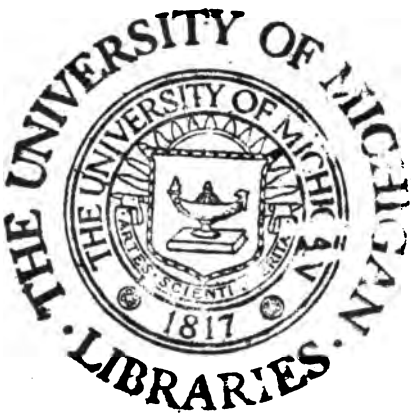
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS
1817
LIBRARIES

40

11

ENGLISH IMPRESSIONS,

GATHERED IN CONNECTION WITH THE INDIAN DELEGATION TO ENGLAND DURING THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1885.

BY

N. G. CHANDAVARKAR, B. A., LL. B.,

PLEADER, HIGH COURT.

"*A campaign which it is only the barest justice to say that the representatives of the native educated class have conducted, amidst disgraceful insults and slanders, with a dignity and magnanimity which is itself one of the best possible testimonies to the justice of their appeal*"—Pall Mall Gazette, *5th December, 1885.*

(*Registered under Act XXV of 1867.*)

MRS. RADHABAI ATMARAM SAGOON,

BOOK-SELLER, PUBLISHER, &c.

135, Kalkadevi Road.

Bombay:-

PRINTED AT THE

ARYAN TRACT & BOOK DEPOT'S PRINTING PRESS.

1887

PREFACE.

The following pages are, with the exception of the two last chapters, merely a reprint of certain articles which appeared last year in the columns of the *Indu Prakash* newspaper. They are republished in the present form at the suggestion of many friends of the writer.

N. G. C.

Bombay.
11. February 1887.

(I.)

THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1885.

A period of General Election in England means a period of great political excitement. Always proud of his vote, it is then particularly that John Bull seems to feel that he is a freeman and not a slave. Wherever you go, politics and the prospects of the two great parties form the principal topic of conversation. On the windows of shops and even of houses placards are found pasted, some with the words:—"Vote for Mr.—,the Liberal Candidate"; others with the words:—"Vote for—,the Conservative and Constitutional Candidate." People with time and money in their hands, traders, shop-keepers, publicans and priests, even women and children,—all, each in his or her own way, take part in the excitement. There are of course men who take things quietly, hardly care to attend political meetings, look upon the period as a curse, mind their own business, and, when canvassers and election-agents wait upon them, refuse to bind themselves by any pledge, wishing to "keep their minds clear until the day of the poll." But in England, where politics and parties go before everything, the number of such men cannot be very large. For, generally speaking, a man's political opinions seem to be determined for him at his birth. A man is born either Whig or Tory. When he grows up, he may change or remain neutral. But even then he is forced by self-interest or something else to side with one party or the other. I have seen houses in villages and counties displaying flags and banners as either Tory or Whig ensigns; and children are to be seen going about in dress exhibiting the colours of the party to which their parents belong. In the streets I have met swarms of them running about and calling for "three cheers" for some favourite Parliamentary candidate.

Party spirit in fact runs so high that few, it seems, can live in the land without being drawn into its vortex. The pressure of political excitement is felt to be so great that instances have not been rare of men dying immediately after making speeches at large meetings or on returning from the polling booths after dropping their votes into the ballot-box. And a new kind of fever, known as election fever, has been discovered as being due to it.

