakes, and vegetation of various kinds—all cool and refreshing. The beauty of the country

lies in the climate and the all-pervading verdure. The tourist is never tired. Then you have got so many places of refreshment that you are never in fear of starvation. The only fear is of over-eating. Then again, if you have means, there are so many conveniences of travelling that you can travel by carriages at any time and from any place you like. During this circular drive I noticed a white boulder which is called the "Bishop's rock." I also saw rabbits running about in numbers. There are not many birds here. Honey-making bees are found in large numbers, just as at Mahableshwar, and also at other lakes I have recently visited. I tasted some excellent rich local honey. The other day, when I was with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Jardine at the Trossachs in the Highlands, the latter said that the honey in this country (Scotland) was generally good.

In the evening we had excellent music played by the band and the pipers in the garden. I saw also the young men play different games in the public parks, and the railway cricket grounds. Until they go to bed, the people of this country—whether old, middle-aged, or young men or women—are always busy with something or other. They read, they walk, they play, they drive, they draw, or they do something useful, and not like our people lie down on beds or sit vacantly looking on &c. Hence they maintain their health. I have often seen tourists or visitors going about for walks or drives within a few minutes after leaving the train or steamer. Of course, the first thing they do is to refresh themselves as fully as possible to stand the exertion.

Saturday, 27th June.—The morning to-day is delightful. The mountain just before my window is visible, but the adjacent mountains are enveloped with mist. After breakfast I drove in a victoria to a point on the bank of the Derwentwater Lake from which the lake is best seen. I felt that I was placed in a titanic saucer—eminences all round and myself in the middle. The view was charming. There are a few islands in this lake where houses are built with gardens in front. At the foot of the lake are numbers of rowing boats for the numerous visitors.

Upon the whole, the place is very busy. You meet with a number of coaches, cabs, victorias &c., with visitors going in different directions on excursions. One gentleman who was driving yester

day with me observed, if he had money he would settle here and always go on excursions. The place is so delightful. I then visited the parish church, a very ancient one. It contains a statue of Southey with an inscription by Wordsworth. Southey was buried here in the churchyard. I saw also the Greta Hall, which is near the pencil factory. It was the residence of Southey for 38 years from 1805. Southey was the author of "Thalaba," a book which I read for my B. A. Southey's description of the lake runs thus :

'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
And from the surrounding things the lines wherewith day has adorn'd them,
Fade like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of youth is departed,
Pensive, though not in thought, I stood at the window beholding
Mountain and lake and vale ; the valley disrobed of its verdure,
Derwent retaining yet from eve a glossy reflection.
Where his expanded breast, then still and smooth as a mirror
Under the woods reposed.

At 10-10 a.m., my coach and four was ready to take me along with 13 other visitors to Ambleside and Windermere Lake. I took my seat quite near to a middle-aged man. He appeared to me a man of some learning. Just when our coach came up the hill which overlooks Derwentwater he said to me : " This, sir, is the house where Shelley spent the best portion of his life—I mean his honeymoon." This remark of his produced an electric effect on the cheeks of two young ladies who were sitting on the opposite bench facing us. They blushed, they smiled. I asked my learned informant : " Is this the town where Shelley flourished ?" " Flourished ?" he said, " I do not know whether he ever flourished at any other place, but he had very hard times here. He tried to make oxygen gas and blew up the roof of his house."

Then our coach had to go up and down for some distance through vales and dales until we came to a rock, emerging on the left just at the entrance to St. John's Valley, which strikes the attention of the visitor. From its appearance it is called " Fairy Fortress." It is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's " Bridal of Triermain."

With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of St. John.

After traversing a short distance, which was also interesting in the way of wild scenery, we came to lake

THIRLMERE,

from which water is supplied to Manchester. The straining well or the well in which water is strained or sieved through copper strains is close to the road. I was told by my guide that great care is taken in admitting people to this well; for they fear some mischievous fellow might throw a bottle or two of prussic acid into the well and poison the whole of Manchester.

Further on we passed a party of men making merry at a picnic, by the side of a brook. As our coach was passing they raised their glasses filled with claret and drank to our health. We then proceeded through a valley which divides the district of Cumberland from Westmoreland. It is called Dun Mail Raise from the fact that King Dun Mail, who fell in the battle, was buried there. On our passage through the vales we saw a rock called Helm Crag. Parts of this when seen from different positions look like a lion sitting, a lion and a lamb, and a lady with an organ. Our guide pointed out these positions particularly well. Then we entered the valley of

GRASMERE LAKE.

The view here is very pretty. The verdure all around and the numerous gardens prettily laid out lend a great charm to the scene. This place is full of literary associations. Our coach took us through the town. We halted at the church to visit Wordsworth's family grave and also the grave of H. Coleridge, the brother of S. Coleridge. Wordsworth and S. Coleridge were mutual admirers, and the latter described the former as the friend of the wise and the teacher of the good. Wordsworth's description of the church is to be found in the following lines:

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile
 But large and massy: for duration built,
 With pillars crowded and the roof upheld
 By naked rafters intricately crossed
 Like leafless underboughs' mid some thick grove
 All withered by the depth of shade above.

Our guide pointed out to us a small rock where Wordsworth sat and wrote his lines on the bank of Grasmere. This was called Wordsworth's seat.

Upon a rising ground a grey church tower,
 Whose battlements were screened by tallest trees;

And t'wards a crystal mere that lay beyond,
 Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
 A copious stream with boldly winding course,
 . . . a cheerful, quiet scene."

The Dove Cottage, often referred to by Wordsworth, is only fifteen yards from the road we passed along. It is a small cottage. It is kept in excellent trim by the proprietor, who now lets it out for four times the amount of rent a house of that kind fetches in the town. It never remains vacant. In this house Wordsworth was married and he lived for some time with De Quincey. Coleridge's house, which is a pretty big one, is just by the side of the road. Further on we were shown Wordsworth's house. We saw only the chimney of it from a distance, the rest of it being concealed by trees. We were also shown the position of the "Wishing Gate."

Even the stranger from afar,
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar ;
 Unknowing and unknown,
 The infection of the ground partakes;
 Longing for the beloved, who makes
 All happiness her own."

WINDERMERE.

We were next shown the house of Dr. Arnold, the famous schoolmaster. Within a short time we reached Ambleside, a town of some importance. Our guide informed us that a house we passed by, which was very near the road, belonged to Harriet Martineau, the well-known philosophical writer.

Ambleside is a pretty place. Lake Windermere commences half a mile from the town. This lake is the most beautiful and the largest among the English Lakes, it being twelve miles long and at places more than a mile and a half wide. Its appearance is very majestic. The mountains surrounding it are not very big, but they are very picturesque, and are in the background. There is ample field for foot excursions. This lake is a favourite resort of all tourists, and the people in the country, many of whom spend their holidays in its neighbourhood. There are different halting places along the banks. A number of steamers ply on the lake. When I reached Ambleside and went to the Pier three steamers with more than 600 people were starting for an excursion. Schools and ordinary clerks who get a short holiday enjoy an excursion round this lake. I did not halt at Bowness, a place in the

centre on the left bank, where people of all sorts had gone to enjoy their Saturday holiday. I went further on to Lakeside, that is Windermere proper, so that I might see the whole lake. After getting down from the steamer and settling myself in a hotel close by, I took my tea and started for a drive in the country round about along with other people, and enjoyed the sylvan scenery. Just when I reached the place I found that a Sunday school from Barrow (18 miles) with girls and boys from 6 to 12 years old had come to that place for a picnic. The number of the children was more than 250. They had a *fête* on an eminence near the pier. I found the whole party very cheerful. The little children squatted on the grass and had their sweatmeats, cakes and tea. They were very merry. Some of the children drove with me in the neighbouring country. They had a band of their own. They returned to Barrow by the 8 o'clock train. I had a pleasant walk on the bank till bed-time.

Sunday, 28th June.—I walked in different parts of the Windermere Lakeside and after breakfast I left Windermere for Bowness in a dog-cart. The drive alongside the lake was rather tame. There were not many houses by the roadside, nor any good trees, but from the hilly points I could see the various parts of the lake and the mountains on the other side. Indeed, the lake scenery grows in picturesqueness as you approach Bowness. The lake is at its widest here and the mountains at their prettiest.

BOWNESS.

I reached Bowness in an hour and a half, and immediately after I had placed my luggage at the Hydropathic Hotel, I went down to the pier to see the beauty of the Lake-side. To-day is Sunday, and there was quiet everywhere, but a few gentlemen and ladies were sitting on the pier to have a little airing. Just as I was going to the pier, two gentlemen of Lancashire who were riding bicycles along the road saw me from a distance. One of them was a sergeant in an English regiment at Karachi and he mistook me for one Rustomji of Karachi. He discovered his mistake when he came near me and asked me who I was. The other cyclist was a sergeant too, but he had not seen India. They had started from Lancaster in the morning after breakfast, and

travelled 32 miles in 4 hours. They were tired and wanted a little steam to warm them. The Karachi sergeant asked me to have some drink with him at the refreshment shed on the pier. I excused myself by telling him that I did not drink. He pressed me and said that I should at least take a bottle of lemonade with him. But unfortunately for him the refreshment room was closed, as it was Sunday. From their conversation and manner the two sergeants appeared to me to be thorough gentlemen, and as they were tired I thought I would extend the hand of hospitality to them by taking them to my residence and ordering for them what they wanted. Accordingly I took them to the Hydropathic Hotel, and the place, true to its name, could give them only Kops' ale, which was a little better than water, being a sort of mineral water. However, they were refreshed by it, and we parted with feelings of respect.

This Hydropathic Hotel commands the best scenery of the lake and its surrounding district. It is situated on a hill, and has a tower. This place seems to be a respectable one. I met about 50 people, most orderly and civil, living as visitors. One old lady about 75, who was sitting by me, and who looked very ancient, surprised me with her inquiries on several topics of interest. She showed every courtesy to me. I met a gentleman named Mr. George Dean, at the Hydropathic Hotel, Windermere, a merchant possessing concerns of woollen and yarn manufacture, and another, Mr. Crossland, a gentleman of means who is fond of boating and painting. They took me with their families to the summit of the hill which was close by, and showed me the best view of the lake for miles together. I may say this is the grandest view I saw of any English lake. Windermere is undoubtedly the queen of all the English lakes, and it is for this reason that it is such a great favourite with the people.

I ought to notice that the houses in these parts are built of slate stones; even the roofs are of slate. I was told by Mr. Dean that these houses stand well against the inclemencies of weather. To my view they looked rather primitive, although the architecture was modern. I had noticed that many of the London houses are roofed with slate.

In connection with this lake I ought to mention one fact mentioned to me by several people. In February, 1896, the lake was

frozen and 2,000 people skated along the lake and several carriages passed along. It afforded a good opportunity to people from all parts of England to visit the lake and skate.

I think I have seen enough now of the lake and bid farewell to Windermere and with it to the English lake district.

CHAPTER XIV.

COTTONOPOLIS.

Amenities of Travel—Manchester—Smoke and Statues—A Hive of Industry—The Port of Liverpool—Docks—Distinguished Representatives.

I START for Manchester at 5-45 p.m. This is a Sunday train and very slow, and we have to change more than once. One English gentleman who had met me previously was in the train from the starting point. He went on explaining to me several points in the geography of the district. At an intermediate station, a gentleman with two ladies came into our compartment. This party appeared to me to be of high social standing. The gentleman, seeing me a stranger to the country, volunteered a great deal of information regarding Lancashire. The first gentleman, while giving me information about the people and the industries of the place, jocosely observed that I might make some note about the young ladies, who were present. This remark seems to have pleased the ladies very much. For I found that both of them went on asking their male relative or friend to explain to me the particulars of the mountains and the castles and places of interest that lay on our way until we reached Lancaster, the place of their residence, and at the time of getting down we parted with great civility, the ladies bowing ceremoniously to me. I mention this fact to show that the silence of Englishmen in this country is greatly misunderstood. Among themselves they do not even speak until there is some introduction. During my journey I found that if any incident gives an opportunity to talk, Englishmen are not averse to doing so. Temperaments may differ but the silence is not to be attributed to pride. "Mind your own business" is the principle on which the course of their action is regulated. This is my impression.

After the three passengers had left our compartment, three new ones came in. One of them was in a drunken state and could

hardly keep his balance. Moreover, he did not speak distinctly. His wife was a strange looking lady and the baby who was in her arms was a handsome one. The drunken husband troubled his beloved wife a great deal by his talk. Two or three stations after Lancaster, two old ladies and one gentleman got into the train and one of the old ladies took her seat on the same side with the drunken man who had ceased talking and had taken to smoking a pipe. The smoke of the tobacco troubled the old lady who was suffering from cough. The gentleman who was acting as my guide had the good sense to come to the help of the old lady by telling the drunken man in a rather imperative tone to desist from smoking. The man came to his senses and stopped smoking. Just at this moment we were approaching Preston and I looked into my Baedekar's guide to see what was particular about it. I found in the book a remark that the association for teetotalism was started in Preston and the first oath was taken there. I affected ignorance and read to my guide the remark from the book. The rest of the party, including the drunken man, saw the purport of this action and enjoyed the joke heartily. The drunken man said, "But every-one is not a teetotaler." I said, "Of course not," and thus the old lady was saved from the trouble of the tobacco-smoke. After leaving Preston we reached Manchester betimes.

Monday, 29th June.—After breakfast I drove over to William Graham and Co., 48, Sackville Street, to see Mr. R. V. Madgavkar. I had a pleasant talk with him. He was glad to see me. He intends coming to India two years hence. He finds no time to move about. He has not seen much of either Manchester or Liverpool. He lives at a suburban place. I drove in different parts of Manchester. It is exclusively a business place, with any amount of dust and smoke. I saw the Ship Canal, which goes to Liverpool, 35 miles. It cost £5,000,000, and is splendid. The town, like London, is full of massive buildings. It is also a town of statues. Cromwell's statue is placed upon a small rock just near the railway station. It was presented to Manchester by a rich lady. A friend told me that the rough and rugged nature of the rock on which the statue is placed was in keeping with the rough and uncouth character of Cromwell. Cromwell, as I have already noticed, destroyed

many churches, for he did not like the pretensions of the clergy, and was himself a great Puritan.

Cobden has a statue in St. Ann's Square. Other distinguished personages are also honoured with statues. In front of the Infirmary are statues of Watt, Wellington, Dalton and Peel. In the Peel Park are the statues of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and Sir Robert Peel. The streets are pretty broad. The population is 700,000. The place is a great centre for all kinds of industries, and is therefore very busy. As in London, the streets are full of traffic and there are numerous factories, churches and places of amusement.

Among the institutions of Manchester, I may mention the Royal Infirmary, where more than twenty-five thousand patients are treated every year, the Cathedral, the Assize Courts, and the New Town Hall. There are colleges and a university in this city.

Manchester proper is separated from Salford by the river Irwell. The mills of Manchester are located generally in the suburban towns.

Manchester is the chief industrial town of England. It is the emporium of cotton manufacture. Besides cotton goods, Manchester manufactures large quantities of silk, chemicals and machinery.

The so called, 'Manchester School,' advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws and the principles of free trade. The School or the political party had at one time a regular office for the Anti-Corn-Law League. On the site of this office now stands the Free Trade Hall, which is 130 feet long, 80 feet wide and 53 feet high, and can accommodate more than 6,000 persons. The site belonged to Mr. Cobden, who was the leader of this party, and 50 years ago, there were regular discussions regarding free trade. John Bright was also one of the prominent members of this party.

Manchester people take their dinner in the middle of the day. At about 6 p.m. they take their tea and a little supper. There are a few gentlemen of great wealth, but the majority consists of ordinary well-to-do people. The merchants are business men, and not given to show.

There is less money-making now, and more enjoyment. Many merchants now-a-days go out to the sea-side and other places of enjoyment.

I noticed thousands of people going to Blackpool. Some go to Southport. I was told by a friend that a million people resort to Blackpool every year. I was also informed that many Manchester people go to Llandudno and Rhyl.

I leave Manchester in the afternoon for Liverpool, only three-quarters of an hour's journey. The country between the two places is mostly devoted to industrial pursuits. It is a continuation of chimneys and smoke, and a number of houses are to be seen covered with smoke. There are some green places here and there, but they are few and far between.

I reached Liverpool in due time and went over to Cook and Son's office for guidance. They gave me a first class ticket to travel by the overhead electric railway that passes along the Liverpool docks. These docks, which are at least 50 times bigger than the Prince's and Victoria Docks in Bombay, are really marvellous constructions. For miles together you see basins, ships, sheds and godowns. Each dock bears a separate name, such as Prince's dock, George dock, Salthouse dock, Queen's dock, King's dock, Waterloo dock &c. The view from the train is very grand. I went from the city to the end of the docks and returned. Then I went through different streets of Liverpool. I saw the Town-hall, the Exchange Court, Liverpool Bank, and the Post Office. These are excellent buildings. In my opinion the Exchange Court here beats the Royal Exchange in London. The architecture of the houses is beautiful. They are as stupendous as the buildings in London. In fact I liked Liverpool infinitely better than Manchester, which is smoky and disgusting.

Liverpool is the principal seaport of England. There are a great many points of similarity between the growth of Liverpool and the growth of the town and island of Bombay. Baedeker's account of Liverpool shows that the port furnished only one small bark with six men for the siege of Calais in 1338. In the reign of Elizabeth, 1565, it possessed only 12 ships and had 138 householders. In the time of the Restoration, the first dock was constructed, in 1709, and the town had 5,000 inhabitants, which number increased to 12,000 in 1730, to 26,000 in 1760, and 77,700 in 1801. During the present century the increase has been very rapid; its present population is very nearly 800,000 souls.

About 1,840 regular steam communication was opened between Liverpool and New York, and from this time dates the prosperity of Liverpool. The total value of the exports of Liverpool is greater than that of the exports of London. In imports the latter beats the former. The registered tonnage of Liverpool vessels is larger than that of London or Glasgow.

Among the distinguished natives of Liverpool is the Right Hon'ble W. E. Gladstone, whose father was a prominent Liverpool merchant. The borough of Liverpool was once represented in Parliament by Sir Francis Bacon (from 1588 to 1592).

To have some variety in my trip and to have a fuller view of the creek of Liverpool I availed myself of the concession allowed by my railway ticket and used the steam-boat to cross the water and finished up the journey to Chester by train. I found the short excursion very pleasant indeed. I could appreciate the beauty of the docks more fully. The majesty of these docks made a great impression on my mind. Thus I left Liverpool with a much better impression than some have of the place, and I will see more of it when I return from my intended trip to Ireland.

CHAPTER XV.

ROMANTIC SCENES.

Chester—Ecclestone Park and the Dee—Eaton Hall—Hawarden—Shrewsbury.

THE district between Liverpool and Chester is very interesting. As in the vicinity of London, the country round is green. Gardens and nurseries are to be seen at short intervals. Trees also are numerous. Mountains bound the horizon, and as we go to Chester the picturesqueness increases. It takes only 50 minutes to go from Liverpool to Chester.

Chester is one of the oldest cities in Britain. It has got some old features yet. The first thing I did after placing my luggage in the room put at my disposal in the Queen's Hotel, near the station, was to take a cup of tea and start on the top of a tram-car which passes through the heart of the city. I saw the quaint houses of the olden times; they were very curious in architecture. The cathedral, which I visited, has got speci-

mens of architecture from 62 A. D. I was fortunate in having a young chaplain to explain to me several things. These arches are of the Roman style. The window glasses are stained as at the cathedrals at Ely, Lincoln, York &c. which I recently saw. The tomb of the Bishop of Chester, who was at one time the master of Jesus College, Cambridge, is very splendid. At the feet of the recumbent statue of the bishop there are two angels. On the walls of the tomb are the heads of eight of the apostles. There is an ornamental canopy over the head with four figures at the corners, representing the Girdle of Truth, the Helm of Salvation, the Shield of Faith and the Sword of the Spirit. Then there are figures of eminent persons and mosaic figures of saints on the walls. The young chaplain was good enough to show me the old walls of the city through a court of the cathedral. The wings of this court look very old and somewhat like the Dharmasalas or Padvis attached to our Indian temples or mosques where the traveller cooks his food and also sleeps during the night. I passed out through a court of this character. The passage over the walls was indeed very splendid. It is paved and from 4 to 6 feet wide. The people from the town take walks upon the path, which is $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile in circumference. The view from this wall is very splendid. Just behind the cathedral there is a turret on the wall called the Phoenix Tower. On the walls of this tower is written "King Charles stood on the top of this tower September 26th, 1647, and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." The place where Cromwell defeated him is two miles from here. I paid 1*d.* and entered this tower, where I found a lecturing guide like those I met at Windsor, Edinburgh, and Stirling, repeating one thing after another. This old man wanted to fasten a friend of his on me as my guide, but I gave him to understand that I required no guide. Walking further on the top of the walls I came across a refreshment room. Owing to the conveniences placed in the tourist's way, he has no reason to complain or to be tired. As I walked further, I saw an open cricket and racing ground called Roody, where young boys were playing.

I returned for dinner, and afterwards I started to survey the city further. There is a fine Wesleyan Chapel. The façade of

it is very graceful. The theatre and post office are of the usual stamp. But the Baptist Chapel and the Catholic Church are beautiful edifices. There is a splendid public park called the Grosvenor Park. It commands the view of the River Dee which flows by it. On this river many young men and young women row. I saw four ladies rowing in a boat without the aid of any man! I saw also two guns from Sebastopol placed in this park just near the Bandstand. I happened to meet an old man of seventy here. He volunteered to give me information and take me round. We went to the boat house, which was very near the river. It is a very splendid establishment, containing numerous boats. The sheds are very neatly constructed. Near the sheds and the pier there are elm trees whose shade is very pleasant. I met several men and women sitting and talking beneath these trees. There is a suspension bridge over the river. We then saw an old English Church in ruins. The part still standing is a good illustration of old architecture. Then my friend, (who informed me that his son was an engineer employed on the bridge over the river Tay which I had recently crossed while returning from Aberdeen) took me to the market and along the footpath which the old Chester houses have on top in the form of a continuous terrace. We could walk from one end of the street to the other above the shops on the ground floor. There are several streets of this kind. He showed me the castle. There is nothing very particular about it. There is a canal which is about 100 years old. The old city has four gates. The old man showed me a house which is now in a very nearly ruined condition. He observed that if I had seen this house fifty years ago, I would have considered it the "blossom" of Chester. Rich men have been building pretty-looking houses on the other side of the river. The city upon the whole appears beautiful and is well kept in point of sanitation. The inhabitants also appear very polite and orderly.

I ought to note that among the things shown to me by the custodian of the turret was a small cannon ball found on the field of the battle between Charles I. and Cromwell.

Tuesday, 30th June.—This morning at 7 a.m. was a little wet, but the weather having cleared by 9 a.m. I started in a launch for Eaton Hall, the summer retreat of the Duke of Westminster on

the river Dee. More than 200 rowing boats are at the pier. We pass under the suspension bridge. The boating place is much better than those at Brighton or Richmond which I lately saw. The banks are magnificent, with houses and gardens sloping to the river. The course of the river is also beautiful at Chester. The people who live on the banks in splendid houses are to be envied. Then we get to a place where there is an in-take well supplying water to Chester. The Captain remarks that the wind is contrary. The boat glides along slowly. Some young men are seated on the green banks, angling. The Captain gives me his glasses to see the distant scenery. He does not drink except beer at night after rowing is over, and he does not yield to temptation, although he has constant opportunities to drink with people going on excursions. He is a fine man. We reach Ecclestone Pier, where there is a church maintained by the Duke of Westminster. This is a pretty place—woody with splendid avenues of elm trees on the bank. The church is going to be renovated, and a comfortable residence for the Deacon added. We pass by the stud where the Duke breeds valuable race-horses. After we leave Ecclestone, the winding course of the river takes the form of the letter D—the part is called crooked D—and hence, some say, the river on which Chester stands acquires its name. Now we come to the water-works and gas-works of the Duke. A little further the chimes are heard from the Hall Clock Tower, nearly a quarter of a mile distant. We arrive just near the iron bridge in front of the Park, but the pier where the steam launch stops is very quaint and old fashioned. It is an earthen mound where the visitor has to jump from the launch. Why the Duke has not thought fit to construct a pier of some sort I cannot say. The reason may be that the people generally get down at the Ecclestone Pier, which is another entrance to the Park, and from which there is an excellent road. I returned to the launch by this way.

Just when I entered the Park, the valuable horses of the Duke, called Bendor and Grey Legs, were being led by their respective grooms. These were race horses at one time. The groom of the Bendor said. "This horse won the Derby in 1880, sir. He is now 19 years old. His son was named after the son-in-law

of the Duke, Ormonde. He went to America. He was sold for £30,000. He is now a stallion." By the time his talk was over, I reached the Hall, and I had no opportunity to hear the other groom describe the merits of his charge. Both horses looked very splendid. In the park there are 600 deer. Some of them were frisking and jumping about. About 50 were gathered in one place. The view was really pretty. The posture and horns of the deer were very interesting. They were sitting in a meeting as it were, just as an assembly of people meet to consider a subject. I drove through the park and found that the private grounds were kept with the greatest possible care and attention. The Hall or the main building is a model palace. It has a chapel attached to it, which the visitor thinks of visiting first as he enters the gate. It is very well decorated. It has all the appliances of a public cathedral. The people in this country attach much importance and value to churches. In fact, church going is an important item of their life. Some of us in India look scornfully at our chapels and have not got in our houses anything in lieu of them. That is not the case here. The halls of this splendid palace are furnished and ornamented in such a way as to surpass even the Royal apartments in Windsor Castle. Of course it is of recent construction, whereas Windsor Castle is valuable from a historical point of view. The tapestry work, and the pictures and the decorations in some of the halls are very old—centuries old. There are statues and sculptures in some rooms. The library, the dining room, and the drawing room have splendid decorations. The gardens are a specimen of great skill, the flower-beds being arranged in such a way as to give them the appearance of a carpet. I must say that I have nowhere seen such excellent flower-beds as here.

As noted above, I returned by the side of the park, viz. by the Ecclestone Pier. While returning I found one of the crew was trying to collect something from the water near the pier. The Captain informed me that there is an old Italian, who alone is allowed by the Duke to play on the organ near the pier, and the people who assemble in the park throw some small coins to him. Some of these, thrown too far, fall into the water, and the people on the steam-launch collect them while the launch stops to receive passengers.

the

Before the bridges were constructed, the Romans, who had possession of these parts, had a quaint fording place at this river. It is called the Roman ford. The return trip was quicker and we could see more of the beauties of the river.

I was thinking of visiting Hawarden Castle, the private residence of Mr. Gladstone and his family. The tourist is always recommended to see this, but I was pressed for time. I had not made previous arrangements, and I had read in the papers that Mr. Gladstone was somewhere on the western coast. Under the circumstances I gave up the idea, and bought a view of the place instead.

I left Chester at noon. I am passing through a fine garden-like country. From a distance I see the chimney of Hawarden Castle on one side and Eaton Hall on the other. As soon as we leave Chester, we reach the Welsh border. In fact Chester is the portal of Wales. Fine trees on the railway lines make the journey pleasant. An Englishman who travels with me explains many things. We pass by the vale of Gresford which is picturesque indeed. The railway carriage I am travelling in has views of important scenes fixed on the walls. For instance—the cottage of Ann Hathaway (Shakespeare's wife), Stratford-on-Avon Church, the birth-place of Shakespeare, the Lion Rock, Cheddar, Warwick Castle, Salisbury Cathedral &c., are open to the eyes of the traveller. Gresford was the birth-place of Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year."

The part of Wales I am passing through is very pretty. The mountain ranges, covered over with mist, are several miles distant on the right, and the lovely gardens and fields on the left are refreshing and delightful.

SHREWSBURY.

This is a very old town and known to the reader of English history. It was here that a battle was fought between Henry IV. and Hotspur in 1403. It was on this occasion that Falstaff fought "a long hour by Shrewsbury Clock." The houses here are like the houses at Chester, quaint in appearance. You see a lot of them as you pass along. The mountain ranges of Wales here present a delightful view. In a way this part of the country is more beautiful than the eastern coast of England.

The Wreckin is a pretty green mantled hill, and is the highest in Shropshire, which I am passing through just at this moment. As we approach it we get to the town of Wellington, where some iron manufacture is carried on. There are several heaps of refuse from iron mines by the side of the railway lines.

We pass Birmingham, a place famous for brass and iron, and other metallic wares—a great industrial hive. It is a large town—all chimneys and Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!

A few miles further the country is full of gardens and farms, just as in the neighbourhood of London.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CLASSICAL TOUR.

Shakespeare's Birth-place—Oxford—The Clarendon Press—The Bodleian Library—Opening of the Indian Institute—Lord G. Hamilton.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

I VISITED the village of the immortal poet and dramatist. The house in which he was born is somewhat like houses 150 years old in Bombay—rough wood, low storeys, small rooms, ten feet by eight. The ground floor is paved, but the stones are of irregular shape. The upper floor has wooden planks; the house has a sitting room, kitchen, pantry and cupboards. The room where Shakespeare was born has its walls and windows filled up with names. Sir Walter Scott's name is there. The house before it was bought by the Corporation had fallen into the hands of strangers who took little care to preserve it.

There is a museum of interesting Shakespeare relics in one of the rooms. The two women, who are employed as guides in this house by the Corporation, explain the various object of interest to the visitors, whose number is very large perhaps larger than the number of worshippers visiting an ordinary Indian temple. Among the articles I noticed were a wooden desk as rough and old fashioned as one could imagine, and a gold signet ring. There are other articles shown, but a doubt is expressed about their being genuine. The fact of his birth in this house is proved by the deeds which are preserved. There is a catalogue of deeds. I have, however, no time to note all; but I saw some of them. The conveyance of 1596 was attested by John Shakespeare, the

poet's father. He did not know how to write. There is a plaint or declaration in a suit by William Shakespeare against Philip Rogers to recover the price of malt sold by the poet.

The tomb of Shakespeare is near the chancel in the Stratford church. I went there at a time when the evening service was going on. The priests are as a rule very strict and perfect in their service. The kneeling and the recital of the hymns took a long time. There was music for most of the time. After the service was over I had a sight of the tomb.

The Shakespeare memorial is a splendid building, containing a library in which all the editions of Shakespeare published in the world are preserved. There are 27 languages in which, the Librarian told me, Shakespeare is translated. I saw the Marathi translation of "Othello," by Mahadev Shastri Kolatkar, "Romeo and Juliet," by Kirtane, and "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Kanitkar. The Librarian has asked me to send any more translations of Shakespeare that may have been printed in India. The picture-gallery has pictures of important scenes. Among the pictures I noticed there was a beautiful portrait of Lady Hamilton (a letter to whom by Nelson on the eve of his death I have already mentioned in the account of my visit to the British Museum in London), and a picture of the little Duke of York who was murdered in the Tower. On the staircase to the gallery the windows are stained, and the seven stages of man's life as detailed by Jaques in "As you Like it," are shown—a baby, a school-boy, a youth, a soldier, a judge (showing by the attitude of his fingers that he is analysing evidence and giving you his view, like Sir C. Sargent), an old man and a dying man—all very neatly shown. There is a theatre here after the fashion of the Globe Theatre in London. The drop scene shows the procession of Elizabeth by the side of the Globe Theatre. There is a memorial fountain presented to the town by Mr. Child of Philadelphia—an imposing structure. The inscriptions thereon are taken from Shakespeare's plays.

I finished my survey here and went by the night train to

OXFORD.

Wednesday, 1st July.—I am in Oxford. Cambridge is quiet, contemplative, inartistic, with the natural advantages of the Backs. Oxford is gay, artistic and flourishing. The streets of Oxford are

broad and very clean. The houses are large and many. The general appearance is attractive, and hence Oxford is popular with the tourists from different countries. I visited several places of interest. The famous Clarendon Press buildings are very splendid. 550 persons are employed there; of these eighty are girls, who are differently engaged in arranging, binding, pasting &c. The superintendent took me all round, and I signed my name in the visitor's book.

I visited the Ashmolean Museum which is a very important institution. In this building I saw curious things, for instance, Guy Fawke's lantern with which he intended to blow up the Houses of Parliament, the hat of Judge Bradshaw, who sentenced Charles I., a gag with a lock and chain for a scolding wife; Queen Elizabeth's gloves (rather large) and her boots, which show she had small feet; an iron cradle of Henry VI.; a very large boot of a hermit; a piece of wood to which a Bishop was tied; the sword of Henry VIII. and a quaint old-fashioned chair also belonging to him.

At the entrance of this building, I met a gentleman who is the keeper of the museum. He said to me, "I was in India for eight years, sir; 18 months in Bombay. This was before the Fort walls were knocked down or the gas was introduced. Bombay must be new now. You should see some of the important things in this building (he mentioned some of the things I noted above). Tell the people of Bombay, sir, that a poor soldier who once passed his time in India loves India from his heart." I promised to carry the message. The gentleman was very civil and courteous to me.

I also visited the Bodleian Library. It is a pile of massive buildings having a quadrangle in the middle. Several floors are full of crowded book-cases. I found many men sitting in different parts and taking copies of some of the books and MSS. There is a picture room too. The house, of course, looks very old, but is very strong. Near it is another building which is an additional store-house for books. It is circular and of handsome architecture. I visited several Colleges, such as Balliol College, St. John's College, Christ Church, Exeter College (a very beautiful edifice which has a nice chapel), Keble College. This last contains

a great picture, by Holman Hunt, "The Light of the World". I saw also the Museum and the Botanical Gardens.

At 2-30 I attended the ceremony of the opening of the Indian Institute by the Secretary of State. Sir Monier Williams read the report, praising the donors, among whom were many Rajas, and particularly the chief of Gondal, who was present. He praised the Maharaja Surendra Nath Tagore for his manifold gifts of Indian musical instruments and grand assistance.

The Vice-Chancellor, who accepted the gift of the institute from the trustees of the donors and subscriptions, made a small speech, and requested Lord George Hamilton to open the Institute formally. Lord George Hamilton made an excellent speech. Among the points noticed by him, I note that he praised the Civil Service, and pointed out the difficulties Civil Servants have to meet with. India is a large country, consisting of large tracts having different languages, different creeds, manners and customs. Just as it would be difficult for a native of India to administer Europe consisting of England, France, Germany &c., so it is difficult for an Englishman to administer India. He also said a young English Civilian should not consider that he is a great man because he belongs to the ruling race, and he should behave sympathetically. He need not be proud of England's civilization and education, for there was a time when England was uncivilized and uneducated while India had a flourishing civilization and education. A vote of thanks to the Secretary of State was proposed by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff and seconded by Sir William Hunter. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff said that when Lord George Hamilton several years back was appointed Under-Secretary of State for India, the Prime Minister of the time had remarked somewhat paradoxically that, although he might not know much of India, Lord George would make a good speech about India. Sir M. Grant Duff seems to be a humorous speaker. The "speechification" was followed by the singing of a few Sanscrit verses composed by Maharaja Surendra Nath Tagore. They were excellently sung by a young man, Mr. Fergusson. The time was given in print as in English music. Both the Indians and Europeans present were pleased with Mr. Fergusson's performance. It sounded like a combination of English and Indian tunes. Then there

was an instrument like an Indian *Sansai* which was played by another young man. This instrument was seen by me for the first time. The conch was also played. Sir Monier Williams said that it was the father of wind instruments, and he had received intimation from the Maharaja Tagore that it should be played on the auspicious occasion of opening the institute.

The ceremony was followed by a *conversazione*. There were formal introductions.

One of the rooms in this building is styled after the Chief of Gondal, who was present with his wife

Of the Indians present with me were Dr. Bahadurji, Miss Tarkhad, Miss Bahadurji, Mr. Wadia of Kathiawar, and several students of Oxford and London. Of the Anglo-Indians, besides the gentlemen already noticed, there were Sir J. Peele, Sir R. West, Mr. Justice Jardine, Mr. Alexander Rogers and Mr. S. Digby. The latter and Miss Manning introduced me to a lot of English gentlemen.

I return to London by the evening train. Thus I began with Cambridge and ended with Oxford in my Northern tour.

I forgot to mention that just near where I had taken my residence in Oxford stands the memorial raised for the English martyrs, Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer. On the way to the King's College, St. John's College, and the Indian Institute, there is a spot marked by slabs lying level with the road where the three unfortunate men were burnt for declaring their independent opinions. A lantern is erected just near this place.

I ought to note that the Ashmolean Museum contains in it a beautiful picture by Holman Hunt of "The Return of the Dove to the Ark."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE METROPOLIS RE-VISITED.

The Study of Comf rt—Privy Council—Royal Lyceum Theatre—Guildhall—Waxworks—The Zoo—Regent's Park—East India Association—Parliament—Lord Reay.

I HAVE to note that during my tour I met with courtesy and consideration wherever I went, and I must say that on some occasions greater attention was shown to me by railway employees than to English people. At every station where I got down, porters, who are paid their wages by the railway companies, came to me and

having ascertained that I had luggage, went to the luggage compartment, and took it out and put it into my carriage. They also at the time of my starting for a new station labelled my luggage. So I had no trouble whatsoever. Sometimes I paid them something by way of gratuity, but they never demanded anything, nor did they wait until they were asked to help me. Sometimes the guards of the train helped in taking out or putting in my luggage.

The carriage hire is fixed by the regulations, and the cabman never demanded more than his due. So a stranger need not be afraid of being cheated.

The arrangements for board and lodging are also excellent. One has simply to get down from a carriage and walk to the office of the hotel. The lady-clerk asks you whether you want a single or double bed-room. On answering her, she gives you a ticket bearing the charges of the bed-room per day, which vary from 3 to 6 shillings, besides the attendance 1s. 6d. The lift is ready. The hotel porter takes the visitor and his luggage to the room. The chamber-maid at once appears and asks whether you want hot water. You are installed in the room, which has a rich bed, a washing table with two jugs, a drinking jug with a glass, soap dish, &c., &c., all paraphernalia for a toilette, so that you are not put to any inconvenience at night. The servant is ready at every ring of the bell, which is done by pressing the button or pulling the string which is to be found in the room. Generally there is a gas light or electric light. Everything is at your command. Money commands everything.

As an instance of the discipline that prevails everywhere in matters of social comfort and consideration, I would note that I am now sitting in a room which is a little larger than the pleaders' room in the High Court. There are several tables, sofas, ottomans and chairs, plain and cushioned. There are palms and flowering plants in China pots and many electric lights. About 30 persons are now present—more than half of them ladies. Some of these are reading newspapers, magazines and illustrated papers, and some are talking; but the Hall is almost silent. Every one is doing his or her work. What a delightful sight. If three of our Indian ladies were to sit together or a few gentlemen were together

they would render the place quite garrulous. I observed this very commendable feature of English society.

If for no other object, our people ought to visit this country to have experience of the civilized manners of the people.

Travelling also and particularly quick travelling will train a young man very well. He will see his difficulties and he will try to overcome them. He will learn how to behave towards others so as to secure the greatest benefit and comfort to himself.

Thursday, 2nd July.—I asked my agents to arrange for my trip to Ireland.

Friday, 3rd July.—I read the notice which the *Times of India* takes of Mr. F. S. John Gore's "Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life," and the *Times's* conclusion that the Congress does not represent the hill tribes. Mr. Gore's book should be read, as it is full of interesting incident.

PRIVY COUNCIL.

I wrote my mail letters for India, saw Messrs. Howard and Rich, and called at Westminster Hall in company with the managing clerk of Mr. Wilson, Solicitor. I saw the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council sitting. Lord Hobhouse, Sir R. Couch and Lord Watson were the judges. They were hearing some colonial case (not from India). They had no gowns on, whereas the Counsel arguing had their gowns and wigs. The Court was not crowded. A few persons interested in the case—counsels, solicitors, managing clerks and the parties or their friends—were in court. The members of the Committee were not sitting in the fashion of a court, viz., all the three judges together. There were several chairs placed round an oblong table. Lord Hobhouse was sitting on one of the chairs on one side of the table, and Lord Watson and Sir R. Couch on the other side. Lord Hobhouse asked a few questions to the Counsel who was arguing the case. Sir R. Couch was taking notes. He looks a very old man, but seems to take an interest in the work. The argument and the prevailing air of the Court were very tame indeed, just as when in our Court an ordinary second appeal is argued in which only a few people are interested.

I visited also the Assistant Registrar's office. The Assistant himself was a Barrister, and he belonged to the Home Civil Service. He was good enough to give me some information.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.

In the evening I saw the performance of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's drama, "The School for Scandal," at the Royal Lyceum theatre. This theatre is one of the best in London. Sir C. Sargent, when I saw him last, had advised me to see some of the performances, as the acting here was good, and Mr. S. Digby mentioned this place among others. The acting, no doubt, was perfect and natural. The parts of Sir Peter Teazle, Oliver Surface, Charles Surface, Rouby Moses, Lady Teazle and Mr. Candour were excellently performed. Sir Peter's part was performed by Mr. William Farren, a man nearly 50 years old. It excited the admiration of the whole audience.

It seems society here cannot exist without dramas or music to pass their time. Every theatre is filled with people from all ranks day after day. Lately the greatest of stage managers, Sir Augustus Harris, died. His will shows that he left a large fortune. Our Anna Kirlosker, who not only managed the stage, but also composed the plays, died a poor man without a knighthood or any title having been conferred upon him.

GUILDHALL.

Saturday, 4th July.—I visited Guildhall, which is the official palace of the London Corporation. It is at this place that the great festivities of the Corporation are held, and the great banquet on Lord Mayor's day is given. The principal hall is very grand, and in it the memorials of William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington and Nelson are kept, and statues of some of the past Lord Mayors are also located there.

There is a free library attached to this hall where persons above sixteen are admitted with previous permission.

There is a fine picture gallery attached to this hall where I found some pictures which I had not seen before, e.g. Edward IV., rushing into a church, pursuing his enemies, and the priests barring his way, and Henry VIII. leaning on the shoulder of Cardinal Wolsey. There are also water-colour pictures.

The Small Causes Court sits in one part of the building, one judge sitting in one Court, and the Registrar sitting in another. The Magistrate's Court sits in another part of the same building.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S HALL.

I also visited in the afternoon Madame Tussaud's exhibition. This is an institution of long standing, and is a very interesting one. Here the figures of all the sovereigns of England and some of the sovereigns of France, Spain, Russia and Germany are exhibited, and also the figures of eminent soldiers, statesmen, and literary men. The faces and hands are made of wax, and the rest of the body of some hard composition. The figures with their costumes appear life-like. The result is that when you enter the hall, you are led to think that there are numerous persons already there. The figures are so placed as to create this impression, which becomes stronger when there are already visitors in the hall, whose number generally is not small.

An excellent catalogue giving the particular events in connection with the personages exhibited is for sale on the premises. This explains the attitude in which the figure is shown.

There is a room called Napoleon's room, in which the objects in connection with Napoleon's life are exhibited, and there is also one called the Chamber of Horrors, wherein the figures of notorious offenders, such as murderers, are kept. Some of the scenes of offences are shown with great skill. This room is mostly dark.

I have got an album giving some of the figures and the catalogue.

THE ZOO.

I saw also the Zoo, where animals of all kinds are kept. The African monkeys are very curious creatures. They cover themselves in blankets and sleep and act just like men. Their faces approach much to that of the negro. The Regent's Park is very interesting. The flowers and plants are beautifully laid out, and thousands of people meet there for recreation. It is 500 acres in area.

MISS MANNING.

Sunday, 5th July.—The morning I spent in reading some books. In the afternoon I called on Miss Manning, and had a talk with her on various topics—particularly the prospects of young Indians, in whom she takes a deep interest. I have seen many students going to meetings with her, and also taking her advice. She is no

doubt a great sympathiser. When I was with her, I met the younger Miss Sorabji, who recently came from India, and also Mr. Gupta, the Bengal Civilian, who passed his C. S. with Mr. Thakur. He has come here with his family. One of his sons is in the Engineering College, and the other studying for the I. C. S.

The Bengalis are certainly among the most enterprising of Indian people. It always gives me great pleasure to see young men work and study.

Mr. Gupta remembered Mr. Thakur and his family. Miss Manning has got photos of Mr. Thakur, his wife and mother. Mr. Thakur's mother really deserves great praise for coming to this country at such an old age, and for adopting English customs as far as the climate required. She had no education. Her affection for her son was great.

I met also a young Burman just called to the Bar, and returning to Burmah to practise.

In the evening I called at Drakefell Road, and attended the evening service at St. Margaret's Church. There was a very large assembly there—above 500. The service lasted over two hours.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.

Monday, 6th July.—I met my friend Mr. Malabari who lives with Dr. Bhabha.

In the afternoon I attended the meeting of the East India Association, where Dr. Bahadurji gave a lecture. Every one in Bombay is aware of his views. His idea is that the Medical Colleges should be placed under the charge of civil professors, and not military men. The teaching at present in his opinion is not satisfactory and the system of appointment to Professorship is objectionable. The present appointments are not made with reference to the special qualifications of the nominees, but to meet the exigencies of the military services. This arbitrary pitchforking, he holds, should be stopped, and Medical Colleges should be placed on a par with the Colleges in Arts, Engineering and Law, as to their efficiency. Dr. Bahadurji had written his paper on the subject, but he delivered the substance orally. Lord Reay presided. The audience was not large, about fifty or sixty persons altogether. The room was small, and the title of the paper "Medical Wants of India," was not attractive. A few minutes

before I went to the meeting I had expressed my fear and regret to Dr. Bahadurji on this score. However, the ball is put in motion. Lord Reay spoke in favour of the proposition that medical education should be improved by the appointment of persons who have a special knowledge of the chair to which they are appointed. Sir Lepel Griffin said pointedly that mere saying that natives of India should be given these privileges or those privileges is useless. You give them the perfect education which you give to your own countrymen. Dr. Howard also spoke very favourably, but one Dr. Innes made a ridiculous speech which excited a great deal of laughter. He asserted that the present system was quite good, and would be quite good for two centuries more. If a military man will read a new book for one hour he will be able to teach the students for one year, with the matter he will get from his perusal. Poor Dr. Innes. He has got a poor idea of the Indians. Sir L. Griffin, however, corrected him, saying that intellectually Indians were not inferior, and they were capable of receiving the same amount of education as Englishmen. The manner of Dr. Innes' speech was cavalier-like. Dr. Bahadurji made his reply. Lord Reay had to attend the House of Lords at 4-30 p.m., and he left the chair to the care of Sir L. Griffin.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, 7th July.—I could not be present to hear the debate in the House of Commons regarding the liability of India to bear the costs of the African expenditure, as I had not arranged for an order and also as I did not want to expose myself to cold in case the debate continued long. The report shows that the fight was tough. A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Morley, Mr. Maclean and Sir A. Scoble, and also to Sir H. Fowler. Mr. M. Bhow-nagri, C.I.E., could do nothing more than beseeching the Government to withdraw the motion. He did his duty towards India. After all the upshot of the debate was unfavourable. The argument was in favour of India, the votes were against India. The Secretary of State says the Liberal Government began the original policy of acquiring dominions in Africa, and the Conservative Government now only wishes to complete that movement. The Liberals, on the contrary, maintain that the Conservatives are at fault in that matter.

This morning I paid a visit to Lord Reay, at 6, Great Stanhope Street, near Hyde Park. His Lordship had come to know of my arrival in this country. He received me cordially, and we had a talk on education and other matters relating to Bombay for three-quarters of an hour. We exchanged our views. His Lordship takes a great deal of interest in Indian matters. He has asked me to remember him to Mr. Justice Ranade, Mr. Justice Badrudin Tyabji, and Mr. Chandavarkar. His Lordship gave me a card of admission to the Strangers' Gallery, and asked me to visit the House of Lords on Thursday, the 9th. He gave me an idea of the subject to be discussed that day. I need hardly say Lord Reay looks much older now.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOUTHERN HEALTH RESORTS.

Eastbourne—Beachy Head—Adventure with a Lunatic—Hastings—Roman and Norman—The Pier.

EASTBOURNE.

Wednesday, 8th July.—After breakfast, I start for Eastbourne. After a few miles the country around consists of gardens and meadows. The town of Lewes is a pretty large one and is not far from Eastbourne. The last is an excellent watering-place. Brighton is a very large and busy place, and, as I have already noted, is more like a street of London in all its associations and amusements. Eastbourne is quiet, and its scenery is lovely. I reached there in two hours. At noon, after luncheon, I started for a walk on the beach, which affords a very interesting sight. It was crowded with hundreds of health-seeking and invalid people—old, middle-aged and young, men and women. Some of them were sitting on benches reading newspapers or books, some walking, some taking the air in carriages, some bathing. People in fact were literally eating the air of Eastbourne. The sea-front extends for more than two miles. There is a garden on the beach and also a pier with places of amusement just as at Brighton. In fact, the style of these places is just the same. Then there is a raised portion at the end of the beach where there is a house for refreshments. A few miles off is the promontory of Beachy Head. I went to this place in a carriage by St. John's Road (from which a clear view of the lower town of Eastbourne is obtainable) and the winding hilly path known

as the Duke's Drive, after the name of its constructor, the Duke of Devonshire. As you go up, the prospect of both towns, higher and lower, is seen more and more to advantage. Although the hill of Beachy Head is treeless, yet the air there is very refreshing, as it is all open. The hill commands the view of the sea for miles together on three sides. There are seven cliffs—called Seven Sisters—which abut on the sea. These are dangerous for descent and the people are warned in writing by the authorities. A mile and a half from here is the light-house. The place is very lovely. Except a few casual visitors, or sometimes people going for picnics on the hill, there is nobody to be found there. I met a madman who was talking to himself and waving his hands in all directions. After some time he offered me a telescope, which was certainly not in working order. He called himself a Poet-Laureate (not appointed under a Parliamentary Act) and sang verses. While the madman was thus employed, a gentleman with his wife and a little daughter came there. We had a talk about Eastbourne. Then he asked me how I liked the Government of my country. I said I liked it fairly. He said, "Do you like your country to be taken from you and managed by these people? Have they not robbed you of your country? However, they give you some share in the government of the country. To Ireland they give nothing. The subject of Home Rule is still in Parliament. How unfair are these people! How covetous!" This gentleman is evidently an Irishman. He told me that he was an assistant to General Chesney, who was the President of the Cooper Hill's College Committee, and he had learnt of the great injustice which the British Government had done to the Indians in respect of this College.

After taking a long drive for nearly two hours in different directions, I paid a visit to Mr. R. H. Pinhey whose address I had obtained from the Post Office as, 'The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Pinhey, Sylvester House, Upper-root Road.' He has got a stone-built house which has a very large garden. Mr. Pinhey is all grey, but hale and hearty. He received me well. He introduced me to his youngest son (now going to be ordained) and his daughter. His wife had gone to London. We had a long talk. He remembered the pleaders. We counted the

pleaders who died since Mr. Pinhey left India. He has asked me to remember him to Mr. Madhavrao Barve and Mr. Dada Phatak, about whose health and affairs he made particular inquiries. He walked with me on the beach, which he liked very much.

HASTINGS.

I left Eastbourne at 5 p.m. for Hastings, which is half an hour's ride by rail. This is a watering place, just as Brighton and Eastbourne. It has a large expanse of sea before it, a good beach, and a pier. The town is partly hilly and partly on the low ground just above the level of the sea. Eastbourne is quiet, gentle, clean and new, having its houses mostly built of red bricks. Hastings and St. Leonard's put together are a large town crowded with houses. The style of architecture is as in London and Brighton. They are generally stone-built. Again, the people residing in this place, or visiting it, are generally not from the higher strata of society. All sorts of people come here for change and amusement. I found this place very merry and full of life. While walking on the shore I found a number of young children playing in the waters of the sea with their clothes tucked up. Some children were fearlessly running and jumping over a narrow embankment. As at Brighton there are numerous boats here used for excursions. Eastbourne is not so busy. In fact society here is of all denominations and kinds. This place has got historical importance. The memorable battle which resulted in the overthrow of the Saxons and the establishment of the Norman rule was fought here.

I visited the remains of the Roman Encampment on East Hill and also the ruins of the old Castle. East Hill is a rocky place, at the foot of which, just near the sea, the Municipality is building some store-houses. West Hill is a large tract. There are big houses, churches, and other buildings erected on this ground. There are cricket and lawn-tennis grounds. These hills command a grand scene—the sea and the town and the surrounding districts for miles together. Between the east and the west hills lies the fishing village, or original Hastings, in the valley. Fishing boats or fishing materials may be seen in large quantities. In former times the people from France, &c., landed here. This place is very near the ruins of the Castle. These

ruins consist of walls almost fallen or crumbled. The position of the Castle is commanding indeed. The open ground is kept in excellent order. People are admitted to it on payment of a small fee of 3*d.* The Castle is more than two thousand years old.

The Battle of Hastings took place six or seven miles from the sea, where Battle Abbey was afterwards erected. The place is visible from the hills.

There is an extensive park called the Cornwallis Park, where amusements and festivals are held. Just as I was driving through the town I saw a number of people marching there with a band.

There are numerous institutions in this city, such as hospitals, halls, theatres &c.

In the evening I visited the music hall on the Hastings pier which runs into the sea. There was a Ladies' Band in which several ladies played well. One lady played on the flute and violin particularly well.

Hastings, as well as Brighton, gives you an idea that English men and women enjoy life to the best of their means and energies.

If any person wants to improve his health Eastbourne is the proper place.

Mr. Pinhey told me that Bhasker Rajwade met him last Easter, and that he is in London for floating a glass company.

Thursday, 9th July.—I had a quiet walk along the beach for two miles this morning. After breakfast I left Hastings for London.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO THE LAND OF KINGS.

The House of Lords—Lord Farrar—Lord Salisbury—Reading—An Aristocratic Wastrel—*Mal de Mer*—Dublin.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN the afternoon I visited the House of Lords. After some formal matters the Agricultural Rating Bill was taken up. Lord Harris moved the second reading of the bill. His voice and style of speech were familiar to my ear. He gave a statement of the objects and reasons of the bill, and mentioned some facts from his experience. He made his speech on this occasion more fully than I ever heard him before. Lord Farrar made an excellent and enthusiastic speech on the Opposition side. An old gentleman,

who was sitting by me in the gallery, drew my attention to the fact that Lord Farrar was an old man of 76, and yet he could speak with such energy and argument. This gentleman asked me what his own age would be in my opinion. I guessed it at 55—60. He said it was 73. He appeared very healthy. Lord Farrar's amendment was that the bill should be put off for 3 months as the facts on which it was based were not sufficiently ascertained. Seeing the tactics of the Opposition side, I was reminded of Mr. M., who sometimes has recourse to this method to damp the fervour of his opponents. After Lord Farrar sat down, Lord Salisbury made a speech. It was a smooth uninterrupted statement. I did not wait more than two hours and a half at the House, as the subject was such as to take up a very long time, and I had other engagements. Lord Reay was present at the debate.

Friday, 10th July.—I find from this morning's report of the debate that Lord Rosebery took up a very strong attitude against the Government, but the latter succeeded by an overwhelming majority. Last evening, when I was at the House, the Government benches were fully occupied, whereas the Liberal side was very thin.

After finishing the Indian mail letters I start for Ireland, at 1-30 p.m. from Paddington station. The day is a little cloudy. As the train leaves the London fog behind, a beautiful green country comes into view. By the side of the railway line, for a good many miles, the manufacture of bricks is extensively carried on. Heaps of brick earth are arranged systematically. A few miles further, there are large grounds called "Sutton's Seeds Trial grounds" where different plants are grown. The beds are very lovely. I ought to note that I also passed by the station of Reading. At this place a large factory of biscuits exists. "Reading" biscuits are so called not because the biscuits are to be eaten at the time of reading books, as our boys are apt to suppose, but because they are made at the place so named.

At 3 we arrived at Oxford station, and the country beyond is really charming. It was like a garden until we came to the town of Birmingham, which was a thick mass of smoke for more than three miles. Again green and verdant trees are seen. At the

station of Wellington, in Shropshire, a party of four gentlemen got into our compartment. One of them was an old man of 60. He was stout and hale, fond of drink, and very merry. His party had gone to Wellington to fish. There are ponds and rivulets at that place. They had with them in bags a good number of large fish which they had caught. This party left us at Wellington. A gentleman of Chester, who was with me, told me that the gentleman belonged to an ancient aristocratic family, and asked me, "Is it not surprising that such a man should be given to drink and such sports at such a time?" My companion voluntarily told me that the old gentleman is not much respected owing to his drinking habits. Since I left Oxford I have been passing through Warwickshire and Shropshire, which are noted for agriculture, and are full of trees and verdure. In recent times agriculture has declined as there is a larger demand for town industries, and corn can be obtained cheaper from America and other countries. Even live cattle can be imported cheaper. This is a subject which has engaged the attention of many politicians in the country, and the condition has been noticed by many a tourist. The Chester gentleman happens to be a railway official. He seems to be a very good-natured man. He shook hands with me when parting at Chester. I arrived at Chester at 7 20 p.m. I halted at the waiting room, and ordered a fire to be made, although in summer time the people here do not have fires. At 11-5 p.m. the express train for Holyhead started. As I travelled by night (and this is the only travelling I had to make by night), I could not notice the country round about. But it is said that it is picturesque, and I shall seize an opportunity of seeing it on my way back as I am going to halt at different places.

We reached Holyhead at 1-30 a.m.

Saturday, 11th July.—A steamer was waiting for us here, and also for another train which was following us. The steamer was magnificent. Soon after I got on board I secured a sleeping berth. A young man, who had preceded me and who was already led by the steward to a cabin having two berths, on seeing me, said to the steward that he would be obliged if he could get a cabin to himself as he was a very bad sailor. I pitied the young man as I knew from experience the sufferings of a bad sailor. In order to advo-

cate his cause and to secure a separate cabin to myself, I told the steward that I was a bad sailor too. The young man got more nervous, and said in that case the steward would certainly oblige him by giving him a separate cabin. The steward replied that he would give both of us separate cabins for the present, but a second train was expected from London, and if all the passengers required sleeping berths they would have to be provided. We agreed. The steward said that the sea was very calm, and we had no reason to be alarmed. I thought the young man was more nervous than he ought to have been. The second train arrived, and we had to admit other passengers into our cabins. The sea was, however, extremely calm, as still as a lake. I slept very well till morning. At 5-30 the steamer reached the harbour of Dublin, and the passengers busied themselves with making preparations for landing.

CHAPTER XX.

IN IRELAND.

Erin! The tear and smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Weep while they rise.

Moore.

Dublin and its Environs—Grattan—O'Connell—Howth—Bray—Wicklow—Museum—Phoenix Park—Glasnevin Cemetery—Killarney Lakes—Poverty and Emigration—Patriotism and Superstition—Belfast—Giant's Causeway—Carrick-a-Rede—Lough Neagh—Belfast Lough—Donaghadee—Elegy on a Broken Umbrella—St. Patrick.

THE view of Dublin from the steamer is charming. It stands on a beautiful bay, with Bray on the left, Howth on the right, and the Wicklow mountains in the rear. The pier is not grander than the one at Apollo Bunder or the Prince's Dock.

Dublin is situated on the river Liffey, a mile and a half from the sea, and in population is inferior to Bombay, having 300,000 souls including the suburbs. Electric tram-cars were introduced into this city only six weeks ago. They run about eight miles, covering the most important and interesting parts of Dublin, and its suburbs, viz., Haddington to Dalkey. At short intervals posts are fixed on the sides of the road, and over them wires are taken. Then two cars with a pole which is connected with them

and which passes along the wires are started at one time for the convenience of passengers. The tramway passes by Balls' Bridge, Black Rock and Kingstown, and affords to the passenger a magnificent view of the bay and Howth Hill on the way. After breakfast, I had a drive in one of the new trams. I saw a good portion of the fashionable part of Dublin. On the way I had a talk with the conductor, who seemed to be a patriotic Irishman. He said that the road I was passing through was very pleasant, and I should be able to see interesting scenes if I went a little further on. After I got down at Dalkey I thanked him, and said: "You Irish people must be very well pleased with the benefits you have got from British rule." "What special benefits?" he asked. I replied: "You have got all the rights and privileges which an Englishman gets." He said: "We are supposed to get them, but it is not so." I asked, "Why should you complain? Your people are Generals in the Army, Judges on the Bench, and hold important offices." He said: "That is nothing." I was going to press him further, but seeing he was engaged at the electric bell, I thought it better to leave him alone, especially as the time for the starting of the car had very nearly arrived. The tramway passes close to the sea. I got down at Dalkey, the terminus of the car, and then got into a carriage which is called a "jaunting car." The driver, an intelligent young man, took me through the suburbs to Victoria Park, near the village of Killiney. On the way we passed by an extensive estate owned by an Irish American gentleman named Higgins. This man acquired a large fortune by trade in America. I had to leave the carriage to go to the top of the hill in Victoria Park. It was formerly called Killiney Hill, but now it is called Victoria Hill. From this hill, which is close to the sea, an excellent panoramic view is obtained on all the four sides, the sea and the Howth Hill, on one side, Bray, Sugar Loaf Hills and Killiney village, on another, Dublin, Kingstown etc. on the third, and the Dublin or the Wicklow mountains on the fourth. It is said that the scenery here is unrivalled in the whole of Ireland. You have a picturesque view of towers, houses, gardens, the sea and mountains simultaneously. I met an old man of 60 years on the top of this hill. He was the caretaker of the mansion there. I asked

him who the present Lord-Lieutenant or the Viceroy was, whether an Irishman or an Englishman. "An Irishman!" he said. "That would never be the case. English people would not give the office to an Irishman. At least they have not hitherto done so." I asked whether the Irish people had any cause to grumble. He said, "Not much, but they should have Home Rule." I asked him, what was the general income of an agricultural labourer? He said 16s. to 20s. per week, and that of an artisan £2 a week. He said the agriculture in the neighbourhood was satisfactory. After enjoying the scenery I returned to the carriage, and the driver took me by the village of Killiney. He went on explaining things and places as we passed. Just close to the sea is a small castle, the owner of which is Mr. O'Brien, a wealthy solicitor in Dublin. The driver showed me a very picturesque estate abutting on the sea at the foot of the Victoria Hill which I had just climbed. He said, "Sir, this was the house acquired by Mr. John Morley when he was Chief Secretary here. He was a very popular man." I asked him whether he liked the British rule. He said fairly—there was nothing to complain of. I asked him what Government he liked most, the Conservative or the Liberal. He said: "Liberal, certainly, for they give us something. They gave us the franchise. Each working man has now a vote at elections." I asked him whether they liked Mr. Balfour. He said, "Mr. Balfour was not popular. He would not come here often." I asked him whether he feared to come to Ireland. He said: "Oh no, nothing of the kind. Those days of fear are gone. Secret societies do not exist. Do you remember the Phoenix Park murders? Everything has ceased from that time. Now even the worst enemy of the Irish people can come and go safely." I asked whether they liked Mr. Gladstone. He said, "Mr. Gladstone worked for them. He is the best man." I returned by Dalkey, where I arrived just in time to witness part of the regatta, which was held between Dalkey Island and Dalkey village. I enjoyed the amusement for an hour and a half, and returned by an electric car to my hotel at 2-45 p.m. The sun's heat was just like the warmth on a winter day in India, and I was inclined to sleep for a couple of hours. This was the only occasion on which I slept during the day. In the evening, I had a short stroll in the principal streets of Dublin.

The place of my residence, Hotel Shelbourne, is in a fashionable part, just opposite a fine garden, St. Stephen's Green.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

I walked along College and Sackville Streets. I visited Trinity College, a very large block of buildings with an extensive park and playground. The frontage is 300 feet long, and the buildings are very grand. The College rooms, the Chapel, examination hall, residences and library, are all located about a very large open square. In the compound with the railings in front are statues of Goldsmith and Burke. In the centre of the open square is a lofty campanile, erected by Lord John Beresford, a late primate. It resembles a tower, with four statues at the corners representing the faculties of Divinity, Law, Medicine and Science. All the branches of learning are taught at University College. The College library is a very large building, but does not contain so many volumes as the Trinity Hall library at Cambridge. The number of volumes here is 250,000. The library has the privilege under Act of Parliament, of getting a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. The first floor contains a very big room, 200 feet long, 40 feet broad and 40 feet high. Marble busts of distinguished literary men are placed in it—Homer, Socrates, Plato, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Locke, Swift and others.

