

Scenes and Scraps from Sunny Sindh

By: A Simple Soul



*Reproduced by
Sani H. Panhwar*

SCENES AND SCRAPS FROM SUNNY SINDH
(INDIA)

BY

A SIMPLE SOUL.

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SANI H. PANHWAR (2018)

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INTRODUCTION.

The longer you stay in India, the more you realize how little you know of the people, and how much there is to be known.

My experience has not been gained in three months, which is the usual time taken to form mature views on matters Indian. It has been after a short stay of fourteen years.

May all who read look kindly on the humble efforts of a simple soul.

If my countrymen are only as lenient with this little book as they are, proverbially, with foreigners, I need have no anxiety about its reception. If what has been written lead anyone to take a greater interest in the country and its people, my efforts will not have been in vain.

CHAPTER I.

INDIA IN GENERAL.

THIS little book was going to be written under the title of "India, as seen by a fool", because I thought if people liked it they would say, "Not bad for a fool", and if it were not liked they would say, "Well, what call you expect from a fool?"

However, it struck me, that it was rather a slap at my sex to allow that there was a fool in their midst, just when they are doing their utmost to show that they are not fools, but as well able to govern, fight, and do whatever is necessary in Parliament as the men. (I think there is quite enough to keep them busy in their own sphere).

On second thoughts I came to the conclusion that "India through simple eyes" would be more appropriate. At present when there are so many wise-heads considering India, and so much wisdom flowing from their pens, it would be a change to hear how things appear to a simple mind. Simplicity is so much admired, but so little followed in these days.

* * * * *

Truly India is a fascinating country! Who does not admire the colors and love the sunshine (of which we sometimes tire)?

We in our little island at home are apt to think of India as about the size of England, and the run from Madras to Lahore as about equal to the run from Manchester to London.

When you go Home, people ask "Did you see my boy Jack?" or "What, never met Mr. & Mrs. So-and-so? why, they have been in India for years." It is very strange not to have met them, considering they were only a thousand miles away! It is not easy in our little island to judge distances.

It was not the "spicy breezes" that struck me so much on landing in India as the odor and noise of the porters, known as coolies. I suppose the sun had darkened their clothes, as they were supposed to be white. Perhaps they had been white in the long, long ago! I do not know what we should do without these men, for they are so obliging, and in spite of the most hopeless confusion, will settle you and your luggage in a wonderful way in the train. On a long journey you are surprised at the changes in the country, the dress of the people and their language and manners. India is like a continent.

It is all very well for women to cry out about being equal to men. In India you are bound to admit that men are better than women. Better clothes, better food, always served first better quarters, drives and walks every day, and a change to the hills when necessary. The poor weak man is put first, while the strong woman comes decidedly second.

Indians have such a sense of the fitness of things. Once a Hindu temple had to be pulled down for some reason, and Government gave another piece of ground for a new temple. When all was ready, the god, in a grand chair, was conveyed to his new home accompanied by a band which merrily played "Tommy make room for your Uncle." Was not that a fitting tune? It may have helped to reconcile the god to his change of abode. I heard of a dead god that went on growing at such a rate, and to such an extent, that Government had really to give orders for him to stop, for fear the land all round would be taken up by his grave.

In the temples it is quite a business getting the gods up in the morning. Some of them seem to sleep very soundly, as a great deal of noise is necessary to rouse them. Curiously shaped horns are used for the purpose. It seems so hard for a god to have to rise early in the morning like poor weak mortals!

We heard that gramophones are likely to prove not only entertaining but really useful, as there was a rumor that they might be used to sing the morning hymns in the temples, and thus save the priests much trouble. How proud the inventor of this instrument would feel if he knew the good work it was helping in!

India is a wonderful place for incarnations; they seem to arise so easily and naturally. One of them, being rather run down, has just been to the sea-side to recruit. His followers had collected Rs. 20,000 to entertain him. Poor India! It seems rather an expensive luxury to have an earthly god, but they say he has done a great deal of good, his followers having been strengthened in their faith, and a desperate effort made to do away with some of the undesirable customs here.

We are doing our best to educate the youth of India. The results are not all we could wish. They lose faith in their own religion, and, having nothing to take its place, is it any wonder they are dissatisfied? Education seems to rob them of respect for their parents, reverence for the aged, simplicity of life and fear of God. The old men often say: "Since our boys have learnt so much they think only of dress and money, and know nothing of the respect we always gave our parents." You do meet some who appreciate and make the best of the advantages they have had, while the majority seem to use their knowledge to make themselves notorious, and pose as patriots.

The Education Question seems to be always coming to the front. An Indian friend, one of the leading men of his society, said to me: "Since our people have become so educated, the community is going to the dogs. Our boys go to college and continually demand money; the parents, not knowing better, send all they ask for. When their education is completed these clever ones come back, and despise the home and parents. My neighbors were in such distress. One of the sons had threatened to burn down the house if he were not given the money he wanted. The son of another said he would beat his father. Such a state of things was never known before education came in. Our young people have lost all respect for their elders, I don't know what we are to do. People come to me for advice, and I don't know what to say."

The weak point in the education is that boys are allowed to have the idea that the sole object of education is to pass examinations in order to get good Government posts, and so become rich. How very important it is that all teachers of the young should be loyal, and strive to make men of their pupils, instilling into their minds that they are members of a great-Empire, and owe a duty to their country and their King, If the errors in the present system of education were corrected we should have a loyal, sensible set of men coming on, instead of the present discontented and don't know what they want lot. Often men -of low caste are set up to teach the children of the high caste, which is the cause of much dissatisfaction.

The following is an extract from the letter of an Indian lady who had held the post of teacher of English: "Working is the best, I myself love to work; oh, but my health seems to be failing more and more each day, I don't know what I am going in for. You must have heard and read in the papers all the Bengalis are up to. We are expecting a riot every day to come on, but I hope it doesn't come off, as don't know how many of us will die in this riot, I wouldn't like it for one, quiet death I would like to die of!"

One does doubt the good done by the present cheap and wholesale education. We were asked if we could get some work for a poor Mahomedan boy. We replied quite gaily "Why does he not do coolie's work, as they get such good pay now?" The mother, very shocked, replied " Oh, how could my son do such degrading work when he has learnt to read?" So, as he has learnt to read, he is sitting idle at home, rather than do the work he would have jumped at if he had not been so educated. This is only one of many such cases. Education thus becomes a serious drawback.

All boys are sent to school as a matter of course. Girls are now encouraged to go, but it does not matter if they are irregular, because they are so useful at home. I heard a child ask her teacher if she might go home to take the pot off the fire. She had calculated it was time the stew was ready, and ran off as fast as she could for fear of finding it burnt. Another drawback is that the younger children have to come to school to be looked after by the elder ones. The popular idea is, that the more noise they make over their

lessons, the better they must be learning; and the parents, as they pass the building, are generally reassured by the uproar.

Children are not very complimentary to one another. You hear a child of five say to another of four "May it be your lot to be a widow – May all your sons die!" To our ears this might sound rather premature. They are really afraid of anything in the shape of a curse. One girl came to her teacher in great distress, crying: "What am I to do? So and So has cursed my brother, I know he will die because he is so thin, and he is my only brother, oh, what shall I do?"

A very fat child was being teased, so she turned on her tormentors saying, "What is it to you if I am fat – do I eat your father's food? If my father wishes to give me good food, what business is it of yours?"

Girls who are educated, it is believed, do not need such a big dowry. In a certain town they objected to the girls being taught, so a father, who was in favor of the school, asked the other men if they would be prepared to help him get his daughters married.

In marking the register in a girls' school, you must be attentive to the answers, as the girls interpret "absent" as "present at home." (The Indian equivalent lends itself to this.) As a rule, the children are encouraged to come to school clean and tidy. We discovered, on enquiry, that the reason of the untidy hair of some was due to the fact that when a birth takes place, no one in that house must comb her hair till the mother has had a bath, and combed her hair.

School life is carried on under difficulties sometimes. During an examination a woman came and asked if all the girls of the school might go at once and eat at her house. The teacher naturally remonstrated, but was told " They must come as it is a religious matter and cannot wait." On enquiry, we found that the woman's husband had had a specially good harvest, and, in order to celebrate this, he had decided to feed a certain number of girls. So the wife, like a wise woman, instead of bothering to go from house to house to invite the girls, just stepped into the school and took them all off together. Schools are handy sometimes!

One girl told me she had been fed that day in fifteen different houses. As this was said quite cheerfully, we did envy her powers of digestion. Apparently there is no merit in feeding boys. Being a girl then has its advantages.

Not for a moment must it be supposed that the agitators represent the bulk of the population, for the village people are very contented and appreciate the justice and protection they now enjoy. (This is the feeling in the part of India I know best, and about which I write). The agitators' ambition is to be mentioned in the newspapers, and above all to have a trial, when their fame will have reached its highest. Indians

positively love going to law, and do not seem to mind how much they spend on doing so.

Formerly each man was content to follow his father's profession or trade. It is not so now, their one goal is Government employment. I expect some day all the sweepers will be clerks. Even a simple mind can grasp the difficulty this question will become. To me these people seem like children; under a firm kind hand all is well, but let weakness be shewn, and discontent must surely follow. I have been more or less all over India, in her large cities, towns, and in the wilds, and never yet have had any trouble or difficulty in dealing with the people. Of all people Indians seem the most reasonable, if taken in the right way. People in England have the idea that India is practically in her butterfly stage, whereas she has comparatively few in the chrysalis stage, and more than half are still in the dark of the cocoon: It is sad to see that the Press, which ought to be such a boon, is taken up with such disloyalty, and the spread of absolute untruths, which are accepted by the ignorant as truth. An extract from a local Indian paper may interest some, it ran as follows: "If you stand up to an Englishman he is afraid, and will run away like a whipped cur, with his tail between his legs." This is rather difficult to understand, as an Indian woman once said to me, "I wish the King would send an order for all the big Hindu men of our town to become volunteers, for at the first sound of the gun they would all die of fright!"

People often say "Why does not Government make a point in schools of teaching our boys and girls to be good?"

The way Englishmen treat their women is always the envy of the women of the East. When the late Queen died, they said: "We are so sorry for you—the men will not take off their hats, or be so kind to you now there is a King on the throne." Some of the poor Mahomedan women said at that time: "We are so sorry for you having lost your relative!"

When a Government allows itself to be insulted, in any way, by the Press etc., it conveys to the Indian mind the impression of great weakness—no Indian will be insulted with impunity.

I once asked a man "If you had self-government what would happen?" "We should all have our throats cut" was the reply. Let the people at home who are so keen on "India for the Indians," Home Rule etc. come out and taste the sweets of being governed by them for six days, then they may give their valuable opinion. Someone very aptly remarked: "People in England, who have absolutely no experience of India and yet are so keen about dictating to those in authority on the spot (who have been years in the country), and hindering them at every turn, remind one rather of the passengers on a train getting out, and giving the guard and driver advice about how, and where, to take

the train."I think the people in authority here have quite enough difficulties to contend with, without their being added to by those so far off.

In a Mahomedan village they were telling us that if there should ever be trouble, they would stick to the, British. "For," they added, "We hate the Hindus who oppress and cheat us. When the English first took this part of the country, the Hindus used to frighten us into selling our property (in the towns) and gave us Rs. 30 or Rs. 40, where now we should get Rs. 3000 or more—the Hindus are now well off, while we are poor, they having been sharp enough to take advantage of our ignorance." Of course, as we tell the Mahomedans, they ought to exert themselves more and make themselves independent.

An Indian himself told us that the Mahomedans are not so cute at taking bribes as the Hindus, and so are generally found out, while the others get off free. Certainly the Mahomedans have every claim to our utmost respect, as they are loyal, and have more backbone than most Indians. I am glad to see that Government recognizes this, and is helping them more than formerly. Mahomedans say they are very handicapped when they have to deal with Hindu examiners, and other officials.

The Indian Christians too, I notice, are in the same predicament. This is a question that might be looked into with advantage by less simple eyes than mine. Who has a chance in any department, except the Hindus and their relations (Bear in mind that this is only of one part of India.) If you, being a Hindu, happen to get into an office, being in any position of authority, it is wisest to oust everybody else, and get in your own relations and friends. If you get a good post yourself, the least you can do is to help all your people, worthy or otherwise, to get good posts too.

The Mahomedans do not think the Government allows injustice, but they do think the Hindus are too clever for the Government to deal with. A man once said to me "We (the Hindus) are highly educated and rather proud, therefore the Government cannot manage us."

Talking of British justice there was a quaint story going round the country that the late Queen Victoria could not pay her milk bill. The milkman went to the house, and finding her sitting on a cot, (Indian fashion) said: "Madam, if you do not pay, you must go to court." She replied "I cannot pay," so was taken to court. When there someone said "As she is a Queen you must give her a chair." They said "Certainly not, no respect of person in a British court, as other prisoners stand so she must stand, Queen or no Queen." This story never failed to impress those who heard it of British justice and impartiality. Long may we live up to it.

The following will show the difference between British justice, and what goes by the name of justice in a Native State. Some men were going about, putting poisonous pills

in the wells and giving out that Government was poisoning the water to spread plague. A great deal of mischief was done.

However some of the men were caught red-handed, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment by the British Government. In a Native State three men were caught with pills in their possession. Jumping to the conclusion that they, too; were poisoning the wells, two of them were promptly killed, and the third had his nose and ears cut off. No questions had been asked, and there was nothing to prove that the pills were being used for any other than medicinal purposes.