It has been said that Englishmen go "mad" during a period of General Election; and to strangers not acquainted with the ancient traditions and the political growth of England, the country is apt to present at such a period the appearance of a bear-garden—a place, where, it would seem, people delighted to live in a state of perpetual quarrel. At no other period do you find the statesmen of one party attacking the statesmen of the other with so much bitterness. The attacks become very often even grossly personal. During the campaign of 1885 it was usual to hear speakers at Conservative meetings denounce Mr. Gladstone as "an arch-humbug", Mr. Chamberlain as "an atheist" and "a plunderer of other people's property"; while speakers at Liberal meetings were not behind-hand in pouring forth abuse on the statesmen of the Conservative party. Lord Randolph Churchill, whom the latter regarded as their "coming man", suffered perhaps the worst at the hands of his political opponents. One speaker at a Liberal meeting described him as "a politician with a very elastic conscience"; while I have often heard his Lordship spoken of by the Liberals as one who was given to "stealing *their* coats." Nor was this bitterness of party feeling confined to platform orators and political meetings. Even the theatres did not escape the contagion. At a dramatic performance, which I had gone to witness one night, I found to my surprise that even on such occasions nothing fetched an English audience so well as a political hit, directed against some leading statesman, whose principles they disliked. One of the

actors, while playing his part, evidently wished to rouse his audience by saying something smart and witty. He first tried to feel the audience—to ascertain if the majority consisted of Liberals or Conservatives—by simply saying:—"There's one Joe Chamberlain of Birmingham". The mention of Mr. Chamberlain's name gave rise to groans and hisses from the fashionable portion of the audience gathered in the dress circle and the galleries and those who cheered appeared plainly in a minority. The actor saw at once that he had to deal with a Tory majority. "I've caught it," he said—meaning that he had found out which way the political feelings of a majority of those present were running. "Now"—he proceeded to say—"that chap wishes to give away other people's property and save his own." This hit led to peals of applause from the Tory majority, and, though every time they cheered, the Liberal minority groaned and hissed, the groans were drowned in the cheers and the Tory part of the audience seemed to have the best of it. The result was that actors were turned into spectators and the spectators became actors. The man on the stage having roused the political passions of the men and women before him seemed for the time to enjoy the fun. While the audience kept on for several minutes exhibiting their political feelings by their groans, hisses, and cheers, the actor for his part kept on repeating—"Well, I've caught it and caught it well too". One might have expected the pulpits at least to be free from the spirit of party rancour. But during the General Election of 1885 even they were drawn in. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of disestablishment, of free land and free education, had ruffled the spirits of the parsons and priests; and self-interest sharpened the wits of some of them. In their Sunday sermons many of them made a special point of the elections then impending; advised their hearers "to gird up their loins" and "meet this monster of demagogism and democracy in the face." Some even went so far as to tell their flock that if they should vote for the Liberals, they would have to pay for it

very dearly. The first thing, they said, the Liberals would do, if they returned to power, would be "to plunder the Church". "And if the Church be plundered", one asked, "where will you be? After your death, you will have no Christian burials. Your dead bodies will be thrown to the winds for the birds to feed upon". I was told that many of the electors, who would have otherwise voted for the Liberals, voted for the Tories, scared away by the vehemence of pulpit eloquence. A more amusing instance of the ludicrous length to which people carried their party spirit was this. It was some days before the elections commenced. Mr. Gladstone, who was then in London, happened one day to visit a second-hand book-shop. He walked up to the place. Immediately on its becoming known in that part of the city that "the Grand Old Man" was there, a large crowd congregated outside the shop, ready for a demonstration in the ex-Premier's honor. Mr. Gladstone saw that he was rather awkwardly situated. He had bought the book he wanted but how was he to get out? He could not walk back to his residence as quietly as he had come to the shop. Finding his difficulty, Mr L—, a trader, who happened to drive in his trap to the place just then on business, offered it to Mr. Gladstone and the latter readily availed himself of Mr. L—'s kindness. When the report spread in that part of London that Mr. L— had lent his trap to Mr. Gladstone, a burly churchwarden, who was one of Mr. L—'s customers and who was evidently a red-hot Tory, visited the latter's shop, enquired if the report was true, and on being informed that it was forthwith directed Mr. L—to strike out his name from the list of his customers. Some days after this occurrence, a speaker at a Liberal meeting referred to it as an instance of the extent to which, he thought, Tories carried their bitterness and prejudice. He refrained, however, from giving out the name of either Mr. L—or the churchwarden. The audience, which was moved to indignation by the conduct of the latter, called for his name. The speaker refused to give it on the ground that Mr. L— had desired him to