Sunday, 12th July.—The whole of this day, I must say, I spent splendidly in excursions. I started at 9-30 a.m. and returned at 9 p.m., having had many rides, a good deal of walking, and two meals and light refreshments during the time. I had a hearty breakfast before starting. I was a little systematic in my rambling and excursions. I first went to Sackville Street, and passing by Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland (formerly the home of the Irish Parliament), I stopped to see the statue of

GRATTAN,

standing with one of his hands raised. Grattan was an Irish orator and statesman. Further on, I also saw the statues of Sir John Gray, William Smith O'Brien and Thomas Moore. When I was standing by the elaborate monument of O'Connell with the guide book in my hand, a middle-aged Irish gentleman came near and politely accosted me. I replied to the com-

pliment, and asked him to explain the different figures on the sides of that magnificent monument. He was unable to do so. I then gave my book to him. He went on reading and we both understood the meaning of the figures. The statue is erected on a massive granite plinth. Round this elevation are more than forty typical Irish figures. One of them is the Maid Erin, trampling her fetters under foot, and holding the Act of Emancipation in her left hand, while pointing with her right hand to the Liberator standing above. The other figures represent Faith, Fine Arts, Trade, and Agriculture, just as in the case of the Albert Memorial in London. At the four angles of the basement are four massive female figures Fidelity—holding a compass, with an Irish hound at her side; Patriotism holding a sword and a shield, Eloquence with a book on her lap; Justice, with one hand holding the serpent of sedition, and with the other holding an axe. The gentleman who read the book was pleased with the information he got, which, he said, he did not know though he had lived all his life in Dublin. He asked me what part of the world I came from. He was astonished to see that I was not black although an Indian. His idea of Indians was, that they were very black. "Sir," he said: "my mind is disabused this day, you are not black." Then we had further conversation as regards the literary men of Ireland. He said, Thomas Moore was the best poet of Ireland. Thomas Davis was a poet as well as a prose writer. Then he recited a passage from an essay by Davis showing that the author had great love for his country. The passage was full of enthusiasm, fire and patriotism, at the same time elegant and impressive.

O'CONNELL.

About O'Connell, who is regarded as one of the greatest men of Ireland, he told an anecdote. Once O'Connell was cross-examining a witness and the Judge remarked to him: "Mr. O'Connell, when I was at the Bar I did not cross-examine a witness in this way." O'Connell replied, "My Lord, when your Lordship was at the bar I never chose you as a model for me, and now that you are on the bench I will not follow your dictation." Mr. McCarthy in his "History of our own Times," says, "Mr. O'Connell had a herculean frame, a stately presence, a face capable of expressing easily and effectively the most rapid alternations of mood, and a voice which

all hearers admit to have been almost unrivalled for strength and sweetness. Its power, its pathos, its passion, its music have been described in words of positive rapture by men who detested O'Connell and who would rather, if they could, have denied to him any claim on public attention even in the matter of voice. He was a thorough Celt. He represented all the impulsiveness, the quick changing emotion, the passionate exaggerated loves and hatreds, the heedlessness of statement, the tendency to confound impressions with facts."

My guide, who was a book-keeper in some mercantile office, afterwards took me to Nelson's pillar, which is 120 feet high. Nelson's statue surmounts it. Nelson seems to be idolised in Ireland as well as in Great Britain. There is a big monument at Edinburgh, as I have already noted. The one at Trafalgar Square is known to everybody who has visited London. I then saw the building called from its circular shape, the Rotunda. It is now used as a music hall. Close to this is the Lying-in Hospital which is a spacious institution. Not far away is Findlater's Presbyterian Church. This is a magnificent church, and the grounds are extensive. It borders on one of the finest streets. Mr. Findlater is a gentleman who has acquired immense wealth by his distillery business. In this country there are many rich brewers. Mr. Jameson is said to manufacture the best Irish whisky. He possesses very large estates, and suburban mansions which I saw. My guide then took me to a Roman Catholic Cathedral. The Irish people, as a rule, are Catholics. This Cathedral was a big one. Near it are training schools under the management of an Educational Board. My guide proposed to show me the island of Howth where he was going to spend his holiday, but he was so careless that we lost the 10-45 train at Amicus station, and had to wait for another train at 11-45. I filled up the interval with the following conversation :—

What do English people think of the Irish ?

Thirty years ago, there was a great deal of prejudice on the part of the English against the Irish, but now it is gradually wearing out. They called us "Hottentots" because of our want of civilization and our intellectual inferiority. Even Lord Salisbury used that expression in Parliament about us. They, however, talk

more kindly now. Gladstone is the best friend Ireland ever had. His opinions are derided now, but history will enrol him as a great man. He possesses a commanding intellect, able to sway the hearts of mankind.

What do you think of Lord Salisbury ?

He is a man of tact and eloquence, but not of a commanding genius. Mr. Balfour, his nephew, is a clever man.

Who are your best men in Parliament ?

Sullivan was our best man. He died. Now Sexton is doing well in Parliament.

I was told yesterday that no Irishman has been appointed Lord Lieutenant as yet. How is that ?

There is no important personage among the Irish. The function of Lord Lieutenant is rather social. He represents the Queen. He has to receive addresses and congratulations. He has to attend social meetings. He must be a man of influence and wealth. He need not be very intelligent or clever. The Chief Secretary must be an able man. He has to be present in Parliament and answer questions regarding Ireland. Lord Houghton was the best Viceroy we have had. He was an M. A., of the Cambridge University, and was a very clever man. His father was a poet. The present Lord Lieutenant, Lord Cadogan, is wealthy and fairly intelligent.

May I take the liberty of asking you a few more things regarding Ireland ?

By all means.

What is Fenianism ?

You ask me a question which I cannot answer.

Why, it is a matter of history now. I want to hear from an Irishman what Fenianism meant.

The Fenians were a secret society banded together to extort concessions from Government. It was drawn from the farming and labouring classes. Good men never joined it. These people were denied religious rights by the Church on account of their conduct in holding secret societies. Mr. Davitt, one of the present Irish members of Parliament, was punished for Fenianism and underwent penal servitude.

What do you think of the Irish Bar ?

The Bar has degenerated during these twenty-five years. There is not a man of great ability or intellect.

What do you think of Irish literature?

The literature is fine and full of spirit, and enthusiasm and elegance. I would ask you to read some of it. Although you may not agree with them, you will think highly of our authors.

The train for Howth was ready and we started. In the compartment where we sat, there came a stout Irishman. He was an acquaintance of my guide, the book-keeper. In a moment he began to talk to me, and asked me whether I was from Calcutta. He was very jovial and demonstrative. He observed that Scotland could not produce cheap sacks. Calcutta could, for labour was cheaper there. He imported 250,000 empty sacks from Calcutta every year at 3*d.* to 4*d.* They compress half tons of sacks (400). He chuckled at the idea that he had beaten the Scotch merchants in the jute business. I asked him whether he made 100 per cent. profit. He said no. The exchange was high, and he made 20 per cent. profit by importing the sacks. He struck me as intelligent, but innocent and simple. I asked him some questions.

What is your idea of mercantile dealings of the English and Scotch people?

English people are fine to deal with. (Mr. Jolly—as I mentally named him—raises his hand here.) The Scotch people are sneakish and tricky (again moves his hands and nose).

Mr. Jolly had a satisfactory trip to Paris. He seems to be enjoying life, and is also engaged in active business.

HOWTH.

We took only 20 minutes to reach Howth Island or Howth Hill. It is only nine miles north of Dublin. It is 575 feet above the sea, and is a very picturesque place. I went round this island, passed through it, and drove in different parts. From all points it commands grand scenery. The Bay of Dublin, the suburbs, Kingstown, the Bray hills and Wicklow hills are best seen from here. There is a light-house by which we passed. It is called the Bailey Light-House.

This island originally belonged to the Danes, from whom Sir Armory Tristram took it. He got the Lordship of Howth. His descendants still exist. There is a castle here called

Howth Castle, not a big one. It is decorated with armour and other military paraphernalia. Just near the railway station of Howth is a small Island, called Ireland's Eye, where people go in boats. I enjoyed the scenery by going to the cliff and driving all round in company with my guide the book-keeper.

KINGSTOWN.

On return to the Amicus station from Howth, I got into a train which was ready for Bray—another town and suburb of Dublin. The train passes by the very edge of the sea. You see on the way Kingstown, which has a splendid harbour. The quay is built of granite procured from the neighbourhood. The harbour view is excellent. The Kingstown fort is near the light-house. It is a yachting station, and a regatta is held here. There are bathing places for ladies and gentlemen—well constructed houses. There are gardens on the right as you proceed. The place is called Kingstown because George IV. landed first at Howth and embarked here. There is an obelisk near the pier named after the King.

DALKEY.

Proceeding further the railway line is enclosed on both sides by walls of well cut stones for nearly two miles. Beyond, the bay is quite open to the traveller's eye. I saw little children of 12 or 13 years, bathing naked in the sea, and making themselves very merry. Small boats were going about for excursions. There are pleasant villas on the hill-side at Dalkey which I visited the previous day. There is a funny story connected with this place. I will transcribe a passage humorously written in the guide book.

“In the eighteenth century the mock ‘Kingdom of Dalkey Island’ was established, a monarch being elected every year with the title of ‘His facetious Majesty King of Dalkey, Emperor of Muglins, defender of his own faith and respecter of all others, and Sovereign of the Illustrious Order of the Lobsters and Periwinkles’ This Potentate had his Prime Minister, his Archbishop, his nobility, and great officers of state and so forth, and at his Coronation was anointed with whisky. The Archbishop preached a Coronation sermon, the proceedings were chronicled in the *Official Gazette*, and speeches, debates and a

general jollification of several days wound up the ceremony. Most of the wits and *bloods* of the day were members of this 'Kingdom,' and Curran is said to have been attorney-general at one time. At length the Government, smelling conspiracies in the affair, suppressed it. Stephen Armitage, a bookseller of Dublin, is said to have been the last king, and when one of the Dublin Castle officials tried to pump him for the secrets of his Society with the question, 'You have some privileges in return for the large sums of money you expend, I suppose?' the King replied: 'Surely; we have the privilege of importing 30,000 barrels free of duty.' 'Good Heavens,' said the official, '30,000 barrels of what?' 'Salt water, my Lord.'"

KILLINEY HILL.

Leaving Dalkey we passed by Killiney Hill which has an excellent beach. I had gone to the top of Killiney Hill, now called the Victoria Hill. While passing, a view of the Dublin mountains is obtained. I reached Bray town within half an hour. This is a very large place, and is visited by many tourists; for this can be made a centre for excursions. I engaged a jaunting car for 10s. and drove through the different valleys and over the mountains all round about. In fact, I passed along the very hills which I had seen from the harbour of Dublin, for instance, the Bray Head and Sugar Loaf mountains.

WICKLOW HILLS.

I passed three hours in enjoying this mountainous scenery. It is indeed very enchanting. Ireland presents excellent scenery in its own way. I saw many large trees as tall as some of those I had seen on my way from Girsappa waterfalls to Sirsi in 1880. Avenues and forests of trees are to be seen. The grass here has a deep green hue. Ireland is called the Emerald Isle from the greenness of its scenery. I passed through the Valley of Diamonds. My driver, an Irishman, told me that the valley was so-called, because the former houses of mud had windows with diamond shaped panes of glass. The river which we passed had a sparkling appearance when the rays of the sun fell upon the water. Villas and parks are met with here and there, while you proceed through the vales and dales. The glen of the Dargle is very enchanting when seen from outside. The river

divides the extensive hilly tract between two owners, Powerscourt and Lord Monk. The houses of these wealthy people are huge and commanding. From these you pass on to View-Rock. I had to leave the car on the road and ascend a hill to get to the View-Rock. From here a birds-eye view can be had of all the valleys, mountains, glens, waterfalls in the vicinity. The Sugar Loaf hills, called so from their appearance, are very near. The Powerscourt waterfall is clearly visible. It is not a large water-fall. It is about 300 feet deep. During summer the sheet of water is not large. There are numerous mountains round about, which have got so many names that it is difficult to remember them. Afterwards I passed through the Rocky Valley which offers picturesque scenery by itself. After reaching the bottom of this and at the foot of the Little Sugar Loaf hill, we get into an elegant and pretty town and thence we pass by the estate of Mr. Jameson, the great whisky distiller. Just close to this place I was overtaken by a shower of rain. I was, however, well armed with an overcoat and an umbrella. Anyone who is interested in seeing good scenery will have a splendid opportunity of satisfying his desire here, for there is any amount of it in these parts. You meet with some of these sights at Mahableshwar. Mr. Hennessy, a writer on this subject, says :

“ It would be difficult to find elsewhere, contained within so limited a space, such a combination of scenery, high rugged mountains, wild glens, wooded hills and valleys, lakes, rivers and waterfalls all bounded by a varied and picturesque coast.”

If I had more time at my disposal I should have willingly spent it upon some of the best parts of Ireland. To pass my time in the jaunting car, I asked my driver what his opinion about the strength of the English people was. He said “ Sir, an Irishman can walk the whole day on a penny loaf and a quart of ale, whereas an Englishman requires plenty to eat. An Irishwoman can catch hold of a running horse, an Englishwoman cannot do that.”

While I was driving fast through the wilderness I met several children, who on seeing me instinctively jumped and cried : “ The black, the black.” I enjoyed the fun and laughed with them. It was quite human. They had not seen an Indian before. While

returning from Bray town in the evening a curious advertisement pasted at one of the intermediate stations attracted my attention.

“ MONEY.—£ 20,000 to be lent on deposit.”

MUSEUM.

Monday, 13th July.—I visited the new museum, a splendid institution. At the entrance are kept three guns taken in battle from the Sikhs. A soldier who had spent 3 years in India, at Poona and Mahableshwar, received me well. I visited the room where there are to be seen Irish antiquities perhaps 4,000 years old. Here I met an old man of 70 years. He was kind enough to take me round. He has great sympathies for India. He whispered into my ear, “I like India. It is a vast country. The British have unjustly taken it from you. We too have no governor of our own. We have no Home Rule, no authority. The Queen does not care a straw for us. The Government does not sympathize with us. We have great reason to sympathize with India. I should like India to have red jackets of her own. No doubt the former governments of India were arbitrary, but with a little modification they could have been improved. The Governments were natural to the soil. Now India, as Ireland, is ruled by foreigners who have no sympathy. I don’t know who will live to see a change. England, like the great nations of the past, must die. Look at Rome, Babylon etc. They were great at one time. They died. The Englishman is proud and not courteous. A Scotchman is also of the same stamp. We like Indians. Like the Irish, they are courteous. They have got good manners. They salam, they respect others. They talk, whereas an Englishman will not condescend to talk. Ireland has been battling with England (pointing to old weapons of the eleventh century) since that time. She is now nearly dead.” The Cross of Cong was shown to me as the best article produced by ancient Ireland. He showed me some other instruments and ornaments worn by the Irish people in ancient times. In the room of antiquities some Indian curiosities are kept, e.g. a small case and scent holder brought from Tipu’s Durbar. In another room there is a tracing of a mural painting of the Battle of Pallalur. This was lent to the museum by Lord Roberts when Field-Marshal of Ireland. It is a true representation of the battle scene, although not artistic,

as the custodian remarked. It is by a native artist of Tipu's time (1780).

There is no catalogue yet arranged, though the institution is ten years old, and the visitor is at a disadvantage in going through the exhibits.

I saw a crude specimen of an ancient Irish boat.

The old curator gave me some information as to places to be visited in Ireland. I found a brass model of a Cenotaph of Maharaja Savai Jey Singh of Jeypur. He was the titular head of the Kachwa Rajputs, and was the founder of Jeypur. He was a lover of arts and sciences. He took a practical interest in them and reformed the Indian calendar by means of astronomical observations at his own observatory. I had seen the original of this Cenotaph when I visited Jeypur, in January, 1887. It is in the garden of the Fort of Jeypur. The dome is excellent.

There are many ancient Indian weapons and arms collected here. On the ground floor there is a room which is devoted to India and Persia. There is a tomb in the centre—a facsimile reproduction. The original tomb of enamelled pottery was made in Multan, in the eighteenth century. The Persian inscription on it is, "In the name of God, most generous and compassionate. Every one upon it (the earth) is mortal and the cause of thy Lord glorious and great still remains in mortals." Another inscription is as follows: "In the name of God, most gracious and compassionate, there is no other God, but God; and Mahomed is the prophet of God." "Every soul shall taste death. We involve you in good and evil for a while. . ." There are specimens of architecture as at Agra and other places in the north of India.

In another room a large collection of curiosities from the East and elsewhere is kept. Among them I noticed a large figure of the Japanese God of medicine, Zin-Zuru-Sama. The method of obtaining a cure is strange. A patient must rub the ailing part of his body on the corresponding part of the idol, viz., eye on the eye, hand on the hand and so forth.

In the bigger square there is the chapel of St. Peter, the Martyr of Milan—a splendid model of architecture. There stand also a pillar from Mexico and a copy of the tomb of the Secre-

tary Carlo Marsuppini of Florence with a Latin inscription on it. These are grand specimens of architecture. Here I take leave of the museum with a hope that the institution may in the course of time grow into greater importance. The building is of a very superior kind and was erected by the Irish nation.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

After luncheon I visited Dublin Castle, a large edifice. Except a small portion, namely the Birmingham Tower, the building does not present the appearance of age. I visited the state apartments. The custodian is an old woman, and I was shown the rooms by her daughter, an intelligent English girl. She has written a book herself on the Castle. The state apartments are elegantly decorated. The first room I was taken to was the Vice-regal apartment. Here the portraits of former Viceroys are kept. The first remark I made on stepping into this room was, "I fancy the custodian of these apartments must be an Englishman." She knew the object of this remark and smiled. I then said I had heard that hitherto there has been no Lord Lieutenant chosen from amongst the Irish people. She again smiled and said it is a mistake due to a wrong impression. "Here are some Irish Lord-Lieutenants," and she pointed in support of her statement to the portraits of the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Londonderry, Earl Talbot and the Marquess of Wellesley. She then showed me the drawing room and then the reception hall called St. Patrick's hall, where public receptions and state balls are held. She said that only men of wealth are appointed to the office of Lord Lieutenant. She then asked me whether I would pay something for a charity fund, which I did. In the Castle some of the rooms are set apart for the Viceroy's residence during winter.

There are some public offices too, and a small library attached to the Secretary's office. The fishing or marine office is located here. The police quarters are in a wing in the outer yard. There is a State Chapel after the fashion of the State Chapel at Windsor Castle. The architecture is fine and the woodwork is of the finest oak. There are separate pews for the Lord Lieutenant and for the Bishop facing each other—state and church. On the side of the Government, places are assigned to the Chief Secretary and other officials; on the side of the Bishop,

places are assigned to the nobility and gentry of the country. The windows are stained and represent various scriptural scenes. The warden of the chapel was good enough to explain to me several things.

THE RIVER LIFFEY.

After seeing the Castle I rode in a tramcar by the side of the river Liffey. I marked particularly that the water was dirty and black, and it has ever been so. In fact, Dublin gets its name from that circumstance. Here it would be convenient to refer to a point of philology.

In Ptolemy's account Dublin is called "the City of Eblana." Philologists will tell you how Eblana might easily be converted into Deblana and Deblana into Dublin. The Danish occupiers are said to have called the city Dubhlinn or "black pool," an appropriate name.

PHOENIX PARK.

After proceeding a short distance I entered Phoenix Park. To the right is the Military Hospital, an extensive building. The Wellington monument is an attractive obelisk, 205 feet high, with inscriptions of the victories of the Iron Duke. There is an equestrian statue of Lord Gough. He also played an important part in Indian history. Not far off is a fort called the Magazine Fort; which also goes by the name of Wharton's folly, because the Duke of Wharton erected it through unwarranted fears of the Dublin people. Swift has written the following lines with reference to it.

Behold a proof of Irish sense ;
Here Irish wit is seen ;
When nothing's left that's worth defence
We build a magazine.

The park is very grand and is seven miles in extent. The roads are very fine. Excellent grounds for cricket and other sports are laid out. There are review grounds too. It commands a view of the official residence for the Commander-in-Chief and the State prison. While driving we passed close by a house once belonging to Lord Palmerston, but now used as a lunatic asylum. The Hibernian School of training for infantry and artillery is located here. There are about 1,000 scholars now. These are the children of soldiers. The Viceregal Lodge, where the Lord Lieutenant lives

during summer, the Chief Secretary's residence and the houses for the under-secretary and the private secretary are also here. My driver showed me spots in the park almost opposite to the Vice-regal Lodge, where Lord Fredrick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered by the Invincibles some years ago. The driver told me the Invincibles were a secret society, like the Fenians. They hated Burke for his tyrannic disposition. They wanted to kill him alone, but Lord Cavendish, who had just come to take charge of his office as Chief Secretary in the time of Earl Spencer, helped Mr. Burke, who was walking with him, and consequently he received the same treatment as Mr. Burke. This was a serious job for the Irish people. The English were excited on the occasion. The papers of the time maintained that the whole country should not be condemned for the misdeeds of a few ruffians. The English do not think well of the Irish on that account.

THE ZOO.

After taking a long drive I went over the Zoo of Dublin, which is located in a part of the park. I saw some Japanese monkeys, six lions, and as many tigers (the former were restlessly moving to and fro), some Indian chitas, and a big python. There is a couple of very dangerous looking bears imported from Malacca. Some of these ferocious animals are trained and the keeper touches them without fear. There are elephants too, and other animals of different sorts. This Zoo does not come up to the standard of the Zoo in Regent's Park in London.

GLASNEVIN CEMETERY.

From Phoenix Park I drove to the Dublin Cemetery, otherwise called Glasnevin Cemetery. This visit was, as usual, to acquire information as to the past worthies of the place. My opinion is that, in spite of tombstone adulation, one gets a very good idea of the character and position of dead people from monumental inscriptions etc. A visit of this kind is full of instruction. Not far from the entrance is the tower erected as a monument to O'Connell the Liberator, who died at Geneva in 1847. It is round and 150 feet high with a cross 8 feet high over it. There is a moat surrounding this monument, and in it there are many vaults. In one of these vaults is Steele, a strong supporter of O'Connell. The inscription on it is, "Honest

Tom Steele." William Dargan's tomb is on the right of O'Connell's. He was a great industrialist of Ireland. There is a small chapel raised in O'Connell's honour. I have already said a great deal about O'Connell's popularity. My guide told me that the area of the cemetery grounds was 280 acres, but only 80 acres were used, and about 200,000 were buried in that area up to the present time. He took me to the spot where the first body was interred. It was of Michael, son of Michael Carey, who died in February 1832, and the first stone was fixed in that year on the grave of some other person. This fixes the date of the cemetery. He took me to the grave of Parnell. No monument is yet put up. The subscription list is not completed yet. It is going to be a grand monument, as Parnell was liked by the masses. Different societies and classes have sent flowers to be placed on the grave, and there are about 100 flower-pots in the circle. The inscription written on paper and placed on the grave is,

"Dead, but his spirit breathes,
Dead, but his heart is ours."

* * * * *

The guide also showed me the grave of Mr. Curran, one of the most distinguished barristers of Ireland, famous for his oratory. Another monument shown to me was that of O'Donnell, of whom my guide told me this story. "One Carey, a member of the Invincibles, who murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park" (as I have already related), "turned Queen's evidence, and disclosed the names of his comrades. O'Donnell was in America when he heard of his treacherous conduct. He came forthwith to Ireland. Carey sought all the protection which the British Government and a disguise could give him, and was going to Africa in a ship to escape vengeance. O'Donnell took passage by the same ship, and just at the time when Carey was landing, he shot him dead. O'Donnell was tried and condemned to death by the British court." My guide is of opinion that if, instead of shooting Carey down on board the ship, O'Donnell had done so after landing, he would have saved his own life, for the laws of Africa are not so severe as the English law.

Another tomb with a peculiarly carved monument, which my guide showed me, was that of Leo John Keegan Casey, patriot,

poet, novelist, member of the Irish Republic Brotherhood, author of the "Rising of the Moon," and many soul-stirring national ballads and songs, 1846-1870. From his youth, his life was devoted to the cause of Irish freedom. His last words were an intercessory prayer for his country's liberty and his soul's salvation.

Some of his works are named on the stone, and the following lines written in praise of him are also inscribed.

Stand forth, ye eagle-eyed and yours
Whose veins are hot, whose souls are true,
Stand forth our battling host among,
Who wage the ancient fight anew ;
And you, the weary in the strife,
Who braved the bustling of the gale,
Rise up refreshed in youthful life,
And aid the cause that shall not fail.

The young man must have possessed great talents if the praise is deserved.

BOTANIC GARDENS.

I then drove to the Botanic Gardens which are not far from the cemetery.

The gardens cover nearly 40 acres, and contain all sorts of plants and ferns. Of course they are not equal to Kew Gardens near London. They were founded 100 years ago. They cover the site of the residence of the poet Tickell. Swift, Sheridan and Parnell, the poet, lived very near. There is a walk in these gardens called Addison's walk. I was too late in going to the gardens to gain admission to the conservatories, as it was a few minutes after 6 p.m., but the keeper broke the rule for me, and opened the rooms for my observation. I enjoyed the walk very much. Some of the water lilies were splendid. On my way back to the town I visited the Hospital, a very large building. This is an hospital as well as a training place for nurses. St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church is a large structure. The City Hall, where the Corporation meetings are held, is in the aristocratic part of the city. It is after the fashion of our Town Hall having Doric pillars and a grand appearance.

St. Stephen's Green, is just in front of my residence, and I strolled in it after dinner for a while. It is conveniently situated for the benefit of the people.

KILLARNEY LAKES.

Tuesday, 14th July.—I leave for the Killarney lakes at 8 a.m. The country from Dublin is very pretty, being green and fertile. In my compartment is a Londoner who is a cousin of Mrs. McCorkell, the wife of the Judge at Ahmedabad. He is an Englishman and a surveyor. About Ireland his notions are not very high. "The Irish people have the gift of the gab. The people in the south and south-west are lazy, those in the north are industrious. The latter are partly Scotch, having 'Mac' before their names."

After travelling for three hours our train stops at a station called Mallow. This place is very attractive. It is a large town, all green and picturesque. It is the Bath of Ireland, resorted to by invalids and others. There are mountains round about and a fine river for fishing. It possesses also castles of the time of Elizabeth and James I.

As the train approaches Killarney, the aspect of the country becomes more and more attractive. The mountains appear as if cut and arranged on a set plan. Just close to Killarney there is a forest. The trees are not high but thickly crowded, and sparkling rivulets thread their way among them. It is 12-45 p.m., and we are in Killarney.

I am given a room on the third floor of the Station Hotel which overlooks a beautiful garden, and the horizon is bounded by verdant mountains. Amid such lovely scenes one involuntarily wishes to be an artist.

After luncheon I engaged a jaunting car, and went round the Killarney lakes. These are divided into the lower lake, the middle lake or Muckross or Torc lake, and the upper lake. The first is the largest in size, 5 miles in length and 3 miles in breadth. The middle lake is two miles in length and 7 furlongs in breadth, and the upper lake is two and a half miles in length and half a mile in breadth. The scenery is excellent. The mountains, trees, rocks and waterfalls are magnificent. On all sides there is an interminable vista of green. Fir and oak trees are plentiful and of great height. This is the only place at which I saw high trees, and large shady avenues. On the whole the place is so picturesque that I am tempted to agree to a certain extent with Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate of England, when he says: "There is

nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney, meaning by Killarney, its lakes, its streams, its hills, its vegetation ; and if mountain, wood, and water harmoniously blent constitute the most perfect and adequate loveliness that nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has all the world over, no superior." In point of vegetation and natural scenery these lake districts are indeed most interesting and beautiful.

I made a methodical excursion this afternoon to have a good view. I first passed through an avenue of trees which overhang the road just as the trees on the Kirkee road in Poona do. You have to pass in the shade only. I passed through the demesne or estate of Mr. Herbert, a rich gentleman who owns a large portion of the lands here, but who is now much involved. My driver, Michael Falvey, an old man of 64, proved a very good guide. I asked him, whether he was an Englishman or an Irishman. "A real Paddy, sir," was the answer. "You are a Catholic?" said I. "Oh, yes, but I do not know whether I am wrong. In the Isle of Wight there were thirteen religions, and God knows which was right," was the reply. In Mr. Herbert's demesne the road passes along the lake-side, and very near are the ruins of Muckcross Abbey. This Abbey was established by monks in the fifteenth century. It is a quiet and pleasant place, and my driver told me that during Cromwell's time, the Abbey and the church were damaged along with other church institutions. The ruins as they stand give a good idea of the magnificence of the church. There is a magnificent yew tree, which is said to be as old as the Abbey, viz., 500 years. My driver showed me this, and also pointed his finger to a big slab on a vault and said : "I look to this," meaning, he looked to a day when he would die, and his body would be buried in that vault, which was his family vault. We then passed through an avenue of very verdant oak trees and silvery fir trees and green ferns. Yesterday when I went to see the Botanic Gardens at Dublin, the old curator took me to the conservatory where Killarney ferns were kept, and asked me particularly to mark the beauty of the ferns. I am convinced of the soundness of his recommendation. No place is so rich in ferns as this.

I ought to allude to the superstition as regards the yew tree.

It is that any one plucking a leaf from this tree will not live beyond 12 months.

We passed by the house of Mr. Herbert, where, it is said, Her Majesty was entertained in 1861. The driver showed an oak tree with branches extended in all directions which was planted on the occasion of the Queen's visit. We went by the side of the lower lake to the middle lake, and saw the different islands situated in these lakes. The middle lake appears the most beautiful on account of the situation of the surrounding mountains, rocks and vegetation.

We passed by the Eagle's Nest—a hill which has a crevice like an eagle's nest. The rock is pyramidal, about 1,700 feet high. Echoes can be heard here. My driver attempted many, and the people round about mimicked him. I went up to see the Torc waterfall. The scenery from the hill of the entire lower and middle lakes is superb. The fall is altogether 150 feet high. There is a wooden seat nearly at the top of the cascade hill. I added my name to the many already inscribed on it, but I expect it will soon be obliterated by the names of other tourists. The driver pointed out the Devil's Island in the middle lake, and said this is the only property that the Old Boy possesses in Ireland. The Devil's Punch Bowl is also shown as being between high rocks. The water of this lake (the Devil's Punch Bowl) is very cold, and superstition ascribes this to the Devil's action. There is a cottage called the Queen's cottage by the side of the lake, where the Queen is said to have taken her tea. Another well-built cottage, where Her Majesty is said to have taken her luncheon, also bears the same name.

There is a cottage called Dinish cottage, and near it is the old Weir bridge, where the waters of the upper and middle lakes meet. We passed along the Brickeen bridge under which the rowing boats pass from the middle to the lower lake or vice-versa.

Killarney is in the county of Kerry, a very large district in Ireland. The meaning of *Kerry* is rocky—*cerrig* or *carric* means a rock.

There are many ancient remains dotted over the country and an antiquarian may find ample opportunity to make notes and engage himself in the interesting work of tracing ancient history. Thackeray describes the district as ragged, ruined, and cheerful.

Wednesday, 15th July.—Yesterday by making a tour round the lakes and through the mountains and trees I obtained a general view of the district. But excellent as was that excursion, it was nothing compared to the one I made to-day. It was varied and highly interesting. I went by a coach for five miles, then rode on a pony through the mountainous tract called the Gap of Dunloe for four miles, and then rowed in a boat for fourteen miles. The scenery on the way was superb. Some of the mountains were picturesque, both as to vegetation and colours of the rocks, and the lake scenery too was excellent. We drove by the western end of Killarney house, the residence of the Earl of Kenmare, which commands the best view of the lower lake. At the foot of the Gap of Dunloe is the cottage of a woman named Kate Kearney, popularly supposed to be a witch. Here we got ponies to ride, There is the Purple mountain on one side, and Macgillicuddy's Reeks, also called the Bull mountains, on the other. Here echoes of the report of guns and bugle notes resound wonderfully. There is one place where a poor man sits concealed between two rocks, and plays on a bugle or some musical instrument, and when the traveller hears the music repeated by the echo of the mountain on the other side, he is led to believe that some merry-maker on the mountain is enjoying himself. We descended this gap within a short time and came to a cottage, near the entrance of the upper lake. There we saw an old lady, well dressed and decorated with rustic ornaments. She was given a sovereign by the Prince of Wales, when he visited the lakes, and was thenceforward called the queen of the lake. She appears before the traveller and offers a glass of goat's milk, or a bottle of aerated water for sale, and thus makes her living. Our party consisted of seven gentlemen and one lady. We had a boat to ourselves. After a little refreshment on the bank of the lake at 1 p.m., we started for the row. Other parties also did similarly. We had a very long and winding excursion. At places we had to pass through narrow passages between rocks and, at some places, the boat went down with the rapid current of the water. The pass could not be used. It was a trying time. After we left the Old Weir Bridge and the Tooth-Ache Bridge (the superstition is that a tooth-ache is cured if the sufferer passes below this bridge), we entered the lower lake. Our

boatmen told us the lake was unusually rough that evening. I was very nervous as the boat rolled and tossed and water came in. However, we enjoyed the scenery around. The Devil's Island, the Eagle's Nest, the Black Valley, the Long Range, the Meeting of the Waters of three lakes, and the currents in the Rapids lend great interest to the excursion. We came to Ross Castle, where we landed. It is an old castle, not in use now, and somewhat in ruins. After landing, we got into our coach, which was waiting for us, and returned to our lodging. The gentlemen—some of them Englishmen and some Scotchmen, and only one Irishman,—treated me very kindly and civilly. In fact, five minutes after we started for the excursion they became very familiar with me. One of our party was a stout gentleman, weighing 18 stones. He had a photographic camera with him, and he took photos. I was constantly afraid of his weight, when we were in the boat. He walked up and down the Gap of Dunloe, for he feared a pony could not bear his weight. He was a good companion. Our party proved to be a very merry one. The boatmen too were clever and skilled in their business. Our conductor (Cook's man) has been in India. He was a soldier in the Army. He has served at Secunderabad.

Thursday, 16th July.—The day is fine. I have done enough so far as the Killarney lakes are concerned. I could have gone to Glengariffe but it would have taken two days for the excursion. Glengariffe, a rugged glen, consists of rocky protuberances of all sizes. The crevices are filled up with luxuriant vegetation. I am returning to Dublin, and after paying a visit to Belfast and the Giant's Causeway, if I get any time, I shall make an excursion to the Wicklow mountains.

It has struck me that the people in these parts are, as a rule, poor. A good many of them are found by the road-side, standing listlessly. Many poor people, especially women, sell on the roads neatly carved articles of oak and arbutus wood. Lace handkerchiefs, etc. made by hand are also sold. The people have a natural politeness, very agreeable to strangers.

I omitted to note in yesterday's diary the Innisfallen Island, which is a pretty little island in the lower lake, where there are

the ruins of an Abbey. We pass by it as we come to Ross Castle. The national poet, Thomas Moore, addresses these lines to this island :

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine,
 How fair those art, let others tell,
 While but to feel how fair, be mine.
 Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile,
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.

Just after we got to the Dunloe Gap we passed by a sheet of water called the Serpent's Lake, and the tradition is that St. Patrick drowned the last snakes in it, for there are no snakes in Ireland. But this honour is claimed by another lake, viz., the Lower Lake, in the Wicklow district, as well as Croagh Patrick in Mayo. This reminded me of the seven cities which claimed to be the birthplace of Homer.

In these lake districts there are two great landlords, the Earl of Kenmare and Mr. H. A. Herbert. The first is a wealthy man, but the second, as I have already mentioned, has suffered by the fall in rents, through agricultural depression. Cattle are dear. I met a porter, whom I asked whether he and his people were happy. He said that a few Irish people in these parts were rich, but the rest were poor. The British Government had given much to the Indians, but to the Irish they have given the jail and the lock-up.

At 11-25 a. m., I start for Dublin from the Killarney station. At this time of the year some of the peasants go to America for labour and livelihood. Some men and women were going by the same train as I went by. After I got into my compartment, I heard loud sounds of weeping. On looking out of the window, I saw on the platform several men and women, standing and crying on account of the separation of their departing relations, and indulging in parting kisses. It was a touching scene. The peasants here show the same affectionate feelings, and the same manner of expressing them as the Indian peasants. Once, while passing through the Satara District, I found families going a long distance with their departing relatives, and at several places, standing up and taking off their shoes, and embracing each other. I have also seen Malwani or Konkani people making a similar demonstration

of grief at parting. Human nature is seen in its unsophisticated state among these people. Another peculiarity I noticed was that the peasant women had shawls or cloths on their heads, just as our people have; and while I passed through the lake district I saw several poor women wearing handkerchiefs on their heads. I pitied their poverty very much, and was induced to throw some coppers. They call you governor, lord, boss (employer or master). I inquired of a good many people who travelled with me whether these poor people led a virtuous life, and the answer was in the affirmative. The people in these parts have many superstitions and stories of miracles. Perhaps their Catholicism has a great deal to do with this.

This part of the country is good for fishing and angling. But the salmon here is not so good as that caught in the Scotch lakes.

Our train now reaches Mallow station, about which I have already made a note. Here we change and go by another train coming from Cork for Dublin.

Before leaving Killarney I must make a few notes on places of interest. One of these is the Black Valley, just beyond the Gap of Dunloe, which is so named because the hills rise so closely round it that for three months of the year the sun does not penetrate its recesses. A gloom always prevails here. By this valley we proceeded to the upper lake through Lord Brandon's Cottage, now owned by Mr. Herbert, who levies a fee on tourists, one shilling each—a good source of income. But I am told that all this money is spent in keeping the roads and premises in repair.

In Muckross Abbey there are vaults of many ancient families. There are many clans still existing, and they are very patriotic. They have their own chiefs. The names of the clans begin with "O" for instance O'Connell, O'Donnell, O'Sullivan &c. The O'Donoghue is a very ancient one. It was a clan known for its bravery and soldierly deeds. Its chief is called "The O'Donoghue." The founder of the clan, who fought for his country, is buried in this Abbey, and the following inscription is to be found on his monument.

What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,

Than that this monumental stone contains
 In death's embrace MacCarthy More's remains?
 Hence Reader, learn the sad and certain fate
 That waits on man—and spares not e'en the great,
 And while this venerable marble calls
 Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls
 And bids thy thought to other days return,
 And with sparks of Erin's glory burn,
 While to her fame some grateful tributes flow,
 Oh! ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow
 If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear.
 Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue lies here.

I take this chieftain to be like some of our old chieftains in the Bombay Presidency. In my train just now there is a gentleman in whose name the "O" occurs, and he claims to belong to one of the most ancient families of the country and speaks to me with pride about Ireland.

I asked him to tell me some of the superstitions of the Irish people in the south. He told me the following.

A spirit called a Banshee rules over the destinies of the clan and when a misfortune is approaching, the clan-people superstitiously believe that they hear the wailing of this spirit.

There is a spirit called Pooka, who is given the first crop of berries in November. Children would not eat these berries till this offering is made.

There is a spirit called Leprechaun, which watches the mountains. It is supposed to be a shoe-maker. If any person attempts to catch the spirit it runs away. But if it is once caught it will tell you where the treasures are buried in the mountains. Once it is out of your hands, it eludes you.

My informant had to leave the train at his station, and he regretted he was not able to spin out the yarn of superstitions any longer.

The Purple Mountains are really very picturesque. The colour all over is very beautiful, with green patches. The view is described in the following lines by a poet of the country:—

Lift to the clouds their craggy heads on high
 Crowned with tiaras fashioned in the sky
 In vesture clad of soft ethereal hue,
 The Purple Mountains rise to view,
 With Dunloe's Gap.

Carran Tual is the highest peak 3,414 feet, in this country, as Ben Nevis is in Scotland. The Purple Mountain is 2,739 feet

high. It is said there are powerful eagles in this region. They lift up little children and take them away. The Eagle's Nest mountain is so styled from the fact that within the past two years eagles lived in the crevice of this mountain.

The county of Kerry on the whole is interesting in point of scenery; but I do not think it is a rich country in point of agriculture or commerce except in the vicinity of the coast.

As a good many names in these parts end in 'ney' like my own, such as Killarney, Killiney, Kate Kearney, &c. My driver Falvey, who speaks English very distinctly with proper accent in spite of the loss of his teeth, which were knocked out by a horse's kick, and whom I would recommend for his knowledge of history and English for a vacant professorship (for he is so talkative) promised that one of the hills hitherto not bearing a distinct name shall be styled after me "Nadkarney Hill."

After a journey of 6 hours we reach Dublin at 6 p.m. According to my arrangements I leave for Belfast. We travel mostly along the coast. It is a moonlight night; the train reaches Belfast at 11.30 p. m.

BELFAST.

Friday, 17th July.—This morning is pleasant, cool and refreshing, and I am exploring this town. The streets are very clean and broad. The town possesses many magnificent buildings. It is a very rising town. It has beautiful shops. There is a great deal of activity and enterprise. I read somewhere recently Limerick *was*, Dublin *is*, but Cork *will be* the first city in Ireland. I think in commercial activity Belfast is not at all inferior to any of these. In this city ship-building and manufacture of linen are carried on on a large scale. Commercial buildings, churches, schools, museums, picture galleries, libraries are plentiful. In fact the city is improving every day, and its appearance is certainly superior to that of Manchester or even Glasgow. What struck me most is the hill called Cave Hill. I think this lends beauty to Belfast. The view of the town and the bay from the hill is splendid. It is nearly 1,140 feet high. It is to the north of the town. To the geologist a visit to this part of the British Isles is very important. The hill is made of limestone and basalt. There is a castle on the slope of the mountain, which is the residence of

the Marquess of Donegal. I must say, however, that beyond massive edifices, wide streets, several institutions marking the intellectual, social and political progress of the people, Belfast has no claim upon the attention of the tourist. The Lough or Bay is pretty, and steamers from Glasgow visit this place very often. I have procured an album of the views of Belfast.

Having made Belfast my head-quarters, I started for the Giant's Causeway, at 10-30 a.m. The train first passed by the other side of the Cave Hill and the Belfast Lough. The scenery was very pleasant. We passed a cultivated district in the county of Antrim. Then we came across stations, named Ballymena and Ballymoney, which sound like the names of villages in Canara such as Devimane, Hosamane and Balemane. These are important places so far as trade and markets are concerned. A few miles farther we get to a watering place, called Portrush. This is something like an Irish Brighton or Hastings as a health resort. There are golf clubs here.

From this place a steam car starts for the

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY,

which is eight miles distant. The real interest of the trip commences here. The tramcar moves up gradually by the sea-side. You observe the majestic Atlantic before you. The Skerries or rocky islands are visible from the tram. Malinhead, the most northerly point in Ireland, also comes into view. White rocks of curious shape are prominent. A few yards beyond is the Priest's Hole, a deep chasm beside the sea, and not far off is the Giant's Head—a formation of rock produced by the action of the waves. Then follow the noteworthy ruins of the Dunluce Castle. All this is historically important to Ireland but not to the tourist. Passing the Dunluce Castle, we proceeded to the village of Bushmills which is noted throughout the country for its whisky. There is fine cultivation round about. The tramcar then stops very near the Causeway rocks. Here you are surrounded by guides who offer to show you everything. I took as complete a survey of all things connected with this wonder of the world as possible. The appearance of the rocks and the grand Atlantic before you makes a very great impression on your mind. The lava formations of the rocks are numerous and gigantic. There are strange and high

columns both vertical and horizontal. Different groups of rocks have got the forms of an amphitheatre, chimneys and organ respectively. My guide took me all round and explained to me everything. Some of the columns are in the shape of a loom which is called the Giant's Loom. Some pillars have three, or four, and others five and even seven sides. One having eight sides is called the Keystone. Then there are the Giant's Well, Fan, and Organ, which an experienced guide does not omit to show to the tourist. Some of the pillars are so situated that they resemble a chair. This is called the Wishing Chair. The superstition is that any person who has a particular desire, if he sit in this chair, will have his desire accomplished. The freaks of nature which have brought about these phenomena have given room for many superstitions.

For the comfort of the tourist refreshment sheds and stalls for selling indigenous articles are erected.

I was asked to go in a boat to see some of the caves in these gigantic rocks. The sea was not calm, and I remembered Shakespeare's advice and denied myself the luxury, especially as I could have a clear view of the caves while the tramcar passed through the winding coast.

I took an excursion in a car to

CARRICK-A-REDE

which is about 8 miles distant. The coast and the rocks thereon are very majestic. There is a swing rope bridge between two grand rocks here. I went up to the very point where the bridge commences, but after seeing it, decided not to undertake the venture of crossing it. The bridge consists of hemp ropes with ash-wood planks, which go up and down as in a swing. My reason for not making the venture was that the ropes appeared to me rather old. There was nothing to hold while passing along the narrow bridge except one rope on the left side. There was no other side protection. The chasm was 90 feet deep and the length of the bridge was 60 feet. I had ascended and descended a hill before approaching the bridge. I only made my guide pass over it. I thought discretion was the better part of valour in this case, and when I returned from the place, I met several persons who told me that many of those who visit these parts do not cross the bridge, which is three or four feet wide. But this excursion interested

me greatly, for the view from several points is superb and fills the mind with august ideas. Another thing that interested me was that although the hills in these parts are treeless, the useful cultivation of strawberries, turnips, potatoes, and different kinds of corn give the country such a lovely appearance as can be hardly imagined. There were terraced patches of cultivation, which looked like large carpets spread out for a grand occasion. The greenness was peculiar, and I was astonished that close to the sea and in rocky regions such extensive cultivation should be possible. What I saw to-day is altogether different from what I had seen hitherto, and I believe such a scene could not be found in any place unless nature has been equally freakish elsewhere.

In these parts, you meet with fishermen and farmers only. There are schools and churches for these people. When I went to the Causeway and Carrick-a-Rede, I had occasion to talk to them. I met a fisherman at the latter place who told me, he earned 15s. 5d. a week. The fishery is owned by the Earl of Antrim, who employs Overts or Superintendents to look after the business. The fishermen get a fixed remuneration. His (the fisherman's) wife worked in the fields of another and got a small share out of the net profits. This man was not able to give intelligent answers. He appeared to me ignorant, like some of our fishermen in India. While I was going in a car from the Giant's Causeway to the rope bridge, several little children were romping about, and when my car approached their huts, they cried, "Throw a penny, and see the fun; throw a penny and see the fun," and when a penny was thrown, they stood on their heads.

Having spent nearly the whole day in the excursion to the celebrated Giant's Causeway, I rest here this evening and to-morrow morning till 10 a.m., enjoying the scenery of the rocks and the green cultivation and the wide expanse of the Atlantic, which is seen from the window where I am scribbling these notes.

Saturday, 18th July.—At 10-20 a.m., I leave the Giant's Causeway. From the tram-car I can observe the rocky coast and the sea. I am going past some of the caves, the entrances to which are seen while the car proceeds in a winding course. We reach Portrush in sufficient time for the train for Belfast.

The train, however, stops at Coleraine, a station some 20 miles from Portrush, and here we have to change.

In the train I met an Australian merchant, dealing in grain. He is on a holiday visit to this country. He is a nice man to talk to. He has dealings with Calcutta and Bombay. According to him, our Bombay wheat is dirty. Californian wheat is the best ; also in Australia in some parts the best wheat is produced. He is an Englishman. His notion of Ireland and the people is that they are poor, that the Irish people are lazy, dirty and unreliable in temper. He never liked them. He lives at Sydney, in Australia, which is something like Bombay in point of climate. Our train now goes 45 miles an hour. The fastest train in England goes at 60 miles an hour. Principal Gurney told me at Newcastle that a trial train by which he rode went 80 miles an hour. They might adopt this rate sooner or later. Accidents are few on the railway lines here. Then there is a remarkable institution in this country. The booking offices issue insurance tickets. You have to pay a shilling and your life is insured for £ 1,000. In case of lesser damage than death you get proportionately less compensation.

As we pass through Antrim, we have the Lough Neagh close to us. This is the biggest lake in the United Kingdom, it is 20 miles long and 12 miles broad.

Moore has dedicated the following lines to this lake:—

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear soft eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the waves beneath him shining.
 Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus sighing look through the waves of time
 For the long faded glories they cover.

At 2-30 p.m. we are in Belfast again.

Before starting for the Giant's Causeway I had been to the office of Cook & Son, and asked the manager whether I could have any other short excursion from Belfast. He suggested a trip to the Isle of Man, as a popular excursion. I had therefore this place in mind. After I left the Causeway I had a talk about my plans with the Australian merchant, who was a great tourist. He said that there was nothing there in the way

of scenery. It is simply a watering place, where pleasure-seeking people go on a holiday on Saturdays and Sundays. It is awfully crowded, and he further said that it was not a place to visit on a tour like mine. On my arrival in Belfast I went up to Cook's office which was close to my residence, and the clerk told me that there was nothing particular to see there. And the manager of a bookshop, which was very near to my hotel, also said that the Isle of Man is simply a pleasure resort—"we call it a hell," said he further. "It is merely a place for lewd pleasure." He recommended me to spend a few hours in making a trip to Bangor by train, and then driving by the seaside in a bus to Donaghadee, where I should have excellent scenery and refreshing air. I adopted this advice, and after lunch started for these places.

BELFAST LOUGH.

The train passes by Belfast Lough, and stops at Holywood—a country place of great interest. It seems to be a favourite residence of Belfast merchants. It has a number of small hills around, and the grand lake in front. It is only five miles from Belfast. Then the train proceeded to Bangor, which is 12 miles from Belfast. This is an important watering place, and has the appearance of a large seaside town. Close to the sea are large open grounds for cricket, lawn-tennis and other sports. When our train reached there, the regatta races were going on. I got down here from the train. Two miles away is the seat of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. I had, however, no time either to drive or walk to this place. It is said to possess a museum containing a large collection of antiquities and curiosities from various countries collected by Lord Dufferin. There is also a tower, called Helen's Tower, built in memory of his mother—just like the Rajabai tower built by Mr. Premchand Roychand.

In the train I met a gentleman who was evidently a missionary and a Sunday school teacher. With him were two Irish ladies and one Scotch lady. The school-master was an expert in palmistry. He examined his own hand, and then took up the right hand of the Irish lady who was sitting on his left, and examined the lines on her palm. She put him some questions and he answered them. I could not hear the conversa-

tion distinctly. Then she said, "Oh! I have heard that these lines depend upon the way you use your hand," and the Scotch lady corroborated her. They then discussed national superstitions, each holding that the other's countrymen were the more superstitious; and finally the party broke up at Bangor.

DONAGHADEE.

I took a bus to Donaghadee. The people in it did not appear to me to be all pleasure-seekers. The drive was delightful, as it opened up very picturesque scenery, for we had a winding course along the Belfast Lough and through small hills. Donaghadee is something like Bandora at the Land's End or the Mahalaxmi side of the sea. There is a mound constructed to command a view of distant places. I passed by it, but had no time to climb it. The Donaghadee harbour is a fine one. It has a crescent shape, and is built of large stones. This place is resorted to for its scenery and salubrity. After passing an hour or so, I took a train which ran through a tract I had not seen, and which took me through country places and interesting scenery. In fact, I had made a circular tour when I returned to Belfast. In this train I had the misfortune to meet three young men playing cards, and gambling among themselves for money. I did not understand the game, but they shuffled their cards, and put their hands in their pockets frequently, either to take out silver and copper money, or to keep it when acquired. They managed to prevent a lady coming into the compartment as a passenger.

In this country there is a rage for excursions. It is universal. Some of these watering places and places of interest are overcrowded. Just when I was starting for this short trip through the suburban places, I noticed at the dock steamers crowded with people, going to the Isle of Man, or to other places to spend Saturday and Sunday. Enjoyment is the rule of the people here.

BELFAST.

When I returned from Donaghadee, I saw numbers of people had collected in different places. I could not understand the reason of this. On inquiry, I found the offices and workshops were closed on Saturday, at 1 p.m., and the employees in the evening assembled

together passed their time in walking about, or in some amusement or other. Happy people !

Sunday, 19th July.—The morning is pleasant. After breakfast I thought I would have a ride through the city. I availed myself of a tram, which starts from the Royal Avenue, where I have taken up my residence. The tram took me right to the outskirts of the town, thus giving me a view of all the important buildings in that direction. I alighted and walked up to Wood Park, which is a beautiful garden. I met many people taking a stroll in it. I followed the path, walking by a part of the town where miles of jerry buildings are being erected. Then I took a tram on the top of which I rode to another outskirt where there are splendid churches. I went through the old village.

I next rode by the side of the Law Courts and Her Majesty's prison, the Carlisle Memorial Church, and the Presbyterian Church, where large congregations had collected. I went towards Cave Hill and Alexandra Park, and was able to view many fine scenes and buildings. Taking the whole city and its outskirts, I must say that Belfast is indeed a fine town, clean, beautiful and healthy. I leave at 2 p.m. with favourable impressions about its appearance and institutions.

I am in the train. In my compartment there are two American gentlemen and one lady. The one is a lawyer, Mr. A. T. Docherty, travelling with his wife, the other a doctor, Mr. Scott. They are liberal in sentiments and very sympathetic, and are jolly and agreeable people.

Mrs. Docherty was rather sorry at first on account of the handle of her umbrella having broken while she was coming to the station. It was a very valuable umbrella, and was a present to her from a friend. But she soon put trouble aside and joined in our conversation. Mr. Docherty and Mr. Scott are fine middle-aged men. They sing, they play at cards. Mrs. Docherty told me her story. She complained that she was taken to the Causeway Caves in a boat. The sea was rough. She was a bad sailor and got nervous when the waves went high. I now consider I was wise in denying myself the luxury of going in a boat to the Caves. Accidents are not beyond the pale of possibility. While the lawyer and the doctor were playing cards, I produced the following

few lines, composed *impromptu* on the Broken Umbrella:—

“ Oh Dear Umbrella, loveliest thing,
Thy beauty's known to Queen and King,
Shorn of thy handle—precious gem—
Sovereign without a diadem,
Thou lookest now the poorest gear.
What can I do with thee, my dear? ”

All of us, including the lady, were merry, and I handed the lines to Mr. Docherty, who, approving of them, read them over to his wife, who too was highly pleased.

The scenery between Belfast and Dublin, particularly towards the eastern coast of Ireland is charming—hills, vegetation, terraced fields all green, interspersed with villages full of pretty looking houses.

I discovered in the course of conversation that the compartment we were riding in was secured by my friends by “ tipping ” the guard, who locked it from the side from which there was any likelihood of a passenger coming in. I was admitted by them as I had been introduced to them the previous evening and had proved agreeable to them. I learnt from Mr. Docherty that there are many learned lawyers in Ireland, and that in America solicitors are allowed to plead in Court, no distinction being made between a barrister and a solicitor.

The scenery as we proceed to Dublin differs for about fifty miles when we get the Irish sea to our left. The land is not so fertile as you go south, but the view of the sea is grand. On the way we meet some towns celebrated for the manufacture of stockings, ale &c. When we came near Dublin we saw three skerries, or rocky islands. On one of them are some ruins of the time of St. Patrick, who took shelter there when pursued by the Druids. This saint is the patron of all Ireland; everywhere I met with St. Patrick's Cathedral or Hall or Street, or something named after him. At the little town of Donabate there is a viaduct 335 feet high by which the train crosses the estuary.

As we proceed towards Dublin all the scenery of Howth Island, Dublin Bay, and the light-house is open to the view. It is indeed a very beautiful scene. The train reaches Dublin at 6-15 p.m.

I drive to another railway station to catch the mail steamer starting from the harbour of Kingstown, which

is six miles from Dublin. From here I had a complete view of the harbour. Great preparations are being made for the Regatta of sailing boats. Two of these boats belong to the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales. The German Emperor was at Kingstown station. He has come here for the Regatta, which will be on Tuesday next. The Prince is not coming. The harbour, as I have already noted, is a good looking one. The steamer that is carrying us is excellent in point of accommodation and other arrangements. The sea is calm and the air is very refreshing. I could walk about the deck with great pleasure. I made the acquaintance of two Irish gentlemen, Professor W. N. Hartley, a lecturer in the College of Science at Dublin, and Dr. F. M. Farmer of London, who practises as a specialist in mouth diseases. Both of them are good natured. Professor Hartley is said to be a distinguished man. Dr. Farmer told me among other things that science is more studied on the continent but in London there is a closer observation of scientific facts among medical people. I mentioned to Professor Hartley that I had been told that the most correct English was taught and spoken in Dublin: but he gave it as his opinion that the best English is taught in schools at Inverness in Scotland. I have already made ample notes about that place.

CHAPTER XXI.

HEALTH RESORTS IN NORTH WALES.

Llandudno—Snowdon—Jawbreakers—An Unknown Tongue—Rhyl—Holiday Relaxations—Dr. Johnson—A Genealogical Window.

Monday, 20th July.—After breakfast I leave Holyhead. This place, as its name implies, is a hilly one. It juts into the sea like Beachy Head, but it is not so commanding as the latter. It is a well-established safe harbour, with a fair sized town. Many steamers ply between this and other ports. The trains stop close to the pier. The passengers do not find any inconvenience in respect of their luggage, which is transferred by porters from the boat to the train which takes passengers and luggage to the Holyhead railway station, about a mile from the pier. Excellent accommodation is provided here. As the steamer came to the pier at 11-30 p. m., I stayed for the night at the railway

station very comfortably, and now I am proceeding to an interesting place called Llandudno. As is generally the case near the sea, there is no cultivation worth the name.

On both sides of the railway, nothing but large meadows and pasture grounds are seen. But after passing a few miles, a rich garden-like tract opens to our view. The train stops for a considerable time at Bangor station. This is a town in Wales. There is its namesake in Ireland which I have noticed before. As we proceed, the range of Snowdon Hills, which is to the right of the line, over-looks the sea and the villages. The hills are not high, but extend in such a way as to produce an interesting effect on the whole scenery. They are green, plain-looking and not rugged. One of the stations is Llanfairfechan. There are jaw-breaking words in this country, even more so than in Ireland. English people in India think our Indian names are difficult to pronounce, but they are nothing to those of their Welsh neighbours.

LLANDUDNO.

After getting to Llandudno I refreshed myself and along with other people started in a bus for a short excursion round the Great Orme's Head, which is a hill overlooking the sea facing the town. The drive was interesting. It afforded us an opportunity of viewing the marine as well as the land scenery in all directions. We saw large Atlantic steamers, also the Anglesea district. The hill is a big rock, and looks like a great fortification of the town. The road is necessarily winding and circular.

There is a parish here named "Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandyssiliogogoch."

How can this word be pronounced? I asked several persons to pronounce it. Only one police constable could do it, for he was a native of Wales, but he could not give me the sound slowly, as it was difficult for him to do so. He went on in the style of our Shastris reciting Panini's Sutras. I next requested a lady in a bookshop to kindly read it out slowly to me and give me the meaning of this jaw-breaker. She complied with my request. Even then I was uncertain of the pronunciation, but the meaning is, "The Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel, near to the rapid whirlpool, and to St. Tisilio church, near to a red cave." This word is of similar construction to the compounds we some-

times meet with in Sanskrit works, such as Virabhatapatalottaranga-turangakunjaramakarahishanasakalaripuganakatakajalanidhi-mathanamandarāyamānasamuddandabhujadandah, i. e. [the king] whose sceptre-like arm seemed like the Mandār mountain raised up as it were to churn the ocean of the whole dreadful army of his enemies whose lines of valiant chieftains looked like rising waves and horses and elephants like the great alligators of the sea.

The language of the Welsh people is altogether distinct, and the English people do not understand it. Again, the dialect of North Wales is different from that of South Wales.

In the afternoon I had another excursion in a bus round the Little Orme's Head, and through the village scenery round about. It was a pretty drive, for the little villages had small villas with beautiful woods and shady paths. Llandudno is a watering place in North Wales, somewhat after the fashion of Eastbourne and Hastings ; and many people, invalid as well as healthy, come here for change and enjoyment. The place is very crowded, especially on the beach, where people walk about at all hours. The sunshine in these latitudes is so mild that the more there is the better the people like walking in it. Little children play about on the sand and throw stones into the sea. The place affords plenty of amusement to tourists and visitors, and no one seems to feel lonely. Llandudno was recommended to me by Mr. Samuel Digby, and also by Cook's people. I met here a gentleman named Mr. Libeter, who was formerly in India in a regiment in the North. I had a long conversation with him. He speaks Hindustani remarkably well, and likes the natives of India. He says that he passed a good deal of his time among them ; he appreciates some of our native luxuries such as *jilbi* (sweets) and the *hookah* (hubble-bubble).

The promenade of Llandudno is very broad and long, and the visitors find it very convenient to take long walks. In the evening, after dinner, I was at the pavilion on the pier. It is a very spacious and strongly built structure. It can easily hold 3,000 people. A concert was held there. The audience numbered 2,000 persons. Among the musicians on the stage, a gentleman named Mr. Leslie Harris, showed great mirth and humour in the pieces he acted. He first described the results of matrimony and then sang songs to match his description. Again he described the old

way of courting as distinguished from the new one. He said, formerly the man took the initiative; now it is the woman who moves in the courting process; and he imitated their conversation in songs. He made the whole audience laugh frequently. Then he gave imitations of many persons. He is, no doubt, a successful mimic. While staying here I renewed my acquaintance with a Manchester merchant, Mr. Oliver, whom I had previously met at Oban. He showed great civility to me. He is an old man and his son has been looking after his business. He appears to be a type of the genuine gentleman.

There is a well laid out and covered lawn tennis court here. It is by the side of Little Orme's Head. A young lady who was riding with us in the coach mentioned that it is said to be the largest covered tennis court in Great Britain. I have not verified the fact.

The Llandudno harbour or bay is like Oban in Scotland. Llandudno is a clean town. Six miles from it is Lord Mostyn's place, a large garden and a house. It is well worth a visit.

Tuesday, 21st July.—I leave Llandudno after breakfast for

RHYL,

another interesting place in North Wales. As we proceed we pass by the town of Deganwy—a very picturesque seaside town, with a castle of the same name. We pass through the Snowdon hills, which are not high but are everywhere covered with pretty woods and green vegetation. Colwyn Bay is a fine seaside village. Within half an hour the train brings me to Rhyl.

This is a watering place, of the same character as Llandudno, but neither so large nor so long established. It is visited by many people in search of health. Houses, churches and places of enjoyment are rising in number. It has a good sea-face, but is not bounded by rocky hills like Llandudno. The promenade is broader and the sandy beach in front is rather irregular; Children make pits in the sand and jump into them and play. On the promenade, stalls are erected here and there. Just when I visited this place a man with the significant name of *Cheetham*, a character-reading expert and an electrician, was delivering his first lecture (for he delivers another lecture during the day). He was running down some rival electrician and exposing his tricks. As to what art he possessed, I had no time to wait and

see it. He had more than 300 listeners. A few hundred yards from this, another man with some companions was singing, to the accompaniment of music, songs bearing on practical life and was cracking jokes which pleased an audience of more than 500 persons. These men had painted their faces black and become "niggers." This amusement is to be seen at all watering places. There were similar amusements at different stalls where health-seeking and pleasure-seeking people had collected. Then there were hundreds of other people who were reading either newspapers, or magazines, or novels on the seaside benches. They were quite undisturbed in their own pursuits. Little children were at play by themselves. Thus since breakfast the people here had commenced the pursuit of enjoyment. To me this place looks very busy.

In order to have some idea of the country round about, and see a waterfall, I engaged a landau and drove to a village called Dyserth, which is six miles from Rhyl. On my way I saw a Botanical garden. My carriage had to pass through fields of wheat, barley, turnip, oats &c. The country scenery was very pretty, and resembled somewhat that of the agricultural district of Mawal in the Poona District. We passed by the Dyserth Castle and the lead mines to the village of Dyserth. The waterfall here is not a big one; its height is only 66 feet. I went to the foot of it and enjoyed the refreshing spray. The water is very pure. According to the account given in guide books, Dr. Johnson, in his diary of his Welsh tour, in 1774, says: "We went to see a cascade. I trudged unwillingly and was not sorry to find it dry. The water was, however, turned on, and produced a very striking cataract. They are paid a hundred pounds a year for permission to divert the stream to the mines. The river, for such it may be termed, rises from a single spring, which, like that of Winifred's well, is covered with a building." The author of the guide observes that the Doctor never liked walking, and hence he wrote so contemptuously about the fall. At the time the Doctor visited the cascade it may have been found dry, but now certainly it is flowing with some force, and the water runs through the course cut for the purpose. The whole village drinks the water from this fall.

There is also a church in this village. The guide-book men

tions a "Jesse" window in this church. I wanted to see what it was, so I got the church opened. An intelligent elderly lady, probably the parson's wife, was there. I found the object of my curiosity to be a stained glass window whereon the Biblical pedigree from Jesse downwards was written. The lady was surprised to hear how I had come to know of the existence of this church, and how I had dropped there. I told her I had inquired at Rhyl what places were worth seeing in the neighbourhood, and that I had gone there with the guide book, which she saw for the first time in her life. Thus I returned after a pleasant drive through the country. On the way I passed some carefully preserved woods. From Rhyl I started for Leamington, passing on the way through some other Welsh places such as Mostyn, Holywell, Queensberry, and so forth. They are very picturesque with their sylvan scenery.