In a good, old-fashioned State where there is no British Government interference, you have many privileges. For instance, when a man commits a crime, the Sovereign not only puts him to death, but every one of his relatives, men, women and children, so that not a single member of the family is left; as the fear is that if one were left, he might have his revenge on the ruler. No wonder people clamor for Home Rule for India; perhaps, if they tasted the joys of it, they might not be so keen.

A woman happened to appear in court with her nose and ears cut. The Indian judge who looked up the case in his books, said "it does state that a man is in the wrong if he cuts his wife's nose with a cutting instrument such as a pair of scissors, but, as a sword (which was the weapon used) is not a cutting instrument, I cannot condemn him, however he can make reparation by returning the ears and nose and go free." The man and his friends thought the judgment sound, but the ungrateful woman and her people were not at all satisfied, and wished to take the case before a higher court!

An Indian, who had an enemy, wished to get him into trouble, so he brought a case against him, producing twenty witnesses who swore that the accused's cows were always trespassing in the complainant's fields, and eating his grain. The accused produced twenty other witnesses, who swore that the cows were never, by any chance, near the said fields, but always went to graze some distance away. When enquiries were being made, it was discovered that the complainant had never owned a field in his life, and the accused had never possessed a single cow. Oh! Aryan brother, how you love going to law!

By a good many British justice is not considered the best for India. An Indian told us that he thought "British justice encouraged crime. For instance, a thief is kept in prison for a certain time, but he is provided with everything that is necessary, most probably he never had such luxuries in his own home. If he get thin and lose weight, an enquiry is made, and he is promptly put on a bit of mutton, which he may not. have tasted before. Now in C., which is not under the British, when a man steals, his hand is at once cut off, he is allowed to go; the consequence is that theiving is almost unknown." (No enquiries about weight there.) "We see murderers get off on some point of law, whereas in the old days a murderer was killed at once. In a certain village not far off, the women

are very frightened because two murderers who have got off, have threatened to return and kill some more people. The saying is now Get a good lawyer, and you are bound to get off."

In our part of the country they all profess to be poor, yet it is surprising what lovely houses and comforts they can have in spite of their poverty. And how they can make the money stretch! On a modest salary you are able to send your son to an expensive college, and are able to have all sorts of nice things. To meet extra expenses a few bribes have to be taken. Few things move in India without the silver lever. One man gave up a post where he received Rs. 20 a month, to take one which would bring him in only Rs. 12 a month. When asked why, he replied: "Oh, the bribes are so good in the Rs. 12 place." On enquiring about a situation you are told "So much is the pay, and so much the bribes." The common idea is that if you are an educated man and poor, with a large family, the Government ought to provide you with a good post.

We went to a small town not long ago, and the guide, in describing the men of the town (his own caste), said: "They are all perfect gentlemen, but one has somewhat a thin constitution, though he has engaged manners." Certainly he has an alluring way of getting money out of you.

One man said: "My son is not only English in his manners and dress but also in his mind, as he has written to say I must give up my house in the city, and build myself a "suburban villa." One can hardly imagine "suburban villas" in the desert outside the city, but one never knows.

Although some are very advanced, the Indians, as a rule, are a simple hearted people. It is only the horrid ranters who appear in such a bad light, and do so much harm to themselves and their people. It is surprising what stories can be believed. When plague first came, they said it was because the (late) Queen was getting old, and if we wanted her life to be prolonged, a certain number of lives must be sacrificed. Another story they believe is, that under an arch of a certain bridge that was found difficult to build, Government had killed and buried a thousand infants, By doing this the arch was rendered perfectly safe. Can you wonder, when such things are believed, that people get agitated and are afraid?

I was once told that we all evolved from vegetables, upon which I asked my educated informant: "How about the vegetables that are eaten? They don't get a fair chance of advancing." This view of the matter had never struck him.

The shopkeepers here are so obliging, and very sorry if they have not what you want. One day an Englishman sent for a box of Spotted Dog (a brand of cigars), the shopkeeper wrote back saying "I am sorry, I keep all kinds of potted meat but have no

potted dog at present." I expect he will spare no effort in getting this new kind of potted meat!

As a rule life in the shops is not hard. There you may often see the tradesman lying down and serving his customers. He sits on the floor, surrounded by cushions. It is just as well to be comfortable and rest while you can. Prices are variable. One is the price he asks, the other is the price he lets you have it for. If he ask Rs. 20 for anything, you exclaim "Oh that is the "asking" price, let me know your "taking" price. You are not far out, as a rule, if you offer one quarter of what is asked. He is so polite, and sometimes it is difficult to settle a price, for he says "Oh you can give whatever you like—you are so clever and know what it is worth." On coming to the point it is generally what he likes that he gets.

In India many things are, done backwards. In some characters you read the book from right to left; sewing is generally done from left to right. You beckon with the hand downwards, riot upwards.

One day a carriage was brought for a lady doctor by a priest. It would not be respectful for the man to sit in a carriage with the lady, and yet he was too grand to sit next the common driver—things were soon settled, the great man got on the box, and the driver crouched below, driving from his no longer exalted place. So all pride and respect were satisfied.

One is again and again struck with the cleverness of the Brahmins. When a happy event is expected and they are asked if it will be a boy or girl, they say: "Boy, not girl." If it happen to be a girl the people say. "You said it would be a boy." "Oh," say the Brahmins, "we said it would be boy not, girl." Do you see how cleverly they can turn things to suit themselves? and how useful the comma is?

A curious belief, in some parts, is that the *pepal* tree leaves, because they are always quivering, are whispering the secrets of men to God, therefore it is decided, wisely, not to keep a shop, or transact any business under the *pepal*.

When it is necessary for a patient to go to the hospital, there is no sadness at parting with those left behind, for the whole family go—one patient with perhaps five or six relations. I am not now speaking of the stiffly regulated hospitals in the big towns, but the really comfortable ones in humbler places. Then the doctor can attend his place of work from the hospital, and the children can play with the others who have come there, like themselves, for a bit of a change.

One hears of wonderful diseases here, as well as at Home. A *munshi* wrote to say that his master had pneumonia in one kidney, and half his back.

If you are not cured in a day, it is best to change your doctor. In fact the more you call in, the better chance you have of getting well. The women say doctors are more common than dogs, so there is no lack of supply. If doctors cannot cure you, there are the hakims, or medicine men, some of whom have inherited the profession for generations. Failing these one can consult a wise man or woman. We heard of a very learned woman who becomes inspired at the time of the new moon, and she answers questions at the rate of five farthings a question. We met one who had been to consult her about her husband, who had become rather silly, and was always having a bath—but poor thing, she had been often, and had not got much satisfaction. Some doctors had told her he had gone mad because he had had an abscess on the knee operated upon and one of the nerves had been severed.

For a broken limb you must go to a Potter to have it set. I suppose setting bones and making pots must run in the blood together, as the potters are the bone-setters, and some of the most hopeless looking limbs do get well.

There is a man in the *bazar* who has a great name for curing cataracts. He operates, and lo, the blind see! How pleased they are! Then they are allowed to go out in the blazing sun, and, in a few days, of course they become hopelessly blind. No blame is attached to him, he made them see, and it was their kismet (fate) to become blind again.

In the two photographs you will see the nurse attending to a patient. She first stands up on the bed. Of course she has no shoes on, then she and her attendant (everyone in India no matter what the work, has someone to help) sit down and begin to think of the patient. They take a pull at the hookah (a big pipe) and are all friends together—no worry or scurry. These are the nurses who were born nurses, and did not need training. If your mother is a nurse you take to it, like a cluck to water. Each nurse has her own houses, where her mother and grandmother have attended before her. If in any of these houses an English doctor should be called in, the gamp would still have to be paid, or she would curse them. She may be allowed to massage the patient in order to keep her (the nurse) in a good temper. She must be squared at all costs. You dare not change your gamp in the easy fashion you change your doctor. Women have claws—and tongues! I am told that whatever these nurses may happen to come across in their patient's bed, in the form of jewellery, money, etc. they reckon to keep, so you may be sure jewels and money find their way there somehow. The poor patient's expenses are very often more than she may have bargained for. Something worth having must be found by the gamp, or no luck would attend the case at all.

It is not considered good for the patient to take any milk for twelve months, or more, after the birth of a son, but it does not matter so much if the child should be a girl; it must have to do with their religion (I am speaking of Hindus), for a woman told me yesterday that next time she would propitiate the gods, offer something in the temple, and thus be allowed to take milk. Few Hindu children seem to care for milk, they are

generally encouraged to eat spicy things—naturally they look upon milk as most uninteresting.

The little babies (especially if they are boys), are tied up tight to keep their limbs from being moved. This is supposed to ensure their growing up strong. Apparently, fresh air is not considered very good for infants. We saw an only son the other day covered with heavy rugs and shawls, which were thrown over the cradle, so that not a breath of air could get to him. The parents were surprised when the child got a severe cold after being so shut up.

A great comfort in our part of India is that the weather knows its own mind and does not give you all sorts of un-pleasant surprises, such as starting out for a picnic in bright sunshine, and coming back dripping wet. We go steadily on, sunshine from day to day. Rain falls at certain times and then not suddenly. For nearly a week the clouds will be gathering, and you can quietly get your mackintosh out, and even get your umbrella recovered in time for the rain, if you wish. I must say it is a comfort to know where you are as regards weather anyhow, though we do long for rain sometimes. All schools are closed when it rains, nobody is expected to do much during such uncommon weather. It is rather serious when it rains for a day or so, as the houses, being made of mud, have a tendency to sit down.

It is a puzzle to me why the English clothes adopted by Indian gentlemen should interfere with their good manners, because Indians as a rule are so polite and respectful. For instance, an Indian gentleman will come into your drawing room with the greatest assurance, removing neither his hat (as you would naturally expect with the European clothes) nor his shoes (the Indian mode of respect).

When we go to see a temple and are allowed in, we remove our shoes, and men (European) are expected to take off their hats, yet I have seen Indians coming into our Churches with head and feet covered. What the English need to learn is to insist on respect being shown both to their religion and representatives of the Government. If this were insisted on, the respect of the Indian for us would go up by leaps and bounds, and there would not be half the bother there is with the disaffection. How much respect would John the footman have for his master, if he were allowed to lounge about in the house with his hat on? He would soon think the master an arrant fool, and it was quite time they changed places.

At the Proclamation of Edward VII as Emperor of India, at which I was present, the four Indian Chiefs sat throughout the ceremony, never moving when everybody else rose. This was put down as ignorance. I call it very doubtful ignorance.

CHAPTER II

LIFE IN THE CITY.

Life in the city varies, yet not very much. Large towns like Bombay and Calcutta are like the West in rush and bustle, which seem to be the signs of a big prosperous city. But in ordinary cities it is calm, and life flows easily. Custom is much the same as it was ages ago.

Now, as I am speaking of one particular city, don't let Mrs. So-and-So say "Oh, that is not true, I lived in India for years and never heard of this or that" – indeed, a deal the ordinary memsahib knows of India. She knows the Cantonment roads and the Club, and hears the gossip of the place from her ayah and the shopkeepers, when they bring their wares to the house, or come for orders. She may perhaps have gone so far as having been once to see the wife of the head clerk in her husband's office, and some of the wives may have come to see her. Of course she learnt all about them; as not being able to speak the language most of the conversation was signs and smiles, helped by the ayah. Therefore Mrs. So-and-So speaks with authority of the inner lives and customs of the Indian ladies. Ah, but she did not know, when she went to see the clerk's wife, that she was taken to the husband's part of the house. Such a nice room (she could not for shame have been taken to the women's quarters, close and dirty). Poor deluded soul, she returns to tell her husband what a nice house they have, and how clean it is!

No, to know the women as they are, you must go amongst them, up and down the streets, in and out of their homes – in this way one may get to know a little of them, but when will the West really know the East? They are such an idealistic and dreamy people, so religious too; while we, so matter-of-fact and energetic, are a puzzle to them. Our favorite word is "quickly, quickly." How silly, to always be in a hurry, wearing ourselves out; truly the Indians think us stupid, tiring ourselves out at games, when, for a few arenas, we could get someone else to play, while we sit and watch.

Ask any Englishwoman who has lived in India how many times she has been in the city proper, and if she says four times, she must be a wonder, for the smells of the city keep people at a distance. I think it is a real work to bridge the gulf between Indian and European, to make them known to each other. They are equally surprised and pleased when they meet in a friendly way.

The streets are seldom dull; all sorts and conditions of men flit to and fro in all kinds of dress and colors. Some with just a cloth round the waist, others in old scarlet regimental

coats bought at a small cost in the *bazar*. No matter what sights they look, no one laughs or takes any notice. You see very dressy men with their shirts worn outside, and the legs of their trousers tucked into their stockings, thus saving gaiters.

There are nice open drains in the streets, and, as you hear the water rush down them, you might fancy yourself in Devon-shire—if only you had no nose! Some drains from the upper stories run down the walls outside, so you may get a secondhand bath at any time, if not very wide awake.

To show how custom varies in different places, let me tell you that in this city, to get a girl married you must pay a large sum of money, sometimes as much as £200 or £300; while in a city not very far away they have to pay to get their boys married. Here the women are mostly in *pardah* (seclusion); in other places they are free to walk about.

The dowry system is dreadful. Another daughter-in-law means another dowry. One man had four sons, three of whom married twice, and one once. Seven marriages, seven dowries. What need to slave and work? He became so rich that he built a nice large house and retired. Sons are a source of wealth, daughters an expense and anxiety. If a poor man have four daughters he will be in debt all his life, as every girl has to be married, no old maids or maiden ladies in this city, but plenty of widows. When a girl is old enough to be married (she has not long to wait) an old woman called a "go-between" goes round, gossips, and finds out the marriageable sons. If a man should have any letters after his name such as B.A., LL.B. etc. a bigger dowry would be necessary.