keep it secret. The speaker, however, was not allowed to go on with his speech for some time. "Give us the name," cried several voices, "before you go on". The speaker felt considerably embarrassed. Had he mentioned the name, the windows of the churchwarden's house would have been probably found the next morning smashed. For a time he seemed not to know what to do; he stood mute in a thoughtful mood, the indignant audience, which was growing impatient, all the while calling vociferously for the churchwarden's name. At last a happy thought suggested itself to the speaker, who very ingeniously got out of the difficulty by saying:—"Gentlemen, I have already told you that the gentleman who informed me of this incident has desired me not to mention the churchwarden's name. And I have pledged my word not to mention it. Well, were I a Tory, I should not have hesitated to break my word. But you know I am a Liberal. And you, who are Liberals too, will, I trust, not press me for the name". This had its effect on the audience. They no longer pressed for the name.

This spirit of political rancour may seem strange in the case of a nation, which has achieved greatness and held its own by the force of unity among those who compose it; and I know many people regret the party spirit, which animates political life in England always but more especially during a period of General Election. But for all that, however much Englishmen may grow fanatical in party matters, they are patriots first and partisans afterwards. Mr. Chamberlain has said bitter things about Lord Randolph Churchill; and the latter has not in his turn spared him. Nevertheless, I have been informed on excellent authority that both are friends. Another thing that struck me as a most admirable feature of the English character was John Bull's sanguine temperament and the courage with which he manfully bears himself up under defeat or against adverse circumstances. What puzzled me for some time was the hopeful attitude of both the parties. Before

the elections commenced the Conservatives were certain that the Liberals would be defeated; the Liberals, on the other hand, entertained no doubt that a clean sweep would be made of the Conservatives. Each party seemed to be 'cocksure' of its own success; and never liked to own that it had its own obstacles to combat. For the purpose of ensuring success no stone is left unturned. As soon as Sir Charles Dilke's election, for instance, by a small majority in the borough of Chelsea was declared, the Liberals placarded it all round that it might encourage the other boroughs, where the elections were still to take place, to elect Liberals. The Conservatives, on the other hand, did not fail to make much of the fact that Mr. Whitmore, Sir Charles's opponent, had won a great moral victory and run a close race with him. If the Liberals work by means of their "caucus"—as the well-known organization, the successful growth of which in Birmingham is mainly due to Mr. Schnadhorst, is derisively but perhaps most unfairly termed by the Conservatives—the latter use the influence of what are called "the Dames of the Primose League". The former body has a council of two thousand members in Birmingham who are all elected. The influence of the latter was confined during the elections of 1885 to London and places near it but even then one could see that this political organization of ladies was likely to extend itself beyond the metropolitan boroughs. The idea of utilising the services of the gentler sex for party purposes seems to have originated with the Tories, because women are regarded by them as "the strictest conservators of usage". Another striking fact is the spirit of boldness with which comparatively unknown men stand to oppose even leading statesmen. Mr. Chamberlain's opponent was hardly known in Birmingham. Nor had he acquired any political reputation. The same might to some extent be said of Mr. Dalrymple, Mr. Gladstone's opponent. Lord Randolph Churchill did not hesitate to compete with Mr. Bright; and Mr. Skinner did not fear to oppose Lord Randolph in South Paddington. The less known

candidate starts in the contest, well knowing of course that he has no chance. Nevertheless he does not flinch from it and enters into it with all his energy, zeal, and zest. No man—that seems to be the idea in England—is too small for party fights, provided he has the sinews of war and can pay his way. If he cannot win an election, he can at least fight for his views and enjoy the satisfaction of having done his best to educate the electors—to fight, as the phrase goes, "an educational battle". Mr. Heald, who unsuccessfully stood in the Liberal interests for a county in East Sussex, told me only a day before his defeat that he was sure he was not going to win, but that he had gone into expense and stood up merely with a view to attack what had been for years a Tory stronghold, where squires and landlords ruled supreme and the farmers and working men were helpless. For his zealous advocacy of the cause of the latter he had made himself very unpopular with the former. But he was not to be put down by anything. He fought to the last and when I saw him after his defeat, he appeared none the worse for it. It looked as if Englishmen could enjoy defeat no less than victory.