CHAPTER XXII.

HISTORICAL SCENES.

Leamington Spa—Kenilworth Castle—Warwick—Cromwell—Historical Relics.

I NEXT came to Chester (a place which I have already seen and described in my diary) where I changed trains. After passing for a few miles through other portions of Wales, the train traversed Shropshire and brought me to Leamington. This place is noted as a Spa. People who have got rheumatic complaints or suffer from general debility or indigestion resort here. The streets are very clean. The houses are well built. There is a fine garden for the benefit of the public, where I found five evergreen oak trees. They were elegantly pruned and the circular shape and the foliage are very attractive to the eye. The gardening in this country is of a very superior kind. In the evening I rode to Warwick on the top of a bus, and passed through the streets of Leamington and Warwick so as to have a general view of these towns.

Wednesday, 22nd July.—This morning I went to the original spring of the Spa, and drank a little water. It tasted saltish, like some of the mineral waters sold in Bombay. I saw several people, some of them sufficiently robust, running to the springs in the early morning to drink a glass or two of water. Some take home a bowl or two for their use. One old man told me the water was not

conducive to strength. Many people, however, come to this place for the Spa. The mineral springs are of three kinds, chalybeate, saline and sulphureous. The water is supposed to be beneficial in diseases of the liver &c.

After breakfast I started for Kenilworth Castle. The name has been familiar to me since 1865 when I read Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" for my F. E. A., or Little-go, as it was then called. This place is only four miles from Leamington and by the train I reached it in about fifteen minutes. I engaged a victoria for 7s. 6d. and went to the Castle. Here I am reminded of my College days when Prof. Hughlings read the book with us in class. Messrs. Ambalal Desai, Kasinath Telang, Gajanan Bhatwadekar, Shripad Thakur, Ravji Tulu and J. Dalal were my colleagues. I must not forget Mr. Bhagwant Wagle, who often cracked jokes while sitting on a back bench. A visit to this castle brought Scott's account of it vividly to my mind. The castle is now in a ruined condition, at least the major portion of it. Elizabeth had given the castle to her favourite Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who made many additions to it which are called after him—Leicester buildings. But none of these are in good condition now. The walls are in ruins but the gateway is kept in repair. One of the towers is called Cæsar's tower and this is the strongest part of the castle. The walls are sixteen feet thick. One side was destroyed by Cromwell's people. The kitchen is in ruins. The strong tower in which there is a room called the dungeon or prison of Amy Robsart, (Sir Walter Scott has described the circumstance very fully) commands a good view. The Banqueting Hall is a beautiful part of the structure. The windows are still standing, although the upper portion has been much affected by time and weather. The arches over the windows are particularly beautiful. There is a recess which is called Queen Elizabeth's dressing room. Then there are the remains of the White Hall, Presence Chamber &c. The guide showed the sally port and also the gateway, beneath the canopy of which Elizabeth accused Leicester of his base and ungrateful deception. There is a ditch round about the castle walls. When I visited the castle, several young men, some of whom were college students, had come to this place on their bicycles. They were in very good spirits, and were gentlemanly in behaviour. One of them,

who came from America, told me, that he belonged to the same church as the Rev. Mr. Hume of Ahmadnagar. We passed our time very usefully and agreeably. They then went towards Rugby, a place known for literary associations and famous for its school.

From Kenilworth I drove to a place called

GUY'S CLIFF.

This place interested me very much and called to my recollection events connected with the *Sadhus* or recluses in our country. Guy, Earl of Warwick, was a great soldier and hermit. After he had been satiated with his victories and honours he retired from the world and lived in a cave in the big rock on which in later times a castle was built. The rock is very bold and prominent. Close to it runs the river Avon. The scenery of the river and the surrounding country is magnificent. In the rock below there is a cave fourteen feet long of a curved shape, where the noble hermit lived. This cave looks somewhat like the Samadhi cave of Janardan Swami in Doulatabad Fort with this difference, that the Indian cave is divided into two chambers, one of which is full of water (in December, at least, when I visited it) through which you have to pass to reach the entrance of the inner chamber. Here the cave is continuous. There are cloisters for monks, just as there are cloisters in our Dharmshalas. The property is now much improved. There is a well called Guy's well, where there is a spring of fresh water. The floods which took place at different times are marked on the rocks. There is a fine cedar tree 200 years old on the bank of the river. In the chapel attached to the house is the statue of Guy nine feet high. It is much disfigured. The property is now owned by Lord Percy. The owners were absent at the time I visited the premises, which are very extensive. Guy is said to have been interred in the cave:—

Where with his hands he hewed a house,
Out of a craggy stone,
And lived like a palmer poor
Within that house alone.

WARWICK CASTLE.

From Guy's Cliff I drove to Warwick Castle.

This is an instance of a castle which is not affected by time. A part was burned by a great fire, but it was restored to

its former condition, in 1871, by a London architect, Mr. Salim. It has many State apartments like Windsor Castle, and the guide, who shows the rooms to visitors, explains the portraits, arms, armour, and other objects. There are excellent portraits by the best artists of Sovereigns like Anne, Charles I., Henry VIII., and of several noblemen and personages of high rank. It also contains furniture of rare beauty. Cromwell's helmet and an original cast of his face are placed there.

In the account of my visits to several places in Great Britain and Ireland I have made references to the acts of Oliver Cromwell. I have had a talk about him with different people. Although the opinion of the clergy is not favourable, the gentry is decidedly in favour of the Lord Protector.

Madame Tussaud and Son's description of him runs thus:—
 "The historians have been and are hopelessly at variance as to the character of Cromwell. To Clarendon, he was only a 'bad, brave man.' To Carlyle and other writers of his school he was 'the greatest prince that ever reigned in England.' Hampden and Falkland have statues in the palace of Westminster, but there is no sculptured memorial there of the great Protector. Although the attendants point out the Gothic Chamber, in which he and the other regicides are said to have signed the death warrant of Charles." Professor J. R. Green says, 'If pardon could ever be won for a tyranny, the wisdom and grandeur with which he used the power he had usurped would win pardon for the Protector.'" Milton has dedicated the following lines to this General, his former superior.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who, through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds, thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath, yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war. New foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

I remember, when I was a boy of twelve, studying in a vernacular school, reading an account of Cromwell's public

career, given in our "English History," which filled me with profound admiration for the Protector.

Among other curiosities exhibited in this castle are the guns used at Waterloo; old spear-heads and Indian swords in numbers. In the State Bedroom is the bed of Queen Anne, which was given to the Earl of Warwick by George III. The Earl of Warwick's family were the honoured relatives of the Royal family, as the Shirkes, Nimbalkars &c., of the Maratha Rajas. The two towers quite apart from the State apartments are Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower. They are 150 feet high. I did not trouble myself to ascend them, as I had already seen a large part of the district of Warwickshire from several points and also as I had to proceed to Oxford. Warwick is situated on a hill and commands a grand prospect. Many of the houses have kept up their quaint appearance of the mediæval times. The Yeomanry of Warwickshire has played and has been playing an important military part in the building up of the British Empire. They are brave soldiers, as the history of that county shows. According to legend, Warwick was founded by King Cymbeline.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OXFORD REVISITED.

The University—Its History and Constitution—Student Life—Travelling Courtesies.

I STARTED for Oxford at 2 p.m. by train. On the former occasion I had seen a good deal of this cradle of literary fame, but my desire was not fully satisfied, and hence I thought of spending two or three hours more there on my way back to London.

I visited Keble College. Then on payment of 6*d.* I got admission to see a picture called 'the Light of the World.' It is indeed a masterpiece of art. The light and shade are very realistic. Christ is holding a lantern in the left hand with a chain attached, and with the right hand is knocking at a door. At the foot of this portrait are the following words taken from the scriptures: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hears my voice and opens the door, I will come unto him and will sup with him and he with me." The picture is by Holman Hunt and

Mr. Ruskin has given some description of it in an article written for the *Times*. An extract is shown by the keeper to the visitors.

I visited Christ College and Magdalen College. The former is the oldest College, and is a very costly place to the student. It has got a splendid dining hall, where large portraits of Henry VIII., Wolsey, and of distinguished alumni of the College, such as Gladstone, are hung.

Magdalen College has got an excellent chapel, and a good many portions of the College are well decorated. In New College, there are excellently stained windows. One of them is remarkably fine. There are figures which represent the Seven Cardinal Virtues, viz. Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, &c. The chapel has carved figures representing the pedigree given in the Bible and a courtyard in which there are ornamental Cloisters.

As the colleges were closed I could not have any insight into the College life of the students. It requires at least a week for a thorough inspection.

The population of Oxford is about 60,000. The city is at the confluence of the Cherwell and Isis (the upper part of the Thames). It has the advantage of having small hills, which surround it and command a beautiful view.

The University of Oxford owes its origin to monastic establishments in the twelfth century. Its early history is connected with the religious developments of the country.

The Colleges of this seat of learning are generally well endowed and have produced distinguished men of letters statesmen and politicians and lawyers of the highest rank. For instance:

Christ Church—Sir Philip Sidney, Locke, Ben Jonson, the Wesleys, Wellington, Peel, Ruskin and Gladstone.

Corpus Christi—Cardinal Pole, Richard Hooker, Keble, and Chief Justice Coleridge.

Merton College—Steele, Bodley, Harvey (the discoverer of the circulation of the blood).

Oriel College—Sir Walter Raleigh, Bishop Butler, John Henry Newman, Whately, Keble, Dr. Thomas Arnold, Bishop Wilberforce.

New College—Sidney Smith, Augustus Hare.

Magdalen College—Wolsey, Hampden, Addison, Professor John Wilson, Collins, Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne), Professor Ferrier, Gibbon.

All Souls College—Jeremy Taylor, Herrick, Bishop Heber, Lord Salisbury, Blackstone.

Exeter College—Dyce, J. A. Froude.

Jesus College—J. R. Green.

Trinity College—Chillingworth, Selden, Landor, the elder. Pitt, Lord Selborne, James Bryce, Sir Richard Burton, E. A. Freeman.

Balliol College—Adam Smith, Sir William Hamilton, Southey, Lockhart, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne.

On a review of the worthies educated at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, it seems to me that brilliant Oxford excels in the number of literary, classical, oratorical, and Parliamentary men, whereas contemplative Cambridge, true to its character, has produced a greater number of mathematicians, scientists, metaphysicians, poets and lawyers.

My account of Oxford and Cambridge would be incomplete without some information regarding the constitution of the Universities. The following account, taken from Baedeker, will be found very interesting and instructive.

“The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have preserved so many of their mediæval institutions unaltered and differ so materially from the other universities of Great Britain, as well as from those in continental Europe and America, that a short account of their constitutions and position will perhaps not be out of place.

“Each of the sister-universities is composed of a number of independent Colleges and Halls, of which Oxford now possesses twenty-three and Cambridge nineteen. The germ of these colleges, which are an institution now peculiar to England, is found in the ‘hostels,’ ‘inns,’ or ‘halls,’ in which at an early period the students combined to obtain the services of a common teacher. Many of the colleges have been richly endowed by kings and private persons; the Halls differ mainly in being smaller, poorer and unincorporated.

“The government of each university consists in the last resort of the entire body of graduates who have kept their names on the university registers, which is called the Senate at Cambridge and Convocation at Oxford. Proposals or statutes are, however, in the first instance brought before a small representative Council. (called at Oxford the Hebdomadal Council, at Cambridge the Council of the Senate) consisting of the chief University officials, a few heads of colleges and some senior members of Senate or Convocation. At Oxford the measures, before being submitted to Convocation, must receive the approval of Congregation, which consists of the officials and resident members of Convocation. Corresponding to this at Cambridge is the Electoral Roll, the function of which is to elect the council of the Senate. The principal executive officials are the chancellor, elected by the Senate and Convocation, and the Vice-chancellor who at Oxford is nominated from the number of the heads of colleges by the Chancellor, while at Cambridge he is elected by the Senate. The former is a person of royal blood or a nobleman of high rank and reputation, while the duties of the office are performed by the Vice-chancellor. The proctors are two officers selected from the different colleges in rotation to preserve order among the students; they are aided by four pro-proctors and a number of subordinate officials, popularly known as Bull-dogs. The internal affairs of each college are managed by a Head, who bears the title of Master, Principal, Provost, Warden, Rector, or President (at Christ Church, Dean). He is assisted by Fellows, who are selected from the most distinguished graduates and have a right to elect the head. It is not generally necessary that the Fellows should have been students of the College in which they obtain their fellowships, though at Cambridge this is usual. The Fellows and Tutors are colloquially known as Dons.

“The undergraduates or students, now live either in one of the colleges when two or more rooms are assigned to each, or in private lodgings in the town, allowed by the university authorities. They dine together in the college-halls, attend service in the college-chapels on Sundays and several times during the week (except those who have conscientious scruples) and are not allowed to remain out beyond midnight without special reasons.

The Non-collegiate students *ie.* students of the university, not members of a college, who live in lodgings in town, now form about a twelfth of the whole number of undergraduates. They are under the control of a Censor, and meet for lectures etc., in a building provided by the university. At lectures, dinner and chapel, throughout the day on Sundays (at Cambridge), and after dark on other days, the undergraduates are supposed to wear an academical costume, consisting of a black (or dark-blue) gown and a curious square cap known as a trencher or mortar-board. The Bachelors and Masters of Arts also wear an academical dress, differing in some details from that of the students, while doctors, on state occasions, are resplendent in robes of scarlet and other brilliant hues. At the services on Sundays, festivals and the eves of festivals, Cambridge graduates and undergraduates wear white surplices instead of their black gowns. At Oxford, while Christ Church and Keble follow the Cambridge practice, the use of the surplice is generally restricted to the Heads, Fellows and Scholars.

“The subjects taught at Oxford and Cambridge include ancient languages, mathematics, philosophy, history, theology, law, medicine, and natural science. The university year is divided into four terms at Oxford and three at Cambridge, and does not include much more than half of the calendar year. At Oxford all students, who have not previously passed an equivalent examination, have to present themselves at latest after one year of residence for ‘Responsions’ (in student parlance, ‘Smalls’) an examination in classics and elementary mathematics, entitling them to continue their studies for a degree. The corresponding examination at Cambridge is called the Previous Examination (Vulgo ‘Little-go’). These are followed by the first Public Examination or ‘Moderations’ (‘Mods.’) at Oxford and by the General Examination at Cambridge. The subjects are classics, mathematics of a somewhat more advanced character, and the Greek New Testament, to which Cambridge has recently added English history and an English essay. The pass examination for the ordinary degree of Bachelor of Arts (B. A.) is known as the Second Public Examination or ‘Greats’ at Oxford. It takes place at the end of the third year of residence. At Cambridge it consists of a special examina-

tion in one of several specified branches of study at the option of the candidate. At Oxford the candidate for the ordinary degree is examined in three selected subjects from the following groups. (1) Greek and Roman history and philosophy (in the original languages); (2) English, Modern Languages, Political Economy, and Law; (3) Geometry, Mechanics, Chemistry and Physics; (4) Scriptural and Theological subjects. One of the selected subjects must be either ancient philosophy and history, or a modern language (French or German). Those students, however, who desire to distinguish themselves in their academical career are not content to take merely the ordinary 'pass' degree ('poll' at Cambridge), but proceed to the Honours examination. At Oxford honours may be taken in any one of seven 'schools' Literæ Humaniores (including classics, ancient history and philosophy), Modern History, Jurisprudence, Natural Science, Mathematics, Oriental (Indian or Semitic) Subjects, and Theology. Successful candidates are placed in four classes, according to the position they attain, and it requires a very high standard of scholarship to obtain a 'first.' The highest prestige attaches to those who have obtained a first class in Literæ Humaniores. At Cambridge the honour-degrees are obtained in a similar manner, ten 'Triposes' taking the place of the Oxford 'Schools.' The greatest interest centres in the examination for mathematical honours where the successful candidates in the earlier parts of the examinations are arranged in a 'Tripos' of three classes, called respectively Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes. The first man in the examination is called the Senior Wrangler. There is a farther examination for which only high wranglers ever enter. Bachelors of Arts who have paid all the requisite dues and fees become Masters of Arts (M. A.) after three years, and are thenceforth entitled to a vote in the University Convocation or Senate. Both universities also confer the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Medicine, Law (D.C.L. at Oxford, LL.D. at Cambridge), Theology and Music.

“ The system of teaching at Oxford and Cambridge differs from that of most other universities in the practically subordinate position occupied by professorial lectures, which in most cases stand practically out of all relation to the general studies of the under-

graduates. Professorial teaching is, however, beginning to be more highly valued. The teaching functions of the colleges were formerly confined to the preparation of their own students by tuition for the examination ; but now most of the Honours lectures given by colleges are open to all members of the University. Most of the Fellowships, generally ranging from £200 to £300 a year, were formerly granted for life, provided the holder remained unmarried and took holy orders. Now, however, they are of two kinds, some (Prize Fellowships) being held for 6-7 years and without restriction as to marriage, residence or profession ; while the tenure of others is conditional on the performance of tutorial or other college work. There are also numerous scholarships for undergraduates, varying in value from £30 to £120, with free rooms. Some of the colleges are extremely wealthy, such as Trinity College at Cambridge and Christ Church and Magdalen at Oxford. The total revenue of Oxford University and colleges is upwards of £400,000, and that of Cambridge about £250,000. Oxford has in its gift 450 ecclesiastical livings (value upwards of £190,000) and Cambridge 370 livings (value upwards of £100,000). The number of students at each college or hall varies from 12-20 to 600 (Trinity College, Cambridge).

“Oxford and Cambridge are the most aristocratic universities of Great Britain, and the cost of living is higher than at any of the others. From £150 to £200 may be taken as the rate per annum at which a resident undergraduate may live at either university with comfort, though some have been known to confine their expenses to £100. Non-collegiate students in private lodgings can, of course, live more cheaply, and a few colleges (such as Keble at Oxford and Selwyn at Cambridge) make a special point of economy. The number of student-clubs is legion, including associations for all kinds of athletic sports, gymnastics, music, theatricals, whist, chess and various scientific pursuits. The most important institution of the kind at each university is the Union Debating Society. The well-known annual boat-race between the sister universities and the inter-universities cricket match excite great popular interest. Both universities possess volunteer rifle-corps. The best time for a visit to either university is the week at the end of the summer term, when thousands of visitors flock

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to see the degrees conferred and enjoy the hospitality of the colleges. This period of mingled work and play (the latter predominating) is named Commemoration or the Encaenia at Oxford, and the Commencement or the May week (so-called though held in June) at Cambridge. Another pleasant time for a visit is the 'Eights week' in the middle of the same term, when the principal college cricket matches and boat races are held. The visitor should avoid the vacations at Christmas, at Easter and in summer, the last, known as the Long, extends from June to the beginning of October. It is almost needless to add that an introduction to a 'Don' will add greatly to the visitor's pleasure and profit."

I left Oxford for London by the express train. In my compartment there was only one middle-aged English lady. The gentleman, who was previously in the compartment, got down at Oxford as soon as I got into the train. I took up my book and was engaged in reading it. The lady, who was reading her own book and who had the day's issue of the *Times* by her side, at once handed the paper to me saying, "Here is the *Times* of to-day." I thanked her for her kindness and read the paper. It gave a full account of the centenary of Burns' death at Dumfries and Lord Rosebery's speech as chairman. It was a long affair. I had also read an article in a Birmingham newspaper early in the morning. I laid the *Times* aside. Just at that time, the lady was also tired of reading her own book, and was sitting disengaged. She told me that the Queen was going to Paddington Station at 6-40 p.m., and our train was to reach the station at 5-40 p.m. By way of keeping up the interchange of civilities, I then showed her two photo views of the "Light of the World" and of the window at the New College at Oxford. She was highly pleased with them and showed me an advertisement which showed that there were some other photos on analogous subjects. Then she offered me a book which was in her hand. She said, "Would you accept this book from me?"

I hesitated to accept her offer. She said, "Just see what the book is and you will accept it." I thought after this I should not decline the offer and I accepted the book with thanks. She then asked me to write my name and she would write her own name on it. The book is called "Millennial Dawn."

LORD'S CRICKET GROUND.

In the afternoon I went to see the cricket match between the M. C. C. and the Australians at Lord's cricket ground. This is an extensive ground but is not so open as our Esplanade in Bombay. Pavilions are erected for the convenience of the members of the Cricket Club and visitors, giving the place a grand appearance. The principal figure in the M. C. C. team was Prince Runjitsingji, who is considered by many Englishmen as the best cricketer in England, nay in the whole world. He is clever all round at batting, bowling and fielding. The prince is not heavy in body, and is said to have got the greatest aptitude for the game. The cricket ground was thronged; the greater part of the gate-money is spent in remunerating the teams. The Australian team get their passage and living expenses for nearly the whole year; and at the time of their return to Australia each of them gets something like £400. I state this on my friend Mr. Howard's authority,

Saturday, 25th July.—I visited Greenwich after breakfast. This place is about six miles from London city. I passed through the park, which is a very large one. I only saw the exterior of

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY,

not having secured a pass to see the inside. It is in general appearance the same as observatories at other places. For the public convenience a big clock showing 24 hours and 60 minutes is kept outside; a barometer, a thermometer, and the standard measures are also open to public view. I was there at 11-30 a.m. and noted that the thermometer report for the 24 hours ending at 9 a.m. was 78 degrees highest and 56 degrees lowest in the shade. The observatory has several domes. In the park many people take walks and practise on bicycles.

Not far from the observatory is

THE NAVAL HOSPITAL,

which is a very splendid institution.

The Painted Hall within these premises is a remarkable piece of work. There are excellent portraits of past admirals and naval officers, and a large picture of Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, on 21st October, 1805, presented by His Majesty George IV. in 1829. The colouring is rather faint.

Another picture showing Nelson's death depicts a very touching scene.

There an excellent painting of the victory at Camperdown.

The picture of the defeat of the Spanish Armada requires cleaning.

Robert Blake—a splendid figure with hair flowing to the shoulders. The picture of James, Duke of York, K. G., afterwards King James II., Lord High Admiral, is a very beautiful one. It is a whole length portrait of the Duke, represented as Mars. The page bearing the helmet is John Churchill, who afterwards became the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. The picture is a masterpiece.

These and numerous other paintings are kept in the Great Hall which is 106 feet long, 56 feet wide and 50 feet high.

At the four corners of this Hall are the statues of Exmouth, Sidney Smith, Sir W. Peel and De Saumarez. The ceilings of both upper and lower Hall are decorated with superb paintings. The keeper explained everything connected with the institution. The painting was executed by Sir James Thornhill. He took 19 years to paint the ceilings and the walls of the Halls, and although it is 169 years now since they were done, the paintings are still fresh with all their beauty. I found a beautiful description of the different scenes painted on the ceilings and the walls, written by Sir Richard Steele at the period when the work was just completed, and got everything mentioned therein shown to me. I was deeply impressed with the skill of the artist.

“ In the Great Hall, on the walls of which most of the pictures are hung, the ceiling is divided into three parts. The middle part is of an oval form supported by eight gigantic figures of slaves. Within the oval are the figures of King William and Queen Mary seated on a throne under a canopy, attended by the four cardinal virtues. Over the Queen's head is Concord and at her feet two doves (Concord and Agreement). Cupid is holding the King's sceptre, while he is presenting Peace with the lamb and olive branch and presenting Liberty represented by the Athenian Cap to Europe, which, laying her crowns at his feet, receives the gift with gratitude. The king tramples tyranny under his feet. Just beneath, Time

is bringing Truth to light ; near to which is a female figure representing Architecture, holding a drawing of a part of the Hospital (Greenwich) with the cupola. Beneath her are Wisdom and Heroic Virtue (Pallas and Hercules) destroying ambition, envy, covetousness, detraction and calumny and other vices. Over the canopy is Apollo in his golden chariot &c."

In the upper hall are represented Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark. In the four corners are the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland and France. Between these are Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and the picture showing the landing of Kings William and George at Greenwich. The painter's own portrait is also there.

In this room or Hall the most interesting objects are

NELSON'S RELICS.

The coat worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of the Nile, in 1798.

Coat and waistcoat (white) worn by him at the Battle of Trafalgar. Just near the left shoulder of this black coat is a big hole showing the spot where the ball entered his arm.

The other articles are his sword, watch, stock, pig-tail, snuff-box, stockings, glasses, grog jug (very big), porcelain and rough articles and other things.

Among the letters and papers I found a letter written by Lord Nelson to Lieut.-General Fox, dated 25th September, 1805, requesting the latter to issue instructions to some *Gazette* not to mention the extent of the English Fleet, but on the other hand to describe the matter in such a way as to put the enemy off their scent.

Nelson's codicil to his will, written just before going to the battle, calls upon the King and the country to reward Emma Lady Hamilton on the ground of her services to England in that she had obtained the letter written by the King of Spain to his brother the King of Naples in 1796 and which she gave to the English officers, whereby a great advantage was secured to the country, "I leave Emma Lady Hamilton to the King and the country." There are other letters in Nelson's hand.

From the Painted Hall I went to the Chapel of which the ceilings are well painted, and the floor is paved with marble.

The domes are well decorated, the entrance is by an octagonal vestibule. In the four niches are statues of Faith, Charity, Meekness and Hope. There are monuments of some admirals.

Another building in the premises is a museum where models of ships of all countries are kept, and the naval students are given object lessons from these. A model of the battle of Trafalgar is kept there, showing the exact positions of the different ships.

I saw several lads looking forward to maritime service go round the rooms inspecting the objects with a great deal of attention. For here models of every kind of ship are to be found.

The fourth building is the College, where lessons are given to naval students.

From these buildings I went to the Greenwich Pier, where there was a regatta. Afterwards I returned by steamer to London Bridge, viewing the numerous ships of different descriptions moving about on the Thames with multitudes of people who were going either on business or pleasure. It is a great sight to see.

A JAMAICA LADY.

This evening I met a young lady who was residing for a time at the same hotel in which I lived. I met her in the receiving hall. From her colour I think she is of negro origin. She hails from Jamaica. Her colour is rather fair, but I attribute it to a process of filtration. I had a long conversation with her. My friend Mr. Sampatrao Gaikawad the brother of H. H. the Maharaja of Baroda was present. I gathered the following information from her. Jamaica is 107 miles in length and 47 in breadth. English is spoken there generally. Free education is given to children until the age of 14 years. The climate is generally hot, but during winter it is very pleasant and some of the Americans make it a point to visit the country. Railway lines run almost from one end to the other, but they do not go deep into the country. Sugarcane and spices, as well as bananas, pine-apples and plantains grow there and are exported to England. It takes sixteen days for a steamer from England to reach there. Kingstown is the capital. Gold, silver and copper (or nickel) coins are in use. The country trades with India. In recent times, it appears, coolies from India have emigrated and settled there.

They are from Southern India, most probably from the Malabar Coast. Clay gods as well as Hasan Husein are worshipped once a year and thrown into the sea. From this it would seem both Mahomedans and Hindus have gone there. She said, there is one Manu Maharaj among them who speaks English. The number of these coolies is 5,000 altogether. They observe caste, and although free education is given, some of them would not send their children to school. Latterly, murders have occurred among them on account of jealousy. According to the law formerly applicable to them, one wife only was recognized by the Civil Court for the purposes of inheritance, even though a coolie may have brought more than one with him from India. Now more than one if brought from India are recognized, but a coolie is not allowed to marry in the country more than one wife. For want of labour as coolies, many go in for agriculture, and grow rice, which is now produced largely in the country. These coolies are very honest and they are employed as watchmen and as salesmen in shops opened by Jamaica merchants in suburban and other places. In Jamaica there is a prejudice against colour, but not against caste. But this is gradually diminishing. Such prejudice is stronger in America. I conclude Jamaica is similar to India in many respects. Christianity in various denominations is the religion of the country.

I join a tourist's party started by Cook & Son, and leave the London Bridge railway station for Newhaven. In my compartment there are two French ladies, two English ladies and two English gentlemen. One of the French ladies is typical. She speaks quickly, and gesticulates. The railway service is very good. The carriages are roomy, with excellent cushions. We reach Newhaven at 11-40 p.m., and then go to the steamer, which is close to the station. As it was late at night and as I was told that the English channel was very rough, I went straight to my berth in the general saloon and lay down until we reached the French Harbour of Dieppe at 4 a.m.

CHAPTER XXV.

PARIS.

First Impressions—Grand Opera—Madeleine—Champs Elysées—Eiffel Tower
—The Invalides—Bois de Boulogne—St. Cloud—Versailles—Trocadero—The
Tuileries—The Pantheon—The Louvre—The Menant Family—Amusements

Sunday, 26th July.—From Dieppe we started within half an hour and passed through the northern portion of France through which the Seine runs in a winding course.

The mountain scenery and the garden-like prospect of the country were very picturesque. I thought this portion of France was much superior to the part through which I passed from Paris to Calais while going to London. That was generally a flat and a bare tract. Here are vegetation, agriculture and beautiful trees. We passed through an important city, viz., Rouen, and reached Paris at about 8 a.m.

PARIS.

After breakfast I started to have a general view of the city and adopted the usual course. From my place which is in the best street, Rue Castillon, a fashionable part, I rode upon the top of a tram-car through the principal streets. I was impressed with the width, regularity and cleanliness of the roads; with the big palaces the avenues of trees and large open spaces and parks at different parts; also with the highly ornamental character of the conveniences which are constructed on every footpath. The magnificent shops and the cafés are ever crowded. Although this day is a Sunday, very few of the shops are closed. In England, there is complete silence on Sundays so far as business is concerned. The cafés are an institution of this country. Small tables with chairs are placed on the foot-path or close to the shop, with a covering to protect the visitors from sun and rain; they are frequented by people from 9 a.m. till midnight, drinking coffee and other beverages. In fact, the French enjoy themselves in this way more than the English, and I think they are somewhat gay and easy-going. In order to see what these people do at the cafés, I just entered one of them and saw small parties engaged in drinking coffee or wines, or playing at cards. The French are more communicative than the English. They ask you questions and show that they take interest in other people and readily

answer inquiries. In consequence of my ignorance of the French language, I have to make signs with the hands. But I don't feel that I am at a great disadvantage.

The French soldiers are generally less in height than the English, and do not look so impressive. The rule of the road here, as elsewhere on the continent, is to drive on the right.

I saw some sights, but my regular excursion begins to-morrow, and I reserve notes to be entered at their proper places to avoid repetition. My impression, however, is that in beauty and grandeur Paris is much superior to London, although the latter is more crowded, has greater traffic, and is expanding like Bombay in its Municipal limits.

The police arrangements are not so good as in London. The cab-drivers and coach-drivers are somewhat reckless in driving, and the foot passenger is often in danger of being run over. There is frequent danger of collision. The police seem to be a little soft, and their number too is not large enough. Considering that the population of Paris is 22 lacs there is remarkable preservation of order. The ancient walls of the city have been destroyed, as in the case of Bombay, and in their place boulevards or streets bordered with trees are laid out. Hence we find many streets lined with shady trees. The streets are called avenues or *rues*. The whole of Paris presents the appearance of a carefully and methodically laid out city.

Monday, 27th July.—Excursion I. In this excursion we are accompanied by a guide supplied by Cook and Son. We start from Cook's place and see the following sights. The weather is a little close.

GRAND OPERA.

This is the largest theatre in the world, covering 3 acres of land. It is said, however, that it does not contain as many seats as those at Milan or Naples. It is a stately building and the Director of the plays and operas gets a subsidy in addition to the income from the visitors.

The theatres on the continent are generally subsidised by the State. The Royal Theatres at Vienna and Berlin get like subsidies. On the continent theatres are looked upon as educational institutions, supplementing the education at school. The programmes of

these subsidised theatres are controlled to some extent by the state. Not so in England. Hence a popular performance is repeated in England from night to night which is not the case on the continent. But as a compensation you get a variety of performances. A great part of the Grand Opera theatre is built of marble. The stair-cases are excellent. Part of the building is used as a ball-room on public occasions. I visited this building in the morning and saw only the exterior; but in the evening, I seized the opportunity of seeing the interior, which is highly ornamental. I witnessed the performance of the play of Faust by Gounod. The singing and acting were excellent. I am told that competent actors are to be found here in consequence of their being assisted by the Government. The building is new, having been erected in 1875. Being centrally situated it commands a very grand view. In front is a Greek façade and a flight of steps like the Town Hall of Bombay. There are statues of eminent musicians, dramatists and architects on all the five floors. One of the boxes, highly decorated, is reserved for the ministers. Every part of the building is lit with electric light, and its effect on the staircase leading to the ball-room is very magnificent. The building cost £ 420,000.

MADELEINE CHURCH.

This is an important Catholic Church dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. It is built in the Græco-Roman style of architecture. Its carvings and tall pillars attract the attention of visitors. The doors are decorated with groups showing the Ten Commandments. This church was in great danger during the Commune. It is said that 300 people who had fled to the Church for protection were massacred here at one time. It commands a good view of the town.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

This is one of the chief sights of Paris. It is a circular open space of very large extent. In the centre is the obelisk of Luxor—a big column 76 feet high. It is a sister monolith to Cleopatra's Needle. This open square is noted for many tragic events. A guillotine was erected on the spot where the column now stands, and many people were beheaded there during the Reign of Terror. This open square has eight statues representing the chief towns of France, viz. Lyons, Marseilles, Nantes, Rouen, Bordeaux, Brest;

Lisle and Strasburg (now German). This open space is beautifully lit at night.

THE ELYSEE PALACE

is the official residence of the President of the Republic for the time being. It has a grand appearance and is guarded by soldiers.

CHAMPS ELYSEES.

This is an excellent garden or promenade. There are nice trees. Places of amusement tempt the visitor at every step. Last night I saw illuminations here, and to-day I drove by this place. Fashionable and pleasure-seeking people resort here in great numbers; and if you wish to see the gaiety of Paris, it is to be met with in these "Elysian Fields."

PALACE OF INDUSTRY.

In this building industrial exhibitions take place and a reformatory is attached to it.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

This is a grand arch and is on a spot from which twelve fine avenues commence. It is 160 feet high. On this arch the following statuesque groups are carved. 'The departure of troops to the Frontier 1792,' 'Funeral of General Marceau,' 'Triumph of Napoleon I. after the peace of Vienna,' 'Capture of Mustapha Pacha at Aboukir,' 'The Resistance of the French to the Allies in 1814,' and 'Taking of Alexandria.'

TROCADERO PALACE.

This is an important place. Here the exhibition of 1878 was held. In the centre there is a circular edifice surmounted by a dome which is 173 feet in diameter. There is a gilt statue at the top representing Fame. There are excellent towers which command a complete view of the city. Paris is surrounded by mountains. It is in a valley, and has a circular appearance. From the tower, one could see the position of every important building. Our guide explained every noteworthy place from here, and as we went visiting the places themselves we could appreciate the commanding position of the tower. The tower is reached by a lift. It is 210 feet high. One could go to the top by a winding staircase of 456 steps, but the staircase is used by servants only. The Park is excellent. There is a grand theatre here.

CHAMP DE MARS.

This place was used for the exhibition. It is 3,000 feet long, and 1,500 feet wide. There is a military school at one end and machinery and fine arts halls. The river Seine flows past it.

THE EIFFEL TOWER

is the highest tower in the world, being 985 feet high. It is seen from all parts of the city, and the city when seen from it, looks indeed very small. It was constructed during the time of the exhibition in 1889, and since then it has become one of the most popular institutions at Paris. It has three stages, which are reached by a lift, and the visitor can go up as high as he likes on payment of a fee.

HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

This institution has large and spacious buildings and extensive grounds. It was originally founded by Louis XIV. for old invalid veterans. The area covers 31 acres of land. It faces the river Seine. The most beautiful building is the Church of the Invalides. It has a gilded dome, 340 feet high. It looks very magnificent even from a distance. Inside the church there are beautiful chapels named after Napoleon I. and his brother, Joseph Bonaparte. There is also a painting—a great awe-inspiring figure of Christ. The canopy and pillars appear very beautiful when the sun's rays are reflected on them through the glass of the side windows. In the church lies the tomb of Napoleon. This is a magnificent sight, something after the style of the grand tombs which we see in the North of India, or at Bijapur. The marble used in this church is excellent. At the entrance to the vault the following inscription is to be found: "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have so well loved."

The Hotel des Invalides includes many buildings in its premises, such as a library, Council Chamber, dormitories, kitchens, &c. There are about 700 pensioners now on the premises.

After this, we went to the buildings of the ministry of foreign affairs, and the Palace Bourbon or Chambre des Deputés, or what may be called the French House of Commons. The House of Lords is very near the Place de la Concorde and Obelisk of Luxor.

The Chambre des Deputés has Corinthian columns and a handsome portico constructed under the orders of Napoleon I. There are allegorical figures, one showing France as standing erect with a tablet engraved with the words 'Liberté,' 'Egalité,' and 'Fraternité', others representing force, justice, navy, army, manufactures so forth. There are also statues of eminent French statesmen and politicians.

The Palace of the Council of State is in ruins, the pillars only standing. The palace was burnt by the Communists.

There is a Palace of the Legion of Honour where the Chancellor of that order resides. There is nothing particular about this building.

THE PALAIS ROYAL

was originally built by Cardinal Richelieu, and it was then called the Palais Cardinal. It came to Louis XIV. and Philip of Orleans, and since then it is called the Royal Palace. The Orleans family, owing to poverty, turned it into shops.

Our guide, who is a stout Frenchman, speaks English distinctly and with emphasis, after the fashion of Colonel Olcott, the Theosophist, and explains everything to us methodically.

At Belle-Ville is the beautiful Park of Buttes Chaumont. This park was constructed by Baron Hausmann, who assisted Napoleon III. in building the city in its present form. It is a very picturesque park. This quarter was once excavated for a quarry, and Hausmann employed military men, when they were otherwise disengaged, to turn the ground into a miniature wilderness. There are lakes, cascades, hills, vegetation, imitating every variety of natural scenery. There is a suspension bridge over the artificial lakes. Many people resort there for amusement, for which all manner of opportunities are available. While we were driving to this place, many poor children (6 to 11 years) ran after our carriages, crying "Pennie Anglaise," meaning "Give us a penny, O Englishman." Some of these little boys were very handsome.

We then went to the

CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

Here our guide gave us a lot of information about prominent Frenchmen, whose remains were buried in the cemetery. Plots have to be purchased for tombs. There is a portion set apart for

Jews. The first Rothschild's tomb is here. Some of the tombs are beautiful, among others, those of M. Thiers, Casimir Périer and Talma (Tragedian.)

There is a burial ground for Mohamedans, wherein was interred the Queen of Oude. There is a burning ground also. But the public are not admitted to these places.

THE PRISON DE LA ROQUETTE

is a very large building, where condemned prisoners are kept before transportation or execution. Opposite to this is the general prison, and in the open space between the two buildings executions are carried out.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE.

On this ground formerly stood the famous Bastille prison. It is now an open square. The building was destroyed by the mob during the Revolution. In the disturbances of 1871 this place was one of the last strongholds of the Commune. Several roads lead from this open ground. There is a big monument in the centre of this place, 150 feet high. The bronze medallion on the base represents the Constitution, Justice, Strength and Freedom. It is called the monument of July, because it commemorates the glory achieved by the French in the fight on the 27th, 28th and 29th July, 1830. The figure on the top represents Liberty standing on a globe, and carrying in one hand a bird, and in the other the broken chain of slavery.

THE PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE

is an open square with monuments representing Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité.

ST. EUSTACHE.

This is one of the important churches in Paris. It is 350 feet long and 108 feet high. It is richly ornamented, and contains many chapels.

THE HALLES CENTRALES

are markets for provisions. The building resembles in style our Crawford Market. The area of the grounds is 22 acres and all the necessaries of life are sold there. Our French guide, who knew the people in the market, amused us with his humorous talk with some of the stall-keepers, most of whom were women.

Tuesday, 28th July.—This day was spent in a pleasant excursion to Versailles. We began with

ST. AUGUSTIN'S CHURCH.

This church was built to commemorate the birth of the son of Napoleon III. It has got a fine dome, 160 feet in height. Over the portals are figures representing the twelve Apostles. The whole edifice is finely decorated.

THE PARK MONCEAU

is a pleasant and refreshing spot. Many people go there for a quiet walk.

BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

This is an extensive park where people ride, drive, bicycle, and indulge in other recreations. It has splendid avenues of trees. The trees are generally small, yet some of the places are thickly wooded. It covers 2,250 acres. There are artificial lakes and water-courses.

The race-course of Longchamps is just inside the park near a waterfall. Here our guide stopped the carriage and explained the positions of places visible from this point. Among these was

THE CITADEL OF MONT VALERIEN,

which was used by the forces of the Republic under M. Thiers in opening fire on the insurgents, in 1871, when the latter were going to march on Versailles.

THE TOWN AND PARK OF ST. CLOUD.

This place has a magnificent appearance. The palace which originally stood there has been destroyed. It is said that the Government propose to build a Parliamentary house on the site of the old palace. St. Cloud was a favourite palace of Napoleon I., and also of Napoleon III. It is an excellent summer retreat. The Seine passes through the town, and the vegetation is remarkably fine. From this we passed through the park of St. Cloud to Versailles and the forest of Ville d'Avray.

VERSAILLES.

We spent about four hours in going through the different rooms of the famous palace here. They are very extensive buildings. From the outside they are not so imposing, but inside they are magnificent. The rooms are richly decorated; the battle scenes and other paintings are superior specimens of art. The

gardens, fountains, walks, and terraces are princely. The splendour of the old monarchy is best seen here. The palace is oriental in its grandeur. The wooden floors of most of the rooms are excellent, although slippery as ball-rooms. The portraits of King Henry IV., Charles X., and Louis XIV. and XVI. decorate the walls. The place is not now used except when both houses of parliament meet together. We were shown the room which was used by Queen Victoria on the occasion of her visit to Paris in 1855, when Napoleon III. reigned as Emperor.

In 1871 the Germans occupied the palace, and here King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany.

THE GRAND TRIANON

is a villa half a mile from this palace. It was built for Madame de Maintenon by Louis XIV. This is a pretty big palace by itself, richly decorated and furnished, and containing excellent portraits. It was Napoleon's favourite palace and he had some rooms assigned for his own residence and some for the transaction of public business with ministers.

In the stable here, the state carriages are kept, and one is reminded by the size and brilliancy of these places and their appurtenances that the nations of Europe are not less fond of pomp than those of the East. The state carriage of the Lord Mayor of London is a very sumptuous equipage. I saw him drive in it only the other day.

We returned from Versailles, observing on the way the fortifications of Paris and village of Sevres &c. The fortifications are very extensive. They were constructed in 1841 at a cost of £ 5,000,000. The walls are 33 feet high with a moat 18 feet deep. There are turrets at intervals furnished with artillery.

Wednesday, 23th July.—This day we started from the Place Vendôme, which was very near to my residence. The column which is its distinctive feature was raised to commemorate the victories over the Russians and Austrians. It is 142 feet high. On the column are shown scenes of the battles. The bronze with which the column is coated was obtained from 1,200 guns taken from the Russians and Austrians. A statue of Napoleon Bonaparte is mounted on it.

In 1871, the Communists threw down the column. Courbet, the artist, was the person who plotted the misdeed. He was shot for it. There is a handsome circle of buildings in the open place where this column stands in the centre.

THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

This is an excellent park and very extensive, like the Victoria Gardens. There are many statues and busts erected here. There are fine walks. The place is resorted to by thousands of people for recreation.

The Luxor Obelisk and the Triumphal Arch are in a line with the entrance to this garden.

There is a statue of Joan of Arc near these gardens and the famous Louvre is contiguous to them.

The Institute of France contains faculties for different subjects and branches of learning, viz., the academy for the French language, the academy of ancient languages, of mathematics, arts of painting, sculpture and music, and the academy of moral and political sciences. This is a very grand institution. The spread of education in France is great, and the literature too is immense.

I had no time to visit the Mint, though it was not far off.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE

is a magnificent building. The façade is adorned with statues, showing Peace, Justice, Plenty and Prudence. There are other statues in the building, viz., those of St. Louis, Philip Augustus, Charlemagne and Napoleon I.

The Tribunal of Commerce is a fine building, built for the use of commercial people. The public are admitted to it. This building is said to have cost £200,000. It is just opposite the Palace of Justice.

THE CONCIERGERIE.

is a prison for under-trial prisoners. This was the place of incarceration of many of the victims of the Revolution.

CHURCHES.

I visited some churches. St. Germain la Auxerrois is an old church. It is famous for its bell which was sounded as a signal for the massacre of the Huguenots on the day of St. Bartholomew.

The Church of St. Sulpice is a magnificent building, so far as the size is concerned. It has many chapels in it.

NOTRE DAME

is the church of the old city. It is a very grand and strongly built church just on an island in the Seine.

THE PANTHEON

is a large, imposing, and handsome structure. It is a memorial building, 123 yards long and 92 wide, with a dome 272 feet high. Above the entrance there is a group of statuary by David Angers, representing France distributing wreaths to her illustrious sons. On the right side are the figures of eminent men of science and letters produced by France, such as Laplace, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau. On the left are soldiers, among whom Napoleon is the most prominent figure. Visitors to Paris should not omit to see this building which is built in the classical style.

GOBELINS.

This is a state establishment for the manufacture of tapestries and carpets. The work is costly, and requires great skill and industry. If any sketch or painting is given to the workmen they produce it on canvas enlarged to any extent. It is said that each workman can produce one square inch of tapestry work in a day and one square yard of tapestry work costs £140. The tapestry work which I have seen in many palaces here and in Great Britain is high class and beautiful. The weaver produces a cloth exactly resembling the model set to him. The models are kept behind the workmen who now and then look at them and work their threads.

THE PALACE OF LUXEMBURG.

This is designed after the Petti Palace of Florence. It was for some time a Royal residence. It is now used as the Senate house, or the assembly hall of the upper chamber of the Republican Legislature.

There is a gallery of pictures ; the annual exhibition of pictures and sculptures is also held here. The pictures that are approved are taken to the Louvre. Here I saw very beautiful pieces of sculpture and also paintings by numerous living artists. France produces very fine artists.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE

is the Town Hall of Paris. It is a very grand building.

During our excursions we noticed many statues in the city, such as those of Gambetta, Charlemagne &c.

THE HOTEL DIEU

is an hospital which accommodates 850 patients. It is near the church of Notre Dame.

THE LOUVRE.

Thursday, 30th July.—This palace and museum is the most important public institution in Paris. So much so that if a tourist gets only a few hours to spend in this grand city, he makes it a point to see it. I spent here two hours on Sunday last, an hour and a half yesterday, and again three hours to-day; and yet I am not satisfied with my inspection. This palace is called Louvre because originally the spot was a resort of wolves. It is on the bank of the Seine. It was used as a hunting castle for several centuries. Now it is turned into an extensive museum of art. It contains collections of antiquities, trophies, paintings, tapestry work and specimens of all arts and manufactures.

In the Galerie Denon are bronze statues of ancient times, some of which are mutilated.

From this place you ascend a staircase, the canopies on which are grand, and the ceiling is painted with beautiful figures of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome.

In the room called Rotunde d'Apollon, there is a fine mosaic pavement, and a rich white marble vase in the centre. The ceiling is painted with figures of Hercules strangling Antæus, and Æolus commanding the winds, Vulcan showing to Thetis the arms prepared for Achilles, and so forth &c.

The Galerie d'Apollon is 184 feet long, 28 feet broad. The walls are gilt, and at intervals are fixed the portraits in tapestry prepared at Gobelins. The whole presents an appearance of shining gold. It has also a collection of rare Japanese articles. In the centre is a glass case in which are placed some of the most precious relics, preserved by the State when the Crown Jewels were sold—the diamond called the Regent, the Mazarine diamond, a large ruby, the crowns of Charlemagne and Louis V., the state sword of Napoleon &c.

The Salon Carré is a room celebrated for pictures, the most important of which are the following :

(1) "The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo.

Several people sit in this room to take copies of this picture, which is considered one of the finest works of art in the world, and attracts the visitor's eye at once. It is worth 615,000 francs.

(2) "The Marriage at Cana," by Veronese, a Venetian.

(3) "Mona Lisa," by Vinci. This reaches the highest perfection of art. The artist took four years and the Florentine lady, the subject of the painting, was kept amused during the sittings by musicians and jesters.

There are many pictures of great worth by Vandyke, Raphael, Gerard, Nicolas Poussin, Rubens, &c. The picture galleries of the Louvre are the largest I ever saw. There are numerous rooms. I was very much impressed with the masterpieces of painting in this museum.

There is a large collection of antiquities in this institution. One of the curiosities I found resembles the Bijapur whispering gallery. There are two vases of marble placed in one of the rooms on the ground floor at a distance of some 40 feet, and two persons can speak to each other through them. These are called telephone vases.

This day I also had the pleasure of visiting one of the most literary families in Paris, Monsieur and Madame Menant, and their daughter Miss Menant. The Monsieur is an old gentleman of 76. He was formerly a Judge of the Appeal Court. He is an author, an oriental scholar, and is at present writing some work on the religions of the East. Madame Menant is an old lady of 65. She, too, is a great scholar, and is at present engaged in translating into French the Indian story of Saguna. Miss Menant is also a learned lady. She knows a great deal about history, antiquities, and literature. Madame Menant is the great-grand-daughter of one of the last directors of the French Company in India. Miss Menant speaks English fluently. This family take a great interest in India.

It seems many of the Parsees who have visited Europe have visited this family. Madame Menant and Miss Menant know a great deal of the Parsee families Sethna, Kama, Wadia, Tata

&c. Miss Menant gave me certain relationships between Parsees themselves. This family keeps itself informed about the reforms which are carried on in Indian society. They think well of Vidyasagar, Ram Mohan Roy, Ramabai, Rakhmabai &c. The ladies spoke in eulogistic terms of Dr. Anandibai. They think highly of Mr. Malabari. Madame Menant and her daughter engaged me in interesting conversation for a couple of hours. Monsieur and Miss Menant took me to the French Institute and showed me the lecture room, the library, and other places. It is full of statues and busts of learned and other important persons. I was taken to the National Library which is an excellent institution.

Monsieur Menant told me that he had three sons, who were Colonels in the French Army, and all of them died in the Franco-German war of 1871. Miss Menant says that the Germans are a good people. She hates war. She does not like the French friendship for the Russians. The Russians are barbarous, and not good to deal with. The French, the English and the Germans are of one stock. She was glad to know that some of the Viceroys and Governors were good men. About Lord Dufferin, she thinks that he showed exclusiveness when he was English Ambassador at Paris.

Miss Menant is studying Gujarathi by herself. She has got some of the school books. Her pronounciation of Indian words is correct. She is a very intelligent and lively lady, devoted to learning. She told me that in order to be with her parents, who were deprived of all their sons, she thought it best to remain unmarried. It was Miss Manning who introduced me to this family, and I must say, I derived great benefit from their conversation and friendship. I have no doubt these people will assist any Indian visitor who may wish to see Paris.

THEATRES AND PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Some theatres, like the French Opera and the Théâtre Français, receive a subsidy from the state, but since 1864 any private person may open a theatre on making a declaration to that effect to the Minister of the Fine Arts, the Prefect of Police and the Prefect of the Department. The writers of dramas are well paid, for they get a percentage in the profits of the theatres. All places of public amusement pay 10 per cent. of their receipts to Government. The

tax is said to produce nearly three millions of francs annually. The Director of the French Opera House gets an annual subsidy of 800,000 fr. The house is magnificent. Morning performances are given on Sundays and on holidays at most of the theatres and concert halls.

Cafés chantants are the popular haunts for evening recreations of the Parisians. Large numbers of people meet at places like the Champs Elysées, Café des Ambassadeurs, &c., and sit in the open air enjoying the vocal and instrumental music. The Boulevards are full of cafés where people spend their time and enjoy music. There are numerous other entertainments.

Ignorance of the French language is a difficulty in the way of a visitor making full use of these institutions. As I already observed, even on Sundays you have these amusements. The Catholic religion of the French allows this.

Paris presents a cheerful aspect everywhere, at all hours of the day and night. At night particularly the principal streets are illuminated as the principal bazars in Bombay are lit up during the Diwali festival. Periodical exhibitions are held in the city which keep the people continually interested. Science and art are much fostered here. Tramcars do not stop except at fixed stations, where the passenger must get in or get out as the case may be.

In the evening, I left Paris with my party for London.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Dr. Jameson's trial—Crystal Palace—Burmese amusements—Royal Academy—An At-home.

Saturday, 1st August.—Dr. Jameson's trial and punishment are the prevailing topics of the day. He is now to be treated as a first-class misdemeanant—that is to say, he loses his liberty to go out of the jail limits, but is otherwise free to enjoy every comfort of life. He can use his own furniture, clothes &c. In fact, he is practically a man under surveillance. He is a political prisoner. His friends and relations can visit him and give him amusement. After the sentence was passed on him by the Chief Justice, several members sent in a petition to the Queen's Government against treating him and his colleagues as first-class misdemeanants. Among these

signatories were some Irish Members of Parliament ; they are said to have signed the petition to affirm the principle that political prisoners were to be treated as first-class misdemeanants, and no exception is to be made in the case of Irish political prisoners, although important Irish people were treated as ordinary prisoners on several occasions. Mr. Justice Jardine, who is known in Bombay for the independence of his views, thinks that Dr. Jameson did not deserve any sympathy. The French press approved of the action of the Chief Justice and the jury.

In the evening, I went to an entertainment at the Crystal Palace. These entertainments are a regular institution of this country. I heard the music and saw the fireworks let off in the grounds. There was nothing particular in the latter. The Burmese also gave an entertainment on a stage. Their singing and music resembles the singing and music of the Koli Ghodawalas from Guzerath. They gave a dance of dolls tied to strings to the accompaniment of noisy music. Then some twenty men came on the stage and stood in order, and sang their National Anthem (Káyah Than). There was a skilful juggler who manipulated a chatty. He threw it in different positions and supported it on different parts of his body. They also played on a stringed instrument, which had the form of a boat. A little girl sang and danced with gestures after the style of an Indian dancing girl. She then sang an English sang. Then two men juggled with balls in a dexterous way. There was an exhibition of boxing and wrestling. After this four girls gave a dance. Their beautiful and particularly dark hair attracted the attention of the audience.

Monday, 3rd August.—I saw Dr. Bahadurji, who gave me a detailed account of his evidence before the Royal Commission, and of the meeting at Carlisle. I was glad to hear that his evidence was well received, and the members of the Commission congratulated him upon the information he possessed. He had a hard fight at the meeting of the medical men at Carlisle, but he came out fairly successful.

I visited the Royal Academy, and saw a few pictures. There was a throng of visitors. The English people are great admirers of art. Here the visitors are admitted on payment of a fee of 6*d.*, and then the catalogues also cost a great deal. Out of curiosity I

turned the pages of the books, which are laid on the table, giving the descriptions of pictures and their prices for sale, and I found a good many of them are valued above £500 and some of these are already marked as sold.

Tuesday, 4th August.—I read in to-day's *Times* a letter by a Junior Barrister complaining of some proposed reform as regards the abolition of the fees which a Barrister's clerk gets in this country. He says that if this fee is not included in the bill of costs the only person who will suffer from the rule is the junior Barrister, who will have to pay his clerk 15*d.* in the pound. He will not be able to get it from the solicitor, and cannot dictate his own terms to the client like a flourishing Barrister. Giving a percentage to the clerk seems to be very strange. The only redeeming feature is that hitherto it has been legally recognised. What would our pleaders in Bombay say to this ?

I am sorry to hear of the deaths of Mr. Vurjiwandas and Dr. Anna Moreswar Kunthe. The latter was one of my oldest college friends. I saw Sir G. Birdwood to-day and had a long talk with him about my tour.

Wednesday, 5th August.—This morning I arranged with Messrs. Cook & Son for my tour in Germany.

In the evening I attended an "At Home," given by the Inns of Court Hotel—my residence—in token of its prosperity during the past year. There were recitations, singing and music. The Hotel is a most respectable and prosperous institution. It has got extensive reading rooms for which numerous periodicals, magazines and newspapers are provided. Some rooms are set apart for arbitration business, where solicitors and barristers meet and settle disputes. There is a special room for holding Masonic meetings.

Thursday, 6th August.—I left Holborn Viaduct railway station at 10 a.m. for Dover. On the way we passed through a tunnel near Sydenham which took nearly ten minutes in the express train. After travelling for an hour at 60 miles an hour, we passed through Rochester, a very big city. The houses and factories gave it a splendid appearance. We stopped at Chatham a few minutes. Rochester is a commercial place and open to navigation. In due course we reached Canterbury—a place known in

English history in connection with St. Thomas-a-Becket. It is a small but pretty looking place. There are eminences here and there with a few houses. The recent heat seems to have lessened the verdure of the land to a certain extent. Hay is cut in many places and awaits stacking. Even in cutting hay there is order. All bundles are placed in a line at measured distances.

We passed through Folkestone, which is a pretty watering place. We reach Dover at 11.45 a.m. Dover, like other places in this country, has chalky hills. It has a grand pier. A steamer was waiting for passengers going to Ostend. I immediately got on board. The sea was somewhat rough, but the other passengers who had made this journey before said that it was nothing compared with the roughness on previous occasions. The steamer was excellent. Although I had taken a first-class cabin, I could very well pass my time on the deck. It was impossible even for a practised sailor to keep straight while the ship was shaking. I sat in an easy chair, and fortunately did not get seasick. The waves were rising pretty high, and, as we approached Ostend, there was a regular tumult of waves.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN BELGIUM.

"Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!"

—*Childs Harold.*

Scenery and Agriculture—Brussels—The Palace of Justice—Parliament—The King—Fine Arts—The Wiertz Museum—Waterloo—The Iron Duke.

OSTEND.

THIS is an excellent sea-port town. It is second in the country of Belgium, the first being Antwerp. It has a very rich appearance. We started from this place at 4-15 p.m. for Brussels, and we passed through Bruges and Ghent, both very important places, and very beautiful. What struck me most was the number of small poplar trees and willows all over the country. The poplar trees looked like posts with a small bunch of foliage. These trees are quite different in appearance from the poplar trees in Great Britain. They look like small cocoa palms seen from a

distance, and they are planted in regular lines at measured intervals. Then there are plantations of hops which grow on poles, just as the *pánmalás* in our country. I had seen many thickly crowded *pánmalás* at Ramtek near Nagpur. The hops are planted just in this fashion. Beer is flavoured with the fruit. There are other products and fruits. Belgium is a rich country, small as it is. When we were travelling in the train, a fellow passenger—a Scotchman—in answer to my inquiry, told me, that the scattered white houses we saw in different directions in the village were occupied by farmers, and as the law of primogeniture did not obtain in this country, the people divided the estates constantly and built small new houses. Hence the houses were new in appearance. We saw carts drawn by big dogs.

Ghent has a commercial appearance, canals pass through it. It is one of the most important towns in Flanders, and is the centre of the Belgian weaving industry. We reached

BRUSSELS

at 6.30 p.m. This town, like Paris, has broad and clean paved streets. The houses are palatial. There are boulevards or roads, bordered with trees, laid out, as I also remarked in my account of Paris, in the place of the old town walls or fortifications, which were demolished to make room for expansion, as in most modern cities in Europe. There are tram-cars, passing through the important streets in the town. There are open squares in many places from which roads start in different directions. Parks, museums, theatres and concert halls are in a fair number. The traffic is not large, and consequently the streets are not crowded. There are splendid shops. I have taken up my quarters in a very central part of the city. It is the Flanders Hotel, in the Place Royale. It is a square, in the centre of which there is an equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon. It is surrounded by a good many leading institutions. The King's palace is very near; so are the Houses of Parliament.

Friday, 7th August.—The first place I visited to-day was the Catholic Church of St. Jacques. It is grand in appearance, having stupendous pillars like those of the Bombay Town Hall, and also a large dome. It can hold a very large congregation. As I had a slight cold in the morning, the smell of the burning incense

was very agreeable to me. Candles were alight at different chapels in the church. I was then conducted by a guide to the Palace of Justice, which is said to be the largest court house on the continent and in the world. The Bombay High Court is built in a style quite different from the Court House here. This looks like a palace, gigantic in structure. I was shown the different rooms by a girl who was one of the keepers. It is built on an eminence and overlooks a part of the town which is occupied by the poorer part of the inhabitants. It took seventeen years to build this palace, and the architect, who planned and superintended the building for a long time, died before its completion. It has about twenty-five court rooms of very splendid and majestic appearance, worthy of the dignity of a tribunal of Justice. The Criminal Court of Appeal has three seats for three judges, and twenty-two seats for councillors who hear and dispose of appeals. There is a canopied gallery for the use of the royal family, whenever any member of it chooses to attend the court. A similar room is set apart in the Court of Civil Appeals. Seven judges sit to dispose of these appeals. The other court rooms, of which there are twenty-two, are also very spacious and grand. The staircases are imposing and at the foot there are the big statues of Demosthenes and Lycurgus on each side. In fact, such a huge building is quite unnecessary for the Kingdom of Belgium. The idea of possessing a court house so big as this speaks well of the national reverence for justice. I was told by the guide that there were 800 lawyers practising in Brussels. Many of these came to court on bicycles, to keep which there is a separate room on the ground floor. The Barristers' waiting room is eight times the size of the Pleaders' room in the Bombay High Court. The area of this palace is 2,600 square metres. It cost 45 millions of francs (£1,800,000). There is a bust of Minerva in the balcony, and I hope the Goddess of Wisdom is always present when justice is dispensed in this huge pile. It has a magnificent dome, 350 feet high, and four statues representing Law, Justice, Authority, and Mercy stand at the angles.

I visited the Hotel de Ville, or Town Hall, which is situated in the Place Grande. It is one of the most beautiful buildings. There are different apartments, superbly ornamented. Its

tower is 370 feet in height. It contains splendid pictures, allegorical as well as others. The ceilings are beautifully decorated with figures. Brussels tapestry work is to be found in some of the rooms. One of the rooms contains tapestry work representing the principal trades and Guilds of Belgium, the latter being symbolised by representative men, viz., masons, brewers, tapestry-makers, painters, goldsmiths, embroiderers, fencers, and gun-makers. There is a room called the hall of marriages. It contains a picture allegorically showing the joys of marriage. The whole building is very splendid and elaborate.

I visited the Chambers which correspond to the English Houses of Commons and Lords. These are also splendid places. The rooms where the Commons and the Senators meet are Amphitheatres. The speaker and the president have their places on raised platforms. The Liberal and Conservative sides have their places assigned. The members of the lower house are elected every fourth year, and Senators are elected every eighth year. The members take their seats opposite the medals or labels bearing their names which are fixed on the table. The rooms are richly decorated. There are excellent paintings in the room used by the members of the Upper House or the Senate. The Lower House is called the Chamber of Deputies. The speaker and the president have excellent private rooms in this building. It contains statues of eminent politicians past and present. Whenever the king visits these houses a special canopy is raised for him on the platform, and the speaker takes his place down in the Amphitheatre. The speaker gets free residence and an allowance in this grand place.

Just opposite to this is an extensive park, and beyond it, the Royal Palace, a superb edifice, where the king resides. The front of it is clearly visible from Parliament House. The present king, Leopold II., is at present absent in Norway. He is an old man of sixty, but is vigorous and takes interest in public affairs.

The park is beautiful, shady and clean. It is resorted to day and night by the people. It has a concert house, refreshment pavilions, bandstand, and places of amusement with statues and busts here and there. I visited it during the day and also after dinner at 9 p.m. to hear the concert. It was a very pleasant place, and made very beautiful by electric illuminations.

People walk about quietly through the avenues ; children play and run about in the park.

I visited the Midi or the Bazar during the day. It was a fête day, and reminded me of the *Narli Purnima* day of Bombay, when our people rejoice together, for here and there were entertainments of different kinds after the Bombay style, but of course much superior.

I visited the Cathedral of St. Godall. It is an imposing edifice with brilliant stained glass windows. It has several chapels, and worship here is conducted in different parts in the most solemn form. This cathedral is to Brussels what Notre Dame is to Paris.

Another church of some importance is Notre Dame de la Chapelle.

The flower market at the Place Grande, just in front of the Town Hall or the Hotel de Ville, is very fine. Flowers of many kinds are sold here by girls dressed in picturesque costumes.

I visited the Conservatoire des Plantes—various flowering plants as well as palm trees of several descriptions are reared up at this institution with much horticultural skill. Boulevards or avenues of trees are now found in place of the old fortifications.