A B.A. is intelligent, and knows how to take care of himself, for his mother would not like to have a widowed daughter-in-law on her hands. The following story shows that a B.A. is fairly awake, and will not run unnecessary risks. The wife of one was suffering from hysteria, and the Doctor—careless man—said to him "You ought to sit with your wife and try to cheer her up." The husband replied "I will, if you give me a certificate to say that the devil in her will not take possession of me." The Doctor gave the certificate, and they were all happy ever after. Just think, if the graduate had not been so sharp, what a risk the doctor would have let him run.

To return to the marriage, this is a time when truth is at a discount and facts elastic. "Such clever boys, and oh, such wonderful, beautiful girls," says the go-between.

The bride-elect must on no account be seen by the bridegroom before she is married. I asked a man if he did not think this rather a hard rule, "Oh no," said he "it is a fair one, for what would become of the plain girls, who would have them?" You may find your "beautiful" wife deformed, or disfigured by small-pox. Marriage is a lottery and you must take your chance. What is written on your forehead you must enjoy.

There was once a startling romance in our city; a young man fell in love with a girl he saw on her way to school, and would marry none else but her. I never heard of any other young man being so bold!

The marriage ceremonies are interesting but tedious, they can only take place on a lucky day, which is settled by the Brahmins. Sometimes it is discovered that the day fixed is not good, and the whole thing has to be postponed.

There are some lucky days which occur about May and August when there is a great rush, hundreds of marriages taking place in the city at the same time; sometimes nearly three hundred, and they generally take place at night. No hurry here, everything is not rushed through in one day. For a fortnight before or after the wedding every friend and acquaintance, and their friends (no one left out in the cold and offended) are entertained night after night. Perhaps forty or fifty guests at a time—how the children love it, they are at liberty to stay up all night and as many nights as they feel up to! If it should be your lot to have your invitation for the ninth or tenth day you would find your hosts very kind, but sleepy. The host shows his friendship by never sitting down with his guests, he has to wait on all, helped by his family. Is this not a real proof of affection? How different to our uncouth way of leaving everything to the servants, and presuming to enjoy ourselves in the presence of our guests.

If the kitchen be small, perhaps five feet square, do not worry or get agitated, all you have to do is to build fire-places out in the street, and use the huge vessels which are borrowed or hired for the occasion.

The bridegroom, preceded by a brass band which usually plays "Just before the battle mother," rides to the house of the bride followed by his friends. He wears a wonderful hat. On his arrival he has a bath and the parents of the bride wash his feet in milk and water, they also give him a special suit of clothes which he wears on the festive occasion. Do you not call this a thoughtful, kind arrangement, instead of having to spend money on buying a new suit for the day?

Now the service begins, it is chanted in a language understood by few, which helps to make it more impressive. The bride's father must have fasted all day before he gives her away; he is a much envied man on that day, as giving a daughter away in marriage is looked upon as a great act of merit by the Hindus. The girl promises to follow her husband over rough and thorny places (this is only in her heart and mind as she never goes out with him!) She takes him as her god, and her one ambition must be to please him. You may imagine how noble a man of forty feels as his little wife of eleven takes these vows. The bride is not troubled with sleeves to her dress, her arms are covered with thin ivory bangles which fit tight at the wrist and are worn up to the shoulder. Happily this cruel and costly custom is dying out as it causes great pain. Instead of a wedding ring she wears a ring in her nose, generally a large ruby of great value,

between two pearls. It weighs so much that it has to be supported by a black cord, which goes up over the nose and is fastened to the hair.

The bride then goes to live with her husband's mother. In one house there may be five or six daughters-in-law. No fuss or worry for the husband in furnishing a new home and spending a great deal of money on it for his wife. She just walks into the house with her personal belongings, and takes her place modestly in the household. A real modest girl would in all probability not utter a word for a week, hiding her face, and only shaking or nodding her head when spoken to. She would be considered a very bold, horrid girl if she talked the first few days. No making fun of your mother-in-law here, she has to be treated with the greatest respect as she rules the house with a rod of iron (in many cases) including her sons.

It all depends on her if the bride has a good time or not. The latter cannot leave the house to go and see her own mother without the consent of the mother-in-law. On leaving the house and on returning to it she must fall at the feet of the mother-in-law. If her husband enter the room she must turn her back on him and cover her face. His wife's voice must not be heard in his presence. Should her name be the same as that of her mother-in-law, it must be changed. No nice girl must ever say the name of the mother-in-law or husband. If you wish to know the name of a woman's husband, and there is no one present who can say it a child or neighbor will be called in to do so for you. If the wife can write there is no objection to her writing the name.

We know a woman who was married three years ago, and she has not once since been allowed to go to her father's home, as the mother-in-law had not received what she considered a sufficient dowry. A mother is not supposed to go to the house of her newly married daughter till a child is born.

When a little boy comes into the world there is great rejoicing. A good deal of money has to be given by the parents to the Brahmins and relations. And do not think when your daughter is married, and the dowry paid, that your expenses are over. Far from it, they only begin then, for, when your daughter's child is born, you (the grandmother) must send heaps of presents – and you are expected to send, on every big day, gifts of money, food, and clothing to your daughters. As these big days come pretty often it is no small burden. There is no use pretending to forget, for you would soon have a messenger from the mother-in-law to ask the reason. Some of the sensible Hindu men of the city are trying hard to put a stop to this and the dowry system, and have plays acted and songs composed to show the evil of it. On a big day they set watches on the different streets to take the presents from the messengers and these are then distributed amongst the poor. Alas! custom dies hard in India.

On the birth of a child the whole place is in an up-roar. In most cases they consider the more women and children there are present in the room at the time, the better. The

exact time of its arrival is to be noted for the horoscope, which is so important. Certainly the Indian woman is not troubled with loneliness, even in her most difficult hour. The mother must not be washed, and no change of raiment is allowed for seven days. This rule is rigidly followed by all but a few educated women. On the seventh day a bath must be taken, though it be a bitter cold winter day. So often it results in pneumonia, dysentery, or a bad attack of fever. This custom must be observed although the consequence may be very serious, and even end in death. After the bath the patient may be soothed with a little gentle massage. You will see in the photograph the style of the massage. The nurse walks up and down the patient, balancing herself with a stick. The women have great faith in this treatment.

For luck, the new born child, for some months, on no account wears any clothes but those that have been begged for by the mother or given by friends, certainly not anything made by the mother. How simple this is. is it not much easier than slaving, as an English mother would, for the new arrival? If the child happen to be a boy, you will know it by the onions that are hung in a bunch over the front door. The onions are a sign of happiness, (though to us they would suggest tears) they may, of course, be associated with sympathy and help, as a hot onion is good for ear-ache, and a cold one for corns. What beautiful thoughts may not even an onion suggest!

There are no mean jealousies as to whom the child is to be called after. A Brahmin comes in on the Sixth day and gives the luckiest name possible under the circumstances. For surname, the name of the street in which you live is adopted; there is no idle brag as to who you are—mention your surname and everyone will know if the street be aristocratic or not.

Sometimes I have seen girls dressed as boys in order to deceive the neighbors, who would otherwise despise a woman with so many daughters. Little boys are also to be seen dressed as girls, so that the gods may be deceived in case they should like to rob the parents of their treasures.

Most of the streets are a yard or two wide; so you need not feel lonely. You can hear the quarrelling, crying or rejoicing opposite, in addition to next door, quite easily. In a small room there may be four or five beds, which are put aside during the day. It is so unnecessary to have a bedroom each, and such a waste of space, especially when, if it is hot, the men and boys can sleep in the street. The more in one room the merrier. Then consumption, that sociable disease, loves these nice close places. Where it was scarcely known some years ago, it is now quite common, especially among the young women, poor things, who have practically no girlhood, going from childhood to wifehood. No walks for them, or romps in the open air, they have to sit in the house when about ten Years of age, till they are married. Then there may be a few walks to see relations, and, if the husbands be very kind, they may enjoy a few drives at night in a closed carriage. In addition to the beds is a swinging cot, in which the women swing to cool themselves.

Babies are constantly swinging in them, perhaps that is why, when grown-up, their heads are so easily turned with all the education, and they get a bit giddy and hazy as to what is good for them, and what kind of Government is most suitable for the country. If they were left to themselves and had Self-government in our town, the Baluchis, who are not far off, would be down at once, and the present population would be but a name. It is always the hope of the Baluchi soldier that Government will give an order to sack a town. When they hear of money being needed by Government, they exclaim: "What! all those rich men in the city?" They think of the time before the British came, when, if money were needed, the rich were robbed.

The public baths are very handy, no bother with tickets, undressing, &c., just a huge tap under which the women stand in all their clothes, rub themselves down, and then run home and change into dry clothing. The energetic go some distance to a canal or lake. Sometimes the more cleanly-inclined, after taking off their clothes, put just a cloth about them, and enjoy a real good wash. No soap is necessary, a kind of soft stone is used pounded. The general idea is that the fair skins of the West are due to the soap used. To get a cold bath you go early in the morning, and if you wish a warm you can get it by waiting till the afternoon, when the sun has well warmed the water. Why can we not be so simple? Everyone is at liberty to enjoy a bath in the open air, no one takes the slightest notice. A Hindu man once said that an Englishwoman could not grasp the modesty of the Indian woman. I am sure we cannot when we see them at these bathing places with so little on, and in full view of people passing on the public road quite near. The kitchen of a house is considered sacred and carefully looked after. In fact the Hindu women say, "Yes, our religion has a great deal to do with our stomach. We have to be so particular about what we take, and who touches our vessels etc". The kitchen does not cost much to furnish. A few cooking utensils, a knife and a spoon, and you have done. No kitchen table is necessary, you sit on the floor, the knife is held between the toes, and so both hands are free to manipulate the meat. The same knife is used for chopping onions, peeling potatoes, and everything, while the obliging spoon hops from pot to pot. A fork is unknown. How much nicer this is than having a litter of things to look after. Think of the time saved in cleaning. There are no smelly sinks or back kitchens. Everything is thrown into the street. The cooking utensils and other vessels in a big house are generally washed up in the open yard. Poorer people wash theirs in the street, cleaning them with a little sand off the road. After washing them, they are left in the sun to dry. No Indian, housewife would be bothered with towels to dry them with, all that trouble is undertaken by the sun. Now these are what we may call simple and sanitary arrangements.

When the meals are ready, no table is to be laid, there is no such thing as a table cloth, everybody sits on the bed and the food is brought in on a large dish from which all help themselves, even the little ones of eight or nine months share in the meal, which consists mainly of rice, vegetables, fish, etc. There is a special kind of fish which is only to be had during the hot weather, of which they say you can never leave off eating once

you begin. I know several who began, but I doubt if they are still going on! No knives or forks are needed, all eat with their fingers which they know are clean—how can you tell who has used the knives and forks before you? it may have been somebody not very particular. How much safer then to keep to your fingers, and how much less expensive it is. I am afraid we have a poor chance of entering heaven, if what the Mahomedans say be true viz. that God is not pleased with those who use knives and forks as He gave fingers for use.

An Indian once said to me "If you are content to be simple and tidy, you can live like a gentleman on Rs. 10 a month and," he added "all you need in this life is a little money and religion. if you have money you are independent, and if you have religion you are happy."

Servants, like everything else, have undergone a change. You could get a man before to do odd jobs, clean dishes etc., for about 2d. a week, now you have to pay them much more, and, as the women say, you dare not speak to the servants or they will leave you. Even should they come to work only every other day you must not say anything. It must be remembered that the rate for servants in Indian families is very different to that for those serving Europeans; they think here that if you have a white face you must be rich.

When people are dying they are on no account to be left on a bed, but must be put on the bare floor (which is not covered with a carpet), because, if they do not expire on mother earth, they will not rest in the next world. The corpse is taken away as soon as possible, as no one in the house can eat anything while it is there. No coffin is used. The body is wrapped in a red or white cloth, and placed on a stretcher made of odd pieces of wood, a few cocoanuts are also put on. Friends take it in turns to carry the bier to the burning-ground. The priests walk in front, and every now and then call a halt, when music is played and nuts and coppers are thrown, which are scrambled- for by the interested followers. If a rich man has died, silver and gold pieces may be scattered. A woman whose husband is living is always taken to be cremated wearing a cheap gold nose-ring, her usual costly one does not go with her, as what she is wearing, when laid on the funeral pile, is taken by the priest who superintends the ceremonies. Should she be a widow no ring is worn. A funeral in India is a very simple affair and soon over. The ashes are taken in an urn to a sacred river and thrown in (Hindus are cremated).

There are wonderful stories told of how wicked people cannot go quietly to their graves. One, who had been very wicked, sat up ever so many times on the way, and gave the bearers great frights. Another man, who had been a great cheat, was being lowered into his grave. He was a Mahomedan, (they bury their dead). Before the corpse reached the bottom there was a strong smell of" brimstone, which, the onlookers said, meant that hell received him at once. This had such an effect on the brother that he vowed he would never cheat, and to everyone's surprise he kept his vow.

After a death it is the proper thing for the women friends to come in crowds to the house of mourning every afternoon to weep. This is done for twelve months, if the deceased be a man, and six months if a woman. It is wonderful how they can all cry together at the right time. One will say "Oh, how handsome he was—the prop of the family;" this is followed by a loud wail.—If a woman, they will cry "Think of her lily-white hands and teeth of pearl!" Each in turn will contribute some praise of the dead—this goes on till it is getting dark and time to go home. A man mourns twelve days for his wife.