We in India may learn something from all this. If we feel at all, we must, like Englishmen, learn to feel strongly. Nothing is so much needed among us as unswerving loyalty to one's principles. Defeat should not discourage us; nor should obstacles prevent us from working actively to see that our principles in the long run succeed. In everything we try to maintain, we must try to carry the masses with us. Political sentiment must be largely diffused—even women and children must be taught to share it with men. The people must be taught to know and also to think and to feel. And, above all, we must learn to agree and also to differ. It is this feature of the English character—their staunch adherence to settled principles, their patriotism and the energy with which, regardless of all considerations of time and money, they strive for the success of their principles and views—that commends it most to one's admiration.

(II.)

THE ELECTION DAYS.

As stated in the previous chapter, before the commencement of the elections each of the two parties professed to be sure that it was going to defeat the other. The Liberals were indeed well aware that they had a formidable league of influential class interests arrayed against them. They knew that Parnell had resolved to "throttle" their party and that at his dictation the Irish electors in many of the constituencies in England were going to vote "solid" for the Conservatives. It was also almost certain that the shop-keepers and traders, suffering from a somewhat long-continued period of depression in trade while the Liberals had been last in office, were inclined to give a chance to Lord Salisbury's Government; that, in fact, the five P's, as Mr. Chamberlain once described the Parnellites, protectionists, parsons, priests, and publicans, had combined, as it were, to prevent the return of Mr. Gladstone's party to power and to bring about a Conservative majority. But the Liberals hoped to make up for it all with the vote of the agricultural labourer in the counties, "Hodge" of the "New Democracy"—as the labourer enfranchised by the last Parliament of 1880–85 was called—they almost felt sure would enable them to score a victory. In other words, while the Conservatives relied upon the boroughs, the Liberals relied upon the counties. It was with these prospects for the two parties that the elections commenced.

Lord Randolph Churchill had a few days before the elections spoken of the Conservative Ministry as "a Ministry of good luck." And for some time good luck did indeed seem to shine upon it. The fixing of the date of each election rests with the Government: and Lord Salisbury, who was in office when Parliament dissolved, had so arranged the dates that the cause of

the Conservatives was able to gain a little from it. He put the elections in the boroughs first and the elections in the counties afterwards. Whether this was done on purpose it is more than one can say; but the arrangement did succeed so far that it gave the Conservative cause a good starting point. The main strength of that cause lay in the boroughs; and the belief in England is that the constituencies that begin, sometimes if not always, lead more or less the constituencies that follow. If a large number of the former go over to one party, the latter are apt to catch the contagion and vote likewise. I was told that this was what happened at the General Elections of 1880. Then the constituencies that began the elections sent a Liberal majority; and those that elected afterwards took the cue from them and thus ensured the success of the Liberal cause. Probably in giving the borough elections precedence over the elections in counties last November, Lord Salisbury counted upon the probability that the success of his party in the former would lead to its success in the latter also. When the few boroughs that started the elections went over Tory, the rest followed their example so much so that the Conservatives, who had till then doubts about "Hodge", began to believe that he too would very likely side with them. It looked for some time as if the Conservative cause was carrying everything before it. Even the weather was on its side. For two or three days after the elections commenced London was enveloped in fog and rain; and fog and rain, it is believed, have a tendency to drive men Tory. Men of wealth generally belong to that party, while the Liberals represent the working and industrial classes. The former can command any number of horses and carriages to convey electors to the polling booths; the Liberals cannot and to them fog and rain mean the loss of many votes. While going round several of the metropolitan boroughs on the polling days, I was able to convince myself of this last fact. The carriages conveying Conservative electors to the polling booths were not only "stylish' in look but largely