I visited the Palais des Beaux Arts and saw with great satisfaction the sculptures and paintings by eminent artists. It is hardly necessary to state that the pictures drawn by Rubens strike the visitor most amongst those exhibited in the gallery. Of the many pictures I noticed the following are the most beautiful:—

1. The Adoration of the Magi.
2. The Virgin in the Arbour of Roses.
3. Christ hurling thunderbolts against the wicked world, while the Virgin and St. Francis are interceding.
4. Views in Vulcan's forge.

There are pictures by other artists, such as Vandyck, Teniers, &c. With regard to the arrangement and location of these pictures one can justifiably complain. Every year the position is changed, and it is difficult to find them by reference to guide books. I found Baedeker's book useless, and the French books available on the spot are equally so. The same difficulty is experienced by all tourists, and I had the same experience when in Paris. The guide books and the present positions of the pictures did not

tally. An Englishman, who visited the institution with me, joined me in the inspection and together we made our way fairly well.

By the way, I must note that the local guides who were available are useless. They simply lead you to the place. As regards accurate knowledge they have none, and they do not know enough of English to communicate information in an intelligent manner. I had to pay five francs for half a day, but my guide was of hardly any use to me.

One of the most important institutions I visited was the

WIERTZ MUSEUM

or the studio left by Wiertz. This Belgian artist is reckoned by his admirers among the great masters. His studio contains masterpieces of painting. He never sold his pictures. Ouida praises him very highly. He died in 1865. He was so much absorbed in his art that in the delirium preceding his death he raved of nothing else. "Oh what beautiful horizons. Oh! what lovely faces. Quick! Quick! my brushes! my palette! what a picture I shall make! Oh, I shall surpass Raphael."

I was so much pleased with these pictures, which are highly thoughtful and philosophical, that I bought a book containing photographs of the most important works. Among those that particularly struck me I should mention:—

1. The Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus. (This picture is hung just in front of the entrance.)
2. Homeric battle.
3. The Forge of Vulcan.
4. Female Bathers and Satyrs.
5. The Revolt of Hell against Heaven (a huge picture).
6. The Child Jesus asleep.
7. The Entombment. (This is in three panels. The central is the Entombment of Christ. To the right is Eve and to the left is Satan—the former the very picture of innocence, and the latter, although as beautiful as Cupid himself, is possessed of dark eyes with an evil expression.)
8. The Triumph of Christ.
9. The Burnt Child, (the mother's feeling when she finds the child burnt).

10. Buried Alive. (This picture is enclosed in a chamber; you view it through eye-holes, which causes a stereoscopic effect.)

11. The Romance Reader. (A nude female lying down on a sofa, absorbed in reading a novel. This is exhibited in the same way as above.)

12. Hunger, madness and crime—(a mother driven to madness destroys her child with a view to eat it.)

13. Suicide.

14. The Lion of Waterloo.

15. The Civilization of the 19th Century (the French soldiers shooting an innocent mother with an infant newly born.)

16. A Scene in Hell. (The figure of Napoleon represented as in Hell and attacked by all his victims.)

17. Don Quiblague—(Wiertz was annoyed with a critic, and hence caricatured him in a ridiculous way.)

My guide took me to the place of Martyrs. It is a mausoleum erected in commemoration of the Belgians who fell during the four days' fighting against the Dutch, in September, 1830. It represents Belgium freed from bonds, and at her feet a lion, broken chains, and fetters. At the four sides are female figures in attitudes indicative of alarm and grief, with hands clasped on their breasts, and eyes pathetically turned towards heaven. The bodies of the soldiers who fell in the fight are buried in this place.

In the afternoon I paid a visit to the battlefield of

WATERLOO,

which is about 12 miles from Brussels. I went there by rail and an omnibus. The suburban scenery, which I noticed from the train, as it passed through the midst of villages, was very picturesque. Eminences, green cultivation, and avenues of trees methodically arranged gave a charm to the rich country.

We passed by the Bois de la Cambre, a park and forest after the fashion of Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, which I have already noticed.

From the railway station at Waterloo, or rather one station beyond it, I drove in a bus to the scene of the battle. On the way the driver showed me the situation of the camp of the reserve forces of the English. The village of Waterloo is about two miles from the actual scene of the battle. The battle is so called

because the Duke of Wellington had made his headquarters at the village, whence he wrote his despatches. At the actual scene of the battle a huge conical mound of earth is raised, and on the top a big lion is mounted on a stone basement. This mound is seen from a long distance. I went up the mound, and from the tower I enjoyed a panoramic view of the province round about. It was a grand scene. As usual, there was a guide to explain the position and events of the battlefield, and when he commenced to recount the history and state the positions and the array of the respective armies of the French and English, I was reminded of the commencement of the Bhagvat Gita, which describes the array of the armies of the Pandavas and the Kauravas. The guide told us that the French Army was arranged in three portions forming a semi-circle, and Wellington's force stood on the spot where the mound is situated. This situation was adapted for a defensive attitude. The village of Mont St. Jean, where Wellington mustered his army, is protected by gently sloping hills. It is said that owing to the rain Napoleon commenced the battle late in the day, and that was one of the causes of his defeat. The other causes of defeat suggested are that he wasted his cavalry reserve in a rather careless manner and took no heed of the infantry of the English. The Duke showed remarkable skill and courage on this occasion, which won for him the gratitude and admiration of his country. Tennyson's ode, which was published on the morning of the Duke's funeral (Nov. 18th, 1852), pays a just tribute to the Hero of Waterloo.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the past.
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street,
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
 Mourn for the man of long enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime.
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council, and great in war,
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common sense,
 And as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 Oh good grey head which all men knew,

O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength,
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew,
 Such was he whom we deplore,
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er,
 The great world-victor's victor will be seen no more.

At the foot of the mound is a museum of the arms and weapons used at the battle of Waterloo on both sides, and also of some jewels picked up on the battlefield, which no doubt belonged to the dead and wounded soldiers. A few skulls of soldiers are kept there. These show the passage of cannon-balls. There is a register book for visitors to write their names in.

In this country, they have a distinct coin of their own in addition to the franc, which is the same as the French franc. Their centimes are of nickel which looks like silver. I found it very difficult to distinguish it from silver without the aid of spectacles. I was deceived twice by the tram-car conductors as regards this coin. The fellows otherwise showed civility. The language of the country is difficult to pronounce. There is a gravity about it. When I went to the Brussels station to proceed to Waterloo I found it very difficult to gather information as to when I would get a return train. In this country a good deal of "tipping" is necessary. For every little service you have to give something. The people officiously offer assistance. If you ask where a particular place is, the men about the streets accompany you a few paces and ask for a "tip." The tourist must be very careful, otherwise these trifles will soon exhaust his purse. But there is no help in the case of utter strangers like myself. I found English and American travellers very particular about this. They carry their bags and baggage in their own hands.

Saturday, 8th August.—I start for Cologne at 9-45 a.m. The Brussels station is a grand one, very long, having a good platform and rooms for refreshments &c. I met several Flemish labourers, with boots having high heels, and carrying baggage on their shoulders. On inquiry I found they were going to France for hay-making. It is said these people are very clever in the work of cultivation.

After getting out of the town limits we cross suburban places and cultivated fields for miles together, dotted with cottages, white-

washed, and with red tiles. There are fine avenues of trees and woods continued for miles. The general view is refreshing.

The train stops for a few minutes at the station called Louvain (high and marshy). It is a Flemish place, having many weavers. The present population is 50,000. At one time it was the capital of the Duke of Brabant. The weavers took an important part in the revolutions. There are canals passing through the city, and round about there is cultivation. Further on hamlets with small chapels or churches are to be met with. Green eminences give a varied appearance to the scene. The hay is stacked in conical haystacks, not flat. Patches of cultivation with different colours add to the beauty of the scenery. The houses or cottages are generally small but they look pretty. They have no chimneys as in England. The windows are not very large. Some of the cottages have an upper story. We then passed through a small town named Pierpont. It has two churches, the spires of which are visible from the train. The town is said to have about 15,000 inhabitants. Round about there is a large tract of arable land.

After proceeding a few miles, our train stopped at Liege, a very important industrial city. Its situation is very picturesque. A river flows through it. Liege is located in the valley. The bank and the numerous eminences are dotted with pretty houses. The mountains are green, and there are cultivated spots. The train passes through a series of valleys, streams and hamlets. The scenery here is superb. I believe this is the most picturesque part of Belgium. Rivers and rivulets flow down the mountain sides. Some of the streams have winding courses and the train passes along these. On the banks are handsome cottages, and on the hills there are churches. There are terraced fields. In this district there are coal mines. The villages through which the train is now passing possess the richest and grandest scenery. I have in my train two young men, one a German, and the other an English lad, about twenty years old. The former is jolly and communicative, and the latter is quite the reverse—is, in fact, so taciturn that it is nearly three hours now, and he has not spoken a word. He is engaged in reading his novel. The German lad reads his book of idle thoughts, eats, talks, smiles, smokes, and cracks jokes to beguile

the tedium of the journey. He reciprocates kindness and shows a spirit of geniality and generosity.

The train, after passing through picturesque valleys, reaches Verviers, where we change trains and take another line leading to Cologne. The railway service seems to be better on this line. Verviers is a large manufacturing town. There are many factories. The town has a population of 50,000, and numerous houses, some of which are on eminences. The town is green and picturesque. We again pass through valleys, tunnels, bridges &c.

We have now in our train a few German ladies, who appear to be very lively. They talk quickly, just as the French, though not with the same accent. My young German friend tells me that the conversation is very light and ridiculous.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN GERMANY.

Cologne—The Great Cathedral—The Rhine—Bonn—Drachenfels—Wiesbaden—Frankfort—Bavaria—Nuremberg—Art and Industry.

WE soon get to Herbesthal, a German village on the frontier. A bridge divides Germany from Belgium. At the railway station here the passengers have to submit their luggage to customs house examination. The Germans are more suspicious than the French. I found the French examination a mere farce. Not so the German.

We pass through a place called Ronheide, a picturesque hilly region, and a mile beyond it is the charming town of Aix-la-Chapelle, with churches, and spires and splendid houses. This place is famous in history as the seat of Charlemagne.

Was it to disenchant, and to undo
That we approached the seat of Charlemaine?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain,
That faith which no devotion may renew!
Why does this puny *church* present to view,
Her feeble columns and that scanty chair!—*W'ordsworth.*

At these stations and the refreshment rooms, people bring for sale German beer and fruit, grapes, &c., just as in India, tea and coffee are offered at the stations. The platforms are generally very low.

After traversing a few miles we get to a jungle which continues for two miles. After this we pass through some industrial town, as is quite plain from the chimneys and smoke. The country is flat but not barren, apparently as rich as Belgium.

My German friend left me at Aix-la-Chapelle. With the exception of one German and myself, the whole compartment is English, and necessarily quiet and serene.

The country up to a short distance from Cologne appeared to me very dry. Towards this city it looks a little brighter, but it is flat, without many trees. For a long distance before we come to Cologne we came across large woods at intervals but no particular scenery. We reached

COLOGNE

at 4-15 p.m. It is to be noted that the difference between London and Cologne time is a little more than one hour, and I had to correct my watch accordingly.

The Cologne railway station is very magnificent. It is near the river, and close to the famous Cathedral. I took up my abode very near this part in the North Hotel, and after refreshing myself, I started on my sight-seeing expedition.

The first thing I saw was the

CATHEDRAL

itself. It is a very stupendous edifice, the biggest I ever saw. It is a pile of towers. In point of architecture it is very remarkable. The whole German nation is very proud of this Cathedral. It is very grand in its workmanship. The pillars are very high and constructed after the style of the pillars in the Victoria Terminus at Bombay. The glasses of the windows are painted in a masterly manner. Biblical scenes and the figures of eminent Christian saints are depicted in very brilliant colours. The Coronation of Mary, the dead Christ, the birth of Christ, and several other scenes are painted, just as in the pictures drawn by Rubens, and shown in several museums and art galleries in Europe. One cannot fail to be struck with the grandeur of these paintings which are very magnificent in size. Some parts of the Cathedral are very ancient. The rich decorations make a very strong impression on the mind of the visitor. One Englishman who visited the Cathedral with me remarked that it was superior to Westminster

Abbey in majesty and grandeur. There are numerous statuettes on the colossal walls. In short, a visit to the Cathedral leaves a lasting impression on the visitor's mind.

O for the help of *Angels* to complete
 This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
 Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by *man*,
 Studious that He might not disdain the seat
 Who dwells in heaven!—*Wordsworth*.

I have seen paintings in our temples, particularly in Southern India, in which scenes from the Ramayana or Bhagvat are depicted, but in artistic merit these paintings fall far short of the stained glasses here. I saw the city from one of the towers of this Cathedral. It presented a panoramic view. Then I took a general view of the town, driving in all directions in a phaeton. Cologne is situated on the bank of the Rhine. The town is in the shape of an amphitheatre, the river Rhine forming the southern boundary. I drove first by the side of St. Peter's Cathedral, and then proceeded on the bank of the Rhine and thence I passed by the principal park to the town. I noticed open spaces surrounded by blocks of very magnificent buildings, rich in carvings and façades. They are something after the style of the Temple on the Kalbadevi Road and many Gujarati Temples near Bhuleswar. There are many houses with domes of various sizes having figures on the top. The style of building is very peculiar, the front is generally of stones but the remaining parts are of brick. There are gardens in different parts of the town which serve as "lungs" for the city and health-resorts to the people. The streets are regular and clean. In the heart of the city, the roads are narrow, but carriages pass through them easily. There are *boulevards* as in Paris or Brussels, and people pass and repass comfortably. On the streets flanked with trees. There are numerous shops well-equipped with goods and much frequented by customers. There are numerous churches. I also visited the docks of the town on my return drive. The German names are so long and so full of consonants that I despaired of remembering them. I asked my driver to take me slowly through different parts so as to give me a good view of the whole city. We use Eau-de-Cologne in India, and when I came across several shops with sign-boards bearing that marvellous word I rejoiced. I felt I had come to the

source of that essence which has such a powerful effect on headaches. Among the buildings of Cologne the railway station, the Post Office, the Town Hall, &c. are worthy of a visit. The iron bridge of Cologne is also magnificent. The breadth of the river Rhine at Cologne is 1,215 feet. The population is two lacs, and the trade is flourishing. The general appearance of the people is respectable, and the people are civil and courteous in manner. Among the statues I noticed were those of Bismarck and King William. With all the grand appearance of the city I did not like its drainage. Often I encountered bad smells.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne.
But tell me, then, ye nymphs divine,
Who then shall wash the river Rhine ?

THE RHINE.

Sunday, 9th August.—I am on the Rhine at 8-45 a.m. for a long excursion of nearly 125 miles, as far as Mayence (or Mainz) The German steamer on which I sailed was a large and commodious ship. It possessed all the comforts which a tourist requires. There were many passengers; Germans, French, Americans, English, Russians and an Indian (myself). As this day was a holiday, many rowdy peasants were going to enjoy it at some neighbouring place, and, until we got to Bonn, the ship was a little noisy.

This trip was most enjoyable to me, for it opened to me a picturesque vista of varied natural scenery. The steamer glided majestically along the Rhine. On either bank we could see towns or villages with magnificent edifices or elegant cottages, stupendous churches or less pretentious chapels, ruins of old castles, or the piles of standing forts, big mountains or small hills as well as the plains close to the river on either side. I felt I was enjoying scenery which I had never in my life seen and which I could not expect to see often hereafter. I was passing through the rich pine woods for which Germany is so famous. 125 miles is not a small distance to travel by water. The Rhine province is particularly known for its pleasant aspect. Thousands of American and Englishmen visit this province and admire it greatly. I heard two or three English gentlemen who were in the steamer saying that there is nothing in England to compare with

such a continuous series of mountains with the river Rhine winding in and out among them. The whole scene is beautified by the rich cultivation of the vine.

The English lake scenery, no doubt, is interesting, but there is no such magnificence and richness at the English lakes as the prospect of the Rhine affords.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way ;
Thine is a scene alike when souls united,
Or lonely *contemplation* thus might stray.
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where *Nature*, nor too sombre, nor too gay,
Wild, but not rude, awful, yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as Autumn to the year.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipices' gloom,
The forests growth and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art, and these with all
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

Byron.

Since we left Cologne and until we reached Bonn the view consisted of towns interspered with beautiful and magnificent houses and lofty spires of churches. The first important town on the right bank was

BONN,

the famous place of *Neuring*. The University building and the cathedral were close to the bank, and quite within our view. The famous University here is often resorted to by Englishmen for education. The late Prince Consort was educated here. This is the place where the great German musician Beethoven was born. The town has a very grand appearance.

GODESBURG CASTLE

is the next important sight. It is not far away from Bonn. In fact, Bonn is the entrance to the valleys and mountains which continue almost to the bend of the Rhine at Mayence during its winding course. The scenery of the seven mountains is most impressive. At the foot of the Drachenfels, one of these seven mountains, is a town *Königswinter* which has a charming appearance. There are numerous legends regarding the monsters

residing in these hills, and books regarding them are sold on the steamer. The famous cathedral of Cologne was largely built of stone from the quarries in these mountains. The names of seven castles, close to which we passed, marking their beauty and grandeur, are shown in the panorama which I have got, and the whole view can be thoroughly appreciated by a discerning eye. The Drachenfels mountain is highly praised locally. Byron in "Childe Harold" says :

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells,
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

The most important town on the Rhine is Coblenz, the fortified capital and seat of Government. The German Emperor resides here for a few weeks during the summer. The Government mansion is on the bank. Our steamer stopped here for a few minutes to land and take up passengers. Here is a boat bridge joining the two banks, and it is manipulated very cleverly when the steamer has to pass along the river. Here too the Moselle joins the Rhine.

After going past a few towns and interesting castles we come to the town of Bingen. The Rhine has a wider bed here, and the district contains many rich vineyards. At the place called Loreley-Felsen the scenery is very picturesque, and it is said that this spot is the subject of one of the sweetest of German songs.

While we were going up the river we met other steamers and boats coming or going, some of them, like ours, being filled with excursionists. The passengers on these exchanged greetings by waving their handkerchiefs and giving cheers. On board the steamer I met Americans, Germans, Englishmen and Scotchmen, who cordially talked with me. I met one Russian family consisting of a mother, a daughter and two young sons. The younger of these, a boy of 14 years, was very intelligent. He played well at chess, took photographs of scenery

very frequently, showed great and lively interest in the tour he was taking, and had excellent manners.

I was to have gone straight to Mayence. This, however, I did not do, because Mayence is not an interesting place. Instead I got down at Biebrich, a large town, and proceeded at once to Wiesbaden, a famous German spa, which is visited by fashionable as well as health-seeking people, to the number, it is stated, of 60,000 every year.

WIESBADEN.

Monday, 10th August.—Wiesbaden has fourteen hot springs—Fontes Mattiaci as the Romans called them. Of these the principal is Koch Brunnen (boiling spring) with a temperature of 156 degrees. It is at the end of the arcade called Trinkhalle.

There is a Roman wall 650 feet long, 10 feet high, and 9 feet thick at the end of Strasse Heiden Maur. Charlemagne used the baths and built a palace at this place.

Gambling was freely indulged in at this town formerly, but now it is stopped by law. There are theatres and places of amusement.

The position of the town is highly favourable to health. The proximity of the wooded hills of Taunus protect the town from north-west and eastern winds. The town is spread over the valleys and slopes of the hills and extends to the Rhine about three miles.

It is very healthy both during the summer and winter. The death-rate is 19 per 1,000 a year. The summer temperature is 65 degrees and the winter is 36 to 42 degrees.

This place is noted as one of the best in Europe for curing men of many complaints—bronchitis, consumption, rheumatism, gout &c. Mere residence is sometimes sufficient. Tissues are brought back to their healthy condition. Like Leamington Spa, near Chester, in England, about which I have already made a note, the water from the springs is drunk early in the morning. I visited this spring at 7-5 a.m. The premises are after the style of the Madhavbag buildings. There are pavilions and houses for amusement. Near the spring is a large tank sending forth hot vapours. It looks like a well set in a burning fire. I drank a glass of this hot water. While drinking, an American gentleman,

72 years old, came near me, and thinking I was from the United States, made kind inquiries. He was an agreeable man, he walked with me, and recounted the charms of this place. He had been suffering from a serious internal tumour for two years. He could not eat, walk, or sleep. He came here on the 24th July, and within a fortnight he was considerably improved. He had a swollen stomach. His weight was 197 lbs. when he came. The use of this Spa water caused the tumour to burst. His weight is now 175 lbs. He can walk without the aid of a stick. He eats and sleeps well, and hopes to be all right within a short time. This old man in answer to my enquiries said the American women at New York and other places drank too much, and often were disorderly. I saw many American ladies touring without the company of males in England, Scotland, Ireland, and on the continent. They were of all ages—old and young. I asked the old man how that was. He said rich men in America were occupied in their business. They want to make their families happy. Hence they allow their womenkind to go abroad. These women are tall, strongly built, and walk erect, like soldiers, with money-bags round their shoulders. They are jolly. Their pronunciation is broad, and often nasal. They go in large numbers like the pilgrims of Pandharpur. At this spring a band is provided for the amusement of invalids and health seekers, and the people walk about with glasses, full of hot water from the spring, and drink it slowly. It is an interesting scene. There were five hundred people taking the waters. At the suggestion of the old American gentleman I drank a second glass of the hot water. I must say I liked this water very much, and my spirits were much better. The drainage is excellent, and just at present the weather is very pleasant as it is cool. I drove through the different parts of the town. The streets were much cleaner than those of Cologne. I visited the Park, the Town Hall, the market, the museum and the Church. In consequence of its healthiness much care is taken by the Government. The people here know very little of English, but from their manners I am impressed with their civility towards strangers.

FRANKFORT.

I leave Wiesbaden for Frankfort-on-Main at 10-20 a.m. I

pass through the vineyards, rich and continuous for several miles. I pass by Mayence town and the river Main. The country is a rich garden. In some parts hay is grown. It is now all dried, and tied in bundles. We reached Frankfort at 11-30 a.m.

This is a great commercial town in Germany, but it is important on many other accounts besides. The Emperors of Germany were crowned in the Cathedral here for a long period. The Rothschilds, the world renowned bankers, were originally residents of this place. Goethe was born and lived here. His house at Hirsch Graben is a grand one. It bears an inscription "In this house was born Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, on the 28th August, 1749." There is a monument of this poet and philosopher. Luther preached from the pulpit in this town. Not far from the Cathedral is the old house where he lived. It is now undergoing a thorough change, the greater portion being demolished, and a new arch is just being erected. The house from which he preached the Reformation is close to the Catholic Dome. It has balconies, and is a small narrow house, but of good appearance. My guide is a gentleman from Buenos Ayres in South America. When I was driving through one of the principal streets he came near me, and asked whether I was from America. I told him to make his own guess. He said that he was connected with the Electric Light Department in the city, and he was going for a walk. As he knew English, and my driver did not, I said he was free to drive with me if he chose. Accordingly, he became my guide and took me through and outside the city. I visited the Cathedral which is a large building, but not very ornamental, as other Cathedrals in Europe are. The Post Office is a palatial building, richly ornamental, somewhat after the style of the Victoria Terminus. The Telephone Office is also located here. In the square is a monument of the Emperor William I.

The Palace of Justice is a new house, moderately ornamented, and quite in proportion to the importance of the town.

The Exchange is a large ornamental massive edifice. It has galleries on all sides, and in the centre is a glass-roofed square where merchants meet. Here it is as noisy as in the Share Bazar of Bombay, not quiet and orderly as in the British exchanges. Continental people are as noisy as the Indians.

The Romer is the Hall where the German Emperor dined after the Coronation. This is an ornamental old building. Here the paintings of all the Emperors from the time of Charlemagne are hung on the wall.

The most interesting of them are those of Charlemagne and Charles V. In the centre is the statue of the last German Emperor.

The Opera house is a beautiful building. It has a large open square before it, and the statue of William I. is placed in the garden in front. I passed through several streets. Some of them are very broad, and business places are constructed after the style of the buildings in the Elphinstone Circle, and the neighbourhood of the Bombay High Court. Some of the old houses are of quaint design just like the old houses in Chester and Warwick, in England, which I have already noticed. They are storied but the stories are dwarf, and the windows are small as at Cologne. This is a German city, but the blocks of buildings are not so abundantly ornamented. I think the houses here are more chaste in appearance. The Cologne houses are grander, and the blocks are numerous and continuous. I visited the Zoo, but there was nothing particular about it. I also went through the Botanical gardens. These are indeed very grand. They are looked after very carefully. The palmyra house is superb. The artificial waterfalls are very interesting, and the African grass just in front of the waterfall is spread like a carpet with green flowers. The most beautiful of the hot-houses is that devoted to rose-culture. There are also open-air rose-buds, exhaling a delicious perfume. Among other things I noticed a plant, like our red *bhopla*. There are artificial lakes in the gardens and miniature suspension bridges. My guide says he knows German, French, and Italian. He can play on the piano and violin. He says that the Germans are very good people and fair to deal with. I think his opinion is correct. Since I came to Cologne I have had no reason to complain of the manners of the Germans. They are strict but good-natured. This agrees with the opinion of Miss Menant, of Paris. Some parts of the city smell almost as bad as Cologne. The smell makes you feel as if you were in a kitchen. While going to the Botanical gardens, which are outside the city, I passed through the fashionable and aristocratic quarters, which

are very splendid. There are open squares and avenues of trees or boulevards as at Cologne and Paris.

There are numerous statues in the town. Some of them I have already noticed. The Gutenberg monument is in the Ross Market near the business quarter. It represents the art of printing, and has three statues of the pioneers of the art—Gutenberg, Faust and Schöffer.

Not far off is another monument considered by the Germans the best in the world. My guide tells me that the man who designed this monument, showing the greatness of Germany in a contest against another country, was killed by the German people lest he might make a monument more beautiful for another nation. Schiller's statue stands in another part of the town.

I was not able to visit the museum, and regretted not seeing the celebrated group of Ariadne and the Panther—a masterpiece in sculpture. I must be content with a photograph of it. I visited the Synagogue, near the Ghetto or Jews' quarter, which is said to be much improved of late years.

The central station is one of the largest in the country. In width, it is half as large again as the Victoria Terminus. Out of curiosity I went to the outskirts of the city as I was told that this day was an annual festival day. The girls of Frankfort resort there, and a fair is held. The place where this fair is held is open, and there is also a permanently constructed pavilion. There was a band, and roundabouts, just as on our Esplanade on fair days. I am told about 1,000 girls will dance in the house at this place to-morrow afternoon, as it is a grand holiday. The soldiers in this country are smaller in height than the English soldiers. The police arrangements seem to me better than those of Paris. I did not like to go out at night to see any of the local amusements. Rest was necessary owing to my continuous tour. The German ladies in their deportment appear to be graver than the English or French ladies. The French people are more gay, and demonstrative. There are several parks in the heart of the city.

German words are very difficult to pronounce. They are as difficult as the Welsh words—examples of which I have already given.

Tuesday, 11th August.—I intended to leave for Nuremberg last night, but owing to some misunderstanding caused by my ignorance of the German language, I missed the train. This morning at 6-52 a.m. I start for Nuremberg from Frankfort. First, we travel through a flat district, which is green and interesting. Within a short time we reach Hanau, a rich commercial place on the river Main. It is noted for jewellery work and has 30,000 inhabitants. A gentleman who is travelling with me and knows German and English tells me that Hanau is an important place. The cultivation of tobacco and the manufacture of gold and silver wares are carried on at this place. Here is a junction to go to Berlin. We are passing by a castle called Philippsruhe. It is the richest and largest castle in Germany. It belongs to a brother-in-law of the German Emperor. It has as many windows as there are days in the year, and as many doors as there are weeks in the year. Further on, on each side of the railway, we see towns with many domes, towers and spires. The railway service is very comfortable, and the carriages are well furnished.

A few miles on and we pass through a small forest of Buchen and fanen trees—very slender, but as tall as telegraph posts. Then to our left is a range of mountains, the Spessarts. I see some fields in which maize is growing as well as other products. The whole country is richly cultivated. We reach at 8 a.m., a town named Aschaffenburg, the first city we enter in Bavaria, which is one of the independent states of Germany. Near the station is a castle, where the king resides, when once a year he visits this place for the purpose of hunting in the forests round about. Here our train is divided, the portion in which my friend and I are sitting going to Nuremberg, and the remainder to Munich, the capital of Bavaria. The train passes through forest-covered mountains, and many villages come in sight, some on the steep hill-sides, and some far down in the valleys, so that we have a bird's eye view of them. The people living in this part of the country are said to be very poor. From Aschaffenburg to Heigenbrucken—the station at the top of the mountain—the train is drawn by two engines, like the train from Karjat to Khandala. The woods and forests of Bavaria are very ancient and dense and the timber they produce forms one of the chief articles of trade. They contain no large beasts of prey,

but provide plenty of deer-stalking and fox-hunting. Between Aschaffenburg and Gemunden we pass through a forest fifty miles square. In the middle of it is a small town, Lohr, with a good church and well built cottages. The River Main flows through this town. There are stone quarries in the neighbourhood.

At Gemunden the train stops for a few minutes. At this place the bed of the River Main is fairly large, and wood is carried in rafts along the river to the Rhine and thence to Holland. The forest is full of oak trees which are very old. My friend tells me some of them are 800 or 1,000 years old. I see before me a large quantity of this timber cut and exposed to the sun, and stored up for conveyance to Holland for ship-building. The timber is very strong. On a portion of these mountains close to which the Main flows, vines are grown. We also pass by a few lime hills, from which good cement is obtained. As we reach the town of Wurzburg, the scenery of the river grows in splendour. The vineyards are indeed very rich and beautiful. They formed the subject of paintings by Tiepolo, a celebrated Venetian painter, for the King of Bavaria. There is a celebrated University for medical men here in which thousands of students have been educated. They come from all parts of Germany, France, &c. It is 500 years old. The hospital is the best institution. A few miles after passing Wurzburg, the train goes rapidly through a country which is the richest province in Bavaria and is chiefly agricultural. As we proceed, there are plantations of hops from which excellent beer is produced, my friend informs me.

I learnt one French word, *merci* meaning thanks, which served me very well in Paris. It smoothed my way. I have learnt one German word, *danke* also meaning thanks, which I find equally useful in Germany, aided as it is by movements of the hands and head. We now pass successively through the extensive Taunau Forest, the hop plantations, and then through the town of Furth where there is a large mirror factory. We arrive at 12.45 p.m. at

NUREMBERG.

This city was the most important industrial town in former times. In the middle ages it flourished greatly. It is the cradle of the national art of Germany. By its industries it is connected

with the whole of Europe. The first watches were made at Nuremberg, and from their shapes were called Nuremberg eggs; the first gun-lock, and the first air-gun were produced here. The first German mill was started also here. Nuremberg was famous for its industries and art. Even now it is considered to have a trade and arts of its own. Two hundred million lead pencils are manufactured here, as also large quantities of mirrors, children's toys in brass, bronze and carved wood, and ivory, and sent all over the world. In London and Paris, Nuremberg toys are to be found in many shops. There is a saying here that *Nuremberg's hand* goes through every land. At present an exhibition is being held. It is a splendid affair. The articles exhibited are the products of the whole of Bavaria. I spent nearly two hours in the company of the very same German gentleman, Mr. Gothfield Andrews (of the firm of Messrs. E. P. Scheseider & Co., Frankfort) who met me again accidentally when I first went to one of the tents. I made my desire of seeing the Exhibition known to the keeper of the tents, by signs as well as by showing him my ticket. I asked him whether he knew English. He said "no," but immediately he went in and brought a boy of fifteen years, who in answer to me, said "yes," meaning he knew English. But he did not understand a single word. Between his master and himself they knew "No" and "Yes." However, the boy was very anxious to please me for he expected a tip. He walked in front of me, moved his hands, and often said "Shar har, Shar har," and uttered German sentences. He was of hardly any use to me. I had to shift for myself for half an hour. I dismissed him with a shilling as soon as I met the German gentleman. The exhibition articles were displayed in about twenty-five rooms. The exhibits embraced every industry from the towns and villages of Bavaria. Fine art as well as practical utility are fully displayed. Unfortunately there was no English catalogue to be found. The appearance of the whole exhibition was somewhat Oriental. The wooden, bronze, brass and ivory manufactures were splendid. It appears that Bavaria is one of the chief centres in Germany. Nuremberg was taken by the King of Bavaria in 1806, and it is said that art, which was on the wane at that time, has been encouraged and improved.

in the city. Each town has some conspicuous industry of its own. Furth, which is not far away and which is now connected by an electric tram-car with Nuremberg, in addition to the railway communication, produces excellent mirrors; so do Wurzburg and other towns. I saw several chariots of wood and clay beautifully manufactured. The rooms were very full, and people from all parts of Germany have been visiting the place since May. The exhibition will be closed in October next.

I then had a drive through several parts of the city, and visited some of the important institutions. The appearance of the city is grand, but the houses have a style of their own. New houses keep as much to the old style as possible. They are generally gable houses. They have three or four floors at least. The streets are narrower than those of Frankfort with the exception of the principal ones. The town shows its ancient quaintness remarkably by the style of its buildings. A good many houses are very old, and the hand of time has not been very cruel to these buildings. The River Pegnitz passes through the city, and divides it into two parts. One side is called the St. Lawrence side, and the other the St. Sebald side, from the fact that there are churches of these names there. I visited these churches, they are very ancient. The church of St. Lawrence is remarkable for its tabernacle called the Sacraments Hauslein, a marble work, excellently carved by Adam Krafft a famous sculptor of Germany. It looks like the richly carved and ornamental edifices of the North of India, or the carved temples at Dehalwada on Mount Abu. Outside the cathedral, under a canopy, is depicted Christ's passion in a masterly piece of sculpture. There is nothing particular in the other cathedral. Near this church, however, there is a restaurant of the fourteenth century. The people of the town as well as tourists visit this ancient tavern to see its quaint architecture. It has very small rooms. Here the keeper supplies beer and nothing else, and hundreds of people who visit the restaurant drink it with great relish. My German friend visited this ancient institution and had his glass of beer. Churches may decay, but an institution of this kind will not die. It is kept up by the fame of the beer. I visited the town halls, old and new, both of which are connected. These halls are after the fashion of our Deccan palaces having a

hall between side walls or rooms. The windows of the old hall are small. I saw several fountains. That which is in the market is called in German the Beautiful Fountain (der Schöne Brunnen). It is really very beautiful, and has several figures excellently carved.

I saw the castle, called the Kaiserburg, the castle of Nuremberg. It is a very ancient one. It has good state apartments and picture halls, but the most attractive part is the tower in which several instruments of torture and punishment are kept, suggesting the cruelties practised in ancient times. Every possible crime or offence had its cruel and horrible punishment provided for. A drunkard, a robber, a cruel husband, a scolding wife, a gambler, had each an appropriate torture in former times in this country. Our Puranas describe some horrible punishments after death. Bavaria had them in this life. I am sorry there is no book about this in English. I have a list of these punishments in German. A German girl who did not know much of English but who could recite only the description in English went on recounting these punishments. One of the instruments of torture is the Iron Virgin—a figure of the 15th century. It is hollow inside and fitted with spikes, so that an offender confined inside is gashed all over by the closing of the instrument. In one of the rooms there is the figure of a robber knight. His hat is like a turban. He looks very fearful. He is seated in a chair. He has the features of a clever thief. This old tower is like some of our ancient towers in India. The staircase is wooden, and there are several floors. From the top I had a bird's-eye view of the whole city. There is another part in this castle where there is a deep well which is connected by water with other parts of the town. A portion of the old fortifications is destroyed. There are still four town gates. The cabman or the driver does not forget to show the tourists the old houses of some of the celebrated personages of olden times, men of learning, science &c. He finds it a profitable thing; for he is paid two shillings or marks an hour in this place for the drive. Hans Sachs, shoemaker, poet, musician, the *Rohidas* of Nuremberg, and Dürer, a great artist, both of ancient fame, have their houses or monuments in the city. The town has not lost its ancient landmarks altogether. The inhabitants seem to

be very proud of the city. Many people from other parts visit it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AUSTRIA AND THE GERMAN STATES.

The Danube—Vienna—its magnificence—Prater—St. Augustine—St. Stephen—Palace—Oriental MSS.—Museum—Schonbrunn—Prague—The Elbe—Dresden—Saxony—German Discipline.

Wednesday, 12th August.—I am in the express train for Vienna. The country which we are passing through from Nuremberg is varied in its aspect—woods, hop cultivation, mountains etc., everything green and pleasant. Our express train has sleeping cars, drinking halls &c. It is a splendid carriage—only for the first class. Other classes are not admitted to this train. I can write easily. In the train is a German who is at present the manager of a bank at Wurzburg. He had once business connections with India. He is courteous. Our express train stops at Regensburg, where I first saw the Blue Danube.

No, like his great Compeers indignantly
 Doth Danube spring to life! The wandering stream
 Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
 Unfolds a willing breast, with infant glee
 Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
 To follow in his track of silver light,
 Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight
 Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea
 Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbad to meet
 In conflict; whose rough winds forget their jars
 To wait the heroic progeny of Greece;
 When the first ship sailed for the Golden Hecce
 Argo—exalted for that daring feat
 To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

Wordsworth.

This place is one of some importance in the province and possesses a cathedral of Gothic architecture. The gentleman who is with me tells me that the Rath-haus or the Town Hall has in it some ancient implements of torture like those at Nuremberg; but I have neither the wish nor the time to go about in the city. The sight and the description of the instruments of torture which the young lady in the Nuremberg castle gave me deprived me last night of my sleep and I do not wish to

risk my rest and peace to-night. Therefore I prefer to go along the bank of the Danube and mark its scenery.

THE DANUBE DISTRICT.

After passing through a flat fertile country for nearly an hour and a half, the train actually runs on the bank of the river, giving a full view of the towns on both sides, the hills and forests. The route is continued through Passau, which is on the Austrian frontier. Here our train stops and the Austrian Customs Officer examines our luggage. At this place the scenery of the river is somewhat interesting—hills, cottages scattered about, plenty of trees, and a suspension bridge. Hitherto we were on the eastern bank. Now we cross a bridge and travel along the western bank, and after passing a mile or so, a wild scene opens to our view. We travel along the bank for a few miles. Then we enter the interior, but the river is not in sight. We pass through an agricultural country. There are hamlets here and there. The farmer is engaged in his tilling operations. Everywhere there are chapels surmounted by crosses.

Our express train stops for a few minutes at a small village called Haiding, and then, after passing through several miles of plains and valleys, we again come to the Danube and travel along its bank, noting a few forts here and there on hills. I saw a small village situated on a hill with a church and an abbey, and at the foot another small village on the bank. Throughout this day I did not notice any castle in this district. As the train advances towards Vienna we see the valleys dotted with villas. The grass here is as green and delightful as that of the Emerald Isle which I visited some weeks ago. It seems the rainfall here is constant, and the freshness of vegetation is delightful. We now pass through the Vienna forests which extend for several miles. We are quite close to the suburbs, which are pleasant and fresh owing to the prevailing greenness.

At 4-35 p.m. I am in Vienna. As there is no certainty about the Mail I finish my account here and close my Mail letters.

The Germans are as demonstrative and gesticulating a people as the Portuguese. For instance I had a doubt whether my MS. account of Germany would go by book post as in England. I went to the post office and a clerk and a female clerk

received me well. They tied up my papers and put a stamp on them and afterwards shook hands with me. They did not know English beyond a few words; but I made them understand my object and got it accomplished.

VIENNA.

Thursday, 13th August.—Vienna is a very large city and rivals Paris in its palatial buildings, streets and avenues, and also in the number of places of enjoyment, although the institutions are not so many, nor are they so varied in historical importance. During the day the town is very busy, but there is not that gay and lively appearance at night that Paris has. In the latter city there are illuminations every night, which the citizens as well as visitors greatly enjoy, whereas Vienna after 10 p.m. is all dulness. Nevertheless Vienna is on the whole not a little interesting. There are numerous squares with considerable areas of open ground with stately buildings surrounding them. There is one square, or rather a circle, where the Town Hall, the Parliament House, the High Court of Justice, the University, the Grand Opera house and other institutions are located, and in the middle is a large garden. It looks like Elphinstone Circle, but the buildings here are detached and look more beautiful than the monotonous and massive piles in Bombay.

I visited the University building. It is a noble institution. Of all the educational buildings I have hitherto seen this is the grandest. Monolith marble pillars of great height support the entrance hall. It has an excellent Senate Hall with the statue of the Empress Maria Theresa, the foundress or the re-organiser of the University, and there are splendid lecture rooms. All branches of learning are taught here. I was taken round by a porter who was cleaning the walls, and he was able to tell me what rooms were used for each subject. Even the porters in this country have a varied store of knowledge. Our sepoy, Laxman, of the Elphinstone College, after 25 years' service, could not say whether Mr. Ranade lectured on History or Chemistry. There are about 6,000 students studying in the University, and 345 Professors and lecturers. The Medical Faculty enjoys a great reputation. Students from other parts of the Continent attend here to gain a thorough knowledge and practice.

The Town-Hall has got several offices in it. The Court of Justice is a magnificent building.

THE PRATER.

I visited the celebrated Prater gardens, which are very extensive, and are considered the greatest attraction of Vienna. They are like the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, and contain numerous refreshment stalls, theatres and concert halls in this garden. But the principal institution is the Rotunde, which was originally erected for the exhibition in 1873. It is now used for local exhibitions, public fêtes, &c. The structure is very lofty, and on payment you are taken up in a lift to a certain height, and thereafter you walk along the roof. I went up a pretty good height, and seeing that the breeze was strong I was content to go no further. I could see the whole town and the suburbs of Vienna from where I stood. The Prater gardens are the centre of the amusements and pleasures of the people. They meet here in the afternoon and at night to enjoy life.

From the Prater gardens I drove to the Danube Strom where the bed of the Danube is very wide and grand in appearance. The Danube and the little river Wien which falls into it give a remarkable beauty to the capital of Austria.

ST AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH.

I visited the church of St. Augustine which is the Court church. I knocked at the door of the church, when a short Austrian priest came out. He did not know English, but I made him understand that I wanted to see the interior. He opened all the rooms and attempted to explain in German everything. I also tried to ask him questions in English and we both thoroughly understood each other. Nay, when he could not give me an explanation as to certain points, I suggested an explanation which he accepted with a smile. In the interior of this church there is the beautiful monument of the Archduchess Christiana, wherein the lady is shown in the posture of prayer. It is a splendid specimen of sculpture and is considered by the Austrians a masterpiece of the sculptor Canova. In another room is the monument of the Emperor Leopold II., in a sleeping posture with a sword in his hand. There are also the monuments of a minister and a physician. There is

a small room in which the hearts of all the Emperors and Empresses are kept. The priest pointed out these to me from the iron bar doors.

ST STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

The most important church, however, is the church of St. Stephen. It is very massive, having 18 pillars adorned with hundreds of statuettes. It has a magnificent gate called the Giant's Door, which is opened on occasions of great solemnity. The tower is 449 feet high and is considered one of the principal sights of Vienna. It gives a panoramic view of the city. I was content with a visit to the interior only and did not expend much energy here; for I wanted to reserve it for the King's palace and the Museum.

THE KING'S PALACE.

The King's palace resembles in structure the palaces of our native princes in India, having quadrangles in the centre. New additions have been made, but they are in the same style. At the entrance of the palace, however, there is a hall with a splendid cupola roof. People and carriages pass right through the gates of the quadrangles. The portion of the palace I first visited was the Imperial Library, for I had learnt from books that it contained a magnificent collection of 300,000 rare books and precious MSS. The custodian of this institution, a tall and stout man, who did not speak English, was good enough to show me the different things. I placed my finger on certain words in my guide book and he showed me the worn-out prayer book of Charles V., the Psalm book of Charlemagne, printed in gold, the MS. of the fifth decade of Livy from which that part of his history is printed. I saw the Tabula Pentigerania or the map of the Roman Empire in the fourth century copied in parchment. This looks like a map of a large square town with rivers passing through it. I must note that this map and the map of the world now in the London Museum prepared for Columbus interested me much. I was told by the Librarian that the number of MSS. including the Oriental ones, is very large. The Oriental MSS. collection here, he said, is the largest in Europe. The Treasury possesses remarkable jewels and curiosities. The Austrian regalia and those of Charlemagne are very interesting. The crown, the sceptre, the gloves and shoes used at the time of

the Coronation are said to have been found in the vault of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. The crown, the sceptre and the robes worn by Napoleon at his Coronation at Milan are exhibited here.

In the afternoon I saw the royal apartments. There was a funny incident in connection with this visit. A pass is required to see the apartments, but no fee is charged for it. I was not aware of this fact. As at other places a small fee is charged, I thought there would be some fee demanded here too. I had in my money-bag some gold and silver coins. When the custodian of the palace gave me a pass, I placed before him a small silver coin. He took it up and looked at it and moved his hand indicating 'no' and showed three fingers. I thought he wanted three coins of the kind I gave. So I placed three coins. He took them up but again he held out three fingers to me. I thought he wanted three more, but I had no silver ones left. So I placed one gold one. Still he moved his hand indicating 'no'. I thought it was a curious thing, and asked him by signs whether I should go away. Then he smiled and put the pass into my hands. It was in German, but I found one word "Gratis" on it, and then I understood the man. He meant to say that no fee was charged, but I should visit the apartments at 3 o'clock and not earlier. Accordingly I left the custodian's room and went to the apartments at 3. Before going to the custodian I had to find out his room. I am glad to observe that the Austrian people are very courteous. The sentry, a handsome and smartly-dressed soldier, was good enough even to leave his place and show me the door through which I was to get to the custodian's room. The Royal apartments are very splendid. The rooms are magnificent and contain beautiful pictures and furniture. One of the halls, called the marble hall, is very spacious. In this Hall the Austrian Emperor washes the feet, once in a year, of the oldest man living in the empire. In one of the rooms there is a clock presented to the Emperor by some Italian prince. The minute hand of this clock moves to the left. Thus when the minute hand is at 45 (according to our reckoning) it is to be understood as indicating a quarter past the hour.

Attached to the Palace is the Volksgarden (People's gardens), in passing through which I met a German American who could speak English well. I was delighted to secure his company

which he gave me with pleasure especially as he had nothing else to do. He has been residing here for some months and has got no employment. He goes from place to place. He is a rolling stone. However, as I had some difficulty in getting information from the Austrians who did not know English, I asked him to accompany me to the museum. I found this museum to be one of the finest and best arranged I ever saw, particularly as regards the armours and coins. In the company of this guide I drove to a good many places. One of these, the Schonbrunn, is the place where the Emperor resides during the summer. The palace there is a new building: The trees are tastefully pruned, some of them looking like large green walls. In the garden there are fountains and pavilions for amusement. I enjoyed the evening drive very much, especially as I could see the river Vien passing through different parts of the city. I returned to the city through the older part, where the houses are small and dwarfish. The streets, however, are decent.

I saw among other statues those of Maria Theresa, Schiller, and Beethoven. The first of these is the principal statue and is a beautiful work of art. It is an elaborate monument, with many figures round it emblematic of several events and qualities connected with the history of the Empress.

I also visited most of the fashionable parts of the city in company with the German American gentleman.

My impression about the people is that they are generally handsome. Men, women and children, all have got excellent features. The noses are remarkably good. The people are polite and to all appearances fair in their dealings. But my guide who has lived here for four months does not think so favourably of them. He may have his own reasons. I found courtesy generally shown to me. Even on the road as I was going to places mentioned in my guide-book, I met people who politely led me to the particular spots. I put my finger on the word in the guide book, for I could not speak their language, and the men instantly accompanied me to the requisite place. I left Vienna at night in a sleeping car for Dresden, the principal town in Saxony.

THE DANUBE.

I was told by a fellow-passenger, as I was passing along the

bank of the Danube, that there are places on the banks of that river which are visited by tourists. My excursions on the Rhine and the Danube remind me of my excursions on the Narmada, in 1877, when I visited Vyâsa and Anasuyâ and other holy places on the banks of that river.

Friday, the 14th August—The sleeping cars are very commodious. The beds are soft, warm and broad. I slept pretty well, considering that generally I don't get sound sleep in trains. The Austrian territory was traversed during the night and I cannot give any account of its topography. Early in the morning we get into the kingdom of Bohemia, which is not very interesting,—plains, rugged hills and woods.

PRAGUE.

Prague, the Capital of the district, has an old world look. The general appearance of the city is good, a river passes through it. Prague has played an important part in history, particularly religious history. After going beyond the environs of the city, the train passes by plains on one side, and woods and hills on the other. But the country has no appearance of fertility. After we left Prague the country was mostly hilly for several miles. It changes when we get to the station of Melnik, where it begins to show a pleasant prospect with many patches of cultivated land strewn about with scattered villages, hop plantations, forests, and ranges of mountains, bounding the horizon.

THE ELBE.

When the train reached the station of Ranadnitz we came in sight of the River Elbe along the bank of which the railway ran for about a mile. The river is not broad but is navigable for small boats. The country beyond is fertile and picturesque as I look at it from the corridor of the train. We next pass by the Elbe for a few miles and observe its interesting course. Small villages are situated on its bank. Steam launches ply over its water, the bed is regular; the cattle graze along its eastern bank which in many places runs close to the foot of hills conical in shape. At other places the river has a winding course. There is a mountain fastness, Skrekenstein, on a bold rock; just on the bank

and at the foot of it lies a village. At the town of Assaintz, an important place of trade, the bed of the Elbe widens. Numerous steam launches, boats, and ships, ply on the river. There is a nice pier and a small harbour. From the harbour the country looks particularly interesting.

When the train arrives at Bodanpoiba, the border line between Bohemia and Saxony, the Custom officers of the latter state enter the train and subject our luggage to an examination which is a regular farce. This place seems to be a very important river-port, the place of call of many ships. There are two fine bridges—one of them a suspension bridge. From here the mountain scenery on both sides is charming. The train runs past the river. The forest timber cut for trade lies in the water ready to be carried to other places. This continues for several miles. There are nice villas on the bank. A few miles further the Elbe district increases in interest. We pass many towns, and see sandstone mountains and picturesque views. We reach Dresden at 9.50 a.m., passing through fine environs.

DRESDEN.

Dresden is the capital of Saxony. On account of its natural beauty and artistic attractions it is called "Florence on the Elbe." It possesses rich treasures of German art. Dresden is situated in the Elbe Valley, and it presents a varied and pleasant view of mountains, river, wood and fields at once.

The River Elbe passes through the middle of the city. It is crossed by numerous bridges. Tramcars propelled by electricity as well as by horses run throughout the city. The houses in the town are after the fashion of the palatial buildings in the Elphinstone Circle and those in the neighbourhood of the High Court of Bombay. The shops are magnificent.

There are open squares as in other continental cities, and also parks, theatres, opera-houses, cafés, tents, for amusements, and statues of princes and other celebrated persons. The statue of Martin Luther in an attitude of declamation stands near the Protestant church, called the Lady's Church. There is a monument to the victims of a cholera epidemic which broke out here some hundred years ago. It is something like the *mayi mayi* of our villages, only it is not worshipped. There is

a statue in memory of Dr. Anna, a noted physician. The great garden here is like a big park. In it is held an exhibition of the products of native industry. There are theatres and tents for amusements. I had a drive throughout the park. I then took a long ride on an electric tramcar to the most fashionable suburbs. The electric tramway runs almost with the same speed as an express train. We crossed a gigantic iron bridge over the Elbe, and visited the suburb, which is situated on a sloping hill dotted with houses, some of which are palatial buildings. They are surrounded by thick green trees. The King's summer house is at a little distance on the same side. This hill is on one side of the Elbe, and the town, at least, the greater portion of it, is on the other. I returned from the suburb by a steamer which plies on the Elbe for the convenience of the people residing on the banks. The steamer glided slowly, affording me a clear and delightful view of the houses on the hills which I had seen from the tram. I have the satisfaction of having seen the three principal continental rivers, the Rhine, the Danube and the Elbe, fully appreciating the beauty of each. I saw the most fashionable suburb of Loschwitz. There is a pavilion on the Elbe, like that on the Apollo Bunder and the Yacht Club house and a terrace called Brühl Terrace, and a music hall called the Royal Belvedere near the landing place of steam-boats, where people meet for walks and recreation. The people resort to the lower tents to enjoy their smoke with coffee or beer, which are the universal drinks in this country. There is a square called the Zwinger, where important institutions such as the picture gallery, museums of arms, treasures, and porcelain collections are situated. This is by far the most important part of the city, having a busy appearance which justifies its title of being the capital of the Kingdom. It resembles the Louvre of Paris. Of course it is not so large, nor does it possess so many squares as the Paris Institution does.

The palace of the King is in the centre of the town, not far from the Zwinger. Close to it is the Royal Church. It must be noted that the Royal family of this place is Catholic, whereas the subjects are mostly Protestant. The Royal Church is very grand in appearance. The Lady's Church, which is Protestant, has got

a splendid dome, and its interior resembles that of a theatre. The organ in this church has got, according to my guide's information, 5,000 pipes. The other institutions, such as the Post Office, the Telegraph Office, the Palace of Justice, are palatial buildings. I made a special point of visiting the famous picture gallery, the green vault, or the treasure rooms, which contain ancient regalia and the like, the museum of armour and the porcelain collection. These are very good collections. I saw the picture gallery with a catalogue in hand, and marked in it the pictures which in my opinion were the best. They include the work of Raphael, Rubens, Holbein, and other ancient and modern artists of great fame. The arrangement of the pictures is excellent. It does not suffer from the fault which I noted in the case of the pictures at Paris or at Brussels. This gallery possesses some very valuable and famous pictures, such as the Madonna by Raphael (the Virgin with the child in clouds), and the Madonna by Hans Holbein.

GERMAN DISCIPLINE.

In Germany conscription is enforced, by which every able-bodied male, rich or poor, must serve in the army for two years and a half. He cannot avoid it. If he goes abroad he must put in the period on his return. My guide tells me he put in his period during the Franco-German war. There is compulsory education also in force. Every child, male or female, must attend a school from 6 to 14 years of age. He or she cannot avoid it. In Dresden there is a University, and a number of schools, including a School of Arts called the Art Academy, where painting is taught. This institution is just near the bank of the river. It is noticeable that no one is allowed to beg in the streets. If a man is found begging, the police seize him and keep him in custody. The State gives employment to those who have none. There are houses for that purpose. There are churches for the English, the Americans and others. Some American and Berlin gentlemen have built palaces for their residence in the Loschwitz hill. I met on the steamer several German women of the labouring class, strong and capable enough to lift up large loads, like some of the Goa Christian women. They carry loads on the back and not on the head.

The town of Derwent is a large one, situated on the banks of a

river. There is fine cultivation here, interspersed with views of forests, meadows, and fields growing vegetables.

CHAPTER XXX.

BERLIN.

The Thiergarten—The Exhibition—On the Spree—Museum—People's habits—
—German laws—The University—Houses of Parliament—The Policy of the
German Emperor.

Saturday, 15th August.—I reached Berlin last night. It is the capital of the German Empire. I passed through several streets of this city, and found that in point of extent and the number of palatial buildings, it is nearly equal to Paris, although the buildings may not be so grand nor the institutions so various. There is abundant life here, and the business places are all crowded. At night electric and other lights throw a splendour on the city. There are numerous parks, the largest and most fashionable among them being the Thiergarten. It extends over a very large area. The zoo is located in a splendid garden. The present exhibition is being held there. I visited the grounds this morning where I spent nearly three hours. I went there by an electric tram from the city. I saw numerous courts on the ground. The main building, in which a good many industries are represented, is very beautiful. The exhibition is confined to the industries of the German Empire, Colonies and Egypt. To the natives of this country the things exhibited were of great interest, but not so to a stranger. In fact, it was an exhibition of "Bazaar" wares. Here and there machines were working; cloth, carpets and tapestry were being manufactured and printing was being done. Two German girls, peculiarly dressed, were engaged at the tapestry work. All possible kinds of industry were shown at work. The city of Cairo—its wooden houses, streets and shops—was reproduced. The pyramids and the domes were finely done. But what particularly pleased me was the imitation of the Alpine scenery. The rocky mountains, the green scenery, the waterfalls, rivers, brooks, and rural people were all reproduced to perfection. I felt that in case I did not see the Alps, the view presented here would make up for the omission. Everything looked so life-like. The waterfall was arranged from the river Spree, a canal being brought from

it to the exhibition grounds. There is an artificial lake here on which the visitor may have delightful excursions at night.

There are steam-boats plying on the river Spree, which are used freely by the people visiting the exhibition grounds. The excursion gives a view of the environs. There are electric tram-cars continuously running round the grounds. To travel in the cars is in itself an amusement which many persons enjoy. Very few understand English here, and I found great difficulty in understanding the people. However, I met an Egyptian Mahomedan who kindly gave me some information. The grounds are so extensive and the arrangements are so contrived that they make the whole scene look like a maze. I visited the Thiergarten also. In one of the grand squares is the Berlin University building, which I visited. The keeper, a young man, who did not understand any English, conversed with me and explained everything. He spoke after the style of Dr. Kielhorn. The Senate hall is a large one, but not so long as our Hall in Bombay. It is, however, built in an ornate style. There is another hall which can hold two thousand people, and is used for public meetings. The common-room and other professorial chambers are neat. But the whole building taken together has no great pretensions to beauty. The statues of the two Humboldts, William and Alexander, are placed in front of the building. The King's palace is very near, so also that of the Queen, and the arsenals. The royal theatres and opera houses are also plain and decent. I visited the museums old and new. In the old museum I wanted to see a few pictures which I was strongly recommended to look at. In the first room I went to, I found a little boy engaged in taking a copy of a pretty picture. I was much pleased with the boy and patted him on the back and indicated by words and signs that he should make progress in the art. He was highly pleased. When I left the room, he said "Good-bye," which, I think, was the sum-total of his English. Soon after this he came running after me. My praise had had a wonderfully stimulating effect on him. I asked him where the following pictures were, and the boy was so familiar with them that he told me of their positions at once. He supplied his ignorance of one or two by asking the official on the spot. Thus, I saw in a quarter of an hour what it would have taken me two hours to find for myself.

The chief pictures were :—

1. Raphael's Madonna del Duco Terranuova.
2. Leda, by Correggio.
3. Merchant Giszze, by Holbein.
4. Rubens' Lazarus, and 3 others.

I thanked the boy and again recommended him to go on with his studies in painting and become a Raphael, a Rubens or a Holbein.

Among the numerous pictures I saw in the art gallery of the new museum were the portraits of the Emperor Frederick and Bismarck. Another picture was that of Luther and his master. Luther here looks a handsome boy of a markedly intelligent expression.

As I found the language difficulty great and saw little prospect of getting information about the people, or having a talk with them, I did not spend more time here. The only persons who know anything of English are a few of the porters or waiters attached to Hotels. The people in the streets, whether of the higher or lower classes, do not understand English.

This difficulty of communication and interchange of ideas naturally deprives the tourist of half of the poetry and charm of travelling. I did not suffer any physical discomfort or inconvenience on this account.

Some of the public buildings in Berlin are not kept in a fashionable style. For instance, the Foreign Office building, which is an extensive one and in which Bismarck lived for 22 years till 1875, has not been whitewashed for several years. My residence was just opposite, and I could notice this well. I have already said that the people's beverages are coffee and beer. All persons—men, women and children—use these drinks. Drunkenness is seldom seen. Women do not drink brandy, or whisky, as in the case of the lower classes in England. If a person is found drunk for the first time, he is sent to a lock-up, and if so found a second time, he is sent to jail. Sobriety is enforced as far as possible by the German laws.

The house of Parliament is a huge building.

The police in the country seem to be a smart set of men. They are generally soldiers with six or seven years' experience in the

army. The employees on railways, such as station-masters, guards and others, are often military men who have served as captains and majors in the army. The policy of the German Government is to render every man fit for a useful occupation.

After visiting several places in Germany, my impression is that the Germans are a contented people. They wish to live like a good harmonious family. There is no selfishness or exclusiveness such as an Englishman would show even in disregard of family ties. They live together in the manner of a joint family. They have no greed for conquest.

Sunday, 16th August.—I left Berlin last night by a train which had a sleeping car attached to it. I had originally thought of visiting Hanover, a beautiful German city of historical importance; but I gave up the idea and am proceeding to Amsterdam. It was necessary for me to change trains at Lohen, but I lost the opportunity of doing so, as I did not understand the German attendant who came and warned me of it. But before the train proceeded, I thought of this matter, and was trying to get down; but I lost my way, as I did not know from what passage in the corridor I was to pass out. The attendant would have shown me the way out, but he had gone to another part of the train. However, the guard put me down at the next station.

My fellow-passengers, who could not speak English, showed some sympathy for me, and one of them who understood a few words of English put down my case on paper that the guard and the station-masters might direct my way to my destination, *i. e.*, Amsterdam. I was much confused, as I did not at first know where the guard of the express train would take me. I feared he would take me in a circle to Cologne. In that case I would have to bear heavy charges and lose considerable time. Cook has not got agents at all the places at which I wanted to halt. Thanks, however, to the railway officials, they showed me every consideration, and in the end I was put on the right track. During this adventure I met a German who spoke English well and fully sympathised with me. He has travelled over the world. We travelled to Bunden, where we had to wait for another train for nearly two hours and a half. This companion was of great use to me. He took me into the city, which contains over twenty depôts

for German cigars which are manufactured in the villages round. This gentleman told me that in Germany the Emperor's policy is to create many middle-class merchants instead of a few rich merchants. His views would then resemble those of Vishnu Bawa Brahmachari in respect of the distribution of wealth. This gentleman also told me that many American Missionaries preached in the church of this place, and the people congregated to hear them. He told me that Indian silk is a source of great profit in this country ; and also at places like Malta. The people make one hundred per cent. The French silk cannot equal the Indian silk. I am now passing through the rich tract of northern Germany and arrive at the station called Osnabruck. From here the country up to Reine is partly plain and partly covered with forests. At Reine we had again to change trains. The station-master was particularly kind. He received me well and took me to the compartment, and put my luggage in with his own hands. He also directed the guard to see that I did not lose my way, and was deposited at Amsterdam properly. The railway service is satisfactory. When we get to Benthleun station, the country of Holland begins. Forests border the lines. Soon after, two gentlemen came into my carriage. They spoke to me partly in German and partly in English. We understood each other though with some difficulty, and spoke on topics of the journey. They speak English thus : one of them taking out a cigar and offering it to me said : " You permit it ? " The other asked me, " Do you know Lords Henrick company of Bombay."

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN HOLLAND.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Amsterdam—Piles of Timber—Vindels Park—Dutch Courtesy—Rembrandt Museum—Royal Palace—The Queen—Diamond Factory—The Hague—The Picture Gallery—The School of Anatomy.

At the station named, Oldenzaal, a Dutch customs officer entered my compartment, and in his language asked whether I had

any dutiable article. On my replying in the negative he went out. The inspection was a regular farce. The Dutch time is much behind the German time. My watch has to be put backward and forward as I travel. A Dutch couple, husband and wife, came into my compartment. They knew a little English. Both showed great courtesy to me, and at the time of leaving they bade me good-bye and made a bow. Similarly three young Dutchmen at the time of leaving the compartment took off their hats.

I had a Dutch family in my compartment—husband, wife and five children. They appeared to me extremely simple people. The lady asked me in half Dutch, and half English, how I was travelling through distant parts without fear or anxiety. She wondered at my pluck. She said it was a great bother to have many children. Five of her little ones were there with her. At every place of importance we passed by, she and her husband would explain to me the objects of interest. Close to Amsterdam, there are large meadows, and cattle graze on them in large numbers.

AMSTERDAM.

Monday, 17th August.—I am in Amsterdam, the commercial capital of Holland. It is called the Northern Venice, from the fact that canals pass through different parts of the town. Amsterdam is built upon sandy and muddy ground. Piles of timber are fixed in the mud, and upon them the houses are built up. Such houses last for a hundred years or so. When the timber gets rotten, there is danger of the building sinking. The Government inspection is therefore very strict. There are 300 bridges in the town to cross the canals from one street to another. Amsterdam is divided into the old and the new city. In consequence of the canals several parts become converted into islands. The streets are lined with trees, particularly elm trees. On the banks of the canals, too, there are trees growing. Small boats pass along the canals under the bridges carrying the minor traffic of the city. The buildings are respectable looking, although not ornamental, except in the new part of the city. There are quays for the landing of traffic. This city is quite different in its character and appearance from other cities on the continent. It is really a pleasure to walk or drive

along the streets through which the numerous canals flow in a wandering course. The old city is in the form of a semi-circle, its diameter being the river Y. I was very glad to drive through the city with an English-speaking guide. I passed also through the principal park, the Vindel Park, named after a great national poet, who died in poverty, as has often been the case with learned men, for instance, the Scotch poet Burns, and many of our Indian poets.