There is no silly gadding about to spew off the widow's weeds. The widow sits on the floor, dressed in red, and does not go out of the house for twelve months after the husband's death—no need to add that this rule does not apply to the widower. The widow must put off all her ornaments, eat scarcely anything, and make herself ill with crying—this is real grief. But the men are so strong, they carry their grief in their hearts, and there is no need for this uncomfortable outward display for them. A widower may marry within a fortnight of his wife's death, and often does so, as they say it is so awkward to have nobody to cook for them. A widow must never remarry—some sin of hers must have caused the death of her husband, for which it is her duty to atone all her life. Here widows do not have a bad time by being ill-treated.

Rigid Mahomedans will on no account allow a post-mortem to be held, as it is looked upon as a great sin to disturb the dead. Indian grief, as a rule, is very apparent. You must look miserable if you are a bereaved woman, otherwise you would be considered very hard hearted, and your family would be forever disgraced by the scandal that would ensue. I know an Indian widow who, since the death of her husband, has not moved from her room for the last five months and eats very little. She is a rich woman and has a large house.

In some places, if a Hindu man die unmarried, he is likely to be buried like an animal. We heard of a man who died suddenly and he was not married. Do you think his people gave up in despair? Quite a clever way was found out of the difficulty, priests were summoned and the corpse was married with all pomp and ceremony to a cotton tree. After this, of course, the usual funeral rites were able to be performed, The father had to spend a good bit of money, both the ceremonies taking place on the same day.

Enquiring about a funeral, you do not ask what it was like but "Was the dust given in a good way" P There are fashions even in the way the dead are buried. Mahomedan corpses are generally swathed in new white cloth, a woman requiring sixteen yards and a man twelve yards. If you are respectable, or considered worthy, the words of a Holy Book are written on your chest (this writing ensures an easy mind in the next world.) There are so many sects, so many castes, all of which have their different ways. Cremation is a nice clean way of disposing of the dead, but it did seem sad, during the

time the plague raged in our city, to see the patients in the hospital, apparently not very ill, able even to struggle across the room, die and be taken away at once and cremated, and in less than two hours all trace of them gone forever.

During the plague time our railway station was quite a sight. Luggage piled all over the platform, the owners having run off leaving their belongings to follow. Some in their haste dropping their things on the road, not daring to stop and pick them up. It was indeed a case of fleeing for your life. All the roads were watched, so that any who were infected could not get away, but we heard of a man who, having fever, was desperate and swam the canal. He developed plague but recovered, as he deserved to do for his perseverance.

At a certain town in our province an explosion took place, and Government very kindly gave compensation to those who had suffered loss. Many letters were received by the committee appointed to enquire into the different cases. One of the letters was quite touching, as follows:—

"On the disastrous night of the catastrophe I was patrolling about my compound, when, all of a sudden, a death-like shower of piercing bricks assailed me on my right arm and fractured it completely. I was quite stunned, and knew not what to do. The whole night I lay there benumbed, and called death to take me to the grave and to its' victory, for what will be my life if my right arm is fractured? My honest bread I earned, and passed my time in peace by the help of my right arm. Well, the night was converted into day, with untold misery I cried hoarse for help, but who would listen to me? A miserable wreck that I am, I not only require enough to keep body and soul together, but I want an attendant as well to take care of me until I breathe my last and join my fore-fathers."

Another man's wife was injured and he writes: "Her right leg was broken; her one finger of the foot cut in order to attend on my wife, my father, mother, uncle, mother-in-law have come from different places and spent much in joining. Besides these losses the serious injury done to my little, lovely nephew has been most painful to us all. A child of two years, healthy and happy, alas, he fell senseless at the shock, and it was with difficulty that we could find him out in the pitch of darkness &c."

I do admire the way in which some business establishments are managed here. The subordinates of course are busy, but the manager is to be seen lying on the verandah in his long armchair, with head and feet bare in the hot weather. Sometimes he gets up to have a look round. He never fusses and worries over the customers as they pass him on their way in. He may now and then call out to those within "See what this one wants quickly." Why cannot our overstrained business men at home learn to do things more comfortably instead of wearing themselves out flying hither and thither?

Most things are done leisurely in India. If a servant is sent on a message and he is kept waiting for an answer, he just goes to sleep, no place is too uncomfortable or too public for him to sleep. The cabmen always have a sleep when waiting and expect you to wake them when you are ready to go on, It is the custom here to get over difficult things quickly. if possible. We believe in letting our horses climb hills slowly; here the drivers make their animals gallop up-hill. They declare it is the kindest filing to do and we are cruel to take so long over a climb.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN A VILLAGE.

It makes one smile to hear of the Simple Life in England. Bless me, they do not know the meaning of the words. Here in a village in India it is Simple Life unalloyed – some small huts in the making of which no bricks are used, but are entirely of mud, or may be of branches of trees, &c. Inside are a few beds (these are not an absolute necessity by any means), a few rags in the poorer huts are handy for bedding, and in the more prosperous-looking ones a sort of quilt, stuffed with wool, is used. Some barrel-shaped receptacles, made of mud, are necessary for storing the grain; these generally stand without. A few chickens, which are rather leggy-and a donkey or two, may be seen about. To ensure not being interfered with by thieves or stray animals, there is a huge hedge made of thorny brambles which encircles the entire village.

The women wear one long garment generally, which is like a big overall, with a yoke which is trimmed with small pieces of looking-glass let in. There is no heart-burning as to whether Mrs. J. is dressed better than you; all wear the same stuff, and the style and shape are the same. You are never nervous about your hair being out of curl or ruffled, hair pins are unknown; the hair is done in a single plait and hangs down the back. You never have to ask "What dress shall I wear"? as there is only one in question. Nor do you ever hear "Is my hat straight?" It is a country of no hats and no milliner's bill is ever sent in. When going out, you just throw a sort of curtain over your head and start off. If you should be going to a wedding you would wear jewels and a grander curtain, and you might even have a special dress to change into. Even then dressing would not be a long business; as for looking-glasses, the women are not so frivolous as to use them.

No bother about bath or dressing rooms. If you want a bath, and no stream is near, you just sit on a board and throw water over yourself from a good-sized vessel. If you feel your dress would do with a wash, which happens seldom, you put a small cloth round you, beat the dress well on a stone, and dolly it with your feet, or you may beat it with a stick; much beating means good washing. Then spread your garment in the sun to dry while you rest, and it is ready in no time to meet you again. Things dry like magic in the hot sun. What a fuss the wash is in most places, clothes-lines, pegs, starch, tubs, wash-house etc., required. Oh dear, Oh dear, how much worry and expense instead of doing it in a simple way. You will say "We have not the sun you have in India", but why do you not wait until it does appear? In the summer you have it hot enough, and why wash at all in the winter? – there is precious little done here when it is cold.

No towel is required even for the hair, you just sit in the sun and slap and shake the hair about until it is dry. For a tooth-brush you walk over to the nearest *nim tree*, cut or break off a twig, chew it well, and rub your teeth with the softened end; for the water, instead of a glass, use your hands. You have a nice fresh tooth-brush every day instead of using the same for some time; for which we are so despised by the people of this country.

When going on a visit, you do not send a telegram to your friends, or let them know in any way that you are coming, because there is no room to be got ready—you take no box or bag, just roll up your bedding, wear your wardrobe and go gaily off. When you arrive you always have a hearty welcome. If there is a thing the Indians can do, it is to give real hospitality, and you are always pressed to prolong your stay; no nasty hints are ever given about the room being wanted for someone else. Should there be no rail, and you have to go by camel, you will always find a place to stay at for the night, as there is a free place provided for travelers in every town or big village, where they may stay practically as long as they like—curiously this privilege seems seldom to be abused. When you arrive there is no anxiety as to whether your sheets or beds are aired, or whether you had better change for the evening meal, all these trifles are lost sight of in the pleasure of meeting your friends.—No gas at all, you go to bed at dusk and wake with the light, there is no thought of saving the oil or gas bill. As no one reads in the village, no letters or newspapers come. Think what a life of rest for an overworked millionaire. There is plenty of news carried by mouth, and it is not only the women who talk, the men are mainly responsible for the gossip as they are the ones who go about most. No clocks are kept as time is no object, you have the whole day before you. Food is cooked in the morning and again in the evening, then partaken of when ready. If you ask an Indian when he eats, he replies "When hungry."

Village people are most simple and contented with their lot. Their happiness consists in being left alone, and this the British Government does, it never interferes with them as long as they are peaceful, honest, and pay their rates. Most of the villages in this district are peopled entirely by Mahomedans, and, if they grumble, it is generally the result of injustice shewn them by the Hindus who may be in authority over them. Most of the Government posts are held by Hindus. What a simple one thinks may go for nothing, but, whenever I have heard the people grumble, it is almost without exception about their own people who ride over them in the name of Government.

How do the villagers live? They generally own or rent and farm the land around. They grow grain for themselves, and cotton, which is often sold. The women do most of the picking of the latter. In this part of the country they do not depend on the rains, but have many canals for which they bless the Government. During the harvest you seldom find them in their homes. Even the sick cannot go to the hospital, they say they must wait till the harvest is over. The harvest is cut and gathered by hand, then carried by the

women and children on their heads to the village. Everybody is useful at this time. Afterwards the oxen are used to tread out the corn instead of a threshing machine.

No doctors are to be had, except in country towns where there is always one provided by Government for the men. Of course they have their medicine men and in the villages you get mostly Indian treatment. In the hot weather to keep your head cool and from aching, you make a poultice of grain and wear it on the head, covered with a green leaf. For a relaxed uvular a poultice of mud is put on the top of the head. I suppose the idea is to draw the uvular upwards. When nothing does a child any good, and it seems to get thinner and thinner, it is beneficial to have it weighed in silver, then gold if it can be afforded, and lastly cow-dung. I know a woman who was weighed in all three, as a last resource, when she was a baby. After it she was taken every day to a garden and bathed under the flowers. This saved her life and she became quite strong.

There is a wonderful book of Medicine which has a thrilling story all its own. It appears that the man who wrote it said it was to be burned with him, and had his hand on it when he died. He had threatened to seize whoever should dare to remove it from his keeping after death. He happened to die upstairs and had so arranged them that anybody climbing the stairs should be blown up. Hundreds tried to get to the precious book, but failed. At last, the story goes, a brave man, getting over the wall in some way, risked the horror of being seized by the dead, and so procured a blessing to the world. There was a Raja who had a most lovely ivory bed, worth thousands. He died rather suddenly, before he could be taken off the bed, which was therefore polluted and had to be given away to a sweeper.

Mahomedans as a rule marry relations. We know a girl of twenty-two who is waiting for her only eligible relative to grow up. He is now eight years old. Sometimes, to cure a serious disease, prayers are said over the patient, and his people are instructed to water a particular tree, regularly, for seven days. One of the cures recommended for headache is to have a string tied round the head as tight as possible, for a short time night and morning. A child was taken to a famous medicine man to be cured of a pain in his side and the doctor very wisely put a red hot needle into the unfortunate child's side!

Some wealthy Indians showed me a grand tonic they had made themselves, which would have the effect of making you feel like a lion. It was composed of real pearls and precious stones pounded together. They said nearly all precious stones were strength-giving except the diamond, which was poisonous. They remarked "When we wish a cheap cure we call in a doctor."

For rheumatism there is nothing better than to tie up the painful part with dirty rags. There must be a special charm in dirt, as you never see clean ones used. For bronchitis or pneumonia you have a huge cake of unleavened bread put on the chest. Should you feel sick, a lime cut in two is to be taken covered with salt and pepper (sweet morsel). In

all cases of illness it is well to take, internally, a piece of paper with some words from a holy book written on it. For a boil there is nothing like a red-hot iron rubbed on it. The friends of a woman who was very ill took some water to the temple.

After washing all the sacred temple furniture in it, they brought it back and gave it to her to drink. They were very disappointed that she did not recover immediately, after such trouble had been taken for her. Diseases are classified under two heads only (1) Hot. (2) Cold. If you have what is called a hot disease the medicine must be cold, and if the disease be cold it requires a hot medicine. You hear of great miracles wrought through the Indian treatment. Whenever they go to a good hospital in the city, and return no better, an old *faqir* is called in and the patient is cared at once! We often ask them why they take the trouble of going to hospital when they have such intelligent people on the spot. If they ever get English medicine and happen to benefit by it, the next bottle is invariably taken in one dose. A man, who was nursing his brother, was given some medicine for him which had to be taken every two hours; before going to bed, to ensure the brother having it in case either of them should fall asleep, he gave the whole bottle at once! Special directions are always necessary in giving powders, so that the paper may not be taken with its contents.

Government has done much in providing hospitals, so have the different Missionary and Philanthropic Societies. It is impossible to provide for all. Many a sad case does one see in the villages of ignorance and neglect, when a little knowledge and care would have saved so much suffering. Poor things, they do not grumble, it is Fate they say. One poor woman had lost her sight because no one would take her to the hospital, which was not very far off. It is touching how far they will sometimes travel for medical help. A poor consumptive creature may be brought seventy miles on a camel, and if told there is no hope, she will promptly return home as they do not care to die away from their people. Of course this may mean certain death for the patient, but still back they must go. But, if there is hope, they say they'll stay six months in hospital. Ignorant medicine men and women bravely undertake to treat the most difficult and delicate cases; their orders are carried out, no matter how cruel, to the letter. Sometimes puerperal fever becomes quite a plague, twelve out of fourteen patients dying in a month in one village. The nurses have no idea of cleanliness, they go from case to case in the same clothes, never bothering about their hands, using no disinfectants. They openly defy all the laws of nature, and are quite surprised when she rebels. If their patients die, they calmly talk of Fate, it is never their fault, and, strange to say, the people agree with them. In all probability the case had been nursed on a dirty floor. A nurse on being asked if she had washed her hands, replied, "I do so after my work, never before."