outnumbered the carriages conveying Liberal electors. Where the Tories made use of broughams, the Liberals tried to make the best of open traps and dogcarts. In some places, even tradesmen's vans and spring carts were used; and in one place even fire-engines were brought into requisition. With the decided superiority of their conveying power, the Tories, assisted by fog and rain and helped on by the five P's, went on triumphing all round till two events happened, which suddenly turned the tide against them. Mr. Gladstone's election in Midlothian by a majority of nearly 4000 voters revived the damping spirits of the Liberals, and, curiously enough, that election was followed by a few days of fine weather. Then it was that things suddenly began to look up for the Liberal cause. "Hodge" went the way of Midlothian and voted outright for "the Grand Old Man."

It is on a polling day that the excitement of a General Election reaches its highest pitch, and though fog and rain took away much of the incentive to it in most of the boroughs, yet it was kept up by the electors so far as the state of the weather permitted. In some places street fights took place, "roughs" interested in one party mobbed men belonging to the other, and the police had to interfere. In others quaint-looking placards were issued, either describing or caricaturing party principles. The Liberals in one place, being staunch advocates of the principles of free trade with which the names of Cobden and Bright are associated, made a caricature of Lord Salisbury's advocacy of protection by displaying two big loaves, one called *Free Trade* and weighing 8 lbs, the other called *Fair Trade* and weighing one lb. The Conservatives in another, irritated by Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Jessie Collings's scheme for buying out the landlords and allotting lands among the farmers and the unemployed,—the scheme well-known as that of the "three acres and a cow"—exhibited a cow called "The Radical Cow", which was led through the streets by an agricultural labourer. In a hird place the Liberals got up a procession, carrying small

loaves and herrings, illustrating the scanty fare which working men would have to live upon in the event of Lord Salisbury coming into power and enforcing the principles of protection. And what added to the excitement, which prevailed at some of the places, was the manner in which men that were either blind or crippled were led to the polling booths and enabled to exercise their right to vote. I have seen old men carried by sturdy persons on their backs. In one place, a man came to a candidate, with whom I was then standing, and informed him that a conveyance was wanted for an elector, who was suffering from fever and cold, but who was nevertheless anxious to go to the polling booth and vote for him. A carriage was immediately despatched and the man, sick as he was, came assisted by his wife and the man just mentioned, and returned after dropping his vote into the ballot box. Men and even women volunteer their services for the purpose of conducting blind, crippled, or lame electors to the polling places. Most in fact think it their duty to labour for their party; and many look upon the labour as a labour of love. All this time the candidates and their agents are to be found running from their committee rooms to the polling booths and from the polling booths to the committee rooms. It is in this way that the excitement is kept up until the close of the poll at eight o'clock in the evening. About that time the excitement begins sensibly to increase. A large crowd is then seen to assemble in front of the counting office to await the declaration of the poll. A little after it strikes eight, the doors of the office are closed, none being admitted inside by the returning officer and his deputies except the candidates, their election agents, and such of their friends as have been sworn in as their "counters". While the counting goes on inside, the large crowd outside, composed of both Liberals and Conservatives, of men, women and children, does not stand still. Each party keeps on calling for "three cheers" for its candidate and that is followed by groans and hisses from the opposite side. When the counting is over and

the doors of the office are reopened for the declaration of the poll, the scene that follows is simply indescribable. Each party outside looks forward for "good news" and stands, as it were, on the tip-toe of expectation. And when the name of the elected candidate is made known, you hear nothing but cheers and groans and hisses. The elected candidate's supporters call for a speech and he speaks like "a conquering hero," thanks his supporters, and concludes by trusting that the hard things he had said of his opponent and his opponent had said of him during the election contests would be forgotten by both and good humour would return. Then the other party call for a speech from their candidate who is the defeated one. He too has to speak. He has to pluck up for at least the time being all the courage he can summon, forget his disappointment and show to his supporters and opponents alike that in spite of defeat he is as jolly as ever. If he betray any sign of dejection or discomfiture he is almost sure to suffer in the estimation of all—he would be cast away as a coward, unfit for the manly game of politics. Though defeated, he must not forget that he is a Briton, and show both in word and in deed as if to a Briton defeat never comes. Bearing this in mind, he puts on a manly appearance, thanks his supporters, and ends by hoping that if bad luck has attended him this time, better luck would be with him next time.