Rembrandt was the most famous artist of Holland. His statue is placed in a prominent part of the city. In the grand museum many of his paintings are exhibited. The Amsterdam museum is one of the best museums on the continent. The principal painting of Rembrandt in this museum is the "Night-watch," in which light and shade are shown in a clever manner. I did not spend much time here, as the rooms were numerous, and I had little time at my disposal. I, however, visited the Royal palace. The Dutch are proud of this palace. They call it one of the nine wonders of the world. The Palace is a magnificent specimen of architecture. Several rooms contain a great deal of marble. It was originally built for a town hall, but subsequently it was turned into a palace. The Queen of Holland generally lives at the Hague, which is the Royal capital of Holland. She visits Amsterdam, as the guide informed me, for only six days in the year, when she resides in this palace. All the apartments of this building are richly adorned with sculptures in white marble. Some of these figures are emblematical, representing such qualities as Discretion, Fidelity, Disgrace, Punishment, Wisdom (the judgment of Solomon), Mercy and so forth. There are also some excellent pictures. The dining room is ornamented with marble statues of Mars, Venus and the like. At one of the entrances, there is a painting, the figures on which, when seen from a distance, look like so many statues. I myself felt this illusion, and was only undeceived when I approached and put my hand upon them. There is a magnificent reception room. Its height is 100 feet, its area 117 by 57 feet. The walls are of Italian marble. There are flags representing the possessions of the Dutch. Among these are to be found the flags belonging to the Dutch East India Company. The Dutch played an

important part in Indian History in the early days. They were then the most important naval power. Their museums and places of note are full of relics and memorials of their naval reputation.

I visited the factory where diamonds are cut and polished. There are 500 employees working every day in this establishment. Some of the work is done with the aid of steam engines. I saw diamond cut diamond, but for this I had to allow a shilling to be cut from my pocket.

I also visited a private picture gallery. My guide took me to a good many places, such as the Jewish street, in which there is a synagogue. He showed me an interesting bazar where native products are sold on Monday every week. The gathering was a very interesting one. There are places of public amusement and entertainment such as cafés, concert-halls, theatres &c., in the city. The population is 500,000. The shops are busy and extensive, this being the first commercial city of Holland.

I passed from Amsterdam to the Hague which is only 1½ hours' journey by rail. The country we passed through has canals, towns, parks, just as in Amsterdam. One of the principal towns we passed by is Leyden, which has the most famous University in Holland. The town looks picturesque. I had no time to wait to see it.

In the train I met many Dutch people. They are generally tall but slender in appearance. I don't think they are handsome as a rule.

THE HAGUE.

I reached the Hague in due time, and from the station I rode in a tram-car with two Scotch gentlemen to the picture gallery. It is a famous gallery, and Mr. Justice and Mrs. Jardine had mentioned to me this institution as worth visiting. The Dutch artist Rembrandt's pictures are exhibited here in great profusion. Two of them are really masterpieces. The painting called the School of Anatomy was executed for the Amsterdam Guild of Surgeons in 1632. It depicts a surgical operation performed by a surgeon of great note with the aid of his assistant. The master explains the anatomy of the arm to his students. When I saw this picture I was reminded of the dissecting room in the

Grant Medical College. Another famous picture is the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. I may note that a great many pictures of eminent artists, whether in the museums of Great Britain and Ireland or of the continent, represent Biblical and historical scenes. Consequently a man who is familiar with the Bible and the history of Europe can alone well enjoy these pictures. My Scotch companions, who were excellent gentlemen, took me round all the rooms and explained to me a good many things, particularly as regards Biblical subjects.

From the picture-gallery, I passed through the city in different directions. The streets are broad and clean. There are large open squares at different places. The buildings are larger here than at Amsterdam. The Royal palace looks grand. There are numerous parks in the city and also monuments of princes eminent soldiers, statesmen and learned men of the country. The monument of William the Silent, who fought for the independence of Holland, is placed very near the picture gallery. The large pond called the Yver is close to this gallery.

There are very beautiful boulevards or avenues of trees in this city. Being the real capital of Holland, it has a splendid appearance. Armed sentries and military watchmen in coloured costumes are posted at various stations. Numerous people drive and walk through the parks, which are to be found both in the city and the suburbs. As I was strolling in the central park, I met a German gentleman who is the Professor of English Literature at the University of Gröningen. His name is Mr. K. D. Buhrling, M.D., Ph. D. I had a long talk with him on different subjects. Later on, I met a gentleman from Canada, and while I was in his company I met the youngest brother of Mr. Crawly-Boevey, formerly Chief Presidency Magistrate in Bombay. This gentleman appears to possess some property and knows how to enjoy it. He told me his brother, Mr. Crawly Boevey, who now lives in London, is always engaged in writing. On the Canadian gentleman asking him how many brothers he had, Mr. Boevey said he had seven brothers and two sisters. The Canadian said, in Canada some people had twenty-one children, and added that the priests in that country encourage the idea that the possession of a numerous progeny is a blessing, because they get a fee for children over 12 years ! Mr.

Boevey has travelled over different parts of the world. One of his brothers was partner in the firm of Mr. Crawford, the solicitor.

I left the Hague at night by train, and came to the Hook of Holland which is an excellent harbour. I sailed by a steamer belonging to the Great Eastern Co. The cabins were excellent. I had a seven hours' voyage. I slept well, until the morning, when our steamer touched the harbour of Harwich on the English coast. From this place the train passed through a country which was rather flat and uninteresting, and at 8 a.m. I arrived in London on the 18th August.

CHAPTER XXXII

IN AND ABOUT LONDON.

Mr. Grote—Sir G. Birdwood—The Chakrawarti Lingam—Virginia Waters—Royal Holloway College—Sir R. West—The Geisha.—Crown lands—Queen's Hall—Madame Duma—Brompton Oratory—Indian Doctors—Bromley—Kent—Gavelkind—Distinguished Residents.

MR. GROTE.

Tuesday, 18th August.—When I visited the University College rooms at Burlington House, I saw in one of the rooms a portrait of Mr. Grote, the historian. The keeper of the house told me a queer anecdote regarding Mr. Grote. For 16 years he drove to and from the college in his carriage and did not walk in any part of the city. His walking exercise was confined to going up and down the stairs several times to make up for the want of exercise in the open air. This reminded me of Dr. Carter, who, while in Bombay, always shut the windows of his carriage when he passed through the city on hygienic considerations. He feared he would catch malaria in the street.

Wednesday, 19th August.—Besides visiting a few friends and going out for a walk, I did nothing.

THE CHAKRAWARTI LINGAM.

Thursday 20th August.—I had a long conversation with Sir George Birdwood. There is a large well-dressed and well cut Shivalingam in his office, which came from Calcutta after passing through Philadelphia and Paris, and Sir George desires it to be consecrated somewhere on the Ghataprabha river in the

Belgaum District, the place of his birth. I have promised to help him in his object. The Lingam will be called in India the Chakrawarti Lingam on account of its having gone round the world.

Friday, 21st August.—I passed an agreeable evening with Sir George, who gave me an account of the circumstances under which he retired early from India. He assisted the cause of the Ilbert Bill by bringing about an interview between the Conservatives and the Liberals. His article on the Mahratta Plough, published in R. A. S. Journal, 1888, perhaps gives what his idea is about India and the Marathas. He is a conservative in politics. He is for slow reform. He will assist Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji to get into Parliament, although he is a close friend of conservative members. He is a liberal minded gentleman and has the interests of India at heart.

THE VIRGINIA WATERS.

Saturday, 22nd August.—Mr. Rajwade called on me at 10-30 a.m. I visited in his company the Virginia Waters. This is an excellent suburban place, having exuberant and picturesque vegetation. The lake and the waterfall from it are indeed magnificent. The garden scenery round about looks like the scenery in the north of India, at Benares and other places. Rajwade thought it was a great treat for him. Although he had visited London several times during the last twelve years, he had not known of this picturesque place.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

In the neighbourhood of this place is the village of Egham, where there is a splendid college for ladies, founded by Mr. Holloway. It is called the Royal Holloway College. It was built out of the fortune acquired by Mr. Holloway by the sale of his famous patent medicines. £80,000 was the cost. It is a splendid edifice. It has spacious squares and open grounds for lawn-tennis and other amusements, extensive gardens, an excellent chapel, a dining hall, a picture gallery and lecture rooms. There is provision for the residence of teachers. At present there are 97 lady students, 6 professors, and 10 lady-teachers. This College trains ladies in Arts, Science, and for the University Degrees of London, Oxford and Cambridge. It is, in fact, an institution for the higher education of women such as our friend the Hon'ble Mr.

Justice Ranade and others would have for our women in India. The College curriculum is not limited to University studies alone. It also supplies the requirements of students who do not wish for degrees but require some special education. Music, drawing and painting are also taught ; so are nursing, hygiene, cookery, dress-making, wood-carving and the like. The College year consists of three terms of eleven weeks each from October to July. The usual course of studies occupies three years, and the candidates for admission must be over 17 years. They must produce certificates of good character and good health. The management is in the hands of the principal and the governess of the College. The yearly fee is £90. This covers all expenses of living and instruction, except music and painting, for which special fees are charged. The College was opened in 1887. Since that time it has had 222 students. Scholarships are offered yearly. Many of the students have already got degrees. The College is situated on elevated ground and commands a charming prospect. The grounds cover 96 acres. Windsor and Cooper's Hill College are not far away from this institution. The situation is so chosen as to afford a quiet but beautiful and healthy site close to a University town. The building is of red brick, and is ornamental. It has a clock-tower. The statues of the founder and his wife are placed in the centre of one of the squares.

Mr. Rajwade and myself enjoyed the rural scenery on our way to and from this place.

Sunday, 23rd August.—I attended the morning service in the Holborn City Temple. There was excellent psalm-singing, to the accompaniment of the organ, during the service. The temple is a large hall, well ornamented. I expected to hear the preaching of a celebrated preacher, the Rev. Dr. Parker, but I was sorry not to find him there to-day. I heard the Rev. Thomas. I was pleased with the service.

SIR RAYMOND WEST.

The whole of the afternoon I passed with Sir Raymond West, who showed me the greatest and most affectionate sympathy. We passed four hours together very agreeably. He saw me to the station in the evening. We had a free talk on all subjects. While I was with Sir Raymond, Mr. Ballie, a retired Bengal

civilian and a contemporary of Mr. Justice Lloyd's came to visit Sir Raymond, and I was introduced to him. We had a talk on many subjects. Mr. Lloyd is still living, although he is now in declining health. Mr. Justice Kemball is in Norfolk, enjoying riding and shooting. The longevity of Englishmen is due to their regular mode of living. Sir Raymond told me that at Cambridge ladies and gentlemen hear the lectures in one and the same lecture-room, but the ladies "instinctively" sit apart from the men. He also told me by the law of Cambridge University no young woman could speak to a University student on the road. Hence the ladies while walking along the road look just in front of them and avoid looking at the students. If a young lady is found talking to a student, she is arrested and kept in a chowky. Smoking is prohibited within the lecture-rooms.

Sir Raymond has prepared a catechism of the Contract and Procedure Acts for the use of his Indian Civil Service students at Cambridge. He takes great interest in the young men.

The death of Sir John Millais, the celebrated painter and president of the Royal Academy, has evoked the sympathy of many people in this country. The deceased received a grand funeral tribute. As an artist he has been compared to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Lord Leighton, the former president of the Academy, who also died during the year, was a famous English artist.

The Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, who is in England, is the subject of the people's talk. The papers give long accounts of his visits to the Queen, Mr. Gladstone and other persons, and the illustrated papers give his photos. He does not know English. A relative who is with him acts as his interpreter. He visited the statue of Gordon and placed a wreath upon it and made obeisance to it.

Monday, 24th August.—I was extremely sorry to read in today's *Times* that Mr. Pinhey died on the 21st instant at his house, in Eastbourne. The cause of his death is not known. Yesterday Sir Raymond West and myself talked about him having been in very good health. His mother, 90 years old, is still living. When I was at Eastbourne, Mr. Pinhey expressed his desire to spend three or four days with me in London on my return from Ireland.

On behalf of myself and the native friends of Mr. Pinhey, I communicated my sympathy to Mrs. Pinhey through Sir Raymond West, and I received a reply from her, thanking me for the same.

"THE GEISHA."

Mr. S. Digby passed the evening with me. We went to Daly's Theatre where there was a comic opera called the "Geisha," the scene of which lies in a Japanese port, and a tea house. The characters of the English sailor and the Japanese shopkeeper and official were well rendered. The acting and the singing were excellent. The theatre was built by an American gentleman at his own cost. As I have already noted, the profession of actors and actresses is increasing in repute day by day, for English society cannot exist without these evening entertainments. Men and women are equally fond of them.

Tuesday, 25th August.—I called on Mr. Dadabhoi Nowroji. We had a long talk on many subjects, including the poverty of India. The Grand Old Man of India is very earnest.

In the evening I met Messrs. Howard & Rich, and Mr. T. L. Wilson, solicitor. We went to the Criterion Theatre to see a comedy, called the "Blind Marriage," of which the scene was laid in a Monte Carlo tea-room.

Thursday, 27th August.—I passed the evening at Ditton with Mr. Howard. We had a pleasant drive through the villages and enjoyed the rural scenery, which was quiet and picturesque. We passed through many Crown lands belonging to the Queen. The Duchess of Albany possesses an excellent and extensive park, and a palatial building for her use—a gift from the Queen. Her Majesty has leased several lands on moderate terms. There are numerous woods and meadows bright with flowers. They are purple and look very beautiful. Many people who have business in Town during the day live here to enjoy the quiet nights. Several judges of the High Court reside in their country houses here and go to town daily. The whole country is full of vegetation and is refreshingly cool.

Friday, 28th August.—I wrote my mail letters and went to Nunhead to see Dr. Bhabha. I met there two Punjabi gentlemen, Dr. Chandulal and Mr. Mehta (who attend the Middle Temple).

THE QUEEN'S HALL.

Saturday, 29th August.—I spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Digby. We went to the Queen's Hall in Regent Street. Mr. Digby mentioned to me that the best concerts are held at this place. There was excellent violin music. Madame Duma sang several pieces to the great delight of the audience. There were other popular singers too. The house was full. In the inner room of the hall there was an exhibition of animated photographs.

BROMPTON ORATORY.

Sunday, 30th August.—In the morning I attended the High Mass at the Brompton Oratory. It was a splendid service, something after the fashion of the service at our temples, where our priests recite hymns. There was an abundance of lamps and incense before the Cross and the image of Mary. The church is very beautiful.

INDIAN DOCTORS.

In the afternoon I visited Nunhead, where I met Dr. Bhattacharya, a medical practitioner in this country. He is an L. R. C. P. He appears to be a very careful man—frugal in his habits and thoughtful in his manners. He is a Christian, but he loves India and is thoroughly patriotic. His experience tells him that the people here would not hesitate to deceive you if you are not careful. He once paid a railway porter 3s. for taking his portmanteau from the platform to the carriage, which the porter, being only human, accepted, though he was not entitled to anything. Dr. Bhattacharya is a teetotaller. He is at present employed as a Factory Doctor, for which he gets £8 a month besides free lodging, board and servant's allowance. He makes about £2 in addition by fees, so he is comfortably off. Another Indian medical gentleman makes £7 clear of all expenses. This shows that our young men, if well-conducted and regular in their habits, may flourish in this country. Both Dr. Chandulal (who intends to try for the I.M.S.), and this gentleman intend returning to India.

KENT.

Monday, 31st August.—I got my tour in Switzerland and Italy settled by Messrs. Cook & Son. I saw Sir G. Birdwood and called at Messrs. Bower & Co. In the evening I went with Mr. Rich to his

suburban residence, at Bromley, and thus had the opportunity of a very pleasant drive of about ten miles in the county of Kent. I enjoyed the hilly scenery. The county is very rich, full of oak—the lord of the woods, silver birch—the lady of the woods, chestnut, walnut and other kinds of trees, rich hop cultivation, orchards, &c. Mr. Rich told me that the produce of hops in the county of Kent alone was equal to that of the rest of England. There are factories in this district. The paper factory belonging to Mr. John supplies paper for the Bank of England notes. The place possesses also many rich brewers. One gentleman in particular, namely Sir Samuel Scott, is very wealthy. His estate and house are very large. I saw the house and premises which were occupied by Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, and in which the former died. I saw too the obelisk erected in memory of the Prince Imperial, who died in the Zulu war. The house is called Camden House. The houses in several of the villages and towns are well-built and large.

I passed a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Rich. Mr. Howard was also with us. It is a real pleasure to have a quiet and long conversation with high-class Englishmen and English ladies. Mrs. and Miss Rich showed the greatest civility to me. Messrs. Howard and Rich and myself are now on terms of familiarity. Miss Rich takes an interest in art. She knows French. Mr. Howard related to us that the Japanese eat from plates but squat on the ground. He himself had to sit in that fashion at a Japanese house but he was given a cushion to sit upon. He was served with rice and tea-water.

I described to the assembly how Hindoos eat their dinner. While we were talking about the civilities of different nations, Mr. Howard observed that the Englishman is not profuse in talk, but he means what he says, while continental people, although more courteous in expression, do not mean exactly what they say. Mr. Rich, by way of illustration, mentioned that if you went to the house of a Spanish gentleman and happened to praise, say, a picture, the owner would say, "It is yours; you can take it." But if you send for it the next day, you are sure to meet with a refusal. This is somewhat in the way of our own extravagant politeness.

Bromley is a large town. It has a free library, a school of science, and a good church. In the neighbourhood are the villages of Chiselhurst, St. Paul's Cray, St. Mary's Cray, and Foot's Cray. Bromley, where Mr. Rich resides, has a population of 20,000. In the church there is the tomb of Dr. Johnson's wife 'Tetty.' Very close to this town is Hayes Place—which is known as the place where Lord Chatham died, and where William Pitt was born. It was at this place, as the guide tells me, that Benjamin Franklin visited Lord Chatham in 1775, before the latter made his speech on the American question.

The custom of Gavelkind, the chief feature of which is the equal division of the father's land among all the sons, prevails in this county. William the Conqueror, after landing at Hastings, passed through Kent towards Dover, and it is said that on that occasion, when opposed by the people of Kent, he promised them their old rights.

The people of Kent are looked upon as brave and hardy, and have shown their valour on many occasions. In 1803, when Napoleon was collecting his army of 100,000 men at Boulogne for the invasion of England, the yeomanry of Kent made preparations to face the enemy. Wordsworth addresses the following stirring lines to the men of Kent :—

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
 Ye children of a soil that doth advance
 Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
 Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
 To France, be words of invitation sent !
 They from their fields can see the countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
 Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before ;—
 No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath,
 We all are with you now from shore to shore ;—
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

Tuesday, 1st September.—I left for Paris at 11 a.m. My friends Messrs. Sampatrao Gaikwad Khasgiwale, and J. R. Kadarbhoy, as well as Ramrao, came to the Victoria station to see me off. On the platform I met Sir L. H. Bayley, to whom I expressed my satisfaction that I met him before leaving London. I did not know his address, otherwise I should have

called on him. He received me very cordially, and inquired about India. He does not appear very strong. Old age is telling upon him. I had not much time to converse with him as the train was to leave immediately. However, he came up to my compartment, and talked to me for a few minutes.

The country we passed through between London and Dover is rich. It forms part of the county of Kent. As I have already remarked, the hop cultivation in these parts is rich and abundant. Dover has a good harbour. When starting from London I feared the weather would be wet and the sea rough. But I am glad to say the voyage, which is generally rough, was very pleasant to me. I did not get sick at all. We reached Calais in one hour and a half. This is a big harbour. The railway is close at hand. From this place until we come to Amiens, the country is flat and uninteresting. But a few miles before Amiens, the view on either side of the line is diversified by rivers and hills. We reached Paris at 7 p.m.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PARIS REVISITED.

Professor Darmesteter—The Louvre—Fontainebleau Palace and Forest—Monroe Doctrine—Agreeable Travelling Companions—Departure for Switzerland.

Wednesday, 2nd September.—I am again in this city of Art and Gaiety. The weather was wet last night, and it is somewhat wet this morning. Mr. Malabari, Miss Menant, and I went to Maison to visit the tomb of the late Professor James Darmesteter, the well-known French Oriental scholar, who died two years ago. He was a friend of Mr. Malabari. The cemetery in which his body is buried is a nice one. The graves are plain, and seldom covered with monumental stones, but there are fine flowering trees growing on them, and the graves are inclosed with iron or wooden railings. Miss Menant thought before our starting for the cemetery that I should be made melancholy by the visit. I assured her that I had a sufficiently philosophic mind to bear a visit to a cemetery, and I translated to her the song on Death by Kabir: "Wonderful is the stroke of Yama (the God of Death). What do you know, O child?" &c.

Miss Menant's views about religion are free. She hates con-

version to Christianity. She does not approve of Ramabai's action. She, like myself, is for the continuance of domestic peace. Mr. Malabari thinks that the Protestants are not so wise in their methods of conversion as the Catholics. How far this is correct I cannot say.

I visited the Louvre again—a splendid place, where I would always like to spend a few hours. The visit is instructive and delightful. Miss Menant pointed out to us a lady, who according to French ideas would be called beautiful, with an oval face, black eyes, and dark hair, and not stout in person.

In the afternoon I wandered about in different directions on foot and in a carriage, enjoying the sights.

In this city the Diwali (illuminations) is continuous all the year round. Every street you pass through is illuminated, and cafés and restaurants are ever full and busy.

Thursday, 3rd September.—I passed the day in paying a visit to the Fontainebleau palace and forest.

The railway journey to this suburban residence of the former emperors was very pleasant. It afforded me a picturesque view of the whole country, rich in luxuriant vegetation. It looked like a garden, with vegetables, fruit trees, hops, and orchards all round. We had to cross the Seine, along the winding course of which numerous boats were plying. Hills mantled with green were to be seen on all sides. The intermediate stations were also pleasant suburban retreats. When we got to

FONTAINEBLEAU

station, buses were ready to take us to the town. The drivers cried out, "A Chateau ; à Palais —This is the way to the castle, this is the way to the palace."

I drove in one of these vehicles. After refreshing myself I paid a visit to the Palace first. When I went there, I was alone, and the keeper said something in French which I did not quite understand. But I gathered that a single visitor could not be allowed to go in. A group was required. I thought I might lose time, if I waited for a group of 10 or 20, as is the practice. The group is conducted to the state apartments by one of the keepers who gives an explanation of things there. To save time I took out a franc from my purse and held it out. The porter, who is a

little strict about the rule, was induced to relax it. What man is averse to gold? What cat is averse to fish? The porter simply wanted an opportunity to observe the rule in the letter, but not in the spirit. Within 3 minutes another man arrived, and we two made a group. The porter opened the gate at once, and as he was explaining in sweet French accents several things in the Royal Trinity chapel, other people came in, and the group increased to its normal proportions. The porter was now in high spirits, but all the while he treated me with distinction, possibly for my franc or for my nationality. He addressed his explanatory remarks to me, thinking I grasped everything. He was good enough to say so in his lecture. Fortunately for me there were five American young ladies. Two of them, who looked very intelligent, were living in Paris to study French and they knew the language well. These young ladies were very pleasant in manners. They were respectable people from California, and the Southern Spanish dominions in America. They interpreted to me everything the porter said, and I was thus able to profit by my visit. I passed through all the apartments. These were richly decorated with carvings, paintings, tapestry work, China work, &c. The visit reminded me of the beautiful things I had seen in the Emperor's palace at Delhi. There were excellent baths and bed rooms, reception halls, ball-rooms, libraries. Among the objects I noted was the autograph declaration of Napoleon Bonaparte to this effect: "I resign the Government for the good of the people. I know I am the only obstacle to the wishes of the people."

I inspected the splendid rooms which were used by Pope Leo VII. when he was imprisoned for two years. I saw the glass which was first introduced into France in the 15th century. I saw also the table in which there is a deep cut of the knife which Napoleon threw down when he heard of his defeat. There are excellent porcelain plates with views of different castles and sights in France fixed in the polished panels of wooden cupboards or walls in one of the galleries. In the library Napoleon's resignation is placed in a case. In the chapel there are seats on the gallery for the use of the Royal family. The President now uses them. I am told that the President now enjoys this retreat at Fontainebleau. There is a pond in front of the palace. In it there are fish 150 years

old. I am unable to verify the fact. The fish come up when bits of bread are thrown into the water. They are pretty big. The five American ladies had hired a carriage for themselves. I engaged a victoria for myself, and we had a pleasant drive for four hours through the extensive but well preserved forest of Fontainebleau. The walks are numerous. The trees are grand. One oak tree is 1,400 years old. A person who is not accustomed to these forests would be lost, for the roads are many and alike. I am informed that one generous man gave all his fortune to fix coloured arrows on rocks and trees, pointing out the direction of the town and the woods. I saw some of these arrows. There are some rocks which have different shapes—the ox-tongue, lion's head &c. There is a rock which is called "moving rock." It appears to stand on a needle point, as it were. If a man standing near touches the moving rock, it appears to shake. It is a huge rock, and it is surprising how it keeps its balance. I remember that there is a phenomenon of a similar kind at the temple of Mátá at Mount Abu not far away from Dehalwada temple. I may also mention the needle-point at Mahableshtar.

There is a rock here on which there is an inscription in French in bold letters written in honour of the generous man who has provided the arrows on the rocks and trees. One of my fair young fellow-travellers read it out in sweet French accents, and interpreted it to me so clearly that I was charmed both with the language and the intelligence of the girl. These students are studying French in Paris without any male relations to look after them. How careful and self-reliant these Americans are! I have been highly impressed with their spirit of enterprise. For during these four months and a half I have seen a number of American ladies touring about without any male companion and enjoying the tour very pleasantly. I have had frequent talks with them.

The drive through the forests was indeed very interesting. It reminded me of Mahableshtar forest, with this difference, that the ascents and descents at Mahableshtar are many, whereas the drive here is on fairly level ground. Again, there are *points of view* from which you get a picturesque prospect of the surrounding country which consists of eminences as well as plains. The hills which you

see from Mahableshwar eminences consist chiefly of rocks and deep valleys. Here the hills are covered with woods, and the plains are green with vegetation. Some of the points afford an excellent view of the town below. I reached the station in time for the Paris train. At the station restaurant I gave a small tea-party to my female companions, who were my interpreters. They were much pleased, and two of them, who were, like myself, fond of tours and seeing countries, expressed their desire to visit Bombay and India sooner or later. We returned to Paris at 8 p.m.

I forgot to note with reference to Fontainebleau that from the appearance of the rocks and soil, it appears to have been under the sea some ages ago, and that a volcanic eruption had brought about the present change.

Friday, 4th September.—This morning I met an American, a medical man from Chicago. In conversation, I gathered from him that the Americans think well of the people of India. English people, he thinks, are a little grasping. He referred to the recent differences between the President of the United States and the Queen's Government. The English, apparently, wish to acquire Venezuela, but the Americans insist on the Monroe Doctrine that no European power has a right to put its foot on any part of American soil. In other words, the United States alone have a right to the unoccupied lands in America. Hence the message to the Queen by the President. If any European power, in disregard of the Monroe Doctrine, laid its hand on any American province, the United States would go to war with it. The Doctor thinks the message was imprudent and couched in unnecessarily harsh language. But he referred to the incident as showing a desire on the part of England to grasp what did not belong to her. However, he agreed with me that England was one of the best ruled and most civilised countries.

After breakfast, I started for Genève in an express car.

I am now passing through a tract which has various aspects. Part of it is very rich, well wooded, with rivers passing through it, and part is rather dry and hilly.

I find some of the hills have got terraced fields, and the country upon the whole is charming. The beauty of the region is increased by the river taking a winding course through it.

In my compartment in this train, there are only two persons, a Frenchman and his wife. They appear to be sympathetic. They try to make themselves understood by signs. Since the accident which I had while going to Amsterdam from Germany—I mean that of being carried to a wrong station—I have been very particular, when I travel by an express. Whenever my fellow-passengers make the slightest movement, I inquire “Change of train?” They reply in French, “non.”

The French lady and her husband are holding conversation with me, and we are understanding each other capitally. We use the primitive method of communicating our thoughts. We move our hands, make signs, laugh, try to explain by uttering prominent words, the names of places, numbers shown by fingers, &c. &c. We appreciate the fun arising out of this method of communication.

Later on these French companions of mine showed me a cover and a stamp, and the lady uttered the word “collection.” I understood that they were collecting stamps and wished to inquire whether I had any. I searched my pocket and found three envelopes with cancelled stamps. I gave them to my companions and the French lady heartily thanked me for the same. I asked them to give me their address that I might send them more stamps. They also understood my meaning and the husband gave me his card.

Now it is 2 p.m. I am passing through a picturesque valley and have before me some fortresses standing on prominent rocks. There are a few villages nestling among the trees. Cattle graze here and there, having little boys to watch them. Some of the hills are dotted with villas, others are terraced with different kinds of plantations. Now I see around me ranges of mountains of considerable height. These ranges are very pretty. One of the hills has a conical shape, and on the top of it is a church with a lofty spire.

After we got to the station of Dijon we passed through extensive hop cultivations extending over several miles. Villages are spread all over this vine district. This is indeed a rich country.

I pass through a fascinating region as the train traverses towards Macon. It is full of vineyards. Macon is the junction

for Lyons. This place seems to be very important from the fact that there are large houses with extensive gardens here. The avenues of trees are grotesquely arranged, and the broad river is flanked with trees which are tall and look like the posts sometimes erected on the Esplanade, or at the Apollo Bunder, on festive occasions. The train stopped at Bourg, and further on the scenery of the mountains, plains and rivers is superb. Here the French people left me, shaking hands at parting. The lady was very demonstrative in her civilities. The place is possessed of great natural charms and is at the entrance of valleys through which our train traversed towards Geneva. The scenery is magnificent. On both sides are gigantic mountains with exuberant herbage. Most of the mountainous parts were covered with vines. In some places the trees were dense. In fact, the district which we are just crossing is full of wild scenery. It is something like the scenery on the frontiers of Belgium and Germany which I have already noted, and the vine cultivation in the Rhine district. We commenced this journey through the valleys at 6 p.m. and continued it for nearly an hour. After 7 it was rather dark, and I could not see the country clearly, although I saw the top line of the mountains. We reached Geneva at 8-30 p.m.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN SWITZERLAND.

Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty.

Wordsworth.

Geneva—Lake Lemman—Voltaire—Rousseau—Byron—Exhibition—University—
 Waterworks—The Alps—Mont Blanc—Chamounix—Rhone Valley—Martigny
 —Chillon—Berne—Thune—Interlaken—Brientz—Lucerne—William Tell—St.
 Gothard.

GENEVA.

THE hour at which I arrived at Geneva was rather too early for going to bed, so out of curiosity I had a stroll on the promenades about the lake Geneva, or lake Lemman, and visited the concert hall, which is a fine building. There were amusements of sorts—dancing, singing, music and acrobatic feats. Everything was lively and bright. A large crowd of visitors had assembled. Next to the concert hall was a spacious room illuminated

by electric lights, in which there were tables laid out for gambling. The middle circular table was used for the running of wooden horses which determined the fate of the gamblers. There were four square tables—two on each side of the round table in which there were numbered places where the gamblers threw their money and the chance depended on these numbers. I saw men and women of all ages intently and anxiously staking their money and waiting for the result. It is an awful institution. An Awatar of Calvin is required to root out these evil and ruinous habits. Some say that these vices and low amusements are the products of the civilisation and wealth of the nineteenth century. I pity these people who are afflicted with the gambling mania.

The lake is surrounded by palatial buildings lit up magnificently at night. The water is clear and fresh. The residence I have taken overlooks the lake and the hills, and the view is very charming.

Lake Lemane woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.
Byron.

I met here an American gentleman, Mr. William P. Northrup, of Buffalo, New York. He is a printer and publisher, and a very pleasant man to talk to.

CALVIN.

Saturday, 5th September.—Geneva is a very ancient city known for its science and arts, and particularly for the religious "Reformation" in which Calvin took the most prominent part. In fact, amongst his followers, Calvin ruled as a religious autocrat. His word was law. He was born at Nayon in Picardy, and was a refugee from Paris. He attached himself to Farel, the chief promoter of the new doctrines of the Reformation at Geneva, and became an influential man in the affairs of church and state. He attained to almost kingly powers. He was a great orator, and preached austerity, practising it himself. He tyrannised over those who differed from him. Calvin founded the Geneva Academy. The city is noted for its splendid schools, embracing all branches of knowledge. There are splendid university buildings divided into

three parts. In the central part are the lecture rooms and laboratories. The library and the natural history museum are located in the other parts. I was told that there are about a hundred professors and a thousand students in this University. In the library I noticed some MSS., including autographs of Calvin and Rousseau. The collection of antiquities and coins is also very splendid.

A Medical International Congress was held this year at Geneva. I saw some of the American lady doctors who came to attend it.

The city is situated on both the banks of the Rhone, which falls into the lake, and again issues out at the other end. Both the banks are connected by bridges at several points. The lake is a splendid sheet of water. Steamers and launches ply on it. Boat races are held. This afternoon I noticed some young men boat-racing. Both the banks of the lake are covered with towns, vineyards and trees.

EXHIBITION.

In the morning I visited the Exhibition grounds. They are extensive. As at Berlin, an electric car goes from the city to the grounds, and within the premises an electric tram, worked by a storage battery, runs to enable people to have a view of the different courts which are situated at a good distance from one another. The groups and sections of the exhibition are well arranged. Watches, jewellery, and scientific instruments are placed in one section. Silk, cotton, wool and leather are placed in a second room. Furniture in another section. Rooms are fitted up according to classes of articles, so that a buyer may select any set at once. Under the head of "Education and Teaching" complete classes with all the necessary accessories—benches, desks, books, maps, boards,—are placed in a room as if pupils are going to be taught. Photography, chemical industries, building materials, hygiene, electricity, agriculture, horticulture, hunting, fishing, navigation, &c., are fully represented. Of the objects which interested me most I may mention the beautiful silks and carvings which were well arranged in the front room. Switzerland is noted for its excellent carving in wood, just as Kanara is noted for its carving in sandal-wood. I saw a St. Bernard dog carved in wood. The plaster work also was excellent. There were plaster figures showing the Triumph of the French Republic, a hunting scene, a funeral, &c.

Among the paintings exhibited under the head of modern art, I liked best the pictures of St. Bernard in a storm, girls boating, a market girl (Venetian scene), Swiss mountain scenes, a girl going to bathe, mountains and cows, harvesting scene, stained glasses, a model of a public building in Berne, fishermen catching fish, the corpse of a wife with the husband reclining against the coffin, the military using guns, and the model of the cathedral at Rheims. Among the exhibits presented under the head of "Ancient Art," I found in a case several old volumes engrossed on parchment, the most notable of which was an illuminated copy of the Bible. I saw some engravings beautifully done on copper after the fashion of the Italian painter Titian.

CELEBRITIES.

Apart from the fame which Geneva possesses for the spread of Calvinism (which Miss Menant condemns, as she is a Catholic and a conservative in religious matters, and which Mr. Malabari, also an earnest but a somewhat pessimistic philosopher, feelingly condemns on account of the bloodshed which the doctrines and the preaching of Calvin cost the country), Geneva has played an important part in the history of learning. Both native and foreign authors have given the town illustrious associations. Voltaire, Byron, Rousseau, Alexander Dumas are familiar names, even in the mouths of the carriage drivers at this place. I drove through the whole city and environs of Geneva. I visited the little village of Diod, where Lord Byron's house and property are situated. This is a splendid estate. It is on a sloping hill and extends to the very margin of the lake. A large area of vineyards and a spacious country house command a delightful view of the lake below, and of the picturesque bank beyond, full of palatial buildings and rich vineyards and orchards. Byron spent many years in this country. It is a well-known fact that he was partial to women like Kalidas, Lolimbajra, Bhartrahari (in one of the stages of his life) or the *prakrit* poet Anand Fandi. That was a weak point in his character. The estate does not belong to his family or relations now. It is in a stranger's hands. The drive to this place was very pleasant. We saw many suburban places, rich in fruit, particularly apples and grapes. I also visited the houses and interesting estates of Voltaire and the Rothschilds on

the other side of the lake. Voltaire's house is quite palatial, and Rothschild's extensive estate is several miles in length. Voltaire is said to have died in this country-house. The estate continues with his family. The drive on this side is more pleasant, as the scenery is richer, and there is a larger number of gardens and villas. The name of the village where Voltaire resided is Ferney. A tram-car goes to this place, but in order to have a fuller view of the whole neighbourhood I had a drive in a private carriage. An interesting institution here is the Musée Ariana, a beautiful marble hall presented to the public by a generous citizen of Geneva, named Revilhod. The Museum is styled after the name of the donor's mother. Here one finds a good collection of pictures. On the ground floor, placed in the centre, are the beautiful sculptures of Death and Sleep. Among the other sights seen by me were the Cathedral—an old-fashioned building—and the houses where Rousseau resided, and Calvin lived and preached the Reformation. The town hall is a quaint building. It has many stories but the ascent has no steps, it being one continuous gradually rising slope paved with little pieces of rough stone. In former times even a carriage went up to the highest story. Why the ascent is kept in this condition, it is difficult to say. The Russian Church has five beautiful gilded domes. The edifice, although small, looks very pretty. There is a small observatory just near it. A panorama of the siege of Paris by the Germans is to be seen here. I have already described the scene in connection with a similar show at the Crystal Palace in London.

At the last of the Rhone bridges, which was opened only a few months ago, are the water-works worked by turbine wheels. Twenty wheels represent 4,200 horse-power, and they furnish motive power enough to supply the whole town with water.

This was a market day and I passed through the crowded street. Vegetables of all kinds and other articles were offered for sale at the road-side and on the foot-paths. The whole scene was very interesting. Clocks and watches are the manufactures of Geneva.

THE ALPS.

Sunday, 6th September.—I leave Geneva at 8 a.m. The day is bright. After four or five miles the train passes through

valleys and crosses the Rhone several times. Then it slowly ascends the hills. I see before me villas and cottages situated in the distance. Delightful brooks and streams flow by them. There are orchards and vineyards in all directions. Plain level spots are very few. There are small stations on the way, probably for the convenience of the people in these scattered villages, where the train stops for a few minutes to pick up passengers. As we climb up the mountain we see below the winding course of the Rhone, and on each side, mountain peaks capped with clouds. The sun's rays penetrate the scene and throw around a lustrous halo. The foliage in all directions is glistening with dew. As we proceed further we come upon some valleys, dotted with cottages, half concealed among the foliage. I fancy the inhabitants of these several places must be happy creatures indeed.

The train stops at Bonneville—a picturesque village—for a few minutes. From this point the scenery increases in beauty, and this continues until the train stops at Cluse. Here we have to get into coaches drawn by six horses. These conveyances are very comfortable, and the animals sturdy. We now pass through valleys between steep mountains on either side, with beautiful trees, and the river slowly flowing on the right. They are laying railway lines by the side of the mountains and the river. The operations are going on briskly. The workmen are busy. At some of the points the rocks jut out prominently. I see some caves, or rather the entrances to them, in some of these rocky mountains. The river passes by and I see a mountain quite close capped with snow. Now appears a magnificent cascade on the left falling from a height of about 700 ft. Our coach moves on slowly so that we may enjoy to the utmost the beauty of the scene. By my side in the coach is a young girl and her parents, and we are exchanging our views on the scenery. We pass by a thick wood on one side, and sloping mountains dotted with villas, on the other. Some of the cottages I am passing close by are of the kind we see in the Konkan. We call them *mangars* or sheds. Notwithstanding all the clothing I am wearing, which at the present moment consists of a thick undervest, a white shirt, a waistcoat, a coat, an overcoat and warm thick stockings over my socks, I am shivering with cold. We pass several cascades

on our left. One of them is like one of the four falls of Girsappa. That fall is called, if I remember right, "Dame blanche" (The White Lady). I see before me a huge mountain entirely covered with snow looking very magnificent with the rays of the sun falling on it. The mountain on the right is enveloped in mist. The snow on the mountain-top blends with the sky so that the summit is lost to view. Just when we are at the foot we are overtaken by rain, but it is not heavy, and we observe the mountain distinctly—a variety of scenes. I am now near the snowy mountain. Oh, what a magnificent sight! The sun's rays produce a brilliant halo in the middle of the mountain. I am informed, this is Mont Blanc. I wish I had a camera by me at this moment. It is now 10-45 a.m. Swiss time. Our coach proceeds very slowly to give the passengers time to observe the beauty of the mountain minutely. At the foot of the mountain, or rather not far from it is the village of Salle. The coach stopped here, and we had our breakfast. We saw the villagers assembled to go to church. After breakfast the coach continued its course. We came to a point where we could see rocky mountains one after another, covered with mist, though not thickly. We pass through a tract where there are apple trees in abundance. The coach halted at Bains—a village on the mountain slope. Here the ground is white and consequently the water which flows from the mountain into the river bed below is also white. We now cross the bridge. At this village the mountains form, as it were, a circle, and we drive by a winding path along the foot of one of them. I feel there is a huge thing on my right side. (The driver very often ejaculates just like our bullock drivers in the Deccan.) We are now climbing up the hill by the winding course just as we do when going up to Mahableshwar. In the valley is a large factory building newly erected. Pipes conveying water are laid from the hill down to this factory for the purpose of manufacturing some chemicals. I see some wagons carrying dynamite. The coach reaches a high point on the mountain. On both sides, here and there, are woods of lofty Sapine or pine trees. There is a narrow pass between two hills where the ascent is rather difficult. We are now passing through a thick wood. At the top, the horses are changed, and we pass through a tunnel, just as the mail carts did on the Katrajghat on the way to Mahableshwar. Beyond the

tunnel are several mountains, the slopes of which are covered with cottages. Some of the villas are on the top of steep hills, and I wonder how the people manage to get there from day to day and transact their business on the plains. In these woods there is a small church, and in a line with it are small huts. I see two huts on the top of the mountain on my left. I wonder what eccentric people reside there. In these forests there are depôts where planks are stored. I met a Swiss woman driving a cart very similar in appearance to the familiar *rehla* of Bombay. I see a splendid waterfall. The cascade is profuse, but not in one volume. The coach is on the descent and I observe a stream flowing with a roaring noise in the valley below. This stream is bridged over.

MONT BLANC.

It is 2 p.m. now. I see a mountain covered with snow, coming in sight before me. This is Mont Blanc. The higher we go the more rapid seems to be the downward course of the stream. The coach arrives at Caçomiaz, where I see snow within a few hundred yards spread on different hills as white as cotton. What a delightful sight! It is an uncommonly pleasant sight I am seeing to-day. Every one is full of exclamations of joy and admiration. All eyes are fixed on this mountain of snow. It is impossible to have such a grand sight except on the Himalayas.

Some of the mountains have conical summits all covered with young but lofty trees. On one of the high peaks somebody has erected a stand which looks like a band-stand. It has a red coloured canopy.

I reach my destination for the day, which is at the foot of Mont Blanc. I take my residence at the Royal Hotel on the topmost floor. My room has a balcony, where I am now sitting with my friend Mr. Northrup, and we see very clearly the top of the mountain, and also different sides clad with snow. The sun's rays, which penetrate the mountain, produce various colours, and the whole sight is indescribably grand. I saw these peaks from a distance this morning but I was moving in a winding course and I thought I was very near them. This was a mistake. Now I am at Chamounix and I see before me at the distance of a quarter of a mile, as the crow flies, the different peaks. It is a grand sight to view the glaciers on the mountain sides formed by the

compressed snow, moving by their tremendous weight slowly, covering the area with, as it were, an extensive white cloth, gradually melting at the base of the mountain and flowing into the river Arve. Shelley has immortalised this mountain in the following lines :—

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high :—the power is there,
The still and solemn power of many sights,
And many sounds, and much of life and death
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that mountain ; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun
Or the star-beams dart through them :—Winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
Rapid and strong but silently !

The part of the mountains with glaciers is called Bossom.

In the middle of the compound of the Royal Hotel which is close to Mont Blanc, is a monument of Saussure with his guide, Balmat, who holds his patron by the left hand and points his indicating finger towards the mountains in front, showing as it were the top of that mountain. There is a model of this monument at the Geneva University. Saussure was the man who first went to the top of Mont Blanc, the height of which is 15,000 feet. Chamounix, where I am now, is 5,000 feet above the sea, and the highest point of Mont Blanc is 10,000 feet above this.

This little town of Chamounix is surrounded by mountains on all sides and the River Arve runs through it, passing through the compound of the house I am living in.

Shelley describes the vale of the Arve graphically :—

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine
Thou many-coloured, many-voiced vale,
Over whose pines, and crags and caverns sail
Fast cloud shadows and sun-beams ; awful scene
Where power in likeness of the Arve comes down
From the ice gulphs, that gird his secret throne,
Bursting through these dark moutains like the flame
Of lightning through the tempest.

There is a Catholic Church here, and several good shops chiefly selling the curiosities of these mountain districts. The inhabitants of the place are mostly French with a sprinkling of Dutch. The Swiss cows have bells hung round their necks like the cows in India. The cheese of the country is peculiar. Honey is to be found here as in other lake districts.

FROM CHAMOUNIX TO MARTIGNY.

Monday, 7th September.—Early in the morning I looked towards the snowy mountains from the balcony of my room, and, as the sun's light pierced through the peaks, the scenery became very picturesque and delightful. The top was clearly visible. I see the whole range with a binocular. But the central splendour of the imposing scenery before me is Mont Blanc, which is now completely visible—its majestic peak towering aloft until it loses itself in the skies. There is an observatory on the top which is, I am told, occasionally used. The Royal Hotel is the best hotel at the station. The snowy mountains are very near, some of them in front, some at the back, and on the sides. You are in the midst of delightful and captivating natural scenery all around. Many people, warmly clad, are enterprising enough to ascend the snowy mountains. They require two or three days for the task. Guides are employed. The ascent is very difficult and trying. I do not think I should undertake the task. Not that I am afraid of it; but I do not think it prudent. The sun is very bright now, and the whole range of the mountains round about is splendidly illuminated. Not a single cloud is to be seen. Coleridge has described the appearance of the Mount before sunrise in the following hymn:

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O Sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial black,
 An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge, but when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

It is 8-30 a.m. now and I leave Chamounix for Martigny and have a beautiful day for the journey. I am driving in an open victoria. I cast a longing lingering look on these ranges, and then commenced the ascent as winding and picturesque as the one I performed yesterday. The road is along the bank of the

Arve, whose rippling sound keeps up my spirits and beguiles the tedium of continuous driving. We are passing through a series of valleys. In addition to my friend Mr. Northrup I have an American couple in the victoria and our party is cheerful. The bright sun and the open carriage minister to our good spirits. As we proceed, the snow-mountains come within our view over and over again. During our journey up the hills, I meet with cottages roofed with stone tiles.

The Swiss cows are well-fed and look handsome. The jingling sound of the bells round their necks reminds me of the bullocks of the Lingayat Baniyas in our country. After passing a rugged hill, our carriage descends into the little Rhone valley. This valley is beautiful. There are patches of cultivated fields on sloping hills with little villas. The mountains around are clad with pine trees, of good height. A river flows through this valley and saw-mills are worked with the aid of its water. At a little distance from this valley is the frontier of Switzerland proper. The tract which we passed through hitherto belonged to France. There is a bridge over the river which is the boundary between the two countries. Here we were formally subjected to an inspection of our baggage by the Swiss Customs Department. The road from this point was narrow, muddy and precipitous on the left side. Here commenced that wild, gigantic, awe-inspiring series of mountains, and those deep valleys, and huge and overhanging rocks, lofty and thickly covered hills, and roaring streams, which strike the tourist with the grandeur of the country, and of which Buckle in his "History of Civilization" gives such a vivid picture when he dwells upon the origin and causes of superstitions. It was really a trial to drive in a carriage along the narrow and zig-zag road. The precipices were so deep that nothing but total destruction could be the result of an accident. The passengers had to leave the carriages frequently, and to walk on foot to avoid such a catastrophe. While thus walking, we had to pass through a tunnel. The scenery of the mountain, the valley below, and the tunnel is indescribably grand. Among the passengers, I met two ladies and a gentleman just at the entrance of the tunnel. The gentleman had a camera with him. He was adjusting the focus, when I arrived there. One of the ladies asked me in broken

English whether I would like to stand there for a photo. I accepted the offer. A photo was taken of the scene with myself as one of the spectators. These people are from Lyons, and the lady asked for my card that she might send me a copy of the photo. On proceeding a few hundred steps on foot, I came to a point where a long bridge was laid, reaching a prominent rock overhanging the valley below, and commanding a grand view of the mountains surrounding. There is a wooden structure at the end where the two ladies of Lyons and myself stood, and the gentleman took another photo of the whole scenery, ourselves included. I saw some other tourists carrying with them Kodak cameras, and taking views at many points. We soon reached a restaurant on the top of the hill which we were traversing. We could see a village on a hill just opposite to the one where we were standing. After refreshment we started again on our onward journey, and we had to follow the same method as before, viz. to get down at odd places from the carriage and walk. Then we ascended and descended a big mountain by a winding route.

THE RHONE VALLEY.

This drive gave us a prospect and retrospect of many mountains, some of which were snow-capped. When we came to the top of this hill a magnificent view of the great Rhone Valley surrounded by lofty mountains, broke upon our sight, with huge trees of different descriptions, and cultivated plots of potatoes, cabbages, strawberries, beans, apples, vines and so forth in abundance. This part of the journey was delightful. The River Rhone flows through the valley.

Now where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.

Byron.

Two roads strike out from this hill, one going via Salvan to Verna Yaz, and the other over the Tête-noire. We took the latter, and came to Martigny, which is in the Rhone valley. The town is divided into two parts, old and new Martigny. There is a small old castle in this town by the side of which the Rhone flows.

Tuesday, 8th September.—At 8-55 a.m. I leave Martigny for the Castle of Chillon by train, passing through a series of valleys.

rich with orchards, vineyards and the like, and mark the lofty and majestic waterfalls which meet the river down at the foot. From St. Maurice Station the train proceeds along the bank of the Rhone and even crosses it at some places. As we go down the valley, there is more and more of open country. I note that the vines, which grow plentifully on the slopes of mountains, are divided into patches, each patch being bounded by low walls. As I proceed further, these plantations of vineyards on the sloping mountains remind me of those in the Rhine district. At the station, Villeneuve, the lake Geneva fully opens on our view, and within three minutes we reach Chillon.

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

It was then 10-20 a.m., and we (Mr. Northrup and myself) went straight from the station to the castle, which is celebrated for its antiquity. We took a complete view of it. The castle stands on a rock which juts out some 60 to 70 feet, into the lake. There are rooms in the basement. One of them was used as a guard room in ancient times; in another small room there is a rough rock which was used as a place of torture; a third room was used for executions, and there is an opening in the wall from which the body of the victim was flung below. There are several columns in the guard room with arches. These columns are made of neatly cut stone. Among the names written from time to time on them I notice those of Byron, Victor Hugo, Shelley and others. When I visited the castle there were about ten other persons with me besides our guide, who was a French Swiss lady. The last explained a good many things to us in broken English. Out of fun, I asked her whether our party might write our names on the pillars. She did not understand the joke at first, and was alarmed at my suggestion, but soon after she grasped the joke and humorously observed: "You can write your name, when you become Shelley." Then I said, "you mean to say that I am not Shelley, but silly." This evoked the mirth of the party. On the first floor of the castle there is the hall of justice. It is undergoing some repairs. Beyond it, is the torture-chamber where unfortunate offenders were in the old times hung up to a hook fixed in a pillar and had fire applied to them from below. There is a spacious reception hall, a church with

antique furniture of oak, towers with many stories which were below the level of the first floor of the main building. These were used by soldiers as places for observation and defence. The castle originally belonged to the Duke of Savoy, from whom it was taken, after a long continued strife, by the Genevan Government. It was used by the Duke as a prison. It is said that Bonnivard, an ecclesiastic of Geneva, who had espoused the cause of his native land, was imprisoned by the Duke in this castle. The incident is referred to in the following lines :—

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
 Until his very steps have left a trace,
 Worn as if the cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" refers to this same castle. When I went down the basement, I was reminded of the cellar in the rooms of a palace at Lucknow where English soldiers took refuge during the Mutiny; and also of the cellar of one of the public edifices at Ahmedabad, which is used for the principal post office. Those who have seen these places will understand the reference.

The view presented by the vine-clad mountains from Territet and beyond is magnificent. Palatial buildings standing on the top and overlooking the grand lake below afford a rare view to the tourist as he passes by them. On the other side of the lake, there is a fine view of the mountains which lift up their heads in gradual succession and order. Indeed the country is very rich in beautiful scenery. The train travels so quickly through this exquisite country that it is impossible to record the rapidly succeeding impressions that the constantly varying beauty of the scene makes upon my mind. Above and below are vineyards with pretty Swiss cottages scattered among them. Down in the valley are orchards, whose trees are laden with fruit. It is indeed one of the favoured spots of God's earth. Whose eye will not be delighted to see these rich and extensive vineyards sloping to the very brim of the lake?

There is a good-natured French gentleman in the train, who speaks German, Spanish and broken English. He is very civil. There are also four Swiss gentlemen, who speak German and broken French, and an old blind Italian gentleman with his wife. The latter

is very fussy and talkative. Poor old man ! she does not give him rest ! She talks, eats sweets, moves about, opens books and closes them without reading a word, asks questions and does not wait for an answer. From Lausanne, the birthplace of Rousseau, the train passes through tunnels and a viaduct, and stops at the beautiful towns of Vevey, Siviries and Romont. 'At Romont there is a picturesquely situated castle. Beyond this town the train passes through a beautiful valley dotted with villas and thick fine woods, with well macadamised white-coloured roads running in several directions. The ranges of Linthal and Freiburg mountains bound the horizon ; and the river Glane with its meandering course and precipitous banks flows right through the town of Freiburg. We cross a bridge spanning the river with arches extending over 200 feet. A fellow-passenger tells me that the bridge is of some celebrity in the province. Freiburg has an independent University, and both French and German are spoken here. One part speaks French and the other German. The town stands on a rocky eminence and presents many picturesque sights to the lover of natural scenery. A further journey through the villages and plains brings us to Berne at 5 p.m.

I note that in this express train the guard passes through all the carriages at the approach of a station, and gives a warning that the next station is so and so. Again, when we are in the refreshment room at a station, one of the porters comes in every five minutes and rings the bell, and announces the time for the departure of the train.

BERNE.

Wednesday, 9th September.—Berne is an official and not a mercantile city. The shops here are very poor—not sumptuous like those at Geneva. They have arcades before them, and consequently the light within is very scanty. They do not attract attention. The houses are old-fashioned. There are balconies with arcades attached to them in which the people sit. Fountains of various designs are numerous. The market is dull and unattractive. I took a drive through the city, and visited the place where the bears are kept. Berne is noted for its bears. In fact, it is said the name Berne has some connection with that circumstance. The town is situated mostly on rocky eminences. The river Aar runs

through it, and on both the banks there are houses almost on the verge of the water. I wonder how they would stand in the event of a great flood. There is an excellent public garden, with a fine promenade commanding a view of the river, the hills opposite, and the Bernese Alps behind. This morning the sun was very bright, and I could see the Alps from my window. There is a curious clock here which announces the coming hour by the crowing of a cock, and at the striking of the hour, it shows a number of bears marching in front of the figure of a man. The Cathedral is very ancient and is architecturally fine, though a part of it has been recently restored. Berne has some fine public buildings, such as the Federal Offices, the museum and so forth. In the museum, there is a piece of tapestry work which depicts scenes in old campaigns.

I met here a Geneva gentleman who had a coffee plantation in Wynad for five years before the famine year. He left India in 1879, as the business was not paying, and many of his labourers died during the famine. He thinks well of India.

As I drive through the city, I see the sign of the bear recurring everywhere. It is the heraldic emblem of Berne. Even in private houses the figure of the bear is to be found at the gate. The bridge over the river Aar is a grand and massive construction. My impression of Berne is that in point of natural scenery it is a pretty place, but in point of artistic beauty it does not compare favourably with the capitals of other countries. The people are industrious and civil, though not very handsome in appearance.

The population of Switzerland was 3,313,000 souls in 1891. The country extends over 15,469 square miles. The Swiss republic is composed of twenty-two cantons united under the Constitution of 1874. The Swiss Parliament consists of two Chambers, a National Council and a Council of States, of 147 and 44 members respectively. Both together are called the Federal Assembly. The executive powers rest with the Federal Council of 7 members elected by the Federal Assembly presided over by the President of the Confederation.

The chief products of the country are wheat, oats, maize, flax, hemp and tobacco. The manufactures consist of silks, cotton, lace, thread, &c.

The principal cities of Switzerland are Zurich, Geneva, Berne, Lausanne and Basle. We left Berne at 10-45 a.m. and passed by train through a picturesque country full of mountains and green meadows. Within an hour we reached a station called Thun, where Lake Thun commences. Here we got into a steam-boat which glided slowly to afford us a view of the lovely mountains mantled with trees. The steamer stops at different stations. On both the banks there are good piers. The villages on the banks are very pretty. Just at the commencement of the lake there is an island with a splendid park and a palatial building in the Gothic style. My companion, an Englishman, tells me that the island belongs to a Paris gentleman. As we proceed, we see before us snow-covered mountains, the names of the principal ones being Mittag-horn, Jungfrau, Monch, Eiger, Schreckhorn and Wetterhorn. Some of the mountains are conical, some are pyramidal. The villas on the bank are very beautiful. The day is clear. The station at Spiez is a graceful little building. It is situated as it were on a promontory. I am here reminded of the creek at Deogad in the Ratnagiri district, where the view is very pretty, only the vegetation is not so grand. The conical mountain is just behind this station. There are villas on some of the neighbouring eminences. We see the railway line going up the hill Schreckhorn. The steam-boat stops at Mertigen where there are elegant villas spread at the foot. On the slopes of the hill refreshment tables are spread on the pier covered by arcades of trees.

The hill of Battenburg has many big houses on it, which are visible from the steam-boat. People resort to them for the benefit of their health. The climate is said to be very refreshing. The hill overlooks the lake below. The station Leissigen is very pretty. It has a lovely rural look about it. The trees look like so many grass eminences. From this point the steam-boat slowly proceeds towards Interlaken, a pretty little town in the valley formed by picturesque mountains. This place is considered the pick of Switzerland scenery. Just as I am writing this on the topmost floor of the Victoria Hotel, I look towards the snowy Jungfrau in front of my window. Several mountains stand towering one upon another in lofty array. The scenery is superb. Dr. R. P. Downes gives the following description of Swiss mountains :

O heavenly heights that front the rosy dawn
 And hold the evening splendour on each crest,
 God made you glorious in creation's morn,
 And looked on you with gladness in His rest.
 He bade you stand as pillars of the sky,
 Softening your strength with gentleness of snow,
 That men who in the valley toil and sigh,
 Gazing upon your whiteness from below,
 Might dream of that pure heaven whither the righteous go.

There is a grass-covered plot just in front of me, surrounded by trees and bungalows of various heights and dimensions. There is also a concert hall and places of amusement for the health and pleasure of visitors who flock here in great numbers from all parts of Europe and America. There are many shops selling all sorts of curiosities. Carved work of superior workmanship in ivory and wood is plentiful. The prices of the articles, however, are very high. The roads are broad and clean. I had a fine drive through the valley with three American friends. We passed through picturesque woods and gardens. We saw the ruins of an old castle and quaint farmhouses. This place seems to be full of hotels, restaurants, and boarding-houses. The environs are full of interesting sights, such as waterfalls, situated within a few hours' drive. There are trams and other conveyances to go up the hills for excursions. The place on the whole, is very lovely, and is a fit resort for a short holiday.

I met Mr. Behrens, of the Company of that name, with whom Mr. Dinanath Madgavkar has business transactions. He has been here with his wife and two sons for the benefit of their health. He talks highly of Mr. Ramchandra Vishnu, whom he knows personally, and of Mr. Dinanath whom he knows by correspondence. He likes to deal with the natives of India. He seems to be a good-natured man. He gave me the pleasure of his company for a few minutes, and talked to me earnestly.

This place possesses a very grand Kursaal or concert hall, and a large park. There are magnificently laid out flower-beds. The colours of the flowers are remarkable. As at Geneva, the gambling table is kept here engaged from 8 to 10-30 p.m. There is a controller who looks after the hall. Persons under eighteen are not allowed to play. The whole veranda is full of small tables and chairs, where people drink all kinds of beverages.

The maids wear jackets, plentifully decorated with silver-plated medals.

At the close of the day there was some terrible thunder, like that which accompanies the Elephanta showers in Bombay, but it did not last long.

Friday, 10th September.—The day promises to be bright. The Jungfrau, which I see from my window with the sun's rays falling upon it, looks as though it were covered with chalk powder.

Interlaken lies on the low land lying between the lake of Thun and the lake of Brienz. These lakes were formerly one. The climate of Interlaken is mild and equable. Had I not been pressed for time, I should have stopped here for a week at least and made excursions in the neighbourhood.

I leave Interlaken for Lucerne by lake Brienz. I take a steamboat at 8.48 a.m. The lake of Brienz is $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and a mile and a half wide. On both sides of it there are large mountains, and little villages at short distances. I see also a few castles in ruins. Like the water of Thun, the water of this lake is deep green. We have to go in a curve. The mountain scenery is very striking. The waterfall at Giessbach is beautiful although not very big. It is 50 feet high. We reach the little town of Brienz at 10.15 a.m.

A tram car was ready to receive us on the pier. The town of Brienz has a population of 2,500 souls, and is noted for its wood-carving industry, specimens of which we saw in abundance at Interlaken, yesterday. It has fine plantations of hops, cabbages, &c. The scenery, as the train proceeds, presents a charming sight. Several waterfalls are visible quite close to the town. The train passes along the bank of the river Aar (which looks like a canal), and stops at Meiringen for a few minutes.

This is the principal station on the Brienz railway. It is said that this village was burnt down in 1891. I see some beautiful cascades at the back of the town. There are snowy mountains round about. From Meiringen the train goes up an ascent, resembling the Khandala Ghat, the view from which commands the valley, river and villages below. The Brunig mountain, which we are now ascending, is thickly wooded with pine trees. As we proceed the Faulhorn comes in sight.

The train halts at Brunig for twenty minutes to allow the passengers to have their lunch.

From this point the train descends through rocky cliffs and wild scenery, and numerous irregular valleys. It then passes through the Kappeli Tunnel which is 450 feet in length. Down in the valley is a small village which reminds one of Campoli, below the Khandala Ghat. A fine newly-built church stands on an eminence. The name of the village is Lungern. The train goes past the Lungern lake, the water of which is very green. This lake empties itself through a tunnel into another lake called Sarnen. The train then descends to the village of Giswil. The alternate ascent and descent of the railway line is on the "rack and pinion system." The path is very rugged. It is now raining, and the mountains beyond are enveloped in mist. We reach the Sarnen lake, which is 4 miles in length and over a mile in width. The train runs along the whole length of the lake. There is a station named Tachselri on this lake where the train stops to take passengers. The guide informs us that in the church here are the bones of St. Nikolaus.

The next station is Sarnen, which appears to be an important town, from the number and size of its buildings. It is very pretty. Some of the houses are on the hill side. The Sarnen canal runs through the town. Poplars are planted at measured distances. The train then passes through marshy valleys and forests, stopping at Alpanach, where the upper end of Lake Alpanach is exposed to view. At Pilatus, which is very near, there is a pier, and a steam-boat takes the excursionists along the lake. The rain has ceased, and the view on both sides is now highly interesting. The train passes through a tunnel, three quarters of a mile in length. The peak of Pilatus looks majestic. Lake Lucerne is fully visible now. The train goes along its bank, and reaches Lucerne at 2 p.m.

LUCERNE.

This town is Alpanach. It is on the bank of the Lake Lucerne, and is surrounded by picturesque hills. Some of the mountains are snow-clad, and look very majestic. The river Bess flows from the lake, and passes through the town. Stately piles of buildings rise on the bank, and there is a fine

promenade. The shops are superior to those of Berne, and more numerous. Lucerne possesses the grandest Alpine scenery, and is so conveniently situated as to allow a tourist from any direction to visit it. It is a summer resort of many English people. Lucerne has come into greater importance in later times. The first thing I did on arrival was to take a victoria, and drive through the city. I visited the famous Glacier garden, or Jardin des Glaciers, and noticed the different objects of interest therein. The working of the glacier mill is wonderful. Many other objects shown there are well worth the study of a geologist. The glacier-holes with curious erosions caused by the glacier, the gigantic glacier mills, the panorama of the Rhine-falls, and the power posts in the garden, particularly interested me. The monument of the Lion of Lucerne is a powerful conception. It is the monument to the bravery of the people who fought in the struggles of the olden times.