Some village people were once asked if they had seen a lady who had ridden by, they said "No, we saw no lady, but a man with one leg went by;" they had not seen a side-saddle before.

If there should be a food shop in a village, it would be kept by a Hindu. It is not fashionable for Mahomedans to keep shops in which anything eatable is sold, as the Hindus could not patronize them, being so careful as to who touches what they eat or drink. Evidently milk is beyond contamination as the dairies are chiefly kept by Mahomedaus, but the milk is often strained through a dirty cloth so that it may be quite pure.

We once went to a big village where some grand Mohomedan people stay. The headman had just died so they were all sitting on the floor. After the death of any great person they have to sit and sleep on the floor for twelve months. The five ladies were all sitting in a row. They were supposed to do nothing but mourn all day for forty days. We asked "For how long in the clay do you cry?" " Oh" they replied, " for the first few days we must weep all day, after that it is three or four times a day, the grief ending at sunset. We must not eat any meat for a year, only a kind of grain called pulse, and unleavened bread, milk too we must not take." Their mourning color is dark blue. We asked a woman who was ill at the time, how she managed on this low diet. She said sadly "I could eat a great deal more, but dare not, they would say I am not mourning as I ought."

When the leading lady of this village sews, all the servants sit round and admire her work, exclaiming at intervals, "Did you ever see such sewing in your life, such beautiful stitches?"

In a large house all the food is weighed out for the different people. The servants practically belong to their masters, they receive no money, but are given food and clothes, and, when married, a marriage portion. A man who died the other day had two hundred servants, of whom he had said "Only one was to be trusted." Servants are a great power, and have a say in nearly everything. They think nothing of listening to and joining in the conversation of their masters. Rich people seldom have anything of a private nature, as everything has to be done by or through the servants; it would be most undignified to do it yourself.

One evening we saw a cat being given a huge supper, and were told she was being fed before being shut up in a room for the night, to catch the mice. She, like everybody else in the East, believed in doing things comfortably.

In this part of India, when you go to see anybody very grand, it is thought very undignified to smile or talk much. On entry an embrace takes place followed by a few signs with the hands. After greeting it is polite to sit still for a few minutes saying nothing, then the conversation may begin. It is very bad form, and bad luck must follow if you say to anybody "How well you are looking." The one to whom this is said would surely be ill next day. To be really kind you ought to say. "What is the matter with you? how small your face has become, and how will you look!" We have known children to

be ill and, upon asking the cause of the illness, have been told somebody had admired them, since when they had not been well.

In going about among the villages it is a great pleasure to hear how well the Indian Civil Service officials are spoken of. I wonder why Government changes these officers so often. They just get to know the people of one district well when off they are sent to another. Those in authority might do worse than learn from a story told by a Bishop at a big conference. He had said a certain parish was very unsatisfactory. One of the men present said: "May I tell you a story, my Lord, A man who had a garden was constantly changing the gardeners till he had had six different, men, then he wondered that the garden did not prosper. Now this is exactly the state of that parish my Lord." "Oh no," said the Bishop, "I have done no such thing." "But," was the reply, "here are all the gardeners before you." Sure enough there were the six different men who had all worked in that parish for a very short time. Perhaps, like the Bishop, it is the same with the Government, they forget how many moves they make. It must be difficult to remember everything, but if they just kept a little note book, and jotted down a few things, it would be a great help. It does not always do to trust to the memory of even the best heads.

In calling at any house you would not ask for Mrs. So-and-So, but for So-and-So's mother,' or the mother of So-and-So.' A woman in speaking of her husband would seldom say "My husband," it is generally "My lord" or So-and-So's father." Even the younger sisters and brothers must never take the name of their elder brothers and sisters in addressing them, or speaking of them.

One day we took a doll to a friend of ours in a village. They love (lolls, and are never too old for them. Nothing was said but just "Thank you," and it was laid aside. We began to think it was not appreciated. We heard after we left she went into raptures over it. It is not polite to admire anything belonging to another. We happened to say to a woman "What a nice house yours is, the trees are so shady." At once she replied: It is yours—won't you have it?" You have to learn to admire things silently, for all you admire would be offered you, and it would be rather embarrassing.

What clothes the villagers need they can sew themselves, and the stitches are not very small. Some have never seen scissors, but that is not a very great drawback. A woman was seen cutting out a garment for her child; there was not much shape about it. She marked where she thought it ought to be cut and went into the house, whence she reappeared with a hatchet in her hand. We wondered what was going to happen. The cloth was laid on a piece of wood, and the hatchet was used to cut it! How we should have worried, not having scissors. In India you are constantly learning there is a way out of nearly every difficulty.

We happened to give someone in a village a self-threading needle; when we saw her again, a year after, she still had the needle. On the whole the simple village woman's life is the happier as she is free to enjoy the air and sunshine, but in the town she has to go into *pardah* so early. A Pathan girl goes into *pardah* as soon as she is weaned. A woman, who was at her father's home, was asked where her husband's house was. She said: "It is somewhere near the town clock, because we hear it strike, otherwise I have no idea of the locality of the house, as I always go by night and return at night."

If a sick woman should have plenty of doctors called in, and a lot of money spent on her, everybody would be satisfied. It is not necessary to take the advice given, or medicine ordered; and it is with great pride the friends are told "We spent so many rupees on her." A man wishing his wife to be examined by a doctor, wrote saying: "Kindly go through my wife, and find out what is the matter. She is suffering from upset feelings in the inside."

When a Hindu dies, all the cooked food that may be in the house at the time of death has to be thrown away. Every drop of water too has to be thrown out. Formerly the water in all the houses of the same street had to be thrown away; now, happily, it is only necessary to do it in the house where the death takes place.

Even the dead have curious ways here. If you say to a corpse when you bury it: "I will come and remove you in three months time," it will be fit to be removed. But, should you forget to say this, it would be quite unfit for removal.

We were told the reason a child had a club foot was that the mother had folded her hands during an eclipse of the moon and nothing could be done for it till the next eclipse!

A man was complaining to our servant that somebody had threatened to come and beat him in the night. "No," said the servant, "the English are in charge now, so there will be no beating at night, and don't you be afraid."

A simple friend, writing to another, said: "Why have you not written to me, what is lying at bottom?" he meant, "what is in your mind"?

A villager was talking one day, and said: "How important it is to have some work to do to earn a living now, because in these days we cannot rob people and take what we like." This was said rather regretfully; no doubt he had a longing for the days he had heard his father talk about.

We were condoling with an old lady on the death of her son, "Yes," she said, "a lion has gone from our house, he kept us in such a way, that we thought we were the masters of the house, not he."

An Indian woman said "I have three sons. One calls himself Irish, another says he is Scotch, and the third declares he is American. I don't know where they get the blood from, as I am Indian and their father a Goanese clerk." She was at that time in great distress about the American son, who was very ill. She kept saying "What am I to do with this son, he will neither die nor live."

An Indian lady who came to see us the other night had put on stockings in honor of the occasion. She had not been five minutes in the house when, finding them a little more than she could bear, instead of remaining uncomfortable she calmly took them off in the drawing room, and threw them on the floor, where they remained till her departure, when her servant picked them up. There were no blushes or excuses How simple and natural not to be burdened with our enduring Western etiquette.

This same lady had some friends staying with her, and when we went to see her we asked how it was she had not been to see us for so long. She replied, pointing to the guests around her.

"These people cause so much extra work that I have not much leisure." The guests were not at all put out at her saying this, they knew it was a fact, more people do mean extra work.

Enquiring about some property the other day, we were assured by an old man that the owner of the land was dead. "But," said he, "I shall go and interview his ancestors who have inherited the property." I hope the search will be a success, we have not yet heard the result.

Extraordinary statements are sometimes made. It behoves one to make fairly sure of what one wants to express in a foreign language. Certainly the man who said the following was happy in his ignorance; he wished to say that his family consisted of five adults, and, as Indians are so particular about the gender of every word, he said " There are three adults and two adulteresses."

A village girls' school was one day found deserted. Not a child could be persuaded to come. When the teacher went round to find out the reason, she was told a certain woman, who had a bad carbuncle, had been ordered by the doctor to eat human flesh, which would be sure to cure her. So nobody had the courage to send the children out that day. This may sound like a fairy tale, but it is fact.

Some of the village people do think their girls most import-ant. In a certain village they were loth to send their girls to -school, as they said "We hear they are being educated in order to be sent to the Russian War." What the mothers could imagine these children would have been used for really was a puzzle to all who heard this.

The Indians are devoted to cardamums and if you should be given some when in their homes you must know they wish you to repeat the visit. They would not give them to anybody they did not wish to see again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SERVANTS.

Now in India the servants are really willing and obliging. There is no need to trouble if a few friends come in for dinner unexpectedly. The more that come, the better, no fear of receiving notice from the butler or cook next day. When compulsory education comes in; no doubt things will be different. There is nothing the Indian servants like better than a dinner party, they rise like yeast to the occasion—for is not their and the master's honor at stake? It is wonderful how they can manage a decent dinner at all times and in all places; even when travelling or camping out, should the rain come down in the usual mild torrent, you will find, although your dinner be prepared in the open, the soup will be served hot. The cook here is called "*Mistri*", and a very appropriate name this is, as the ways of his kitchen and himself are truly mysterious and best not found out. Why should he be interfered with? the gentleman knows his own business—in fact he generally has a few pupils whom he initiates into the mysteries of the profession. They carefully steer clear of all unnecessary cleanliness. Once, a lady bravely entered her kitchen to find the cook straining the soup through one of her husband's socks. Being rather surprised she exclaimed "Never do such a thing again." He replied, excusing himself "Don't be angry with me, memsahib, it is not a clean one"—Simple, economical soul! This story goes for true.

Each servant is so honest, and so shocked at the want of principle in his fellows. When I first came to India I thought the servants must be, as a class, consumptive; they all seemed to have distressing coughs, but I discovered it was only their way of letting you know of their presence. They generally cough at your door instead of knocking; it is an interesting and instructive study to distinguish the various coughs belonging to the house. You cannot keep a servant waiting long with his pathetic cough in your ears.

The coachmen are so attached to their horses, and address them as "My king"—"my son", etc. People unkindly say of these devoted souls that they rob the horses of their grain. How could they, when they love them as they do? You must remember that some people and animals cannot grow fat, in spite of all they eat.

The servants are so faithfully inclined—indeed I think all Indians are (unfortunately the faithfulness is not always apparent). They hold such beautiful sentiments about service; for instance, you must always be true to those in whose service you are and whose salt you eat—in fact it may be your duty to die for them. Such noble sentiments cannot always be put into practice, but it is comforting to know they are entertained.

How polite they are! I heard a servant the other day call several times to a dog, as the animal did not come he called: "Oh brother Tippoo", but even this did not fetch the straying brother. The animals, when spoken of, are mentioned as the "horse people", "dog people", "fowl people", etc.

Among the servants the coachman is addressed as "Oh King ", the butler as "Oh Chief ", or "Butler Sahib." The knight of the broom (humble one) is also addressed as "Oh, one in authority " –Do you not think this is a nice way of keeping everyone in a good temper? The "one in authority" is considered so low in practice that in one of their sacred books here they are told to look upon a lie as they would look upon a sweeper. Poor thing, they are truly outcasts: One day in the year we are told they have a fine time when they may touch the Hindoos. To keep them at a distance then the Hindoos pay them money, and give them presents, as their touch would be great pollution. This is quite a Derby Day for them, on which they do score.

The servants are kindly inclined and do not wish you to worry about the prices current in the market. I know a lady who thought it no harm to go and enquire about the market prices. Feeling very pleased at her newly acquired knowledge, she paid a visit to her kitchen and told the cook about the prices, and, while there, actually ordered the table to be cleaned. After tea that afternoon she was unable to give any more orders, and the poor ayah, who had also partaken of the same tea, was not visible for a few days after. It was discovered that the tea had been tampered with (by mistake of course.) As usual no one could be blamed.

I often wish I had a complete list of the more interesting rendering of some of our English words. Our butler always speaks of enamel as " handy mill," the dog-cart as "dag-cat," and "istoria" is the victoria. The Indians apparently think it uncouth to use the bald word, so they invariably add another to rhyme, which almost always begins with a "b " You may feel rather embarrassed when asked if you would care to have some "jelly belly". When stepping into the carriage a boy may ask if you would like to take a "rug bug" as it is cold. I have noticed when the original word begins with a "b" the rhyming one will, as usual, begin with a "b" but the vowels will be changed e.g.,, "boochtig bichtig" (poached egg). You cannot quite realize how little you know of the way English strikes Indian ears---perhaps later on we may try to make English more elegant, and you will hear us call for a "chair bair," or a "shoe boo". I did once hear an Indian lady say she wished to have no "loafer boaffer" for a son-in-law.

The butler is rather thoughtful—when you are away he will write and tell you how things are going on. The following letter arrived one morning, when we were at the hills.

"Whatever expense was going was paying and account has been written by friend. When work was up till 25 Tiffen khana was giving—Ferry dog is with me—all condition of bungalow, as horses, dogs, are going on well." This really meant he was seeing to all accounts, and giving the lady in the house lunch and dinner till the 25th, and the dog Paddy was with him.

The letter "P" is not found easy by the servants; we had three dogs Peter, Paddy and Nip, who were always spoken of as Feter, Faddy and Niff. "S" too is rather a difficult letter for them, spoon is invariably 'ispoon'—soup, 'isoop.'