(III.)

THE ENGLISH WORKING MEN.

(*Part First.*)

"The nation", said Mr. Bright on one occasion, "dwells in the cottage"; and it is there, I believe, more than anywhere else

that you generally find the genuine Englishman—with little or no humbug about him, a model of unaffected courtesy, and with sympathies of the right sort. Nothing is calculated to impress a foreigner visiting England more strikingly than the intelligence, the shrewdness, and the wit of the lower classes generally but of the working classes particularly. On the day of my arrival at London, the very first man with whom I entered into conversation was a hair-cutter. He seemed to know a good deal of politics and interested me greatly by his talk about some of the leading statesmen of the day in England. More still, he surprised me by his criticism of some of the measures of Mr. Gladstone's last administration. Seeing that he had something of the politician in him, I asked him if he was an elector himself and he replied he was. "Well", I further queried him, "you wouldn't mind my asking you whom you are going to vote for—the Conservatives or the Liberals". And this was his answer:—"There ain't any doubt, Sir, the present Government (meaning, Lord Salisbury's), have done well since taking office; but old Gladstone also I like and so I am puzzled." I came across another hair-cutter and that was during my visit to Manchester—a very voluble man, who seemed proud to tell me that he was a Tory. He spoke indignantly of Mr. Chamberlain, who, he said, "was sending the country to the dogs"—the common cry of Mr. Chamberlain's detractors and political opponents. But the hair-cutter I met in Honiton, Devonshire, seemed still more intelligent and shrewd. That was the county, of which Sir John Phear was the Liberal candidate; and when soon after my arrival there I enquired of Sir John's election-agent and some other Liberals of the place as to how his chances stood, they said they were so far "splendid". I put the same query subsequently to my hair-cutter; but he gave me no hopes. And his forecast, which was proved correct by the subsequent result of the poll, was based on this that Honiton was an old Tory place, and that as Sir John's opponent was a local landlord of great influence, who had

represented the county in the House of Commons during the last sixteen years, there was not much hope for the Liberal cause there. Hair-cutters, however, are everywhere a garrulous class; the nature of their occupation perhaps makes them so. It brings them daily in contact with a number of people of all classes and that perhaps accounts for the political sagacity, which those I came across while in England exhibited in their talk. But they are not the only class, however, that amaze you by their fund of information and their shrewd remarks on politics. Even the servants seem to have more or less of the political faculty. For instance, the morning after our meeting in Swansea, I asked the man, who was waiting on me at the place where I was staying, to bring me the morning's local papers. He handed me a copy of the *Western Mail* and said:—"This gives an account of your meeting, Sir". That being the paper, of which I had heard Mr. J. M. Maclean to be one of the proprietors, I expressed my surprise that it had reported the proceedings of our meeting. The waiter thought I felt surprised because I had not expected a Conservative organ to report our speeches. So he remarked very shrewdly:—"But yours was not a political meeting, Sir". I asked him:—"What do you mean? It *was* political". "Oh! I mean it had nothing to do with our parties". "Then do you call party meetings only political meetings?" "Yes, Sir, that's what we mean here when we talk of a political meeting". I was not till then aware of this and I doubted if the man was drawing a difference which was popularly received. But when some days after, Sir Charles Dilke, who presided at one of the meetings, where we spoke, asked us about the Associations by whom we had been deputed, we toldhim they were "political" Associations. He said they could not be called "political" for the reason that they were neither Liberal nor Conservative. This removed my doubt and I found that my Swansea waiter was in the right.