The prevailing religion of Lucerne is Catholic. Out of 25,000, nearly four-fifths are of that persuasion. I visited the Catholic Church, which is situated on a hill. It is called the Hofkirche. At the time I visited it, the priests were reciting hymns, just as our Bhats recite *mantras*. The recital was pleasant to my ear. I asked two Americans, a gentleman and his wife, who were with me, how they liked it, and they said they were pleased too. There is great solemnity in the music. Several parts of the church were ornamented, but the architecture of the edifice is simple. The walks in this vicinity are pleasant. You must have time to take long walks, and ascend the beautiful mountains of Rigi and Pilatus which are so near. The Alps are beyond the lake. Of the buildings, the new post-office and the telegraph office are pleasing structures. A new railway station is under construction. There are quaintly roofed bridges over the Reuss which passes through the city. The Quay is resorted to by large numbers of visitors in the evening, when the scene is very lively. There are many cafés on the bank. The people walking on the promenade, which is flanked by trees, freely avail themselves of these institutions. Swimming baths are located on the Quay. I observed in different parts of the town very elegant carved woodwork as well as wall paintings resembling those found in our country—particularly of the Maratha and Peshwa period. There is one place in Lucerne, called the

Gütsch, which commands the best view. It is on the top of a hill near the city. In the evening I visited the Kursaal, *i.e.*, the concert hall of the city, and enjoyed the band provided by some musicians from Milan. There were other amusements also. I was much pleased with the acrobatic feats, performed by two American women on the wire and the bar. At times the feats were dangerous enough to produce nervousness among the spectators.

Lake Lucerne is also called the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. It possesses magnificent scenery. It is cruciform in shape. The whole circumference is 23 miles. You cannot see the whole at one glance.

Friday, 16th September.—To enjoy the charming and romantic beauty of this lake, said to be the prettiest in Switzerland, I start this day at 9-50 a.m. by a steam boat for Fluelen, which is situated at the other end of the lake. At this place I take a train for my tour beyond. Thus, while I enjoy the scenery I have not to lose much time at Lucerne. I have yet a long tour to make, and must use my time to the best advantage. It is clear to-day. The steamer glides on the waters by the winding shores which are partly sloping, partly open, and partly occupied by fine gardens with villas and cottages interspersed. We then pass by a small island which looks much more beautiful than Ellen's Isle in Loch Katrine. We obtain from here an excellent view of Pilatus and Rigi, and also of other mountains. Then we come to a point from which all the four arms of this lake are clearly visible. The view here is very charming. The names of these arms are Lucerne, Kussnacht, Alpnach and Weggis.

The arm known as Weggis is particularly interesting. There is a pier at Weggis. The station is very pretty. It has excellent villas and beautiful scenery all around. This is said to be the best health-resort. I see from the steam-boat people walking, driving, and riding on bicycles on the even path along the shore.

Within a few minutes we go to Vitnau which is the station for Rigi, one of the most romantic resorts. There is a beautiful promenade and an arcade of walnut trees where visitors sit in pleasant ease, reminding one of the members of the Yacht Club in their grounds at Bombay. There is a railway going up to Rigi. Further on we pass by a rocky hill which hides the lake from our

view. Soon the boat reaches the end of another arm, and in a few minutes arrives at Gersau. Here the Rigi-Scheidegg mountain is just behind or rather on one side of the station. The majority of the houses, which are fairly big, are at the foot, but a few villas are situated on the hill behind. Some of these are concealed from view by trees. We pass by a grand chapel, the bell of which rang out a sweet chime to the passengers. Here the charming landscape of the Bernese Alps unfolds itself. These mountains are not so high as the Swiss Alps I saw the other day, while coming from Geneva. They are covered with deep verdure, and, located as they are in irregular positions, are very pleasing and picturesque. We arrive at Brunnen station. Behind it are the Schwyz and the steep and naked Myten. The latter mountain is conical in shape. Just opposite is the station Treib at the foot of the Seelisberg which is a huge rocky hill. At this place we come to a historical scene which is the subject of the German poet Schiller's poem "William Tell."

William Tell and three others were captured by an Austrian officer. Austria then ruled the Swiss who were called upon to affirm allegiance to the Austrian Emperor. All the captives yielded except William Tell. The Austrian officer then took him in a boat to a place where imprisonment and torture awaited him. Tell went quietly to the spot where the boat was moored and then, after he and all the crew had got on land he skilfully jumped into the boat again and rowed away to the other side. He thus obtained his freedom, and fought in the cause of his country. The place from which he jumped into the boat is called Tellsplatte, and a small chapel is erected there. The spot where he landed from the boat is called Rütli. This is considered a sacred place, and is visited by pilgrims every year. A monument is raised there in honour of the patriot. Just opposite to the chapel is a big rock on which there is an inscription to the memory of Schiller.

Within a few minutes we come to the end of lake Flüelen. Here we transferred from the boat to the train. While I was on the steamer I was talking to a physician who was touring with his wife to see places on the continent. A Scotch lady and her husband were sitting near. The physician could not give me an explanation about William Tell's place. He then asked the lady to

assist me. The lady was well-informed and knew the places thoroughly. She then explained very fully the questions we asked. At the suggestion of this couple, instead of going direct to Como, I am now going by the St. Gothard Alps, Lugano lake, and so forth. I am making this tour quite aimlessly in the manner of a wanderer. I enjoy the scenery of these Alps very much. These are the Alps properly so called. The railway runs here in a zigzag manner. There are numerous tunnels. One of them takes eighteen minutes to pass through. For a long distance there are simply huge rocky mountains. It is said the tunnels are so constructed that they could be demolished in a moment on the approach of an enemy. Gunpowder and other inflammable substances are stored underground which can be ignited by means of electricity from a long distance. We saw deep valleys and white granite rocks on the way. Some of the places in the mountains are very dangerous. At some points the train simply glides down, the engine ceasing to work. A part of these Alps are Swiss, and part Italian. The latter commence at Airolo. The scenery from here is very interesting. The valleys are green and cultivated. Vineyards and other cultivations abound. Silk is also produced. On these Alps there are numerous fine waterfalls or cascades, but they are not large in volume. Very near Bellinzona station, we had a glimpse of the big lake Maggiore. Within a short time the train comes to Lugano, a very interesting and important town. From the tram we go down to the bank of Lake Lugano by a rope tram car which has to descend a steep hill. This lake is very picturesque. It has hills all round at every turn. They are very symmetrical.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN ITALY.

"Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields and Nature can decree."

Lake Lugano—Lombardy—Menaggio—Bellagio—Como—Monza.

On the banks of Lugano are Italian villages with buildings in a somewhat dilapidated condition. The roofs are ugly. The tiles are like those used for Indian houses. We reached this lake towards sunset, and the reflection of the sun's rays on and about the mountains was very picturesque. A photographer would be

delighted to take a photo of this scenery. We reached the end of the lake at Porlezza. Here again we transferred ourselves to a tramcar, which runs to Menaggio. The country is rich. It is called Lombardy. From Menaggio we crossed lake Como and went to the other side, Bellagio. These are frequented as health-resorts by many people from England and other countries. I met a great many Englishmen at these places which are rich in scenery as well as in the salubrity of their climate. While going from Menaggio to Bellagio, I left my spectacles in the steamboat. I became aware of it about twenty minutes after the steamer had left for the next station. I had therefore to follow it in a sailing boat and spend 4 francs to recover my glasses. I was, however, glad at the accident, as I enjoyed a pleasant sail over the lake and obtained a fresh opportunity of viewing the scenery of the coast. The boundary of Italy commenced after I had gone some distance on the lake Lugano.

Como.

Saturday, 12th September.—I leave Bellagio for Como by boat, and thus enjoy the scenery of the lake fully. The towns situated on the banks are small but picturesque. The houses are plain in point of architecture. As we proceed, we come across a beautiful mansion situated on a promontory covered with trees and gardens. Behind it there is a bold rock. It commands the view of a grand mountain, green all over with verdure. This is a fit place for a poet or a novelist to live in. At some distance is a small island, romantic in appearance. The station Nesso is a pleasantly situated village. Fine orchards are visible everywhere. On the steamer the passengers are mostly Italians.

The village of Carate is situated at the foot of a huge hill. The houses are built on terraced grounds, which are in the form of tiers. There is a castle on a high rock. Close by, is another village, Lario, which is similarly situated. A fine carriage road runs along the coast. As we proceed further, fine villas and newly-built houses come into view with mountains all round. Cernobbio is a large town. Beautiful avenues of walnut and chestnut trees are to be seen on the pier. Within a short time I arrive at the pier of Como.

The steamer, which left Bellagio at 9-16 a.m., reached Como at 11-30. The situation of the town of Como is highly romantic. It has an amphitheatre of mountains surrounding it. Numerous mansions are located on the hill. It has nice shops, broad streets, and very neat houses. I regret, owing to want of time, I could not stop here longer. This is one of the prettiest towns in Lombardy. It was the birth-place of Pliny Junior. As you proceed from the pier to the railway station you see a big monument in honour of Volta, the physicist and patriot of Como.

Lake Como is unquestionably a beautiful sight, nay, it is almost the most beautiful on this side of the country, but compared with the Swiss lake Lucerne I think it is inferior in point of variety of natural scenery. It is highly praised by the poet Virgil in his second book of the Georgics. Wordsworth also speaks very highly of this Lake in the "Prelude":—

And Como! Thou a treasure whom the earth
Keeps to herself—confined as in a depth
Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake
Of thee, thy chestnut woods and garden plots
Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids;
Thy lofty steeps and pathways roofed with vines,
Winding from house to house, from town to town,
Sole link that binds them to each other; walks,
League after league, and cloistral avenues,
Where silence dwells if music be not there;
While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
Through fond ambition of that hour strove
To chant your praise; nor can approach you now
Ungreeted by a more melodious song,
Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned Art
May flow in lasting current.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MILAN.

Fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper's palsy'g venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head.

Shelley.

Cathedral—Service—Victor Emmanuel Gallery—Royal Palace—Cemetery—
Churches—Leonardo's "Last Supper"—Brera or Picture Gallery—Verona.

AFTER leaving Como the train traverses a large forest extending over several miles, and a few miles further on we come to Monza, the summer residence of the King of Italy. The public

park and cathedral are visible from here. The place is pretty large. After this we reached Milan at 1-15 p.m. and I am now in this city, which is the capital of Lombardy.

Yesterday when I was sailing in the boat from Lucerne, I met the Public Works Secretary to the Panjab Government. He was on leave. He is now returning to India with his family. He spoke to me freely. He remarked that the people on the continent were in the habit of demanding tips. His wife and daughters were with him. He complained of the heavy expense of travelling. He felt his smallness while in Europe. On the heights of Simla, where he spends six months of the year, he enjoys princely comforts which he could not do in England or on the continent.

Saturday, 12th February.—Milan is situated in the centre of Lombardy, one of the richest provinces of Italy. It is seven miles in circumference, and has a population of 400,000. In population it is next to Naples and Rome. It is after the style of Paris in point of buildings and streets. The principal part of the city is the Cathedral Square, in which the famous cathedral of Milan is situated. It stands prominently in the square, towering over all other buildings which surround it. In the centre of the square stands the statue of Victor Emmanuel, the founder of the present dynasty. It is in the attitude of a soldier on horseback. From this square all the trams, horse-drawn and electric, run in different directions. In fact this is the centre of all business, for it has the Emmanuel gallery or the market situated in it.

THE CATHEDRAL.

This is the largest and most ornamental of cathedrals I have seen up to this time. The Cathedrals at Ely, Lincoln, and York are no doubt fine in architecture, and the Cathedral at Cologne is superb in construction and unique for its stained glasses. But this Cathedral, next to St. Peter's at Rome (which I am going to see within a week) is said to be the largest church in Europe. I was recommended by all my friends in England to visit this edifice. I therefore most eagerly went to this great house of worship from my residence which was not far from it—the Continental Hotel. This is a Catholic church, and naturally contains many images of Christ, Saints and the like. At a good many of these services here

incense is used. The huge building covers 14,000 square yards, 2,400 of which are taken up by pillars and walls, which are as gigantic as one can imagine. It can hold 40,000 people at a time. It is about 500 feet long and 500 feet broad. The dome is 220 feet high, and the tower is 360 feet above the pavement. I went up the tower and marked 123 spires with 15 statues per each spire on an average. These statues represent saints, mythological persons, and distinguished men. Among others there is a statue of Napoleon. From the tower one gets a full view of the vast proportions of the cathedral, as well as of the city. Milan, like Paris, is a circular city. It has magnificent buildings in all directions, and the streets are arranged in a systematic manner. I believe Milan has improved a great deal by reason of its connection at one time with France. The cathedral is not altogether in the style of ancient Italian or Greek architecture. It is essentially Gothic. The building took several centuries to finish in its present form. It was commenced in the 14th century, and was not completed even when Napoleon I. caused the work to be resumed in 1805. Thus, through many revolutions of time, dynasties, and rule, the building continued to expand and grow into its present size. It was 3-30 p.m. when I was on the top of the tower. The sun was bright and I could see with naked eyes the different ranges of the Alps, Mont Blanc and other peaks quite distinctly. Some of the ranges had snow-capped peaks, and this distant view was the more pleasing to me since I had just been in the midst of them, and seen them in their grandeur. I was greatly pleased with my visit to the Cathedral, especially as I got from it a splendid view of the entire city and its environs and the surrounding country.

Sunday, 13th September.—Early morning at 9 a.m. I started on a visit to the Cathedral again. On the way I noticed the Milanese townfolk, male and female, going to church in their Sunday dress. The females had coloured handkerchiefs hanging about their necks, or put on their heads after the fashion of Goa women, who wear handkerchiefs when going to church. Their lower garments were something like the attire of our women. I visited the Cathedral, where I saw several devotees, sitting quietly waiting for the High Mass, while others were pensively kneeling before the images of

Christ, Mary, and the Saints, which are placed in different parts of the chapel. I paid a visit to the crypt or subterranean tomb of Saint Carlo Borromeo. This tomb and its paraphernalia are gilded and look very magnificent. The tomb can be seen from the circular aperture in the ground floor of the cathedral through iron lattices. As a matter of fact many votaries take a glimpse of this sacred tomb or sarcophagus from above, and do not go to the basement or vault. They throw coins on the lattices. When I saw the tomb from below I felt I was in one of our Goa temples. The solemn surroundings of these places are highly inspiring.

The next object of curiosity to me was the Treasury. The two old sacrists or keepers of this treasure were courteous enough to show me promptly everything contained in the room. They showed me the silver-plated images of eight saints and bishops who ruled Milan at one time. I saw also the Church vessels and other objects of ritual, some of them gilt, some of silver and others of bronze. Among other things I noticed a cross studded with diamonds and other precious stones.

I was present at the High Mass in the Cathedral which lasted from 11 to 12 a.m. The priests sang hymns as our priests sing *mantras*. The music was most elevating. After singing hymns and burning incense the officiating priest delivered a sermon. The priest's voice was soft, yet his manner gave the sermon the appearance of a war-speech. The man moved both his hands and gesticulated as if he wanted the audience to rise and take immediate action. In the afternoon I again paid a visit to the Cathedral. I found the aisles were screened by canvas-cloth and lectures were being delivered to different audiences. This looked somewhat like the *Kirtans* on the sandy banks at Pandharpur. Some of the preachers were as enthusiastic as our *Hardases* at Kirtans. Upon the whole, a visit to the church fills the mind with very solemn reflections and composes it to a contemplation of the Almighty.

THE GALLERY OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.

This is another interesting institution. It occupies a large area in the Cathedral square. It has octagonal shops of large dimensions and passages in different directions. The ground floors

are used as shops of various kinds. The higher floors are used as offices or residences. These blocks were, I am told, built by an English company and sold to the municipality of the place. They are now the property of the city and are let so as to bring in a large income. They resemble in some respects the Place Royale at Paris, which has accommodation for magnificent shops, restaurants and other institutions of pleasure. A visit to the gallery at night is very pleasant and interesting, the blocks when lighted being very charming to look at. The gallery cost £320,000.

THE MUNICIPAL HALL.

Close to the gallery is the Piazza della Scale, where the Municipal Hall is located. I was admitted to the room of the Corporation, which is richly ornamented with paintings and tapestry-work. The seats for the Councillors are very pretty. There are twelve chairs placed in a row on a platform, the central chair being a little higher than the rest. In front of the platform chairs are placed for ordinary members in a semi-circle. The Secretary has a seat at a table placed between the platform and the amphitheatre. The hall is illuminated with electric light. An official, who lives on the premises, saw me from a distance, and ordered the porter to show me over the rooms at once.

THE ROYAL PALACE.

I then visited the Royal Palace. The state apartments are numerous and the furniture, paintings, and tapestry work are excellent specimens of art.

THE CEMETERY.

This cemetery is the best I have ever visited whether in Great Britain and Ireland or at any place on the continent. It occupies a larger area than the Victoria Gardens in Bombay. There is a large building here, containing the tombs of the great people of Milan. In length it is larger than the Elphinstone High School and in appearance it is even more splendid. Just behind it and on each side, lie thousands and thousands of graves. On some of them are simple monuments with epitaphs inscribed on them; on others there are structures as ornamental as some of the Mahomedan mausoleums in India. A visitor to this place scarcely thinks he is in a cemetery. There are more than 500 of such ornamenta].

structures. In the central building there is a cross placed on a high pedestal. On some graves there are artistic and impressive sculptures or bronze figures. One bronze figure represents a woman reclining on a sofa. The work is executed with great fidelity. Another sculpture represents a woman with a dead boy in her arms. A third one shows a woman with a big son in her arms. The scene is a touching one and the skill of the artist admirable. Milan in later times is said to have improved considerably in sculpture and painting. May not Mr. Mhatre of the Bombay School of Art come here and study sculpture, as Sir George Birdwood once said to me? With reference to the cemetery, I must notice one important fact. It seems, people here prefer cremation to burial, and I was shown some incinerators, which provide for the cremation of two bodies simultaneously. There is a separate place for this purpose. A keeper of the cemetery showed me the structure whereon the coffin is first placed. Inside the building there is a room for the accommodation of the family of the deceased person, another for the performance of the ceremonies before cremation and a third at the extreme end in which the body is carried on a trolley to be placed in the crematorium. The trolley with the dead body is placed under a vault, fire-wood is spread on the body by a mechanical contrivance, and fire is afterwards strewn upon it, whereby the body is burnt to ashes within forty minutes. When I was at this place to-day, there was a fire burning but there was no dead body. The keeper did not know English and could not answer my inquiry whether the fire was burning behind the vault for any immediate use. But he knew the purpose of my visit and showed me the process by exposing the different parts of the apparatus to my view.

Could we, Hindus, not introduce the custom of erecting monuments? Our religious devotees and some others, especially among high-class Marathas, such as chiefs, have tombs to mark the place of their cremation or burial as the case may be. But why should others equally deserving of recognition be deprived of the honour of being remembered by their relations, friends and countrymen by means of a monument. Of course, this suggestion involves the necessity of having a large piece of ground at our disposal; but it is a question worth considering. Every

great man may not deserve a national monument but he may deserve a smaller memorial. This cemetery looked like a cluster of temples. It had no gloomy aspect about it in the slightest degree. I was pleased to see many people going there with flowers to be placed over their family graves. How affectionate and respectful these people seem to be! Our institution of *Shradhas* serves to remind us once in a year of our departed parents and other relations, but how many of us perform the ceremony even once in a year?

ST. MARIA DELLE GRAZIE.

This is another church. It has a very beautiful ornamental dome. Its furniture is full of mosaic work. It has splendid paintings. Its images of Mary and the saints are gilded and the carving is of a superior type. When I visited the church in the afternoon, candle-lights were burning before the images and worshippers were engaged in solemn prayer before them. In a hall close to the church there is a picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci. It is painted on the wall. It has lost much of its brilliancy.

Wordsworth describes the picture in the following lines.

Though searching damps and many an envious flaw
 Have marred this work, the calm ethereal grace,
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
 The elements as they do melt and thaw
 The heart of the beholder—and erase
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth
 Made to the twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth
 Of what it utters while the unguilty seek
 Unquestionable meanings still bespeak
 A labour worthy of eternal youth!

BRERA.

I visited the Brera, which is a picture-gallery in this city. It is a house for the exhibition of science, letters and art as the board at the entrance shows. The library contains 300,000 volumes, 50,000 coins, and also an archæological museum.

In the court of the picture-gallery is placed a bronze statue of Napoleon I. On the top of the staircase is a statue of Beccaria, an Italian jurist, who first questioned the wisdom of capital

punishment on scientific grounds. The gallery contains numerous pictures, executed chiefly by Italian artists of ancient and modern times, but here and there are the works of foreign artists as well. Among them are the pictures by Rubens, Van Dyke and Rembrandt. The principal picture is Raphael's Sposalizio, or the nuptials of the Virgin. It was one of his earliest works. I was much impressed by the colour of the nuptial costume, the beautiful features of the bridal pair, the solemn appearance of the longbearded high priest, and also the attitudes and the features of the little virgins who are present at the joyful event.

Of the other pictures, I liked the following:—

Room I.—88 Salaino Madonna with saints. Marco da Oggiono.

Fall of Lucifer; very beautiful figures. The lower garments are something like our Indian dress.

Room II.—Palma Vecchio. Adoration of the Magi. Cima da Conegliano. Peter, Martin, Augustine and Nicolas; beautiful light and shade.

Room III.—By Moretto—Madonna wrapt in clouds.

By Paris Bardone—Baptism of Christ.

By Tintoretto—Pieta.

. . . Helena and others.

Room IV.—By Titian—St Jerome.

The other rooms too have some beautiful pictures. There are numerous specimens of sculpture. I saw in several rooms figures of human beings, legendary persons and animals very finely executed. The position and the attitude of the figures is remarkably natural. I fancy no nation comes up to the Italian as regards this art. I visited many exhibitions during my tour, and in the section devoted to sculpture, whether in London, at Berlin or Geneva, Italian sculpture carried the palm.

Among institutions of less note visited by me were the Theatre Royal, which is a fine building, the public gardens old as well as new, the Castello (the castle), the exchange house the monument of Cavour, and others.

FROM MILAN TO VERONA.

The country beyond Milan is rich in vegetation. The train

stops at Cassano, which appears to be a pretty big place, with a large number of houses.

Further on we meet with occasional villas and some important towns such as Bescia. There are tunnels and viaducts. At the station Martino delle Battaglie, there is a monument on an eminence to commemorate the battle of Solferino, where the French and Victor Emmanuel of Italy defeated the Austrians. The train stops at Peschiera for refreshment. There is a fort here and the train crosses several rivers. The tract near Verona is picturesque. While nearing it we pass by the lake of Garda. This is one of the largest lakes of Italy. We pass by the broader end of the lake. It is said that in stormy weather the lake is very rough.

Monday, 14th September.—By the time we reached Verona the weather became close, and it began to rain heavily. I had therefore to give up my original idea of spending a few hours in this important city, the scene of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Verona was the most important town of Venetia in ancient times. It has strong forts. The Duke of this place played an important part in the history of the country. The scene of the life and death of Romeo and Juliet is located here.

Verona has produced a great many architects, and also artists whose work is to be found in the museums and picture-galleries of Italy.

FROM VERONA TO VENICE.

The train passes from Verona through a very fertile district, planted with vines and mulberries. On the left, here and there are small hills, dotted with villas. On the right the plantations are very beautiful and continuous. Several canals intersect the country, and the whole region has the appearance of a rich garden. The scenery is enchanting.

The train stops at Bonifacio, a place where a battle was fought between the Austrians and Napoleon Bonaparte in the year 1796.

Further on, as the train proceeds, the horizon is bounded on all sides by ranges of mountains: When the train arrives at Montebello Vicentino, one gets a splendid view of the mountains and the castle situated on one of them. Next, there are two places of

importance, Vicenza and Padua, both noted in Italy for their artists.

The country between Padua and Venice is pleasant and picturesque.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VENICE.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
 And was the safe-guard of the West ; the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice the eldest child of Liberty.

Wordsworth.

Early History—Canals and Bridges—English Literary Celebrities—Shakespearean Characters—St. Mark—Palace and Prison—Streets and Houses—Glass and Silk Industries—Manin Square—Barbarigo—“The Two Foscari”—“The Crucifixion”—Rialto—Ancient Fishing Regulations—Kissing—the Bologna University—Women Professors.

Monday, 14th September.—Venice is unique in all respects. Its political history has been of a chequered character. It has been subject to a diversity of governments—now a republic, now a monarchy, now a prey to the foreign domination of Austria and France, &c. It is at present a city of the Kingdom of Italy. In point of commerce, Venice occupied in former times an important place among the European cities. From early times it has had commercial connections with the East.

It has enjoyed opulence. Indeed, at one time it was very wealthy and though it declined later on, yet even now it maintains no inconsiderable rank in the cities of civilized Europe by its industries and arts. Sculpture, carving, painting, jewelry and lace embroidery are the principal arts Venice is famous for. I visited the shops and depôts during the day. After sunset they looked even better—like a collective exhibition of native arts and industries. The town is built upon piles of timber like Amsterdam. There is the Grand Canal, and 150 other canals which run through the city, dividing it into small islands. These canals are crossed by 378 bridges which are supported by arches under which the boats pass. These boats are called gondolas. They are numerous and of curious shapes, the two ends being prominently pointed. Every boat has an iron prow, but not too high to clear the lowest bridges, and is

painted black by the orders of the former Government. The Grand Canal is very broad and passes through and around the city. Steamboats pass through it every 10 or 15 minutes and stop at piers at short distances. I had a cruise along the Grand Canal with my guide, and enjoyed it greatly. Such a sail gives you an idea of the scenery of the houses on the banks and other sights, just as a trip on the Ganges at Benares. My guide made the excursion interesting by showing me the houses in which John Ruskin, the art-critic and scholar, Lord Byron, and Robert Browning lived. He also showed me the houses where Desdemona and Iago, and Portia, the principal characters in "Othello" and the "Merchant of Venice" are supposed to have lived. He likewise pointed out the street where Shylock exacted his usurious terms. My guide, who has been doing his business for over thirty years, knows by heart what works were written by the several authors and poets during their stay on the banks of the Grand Canal.

From the railway station I had to go to my residence, the Victoria Hotel, by several canals. I thought I was passing through the creeks of a Goa village.

The principal places of attraction in the city are :—

The Piazza (open square) of St. Mark. This is the largest square. It is paved with white stone and marble, and forms a promenade in the evening. It is surrounded by ranges of palatial buildings on three sides. On the fourth side is the Church of St. Mark. On the ground floors of the buildings are the principal shops of Venice. This square is therefore the busiest and the most fashionable place in the city.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

St. Mark yet sees his lion, where he stood,
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

This is the most famous church in Venice. It is quite different from other cathedrals in point of architecture. In the front of the church are three pillars. These columns, my guide tells me, were erected in honour of the conquests of Venice over Cyprus, Candia and Morea. St. Mark is the tutelary saint of Venice. The church has excellent domes, sculptures, and glass

mosaic work in the ceiling. From its general appearance one would think that it was an oriental structure. On one of the sides of the church is the Cappella Zeno, or Chapel of Zeno—a splendid decorated interior with the tomb of Zeno. A good deal of the work in this church is made of marble, but it is so stained with dust that it has lost much of its original brilliancy. In the centre of the chancel there is a four-columned structure representing the Old and New Testaments, and in front of this are the 12 Apostles. There is also a mosaic picture of the Judgment of Solomon. When I visited the church, several artists were making copies of the different works of art in the building. Mr. Ruskin speaks very highly of the architectural beauty of the Church. In front of it rises the bell-tower or Campanile,* a famous structure, something like the Nagarkhanas in Native States. On the other side of the church stands a big clock tower, surmounted by a lion—the emblem of St. Mark.

Adjoining this square is the Piazzetta or a smaller square. On one side is the palace of the Doge or Duke, and on the other sides is the Library. These palaces extend to the Grand Canal of which this square affords an excellent view, and forms, as it were, a pier. In the rear of the Doge's palace is the prison, with a narrow canal between.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand,
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the Winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

THE PUBLIC PARK.

This magnificent park is a popular evening resort. Being on the banks of the Grand Canal, it has to be reached by a gondola or a steam-launch. The lunatic asylum is near by. The Church of Maria della Salute is also a beautiful architectural structure. It is close to the Grand Canal.

The streets are very narrow, six or seven feet wide; but they are paved with smooth cut stones and are free from dust. The

* This has recently collapsed.

houses are generally three or four storeys high. Although the lanes are narrow, one does not find it unpleasant to walk through them. The only danger for a visitor is the likelihood of his being lost in their labyrinthine intricacies.

The light during the day in the shops is obtained vertically from the sky. Venice seems to be innocent of building regulations. There are houses four storeys high on each side of lanes, only six or seven feet wide. Several palaces are pointed out here as having belonged to Justinian.

I visited the workshop and the show room of Testolini, where fine inlaid and embossed glass-ware is manufactured. The finest glass and carved work with shining colours is done at this institution. The manager was good enough to take me round. He showed me a book of his constituents in Bombay. Among the names were those of many Bhatias, Khojas, and Parsees. Sir Dinshaw Petit was one of the customers mentioned. The shop is equipped with electric appliances. In the evening it looks like a house for the exhibition of fine arts. On the ground floor two statues, one of Margaret, facing the square, and the other of Mephistopheles, facing the wall of the shop, were so arranged with a mirror behind that I was misled into thinking that the statue of Mephistopheles was standing in the inner room. The statue is worth 1,500 francs, and is a perfect piece of art.

Tuesday, 15th September.—This morning I quietly followed my guide, and saw in the Palazzo Contarini, the Scalla Minella—a fine specimen of a flight of spiral stairs which is very high,—and the Manin square. There is a big standing bronze statue of Manin with a lion at his feet. Manin was the President of the Republic in 1848. Close by this, is Manisis—the house where printing was first introduced into Italy. This building is now used as a Savings Bank.

From the Manin Square we went to the Square of St Angelo. This is an open space with a large water cistern for the use of the public. There is a statue of Peter Paleocapa, a great engineer who designed the Suez Canal.

The Monastery is a large square having cloisters or cells for the use of monks in former times.

The architecture of the church of St. Stephen is a mixture of Italian and Gothic styles. In the open square is the monument of Niccolo Tommaseo, who took an important part in bringing about the union of all the Italian States. He was a friend of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Count Cavour, the well-known statesmen of Italy. He died a blind man.

The palace Barbarigo contains the studio of Titian, the prince of Italian painters. It is reached by a boat. We saw the house of Charles Goldoni, the first man who introduced comedy in Italy, and taught it to France. The church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari contains some excellent specimens of art and the mortal remains of the great masters who bear glorious names in the history of Italian Art.

In one part is the monument of Canova, the prince of sculptors. His heart is buried in the grave on which the monument is raised. The tomb of Titian is excellently executed and decorated by the pupils of Canova. The monument of Americo Estensi, the inventor of torpedoes, is in one of the pews of the church. The monuments of the Dukes of Foscari exhibit much sculptural skill. Byron wrote a play called the "Two Foscari." The School of St. Rocco is a specimen of good architecture. Inside is the large and excellently executed picture of the Crucifixion, 48 by 25 feet. The Academy of the Fine Arts is an institution of which Venice is proud. It has about 700 pictures by Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Bellini and other.

The best picture by Titian is the Assumption. My guide says that this is the best in Europe. The pictures are mostly religious. They are fine specimens of art. They are all of the Venetian School.

I had another trip on the Grand Canal with the guide. We passed by many grand palaces, standing on the very edge of the Canal. They are in different styles of architecture—Gothic, Turkish, Moorish, Renaissance, and so forth. Among these palaces are those which belonged to Justinian, Petrarch, Marco Polo the great traveller, Sebastian Cabot, who discovered North America. There is an inscription on Cabot's house. Some of the houses are four or five hundred years old. The Gold House called *Cá Doro* presents a mixture of architecture. We pass by the fish market

and the fishermen are heard to make as loud a noise as the fishwives in our country. The house where Tasso, the poet, and Borgia, the poetess, lived is a magnificent edifice with pillars and terraces. The Alps are visible from this city. On the bank of the canal is a palace where the Ex-King of Spain, Don Carlos, now lives. My guide's name is Antonio Vi'sentine. He assisted Mr. Ruskin as a guide, and was the first to serve in that capacity here to Thomas Cook, the tourist's friend. He fully deserves to have a palace and a monument built on the bank of the Grand Canal to perpetuate his name. His family, he tells me, had one. He is intensely patriotic, and claims the first rank for Venice in regard to everything in the world. After showing me the first church built in this city, near the Rialto, he proceeded to inform me that the first attempt in the world to learn anatomy was made by Professor Vicheli in a room which he pointed out. The first newspaper in Europe was started in this city—the *Venice Gazette*. Originally it was distributed for nothing. People thought it a joke, and tore it up. To prevent this foolish waste, the Government issued a coin called *Gazetter*, which could be obtained for an issue of the *Gazette*, and thus encouraged the newspaper! The first pawnbroker's business was started here, so also the first bank, and the first post office.

There is a square of many columns in the Rialto. From the space between certain columns the Government of ancient times read out the laws to the public, and also to fishermen. The latter were not allowed to catch fish smaller than 9 inches in length. This measure is given on one of the columns, and I took the dimension myself. There is a regulation size for oysters too. I am passing through a well-stocked vegetable market. On the Rialto my guide showed me the house of Shylock. It is a quaint house used as a warehouse for fruit. Its windows are iron-barred. Next to it is the house of the executioner.

The Venetian women dress like the Goa native Christians with small shawls put round the shoulders. The lower class of women use slippers, but do not wear hats. They have black hair. They wear stockings which are generally coloured. My guide pointed out a wet-nurse with rings and a braid of silver gems and a Venetian gold chain round her neck. My guide tells me this

nurse gets a gem for every child she nurses. Another young woman, a mountain—dweller with a necklace of fine gold, who serves as a wet-nurse, is shown to me—a fine, healthy, and intelligent girl. Again we are on the Grand Canal. Several gondolas, small and large, are plying in different directions. There are 4,000 boats, and 1,000 private and 1,000 public gondolas.

The traffic is carried on invariably by boats. No carts, carriages or draught animals are to be found. At Amsterdam the case is different.

I visited the Doge's or Duke's palace. One of the rooms is decorated with paintings by Titian. This is the largest room and can hold 1,500 people. It is just the room for a grand Durbar. In the galleries are placed busts of eminent politicians, statesmen, and professional men.

I saw also the library. Some rare MSS. are preserved there in the best style. Ancient works on different sciences are kept in a case. Then there are fine specimens of rich gold and pearl-set bookbinding. The entire palace is richly decorated.

Lastly I visited a lace factory. There are four hundred young Venetian girls employed here to work different kinds of lace by hand. The manager was good enough to take me round. He showed me how the girls put the different silk threads together. Institutions such as this occupy the time of the poorer classes in the best manner possible. The company has altogether about 5,000 girls employed in the country and in the city. This is a place where one can have an idea of Venetian beauty and industry at the same time. The company is called M. Jesuram and Co., and it is patronised by the King of Italy. Prices are fixed according to the time and skill spent upon the articles. They are marked on the article and the buyer has not to haggle.

Another important Venetian industry is the making of glass, of which I have nowhere seen such fine specimens, except perhaps at Nuremberg.

In answer to my enquiries, the manager of the Venice factory said that, except Bavaria, there is no other place to compete with Venice. What of the glass-blowing industry in India? Rajawade is engaged in floating companies. His friend Col. Griffin recently wrote to me asking my views about the industry and also about

Rajwade. I will answer him when I reach Rome. I am afraid there is not much seriousness as yet with the people, and this is the burden of Mr. Bhowngree's song, when he condemns the Congress.

While at the Piazza and the Church of St. Mark, I noticed a large number of pigeons in the square. These are fed by the people like the pigeons at Bhuleshwar in Bombay.

In the afternoon, I leave by a gondola for the railway station to proceed to Florence. I have already acquired the love of the Venetian for the gondola. I have a canopy over my head, and my bag and baggage is carried without inconvenience. I reach the station in 25 minutes

The train starts for Florence at 2-30 p m. I find the Italians in their language and manners very much like the Portuguese. Their language is closely allied to Latin and many words are common to both the languages.

There is much kissing among these people at the railway stations. I see people kissing freely at parting. Men kiss men, women kiss women, and men and women kiss each other. I am returning to the Padua junction from which I came to Venice.

FROM PADUA TO FLORENCE.

The train crosses the Canal of Battaglia which is pretty large and navigable. Vineyards and orchards are seen round about. The little station of Abano is the village in which Livy the historian was born. There is a volcanic chain of mountains near it.

The station Battaglia is known for its hot saline baths. These baths are efficacious in case of gout, rheumatism, scrofula, and so forth.

The general appearance of the country is the same as that between Padua and Venice. Avenues of trees and cultivated grounds between are seen at many places. Ferrara, which is about 50 miles from Venice, is an important town. The train stops here for a few minutes. A few miles before this station the river Po appears, and the train runs along its banks, sometimes crossing it.

There is a Cathedral at Ferrara. The country between Ferrara and Bologna is richer than that through which I passed before. It increases in wealth as you reach Bologna.

Bologna is quite a large town. It is at the foot of the Apennines. It has 150,000 inhabitants and contains many churches and a well-known University for all the faculties. Jos. Calvani discovered galvanism here in 1789. One important fact to be noted is that there have been women professors in this University. In the 14th century Novella d'Andrea was a professor here, who, being a lady of great personal attractions, is said to have delivered her lectures, standing behind a curtain. Other professors were Laura Bassi in mathematics and physical science, Madame Mazzolini in anatomy, and Clotilda Tambroni in Greek.

I am now travelling with an American gentleman, a nephew of Dr. Norris, a lady doctor who practised medicine in Bombay from 1874 to 1881. He is an agreeable person to talk to, and we are exchanging our impressions.

From Bologna the train runs past the slope of the Monte della Guardia (Apennines). It crosses the Reno and then a fine valley breaks on the view. We reach Florence rather late in the evening.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FLORENCE,

O Florence with thy Tuscan fields and hills,
Thy famous Arno fed with all the rills,
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!

Coleridge.

Early History—Grandeur—The Arno—Piazza Signoria—Savonarola—Picture Galleries—The Cascine—The Tomb of Rajaram Maharaj of Kolapur—Colony of the Americans and English—Galileo's observatory—Meeting of Galileo and Milton—Piazzale Michael Angelo—Cemetery and impressive Sculptures—The old Church—Cathedral—The Campanile—Baptistery—Santa Croce—Michael Angelo—Dante—Convents and Churches—Poverty—Vallombrosa—Milton's Retreat—Palazzo Pitti—Baboli Gardens—Arezzo—Thrasymene—Historical Reminiscences.

Wednesday, 16th September.—Florence was formerly the capital of Tuscany, and was also the capital of the whole of Italy in 1865-70. But now, as before, the true capital of Italy is Rome. It is well-known for its treasures of art and intellectual life. It has had an illustrious history and is considered one of the finest cities in Europe. It has attractive environs.

A passage from Leo regarding this city quoted by Baedeker gives a perfect idea of its greatness.

“Who can describe the enchanting view of this art-city of Tuscany and the world, Florence, with its surrounding gardens? Who paint the distant horizon from Fiesole, smiling at us with its fair towers, to the blue ridge of the Lucca mountains standing out against the golden back-ground of the western sky? Here everything betrays the work of generation after generation of ingenious men. Like a water-lily rising on the mirror of the lake, so rests on this lovely ground the still more lovely Florence, with its everlasting work and its inexhaustible riches. From the bold airy tower of the palace, rising like a slender mast, to Brunelleschi’s wondrous dome of the Cathedral, from the old house of the Spini to the Pitti Palace, the most imposing the world has ever seen, from the garden of the Franciscan convent to the beautiful environs of the Cascine, all are full of incomparable grace. Each street of Florence contains a world of art. The walls of the city are the calyx containing the fairest flowers of the human mind, and this is but the richest gem in the diadem with which the Italian people have adorned the earth.”

I took a drive and had a walk through the city. In many of the squares the houses are magnificent. The shops are handsome and rich. The roads are paved and in many places broad. They are generally clean. The river Arno flows through the city, and the two parts are connected at many places by wide bridges. The general appearance is grand. Open squares, such as abound in Florence, are called Piazzas in Italy. There, in company with a guide, who was not very intelligent, I visited many institutions and streets and was impressed very favourably. The principal places of attraction are

PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.

This is a very important square. In ancient times it was the site of the Forum of the Republic and the scene of many tumults. On one side is the Loggia Dei Lanzi or an open pavilion in which there are fine works of sculpture,—principally mythological figures. The palace of Vecchio is the principal building in the square. It is magnificent in appearance. It has gigantic pillars. The Hall which served as a room for holding parliamentary meetings is finely decorated. The finest fresco and tapestry work can be seen here. In this hall is the monument of Savonarola, a monk

who was burnt outside the palace owing to religious feuds. Just opposite to this is the statue of Pope Leo X. This palace is now occupied by the mayor of the city. There is a big fountain with a statue of Neptune in the Piazza, and on each side are picture galleries and museums.

THE UFFIZI PICTURE GALLERY.

Room II. The following pictures are particularly well executed :—

St. Zenobius—Bishop of Florence—resuscitating a dead child.

Brongino—Christ in Hades, a picturesque scene, men and women very beautiful.

Andrea del Sarto—Madonna with St. John the Evangelist and Francis, very brilliant colours.

Granacie—Madonna presenting her girdle to St. Thomas as a mark of her Assumption.

In the centre of this room there is a beautiful picture of Venus by Lorenzi di Credi.

Botticelli—Madonna with angels.

Room I, Botticelli—Calumny.

The Tribuna—This room contains the greatest masterpieces of ancient art and sculpture and also modern paintings. The room contains the works of several great artists, including Michael Angelo and Raphael. The cupola is very beautiful.

The Sculptures—Satyr playing on the cymbals ; group of wrestlers.

The Grinder—a Scythian whetting his knife to flay Marsyas.

Raphael's pictures are mostly religious, for instance, the Madonna and child, and young St. John. There are pictures by Titian and Rubens.

Titian seems to have been fond of painting from the nude. Two of his pictures in this gallery represent females lying on sofas.

Michael Angelo's picture is Santa Tanzia.

There are several rooms containing the pictures of different schools. These rooms have fine painted ceilings.

H. H. RAJARAM MAHARAJ.

After spending three hours, I started on a visit to the grave and monument of H. H. Rajaram Maharaj. I had Mr. Charles S. Norris, an American, gentleman, with me. The Cascine, where

the grave is, was very far from my place. It is a grand park on the outskirts of the town. Its length is two miles. It has fine walks and roads for bicycles. It is not broad, but the trees and the wood there are very pleasing and refreshing. The race-course is very near. At the end of the park is a little square which is enclosed by a wooden fencing. In the centre is the grave of His Highness. On the grave is his figure in a sitting posture in full dress and with the royal insignia. This statue is excellently executed. It bears a very life-like appearance, and from its look any visitor would form the impression that the statue represents some royal person. The turban, aigrette, and the necklace are very effectively brought out. I had taken some flowers with me and the guard gave me some more from the garden. These I placed at the feet of the statue. I was much moved by the memory of the deceased Raja. What a terrible fate he had. Severed from his country, severed from the nearest and dearest members of his family, severed from his friends and with but a few sympathisers, like my friend Mr. Unwala and four or five native menials, he was suddenly snatched away by the hand of death. I was overwhelmed by the thought. Mr. Norris liked the statue and expressed sympathy for the Raja. The monument bears inscriptions in Sanscrit, Marathi, English and Latin, stating that H. H. died on the 30th November, 1874, while he was on his way home. I passed by the Hotel de la Paix where His Highness breathed his last. This place is nearly two and a half miles from the monument. The artist's name is Mr. Fuller.

GALILEO.

Before going to the Cascine Mr. Norris and myself drove through the city, by the public park, past the colony of the American and English people (who occupy a very interesting and picturesque tract of country,) and by the observatory, where Galileo made his astronomical observations with the aid of his telescope.

"The moon whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."—*Milton*

Rogers' "Italy" describes an interview between the astronomer and Milton in a graphic manner.

Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
 Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars!
 Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
 Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,
 Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart
 Some verse of Ariosto!—there unseen,
 Gazing with reverent awe—Milton his guest,
 Just then come forth, all life and enterprise;
He in his old age and extremity
 Blind, at noonday exploring with his staff;
 His eyes up-turned as to the golden sun,
 His eyeballs idly rolling. Little then
 Did Galileo think whom he received;
 That in his hand he held the hand of one
 Who could requite him—who would spread his name
 O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay greater;
 Milton as little that in him he saw,
 As in a glass, what he himself should be,
 Destined so soon to fall on evil days
 And evil tongues—so soon, alas! to live
 In darkness and with dangers compassed round,
 And solitude.

We then went to a place which is known as Piazzale Michael Angelo. This is a projecting terrace and a lovely spot, where fashionable people and lovers of scenery generally resort. This point affords a perfect and clear panoramic view of the whole city of Florence. It shows one distinctly all the institutions in the city. I could make out the several places which I had seen in the morning and which I am going to mention presently. On this terrace there is a restaurant, or in the Italian language, *vistorazion*. Above the terrace is the public cemetery. This comprises extensive grounds and naturally commands the best view of the whole city. In point of structure, it is not imposing like the Milan cemetery which I visited the other day. There are not so many mausoleums as at Milan. Still, as regards sculpture it is not inferior to the Milan cemetery. I was touched by two of the statues or monuments. On one of the graves there was the figure of a lady (most probably the wife of the deceased) in a sitting posture with her head and a portion of her face covered by means of a handkerchief held in her left hand, and with tears flowing from her eyes. The artist has done the work so skilfully that I thought at first the handkerchief was real silk. Another monument shows a mother with a little infant in her arms. A loving sister of the dead child, who appears to be 8 or 9 years old, is standing reaching on the tomb with her head bent a little, as if overwhelmed with

grief. The drapery of the figures is exquisitely carved. I saw here many people visiting the graves.

At the entrance of the cemetery is a church, built mostly of marble. There are several monolith marble pillars, white and greenish. The nave is ornamented with marble lattice. There is a slab at the entrance, the inscription on which shows that the church must have been in existence in 1207.

My morning tour from 8-15 to 12 embraces the following visits.

THE CATHEDRAL.

This is the principal church. It is very ancient. It is plain inside with fresco work on the ceiling of the nave. The whole skill of the artist is spent on the decoration of the exterior. The mosaic glass work is superb. The edifice is as beautiful as some of the ancient buildings in Northern India or the mosques of Ahmedabad. The dome is very beautiful, and is visible from a long distance. The structure is perfect. There is a marble screen for the choir. The tabernacle is of silver and the image is executed in mosaic work of precious stones.

The Campanile or bell-tower is a square structure. Its height is 292 feet. It is an excellent building. It consists of four storeys decorated with marble. There are many figures, statues, and bas-reliefs representing real persons or ideas or passions in the abstract, e. g. John the Baptist, David, Virtue, &c. In the lower part there are sculptures showing how mankind has progressed from the beginning of the world:—Adam and Eve working, and dwelling in a tent, the progress of astronomy, agriculture and so forth. Mr. Ruskin has pronounced a high panegyric on this work. Says he: "The characteristics of power and beauty occur more or less in different buildings, some in one, some in another. But all together and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, so far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto."

BAPTISTERY

The Baptistery of St. John is quite close to the Cathedral. This is also a beautiful structure and contains fine stained glass windows, representing scenes in John the Baptist's life.

SANTA CROCE.

The Church of Santa Croce is a very large one. It is situated in the Piazza S. Croce, which is a spacious square and has large buildings. As Westminster Abbey in London abounds in statues of literary, scientific, political and diplomatic personages of England, so this church abounds in fine monuments of the greatest men of this city.

Michael Angelo's monument shows a vigorous face with three female figures at his feet, representing Architecture, Sculpture and Painting, with the distinguishing marks of the arts. Michael Angelo has left his impress on every feature of this city. He was a poet, architect, painter, sculptor, soldier, statesman, &c. Some squares are called by his name. He was a man of great resources and was very useful to the state. While I was at the picture gallery, this afternoon, I noticed that one of the broken feet of a statue placed there was supplied by Michael Angelo in such a skilful manner that the defect was concealed altogether.

Then there are statues of Galileo with the telescope and emblematic figures of philosophy and astronomy at his feet; of Machiavelli, the celebrated statesman, and of others. The visit to this church is highly instructive and agreeable. Art is seen here to perfection, and you find the greatest men of the country gathered together.

“The church of Santa Croce,” says Leigh Hunt, “would disappoint you as much inside as out, if the presence of great men did not always cast a mingled shadow of the awful and beautiful over our thoughts.”

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though these were nothing save the past and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos: here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

Byron.

Dante's statue is executed in a sitting attitude with a finger placed on his lips to show that he is thinking, and with two female figures at his feet representing Italy and Poesy.

This statue of Dante is the work of the artist Piazzì and was placed in the centre of the St. Croce Piazza in 1864, on the occasion of the sixth centenary of his birth. Dante's name is as familiar as a household word with the Florentine people. He lived in this place, he had a house in the city, and there is a valley called after his name.

Elizabeth Barrett-Browning says :

Tender Dante loved his Florence well,
While Florence now to love him is content.

Nearly half a century before the statue was placed there, Byron had pronounced the following reproach on Florence.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.
They factions, in their worse than civil war
Proscribed the bard whose name, for evermore,
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages.

CONVENT OF ST. MARCO.

There are excellent cloisters and fresco work. It contains a large crucifix.

The convent is famous for sheltering Savonarola from his persecutors.

ST. MARIA NOVELLA.

In this church, the principal work is of marble.

In one of the side chapels there is a huge fresco painting representing Paradise on one side and Hell on the other. The picture is after the style of Rubens or Wiertz—very impressive and awe-inspiring.

The Sacristy of this church was opened for me by the priest. Excellent gold embroidery wrought by hand on rich silk vestments to be used on the occasions of religious ceremonies was shown to me.

ST. SPIRITO.

This church is very simple and elegant in architecture.

What I noticed in the churches here is that there is a large open space before the nave, and the ceiling overhead is plain and mostly of wood and not very attractive. The fresco work is generally on the ceiling and walls of the choir, or the dome; and in a great many places, mosaic work of superior order is to be seen.

I also passed by the Synagogue. It is a grand building, full of elegant decoration. Its cupola could be seen from the Michael

Angelo Piazzale. Of the bridges, Ponte S. Trinita is the principal one. The principal commercial street runs in the same line with it. I notice that the water of the Arno is muddy, mixed as it were with red earth. There is a dam or embankment like the Bund on the Mulamutha at Poona.

There is a general look of poverty here. Beggars openly ask for alms. In Germany, I did not meet a single beggar, as I have already noted in my account of Frankfort. Begging is prohibited there. Not so here. There is no drunkenness here, which is noteworthy. In this respect Italy, I believe, resembles Germany. In the latter country they drink beer. Here they drink wines, but they do not get drunk. The people appear to be well behaved and respectful.

Last night I passed through the city. In the principal streets there were electric lights, hung on wires passing overhead. The streets were illuminated brilliantly like the open space near the Crawford Market. Besides the street lamps, the shops were profusely lighted, which increased the brightness of the scene. The shops are not closed before 9 p.m. In London the case is different; there the shops are closed at 6.

There is a Foundling Hospital in this city. At the entrance are figures of orphans cut in relief and standing in different postures.

In order to have an idea of Italian amusements, I went to the Alhambra last night. The piece performed was a comedy. The music was pleasant and agreeable. I was there only for an hour. The place was in the suburbs. It is long and open with a permanently erected platform for the actors.

The more I went about the city and the more I saw of the people, the more confirmed was I in the opinion that the Florentines are poorer and given less to enjoyment than the Milanese. What a large number of coffee drinkers and wine drinkers are to be seen at the Vittorio-Emmanuel Galleria, which is to Milan something like what the Crawford Market is to Bombay. In Florence too, there are places where people meet; but it seems the generality of the people cannot afford to be luxurious. Last night I noticed at the Alhambra that in the first class, the audience was very small. Of

course the population of Milan is larger than that of Florence. Moreover, the French influence, which crept in at the time of Napoleon, still survives there to a considerable extent. In Florence the influence of the monks was at one time considerable. Many fights and tumults took place in connection with priestly domination. The congregation met in large numbers and a great deal of open space was required. It is also said, however, that the monks assisted the rise and progress of art in Italy. Savonarola, who was an eminent Dominican monk and whose name is in the mouth of every Florentine, is said to have encouraged the arts of sculpture and painting. He is said to have been burnt at the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio.

I regret, owing to want of time and cloudy weather, I was not able to visit Vallombrosa, a village situated on a hill 3,000 feet above the level of the sea about 15 miles from Florence. Although this mount was within sight, the valley of the Arno intervened between it and Florence.

There is a monastery of hermits at this retreat. In former times, the abbots of this monastery were members of the Florentine Senate and exercised powers of arresting and imprisoning their subordinates. Milton makes a reference to this place in "Paradise Lost."

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched embower.

Milton is said to have liked this place for its quiet and picturesque nature; and Wordsworth refers to the fact in the following lines:—

Its murmur how soft as it falls down the steep
Near the cell—your sequestered Retreat, high in air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

The Hermitage is called *Paradisino*. It is said that here, on the grassy plateau near the Hermitage, Milton dictated the greater part of "Paradise Lost" to his daughters.

PALAZZO PITTI.

Thursday, 17th September.—Yesterday when I was going through the picture gallery at Piazza Vicchi or the Galleria Uffizi, as it is called, I was much fatigued by the walk. I left

the place at 3-45 p.m. and came to this grand place, which contains the cream of Italian paintings. The house was closed at 4 p.m. The Palazzo Pitti is on one bank of the Arno, and Uffizi is on the other. The two are connected by a bridge. The three galleries of Uffizi and the bridge and the galleries of Pitti make together a walk of more than four miles. It is no exaggeration to say that the exhibits are numerous enough to occupy ten miles or more if they were arranged in one row.

Thus I am at 10 a.m. in this grand place, which was once the seat of Signoria, the Republican Government. This contains the most famous pictures in Italy.

THE SALOON OF THE ILIAD

In this room there is a picture of a lady "Da Gravida" by Raphael. There are also four tables of excellent granite—a very rich and shining stone—with four vases of black marble placed on them.

There are some religious pictures by Titan and other Italian painters.

SALOON OF SATURN.

The fresco ceiling and other decorations are of masterly execution.

The best pictures are :—

Piombo—Martyrdom of Agatha.

Raphael—Madonna della Sedia. In this picture Mary is holding the infant Christ in the way our bashful and affectionate Indian women hold their little babies. The features of the mother and the child and the colours are most beautiful. This is considered the best work of Raphael. My eyes dwell upon it unsatiated, however long I linger over the picture.

Raphael's Madonna del Granduca. This is a work of the artist's earlier period, yet it shows the simplicity, beauty and modesty of Mary to perfection.

Tomaso Inghisani—Humourist and Secretary of the Pope, by Raphael. This is a portrait showing great thoughtfulness and seriousness in the eyes of the secretary, who is a round man with the cap of the priestly order. He looks somewhat like the late Sir T. Madhavrao. There are five other paintings by Raphael kept in this room.

Dosso Dossi of Ferrara, a picture of a nymph pursued by a Satyr.

SALOON OF JUPITER.

The ceiling and painting as in the previous room. There is a table here with excellent mosaic work on it. The artist's masterly skill is shown in the life-like manner in which he has imitated the leaves of trees, branches shooting out in different directions, with parrots and other birds perched among them. The fusion of colours is exquisite.

By Titian—"La Bella di Tiziano" is a painting of a noble lady, very graceful in mien and posture. I find several young ladies are engaged in taking a copy of this picture. I have noted that, on the continent, the love for the art of painting is very strong, especially among the fair sex.

Rubens—The Holy Family. The infant Christ holding with his hands the lips of a little girl, and smiling as he does so. There are numerous other pictures by Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, &c.

SALOON OF MARS.

Andrea del Sarto—Holy Family. The colouring is excellent and the features very graceful—an old man is just engaged in taking a copy of this.

Raphael—Maddalena and Angiolo Doni (both these are excellent pictures.)

SALOON OF APOLLO.

In this room some of the pictures are splendid.

Magdalen, by Titian. The figure is most beautiful. The hair flowing, the right hand on the heart, and the eyes turned towards Heaven.

Murillo—Madonna. I have seen several pictures of this artist at different galleries on the continent and Great Britain. He is a great artist, specially in colours.

THE SALOON OF VENUS.

In this room there are many nude pictures. The most interesting of them are:

Titian—Betrothal of St. Catherine. This is a copy, the original is in London.

Rubens—Hay harvest—good, natural scenery, but the colour has faded.

Tintoretto—Cupid, Venus and Vulcan—nicely executed, but I think the picture of Venus in the forge of Vulcan by Wiertz, which I saw in the Wiertz studio at Brussels, is superior.

There are many allegorical pictures in this room. The table is a splendid specimen of tessellated marble. The oval decoration in the middle, and the fringe around the circumference are very well done.

Raphael—La Donna Velata. The artist's mistress with a veil.
Reni—Cleopatra.

Both these pictures are excellent of their kind.

Bathroom—This is most tastefully fitted up. There are four statues of Venus placed in four corners. The porter told me these were by Canova, the celebrated Italian sculptor.

There are other rooms in which sculptures and paintings are kept and also tables of oriental type.

There are other rooms which are mostly set apart for mythological subjects. I take only a cursory view. It is 12 now, and I hurry away to take my lunch, having spent two hours in a pleasant way in this place.

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

In the afternoon I visited the Academy of Fine Arts. It contains a splendid collection of ancient and modern pictures. In the entrance hall, a statue of David executed by Michael Angelo is placed. A copy of this is to be found on the Michael Angelo Piazzale which I saw last evening. It is a bold and graceful specimen of Angelo's workmanship and is considered a great masterpiece by the Florentines.

I drove by the side of the Cathedral and Campanile to have another look. I was impressed most strongly with the workmanship on the exterior. The mosaic work is so fine. It might well have miniature models made of it like those of the Taj.

I visited the Baboli gardens, which belong to the State, and are open to the public only on Thursdays and Sundays. The walk was very delightful. The gardens command an excellent view. There are statues and sculptures there which add to the interest of the scenery.

I visited the Protestant cemetery, and saw the graves of Mr. Theodore Parker, the agnostic preacher or writer of America, and of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the English poetess.

Most of the old fortifications are pulled down. Some portions still remain, which can be seen from the Michael Angelo Terrace.

My guide told me, yesterday, that the old city of Florence, before the commencement of the Christian era, was on a hill, where remains of houses are still to be found. In the present city, the aristocratic houses are mostly on the east bank of the Arno, and the poor people live in the north-west part of the city. As in the other fine arts, the Italians excel in music also. The tunes of some of the Italian songs resemble those of India. An Italian was singing in the street, and on hearing him I was induced to leave my bed and stand at the window to hear him better.

The city and suburbs are served both by omnibuses and steam tramcars.

In Italy the currency is either paper or copper. A franc is equivalent to a lire in Italy, for which there is a note. There are notes also for 2 lires, 5 lires, 10 lires, 20 lires, 100 lires and so forth. A stranger who has to use spectacles finds it difficult to make out at once the value of the paper.

The Apennines are in the neighbourhood of the city and afford pleasant scenery.

" The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain. dim and grey."

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

Friday, 18th September.—I start by the early train. The train takes a curve round the town, along the bank of the Arno, affording a view of picturesque ranges of mountains and a series of valleys. There are large plantations of trees on both sides. When the train arrives at Pontassieve, which is at the confluence of the Sieve and the Arno, the view of the valley is beautiful. On the bank there is a rich garden. The water of the river is muddy and the bed rugged.

The train passes through a short tunnel and then over a bridge on the Arno, and again through a small tunnel. At Incisa, there is a big castle. Not far from this is the next station, Figline

In the valley here, it is said, fossil bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and the like are found.

The next station is Giovanni, which looks a decent town ; next, Montevarchi, which is a bigger town. It is at the foot of the hills which the train now ascends. The hills are covered with plantations, here and there. We pass through several short tunnels. The scenery for a few miles is very monotonous—until the train gets to Arezzo. This town enjoys the uncommon honour of having produced a number of learned men, artists, and statesmen of Italy. Baedeker mentions the following names : C. Cilnius Maecenas (d. 9 A. D.), the friend of Augustus and the patron of Virgil and Horace ; the Benedictine monk Guido Aretino, or Guido Monaco (about 1000-1050), the inventor of our present system of musical notation ; Francesco Petrarca, the great lyric poet of Italy, born of Florentine parents in 1304 (d. 1374) ; Pietro Aretino, the satirist (1492-1557) ; several members of the noble family of the Accolti, jurists and historians in the fifteenth to seventeenth century ; A. Cesalpini, the botanist and physician (1519-1603) ; Franc Redi, the physician and humourist, (d. 1698), &c. &c. &c.,

A question here suggests itself. Is there anything in the nature of a place which is conducive to the production of genius ? For instance, there are places in India, like the banks of particular rivers, which have produced learned men in great numbers. The English lake district has produced eminent poets and literary men. So has the Swiss lake district. The same is the case in Germany.

To return to the scenery. At Arezzo, a very fine panorama opens to view, with a range of mountains bounding the horizon.

Then the train traverses a rich fertile plain for miles, and the scenery is somewhat similar to that of the Deccan or of the Southern Maratha country. I think this is one of the richest provinces of Italy. We pass by the valleys of the Arno, the Tiber and the Chiana—the last valley is very luxuriant in tree growth. It is said, at one time, a lake existed here but it was filled up and the district was brought up to its present state of cultivation by contrivances suggested by some mathematicians of the school of Galileo.

The train stops at Cartona, a small town situated on an eminence lying above the picturesque valley of the Chiana. Then

it comes to Terontola—a small village. Further on, it passes by the great Lake Thrasymene, where a bloody battle was fought between the Roman consul, Flaminius, and Hannibal, in which the latter won a victory. I recall to my mind the account of the battle given by Smith in his "Compendium of Roman History," which I read for the matriculation and of which I have a lively recollection. I had to read the same subject for my F. E. A. or Little-go, as it was then called, and I recollect the excellent lectures delivered by Mr. Ranade, in 1865, from Arnold, Mommsen and Niebuhr. I fancied that Hannibal's figure stood visibly before me. Byron has described the battle in a graphic manner.

I roam

By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
 The host between the mountains and the shore
 Where courage falls in her despairing files,
 And torrents swoll'n to rivers with their gore,
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er,

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
 And such the storm of battle on this day,
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
 None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet.
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet.

There are sloping hills abutting on the lake at the left side, and some islands too, which are visible from the train.

The train then stops at Chiusi Junction, when it traverses a dry uninteresting hilly and jungle-tract, after which it descends into the picturesque Chiana Valley. There are some hill-forts in these parts. The train halts at Orvieto, which is at the end of the Chiana valley and is an important town. We next pass through the woods of the Tiber, and under some tunnels, and then by the side of the Tiber. Here we see a few villages with dilapidated houses standing on sloping hills. The tract is rough, rugged, and dry. The water of the river is muddy. The train then arrives at Orte (Horta) junction. The town is situated on a hill. Orte hill sounds like the *Horti* hill by which we reached Bijapur before the construction of the railway. The water of the

river Tiber looks like that of the Kajarkond on the way to my village, Ambegav, in the Sawantwadi State.

There is nothing of special interest on the journey from Orte to Rome. The country is dry and hilly.

From the Castel Giubileo station St. Peter's dome is seen. Then we pass by the Sabine and Alban mountains. A few miles onwards and we are in sight of Rome.

Rome was not built in a day. I cannot finish seeing it in a day. So I conveniently stopped my journal and the account of my visit here for the next mail.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROME.

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world.

Byron.

City's magnificence—Water-works—Art—Early History—St. John—Colosseum—English Cemetery—Shelley—St. Paul—Harbour—The Catacombs of St. Callistus—The Vatican—Sistine Chapel—Michael Angelo—Museum—St. Peter's Cathedral—Capitol—Forum—Church of the Jesuits—St. Maria—Piazza di Spagna—Immaculate Conception—Pantheon—Garibaldi—Byron's Jeremiad.