The bills that are sometimes brought cause you to think before you can decide what you are really asked to pay for. One was brought which ran thus:— "For opening and turning one horse Re. 1-8." Very cheap I think that, for it must have been rather a tough job. It really meant the horse had had his shoes taken off and turned! Another was "for cutting half of whole body of one horse Rs. 2." This was for clipping the horse's hair.

You may have a note from the grocer to say: " Send large order at once, fresh supplies just to hand, I sell cheap. Best man oilman's stores, me give you at very low prices."

The following are a few specimens of English letters written by Indians. The first was from a fruit-seller who wanted to have his licence renewed by the Commanding Officer that he might sell sweets to the soldiers. Now, in India you never go or write straight to the person you wish to address, you generally do it through somebody else; so this was written to a lady, who is supposed to speak a word for the fruit-seller to the officer:—

"Respected Lady, — It is with profound respect that I have craved the liberty of representing to your honor, without reserve, my most distressed condition, fully believing that your magnanimous mind will kindly take a compassionate view of my circumstances, and grant my humble request by appreciating my difficulty.

It is since fifteen years I am selling sweets in both regiment lines very honestly. Through the complaint of one soldier, officer has suspended my pass, and if I do not go shall lose money owing from past. It is my livelihood, selling sweets, and I am a poor family man, consisting of fourteen family members, as the difficulty with regard to the maintenance of such large family that hangs entirely on my shoulder, etc.

Ever eager to lend a helping hand to the suffering humanity, philanthropic and compassionate lady as you are, I trust you will grant me this boon, for which I shall remain grateful, and indebted to you up to the last breath of my mortal body!"

The next petition is from one who wants to be a policeman.

"Your Honor, -- With due respect I have the honor to inform you that I heard you had got several vacancies of sepoy for your District, therefore I request you will very kindly join me in the same. I am a poor man and know somewhat of English and Urdu. If you want to know my conductor (he meant character) you can ask police many, I shall much thankful, etc."

The following is from a would-be clerk written by himself: —

"Respected Sir, —I humbly and most respectfully beg to lay down the following few lines with a sanguine hope before your honor that you, who rightly thinks that real pleasure in doing good to others, will view them favorably.

I have passed 8th standard of the Noble Saxon Tongue, and possess a good knowledge of vernacular, but being poor and helpless, could prosecute my studies no longer, and had reluctantly to discontinue my studies, since then I on the strength of my own exertions have been hunting after jobs, but to no purpose.

I approach your honor with this humble request of mine, with full hopes that your honor will feel pity on my destitute circumstances and enlarge your merciful hands to raise one up from this embarrassment.

Being given to understand that a place of a clerk has fallen vacant in your honour's kind control, and is entirely under your own gift, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the same.

In conclusion, I beg that, should I become so fortunate as to have my request complied with, I shall, as in duty bound, pray for your honor's health, wealth and prosperity."

A man wrote to a schoolmistress complaining of his girl "Who was mischieving in the house, and abusing his relations." This was a terrible child of six years.

The following extracts are from the letters of a learned youth who knew how to express himself well. He was anxious to go to England to complete his education. These letters were written to a friend at home: —

"Since a long pretty time I was thinking of yon, but could not get such a golden opportunity to drop a letter to you, and it was 4th of December that I woke up from the bed, early in the morning, and wrote this gracious letter.

As I wish to visit London once at least in my whole life, and to read there in the College which is my chief aim in life, so will you kindly please oblige me, if you

will let me know that there some generous, piteous, self-sacrificing Europeans that can make me read, by affording all sorts conveniences-that are wanted in life long. I request thee that you would kindly take a little trouble to search for such, as I am very anxious, but cannot afford such large expenses, and also let them know that I am quite poor boy, hard working, fond of reading, but owing to helplessness, cannot help without taking the pecuniary help of those gentlemen likewise above. I think you are the only source of my coming there. I have not got fare and charges for the sea voyages. If anyone sends to me from there then I will most willingly come.

I request to you to try to search a gentleman who can support me when I come there, and also let him know "G" is a good behaved boy and a gentleman at the pleasant manner.

Try as much as I can come there on the coming Christmas and see the people of England. Try your best—I every now and then humble to thee to search a man can give me fare, fees, food. I will be very much thankful and obliged highly to him. This human tongue of mine has no such a power, and powerless to express all these obliging and goods done to me by him, and will remain ever contented with the advantages which he could confer upon this slave. Keep, me not in anxiety and delay not in replying.- Awaiting the reply nothing more to add.

(P.S.) Hoping to get reply as sharp as the speaking person to person. Delay not.

(N.B.) Reply sharp, wait not.

The following was written by a servant to his master who was away, the people with whom he had been left. having accused him of theft: —

"I am sorry to inform you that since so long I have served you, but I have never lost my respect. They have taken my respect. They searched to my house, but could not find anything. Therefore I am in such a sorrow for my respect that I cannot explain, and only waited till you may well come here by the gracious of God, and make justice for the matter. I will personally cry for my poor circumstances, and then I will act according to your honor, and at present I have explained a very little, unless your precious time may not be lose. Nothing more than B. C. (I suppose he meant best compliments) to you and all.

P.S. — For which I shall remain thankful.

The Indians certainly think a great deal of what they, call respect. One of them said to me. "*We are all hungry for our respect.*"

The servants bring you notices that are given them in the bazaar. In India the servants are generally the channel through which the mistress of the house may be reached. You need never, as a tradesman, expect to bounce into the mistress's presence. Our cook was rather surprised at the wealth of our butler, as he (the cook) owned to making a little on every transaction, but could not think what was taking place that the butler should also be making money.

The following notice may interest some: —

"N. L. of Bombay, Washing and Dying Co.

This is notice to the public that we come here since about 4 months from Bombay-

1. This company can make a spoiled suits as a new one.
2. It can wash and iron the warm clothes very carefully and cleanly.
3. It can wash and iron the silken dresses in a most wonderful way.
4. There are various kinds of colors and this Company can change the form of any color.
5. It can polish the cotton collars and shirts very decently as English made.
6. It can send sample book through the servants.
7. It can wash a *kuchha* (not fast) colored cloth very carefully by means of machine.

The charges are very moderate."

You have to be rather careful if you do not know the language very well, as there are so many words somewhat alike in sound but with quite different meanings. A lady was giving a tea party, she wanted a teapoy brought into the drawing-room, and, as tea is called '*Cha*,' she asked for the *charpoy* (which means a bed). She kept on calling for the *charpoy* and saw no signs of it. The visitors were arriving, so, getting desperate, she called "Bring it at once." What was her horror to find the visitors coming in at one door, and a huge bed being brought in at another! No doubt a few explanations were necessary.

A doctor was once told that a patient had *Ichuski*! The doctor, thinking that he had had whiskey, smiled cheerfully, and said: "Very good, better have some more." To his dismay he soon discovered that meant dryness of the mouth.

Even a wrong accent may make all the difference in a word. You may mean something very nice, and at the same time be saying something very different. Like the story of the clergyman who kept advising his congregation at all costs to lay hold on an old woman (he meant, wisdom, but the little difference in the pronunciation altered the whole meaning). The congregation were not a little puzzled to know why an old woman was so necessary! It makes you feel rather small when you find yourself enquiring for the way to a bridegroom instead of to a village, as the words for both are so much alike. Some of the words are fairly easy to remember, such as 'cedar' which means straight; peachy for afterward—'abbey'—now. You almost feel at home with these. There is a word which is used in this province which literally means "Master of the house." As it is used it has nothing whatever to do with the owner of the house, but with the mice, who, as the people say, really run the house, taking and doing what they like!

Servants know the affairs, not only of their own masters, but of everybody else in the station. They can tell you, long before the people concerned, who is to be transferred, and where. Happily, we are not the only people who make mistakes, as the Indians find English rather complicated, especially idioms. An Indian gentleman, having had an invitation for tea, wrote to say: "I regret not being able to accept your kind invitation, but I am very busy trying to make my grandmother's two ends meet."

A *munshi*, being interested in a certain officer, asked to what regiment he belonged. He was told to the "Unattached." This he could not understand, so he asked was that a certain kind of regiment? When told it was not, he exclaimed. "Then he is neither fried fish nor meat" (his way of expressing neither flesh, fish nor fowl).

Learning English is rather good if you want to save in the housekeeping. A woman said to me "Since my son has been learning English, I notice he eats very little." She seemed quite proud of it.

The shopkeepers are getting so advanced that they are forgetting their own language. We asked a man for '*tachnees*' (pins) the other day. He said he had no '*tachnees*,' but could let us have some 'pins'. Some are exceedingly polite, not content with saying "Thank you," they say "Thank you please," and "Good evening please."

A man, wishing to get a post, racked his brains to find the most polite way of addressing the lady who could help him. This lady, being-rather stout, and very sensitive on the subject, was addressed by him as follows (which he considered the - cream of politeness) "Enormous Madam." Needless to say . he never heard any more of the place he had wished for.

The tailor, known as the "*dirzi*," is so lowly. He never attempts to sit on a chair, or cut his patterns on a table. Everything is done on the floor. You must not be surprised if, sometimes, the dainty material loses some of its original freshness, for he is rather given at times to crawling on all fours over the cloth, as he cuts it out. We were told last week, by our old tailor: not to employ a certain man, who had asked for work, as he always used his toes in his work. Toes here are really not useless, you constantly see people picking up all sorts of things with their toes, to save the trouble of stooping.

Europeans in India do not board their servants as they do not care for our food. Yet it is wonderful the amount of food you are told you have eaten. While travelling (a party of three) we were told by the servants that we had eaten fifteen loaves in two days. We were quite alarmed and said "This is sheer greed," so we had the bread locked up, and doled out so much a day. In this way we were able to keep under our abnormal appetites.

There is no such thing as a general servant in India, each one has his special work.

If you should be dining out there is no need to tell the coachman where to drive you, because he knows without being told.

A cook once applied to us for work. He was wearing spectacles. We were advised by the other servants not to take him, as they were afraid wearing spectacles by lamp light would be sure to cause his head to turn, and he would be liable to make uncommon mistakes.

It is the sweeper's duty to look after the dogs. Evidently there is caste among dogs. One we had was supposed to be of a low caste, and none of the other servants would touch him. The poor thing was allowed to die in the sun on a very hot day as no sweeper was available to put him inside and we were away. Fortunately, our dogs, except that one, have been considered good caste and fared better.

A cook, who wanted to come to us, sent the following note by the water-carrier. At the time we had a deaf butler, who, he thought, would be against him. It needs careful reading to enable one to grasp the meaning:—

"To Madam,

Arab Mistry, Your own servant, I have heard that there is a service place to you, and if she will give me your serviceable that he will do with great pleasure. If your wish may be to give a service, that she should say to his water-carrier that he will tell us. When you did come now I was told by the deaf one that "You will not be a servant of Madam. This deaf servant is always dishonest and is never true . . . He tells you

truth less stories. The favorable reply of this letter should get to his water-carrier who will give me."

Our *bhisti* (water-carrier, literally 'heavenly one') came to ask for leave the other day as his brother was very ill. Of course he did not come alone, but brought three other servants to plead his cause. On our demurring we were told by the others to look at his face and we should by that be able to judge how ill the brother was. It is extraordinary how many mothers and fathers they possess here. Your butler, who has told you he is a poor helpless orphan, will ask for leave to bury his poor old father. Some months after he will again require leave to bury his father. As for brothers and sisters, you would get giddy trying to reckon how many they do possess. One man told a lady that his father was living with him. Next clay he said he had been an orphan for ten years.

The *Munshis* (teachers of languages) say English is poor in expressing relationships. We say "aunt" for a mother's or father's sister, they have a different word for each, so you know at once if a maternal or paternal aunt is meant. With the cousin it is the same—a different name for a mother's sister's child, mother's brother's child, father's sister's child and father's brother's child. So there may be four different renderings of our common word cousin.

A *boxwalla* (hawker) came round the other day. The lady said to, him "I like curios, old things, where could you get some fox mo?" "Madam," he replied, "I make very nice old things. I have made for many sahibs, you can tell me the kind and I will mike."

A servant writing to his master ended up as follows:—" May I ever remain in your old soft head "—he meant to be very polite. Somebody, who did not know the language at all, wanted milk that had been boiled; he thought he might be understood if he were to ask for "bile" milk, as he had heard the word " bile " used. The servant looked aghast at his request, and said very politely: "Sir, in this country the *biles* (bulls) do not give milk."

An European, living in an out-of-the-way place, was always given fowl in various forms for his meals, and was assured that nothing else was available. He happened to dine with some friends who were passing through, and much enjoyed some meat they had. On his return home he called for the cook, and said, in the best language he could command, the literal translation of which is as follows: "Why am I always a fowl, and those people always goats?" I suppose he meant "Why do I always get fowl and they can get meat?"

Another man, having had a leg of mutton, thought he would like to hare the bone made into soup, so he asked for "bone," laying great emphasis on the word, but no bone was forthcoming and the servant seemed to get more puzzled. When he became very impatient, the servant said he would go and fetch it. In a little while he re-appeared, and with reluctance laid on the table a large rat trap, bone to him meaning rattrap.

In recommending to anyone a post where there is not much work to be done they speak of it as a "Service of rest."

These places are naturally- much sought after. A servant told me with great glee that he had got such a nice place for a relation of his on the refreshment car of a train. He said " Now-a-days in the heat there are very few sahibs travelling, so this boy will be able to go in the train sleeping all the way and return sleeping too."

We were asked by the cook if we would like "Cake Root" for breakfast. We wondered what this new dish would be like, and were not a little disappointed to find it was only Quaker Oats!