More remarkable even are the intelligence and the sound

common sense of what are called the English working men—the men that live by manual labour, that daily crowd in the factories and the mills and whom Mr. Gladstone once described as "the huge toiling masses of the community". Of that intelligence and that common sense I was able to find abundant proofs at several public meetings attended very largely by working men. For one thing they are more demonstrative in their enthusiasm as well as in their indignation than any other class of the British public. Attend a meeting where the audience is mostly made up of men of a higher rank in life and a meeting of the working classes. The contrast is most easily perceptible. The mention of the name of a statesman popular with the former does, of course, draw forth cheers but they lack the lively enthusiasm of the cheers that one witnesses at a meeting of the latter kind. For instance, at Birmingham we attended two meetings—one where Mr. Chamberlain spoke, the other where Mr. Bright spoke, both very largely attended by working men. The first was held in the Grand Theatre which could hold three thousand people. The seats in the galleries and the dress circle, in fact every inch of space, were occupied. When Mr. Chamberlain appeared on the platform every single man in the audience rose and received him with tremendous cheering. When he rose to speak, the same scene followed. At first he stood in the middle of the stage, when some lustily cried out:—"Step a little to the front, Joey", Joey being the abbreviation of Mr. Chamberlain's Christian name Joseph. In the course of his speech, criticising Lord Randolph Churchill, he said:—"Lord Randolph is a man of great ability, great shrewdness and"—but before he added another word, a working man in one of the galleries supplied it by crying out—"cheek". Mr. Chamberlain, pointing his finger to the man, said "boldness" as much as to say that the man was right in suggesting the word "cheek" but that he would instead use the word "boldness". The second meeting—Mr. Bright's—

was held in the Town Hall of Birmingham and there were, I think, more than four thousand people present. It was there that we were able to realise most vividly the highly affectionate esteem in which Mr. Bright is held by the class, for whom with Cobden he had striven hard and successfully to win cheap bread. When Mr. Bright appeared on the platform, the audience received him standing. And when he sat down and before the chairman rose to open the proceedings of the meeting, the working men sang one of the election songs with an enthusiasm, the like of which we had never before witnessed. When Mr. Bright rose to speak, the audience rose with him and then again an election song was sung. He began his address in a low voice and a working man cried out:—"Speak up, Johnny." When after Mr. Bright a speaker in the course of his remarks mentioned as an instance of the former's honesty the fact that on one occasion he had resigned his office as a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet because he had not been able to agree with his colleagues, a man cried out:—" Honest John! " At one meeting, the audience consisting almost entirely of working men, they quietly heard a Conservative candidate. While he was addressing, not a single man interrupted him and this led the candidate and his friends there to suppose that the men were converted to his views. When the chairman, however, put the formal resolution that those there present approved of his candidature &c., to the meeting, 650 working men out of an audience of 800 people voted against it. At another meeting a candidate having spoken of his opponent as "a man of no means", the audience—here again they were mostly working men—grew indignant. A man got up and asked the candidate what they had to do with his wealth—whether in the event of his election he was going to make a present to them of his "money bags". They would not allow him to go on. He tried hard to secure a hearing; but the working men had made up their mind and the candidate had to sit down. Mr. Dumphreys, the opponent of Mr. Chamberlain at

the elections of 1885, received a similar treatment on one occasion. Finding that he was being interrupted when he was addressing, he remarked that certain men were sent there for creating a disturbance at the meeting. The remark was not favourably received—the noise grew louder, the interruptions more frequent, and the meeting had to be brought to an abrupt close. A still more interesting incident, which is illustrative of the wit that working men show they possess, was narrated to me by an English friend. A speaker, addressing a meeting, tried to descant at some length on the virtues of a gentleman, who, it appears, had died shortly before. He went on asking:—"What place are we to give this great man that is gone? Are we to rank him with the Apostles or with Moses?" And so he proceeded in the same strain, uttering a good many of similar names, and every five minutes repeating his question:—"What place, I ask you, gentlemen, are we to give him?" The audience was getting impatient and feeling bored, hoping every minute the rant would end. No one for a time ventured to interrupt him. At last a working man ventured to rise and said—"Don't you trouble yourself any more, Sir, about it. Here is my place ready for the man you are talking of. Give it to him and relieve us." The audience roared with laughter; the speaker lost his balance and to the relief of all sat perplexed.