Friday, and Saturday, 18th and 19th September.—The Eternal City, apart from its ancient glory, presents a most attractive and picturesque appearance. The river Tiber flows through it, but its water is not used for drinking purposes. Drinking water is brought into the city from a long distance by means of well constructed aqueducts which have been in existence from the time of ancient Rome and are still in a state of perfect preservation. They remind one of the water-works in our ancient Indian cities, like Bijapur and Ahmednagar, constructed in the time of the ancient Mahomedan dynasties of the Deccan. My guide told me that the present water supply was enough to provide each inhabitant with 150 gallons a day. How our boasted works of Tansa and Veihar sink into insignificance by the side of the works of imperial Rome! I tasted the water and found it more delicious than the Veihar or Tulsi water of Bombay. The population of Rome, including the suburbs, is 438,000.

There is not much traffic on the Tiber. Boats are used for carrying grass and timber.

The city is situated partly on the plains and partly on eminences and the streets are thus uneven. When one travels in the city, he has frequently to ascend and descend as in the Dongri and Mandvi quarters of Bombay.

The shops of Rome for the most part look grand and brilliant. The people are well behaved and orderly. There are cars both of electric and horse traction running in every direction.

Sculpture and painting, as well as mosaic work of different kinds, are to be found here in enormous quantities, unequalled in any other city. A German gentleman, to whom I remarked that the Romans were not only handsome but intelligent, observed, "No doubt they are intelligent, but in art, not in philosophy." The Germans pride themselves on their superiority in profound philosophy and thought, and do not admit the claim of any other nation. I did not press the argument of the relative merits of different nations, as comparisons are odious. The German gentleman, however, agreed that in point of personal beauty the Romans carried the palm.

As to the early account of Rome, history shows that Rome existed even before Romulus and Remus founded it. It is called the Eternal City, and at one time it was the mistress of the world. Its wide expanse justifies the saying "Rome was not built in a day."

I had not much time at my disposal to visit the numerous museums in this city, but from what I saw at the Vatican there can be no doubt that the most splendid collection of art is to be found at Rome.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN IN LATERANO.

This is the most important church in Christendom, as it is said to be the greatest in point of antiquity. It is the church of the Pontiff, who takes charge of it after his election. It has very large columns in the front. On entering the interior one sees twelve huge statues of the Apostles, of excellent workmanship, placed in niches. They are standing in different attitudes; the niches are highly ornamented. The ceiling is gilded after the designs of Michael Angelo.

There is a private chapel of the Orsini, which is one of the richest chapels in Rome. There is excellent mosaic work on the altar. On the pediment there are sculptures of Innocence and Penitence. In this chapel is the tomb of Clement XII.; the niches are decoratively made of porphyry marble. There are some interesting sculptures placed in the chapel.

THE COLOSSEUM.

This is a huge amphitheatrical building where the ancient Romans amused themselves with the fights of gladiators and wild animals. My guide tells me that 600,000 persons fell victims in these contests. The size as well as the architecture of this place are remarkable. This building was erected on the site of Nero's golden house. Beneath the structure, there are subterranean vaults for wild beasts from which they were taken out by a passage leading to the arena. There is also a subterranean passage for the Royal family to come to the building from their residence. One hundred thousand spectators could be admitted to this building. Naval combats also were arranged by flooding the arena.

The structure was built of brick, and when it was intact the exterior was covered by marble slabs. It was the Emperor Titus who dedicated the building to these combats. What a cruel piece of amusement the Romans took delight in! The building is called the Flavian Amphitheatre.

THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

This is an arch of 8 huge marble columns erected by the Emperor Constantine to commemorate his victories.

While passing from this arch, I noticed large arches erected over the aqueducts in the city like the water-towers one meets with in Poona.

There were ramparts in ancient times, round the city, parts of which are still standing. Among other curious structures is the Pyramid of Caius Sestius. It is built of marble and is 125 feet high.

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY.

Near the Pyramid is the English cemetery. The poet Shelley was buried here. He was drowned in the sea. It is said that this young and gifted poet was fond of boating, and he met with his

death in a sudden storm when he was returning with a friend from Leghorn to Venice. His remains were taken to Rome to be deposited near those of his little son. The poet Keats also found his last resting-place in this cemetery.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

The exterior of this church is very unassuming, but the interior is very rich. The columns and the altar are of the richest description. One would think it was the palace of an Emperor and not a church. Pope Leo XII. pulled down royal palaces to obtain rich materials for this church. It is set with emeralds in many of its parts. It is a standing monument exemplifying the wealth, the pride, the cruelty and the greed of the Vatican. One naturally wonders why a priest should indulge in so much pomp and display. Mountains of marble are piled up in this and other churches under the Vatican's immediate control.

THE HARBOUR OF ROME.

The harbour is a tame affair. The Tiber is not grand. There are few boats in the water. New embankments are under construction. Just on the bank there is a hostel for poor and disabled people.

TEMPLES.

There are several temples of the early Roman gods, such as the Temple of Fortuino, the Temple of Hercules and so forth. These were at one time very large structures. Now they are dilapidated, yet the portions still left are grand. The original construction was, however, in marble, as is evident from the remains.

THE CATACOMBS OF ST. CALLISTUS.

I had no clear idea of the Catacombs before I visited them. Here the early Christians during the persecutions assembled to celebrate the mysteries of their religion and to dispose of their dead in a secret manner. There is a secret passage through which one could go with a light. In these caves are placed coffins, the dead bodies being placed in the spaces made between rocks. There are numerous windings, and one would be lost altogether if there were no light. There are figures on the rocks which the guide explains as he takes you round. The area of these catacombs is very large, I fancy more than six acres. Some

embalmed remains also are kept here. There are chapels in these caves. The receptacle for a light looks like the flat earthen light we call *panti* in India. It is said that in this space fourteen Popes and one hundred and seventy thousand Christians lie buried.

THE VATICAN.

This is the name of the set of buildings belonging to the Pope. Here is his residence as well as the institutions connected with him and attached to his office. These are the grandest buildings I have seen in Rome or elsewhere. The premises form a little town by themselves. The Pope resides here in all his pomp and dignity, at least such as has survived his discomfiture in 1870. He does not go out in the city; nor does he see the King. I went over almost all his premises except his personal residence. The Vatican has several museums and galleries. It has 4,000 rooms and 8 grand staircases, 200 smaller ones and 20 courtyards.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

This is a most attractive edifice on account of its frescoes which were painted by the best artists. Visitors usually spend an hour or two within the walls of this chapel, and very properly. Of course to Christians the place has greater attractions than to others, for the fresco work is mostly descriptive of Biblical scenes. But as a piece of art even non-Christians can find much to interest them in this chapel. Michael Angelo has executed on the vault some of his best pictures. I view them by the aid of the explanation given in guide books. The artist has shown the Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, the Serpent and so forth. The several scenes depicted here resemble in their abstract conception the ideas of our people as regards the creation and the incarnations described in our hymns, if we have regard only to the abstract deity and the passions and phenomena mentioned in the hymns, leaving aside the mythology. I hope some one will take the trouble to compare the ideas of the two religions so that the similarity may be patent. To my mind, in the light of these pictures the main conceptions of the two religions are on the whole similar. Here you see that most famous work of Michael Angelo, "The Last Judgment," which is behind the altar. Christ is sitting here with Mary, surrounded by saints, prophets, and patriarchs, while below, the Archangel summons the dead to

judgment. On the right are those who are redeemed, and on the left those who are lost. This conception one might well compare with the Hindu idea about the last judgment. Substitute Vishnu for Christ and Yama Dharma or Chitragupta for the Archangel, and you find the ideas underlying the two conceptions are precisely similar in regard to the fates of different individuals. The prolific imagination of the Hindu mind has devised a countless list of punishments. But does not the genius of some of the Christian nations who have provided most cruel punishments for transgressions, rival the Hindu in point of prolificness in cruel devices? I was horrified to see numberless cruel punishments in vogue in some of the European countries in the past, as shown by relics preserved in several castles in England, Germany, Bavaria and elsewhere.

Michael Angelo has succeeded in portraying the scene of the Last Judgment in a masterly and most impressive manner.

There are numerous rooms where ancient and modern pictures are kept. Raphael's work is the best. The Library of the Vatican is a very extensive store-house of learning. There are some 300,000 volumes and manuscripts contained in it. It is said that Pope Julius II. refused a sum of £20,000 offered for the Hebrew Bible in this collection. What must be the value of the entire library?

I was much pleased by the visit to the museum, which I must say contains the most choice objects. There are excellent statues showing great skill in workmanship. There are vases of great beauty, pilasters showing artistic carving, porphyry basins and figures, representing Tragedy and Comedy, brought from Hadrian's Villa. The busts and statues have been collected from different quarters from time to time. The group of the Nine Muses is very striking. They are represented as beautiful women, each holding the symbol of her art.

Close to this museum is the world-famous

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not,
 And why? It is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined

Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
 Shalt, one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God, face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

The cathedral is within the limits of the Vatican. This magnificent pile occupies the place of the gardens and the circus of Nero, where the tyrant killed numbers of Christians, who were buried near the circus. There are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul in the circus just in front of the church.

The interior of the church is splendid. The chapels are richly ornamented with porphyric figures, pilasters, frescoes, and statues. The roof is decorated with stucco work, and the principal dome is beautified with mosaic. The floor is paved with marble. Many artists were employed in the construction of this church, which took 176 years for completion, and cost more than ten millions sterling. It requires six thousand pounds a year to keep it up.

The imposing dome has four arches and four large pillars. The staircase is winding, and there are galleries containing chapels. The height of the dome is 420 feet, and it commands an excellent view of the city and the environs. The cupola is well embellished with frescoes. This is the grandest cupola in the world. Most of the embellishments are after the designs of Michael Angelo. Some of the work was done after the models supplied by Bernini, one of the most famous of Italian artists.

Just beneath the dome is the tomb of St. Peter. This is a splendid sight. It is bounded by a wall on which there are 86 gilt bronze lights, which are kept burning day and night like the great standing lights in our temples. The sarcophagus is within a small inner room which is closed by barred doors of gilt bronze. There is the figure of Christ after the Byzantine style (all dark), and on the two sides are the portraits of St. Peter and St. Paul. In front of the tomb is placed the statue of Pius II. in a praying attitude. This figure looks like that of a Parsi Mobed. The crypt is not open to the public, because the Pope keeps the keys, but the keeper was good enough to give me an idea of the figures of the saints by holding a light at the doors, through which I saw the Byzantine figures. The place where the tomb is located looks very rich. Just near it is the canopy supported by alabaster

pillars under which is the high altar where the Pope celebrates mass on grand days. This has a magnificent appearance.

Napoleon's tomb in Paris is built in the same way.

Beyond the high altar and at the end of the nave is the chair of St. Peter.

His bitter tears, whose name the Papal chair
And yon resplendent church are proud to bear.

The front of the nave is adorned by Michael Angelo in the richest style. The chair is very grand. It is made of bronze and is supported by four grand statues of saints. In the chair sits St. Peter wearing a crown and above him appear the figures of angels and seraphim, and the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. The light here is excellent, and the whole scene is attractive. But what does it all mean? It is idolatry and nothing less. Is it not unjust after this to blame the Hindus for being idolators? In our temples art does not reach such a high level. Hundreds of Ravi Varmas must be born before we get such beautiful paintings as are to be seen in these churches. Some day there may arise among us a Michael Angelo, a Bernini or a Canova. It is on this account that I highly prize the exhortation of Sir George Birdwood to encourage and revive Indian art.

To return to the church. I note there are several ornamented chapels on the sides. Some of the Popes are buried in this church.

Of the churches in the world St. Peter's is the largest. Its area is 18,000 square yards. The cathedral of Milan covers 10,000 square yards, St. Paul's in London 9,350, St. Sophia at Constantinople 8,150, and the cathedral at Cologne 7,400. I have not seen the third church in this list.

THE CAPITOL.

Readers of the history of Rome and of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" will know how important this place was in ancient times. It was here that Romulus made his asylum. It was here that the great assemblies in the Republican and Imperial times met to transact business of importance. It is situated on a prominent hill which has now a monastery and other institutions situated on it. I see some Franciscan monks, dressed like moguls without the head covering, moving about this place. There are the ancient statues of Castor and Pollux in the square. Now

these premises are partly used for the municipal offices, and in one of the wings is a museum of ancient statues. They are a very rare collection and arranged in proper order. One of the rooms which attracted my notice most was the cabinet of Venus. Venus is represented as surprised by the approach of some intruder as she was going to bathe. She tries to conceal her person with her hands. The action is shown in a masterly manner. In this very room are the statues of Cupid and Psyche, and of Leda and the Swan, which are excellently executed.

There are other rooms such as the Hall of the Philosophers. As I was looking at the statues and busts here, I imagined I was conversing with Claudius Marcellus, the conqueror of Syracuse, Virgil, Socrates, Seneca and others on the subject of the lost glory of Rome, and that each and all of them shed tears.

The Capitol overlooks the Roman Forum where the populace met. It is now in ruins. There are the ruins of the temples of Minerva and Jupiter and the arches of Tiberius and Severus. The ruins of the palace and the tomb of Cæsar are on another hill close by.

When I was in the Capitol, I met a Roman boy, 15 years old, rather a precocious lad, who spoke a little English. He offered to be my guide, and took me to a church close by, which is also called the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul. These saints were imprisoned in it by the Roman Emperor for nine months. The prison is an underground structure, one room below another. The rooms are dark and the stairs are rather difficult to go by. The prisoners were let down from the upper room to the lower in a chair through a hole. St. Peter and St. Paul were incarcerated here. My juvenile guide told me a tradition that while they were in this dark prison the saints baptised the jailor and other officials with water which miraculously came out of the rocky floor. My guide also interested me by describing graphically how prisoners in ancient times were tied to a rock and strangled. I asked the guide what his religion was. He said he did not know, but it was certain that he was an animal.

I was also taken to the Forum Trajanum. In this square there are remnants of some pillars. A great deal remains to be excavated.

The Forum in ancient times consisted of magnificent structures. Trajan's column, formed of marble, is 147 feet high including the basement and statue, and is grand in appearance.

" Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive Column, spared by fire and flood."

THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS.

This is one of the most magnificent churches in Rome. I had no idea that my neighbours in Bombay had such a rich possession—I say rich, because the chapels, the altar and the sacristy here consist of gold, jewels and precious stones. The finest art is represented here. The mosaic and fresco work is superb. When I was there at 4 p.m. I found the devotees singing hymns. The music sounded like that of our native sacred songs.

The principal street runs from the hill of the Capitol to the Piazza del Popolo or the People's square. This is a large square where the people often assemble, and just over it is the public garden where they resort for recreation. It is excellently kept. Close to it is a picture gallery belonging to a nobleman. I was not able to see it as it is closed till October, on account of the nobleman's absence from town.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARIA MAGGIORE.

This is one of the four principal churches in Rome. In its internal arrangement it is similar to other churches, and many artists have contributed their skill to its construction and embellishment.

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA.

In the midst of this square is erected the column of the "Immacolata." It was put up by Pope Pius IX. in commemoration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, which was defined and promulgated as an article of the Catholic faith in 1854. This celebrated dogma asserts that "the most blessed Virgin Mary, in the first moment of her conception, by virtue of the special grace and favour of the Almighty God, in view of the merit of Christ Jesus, the Redeemer of mankind, was preserved free from every spot of original sin." The Protestants repudiate the doctrine on the ground that there is no suggestion of such a doctrine in Holy Scripture, and among Catholics themselves a fierce controversy raged over it from the middle of the twelfth cen-

tury, when the doctrine was first broached, until it was decreed as an article of belief by Pope Pius IX. on the 8th of December, 1854, on which day the feast of the Immaculate Conception is celebrated. Christians believe that every human being is born with the taint of original sin. To this the Protestants make an exception in the case of Christ alone, whereas, according to the above dogma every Catholic is bound to believe, under penalty of committing mortal sin, that the Virgin Mary as a matter of divine grace was also born absolutely free from original sin. This dogma may be regarded as the culmination of the worship of the Virgin which had grown up for centuries in the Roman Catholic Church. The Pope who proclaimed the dogma ascribed sinlessness to one, who had long been worshipped as divine.

For proclaiming this dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin the credulous give the Pope great praise, and I think they attribute his action to divine inspiration. This is the construction I would put on the fresco picture on the walls of one of the rooms of the Vatican, in which there is a scene representing Angels throwing lustre on the face of the Pope for propounding the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

THE PANTHEON.

This magnificent temple is the pride of Rome even to this day. It is almost intact. It was built by Agrippa. It has 16 columns of monolith granite. It has a splendid cupola and a great deal of porphyry work. This edifice is deservedly copied in its architecture at other places. In this church are buried celebrated artists including Raphael and also the late Emperor Victor Emmanuel, whose statue is to be found in almost every city of importance in Italy. The tomb is guarded by pensioned soldiers day and night.

MONTE GRANICOLO.

This is the highest hill in Rome, not far away from the Vatican grounds. It commands an excellent view of the city and the country all round. It was here that Garibaldi fought a battle in 1856 in the cause of Roman independence when the Pope opposed him. After the end of the war of 1870, Garibaldi became very popular, and an equestrian statue was raised in his honour. On one of the sides of the basement is the motto "Rome O Morte" (Rome or Death).

Garibaldi had also been a soldier in America during the

American civil war. Hence there is a figure representing America on one of the sides of the basement.

While going up the hill you pass a large public fountain, and many temples of ancient gods, several of which are in ruins. The modern buildings are located in different parts. They are strong and palatial.

After a stay of a few days in the Eternal City, one cannot but feel that its poetic charms are on the wane; with the introduction of modern art and science, the city is becoming modernised; only the antiquarian interest is increasing as new excavations are made from time to time. Mr. Frederick Harrison, who visited this city in 1893, says, "The Colosseum, it is true, the Forum, the Vatican, and St. Peter's are there still; the antiquarians make constant new discoveries—fresh sites, statues, palaces, tombs and museums, are year by year revealed to the eager tourist; and many a cloister and chapel, once hermetically closed, is now a public show. But the light and poetry have gone out of Rome for ever. Vast historic convents are cold and silent as the grave, and the Papal city is like a mediæval town under interdict. French boulevards are being driven through the embattled strongholds of Colonnas and Orsinis, and omnibus and tram-car roll through the Forum of Trajan and by the Golden House of Nero. The yellow Tiber now peacefully flows between granite quays, but the mouldering palaces and the festooned arches that Piranesi loved have been improved away."

A visitor to this city who has read the history of the rise and fall of the great Empire cannot but sympathise with the sigh of regret which Byron has expressed so feelingly :

O Rome! my Country! City of the Soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

And again :—

Alas the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The Conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! But these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free

CHAPTER XL.

NAPLES, POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

Metropolis of a ruined Paradise,
 Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained !

Shelley.

General Appearance and Sanitation of Naples—Ruins of Pompeii—Vesuvius—River of Lava—Electric Rope Tramway—Craters—Institutions of Naples—Capri—Customs and Manners of Neapolitans.

Sunday, 20th September.—The train starts at 8-20 a.m. As we leave Rome we see to the right first houses and then ruined walls and arcades, and to the left the Sabine and Alban mountains. Further on, the tract is rather dry, with uninteresting hills. But soon after we come upon a peculiarly attractive country with vine plantations on sloping mountains and in valleys. For some distance there are thick woods on the way, and later the train travels between the Alban and Sabine mountains. There is a small town on a volcanic eminence with a castle in its centre.

The train stops at Sigina where there is a junction. The country beyond reminds me of the Konkan and the Deccan, being in parts rugged, dry and hilly, and at other places flat, green and fertile. The towns have the look of a group of houses in ruins. There is no whitewash to be seen anywhere. They have small windows and look like the crumbling structures on the bank of the Krishna at Wai. The Alban mountains are, however, interesting in some places where several eminences overlap one another.

The train stops at Cassino, an ancient colony of the Romans. It is commanded by the Castle Rocca. To the right is a sandstone hill. The monastery of Mount Cassino is situated on a lofty hill.

The train next comes to Capua, a very large city. This was the scene of a sanguinary battle between Hannibal and the Romans. Caserta is the next large station. It possesses many fine buildings and barracks and is called the Versailles of Naples.

Mount Vesuvius is now visible and within half an hour we enter Naples at 11-36 p.m.

NAPLES.

I drove from the station to the Vesuvius Hotel, which, standing on the shore, commands a view of the sea as well as the

volcano. On the way I had to pass through a good many streets before coming to this house. The streets are broad and paved.

The people seem to be indifferent to cleanliness. There are many beggars here. Women and men were roaming about in rags on the harbour. There are hawkers and vendors of odd wares who vexatiously hang on visitors. The people sit in the front of their houses on the roadside or foot-path. One dirty habit I noticed was women picking lice. Soon after my arrival I drove in a victoria to the old ruins of Pompeii, and on my way saw a great deal of Naples, or Napoli, as the Italians call it. The town is very insanitary. I saw people milking cows at their doors; the animals are not kept clean. Goats are carried along the street for being milked. The streets are busy, but little children and even grown-up girls run about carelessly. Naples is a very large city, extending lengthwise like Bombay. It is a rising commercial port. Unlike other European towns it has the look of an oriental city, like Ahmedabad, Mandvi (Cutch) or Veraval. Beyond certain limits there is plenty of white dust on the road. Some portions of the town are situated on higher grounds and some on lower, the city sloping towards the sea.

POMPEII

What wonder this? we ask the limpid well
 O earth! of thee, and from thy solemn womb
 What yield'st thou? Is there life in thy abyss
 Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?
 Returns the past, awakening from the tomb?
 Rome, Greece, O come! Behold—behold! for this
 Our living world the old Pompeii sees;
 And built anew the town of Dorian Hercules!

Schiller (Lytton.)

The drive to these excavated ruins in the afternoon was very pleasant. I could see on the way part of Naples and its environs which lie in the direction of Pompeii. I was shown over the ruins by the official guide, who gave an intelligent description of the various antiquities. Pompeii was a flourishing provincial town in ancient times. It was buried in an eruption. One of the sights to be seen in the museum here is the casts of several dead bodies kept in cases. The skeletons of human beings as well as animals are noteworthy. There are shops resembling in arrange-

ment those kept by our Marwadis. The streets are paved in the fashion of some of our old Deccan towns. The Hall of Justice is a grand building. There is a temple dedicated to Apollo or Venus, it is not clear which, there being traces making either supposition possible. There is a matrimonial altar in front of the temple. Other temples, also dedicated to the Gods such as Jupiter and Mercury, are to be seen. An excavated bath resembles in its arrangements a modern Turkish bath and has apartments for a cold bath, a hot bath, a sweating room, a sitting room, and the like, with a gymnasium close by. The forum is a large open square with several institutions surrounding it. The Marcellum, formerly called the Pantheon, was a large market place for selling goods. There is a chapel attached to it with frescoes on its walls.

Last year a grand mansion, probably belonging to a nobleman, was excavated. It is after the style of an Indian Wádá with quadrangles, small yet well arranged rooms for receptions, business, ladies, bathing, cooking, and so forth. The fresco and mosaic work affords the most tangible evidence of the fact that a great many fine arts were cultivated to a high degree of excellence in ancient times. The porter showed me the obscene figure of a sentry kept behind a screen at the entrance of this house. The official guide explained the reason of this obscenity by saying that it was intended to ward off misfortune by showing it a bold front. I saw a good many other ruins.

The town of the new Pompeii is not far away from the ruins.

I returned to Naples rather late, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the city at night.

To-day is the 20th September. All over Italy it is observed as a grand festival day. It was on this day the Italians entered Rome under Victor Emmanuel, the late King, and General Garibaldi, after having defeated the French who supported the Pope.

In the morning, when I left Rome, people were pouring in to observe the holiday there.

In Naples it is observed as a great festival. All the principal buildings were illuminated in the Eastern style. Open squares in the city were also lit up. The people flocked in large numbers. There were musical parties in many places. In the

harbour the ships were decorated with flags and lanterns; they looked very pretty indeed.

YESUVIUS.

I am driving to this volcanic mountain. I pass through the heart of the city of Naples. With me are three Americans, two gentlemen and one lady from New York and California. Two American ladies follow us in another carriage. Thus our party consists of 6 people. We noticed a good deal of stench in the streets. As we get to the outskirts of the city and commence the ascent of the hill, we pass through a fine garden of grapes. On both sides heavily laden vines are noticeable. It is indeed a great pleasure to see these gardens as we ascend. The whole panorama of the city now breaks on our view—the suburbs, the bay, the hills round about, the ruins of Pompeii and the partly excavated town of Herculaneum in the distance. We pass along the part of the mountain which was the subject of a volcanic eruption in 1872. The carriage stopped at a point from which the ascent was more steep. Here we got horses and we had to ride nearly three miles and a half through a rugged, narrow, and dusty road. The whole mountain has the appearance of rocks burnt to ashes. There was a volcanic eruption last year, and the road which Mr. Thomas Cook had constructed for the tourists was covered with lava. The liquid lava is still flowing. We went by a most difficult way, full of slippery and warm crust, to the very crater, where a river of red-hot lava was flowing. I witnessed this natural phenomenon with great wonder. Just as our party approached this river of lava, there was a noise of the bursting of a rock which greatly alarmed us. We all felt how dangerous and risky it was to visit these mountains. There is no knowing when a volcanic eruption might take place. One should insure his life before venturing on the visit. The flowing lava shows that the risk is ever present. These mountains are subject to frequent and sudden eruptions, and as I have already observed, there was one last year. We ascended the hill and rested for a while at the restaurant, which is close to the Electric Rope Tramway. This tramway is so very steep that one may be easily alarmed at the sight and led to abandon the venture. I, however, made bold and went up. I omitted to take my

overcoat with me, which was a mistake, for as I went up the hill I felt the cold and wind intensely. When I reached the top, I shivered with cold. I was much alarmed. The hill is destitute of trees and the wind blows furiously. The top was steep and full of pulverised stones or ashes. I had to walk up to the spot where the principal crater stood. I was helped by two guides, one holding me by the hand, another with a rope to keep me from falling down. The ground on which we were walking was very hot sand. Gravel blown by the wind struck continuously against our backs as we went up and against our faces as we returned. When I approached the crater where sulphur and other volcanic matter was burning, the flames went up so high and the smoke was so voluminous that I was very nearly choked, and could only stand with difficulty. When coming down, I had to run with the help of the two men I had engaged, through ashes two or three feet deep. This is the crater of 1872, and it has been burning day and night since the eruption. I was so full of dust all over my body, that I could hardly keep my eyes open during the time I was on this part of the hill. The scene put me in mind of the big sacrificial fires described in the Puranas, such as Daksha-Yajna in Ashva-Medha and the like. The wind was fearful. I had never witnessed such a scene in my life. I went up and down almost mechanically, supported by the two men. It was a sight worth seeing for its terrific aspect. The people in the restaurants here live in constant dread. They are subjected to frequent shocks. There is an observatory on one part of the mountain. There is a genuine feeling of pleasure after one has surmounted difficulties and passed through the excitement of danger. I am enjoying the same pleasure now after having seen Mount Vesuvius with its liquid lava within twenty feet of me in the burning crater. The colour of the burning sulphur is as yellow as gold. At night the mountain appears covered with red fire.

Just near Vesuvius is another volcanic mountain named Somma, which is probably extinct. At any rate it does not burn now. It is called the father of Vesuvius. The latter is more recent than Somma.

As I have already observed, the sanitation of Naples is unsatisfactory, but its position and natural scenery are excellent.

The harbour is well protected. It is in the shape of an amphitheatre, like the Back Bay. In fact the Bombay harbour is often compared to that of Naples. The town is of Greek origin. The population is half a million. There is a Jewish or Hebrew look about the people and their manners are Jewish.

The town has fine hill forts which were used as barracks or prisons. One of them is called Castello del Ovo from its similarity to an egg. This castle goes into the sea. It was very near my residence. I was admitted to it by two Italian officers and I enjoyed a good prospect of the harbour and the surrounding district from its terrace.

The town has four gates which are called portas. There are customs offices at each of these gates. The Italian taxes are heavy and numerous.

Tramcars run in every direction by which you can go up the hills. These are along the shore and command an excellent view. The trips are not very costly.

The Teledoor Via de Roma is the principal business thoroughfare.

One peculiarity of the houses is that they generally have balconies in front of the windows and on these balconies fruits, resembling the Indian gourds, are hung up to dry. New houses are built on the hills or are skilfully cut out of the rocks like our Buddhist caves. I was much interested by the sight when I went up the hill in a tram.

The water supply of Naples is brought from a distance of 100 miles.

Among the principal sights of the city is La Villa, or the public garden, which is situated on the harbour. It is a nice resort for rest and recreation. The tram line is close by and is a great convenience to the people to reach the garden.

The Aquarium is very rich and various. Many kinds of fishes and crabs from the Mediterranean are to be seen here.

The Royal Palace is a large edifice, having many wings. Its rear faces the sea. In the front is a large square called the Piazza Plebiscito, *i.e.* the People's square.

Close to this is the Galerie Umberto, or Humbert's market. This is an ornamental and spacious market, but I do not think

its situation is so commanding and beautiful as the position of the Emmanuel gallery or market at Milan, which I have already noted. The church of St. Francisco de Paula is an imitation of the Pantheon at Rome but is not so large.

The exterior of the theatre is not sufficiently handsome.

There are museums and churches in the city but I did not visit them for want of time. So also I could not visit the tomb of Virgil, which is in a suburban place. Virgil wrote the Georgics and the Æneid here.

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
 Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
 Ilion falling, Rome arising,
 Wars and filial truth and Dido's pyre ;

Landscape lover, lord of language
 More than he that sang the Works and Days,
 All the chosen coin of fancy
 Flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
 Tith and vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;
 All the charms of all the Muses
 Often flowering in a lonely word ;

Thou that seest Universal
 Nature moved by Universal Mind ;
 Thou majestic in thy sadness
 At the doubtful doom of human kind ;

I salute thee, Mantovano,
 I that loved thee since my day began,
 Wielder of the stateliest measure
 Ever moulded by the lips of man,

Tennyson.

The island of Capri is excellently situated and can be seen from the hills of Naples and Vesuvius. It is to Naples what Elephanta is to Bombay.

The visit to Naples, Pompeii and Vesuvius is full of interest and makes a deep impression on the mind on account of its weird character.

Tuesday, 22nd September.—I am on my way back to Rome.

Out of curiosity I read an account of Vesuvius given by Baedeker, and I transcribe a passage referring to it which may be of interest.

“The naturalist Pliny, then in command of a section of the fleet stationed at Misenum, also perished on the occasion. He had ventured as far as Stabill both as an observer and for the purpose

of rendering aid to the distressed, when he was suffocated by ashes and exhalations. His nephew, the younger Pliny, in two letters (Ep. VI. 16 and 20) to his friend the historian Tacitus, gives a graphic description of this fearful phenomenon. He mentions the premonitory earthquakes, day turned into night, the extraordinary agitation of the sea, the dense clouds overhanging land and sea riven by incessant flashes of lightning, the emission of fire and ashes, the descent of streams of lava and the universal terror of men who believed the end of the world had arrived."

After reaching Rome I had another survey of the city as I drove through the streets once more.

Wednesday, 23rd September.—I leave Rome for Pisa, where I intend spending the afternoon by paying a visit to the famous Leaning Tower.

The train for the greater part runs by the margin of the sea and then through hilly tracts. The country is uninteresting. It has the appearance of the Konkan.

In my train there are four Italian gentlemen, only one of whom knows a bit of English. They are conversing with gesticulations and demonstratively. It is very pleasing to see how demonstrative these people are. They move their hands in all directions, place them on their breasts, hold each other's hands and make other gestures. In fact, their mode of conversation is exactly like that of the natives of Goa. Their speech is highly accentuated.

As the train advances, the country looks richer with a profusion of vineyards and mountains. Pisa is situated on high ground. Some of the parts are very lovely.

CHAPTER XLI.

PISA AND GENOA.

Fatigue of Travel—Pisa—The Leaning Tower—Cathedral—Baptistery—Cemetery—Arno—Coast—Genoa—General Appearance—Statue of Columbus—San Nicola Hill—Cemetery—Return to London.

I REACHED Pisa at 2-26 p.m. Thus I had about 6½ hours journey. On my arrival I felt a little nervous and weak. I attribute this feeling to the unusual fatigue I underwent on Mount Vesuvius and the subsequent journey. As a matter of prudence

I sent for a doctor, and fortunately an Englishman, Dr. C. Layfield, a native of Durham practising at Pisa, immediately came to my residence, the Victoria Hotel. After examining me, he said there was nothing to fear. He told me to go out in an open carriage in the city at once. I asked him if he would favour me with his company and he readily consented. Thus I got a doctor and an intelligent guide to show me over the city.

Pisa is a small city but the cleanest of all the Italian cities I have seen. The houses are tidy and moderately large. The streets are very neat. The river Arno, the same which flows through Florence, divides the city into two parts. The lanes are broad. Pisa is older than Rome. There is an university here. It has the proud privilege of having given birth to Galileo. Dr. Layfield showed me the modest looking house in which Galileo was born. He showed me also the Leaning Tower or Campanile Pendente. It was completed in 1350. The outer diameter of the tower is 51 feet 8 inches, the thickness of the walls 23 feet 6 inches, the height 179 feet and its inclination towards the south 13 feet. The staircase is winding. In the last gallery—the bell gallery—seven bells are hung. The tower is attached to the Cathedral. Galileo made use of this inclination for his experiments on the force of gravitation.

The Cathedral has very strong bronze gates. Its ceiling is gilded and profusely ornamented. There are many columns in the church. The fresco work is very charming. The principal ornamentation is after the designs of Andrea del Sarto, a famous Italian artist. One of his paintings, St. Agnes, which is hung on a pillar, is superb in delineation. In the centre of the church is a large bronze hanging lamp. It was made by a workman and an artist of Pisa, Vincenzo Possenti, in 1536. The motion of this lamp first suggested to Galileo's mind the idea of the oscillations of the pendulum. It is said that instead of attending to the sermon, he always looked at the lamp, which gave him better instruction.

At the time I visited the Cathedral, the priests were reading their books of ritual. The manner and tone resembled the recital of the Vedás by our priests at religious ceremonials.

I saw the Baptistery of Pisa, the place where baptism is conferred. The font is made of excellently carved marble. The

dome or cupola produces an echo like that of St. Paul's Cathedral or the Bole Gomuz at Bijapur. The pulpit is very rich and has beautiful carved work.

The King's residence here is a modest house on the bank of the Arno.

In the centre of the old cemetery there is a building with four wings and handsome arches and pillars on the side of an open square. The walls are painted with frescoes. Numerous Biblical scenes are represented. Among these are Paradise and Hell and the Tower of Babel. There are statues and also a number of tombs belonging to the aristocratic class. The earth in the open square was brought from Jerusalem, and Dr. Layfield told me it is supposed to have the property of destroying the body in a few hours. The corn market is situated in the centre of the city. There are court houses and other official buildings which are stately in appearance. The church of San Stefano is in the Piazza Cavaliere or the square of the order of the Knights of St. Stephen. It contains numerous banners from Turkey and Arabia brought by the Knights of St. Stephen. There are also lanterns of ships brought by the same knights.

The citizens of Pisa, like those of Rome, are handsome, and possess features of marked intelligence.

The climate seems to be very good. The sanitation is also very satisfactory. Pisa gets its drinking water from a distance by means of an aqueduct.

The marble sculpture of this city as well as the alabaster work is remarkably good.

FROM PISA TO GENOA.

This journey affords a view of excellent variety. The country is picturesque. There are hills with forts, rich orchards, grand valleys and numerous tunnels. This part of the Italian coast is called the Eastern Riviera. On this coast are the towns of Spiezia Chaviere and Nervi, which are the winter resorts of English and German tourists. The climate of this part is said to be very healthy. As we approach Genoa, the picturesqueness of the country increases. The broad sea on one side and the town of Genoa spread from the coast to the surrounding hills and valleys, on the other, afford a delightful view.

Thursday, 24th September.—Genoa is very peculiar in appearance. It has the shape of a semi-circle towards the harbour. Its buildings are lofty and well white-washed. The streets are of moderate breadth and generally clean. There are open squares and circles. Its official institutions are many. It has a very large court house, a cathedral, an excellent row of shops called the Mujinni Gallery. Tramcars and buses run in every direction, from the town on the low ground to the hills. I took a drive in an electric tramcar to several of the hills to enjoy a view of the town. I went up to San Nicola, which is the highest hill and is crowned by a fort. This spot commands a view of the surrounding tract in every direction, viz., the harbour, the cemetery, the valleys and the mountains.

The natural position of the town gives Genoa the advantage of both sea and hill climate. The people appear to be happy. There are excellent shops. This is the largest and most prosperous commercial town of Italy. The gardens are smiling. The railway station is grand. In the open circle outside the station is placed the memorial statue of Christopher Columbus, who was born here and whose house was shown to me by my guide. The statue is an excellent monument. On the pedestal are shown several ships and, at the feet of the statue, there is a figure representing America. There are four female figures at the four corners representing Religion, Science, Strength and Wisdom. There are other figures in relief which are said to represent some incidents in the life of Columbus. Schiller has dedicated the following lines (translated by Lytton) to this bold and persevering discoverer of the new world :—

Steer on, bold Sailor—Wit may mock thy soul that sees the land,
 And hopeless at the helm may droop the weak and weary hand,
 Yet ever, and ever to the West, for there the coast must lie,
 And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns before thy reason's eye,
 Yea, trust the guiding God—and go along the floating grave,
 Thou hid till now—yet now, behold the New World o'er the wave,
 With Genius Nature ever stands in solemn union still,
 And ever what the One foretells the Other shall fulfil.

But, in spite of his great achievements and glorious triumphs this great admiral was subjected to disgrace by Spain, who ought to have shown her gratitude to him. The following lines of Tennyson describe the reproach of Columbus to Spain :

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean ! Chains,
 For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
 As holy John had prophesied of me,
 Gave glory and more empires to the Kings
 Of Spain than all their battles ! Chains for him
 Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,
 And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,
 And came upon the mountain of the World,
 And saw the rivers roll from Paradise !

The people are industrious, orderly and civil. I found them less extortionate than those at Naples. The population is over 200,000. It may be said that the people of northern and central Italy are as a rule more polite and less exacting than those of southern Italy. They are wealthier too, as their country is richer.

I leave Genoa at 7 p.m., and proceed *via* Turin to Paris.

It need not be stated that the country in the south of France is most fertile and picturesque. It has excellent mountain scenery. It is also an agricultural district and is rich in produce. The eye is pleased in every direction. Some of the mountains I noticed at 2-45 a.m., were shining with snow thereon.

Before coming to the borders of France we had to halt at Turin, which is a large city and was once the capital of Italy. The railway station is large and beautiful. Some of the walls and ceilings are adorned with frescoes.

When I left Genoa, I did not take any French coin with me. I had a lot of Italian paper currency. I was liable to be put to some inconvenience; but an Italian gentleman, Mr. G. Grigoril, who was on his way to Liverpool, was good enough to voluntarily offer me a loan of as much French coin as I wanted. He did not so much as ask me who I was. But from the little conversation we had he thought me worthy of confidence. I only mention this as an instance of European civility. I met two other Italian gentlemen in the train who were equally courteous to me. The people on the continent, as a rule, are courteous and civil.

I have travelled over a considerable portion of Italy as my route shows. The country on the whole is healthy throughout the year. It resembles some of the Konkan and Deccan districts in our Presidency. Hence it is that Englishmen who pass a considerable part of their time in India prefer to spend the English winter in places like the Riviera. Having now for some time lived in the colder climates of Great Britain, Ireland and Germany,

I found the days in Italy fairly warm, but the nights and mornings were pleasant. I perspired profusely during the day. Hence I preferred to shorten my stay. I found Milan, Florence and Naples particularly hot. Still I must say Englishmen like the country the better for its warmth. Byron's eulogy of Italy is well deserved.

Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility.

Fruit is plentiful in Italy. I ate grapes abundantly and also pears, which resemble our guava, but are more wholesome. The language of the people is soft and sweet. Italian, Spanish and Portuguese resemble each other and the ear is pleased when you hear the people speak or read their respective languages.

Saturday, 26th September.—Since I left Genoa on Thursday evening, I have not seen the sun. It is 10-30 a.m. now. It has been raining all over the country, and the weather is rather chill. The railway travelling under the circumstances is not very fatiguing. After leaving Turin I had to pass through many tunnels. One of them is called Mont Cenis Tunnel, which is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and takes about 30 minutes to traverse. Mont Cenis is a lofty mountain in France. I reached Paris and left it the next day at 9 a.m. for London. I arrived in the latter city at 4-55 p.m. The sun was mild at 11-30 a.m. but the rest of the day was dull.

CHAPTER XLII.

LAST WEEK IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Dr. Parker—Cambridge—Milton's Walk and Room at College—Wordsworth—St. Paul's—Westminster Abbey—Cymbeline at the Lyceum—Sir Raymond West—The Thames.

DOCTOR PARKER.

Sunday, 27th September.—I attended the service at the City Temple where Dr. Parker was preaching. He is a famous preacher. His style is remarkable. He speaks after the fashion of Mr. Fairclough who gave recitals from Shakespeare in the seventies in Bombay. During his sermon Dr. Parker had a fling at the Pope for his pretensions. He praised the Queen, and asked divine

blessings for her Majesty. He prayed that the Queen may not suffer from the infirmities of old age. Dr. Parker is evidently a popular preacher since the Temple is crowded.

CAMBRIDGE.

On Thursday I went to Cambridge and visited several colleges. St. Peter's College or Peterhouse, the oldest college in Cambridge, was founded by Hugh De Balsham, bishop of Ely, in 1284. The most eminent member of this college was the poet Gray. Mr. H. M. Birdwood, formerly a Judge of the Bombay High Court, and at present a member of the Bombay Government, was a wrangler of St. Peter's.

Pembroke College is also one of the oldest colleges. Ridley and William Pitt were educated at this institution.

Selwyn College, founded in 1882, is intended to provide cheap education for members of the Church of England.

Magdalene College.—In one of the courts is the Pepysian building containing a valuable library, which is a bequest from Samuel Pepys, the author of the famous diary. Among the celebrated students of this college were Cranmer and Samuel Pepys.

Emmanuel College is an old college established for the maintenance of puritanical principles. Bishop Hall, Cudworth, and Sir William Temple are among the eminent alumni of this College. Lectures are given in connection with this institution to students preparing for the Indian Civil Service. Sir Raymond West is Reader of Indian Law to the students who are selected for the I. C. S.

Sidney Sussex College claims Oliver Cromwell as one of its scholars. Cromwell represented Cambridge in the long Parliament (1640), and distinguished himself on the popular side.

I have referred to other colleges in the account of my former visit to this place.

I met the master of St. John's College, Mr. Mason, an old man, who was kind enough to give me information regarding the admission and the studies of students. I saw Milton's Walk at Christ's College, which was shady and quiet. I was also shown the room at the College where Milton lived and studied. In this very room, on one occasion, Wordsworth got tipsy, as would appear from his description in the "Prelude."

Among the band of my compeers was one,
 Whom chance had stationed in the very room,
 Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate Bard!
 Be it confest that, for the first time, seated
 Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
 One of a festive circle, I poured out
 Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride
 And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain,
 Never excited by the fumes of wine
 Before that hour, or since. Then forth I ran
 From the assembly, through a length of streets,
 Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
 In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
 Albeit long after the importunate bell
 Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice
 No longer haunting the dark winter night.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Friday, 2nd October.—I visited this cathedral and spent nearly two hours in seeing the different sights there. This is one of the finest churches in England. Here are buried the remains of some of the most eminent military and naval commanders. The Church is more than 200 years old, the building having been commenced by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, on 21st June, 1675. The dome is considered the very crown of England's architectural glory. The whispering gallery, like that of Bole Gomuz at Bijapur, is wonderful. The gate-keeper made me and two other persons stand on the side opposite to the gate while from his post he repeated the history of the cathedral in a whisper, with his face against the wall. We applied our ears to the wall and heard every word distinctly. From the stone gallery we could see most of the London sights.

The monuments to England's greatest general, the Duke of Wellington, and her greatest admiral, Nelson, are worthy of a special visit.

The crypt, where the tomb of Nelson lies, is an important sight. Upstairs there is a splendid library. Most of the books are religious. Several services are held in the cathedral during the day.

Saturday, 3rd October.—I visited Westminster Abbey and saw several monuments. Ministers, statesmen, generals, poets and literary men of England lie here.

In the evening I saw "Cymbeline" acted at the Lyceum. The parts of Imogen, Posthumus and Iachimo were acted very cleverly. The dresses were unique; the mountaineers also did their part well.

Sunday, 4th October.—I spent the afternoon with Sir Raymond West at his Sydenham House. He told me that he recently gave a lecture, in a neighbouring place, on the Mahomedans. Sir Raymond West was, as my readers may remember, one of the best judges of the Bombay High Court, Vice-Chancellor of the University and later on a Member of the Executive Council. He is always doing some useful work. His advice may be usefully sought by Indian visitors and students. Other Anglo-Indians who are always ready to help Indian students are Sir John Jardine, Sir George Birdwood and Sir William Wedderburn and the sympathetic Miss Manning.

I spent the evening in driving about from place to place, and paid a final visit to the River Thames, which may be well described as the main artery of the commercial system of London. The shipping, the bustle and the pleasure on it was really a goodly sight to see; but chief of all I was impressed with the river itself, which fully justifies the immortal praises bestowed upon it by Sir John Denham:

Oh, could I flow like thee! and make thy stream,
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Lyons—The Rhone and the Saone—Fourviere Hill—Early History—Notre Dame—Pilgrims—Marseilles—Cannibiere Street—Notre Dame—Pierre Puget—Longchamps—Prado—A Circular Drive—Madrague Village—Riviera—Cannes—Nice—Monte Carlo—Monaco—Scenery and Climate.

Monday, 5th October.—With a view to have on my way home a short tour in the south of France, I left London at 11 a.m. The day was bright and the journey pleasant. The autumnal verdure was manifest all round. I travelled *via* Calais, Boulogne, Amiens, Paris, Dijon, Macon, and reached Lyons at 6-27, the next morning.

LYONS.

Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone
We glided forward with the flowing stream,
Swift Rhone! Thou wert the wings on which we cut
A winding passage with majestic ease
Between thy lofty rocks.

Wordsworth.

Tuesday, 6th October.—Lyons is a busy commercial town. The rivers, Soane and Rhone, give the city a great charm. Lyons is the Prayâg or Allahabad of France. The houses on the bank are grand, although plain in architecture. The streets are clean and regular. The two rivers make an island of a portion of the city. The markets are very good. In the morning the vegetable market was held on the banks of the rivers. Hundreds of carts were standing there. The Fourviere hill commands a panoramic view of the whole city. I had a very pleasant drive through different parts of Lyons. I also walked through some parts. I had an excursion on the Saone as far as Varse—a very pleasant spot. People angle in the river, on the banks of which are several washing establishments.

THE PLACE BELLECOUR

is the fashionable promenade to which people resort. It is surrounded by magnificent houses. In the centre there is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV.

The population of Lyons is nearly five lakhs, and in respect of size and industry this city ranks next to Paris.

Lyons was in ancient times ruled by the Greeks and Romans, who have left behind their traditions. The Emperors, Claudius and Marcus Aurelius, were born here. Nero rebuilt the city after a great fire. The principal industry is silk manufacture. The annual income from the manufacture of silk and other goods is 25 crores of rupees. Lyons was the theatre of many religious revolutions.

THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME

is situated on the Fourviere hill. I went thither partly in a carriage and partly by walking up a flight of steps. The church is a massive building. There is a chapel near it. It is visited by pilgrims. It has a black image of the Virgin. The pilgrims have great faith in this chapel. I met there pilgrims who had come from long distances. This place is in France somewhat like Kolhapur or Tuljapur in India in regard to the devotion to the Saint or goddess. The hill of Fourviere is to Lyons what Yowteshvar is to Satara.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE

is the Municipal Hall of the city. It is a large building. The museum and picture galleries are also on a grand scale. They

are after the style of the Louvre. The Exchange Hall is like that at Paris. The town is generally very busy, day and night. The restaurants and cafés are numerous and much frequented. At about 6 p.m. I left for Marseilles. I regret I had to make my journey from and to Marseilles at night. Consequently, I could not have any idea of the country through which I passed. However, as we approached Marseilles, I could see that we were passing through an undulating country covered with woods, and just as we neared Marseilles the land was fertile.

MARSEILLES.

Wednesday, 7th October.—This is the principal seaport of France. It reminds one of Bombay so far as its docks and shipping are concerned. The traffic is gigantic. The harbour is always crowded, and its neighbourhood is very busy. The population of the city is four lakhs. It has a picturesque front, well protected from all sides. Its streets are numerous and well lined with shops, some of which are magnificent in appearance. Although simple in point of architecture, the houses are grand and lofty. Some of these houses have five or six floors.

Omnibuses are plentiful and tram-cars run in different directions.

The Boulevards leading from the railway station to the town are flanked with elm-trees.

The Cannibiere Street, which leads to the harbour, is the principal street. It is a very busy, lively part of the city. In this street there are many hotels, cafés and restaurants, fitted up with electric light.

Among the principal sights of the city may be mentioned the Bourse, which is on the Cannibiere street. This is a splendid building. Under the portico are colossal statues of France and Marseilles. On the sides of the portico are bas-reliefs representing Navigation, Commerce and Industry.

NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE.

This is situated on a hill to the south of the harbour. I visited it in company with Mrs. and two Misses Duncan, the family of General Duncan. We were taken up in a lift. I felt as though I was going up to heaven in a balloon. The place commands a beautiful bird's-eye view of the whole city, the harbour and the

surrounding regions. The church here is a place of pilgrimage, like that at Lyons.

THE PROMENADE PIERRE PUGET

is laid out on one of the reservoirs of the aqueduct, like the promenades of the Malabar Hill reservoir and the Bhandarwara reservoir in Bombay.

THE PALACE DE LONGCHAMPS.

is an excellent building having a rich museum. Its architecture is splendid. It has a fine garden. There is a triumphal arch between two large buildings. In front of the arch is a large basin where a big cascade falls over a flight of steps.

THE PRADO.

In my circular drive through the city and its environs, I passed through this chief promenade. It is something like the Prater of Vienna. It is frequented by the people in the evening. I had also several drives through the city. The circular ride in a tram-car from the Bourse or Chamber of Commerce via Cannibiere Street, by the Prado, and along the whole shore between the Joliet harbour and Madrague village, is indeed very pleasant. This drive affords an excellent view of the harbour and the country around. The whole coast is beautiful and is so divided by gulfs as to form three or four ports, well protected, and having distinct charms of their own. The projections into the sea are varied and are used as convenient points for angling and quiet resorts.

Marseilles, like Bombay, is considerably greater in length than in breadth. The sanitation is good, and every convenience is provided for the people.

At night the city is very cheerful with amusements and enjoyments, like Paris. In fact, it imitates Paris fully. The theatres, concert-halls, cafés and restaurants are always crowded by visitors.

Thursday, 8th October.—I am now proceeding from Marseilles to Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. The whole coast is very interesting. The part between Marseilles and Toulon was rather rugged. White chalky hills abound here. But beyond Toulon

the country is charming. The earth is red. The vegetation presents nice colours, red, green, purple and a fusion of these.

Toulon is a port of some importance, containing large arsenals.

Cannes is a large place, and a good summer resort. The population is 22,000. It has many bungalows. Numerous French and English visitors resort to this place, where they have houses of their own. There are pretty gardens and promenades. The view along the coast is very lovely.

Nice is a very beautiful place and the climate is charming. The whole sea-shore is highly picturesque. The town is large and clean in all its parts. Very few cities can equal this in point of sanitation. The streets are broad and some have arcades of trees very pleasant to walk under.

The concert-hall on the pier is very inviting. Nice has a Casino. The bazar is very extensive. The shops are numerous and bright. This is one of the best towns on the French Riviera.

Beyond Nice are Monaco and Monte Carlo.

MONACO.

Monaco is the capital of the Province. The territory of the Prince of Monaco extended beyond Monte Carlo, but owing to pecuniary difficulties he had to give up to the Emperor of France Mentone and the surrounding tract, which was the most fertile part of the province.

Monaco is situated partly on a bold rocky hill and partly in a valley. Monte Carlo is located on a smaller hill. It is a continuation of Monaco. To meet his needs, the Prince of Monaco opened gambling tables at Monte Carlo. The Casino, where gambling is carried on on an extensive scale, is now owned by a company or a bank.

MONTE CARLO.

Both Monte Carlo and Monaco are picturesque places. The streets at Monte Carlo are clean and smooth. The gardens are very pleasant. The terraces are charming. At the station there is a lift by which the visitor can proceed to the hill. There are excellent promenades. At night, there are concerts and fine illuminations round about the Casino. Monte Carlo leaves a grand impression on the visitor's mind. I pitied the people who were deeply engrossed in gambling. Four tables are laid and the

people stake their money in large amounts. I saw an old lady—I was told she was an English lady—of 60 years or more opening her purse and throwing gold coins on the table. She lost more often than she won. But she was all the while very enthusiastic. She appeared to be a confirmed gambler. I also saw a young man with a lady, who travelled with me from Nice. He went there to gamble. The man lost his money—gold and silver—to a large extent in my presence. He looked very much disappointed, but he would not cease playing. I saw that the bank, under whose auspices the gambling was conducted, won in most cases.

I am glad I could find some little time to visit the French Riviera and so complete my tour on the continent very pleasantly. I have thus been able to see nearly the whole of the southern coast of France and the western coast of Italy from Genoa downwards. The climate of this part is equable and such as would suit admirably an Indian. The scenery is also similar to the coast scenery of the Konkan and southern India. Date palms, lemon and orange gardens are visible in many places. The hills are not very high but they are numerous, and the valleys are interesting. The hills and valleys are dotted with villas of various sizes.

Friday, 9th October.—I returned to Marseilles from the Riveira, and this day I passed my time pleasantly with some Bombay friends who were returning by the steamer "India" with me. I went over some of the important places of the city and made a circular tour round the shore.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE RETURN VOYAGE.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been
A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!

Byron.

S. S. India—Cabins—Halls—Food—Officers—Barber—Bathman—Sunday Service—Ætna—Port Said—A Wedding of two Babies—Ismalia—Sports on Ship—Music—Midnight Storm—Sweep—Prospects of Civilians in India—Fancy Dress Ball—Health of the Captain and Crew—Bombay Harbour.

Saturday, 10th October.—At 9 a.m. the S. S. "India" arrived in the harbour, where she awaited the arrival of passengers from London and the Continent.

Noon was the probable time notified by the P. and O. Company for departure, but the ship did not leave the harbour till 4 p.m.

The "India" is a magnificent floating palace. She has a very spacious deck, an excellent first-class saloon, a dining hall sufficient to accommodate 260 persons, a well decorated music saloon, and a moderate sized smoking room. The cabins are more roomy than those of any other steamer I have yet seen.

The crew consists of 319 men. The tonnage of the steamer is 8,000 and the horse-power 11,000. The number of the passengers is 250, 1st class, and 117, 2nd class.

The steamer has a fair library which is appreciated by the passengers. One of the stewards issues books every day except Sunday, between 11 and 12 o'clock a.m. The subscription for the passengers is 2s. 6d. for the whole voyage. The library consists mostly of novels and story books.

The smoking room is used for games such as cards, chess and the like. The bar is near. The room is the frequent resort of passengers given to merry-making. There are some occupied in reading, some in smoking and chatting. Others while away their time in drinking.

The music saloon is used for concerts as well as for writing and reading. Ladies and gentlemen of a quiet temperament are generally to be seen here. It is a cool place, and really enjoyable, without much bustle and noise. One or two ladies generally played the piano and sang songs after breakfast (10 a.m.) or lunch (2 p.m.). Concerts are arranged after dinner (9 p.m.). It is a commendable thing that gentlemen and ladies who are skilled in music take a delight in amusing their fellow-passengers with their art. On occasions there are recitals given by gentlemen.

The catering is excellent and rather profuse. The morning tea at 6 a.m., breakfast at 9 a.m., lunch at 1 p.m. tea at 4 p.m., dinner at 6 p.m. and biscuits at any time till 11 p.m. The menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner, are frightfully long. Soup, fish, meat of all kinds, vegetables, cakes, fruit of many kinds, ice-cream and

pudding, are the order of the day. Drinks of various kinds are provided on extra payment. It is a great wonder how people digest so many and such heavy meals. Yet as a matter of fact many do full justice to these sumptuous daily entertainments. Great credit is due to the care and industry of the purser, who looks after the arrangements. The stewards are also vigilant in attending to the comforts of the passengers.

The sports on the steamers are of various kinds. Gentlemen and ladies of different ages gladly join in such diversions.

Early in the morning, and between 4 and 6 in the evening, as well as after dinner at night many passengers walk along the deck for a considerable time engaged in conversation.

This floating house, surrounded as it is by pure atmosphere, is a source of great comfort and sound health.

The crew is divided into officers, stewards, and lascars.

The Captain is the governor and chief authority on the ship. His powers are very wide and numerous. The purser is the chief executive officer and looks after the internal administration. The surgeon and engineers do their respective duties. Stewards are assigned to different cabins. Sometimes one steward has to attend two or three cabins or 12 or 15 passengers. The comfort of the passengers lies in the hands of the stewards, who work hard at their multifarious duties—waiting at table, making beds, cleaning shoes, etc., etc., besides answering the calls of passengers in their cabins. The barber's shop is a very useful institution. The barber shaves the passengers who go to him for a charge of 6*d.* The shop contains a good many articles which a gentleman may be in need of. There being only one operator, the passengers have to wait. A most admirable trait in the English character, namely, love for order, which I also noticed in London, is seen here. The gentlemen go to the shaving chair in the order they enter the shop. The baths are excellent in arrangement. The bathman gives you fresh water in addition to sea water in any quantity. The tubs are of white stone and very spacious. Soap and towels are provided. There is generally a crush of passengers in the morning for the bath. The arrangements of commodes and lavatories are excellent on this steamer.

One standing institution of the ship is the "sweep," or lottery, which is held every day during the voyage. Tickets are issued at the rate passengers agree upon, generally two shillings or half a crown, and the ticket-holders draw numbers. The man whose number happens to be the exact number of the miles travelled up to noon on the day of the "sweep" gets the first prize, and two other persons who are immediately above and below get the two minor prizes. The first prize is worth 50 per cent. of the amount collected. The 2nd and 3rd prizes are worth 25 per cent. each. Sometimes the ticket-holders put up their tickets to auction, which gives rise to great excitement and interest.

Electric lights lend the greatest charm to the different saloons. The dining saloons are particularly brilliant and delightful. When there are full lights, and 250 people sit down to dinner—gentlemen and ladies, the latter dressed in different colours, and the former in black suits—the scene is picturesque. Children of all ages play about on the deck. Their gambols contribute greatly to the cheerfulness of the passengers.

From my experience of the gulf of Lyons on the last occasion, I feared the sea would be rough, at least while the ship was in that gulf. I was led to entertain those fears more strongly as the steamer had a rough passage in the bay of Biscay and the passengers who travelled from London by sea bitterly narrated their sufferings. The steamer, they said, rolled very frightfully. Fortunately, however, the sea was calm after we left Marseilles. I feel almost as if I am on dry land. Sometimes the motion of the ship is not even perceptible.

Sunday, 11th October.—Besides the daily avocations on the steamer, we had a morning service which I attended with others. Prayers were said and hymns sung as in a church. The dining room was used as a church. The Rev. Midwinter officiated. There was no sermon. We prayed among other things for the Queen and the safe voyage of the passengers on the ship. But there were many passengers who did not care to go to the service at all. I consider, however, this is a wholesome institution both for discipline and comfort of mind. One quiet half-hour, specially devoted to the service of God, gives strength for the rest of the day.

That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

Tennyson.

Tulloch says: "It is impossible to separate the life of man from God without fatal injury to the life. If God is, and if we are His creatures, our being cannot grow into any healthy or perfect form while we remain divorced in spirit and love from Him."

Monday, 12th October.—Early in the morning we passed through the straits of Bonifacio. The sea is calm.

Tuesday, 13th October.—We pass through the straits of Messina. The coast of Sicily is picturesque. We see some towns at the foot of the mountainous range. The sun's rays falling on the tops of the mountain, make an interesting effect.

The celebrated volcano, Mount *Ætna*, is in full view. It does not seem to be continuously active now, as Milton implies that it was in his time:—

the shattered side
 Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fueled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, and the winds,
 And leave a singéd bottom, all involved
 With stench and smoke.

The peak was clearly visible, but no fire or smoke was to be seen.

Wednesday, 14th October.—As we approached Port Said, the scenery of the coast became more and more attractive. We reach Port Said at about 1-30 p.m. The passengers left for a stroll through the town. I visited, in company with some English passengers and young Wadia, the music hall, where there was a concert. The stroll through the city was hardly interesting. Dr. Bahadurji and his company witnessed a wedding of infants of 25 and 17 months respectively, held in the laps of their mothers.

Thursday, 15th October.—We left Port Said a little before midnight, and we are still passing through the Canal, which is very narrow. Its depth is only 30 feet and our ship draws 27 feet. The progress is very slow and careful. If the ship gets stuck, there will be a wretchedly uncomfortable delay. We meet at intervals with stations and dredging machines. Now and then the natives of

the country are seen on the banks of the Canal. They look like the Mahomedans in the Bhendi Bazar Street in Bombay.

At 8-30 we reached Ismalia, where several of the passengers bound for Egypt landed. The station is at a distance of two miles from the point in the Canal where the steamer stops.

The P. & O. Company have recognised the principle that Indians should have a large proportion in the administration of the S.S. "India," and thus we see a large number of Goanese stewards freely engaged. João, Joje, Paulo and Company are strongly represented in the culinary and waiting departments. In the S.S. "Australia" I do not remember seeing any Indian stewards as waiters, though some Goanese were employed in a few minor offices.

Among the passengers I notice there are nine Indians in the first saloon. Dr. Bahadurji, Miss Bahadurji, Miss Tarkhad, Mr. Bhowmagri, Mr. Novroji Vakil, Mr. Isuf Haji Ismael, Mr. Alarakhy, Mr. Wadia and myself.

I find that the second saloon passengers have more *esprit de corps* and are more lively than those of the first saloon, as is evident from the zeal they show in the sports. There are more frequent games, dances, music and other amusements there than in the first saloon. I asked my friend Mr. Reynolds, an indigo merchant, whether my observation was not correct. He answered in the affirmative. The reason, he said, is that in the first saloon the passengers are mostly drawn from the civil, military and medical services, and, as they approach India, they seem to swell with a sense of their dignity more and more and are not therefore desirous of mixing in the sports and gaieties of the vulgar. There may be a few exceptions; merchants and other non-officials predominate among the sporting members. I cannot say, however, that high officials have no taste for amusements. I saw Colonel Hunter of Kathiawar and the present Judicial Commissioner of the Central Provinces frequently visiting the music room to enjoy the fun.

At 5-30 the steamer reached Suez and delivered and took up the mails. Within 20 minutes we resumed our journey.

SUEZ

is a pretty place, as it appears from the steamer. The trees and houses have a good appearance. In the rear of the town there is a mountain.

Towards the evening the scenery of the sky was exceedingly pretty. The setting sun piercing through the clouds, and the solar light or the reflection of the rays forming a ring round a cloud, was a very beautiful sight. It is not often that you get such a fine view. I have seen some paintings of the setting sun in the Royal Academy and the National Gallery in London. Constable and Turner excelled in depicting solar effects.

Friday, 16th October.—We left Suez at 6-40 p.m. last evening, and since then the steamer is going 17 miles an hour.

We are in the Red Sea and have already begun to feel the heat. The pankhas are freely used in the saloon. The passengers like to spend as much time as they can on deck. One fortunate circumstance in the voyage is that the ship is steady.

Among the games played on deck, throwing quoits into a bucket was perhaps the most popular, though some preferred cricket—a game which necessitated the fixing of a net to prevent the balls from flying overboard. In the smoking room whist was most generally played. After dinner there was music, vocal and instrumental, both ladies and gentlemen contributing to the enjoyment of their fellow passengers.

It was a little hot at midday, but in the afternoon a cool, refreshing breeze made the passengers comfortable.

I was introduced by Mr. Reynolds to Mr. Kenyon, M. P. for the Bury division of Lancashire. This gentleman is a conservative Member of Parliament. He is going on a tour to India with his son.

I am also introduced to General Cole, Mrs. Cole and their daughter—very nice people to talk to. General Cole is going to Mysore to work the gold mines for an English syndicate.

The society on board is, on the whole, pleasant.