A man wishing to express his gratitude to a doctor for the trouble that had been taken over his wife who had unfortunately died, wrote: " My wife will no longer need your kind care as she has gone to a better world. I can never repay you for your kindness to her, but it is written ' Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord.' "

One might, if not knowing the language, be rather shocked at some of the conversations overheard. A master called for "*phool*" (flowers). The servant replied "Liar" (I have brought).

Now the word for bread (*roti*) and the equivalent for water (*pani*) have the same termination. Which is to be masculine, and which feminine? (there is no neuter in Urdu). It is easily settled by deciding to call water masculine, since it comes from heaven, and bread feminine, as it is made by the women.

The following letter was received by his master from a servant who had gone on leave, and was about to return: —

Sir,—I beg most and I wish to be your long life and hope. My mother now some of well, and other all is good. I and all my mother, and wife, and sister, and child and lad all remembered you. I hope come to S. and left Thursday, 30th April from here.

Sir,
I am poor man,
Your most obedient servant,
G. J.

CHAPTER V.

DOGS AND FOUR-FEET IN GENERAL.

In India the dogs are the real thing, none of your dressed up puppets or shaved poodles with their coats, handkerchiefs etc. The dogs here see real life, they have to depend on their wits for the very scanty food many of them get. It is pitiable to see the, almost transparent forms of the dogs who have such a struggle to live. Of course this does not apply to the dogs of Europeans, which go out with the servant kept specially for them. How they snarl and quarrel when they meet one another, until one feels quite ashamed of them. I am talking now of the real country dogs, otherwise known as pariahs. I do not see why they should be so despised, as they are really very clever. Why, they will come in and steal a pudding and take away the dish too. The heights they can reach would surprise you. If you Miss anything from a shelf, that may be five feet from the floor, you may be you sure the dogs are to blame!

In this country dogs do not live anyhow. Each pack or lot keep to their own village if in the country, and to their own street if in the town. Woe betide any dog that thinks he will strike out a new line, or take up his abode in a new quarter, he would soon be torn limb from limb. In some streets no robberies take place; people 'say it is because that street possesses particularly smart dogs that will not even allow a policeman to go by. All-night long these intelligent creatures bark, scream, and howl. It is really enlivening on a moonlight night, and gives you something to think about when you cannot go to sleep. They go about in packs generally, and when alone are quite meek, but if there are two or three of them together they will go for all the small and weak dogs they meet. I have seen two big dogs brave enough to go for a mere pup. When a pup sees another dog making for him he is wise and screams long before the other gets near him; this often scares away the enemy. In the city the dogs are often rather unfriendly and have a playful way of coming up quietly behind people and taking a piece out of their legs. When these animals become too numerous the Police have orders to put them quietly to rest. In this country, where there are so many dogs, and food is not easily obtained, some take up their quarters at the railway station and you see many that have forgotten to move out of the way of the trains and so have lost a leg or foot. One always feels rather sick as the train moves out of the station, wondering how many dogs may be underneath.

On the death of a certain dog there was great mourning; they said it was such a pity he had died, he was a nice dog but his great virtue was that he was such a big eater—a "*barra khanewala*," (big eater), they were doubtful of getting such another again. Dogs with a mark over each eye, which gives the appearance of four eyes, are looked upon as rather lucky. Soldiers are very fond of their dogs. There is a story told of a Tommy who

wanted to take his dog home with Mm. He arrived on board the troopship with a wonderful new bird in a cage, but unfortunately the bird barked and gave the whole thing away (he had managed to cover his dog with feathers). However it was thought so clever of him that he was forgiven and allowed to take it home—so the story goes. I fancy all the animals are more intelligent in India than in other countries. If a wolf comes in the night do you think he takes the thin chickens? Not a bit of it, he takes all the plump ones, and if it be a choice between English and country fowls he always chooses the English ones.

Even the hens know when their mistress is away from home. The lady next door said I might have the eggs from her fowls while she was away. Directly she left, those cunning hens stopped laying, so I asked the servant who had told the hens that the memsahib was away. Putting his hands together he replied that he had not told them. So I said " You had better go and tell them at once that the memsahib will be very angry when she hears they have laid no eggs while she has been away." This he did, with the result that those wicked hens let the eggs come in next day. Now could you believe there was room in a hen's heart for such wickedness and craft? I have always had a great respect for hens since.

Then the cows, simple souls, are so easily pleased, they wander all over the city and bang into the houses in not the politest manner in search of food, and eat all sorts of dainties, bits of rags, matting, and have been even known to eat a bandage, with the ointment as a relish. The more aristocratic cows go out into the jungles in the morning and return about five o'clock in the afternoon. They never get stout as there is no time to sit down, they are so taken up looking for food. It is wonderful where they get it as the country all round looks bare, nothing but sand and a few shrubs here and there. On their way home they all know their own streets and turn down them by themselves. One cow we had was really very clever. When we had visitors she would give an extra pint or two of milk and when they left she would stop it. You could never take her in by pretending that they were stopping on.

The poor bullocks have a hard time, they have to pull such heavy loads. People at home may have the stupid idea that their tails are to flick away the flies with. Not so here, they are to drive them with, and you see their poor tails quite wrinkled and deformed when they possess a particularly energetic driver. From most of the bullocks you could take lessons in anatomy, as their bones show so clearly, even those used by the Municipality have their framework only just covered. It is pitiful to see their poor patient eyes as they drag up and down the roads. When angry, the drivers address them as 'dogs', and when pleased, to encourage them they call them 'sons'. In some places the cart wheels are never oiled, I believe the idea is that the noise helps to keep the bullocks going, which it certainly does; much noise means wakeful drivers—so the bullocks understand. You sometimes see a line of carts going along blindly following one another, and some people who meet them, finding the drivers fast asleep, turn

round the first cart for mischief, and of course the others all follow them. When the drivers wake up and find they have been going the wrong way all night I am unable to describe their language. I do think it is a cruel thing to do this as it really makes the poor animals suffer, more than the men. Bullocks are often used in the Persian wheels and have their eyes bandaged to keep them from becoming giddy in going round and round. This wheel also squeaks and so saves the labor of driving, a little boy sits on a bit of wood attached to the wheel which goes round. India is a country where, if you have no heart and no observation, you could be very happy.

The camel is a nice animal, he has a low mind and uses anything but polite language when he is being loaded. He is also clever and observant. When it is one of his own countryman's things he has to carry, he can take quite a big load, but when the things belong to a European he finds he can carry a very small quantity. He can take four Indians at a time on his back, but he can only manage one European with a driver. He has such a supercilious way of looking at you. Walking down the street you may feel quite a fine fellow, but let the eye of a camel meet yours, with his head up in the air, and the disdain expressed in his manner will make you feel decidedly small. The camel is sometimes used for carrying the corpses of grand people. It is declared he does not live a year after doing so. Why this should be no one can tell, but everyone says it is a fact. The riding camel used to be so well trained that he was not considered perfect unless you could hold a glass, of water without spilling it while riding him, but those days have gone since the railways came. The camel is still used for riding, carrying loads, and turning Persian wheels. It is quite a weird sight to see a string of camels in the moonlight. They move so stealthily, making no sound whatever.

The buffaloes are a quaint set; you see them waiting to be taken out to the jungle to graze and some of them are rather fierce. One day on meeting a Hindu friend on the road he begged leave to get into our carriage exclaiming, "Buffaloes assail." (The people here think we make use of such commonplace English, a man said, "I heard you. say 'Come for a walk in the verandah', but my teacher (Indian) tells me to say Let us take a promenade in the vestibule".

The buffaloes are said to have been made from the odds and ends that were left over at the creation—you could almost believe it when you see the cut of them. The milk of the buffalo is rather rich and is thought a good deal of.

In these hot places animals try to keep themselves cool during the heat of the day by sitting in water. Where no water is to be found we have seen dogs sitting in huge holes which they have dug for themselves.

The goats are also important, most people possess one; they too gather together morning and evening to be taken out to the jungle. You pay four annas a month for each goat to be taken out to graze every day and brought back at night. There seems to

have been grumbling even at the creation. When the horse had been made he grumbled, saying, "My neck is too short, my legs too short, and my back too straight"—so the camel was made and considered an improvement on the horse.

The crow is a bird you meet everywhere, and a fine cheeky bird he is; he will snatch a piece of bread out of the hand of a small child, and is often to be seen helping himself from the baskets containing sweetmeats on the heads of men going by.

A strange theft happened in a jeweller's shop. Gold rims of spectacles were constantly disappearing and someone in the shop was suspected. After much searching it was discovered that the crows had been taking them. I once saw some crows set to drive a vulture off a tree. It was a curious sight, they first pecked at his head, then at his tail. He, being so unwieldy, was at a disadvantage, and the crows succeeded in making him move off.

Another useful bird is the kite, a large untidy looking bird; he and the crow make excellent dustmen and help to keep the place clean and nice. India is the place for animal and insect life. You can never be anywhere alone. Ants swarm, nice little red ones and huge black things. And oh, the pleasant buzz of flies! flies in, and on, everything; the sweets at the confectioners' just black with them. Sometimes you have to manage to eat with one hand while you use the other to keep away these friendly creatures who cannot believe they are not welcome. There is also the lively little lizard that runs all over the walls and ceiling and tries to catch the flies. When very frightened he drops his tail, and it is creepy to see the tail wriggling for some time after he has parted with it. These lizards are a deadly poison, and a little one chopped up in your enemy's food would soon remove him from future trouble.

The mosquitoes, musical dears, how sweetly they hum and try to lull you to sleep! Occasionally they give you pin pricks to see if you are awake and enjoying the music. They are the most friendly creatures and find you out before you have been in a place five minutes. They are so lively in some parts that all the camels in the place have to be removed when the mosquitoes are about—they can actually cause the death of a camel. If the camels cannot be sent away they are protected at night by having fires lit around, the smoke of which keeps the mosquitoes at a distance.

If a bull be savage and thinks he would like to gore anybody, it would be best for him to stay in a Native State, where special protection is afforded him. We heard of a bull who injured several animals and people. One day he gored the bullock of an Englishman, who said he would shoot him if he saw him, but he was told that he could get seven years' imprisonment for doing so. This was quite true, so it was no wonder the bull gave himself airs and thought he would knock people about with impunity. The people had just to put up with it, for was he not a sacred being?

If there be any question of the horses getting less grain when they are inclined to be frisky, the *syces* (grooms) will say "Don't beat them on the stomach but on the back" meaning punish them by beating, but do not cut down their food.

In speaking of illness here they say it "Comes with the feet of an elephant and goes with the feet of an ant" – meaning it takes longer to get well than ill.

We were told quite solemnly, by a Hindu, that snakes do not bite the father of a family – kind snakes! So this man, being a father, said he had no fear of them. There is a belief that those who have not been stung by a scorpion will go easily to heaven, but those who have been stung will not be able to get there.

Some friends left with us a pup, for which they had asked us to find a good home. We told the servant to look out for somebody who would be kind to it. After some days, seeing no signs of the pup going, we asked the man how it was there was so much delay. He replied "My father says this is a matter which requires consideration, it cannot be done in a hurry." "Why"? we asked. He said, "Because the animal must be sent to such a place that it may be able to bless us from there." I did not know before that animals have the power to bless or curse you.

Some Englishwomen were told the following story by the inhabitants of a strict Zenana: –

"Once upon a time a terrible thing happened, the master of the house was out when a bull found his way into our courtyard. How frightened everybody was! What was to be done? Should the master come in now, he would be very angry. Much prayer was offered, that in some way God would intervene, when lo and behold! as the master entered the gate the bull was changed into a cow! Thanks to the kindness of the Gods, that day a great calamity was averted."

India is a very great place for big days (holidays). Even the animals, reptiles and insects enjoy them. Your horse, and cows will be dressed up and brought to you on big days. Garlands of flowers are put round their necks and their bodies covered with gay colored cloth. It is not always easy to recognize your own animals. Of course, taking the trouble to dress them up means that they must not go away empty handed, and, as these poor creatures cannot very well go and do their own shopping, their keepers kindly volunteer to take the money for them and spend it to the best of man's advantage. It is touching how the animals do not think of themselves in demanding a present of food.

Snakes too are fed on milk on certain days and the ants also have sugar put about for them by the Hindus.

Cats I have not mentioned, as those generally seen in the city here are almost unrecognizable. I am not alone in having noticed their curiously elongated bodies, for, if the children in school are ever asked to draw a cat, they invariably draw something with a decided head and the body of a centipede, with a bit of string at the end for a tail! Poor ducks, one does not know where to place them. On a lake not far from here ducks are caught and sent by train all over the country. To make sure they will arrive all right they are not killed, but their wings are broken and they are packed together in a painfully small space. This matter was taken to court by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (not ducks). The wise man who tried the case dismissed it, as ducks, he said, are not animals.

We saw people catching fish at this same lake. Nets are set, and the men on getting the fish out thread them together on a string, putting the sharp needle through their bodies; then they are allowed to remain in the water and are thus kept fresh. Poor fish, one hopes they do not feel much.

The usual way of carrying fowls is by their legs with their heads hanging down.

They have a clever way of conveying some animals from one part of the country to another. A friend of ours has several buffaloes which are going to travel two hundred miles or more. They will be put into the river and swim down with the current. A man who can swim will run along the bank. if he see any in distress, he will go to the rescue. At night they will rest, and every three or four days they will halt. It may take a month or more for them to arrive. The owner will have no anxiety as to how long they take on the journey.

CHAPTER VI.

RAILWAYS, BEGGARS, &c.

The railways are generally crowded, go where you will. It is a wonder, as the third-class passengers (the most popular class in the country) are generally packed like sardines.

There are four classes, first, second, third, and an intermediate class which ranks between the second and third. it is called, by the superior people who use it, the "Upper Class." Passengers make a point of arriving in good time. if the train leave at 2 a. m. it is well to be at the station by 6 p. the day before.. You will not mind the wait as you roll yourself up in a cloth or blanket and go to sleep. Should you arrive at the station an hour before the train is due, it is necessary to walk the platform carefully, or you may fall over the mummy-looking figures of others lying about. If you should oversleep yourself and miss the train, well, there will be another in twenty-four hours' time. Time is no object, and things move slowly in India, none of the bustle and scurry of a London station where you get that flustered, you don't know where you are. No, there is generally one platform here, and in many places only one train a day, so there is no fear of getting mixed about the platforms. One thing you must be careful of here is that you do not get pushed between the train and the platform by the crowd, for you may not be discovered till the train has left. This really happened last year to a poor woman, no one (apparently) had seen her fall.

In our part of the world the passengers put their feet out of the carriage windows in summer to keep them cool, and in the winter to have them warmed by the sun. Nowhere in England would you see such a simple, quaint sight.

You have to be a bit sharp or you may get your things stolen. A man was once travelling with a bag in which he had Rs. 1000. He flattered himself no one knew of it, but there was one man who did, and he boldly took a similar bag full of stones, had it registered as a thousand rupees, got a receipt for the same, and exchanged the bags. When the poor man complained that he had been robbed, and a bag of stones had been left with him, no one believed him, as the other had the receipt for the-money, like the good honest man he appeared to be.

A woman once said that if you wish to study human nature you should keep a shop. I say if you wish to study Indians, you should travel by rail. You certainly see life and dress there in all conditions and colors. There is not much chance of observing caste strictly on the railway, as all have to sit side by side.

The other day a poor old man was trying to get into a carriage, and the people who were in would not let him. A man from the next carriage, leaning out, said: "Let him in, poor fellow, look at his rags and dirty bedding." At this he was let in at once. I am afraid this appeal, if addressed to Europeans, would have fallen rather flat—we have an unreasonable dislike for dirt, but here it is different. I once had the pleasure of beholding a really holy man, who had not had a bath for thirty years nor combed his hair during that time. Any attempt at cleanliness would have robbed him of a good deal of the holiness he was supposed to possess.

In England, when you go to meet a friend at a station, you look out for him, and may perhaps miss him. But here the Indian fashion is to rush frantically up and down the platform and shout at the top of your voice the name of your friend, in this way he is soon discovered, and there is little fear of missing each other!

When you get into a railway carriage you do not sit glum, say nothing, and glare at the passengers opposite you. Oh no, everybody is very sociable, each one is asked where she has come from, where she is going etc., and when everybody knows where everybody else is going, each one relates her family history as far back as she can remember. It is varied by the shedding of a few tears at the mention of a death, and a chuckle when telling how many sons have been married, and how much money has been made by the men of the family. So the long journeys are not felt, time flies, and everybody is interested. Then as each passenger alights, she takes a tender farewell of those left behind. Can you imagine a journey under pleasanter circumstances? When the train is unusually noisy, conversation can be carried on without palmy words, as hands, head, and eyes are used. To such perfection is this sign-language carried that you often see news communicated and questions asked by people some distance from one another, and without a single word being uttered.

There is no uncomfortable self-consciousness about the Indian; he does not trouble to keep his business to himself, nor does he expect his neighbor to do so. When any individual is mentioned you are always told how much a month he earns and what his expenses are.

At the railway station they have a very convenient way of serving meat. It is cut in pieces and put on a long skewer, then the bits you choose are pulled off and given you, and you need neither forks nor plates.

They are very thoughtful in providing water for the different people. You may see on the platform a stand containing three vessels of drinking water, labelled-

1. Mahomedan water.
2. Hindu water.
3. European water.

The water all comes from the same well, but I suppose the labels make the difference. You need not mind if you have no tumbler to drink from. Someone gets a tin and doles out the water to the others, who receive it in their hands. You often see a group round a bucket of water waiting their turn, with hands outstretched, ready to catch the water as it is poured out.

When the train stops you hear cries of "Oh, Mahomedan drinker of water" – "Oh, Hindu drinker of water." This is shouted out by the men at the station who bring round the water, while the passengers from within call to them "Oh, Mahomedan water-one." A passenger, who may have been overlooked, will suddenly cry out "Oh, where is the Hindu water-one"? It was quite touching, when travelling once, to hear the same old lady call out at four consecutive stations "Oh, Hindu water-one." She did not put her head out of the window at all, so at the fifth station the other passengers, getting rather tired of the monotonous wail, helped in calling the 'water-one.'

The word "one" is most useful. Whatever your characteristic or prominent feature may be, by that you will be addressed. You would be surprised the way they observe everything. You may hear people addressed as "Oh loud-voiced-one" – "Oh long-nosed-one" – "Oh fat one" – "Oh lame one" – "Oh one-eyed-one" – Sometimes the dress may be striking, and cries of "Oh coated-one" – "Oh hat one" may be heard. So unlike the European "by your leave" or "thank you," which leaves it uncertain as to whether you or somebody else ought to get out of the way of the porter's truck. In the street too the same mode of address is used, and as there are no pavements where we are, it needs a good deal of shouting to clear the way for the carriages. The difference in the tone of voice sometimes is very marked. If you happen to be in a closed carriage you can easily tell if a poor or rich one is making way for you by the tone in which he is addressed – very polite for the rich, and very gruff for the poor.

In a railway carriage one seldom meets any but those inclined to be friendly. We have had fellow passengers who took the trouble to open their boxes and skew their pretty new clothes. Of course we were told the price of each separate article.

There is no stupid self-consciousness about the Indian ladies' if their feet are hot and tired they think nothing of sitting on the opposite seat to you and washing their feet (it must be remembered this is in a "Ladies only" compartment.)

An Indian lady who did not quite approve of her fellow passengers, who appeared rather poor, observed to her friend "What common people one has to travel with" – "But", said the other, "they have paid Rs. 30 each, and that is Rs. 120 between them." This made quite a difference, and in a very polite tone, she, who had not at first approved, remarked "Well, they must be rather nice to be able to spend so much money." By the end of the journey they were sworn friends.

Somebody remarked to me once in a train:—"I have been a bit unlucky lately". Feeling sorry for her I asked what had happened. "Oh", she said, "my husband died about a month ago, but the worst of it is the very day he died there came a letter to say his pay had been raised." Some people do choose an awkward time to die.

Indian railways seem to be run on very sympathetic lines—one sees carriages labelled "Sick, not to run." They evidently realize how difficult the carriages must find it to run when they are not feeling very well.

Going through the desert once, a third-class carriage happened to catch fire. The train was stopped and the wagon detached. It did not occur to the guard to have the passengers put in anywhere else, so they were about to be left behind for the next train, which would be due in twenty-four hours, as it was small station. Where could the poor things have got food?

An European who was, fortunately for them, on the train, got out and insisted on their being packed in somehow. At these stations in the desert their water supply is dependent on the train that passes through. A small tank is filled with water, which must last till the next train comes, which may be in twenty-four hours.

How differently the same subject may be viewed! If we were to see anybody in India travelling third-class we should naturally conclude they could not afford a higher. An Indian, meeting somebody at a railway station, went politely to open the door of a first class carriage for him. On hearing the other was not going first class, but intermediate, he felt drawn to him at once and said, with great admiration: "So you too are seeking your own profit, and trying to save by travelling in a cheap way."

You may be feeling hot and tired when the train is standing at a station, but you must be very far gone if you fail to rouse yourself when the cry of the fruitman falls on your ears, saying:—"Lovely fruit, two annas only for a quarter of two lbs.—laugh and eat, laugh and eat."

At an Indian railway station you do not need to fly round trying to get something to eat before the train leaves, everything is brought round, and you have, as a rule, time to bargain for not only eatables but useful things, fans, slippers, penknives, back-scratchers, walking sticks, &c.

A man went in a great hurry to a station. When he arrived there he asked for a third-class ticket, but finding to his dismay that the train had gone, he immediately said "I must go, so kindly arrange for a special train for me at once" and off he went in his special, having paid for it of course.

A lady was trying to get into an intermediate carriage labelled "Females only" when an Indian official rushed up saying "Madam, you must not get in there, as it is meant for females (which he pronounced fem-a-lees, meaning families,) not solitary people like you."

I often wonder why it is that whenever the train stops at a station the third-class passengers invariably make a rush for the first and second-class carriages.

A Pathan in the train remarked to a friend "that wonderful people the English are. If a carriage is crowded some stand. Now Indians must always sit. If there is no room, well, they sit on each other, but sit they must."

On a certain line you find it difficult to read by lamp-light when the train stops, but it is quite easy to do so when the train is in motion. This we found was due to the limited supply of oil being able to get at the wick better when it was shaken.

At a railway junction a lady got into the train, bundles and boxes innumerable were pushed in after her, then came two children, cooking vessels etc. and last of all a drawing-room chair, much to the relief of the other passengers this was really the end, because they were beginning to wonder how they could ever get out.

Talk about flying machines, here people reckon they travel by lightning. We heard somebody at the station say that his friend had just come by lightning. It is the mail train that claims this honor on account of the speed, which is generally between thirty and forty miles an hour.

It is thought lucky to find copper or silver, but woe betide you if you find gold. Some awful calamity is sure to overtake you. (I regret not having been able to put this to the test.)

The Indians say, if you wish to make an appointment with any of their countrymen for, say, five o'clock, it is best to tell them to be there at four and then you may not be disappointed. If you were to say five it would mean to them six.

A doctor, on coming to join a hospital, had had his photograph taken with the students at their request. Two months later he was leaving when they asked if he would very kindly be photographed again with them "Why a second time?" "Oh", said they, "that was your coming photograph, now we want your departing one." He remarked: " But I may break the camera." "No sir," they replied seriously, " we have a very strong one; it won't break."

I do not think anyone can say the beggars are a noble race, but everyone will agree that they are numerous. In a town of which the population is about seventy-five thousand

they declare they can boast of twenty thousand beggars! I believe they intend approaching Government on the subject, as they find this extravagant set rather difficult to satisfy. All styles of dress and undress are adopted by them. Some wear only a loin cloth, with very annoying bells attached, which "jingle all the way." Others are quite decently clad, and some even sport jewellery. Those who wish to pose as really artistic ornament their heads with the droppers one sees in the old-fashioned chandeliers at Home, which fall gracefully over the forehead.

Some are religious beggars who wear hair dressed very high; apparently they never have a bath—their aversion to cleanliness commends them, for we were told of one we saw, that he was so holy that he had not had a bath for forty years!

You meet them on the roads all over the city, and they bounce up to the door calling; "Oh great lady here is a beggar, give him something." And they tell you what they would like to have, to save you the trouble of thinking. They are seldom refused, as their curses are much dreaded. They always say, "What you give to the beggar will come back in blessing to you."

Friday is the great day for the Mahomedan beggars. There are crowds of them about. They always suggest a reason for giving, such as, "It is Sunday" or "Everything is expensive" — "You are my only hope, my father and mother" — "Today is a good day to give" — etc.

If one be tired of work, begging is not a bad thing to take to. There is a certain amount of excitement in it. You come in for a feast, such as on the birth of a son, or the anniversary of the death of a relative. A certain time during the year is set apart for the feeding of the beggars, every house entertains them. If anybody should be very ill and likely to die, it is considered favorable to throw silver and copper among them. We know a man who was sitting with a certain sum of money before him to give to the poor as soon as his son should be born. But alas! it was only a girl. They were so angry with the child that they actually slapped it. One may imagine how much better (?) a time the poor little girl-babies will have when India is ruled by her own people.

As for Self-government, I think it is lovely in theory to leave India to the Indians, as people in England are so fond of saying. The puzzle to me is to know how things would be settled. Would Mahomedans be content to be ruled by Hindus? Would Hindus, with their present education, be content to be under the power of the Mahomedans? And if neither of these would do, could it be settled for Hindus and Mahomedans to rule together?

Perhaps poor India has been bored by the peace which she has (not?) enjoyed under the British, and is longing to go back to her former happy state of excitement, when she proved such an attraction to the adventurous spirits across the border. It must be so

hum-drum having everything quiet after nine centuries of incessant bloodshed, and may be rather trying to be so well protected from an invasion, and to see no signs of an upset, unless an agitation is worked up by themselves. So far the attacks made have been against unarmed enemies and generally in the dark.

It is quite amusing to read in the papers about the Indian in England who is trying to intimidate the British from sending their relatives to this country as there are so many dangers. This argument has some weight evidently with Indians, as he uses it, but may our British name be wiped out long before the thought of danger would keep us from our duty. Sometimes one wonders if the British Lion is becoming sleepy.

Certainly the part of India I know best owes everything to British rule. The people themselves tell us that formerly, before we came, no one's life or property was safe, and no woman would dare to walk in the streets alone, or her jewels would be robbed. (You rarely see an Indian woman without some jewellery).

Many Indians say " What is all this agitation? It is only the work of fools. They don't know what they want, and are not content to be well off. We are very happy." Perhaps they feel like this here as they have not forgotten the days of Home Rule. A villager said to us not long ago, "May your rule ever continue." He was a Mahomedan, and it was they who had this province before us.

It is a pity there has been so much misunderstanding lately. It must be remembered that the agitators represent only-a very small minority. The Indians are a people who have only to be known to be appreciated. None respond more to a kindly interest. I have amongst them some firm friends. There is in them much to be admired. Of course they have faults, who has not?

As far as one can see India, has a great future before her. One wishes success to those of her sons who are really seeking the good of the country and not their own selfish advancement.