Saturday, 17th October.—At 2-30 a.m., there was thunder and lightning, followed by rain. This continued for a pretty long time, say an hour and a half. The passengers who slept on the deck on account of heat were wet with the spray. The ship was, however, steady. Some of the ladies on board got frightened at the thunder and lightning. Since the dawn, however, it is pretty cool.

As usual, there was the sweep and auction of some of the tickets subscribed for. Great excitement prevailed in the market.

The finish-off of a bucket tournament, in which both ladies and gentlemen took part, excited great interest. The music room is also active. Lemon squash is the favourite drink with passengers when in the Red Sea. The bar in the smoking room is very busy.

Races are held for the pleasure of the children on board. Three prizes are advertised by the Entertainment Committee. Ball, chess, and whist tournaments are played between gentlemen and between ladies, separately. Prizes are announced.

The other day after the dance was over, a young lady observed within my hearing to a friend of hers, that a certain gentleman, with whom she was totally unacquainted, asked her to dance with him, and she accepted the invitation. I note this to show what English etiquette is. On such occasions, when dances are arranged in a promiscuous assembly, it is no rudeness to ask a lady to dance, even though the gentleman desirous of dancing may not have been previously acquainted. The more appropriate way is to get the parties introduced to each other through the captain or some officer.

This evening, through the kindness of ladies and gentlemen, we witnessed a pleasant dance of a varied kind.

Sunday, 18th October.—The heat of the Red Sea is rather unbearable. The winds are hot. The music room is on the whole the best place to sit in. The windows and doors, when kept open, admit a continuous breeze, which is most refreshing. I overheard a conversation between a Madras civilian and a N. W. P. civilian. I gather from it that promotion in Madras is more rapid than in the North-West Provinces. There are 150 civilians for 22 districts, and for one crore and eighty lakhs of population in the Madras Presidency. In the opinion of these gentlemen the former Governors of Madras were not satisfactory. Sir M. Grant Duff was a learned man who could lecture on Plato and the like, but they agreed that he was not a skilful administrator.

The evening service is held in the second saloon, the morning service being held in the first saloon.

The wind at night is very strong. It is contrary, and the progress of the ship is retarded.

Monday, 19th October.—Sports—violent wrestling—men sitting

on the shoulders of others and wrestling in that posture. Ladies running and lifting balls placed at measured distances separately, and collecting them in buckets. Ladies' egg-and-spoon race. Children's running races.

In the evening there were recitations, comic songs, and a dance.

Tuesday, 20th October.—Music and games were again the order of the day, but in the evening there was a charming diversion by way of a fancy dress ball. The deck was fancifully decorated with flags and banners of various colours, and turned as it were into a fairy hall. The costumes worn by those who took part in the ball were gay and graceful. Some persons were clad as sailors, some as clowns. One had put on the attire of Trilby, another that of Svengali, a third that of a Spanish Matadore, a fourth was a Gipsy Girl; another girl had covered herself with pieces of newspapers; another had dressed up as a sailor-girl; some people appeared in Japanese dress, with long coats and pigtails; some in Italian dress; some were there as lascars in the long Jammias used by the Parsees. One gentleman appeared as Blue-Beard, looking like a Kathiawadi Chief.

Wednesday, 21st October.—The whole of this day was lively. A good many gentlemen and ladies engaged themselves in the sweepstakes, music, and sport of various kinds. The sports began soon after breakfast. Bucket, chalk-lining, tug-of-war, running with a needle, &c.

As the voyage is drawing to its close the excitement for games and sports seems to grow keener and keener. The people who were keeping themselves somewhat exclusive join in or are present and take an interest in the amusements.

The presence of the ladies and their taking a deep interest in all the amusement enhance the liveliness. There is a concert held to-night. The celebration is more brilliant than our Diwali festival. All this fortnight the steamer is as gay as a house celebrating a marriage. The gathering of guests is immense. There are numerous lights, flags and bunting. The arrangement of chairs and the dinner service fill one with amazement. The P.&O. Company offers to its passengers such an amount of pleasure and comfort as no single house could supply.

Ladies and gentlemen played at cricket, the gentlemen bowling with the left hand against the ladies. In the second saloon, a concert was held to which the first saloon people were invited. The concert was more interesting than that held in the first saloon. The people here form a compact body and pass the time as though members of one family.

In the first saloon a toast was proposed by General Simpson "to the health of the captain and his crew." The Captain answered in appropriate terms. There was a dance after dinner.

Friday, 23rd October.—The day was fine. All people are engaged in packing and getting ready and writing letters. The mail bags are being taken out. The Bombay Harbour is in sight. We arrive within the usual distance from the Ballard Pier at 6-30 p.m. and soon land and run up to our sweet home.

Sweet is the smile of home ; the mutual look ;
When hearts are of each other sure ;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.

Keble.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

" Much have I seen and known ; cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

Tennyson.—Ulysses.

The Love of Liberty—Land of Wonders—The Englishman—Latin Nations—The Schoolmaster—Drunkenness—Materialism—A Timely Word—Travelling—Preservation of Ancient Relics—Oriental MSS.—Self-reliance—Parliament—Indian Questions—Agriculture—Poverty—Emigration—English Theatre—Journalism—Art and Natural Scenery—Patronage of Literature—Technical Education—Sports—Trade Combination—Club Life—Religion—Love of Truth—Englishwomen—Tribunals of Justice—The Bar—Hospitals—Public Schools—Foreigners—Hero Veneration—Sunday in Great Britain—Order and Discipline—Mutual Good-feeling.

Now, having gone through many cities and seen different nationalities of men, I shall devote the following few lines to sum up the impressions which I have formed.

THE LOVE OF LIBERTY.

The first thing which strikes the traveller in Europe is the love of liberty and constitutional government which pervades the entire continent. It is not the possession of any single nation or country. It is the universal birthright of every nation from England to Italy. One cannot escape contracting the contagion of this spirit as soon as he treads on European soil. The acquisition

of a love for the institutions of liberty is an ample compensation for any expense or trouble which a visit to Europe might involve. Barring France, where political liberty may be aptly described as sometimes being on the verge of madness, there is no other country in Europe where constitutional freedom is so much enjoyed and loved by the people as in England. It requires personal association with English people to appreciate the full significance of the often repeated expression that in England the spirit of liberty is in the very air. To safeguard this precious heirloom, the British people, who have fought so many valiant battles in the great cause of political freedom, will make any sacrifice. When we read in English papers hostile speeches delivered by Conservative and Liberal statesmen breathing implacable animosity, one often wonders whether a united national patriotism is possible in England. A short stay in that country soon undeceived me of this impression. It is only in relation to its domestic politics that England presents the aspect of a house divided against itself. But let there be any grave question which brings British interests into conflict with those of any foreign power, then the national heart will beat in unison, and the real solidarity of English patriotism is seen to its best advantage. The patriotism of Englishmen is sober and well regulated, not like that of the French people which is effervescent and garrulous. Of recent years, under the garb of imperialism, a spirit of aggressiveness and arrogance, popularly termed Jingoism, has unfortunately begun to manifest itself. This finds no favour with the great mass of British workmen and the commercial classes in Great Britain. The British people are naturally very proud of their great Indian and colonial empire.

LAND OF WONDERS AND MYSTERY.

India is still a land of wonders and mystery to the English people. It is astonishing how little knowledge the people, even leading statesmen, possess of our country. The ignorance is truly remarkable. A very large amount of the population still entertain the belief that Indians are no better than negroes utterly sunk in barbarism. As I have stated, I had myself frequent occasion to disabuse persons, with whom I came in contact, of this unflattering notion. Notwithstanding the con-

spicuous successes attained by the Indians at Oxford and Cambridge, the belief seems to be deeply rooted that the intellect of the native of India is of a very inferior kind. The fact that the natives of India can speak English fluently often awakens an agreeable astonishment in an English assembly. I noticed this frequently. This unfortunate impression—that India is steeped in ignorance and barbarism—is, to my mind, not a little due to the appeals made by missionaries for funds to convert the barbarous heathens of India. It will greatly help to raise India in the esteem of British people, if this mistaken notion regarding Indians is rectified. If we are ever to gain any real political advancement, it is to the English people we must look, and before they can be induced to grant us additional privileges, they must have a correct knowledge as to our intellectual aptitudes, our social conditions and our progress in civilization. I cannot bring myself to think that a nation, so strongly imbued with a love of liberty as the British, can continue long to ignore the appeal of India for a greater measure of political liberty and official privileges, if our fitness for these is properly brought home to them.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

The Englishman, as we see him in India, is entirely different from what we find him on his native soil. He is indeed by nature blunt and reserved; but in his own country he has none of that offensive air of superiority which he sometimes affects in India. While he is not demonstrative like the Irishman or the Frenchman, he is not wanting in courtesy and even warm attachment. It requires but a short acquaintance to overcome his reserve, and he becomes responsive as he gets an assurance that you are worthy of association. When the ice of ceremony is once broken, the genuine good nature of an Englishman, free from vanity and *hauteur*, is seen in all its beauty. I was greatly impressed with the unaffected hospitality and courtesy with which I was treated everywhere. In fact I was overwhelmed with the kindness of my English friends and I cannot be too thankful to them for it. I thought it was sufficient atonement for the precisely opposite treatment which Englishmen in India unhappily think it right very often to mete out to the natives of the country. Indeed, I was glad to note that the Anglo-Indian himself changed

his demeanour when he returned to England. There he lays aside his distance and overbearing disposition and becomes easily accessible and familiar. My remarks equally apply to the Scotch and the Irish. In fact, the Irishman is almost obtrusively kind. His exuberant good-nature and his unfailing cordiality are the same everywhere. It has been my good fortune to come across a good many Irishmen, and I record with pleasure my hearty tribute of appreciation of their unalterable sincerity and absence of affectation, whether in Ireland or elsewhere.

LATIN NATIONS.

The character of the Latin nations which I visited is of a different mould. They have but little of the gravity and depth which characterise the German, the Swiss and the Austrian. The French and the Italians are a gay and lively people. They are demonstrative and ostentatiously courteous. They ply the stranger with all sorts of curious inquiries. Social distinctions on the continent are not so finely cut as in England, and in France, especially, the principle of the essential equality of man is perhaps carried to an extreme. This characteristic runs through the entire social and political fabric of the country. In continental countries, too, I found the people, as a rule, civil and courteous. I regret I had not more time to spend on the continent than I did. My travels there would have been more agreeable and instructive if I had not been hampered by the language difficulty. I was particularly impressed with the considerate patience and politeness with which continental people enabled me to overcome the difficulty of making myself understood in the trains, in the institutions I visited, and the hotels I occupied.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

In England, the school-master is everywhere in evidence. No period of my short holiday in Europe was more pleasant than the few days I spent in those ancient strongholds of learning—Oxford and Cambridge. When I came in actual contact with the intellectual life of these venerable homes of enlightenment, I felt an exquisite ardour for the great cause of education. There is not a leading town or city in Great Britain which does not possess an academical institution of its own. I dreamed a splendid vision of the happiness and prosperity of my country,

could the same sun of enlightenment shine in its refulgence there. It seems as if the whole nation is consumed by a zeal for knowledge and research. The scholars are not few and far between as in India. There is a general high level of intellectual attainments. It is really an edifying and magnificent spectacle to see the great institutions of public research and instruction, crowded morning and evening with eager students belonging to every station in life. The British Museum is, for instance, a perfect beehive of scholastic industry. Very often, I was astonished at the stock of information exhibited even by artisans and operatives. Intellectual interest is kept alive by public lectures, illustrations with magic lanterns, exhibitions and the like. There are institutes for workmen of which they freely avail themselves. It appeared to me as if the whole country was engaged in a mighty campaign against ignorance and intellectual darkness. On the continent this zeal is not observable among the people at large in the same degree. In Germany it is true there is great cultivation of philosophy and research; but even there, though education is compulsory, the stranger looks in vain for the fervid and insatiable activity prevalent in England. The same may be said of France and Italy, the people of which seem to be constitutionally inclined to pleasure. The Briton is ordinarily too busy and restless to make pleasure the chief occupation of his life and I think his moderate love of it has enabled him to preserve the virility of his race. When on pleasure bent, however, the Briton's zest is so keen that for the moment he appears to outdo both Frenchman and Italian. The Latin nations are getting debased by their inordinate addiction to pleasure. Intellectual life is not so much to the fore among them, and their universities are fast losing the prominence which they once enjoyed. Of the nations which I visited the Germans struck me most as making the greatest efforts for the national amelioration. There can be no doubt that there is a great future for this hardy Teutonic race. In none of the countries which I visited was political feeling so strong as in Ireland, especially in the south, where the Catholic religion predominates. It is a great pity that this magnificent Celtic race which has contributed so many great men to the world's record of genius and military prowess should be under a cloud of real or imaginary unhappiness. There can be

no dispute that the most deeply seated aspiration of the Irish is for Home Rule, the want of which makes them discontented.

DRUNKENNESS.

The prevailing vice of Great Britain is drunkenness. Notwithstanding the laudable efforts of Temperance Societies, this vice is alarmingly on the increase. It is a most potent cause of crime and immorality. Strange as it may appear, women are more addicted to this degrading vice than men. To combat the evil it is gratifying to note that there is a regular movement on foot, ably conducted by some of the greatest in the land. In saying that it is the prevailing vice, I do not mean to say that it is equally common to all classes of society. It is chiefly confined to the lower classes, among whom it works terrible havoc—sending hundreds of persons to premature graves and causing fearful distress. I trust my countrymen will take a warning from the fate of England in regard to the dreadful ravages made there by the demon of drunkenness, and resolutely make up their minds, before it is too late, not to succumb to this most calamitous vice of modern times. Germany is conspicuously free from the alcoholic habit. The national sense is against it, and the German laws punish the victim of the habit very severely. The same may be said of France and Italy. The absence of drunkenness in these countries is perhaps traceable to the fact that the French and the Italian have a decided preference for wines, just as the German has a partiality for beer.

MATERIALISM.

One painful feature of European civilization is its highly materialistic tendency. In the course of my diary I have had very frequent occasion to refer to this characteristic. Amongst the most potent causes which have brought about this most undesirable state of things, the first place must be assigned to science, the achievements of which are constantly on the increase. European civilization is, indeed, a marvellous testimony of the capabilities of science and the power of man. The advance of materialism in Europe is simply alarming, and it is fast making inroads into every sort of institution. Even religion has not escaped the pervading contagion, for I saw but little of that spiritual

fervour of which European Missionaries have left such good examples in every land. Mammon is the God of the day, and the national intellect and the national resources are now more employed in devising means to advance the material interest of man than in satisfying his moral and spiritual requirements. English education, which was at one time remarkable for its moral and theological character, is getting tainted by the materialistic spirit of the age. More attention is now paid to technical and industrial education, while philosophy, theology, poetry and classical literature are not so strongly represented by intellect as in former times. Religion is becoming more and more of a social formality. When I attended divine service in Great Britain I often felt that people were more concerned about graceful and artistic attitudinizing than worship. Very few go for actual worship, by far the greater part being attracted either by the eloquence of some distinguished preacher or by the church music performed by some distinguished artist. It seems to me this is a very unhealthy tendency. It must result in the demoralization of the race and the engenderment and spread of vice. To mention only one city of the continent, Paris affords a painful illustration of the spread of materialism with its accompanying vices. It cannot augur well for the virility of a race when vice is allowed to prosper with the sanction of society and Government.

A TIMELY WORD.

It occurred to me that Indian interests were apt to be greatly endangered by our young men going to Europe for education or for pleasure. The native students, owing to a few cases of fraud which recently occurred, have lost caste in a great measure. My English friends have often spoken to me of sham nabobs from India. Some miscreants actually succeeded in duping proprietors of hotels and shopkeepers. The consequence of such false pretences is that English people become thereby chary of offering welcome and hospitality to men professing to be Indian students. It is imperatively necessary, if we are to preserve the good opinion which English people have of us in their own country, that our morality should be beyond question. I consider that a heavy responsibility lies upon every Indian who visits England. Instead of frittering away his time in idle or ignoble pleasures he would do

a great service to his country, if he made a wholesome impression of the soundness of his own character on the British public; as well as learned the inner meaning of British character and British institutions. He could also spread a correct knowledge of the condition and needs of India as opportunity may offer. Then again, a visit to Europe comes to most men once in a life-time, and the money which is often unprofitably spent in pleasure could with great advantage be devoted to sight-seeing or in acquiring some special form of knowledge.

TRAVELLING.

This subject brings me to the question of the general advantage of foreign travel. Travelling has been always regarded as a complement of liberal education; as such its value is beyond dispute. It liberalises the mind, widens experience, and with the constant succession of fresh civilisations, and modes of thought, imparts to the mind a lively curiosity. It is only when our booklore has been tested and verified by a personal inspection of objects or by contact with foreign nations that the mind can properly appreciate the thoughts of other people. Of this I found a pleasant illustration when I visited scenes and places immortalized by British and other poets. One feels more genuine pleasure in reading Coleridge's and Shelley's verses after visiting Chamounix and Mont Blanc than before. In the course of this diary, I have remarked that my countrymen should travel in Europe if only for the purpose of obtaining a training in civility and good manners. This may appear at first sight a small matter, but I need hardly say that it adds greatly to the pleasure of life to be courteous ourselves, and to come in contact with courteous people. Travelling, especially in Europe, offers excellent opportunities for improvement of character. It imparts to one that independence, which is, after all, the supreme feature of the European character, and which is unfortunately so deplorably wanting, when all is said, in the oriental. But the educational value of travel has been the favourite theme of so many writers that I hardly think it necessary for me to continue the subject further.

PRESERVATION OF RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.

During my travels both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, I was greatly impressed, wherever I went, with the

great solicitude manifested by the people and the Government for the preservation of the relics and monuments of antiquity. Often did I wish that we in India were impregnated with this reverent love for the memorials of the past. India especially is rich in architecture and archæological wonders and I felt that we belonged to a degenerate age indeed, when I thought of the criminal apathy with which we permitted our ancient architectural marvels, the land-marks of vanished civilisation and empires, to fall into utter decay. I wish, indeed, this love of conservation was copied by our people. Ruskin in his "Lamp of Memory" has given eloquent expression to the heavy obligation under which present generations are to safeguard solicitously monuments bequeathed to them by their forefathers. A double duty, says he, lies upon us: the first to render the architecture of the day historical; and the second to preserve as the most precious of inheritances that of the past. "God," he eloquently remarks, "has lent us this earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation as to us; and we have no right by anything that we do or neglect to involve them in unnecessary penalties or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath . . . Men cannot benefit those who are with them as those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which the human voice is even sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave." It were as well that Indians took the noble lessons inculcated in these lines to heart. It is sad to think that our architectural genius, like our aptitude for so many different arts, the products of which were the admiration of European marts, is now almost extinct. The duty of preserving monuments is of a national character and there is no wish dearer to my heart than this, that we in India—the Government and the people—should strenuously co-operate with each other in rescuing the magnificent heirlooms—their edifices, caves, or works of art—bequeathed to us by Hindu or Muslim or European, from the undeserving and unjust decay in which they have been suffered to lapse.*

* I am glad to note that Lord Curzon is taking a lively interest in the subject of the preservation of ancient monuments and has framed an Act to provide permanently for their preservation.

ORIENTAL MANUSCRIPTS.

I felt a pang of pain when I saw so many valuable Sanskrit MSS. in Germany. It was impossible for me to conceive how those MSS. had found their way there. It is a national crime to have parted with them, and it seems that their removal to Germany and other countries of Europe may be due to the over-zeal on the part of some persons. The miscreants who have deprived us of them are worthy of national execration. I could ill-conceal my indignation when I saw in Germany the MSS. in which some of our noblest Sanscrit literature is enshrined, and which ought to have been sacredly guarded in India as treasures of inestimable value. The mischief already committed is irremediable, but it is not yet too late to arrest the tide of further spoliation, and I devoutly hope that our MSS. will in future be more jealously prevented from leaving the country than unfortunately has been the case in the past. In this matter I feel the same indignation that possessed Byron on the removal of the Elgin marbles:—

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee,
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
blush Caledonia! Such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child be was of thine:
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Humanity is indeed a wonderful phenomenon. What a variety of temperaments—what a variety of natures—how different are man's modes of thought! The power of the intellect and environment as an important factor in the formation of character is nowhere better illustrated than in this endless variety in materials seemingly identical. Let us consider the Englishman. As a social institution he presents a perfect contrast to the Indian, though the civilisation of the latter is lost in the twilight of the ages. Collective living has been the keynote of the Indian character; individuality is the most conspicuous feature of English life. The one has given us our domestic virtues and weaknesses. The other has made the English self-reliant and adventurous. Individuality indeed leads to disruption and disintegration. Families are constantly breaking up, and domestic ties ceaselessly severed. Every man for himself. This is the maxim by which the race is

animated. It is this spirit which has given the English character its intrepidity and enterprise, and which has enabled Englishmen to acquire not only a physical but a moral dominion over the races of the world. I have now moved among Europeans of several nationalities and I think that there can be no doubt that in regard to self-reliance and independence of character the palm must be awarded to the Englishman. The different principle of life prevailing among us has produced a precisely opposite result. It has rendered our civilisation inelastic and unprogressive; cramped the growth of our national character; and stunted our national development. As regards the political institutions of the Englishman, the same principle has been at work. Liberty, and independence have been the watchwords of the English race—this was true when the Magna Charta was wrested from the hands of the reluctant King John, and it is as true to-day. In England, politics are even as the breath of the nostrils, of the people. Political warfare is going on constantly; it is this condition of things which has prevented the nation from falling into political torpor and endows it, as it were, with perpetual youth and virility. How different is our political retrospect? Subjugation and political slavery have ever been the lot of the down-trodden son of India. Our caste prejudices, our social and family system have circumscribed our activity or divided our forces, and rather than turn our backs upon the institutions and influences, which have prevented and are preventing us to-day from acquiring our full political development, we have preferred foreign domination. Political independence involves great sacrifices; and unless public spirit is actuated by a lofty altruism, and unless we are prepared to make the Englishman's sacrifices, political agitation is merely a pleasant pastime, and political emancipation an Utopian dream. In some cases, it is altruism, in others ambition, that has been the mainspring of the actions of British politicians; but whether from good motives or bad, it is a national characteristic that family ties must give way to every man's worldly career. Independence, again, is the dominating characteristic of the growth of English intellect. Perhaps there is no country, barring the United States of America, where the play of intellect is so unfettered as in

England. This is the predominant note of English literature—of its poetry, its philosophy and its oratory. The English are but little prone to the adulation which is characteristic of the Oriental. The distinction between master and servant only obtains within the four walls of the office establishments. The conversation of the people is remarkably free from servility; there is always a refreshing outspokenness in their opinions and public utterances.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliamentary affairs and debates no longer occupy a paramount place in the attention of the British public. The scene of interest appears to have shifted to the columns of the newspaper, which has now become the theatre of party warfare. The commanding interest which Parliament had during the exciting regimes of Gladstone and Disraeli is to-day very much on the wane. This sort of political torpor has seized even members of Parliament. The result is that Parliament no longer exercises that vigilant supervision and check over supply and legislation which, at one time, was its most remarkable attribute. Parliamentary affairs are daily becoming more and more a matter of routine and majorities. The cabinet alone rules, heedless of the voice of its followers; the opposition is a figure-head and counts for little in the national debates.

INDIAN QUESTIONS.

The inauguration of the Imperial Institute was a statesmanlike step, and it is difficult to over-estimate its capacity for the good of India. Having regard to the fact that it is a part of the British Empire and its vast population, I consider it is a serious matter for regret that there are not more institutions of the kind in the country. It is only by the establishment of such institutions and by constant agitation in England itself that India can expect to loom more largely in the consideration of the British people. It is a mistake to suppose that Indian questions, by being ventilated in Legislative Councils, Indian public assemblies, and vernacular papers find their way to the great mass of the English people. Effective publicity would be better obtained if Indian shortcomings were ventilated in English journals and in English magazines. It seems to me that there is plenty of scope for the employment of

the pen of Indian politicians if they contributed articles on questions of national importance to English periodicals. It is impossible for us in India to conceive how powerful an influence is exerted by English journals. Our grievances would command more serious attention if their agency was properly utilized. At present the mighty interests of India find but little advocacy in England. Beyond a handful of retired and sympathetic Anglo-Indians and a few members of Parliament, Indian questions do not obtain that attention and discussion which are absolutely necessary if the wants of India are to be effectually satisfied. The great question is how to secure for India greater interest in Parliament. When Indian questions are debated, the discussion is usually desultory and languid. There is an absence of that earnestness or political ardour with which questions of colonial or domestic importance are dealt with. It is necessary that there should be a larger sprinkling of Indian gentlemen in Parliament itself.

I would go beyond and appeal to the liberal instincts of the British race to allow India to send its representatives elected in the country itself to advocate its needs in the British Parliament. In this, Great Britain would do well to imitate the generous policy of France and Portugal, who have conferred upon their colonies in India the privilege of sending deputies to their respective parliaments. The fact cannot be sufficiently insisted upon that India is a vast country with an enormous population, and that, if its interests and requirements are to be properly voiced in Parliament, it is quite essential that this should be done by the recognized spokesmen of the people elected by themselves as fit persons to represent them in the national assembly of Great Britain. Each of the four provinces, Bombay, Bengal, Madras, and the N. W. P. of India, might be allowed to return a member to Parliament. By conferring this boon on the country the ruling race will not only make a concession which justice requires, but also give an additional token of that generous solicitude by which its administration of this country should be animated. Until this boon is vouchsafed to India, my countrymen, equipped with the necessary means, patriotism and intelligence, would best serve their country by going to England in large numbers and winning seats in the House of Commons; or, if this is difficult to be achieved, our local

Associations would do well in deputing native gentlemen of capacity, energy and experience to help by their addresses and presence at the general Elections those Parliamentary candidates in Great Britain who promise to befriend India, whether they belong to one or the other party. The cardinal fact, however, must not be forgotten that we are, after all, an alien race, and it is but natural that the Englishman should not take the same cordial interest in matters affecting us as he takes in subjects in which his own kith and kin are concerned.

AGRICULTURE.

Great Britain is fast becoming a commercial paradise. Everywhere we meet with evidences of its manufacturing achievements. It is regrettable to note that agriculture hardly exists. Even the scanty cultivation that does exist is seriously on the decline. In fact, it has been said that, if in a war Great Britain had to depend for its sustenance upon its own produce, it could be starved out in a few weeks. England in this respect compares very unfavourably with continental countries. France, and Germany in particular, can boast of a plentiful agriculture. The state of England is to-day not unlike that of ancient Rome, the granaries of which were Sicily, Sardinia, Spain and Africa. So England has her granaries in America, India, and Russia. The abandonment of agriculture by the people in favour of industrial and manufacturing pursuits has resulted in the growth of urban population, and an alarming depletion of the peasantry. The enervating environments of town life must eventually react disastrously upon the virility of the British race. This is being already indicated by the vital statistics of such principal towns as London.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Agriculture has made marvellous progress in Europe, and it is wonderful to consider how well science has succeeded in invigorating nature and compelling her to yield her utmost bounty. Specialisation is the order of the day in Europe; and the principles of agriculture have not only been reduced to a science, but there are eminent exponents and professors of it throughout Europe. In India, agriculture is yet only a matter of practice and experience; as a science it is absolutely unknown. If the scientific methods of Europe could be applied to the fertile soils of India, our crops

would be even more bountiful than they are. Indian agriculture is appallingly behind the times; obsolete in its methods, its implements, and in all that makes for progress. Our Indian young men would render a very important service to their country if they betook themselves to the study of this ancient art—the pastime of the greatest men the world has produced—and popularised the knowledge of the subject by the publication of works in the vernacular. Young men visiting England might also profitably visit farms, study the methods and appliances for economising labour and the various activities in vogue in English farm-yards, and give the benefit of their study to their country-men in India.

POVERTY.

Life in London is a grim mystery. In that mighty capital, which has so outstripped its limits that it is regarded as a county by itself, the phenomena of life in all their variety can be studied with advantage. Side by side with princely wealth, there is poverty and misery in the direst form. Who, after visiting the West End of London, would conceive the possibility of the dismal horrors of its East End? Behind the apparent wealth of London, behind its gorgeous palaces and magnificent business-houses, there exists the most abject poverty and the most unutterable misery. There is perhaps nowhere in the world a more disheartening and a more saddening spectacle of human suffering than that presented by the slums of Whitechapel. Here the victims of vice, the oft-scourings of society are huddled together in tenements where the light of heaven never enters, and compared with which the most insanitary quarters of Bombay might be aptly described as homes of comfort. It is a sad picture which tries the eye but humanizes the heart. The percentage of the population of London dependent on public relief is phenomenally high. Fully a third of the population eke out a wretched existence on the scanty relief afforded by the poor rates.

The unfortunate dwellers of the East End of London are sunk in the lowest depths of crime and degeneracy, but there is a silver lining to this cloud of misery. The hand of English charity is busy among these out-castes of the human race, and nowhere is English philanthropy better manifest than in the vigorous endeavours made to reclaim the sunken thousands of London. There

are temperance societies to reclaim the drunkards. There are homes for fallen women, and there are institutions to house street waifs and orphans. There are houses like Toynbee Hall for the instruction of workmen after the hours of labour.

EMIGRATION.

Elsewhere, I have had occasion to refer to the spirit of enterprise characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. But for this remarkable instinct, the national growth might have been seriously cramped. The Englishman has, with the unsentimentality for which he is notable, addressed himself in a practical manner to the solution of the great problem of the struggle for existence. The spirit which took the Puritan fathers to America is as active as ever. The tide of Anglo-Saxon humanity is distributing itself all over the face of the earth. Emigrants to-day leave the British ports in thousands in search of fresh fields and pastures new. It is dreadful to think what a calamity it would have been for the British race, if its surplus population did not constantly leave Great Britain and thus relieve the congestion in the mother-land. It is only in India that the Englishman is home-sick. The multitudes who leave England for the colonization of Australia and the United States but seldom return to their mother-country. When we remember that the great English colonies are united to the mother-country by the most attenuated of political relationships—for most of them are self-governing—it is extraordinary to think how intense an attachment Englishmen overseas have for England. Wherever the Englishman goes, he grafts his own peculiar institutions and customs upon the new environments with a wonderful adaptability. Even the conservative people of India, so tenacious of their own customs and modes of thinking, have not been able to escape the contagion of being Anglicized. The Englishman will intermarry with the continental, but will never permit his offspring to relinquish his nationality or his language. Language has been aptly described as the highest expression of nationality, and there is no nation on the face of the earth in whom the truth of this saying is so well exemplified as in the case of the British people.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

The love of the drama is part and parcel of the average

Englishman. It could be hardly otherwise in a country which has produced Shakespeare. There is no institution of amusement so well patronized as the British stage. Men belonging to all classes of society frequent it. The capabilities of voice and gesture, it seems to me, could be hardly more fully perfected than in the British actor. The undeserved disfavour with which the dramatic profession was at one time regarded has entirely disappeared. Acting is now regarded as an art of the highest order requiring special gifts, a high-strung imagination and delicate sentiment. The English stage provides employment for hundreds of Englishmen and Englishwomen. It is recognised as a means of respectable livelihood and is notably free from the immorality frequently associated with the vocation of the actor. As an instance of the rehabilitation which the actor's profession has undergone, I may mention the honour which was recently conferred on Mr. Henry Irving, the highest type of the English actor. It evoked universal approval and afforded a splendid opportunity for the manifestation of the altered sentiments and opinion in regard to the stage. I do not know of a better mode of intellectual enjoyment than attendance at a Shakespearian play performed by first-rate English actors. In England there is no national theatre, as in France, in which country it is regarded as a state institution and is liberally subsidised by government. The result is that there are far more attractions for the French actor than for his confrère in England. In France, the theatre is an integral part of the educational system of the country. In India a great deal might be done for the popularization of the incidents of the great Indian poems by their dramatic reproduction in modern vernaculars. The educational value of the stage cannot be overrated, and in India, I think, the experiment of tapping this reef of intellectual and lucrative employment might be tried with profit.

JOURNALISM.

Newspaper reading in England may be aptly described as a national disease. There is perhaps no country in Europe, where newspapers are so extensively published as in Great Britain. In London alone there are over 25 daily newspapers published; of the other classes of journals, illustrated and otherwise, their

number is verily legion. The English newspaper is a paying concern. It is stated that the average circulation of the "Daily Telegraph" reaches the hardly credible figure of over two lakhs a day, and that of the "Daily Mail" over five lakhs. There are at least a dozen newspapers in England with enormous circulations, The newspaper is an important political factor, and its power as such is constantly on the increase. The English press is pre-eminently free and independent. Every political action, every political personage is subjected to the most searching and fearless criticism, with the result that a healthy tone is imparted to the political institutions and public movements of the country. It would be an interesting occupation to classify the journals of England. There is not a section of science, there is not a department of trade, but has its special organ. There are journals exclusively devoted to photography and to philately. There are sporting journals, and there are commercial journals. It is difficult to say whether in Great Britain journals exist more for advertisement than for intelligence and news. Here everything is done by advertisement ; there is not an open space but is promptly seized by the ubiquitous advertiser. Ruskin had reason to say that the only living art in England is the art of advertising and bill-sticking. The ingenuity of the English advertiser is simply astonishing. The sensational advertisements of Mother Seigel are plain prose compared with what is every day found in English newspapers. You will hardly come across an Englishman who is not a subscriber to some newspaper or other. The humblest barber's shop is provided with the inevitable magazine or newspaper. The newspapers help greatly to keep the interest of the Englishman in politics alive.

ART AND NATURAL SCENERY.

In the course of this diary I have over and over again referred to the magnificent development of art, especially the art of painting in European countries. In this respect the oriental intellect presents a marked contrast to that of the occidental. Whilst the philosophical side of the human mind has attained a noble measure of development in India, it is a matter for regret that the artistic side has been neglected. India, by reason of its varied natural scenery and phenomena, offers exceptional facilities for the brush of the painter. The chief object of interest to the tourist

is the numerous picture galleries which are to be found in almost every considerable town of Europe, more or less enriched with masterpieces of painting. India, it is true, does contain paintings, but they partake more of the fantastic than an exact imitation of nature. In Europe nature has been fully studied and digested, and one can only gaze with admiring wonder upon the marvellous fidelity with which the skilful hand of the artist has successfully counterfeited natural objects and natural phenomena. But it is not only in the depicting of nature that European painting has attained such great perfection; its works of imagination are no less splendid and wonderful. Each of the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Raphael or Rubens is an epic poem in itself. Associated with this art one cannot fail to note the taste and love for natural scenery which is everywhere prevalent in Europe. This aptitude is entirely absent in India. There is not a hill, not a lake or river in Europe which does not attract tourists from all parts of Europe and America. But the majestic mountains and rivers of our own country—its splendid natural scenery—are regarded with an undeserved indifference by its ungrateful children. In fact, the taste for natural scenery, such as we have it now among our educated men, is in great measure the result of the study of English poets, Wordsworth in particular.

Brook! whose society the Poet seeks;
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth pursue,
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy waterbreaks.

This circumstance has impressed me considerably, for our great Indian Epics, the Rámáyán and the Máhábhárát abound in descriptions of nature. I wish our Indian people would emulate the example of the English, the Scotch and the Irish in this respect. The beauty of the Lake districts in England, Scotland, and Ireland is jealously safeguarded from desecration. They are considered as the boons of God for man's enjoyment and intellectual elevation, worthy of careful preservation and constant admiration. The absence of this love perhaps accounts for the decadence of Indian poetry. Communion with nature has always been the poet's inspiration, and the Indian Muse will not be able to copy the spirit of its ancient models unless nature is re-

verently and lovingly studied in its native haunts. I have referred above to the fantastic character of our Indian Art. Even our mythological conceptions, magnificent in the speculative minds of our poets, savour strongly of the ridiculous when interpreted by our inefficient artists. Here, again, what a remarkable contrast is presented by occidental art! When I gazed upon the sculptures in the Vatican and other museums of Europe, I said to myself, surely here the artist has realised the true sublimity of the beautiful. There is nothing of the misshapen horrors produced by the Indian sculptor. There is a grace about occidental sculpture which is entirely absent in the limited specimens of the art to be found in the temples and the rock-caves of India. Indeed, sculpture in the higher sense of the term is entirely an European monopoly, and the people of India would do well to study the art and so create another field for the employment of the talent of the country, as recommended by Sir George Birdwood and as was often suggested by my friend and relation, the late Dr. Bhau Daji, whose co-operation with the former in the cause of antiquarian research is well-known.

Whilst I am on this subject, I may state that the vocation of the artist is held in the highest repute in Europe. Unlike that of the actor, the esteem with which the artist is regarded is not the evolution of centuries, but Europe has deservedly bestowed a high value and patronage upon art from the earliest times. In India, this highly intellectual occupation labours under an unmerited disesteem, if not positive contempt. As in so very many other respects, so also in the pursuit of arts as an honourable and dignified occupation, our national notions of the fitness of things require serious regeneration. I have no doubt that if the calling is properly encouraged, patronized and esteemed in India, the country would produce first-rate artists; the Indian temperament, the Indian imagination, and the Indian capacity for labour being peculiarly suited for the occupation.

PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE.

There is not a week, it is stated, but hundreds of books issue from the press. One often wonders how all of these can find a market. The explanation is easy. The Englishman prizes literature and considers it a national duty to patronize it. Very often whole

editions of the new works of celebrated writers sell off in a single day. English publishers very often pay fabulous sums for the copyrights of works composed by popular writers. Speculation in the book trade, specially in the case of works by persons who have won their way to popularity, seldom fails. The book trade in England is simply colossal, and not meagre as it is in India. It is a national misfortune that Indians have not yet learnt to regard the patronage of indigenous literature as a sacred obligation. We cannot expect Indian talent to devote itself to literature unless the employment is remunerative. The writing of books in England is a calling in itself and people qualify for it as for any other business. In India we are in a transitional stage and with the spread of education, letters will eventually come to be more liberally patronized. But as matters are at present, the book-publishing trade hardly exists in India and it is an enterprise worthy of serious consideration whether the trade, such as it exists in England, could not be profitably introduced. In this connection, I may also mention that the experiment of magazine publication, which has now attained enormous dimensions in England, might be tried with advantage on a larger scale in India. A vast country like India, with its complicated interests, would afford an almost inexhaustible store of subjects for the pen of the magazine-writer.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

In speaking of the high esteem in which art is held in Europe, I have had occasion to refer to the prevailing distaste and slight of industrial pursuits in India. The various branches of technical industry also labour under a similar disregard. England, on the contrary, is a mammoth, technical and industrial bee-hive. There is not a considerable town of England, Scotland, or Ireland, which does not contain institutions for the imparting of technical instruction. Technical education can be hardly said to exist in India, and having regard to its enormous potentialities for lucrative labour, it is a matter for regret that the subject has not engaged the attention of Government in the measure which it deserves. It is difficult to calculate the mechanical needs of the United Kingdom. You will be able to form an idea as to how vast those are, when it is remembered that it possesses the largest navy and mercantile fleet, and that everything is done by the aid of machinery. I

think an earnest propaganda ought to be prosecuted in India for the introduction of technical education on a more extensive scale. The subject is one which ought to engage the deepest attention of our public men who would be conferring an incalculable boon on their mother country, if they exerted themselves to attract to this field of employment capable young men who, under the present conditions, qualify for the arts degree, only to eke out a wretched living on exiguous salaries in Government or mercantile offices. There is ample scope for the employment of skilled technical labour in India, and a great many young men, who now proceed to England to learn medicine and law, would invest their money more profitably, if instead they spent it in the acquisition of technical education. In making this observation I am sensible of the difficulties which Indians have to encounter. I know that industrial and mechanical secrets are jealously guarded by Englishmen. This is hardly a fair treatment to extend to the people of India, and it would afford an excellent proof of India being treated as an integral part of the Empire, if the English people took Indians more generously into their confidence in the matter of trade and industry. English exclusiveness in this respect is driving many capable men from India to Austria and Germany and even to Japan, where they can acquire an insight into mechanical and industrial appliances under more favourable conditions.

SPORTS.

The Englishman is singularly devoted to sport. Indeed, a stranger viewing him at his sports, or at any of his pleasures, might be led from his enthusiasm to imagine that they were the sole purpose for which he exists. There is such a superabundance of animal vitality in Englishmen, that but for this healthy outlet for their superfluous energy, they would soon sink into the most gross and brutal sensuality. The value of sport as a moral factor is, I know, often exaggerated, but, when I consider the excessive animalism and the highly-strung temperament of the Englishman, I do not think he could have devised a more powerful bit to curb his nature than sport. What a remarkable contrast does the Englishman present in this respect to the continental nations! Sport as a national institution hardly exists in the rest of Europe. But in England the very air is impregnated with the

sporting spirit. Young and old, men, women and children are passionately devoted to sport in its various forms,—races, cricket, tennis, golf, football, hockey and the chase. I was present at the Derby races, and the scenes of wild excitement and unrestrained merriment made me really think that a sort of insanity had taken possession of the people. The love of sport is a national craze. The life of the Englishman is restless; he has his boat races, he wrestles, he skates, he hunts and is ceaselessly in the cricket and football field. It is wonderful to see the great crowds that assemble to witness a cricket match at Lord's. A Bombay crowd assembled to witness a Presidency match is infinitesimal compared with the surging crowds that collect at a first class match on the grounds of the M. C. C. But I am afraid that in proportion as the Englishman has benefited his body by sport, he has injured the national intelligence. Eton, Harrow and the great English schools are to-day better academies for cricket than for scholarship. This is sad, and the crusade which several well-meaning educationists have undertaken against the inordinate encouragement of sport in schools is by no means untimely. No doubt, it is sport which has made the Englishman essentially a man of action. He derives his character and his moral force from it; it is sport which has contributed in no small measure to give him his predominant position among the races of the world. There is a great truth in the observation that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton and Harrow. But, like all good things, sport must bear its just proportion to the other factors of life. In winning the esteem and popularity of Englishmen, proficiency in outdoor games counts very much more than intellectual accomplishments. Prince Ranjitsingji is the hero of the day. The Englishman values in others the same qualities which he esteems in himself. He honours the man of action, pluck, courage, energy and enterprise. The successful popular orator is the idol of the national affections, whether he is English or not. The progress of the late Babu Keshub Chandra in England was a series of triumphant welcomes wherever he went.

TRADE COMBINATIONS.

Combination and unionism are the characteristic notes of English trade and commerce. This has been the spirit of the

British workman from time immemorial, as is illustrated by the fact that trade guilds have existed in England from the earliest times. There can be no doubt that the organised protest of trade unions, which finds its ultimate expression in a general strike, has greatly helped to promote and ameliorate the lot of the British workman. It has increased his emoluments and shortened the hours of labour, and is giving him more and more independence in his relations with the capitalist. Even in Parliament, the influence of the working classes is now seriously felt, and, judging from the trend of recent events, his complete political emancipation seems to be not far distant. In fact, politics in England are fast approximating a democratic ideal; a careful onlooker will not discern any essential difference between political conditions such as they prevail in England and those in the United States of America. The keynote of present politics in England is the greater assertion of each individual as a political unit. The regeneration of the working classes and the wider spread of socialism is republicanising the public sentiment in Great Britain, and the democratic platform orator receives now a more sympathetic and attentive hearing than would have been the case a few years ago. Burke, commenting on the beneficial effects of political strife, declared that competition and antagonism was the first condition of progress and the wisdom of this observation is well illustrated by the splendid results produced by the struggle between labour and capital in Great Britain.

CLUB LIFE IN ENGLAND.

London is honeycombed with clubs. This famous English Institution which refuses to flourish in any country other than the congenial soil of old England, is to-day as popular as in the days when the wits of the period assembled at Button's Coffee-house, the favourite resort of Addison. As every one knows, the modern club is an evolution of the Coffee-houses of the 17th and 18th centuries. English clubs have not yet lost their varied character and eccentric nomenclature. The Ugly Club, the Surly Club, the Eighty Club have transmitted to the present day their grotesque progeny. As in the case of journals, there is not a trade, not an eccentricity of character, not a phase of the mind but offers material for the clubbish Englishman for the formation of a Club.

But banter apart, there can be no doubt that the English Club is an important and powerful social and political factor, the influence of which, instead of showing signs of abatement, is daily giving fresh proofs of increased power and vitality. The political Clubs of England are the nurseries of its statesmen. At present the most powerful of these organizations are the Carlton Club and the Reform Club, the former belonging to the conservative party and the latter representing the liberal politics of the country. Each of them counts its members by the hundred. In fact membership of one of them is a political passport in itself. Literature is also strongly represented by Clubs, the most important of them being the Athenæum Club. Club-life in England is a regular passion and the Clubs are liberally patronized and frequented. It is very rarely, as is unfortunately the case in Bombay, that a Club languishes for want of support. We in India would do well to introduce this wholesome institution on English lines. Clubs in Bombay are still in their infancy. Clubs offer unique opportunities for the formation of new friendships, and serve to give introductions to aspiring young men to public life. In addition to the Clubs I have mentioned I must not forget the National Liberal Club having 7,000 members, the Constitutional Club having 6,500 members and the United Service Club. Some of the members of these Clubs are the most prominent advocates of the interests of India. Most of these Clubs contain residential quarters very much after the style of the Royal Yacht Club in Bombay. Here perhaps it is fitting for me to refer to the cafés and hotels of England. The café and the restaurant are an important part of the social economy. These cheerful places of public entertainment might with advantage be introduced in India upon the same lines as in England. It is difficult for us in India to realise the outdoor life of the English. Their eating-houses, their taverns and restaurants are resorts where people meet and interchange their views on all sorts of subjects. In first class hotels like the Hotel Cecil, political dinners are often given and speeches of great political moment delivered.

RELIGION.

The phenomena of life in England are full of contradiction and antithesis. Elsewhere I have had occasion to refer to the

dominant feature of English civilisation—its intense materialism. Yet it would be unfair to say that there is no religious activity present. Protestantism is the leading religion of the English race, and standing monuments of its devotion to it are to be found everywhere. The historical antipathy between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism is maintained even to-day. A burning question in the minds of the English people is the ritualistic innovations in the national church, which are commonly regarded as a step towards what they consider the abominations of Rome. Conspicuous successes have been recently achieved by the Ritualists, and judging from the fomentation of reactionary endeavour, of which the extremist exponent is Mr. Kensit,* there is a feeling of religious insecurity in the country which may result in deplorable consequences. We in India are spared the unedifying spectacle, which prevails in England, of violent demonstrations between sects. How often has religion, intended to be the well-spring of consolation, peace and happiness, been the source of internecine strife and war? Laudable as are the efforts of English missionaries in India, I think their efforts would be far more usefully employed, if they were utilized in setting their own house in order. The gospel of the Christian religion is peace, and the clergy would do well to follow the precept inculcated in the Bhagwatgita and abstain from an aggressive interference in matters which do not affect the essentials of religion, but such minor points as ceremonial and outward form. In this connection it may be mentioned that the secularization of education is going on apace. The undenominational character of education is ever on the increase, though I sincerely trust education in England will not be secularized to the formidable extent it is in France, in the standard school books of which even the name of God is studiously omitted! When all is said, I do not think it will be denied that religion plays a far less important part in life in Europe than it does in India.

LOVE OF TRUTH.

With one feature of the English character I was greatly impressed, its great depth, sincerity and truthfulness. There is nothing an Englishman detests so cordially as a lie, and I do not

* Mr. Kensit fell a victim to a murderous assault in 1902.

think a more grievous insult could be offered to him than to call him a liar. An Englishman's speech has the ring of sincerity, and when he talks to you, you may be sure that it is the absolute truth. Truthfulness is, however, not the Englishman's monopoly: the Scotchman and the Irishman are equally sincere and truthful, the latter very often to the extent of ridiculousness. Hypocrisy and dissembling are conspicuously absent. The truthfulness of the British race has helped it greatly to acquire a mercantile reputation. English goods, in fact, anything having the British trade mark, are prized throughout the continent and are received without the circumspect caution with which articles made on the continent are regarded.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

In the course of my journal I have often referred to the larger part which woman is playing in the conduct of life. Whether the New Woman is a desirable institution or not, let others better qualified than me decide; but it seems to me that there can be no doubt that the enlarged activity of woman in England, apart from adding to the happiness of man, has greatly widened the sphere of woman's utility. Woman to-day in England is in the forefront of nearly every walk in life. She is a help-mate to man in more senses than one. Nowhere in Europe have the capabilities of woman found better consummation than in England. It is true that the new tendencies must in some measure unsex her, but compared with the advantages, it seems to me that it would be too sentimental to dwell upon this loss. Of European women, the fair daughters of Great Britain must take the palm for feminine charm. For complexion, it is possible that the women of the Latin nations may make a better show. But when all is considered—the head, the heart and beauty—I feel that the women of Great Britain must be awarded the first rank. They have the imperiousness of their race. There is a queenly grace about them. The Englishman's devotion to his women is not the least amiable feature of his character. She is invested with greater sacredness in England than perhaps anywhere else on the continent. This devotion of the Englishman to his women-folk is well testified to by the idolised veneration in which Her Majesty is held. The loyalty of the people to Her Majesty is a marvel in itself. Of this devotion

I had myself the pleasure of witnessing two or three enthusiastic demonstrations. I was equally pleased to note the presence of English ladies at public functions—literary, political, in fact every kind. It would be as well if their Indian sisters imitated their manifold usefulness.

In one profession in particular the Englishwoman has shown what a ministering angel she can be. There are to-day thousands of Englishwomen, charitable and self-sacrificing, who devote themselves to nursing. It is only in India that there is an unworthy prejudice against this most noble calling. To me the vocation of the nurse has always appeared glorified charity and unselfishness, and the sooner we relieve ourselves of our prejudices against the calling the better it will be for Indian humanity. In England nursing is held in the highest esteem and the calling is recruited from the best ranks of society—even the daughters of peers and other wealthy men deem it an honour and a privilege to be enrolled in this most noble of professions.

TRIBUNALS OF JUSTICE.

Nothing edified me more in England than the implicit confidence which the people repose in the uprightness and independence of their tribunals of Justice. The immaculate integrity of the great English Courts of justice is almost an article of faith with the English people. And, verily, the English courts deserve this high opinion. An impressive example of the stern impartiality of justice in England was given at the time of the trial of Dr. Jameson. Grievous as his offence was, the public sentiment was entirely in his favour; indeed, it was feared that his conviction might lead to embarrassing consequences. Veiled threats were actually held out; but unaffected by the prevailing sympathy for Dr. Jameson, and in defiance of public opinion, the judges proceeded with the trial and found him guilty, condemning his ill-considered invasion in very uncompromising language. You will seldom get an Englishman to doubt the honesty of a Judge's finding on a question of fact. Politics find no entrance in the halls of justice. So long as the same lofty ideal of the judicial office is brought by English judges to India, the courts may always be depended on to afford protection to the people against any arbitrary use of executive power.

THE BAR.

I was greatly struck with the profound legal knowledge possessed by the English Judges. The Bar is correspondingly learned. One of the best sights which an intellectual man can witness is a contest in an English Court of Law between two eminent lawyers. The proceedings are conducted with the utmost gravity, and with much more ceremony and formality than in Indian Courts. It is regrettable to note that crime among solicitors is so common in England. We rarely hear of a criminal prosecution against an Indian solicitor, but such prosecutions are of frequent occurrence in England. This is perhaps due to the practice in England of trusting all monetary affairs to solicitors. In other respects the legal profession is highly respected. There is a healthy emulation among the members of the Bar to preserve the glorious traditions of the past. A barrister has sometimes to put in a long period of probation before he wins his spurs. A noteworthy fact is that many young men go in for the study of the law without any intention to practise the profession.

HOSPITALS.

The numerous hospitals of Great Britain are splendid monuments of philanthropy. There are general hospitals; hospitals for the treatment of special diseases, and even hospitals for the treatment and reclamation of the victims of alcohol. Some of them are purely charitable institutions; in others admission is by payment. How different is the mode of hospital management in England and India! In an English hospital there is a general air of tidiness, cleanliness, and comfort. The entire policy of the management is to secure the greatest amount of mental ease and pleasant diversion to the patient. The patients are well-dressed and well-fed, and every precaution is taken to maintain the interior and environments of the hospital as clean and pleasant as possible. One great reason why high efficiency prevails in English hospitals is the strict control and supervision exercised over them. It is remarkable how great a number of students flock to England to undergo special training in some department of medical science. There is no disease, but has its specialists. Surgery especially has made wonderful strides of progress. Operations which only a few years ago were regarded as impossibilities are now daily performed

with great confidence and success. The difficulties of ear and eye operations have been so thoroughly mastered that they are now performed almost mechanically. I have stated above that everything is so arranged as to obtain the greatest amount of comfort for the patient. The hospitals are well provided with magazines, indoor pastimes, and amusements. The hospitals, as a rule, are commodious and well ventilated, and splendidly equipped with that *sine qua non* of a good hospital, a trained and adequate nursing staff. The doctors in charge are generally men who have acquired eminence in their profession and young rising men usually attach themselves to hospitals to acquire experience whereon to lay the foundation of their greatness. From what I saw, I am inclined to think that with the exception of those in affluent circumstances, people prefer to get themselves treated in a hospital by reason of the superior nursing and medical assistance available there. There are numerous private hospitals—some of them on a magnificent scale. Quackery is almost wholly absent, and as in the legal so in the medical profession, there is a generous rivalry among its votaries to sustain the high traditions of the calling.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In connection with education it cannot be doubted that the public-school system of England has contributed greatly towards the formation of the national character and genius. England and Scotland abound with public schools which offer excellent training ground for the development of character, the intellect and the body of the youth of Great Britain. Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, Winchester and like institutions are in reality miniature republics, wherein the new generations are given not only a high-class finished education, but are prepared in every respect for the great struggle of life by being brought up in the duties of citizenship. The manliness and independence of the English school-boy never failed to impress me. I think it would be conferring a great boon upon India, if schools were established there after the model of Eton and Harrow. One commendable feature of these public schools is that they are not located in cities, with the result that the students have always the advantage of the fresh and invigorating country air and the influence of natural environments. The schools, with slight varia-

tions, are fashioned on the type of what is known in Bombay as a boarding school. They are provided with a variety of minor institutions—they have athletic clubs for the body and debating societies and magazines for the cultivation of the intellect. In these little parliaments the embryonic statesmen of England prepare themselves for that political strife which is part and parcel of English life. Amongst the most hallowed ties of an Englishman is his connection with the school to which he belonged, and he carries his love for his school through life wherever he goes. The English public-school system has been such a favourite theme of eulogy that it is unnecessary for me to add my feeble and insignificant voice to the chorus. But here I cannot help regretting that no earnest and well-directed effort has hitherto been made to engraft the institution upon the soil of India. As matters are, our educational system and national customs are such that our young men are hardly ever emancipated from the leading strings or tutelage of their parents. Then again, there is not among Indian students that *esprit de corps* which one admires in the English boy. I think schools modelled on the public-school system of England would help greatly in imparting manliness and independence to Indian character which is at present so greatly lacking. They would also promote intercourse between distant provinces of India and pave the way for national consolidation. They would help to obliterate distinctions of caste and creed, and chief of all, inspire our young men with that confidence and enterprise which is the necessary result of thinking and acting for oneself from an early age. For the production of self-reliance no better device could be contrived than the public-school system of England—a system which has grown with the growth of centuries and strengthened with their strength. It is not only for the formation of moral character that the public-school system of England offers special advantages. Its scope and capacity for imparting a healthy tone to the intellect are even greater. One commendable feature of the school system of England is the opportunities it offers for personal contact between teacher and pupil. Cardinal Newman has properly emphasised the great importance and benefits of this fellowship and association in the education of the young. Indeed its educative value cannot be over-estimated. The temperament of youth is plastic, and high

intellectual ideals must be constantly placed before it for imitation. It would be as well if our educational system was so arranged as to secure this companionship. We had a great deal of it when I was a student, and it must be deeply regretted that the bond which once united professor and pupil is daily getting more and more attenuated. A parallel to the modern public-school system of England is to be found in the *ashrams* and *charans* of ancient India. The old Upanayana ceremony enjoined on all the twice-born classes, which now is only a form, was at one time a highly significant reality. It meant the conveying of the boy and also in some cases of the girl to the house of the teacher and marked the commencement of a period of education which usually lasted for twelve years. From the early age of eight the youth lived at the house of the preceptor, doing him every service and leading a strictly celibate life, away from home—from the crowds and temptations of cities. Each preceptor had under his roof hundreds of pupils all banded together for the single object of education, bound by the same ties of devotion to their teacher, engaging in the same rural occupations and spending all together an ideally pure life. In the course of centuries this practice fell into disuse. The institution deserves to be revived with such modifications as may be shown to be desirable by the requirements of modern life. In such a revival the English public school will be our best model. I know there are some traducers of the public school system. It has its faults, and in transplanting it on Indian soil care must be taken to avoid them entirely. But a serious effort to establish in India schools of that character ought surely to be made.

FOREIGNERS.

The Chinaman is not alone in his contempt and hatred for foreigners—the Englishman is strongly imbued with the Chinaman's prejudice. This dislike of the foreigner is an instinctive feeling with him and sometimes manifests itself in positive rudeness. The term foreigner includes Europeans of non-British origin, and happily does not include the swarthy son of India, and the oriental in general. So strong is this feeling that there is even a prevailing prejudice against the learning of foreign languages, the study of which is undeservedly neglected in England. The English are a very proud

people, and will not easily recognise superiority of any kind in any nation but their own. Even in the matter of residence the foreigners have a quarter of their own in London; but on the whole, as I have so often said, Indians are kindly treated and welcomed, and the treatment they receive is a perfect contrast to that meted out to other strangers. In military prowess and personal courage the Englishman claims to himself absolute superiority. The Englishman's contempt for the physical courage or strength of the foreigner is well expressed in the saying,

"Two Frenchmen and one Portuguese,
An Englishman will fight them all three."

This prejudice the Englishman carries with him when he travels on the continent. There his reserve is most conspicuous, and beyond sight-seeing he associates himself but little with the people. On entering a hotel, his first inquiry is for an English servant or an English-speaking waiter. The continental reciprocates the Englishman's detestation. In France and in Germany I found Anglophobia in its acutest form; but there is this marked difference between the Englishman's and the continental's prejudice, that whereas the former's is traceable to his innate sense of superiority, that of the latter must be attributed to jealousy of England's commanding position. Then again, the continental's hatred is attended with respectful fear, and he will hardly ever venture to manifest it in the presence of an Englishman.

HERO VENERATION.

Everywhere in Europe I was impressed with the sacred honour with which national heroes and worthies are regarded by the people. Hero-worship is an instinct with the European nations, and I believe is one of the most potent causes why European nations have been able to maintain a high national and intellectual ideal. Our neglect of our own great men stands in marked contrast with this feeling among the European races. There is not an important town in Europe but has its statues and monuments of departed worthies. In some countries, including England, on anniversary days wreaths and other mournful emblems are placed at the foot of the statues. To me it has often seemed that veneration for the departed worthies of a nation is a most com-

mendable feeling and is a potent influence stimulating the rising great men. In my view, we in India would do well to copy the hero-worship of the Occidental. It is painful to think that in no city in India is there to be seen any considerable monument devoted to the memory of any great Indian. We are ready enough to loosen our purse-strings to perpetuate the memory of departing Governors and other European worthies, but we are not equally responsive when there is occasion to preserve the names and virtues of our eminent men from unmerited oblivion. If we cultivate a becoming habit of hero-worship among us, we shall succeed in rousing lofty ideals of duty in our young men and aid in the great work of our national regeneration. Such a feeling may help in removing the disintegrating prejudices which are the bane of the Indian people. Among the nations that I visited I found the Scotch most deeply impregnated with the feeling of hero-veneration.

SUNDAY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

“Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.” To understand the significance of this behest one must spend a Sunday in England. Even London, the mighty arteries of which throb with ceaseless traffic, presents an appearance of repose and peace of a Sunday morning. All commerce is brought to a standstill. The bustle and the crowd of the week-day are no longer visible. All shops are closed; the places of public business are deserted; London enjoys a brief respite from its habitual murkiness and smoke. The tolling of church bells plainly conveys even to a non-Christian that the day is to be set apart for devotion and prayer. Troops of people, young and old, smartly dressed, may be seen wending their way to church. The Christian church, whatever may be the size of the congregation, always presents an appearance of orderliness, well befitting its sacred character. Everything is so arranged as to make the service attractive, so that Sunday, although it is marked by an absence of the usual London gaieties, is really a day of the highest mental and spiritual pleasure. The rigid observance of Sunday is a characteristic feature of Protestant countries. Among the Latin races, where the Roman Catholic religion is predominant, there is not the same strict observance of the Sabbath. I noticed

this in Paris particularly, where the Sunday did not strike me as being in any way notably different from the week-day. Apart from religious considerations there are many advantages attending the observance of Sunday as a day of rest. It helps in recouping the mind as well as the body, and, in the words of Addison, wears off the rust of the week.

ORDER AND DISCIPLINE.

The love of order and discipline is a remarkable trait of English character, and one eminently worthy of careful study and imitation. I was greatly impressed with this love of method wherever I went. Indeed this salient feature of his character is observable in the minutest affairs and details of the Englishman's life. In this diary I have remarked that he shows his love of order—even in taking his turn at the shaving chair. The Englishman does everything with martinetish precision and method. A London policeman will by a simple wave of his hand bring to an instantaneous standstill the crowded vehicular traffic of a London street. The drivers obey him as it were by instinct, and knowing the regulation speed they will rarely suffer themselves to exceed it or drive on the wrong side of the road. Take again a public institution such as a library or a hotel. Here the same love of order and method is noticeable; there is no ugly rush, and people seem to do what is required of them with automatic regularity and method. On the railway station the booking and carriage of goods and persons has been reduced to a fine art, and there is none of that unseemly bustle and confusion which torments the ear and irritates the temper at an Indian railway station. The porter knows his duty and will not wait to be reminded of it. This disciplinary readiness is observable at every public institution. Be its size never so large and the number of its visitors never so multitudinous, the arrangement and the order are so perfect that no inconvenience or confusion of any kind is experienced. You enter an assembly of Englishmen and Englishwomen; everything is characterized by order and formality and withal such a quiet as lends a dignified charm to the company. How different in this respect is the Indian character. It is the impersonation of want of order and confusion. The Englishman's methodical

habits enable him to get through a vast amount of work. His maxim is that pleasure ought to be forgotten in business and business ought not to be remembered in pleasure. One may often see notice boards posted at leading business-houses to the effect that the manager or other person cannot be seen except on business. I have particularly dwelt upon this feature of English character because it is so painfully wanting in the oriental.

MUTUAL GOOD-FEELING.

I do not think, I could do better than to conclude my remarks with the expression of a wish very dear to my heart. That wish is that a better understanding should prevail between Englishmen and Indians. To realize this object it is absolutely necessary that they should look charitably upon each other's shortcomings and trespasses. On the one hand Indians ought not heedlessly to misinterpret the actions of Englishmen and put a distorted meaning upon them. In judging the English people we ought always to bear in mind their natural characteristics, such as reserve, pride of race, love of truth, pluck and courage, and the like. We ought, moreover, never to forget that they are the ruling race, and so long as the relation of rulers and ruled obtains between the English and the Indians it is impossible to expect perfect equality of political and official privileges. This equality is a political phantom which the sooner it is laid the better it will be for us. In saying so I do not mean to deprecate national agitation for the removal of grievances, the acquisition of privileges, and the correction of errors. But in the pursuance of this object it seems to me unfair to impute false motives and unworthy objects to the ruling race. On the other hand, I cannot but regret that the conduct of the Englishmen in India is often not all that it should be. The true attribute of greatness is to exercise power in an unobtrusive manner. It is good to have a giant's strength but it is tyrannous to use it as such. The cause of harmony between the English and the Indian people will be immensely advanced if the Englishman, laying aside his antinativism, associates on terms of greater equality and freedom with the people of India. This will be a great step towards the greater unification of the English and the Indian people, and the realization of the highest ideal of the most advanced, the most enlightened and the most patriotic of

Indian statesmen. That day will be indeed the dawning of the golden age for Indians when Englishmen and Indians will hold out to each other the hands of social and political fellowship, when, forgetting national prejudices, difference of creeds and political disagreements, the heart of Indians and Englishmen will beat in one mighty sympathetic throb of patriotism as units of that mighty British empire whereon truly the sun never sets. The advice given by Lord George Hamilton to the English Civilians at the opening of the Indian Institute at Oxford ought to be engraven on tablets of gold. That advice was that Englishmen should remember that India had a flourishing civilization when the ancestors of Englishmen, like Dryden's noble savage, "ran wild in woods," and that therefore Englishmen had no innate superiority to be proud of.

"Oh England, model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural?"

THE END.

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