(IV.)

THE ENGLISH WORKMEN.

(*Part Second.*)

In my last on this subject I bore testimony from my personal observation, such as it has been, to the shrewdness, wit, and intelligence of the working classes in England. It is often

the fashion, however, among some people, generally those belonging to what are called the privileged classes of English society, to describe the working men as ignorant and illiterate. As one instance, I might mention that I was more amused than surprised to hear an Anglo-Indian gentleman, a passenger on board the S. S. Assam, in which I returned to India, remark to another passenger in the course of a conversation on the results of the elections of 1885 that Liberalism was mostly confined in England to what he called "the boors and bucolics" of the country—men, who, he said, were apt on account of their ignorance to be led away by what he described as "the tempting bait of Mr. Chamberlain's radical programme". The other passenger being, like the speaker himself, a Tory, readily assented. Their opinion was not, however, singular, for it is held by many and it may be partly perhaps founded upon prejudice. Just before the elections there appeared in the *Daily News* a series of articles on "The New Democracy", describing pretty faithfully, I should think, the improvement made by the working classes since 1872 in point of their intellectual status and political information, and the prejudices entertained against them as a class by persons opposed to their advancement. In one of those articles the writter thus observed of the working men:—"I have been at scores of working.men's meetings—which are the same thing as Radical meetings—and can say that in no single instance have I heard any bitter recrimination against persons but only criticism (of the most merciless sort certainly) of useless institutions. What you hear in the debating rooms of the potteries is what you may hear from a thousand platforms in the British isles". A more straightforward set of people it would be difficult to find. The story about Mr. Mill is well-known. When at the General Election of 1865 he stood for Westminster as a Radical candidate, his opponents, while denouncing him as an atheist and infidel, tried to create a prejudice against him by bringing out a remark made by him in one of his works that the working classes

of England were given to lying. At one of his meetings he was publicly questioned if he had ever made such a remark. Mr. Mill frankly and fearlessly answered that he had. The effect the answer had on the working men may be described in the words of Mr. Justin Mc. Carthy:—"The boldness and frankness of the reply struck home to the manhood of the working men who listened to him. Here they saw a leader who would never shrink from telling them the truth. They greeted his answer with vehement applause, and Mr. Mill was returned to Parliament by a majority of some hundreds over the Conservative competitor". The nice little hits and the appropriate remarks which working-men make at meetings by way of interruption, while a man is addressing, are often very happy; and they show that they generally take care to be informed on political questions. At the close of Mr. Bright's meeting in Birmingham, a number of working men gathered round us and asked various questions about India, particularly about our system of local self-government. They seemed to understand and follow all we told them, to judge from the queries they put to us; and that showed that they could not be quite so ignorant and illiterate as some would think they are. I could say the same thing of the working men I met in Maidstone. At their desire I visited the Paper Manufactory of that place; and had there a fairly good opportunity of conversing with them. And the impression they made on me was very favourable. In one place at the close of my address a number of working-men gathered round me, and one gentleman—not a working man—observed that there were two things which he did not like in my address. I had, he said, harped too much on the blessings we had derived from British rule in India, which, in his opinion, was superfluous and unnecessary. I had, again, he said, on one or two occasions addressed the audience as "our rulers", while I should have spoken of them as "our fellow-subjects". I looked to the working men around me to see if they were also of the same

opinion. One of them said to me:—"Doesn't matter, Sir. Speak your own way. It is better to be moderate". The others agreed. On another occasion when I was addressing a meeting of working men, one got up and said—"Speak of Fawcett". At our meeting in Swansea in the course of his address Mr. Mudaliyar told the audience that self-interest made us strongly desire the prosperity and continuance of British rule in India, because it had conferred on us many blessings. "It had", he said, "for instance, given us a common language. But for English, I should not have been able to make myself understood by my brother delegates; we do not know one another's vernacular". Whereupon a man asked—"Do you know Welsh?", the point of the question being that difference of languages had not prevented the English and the Welsh from uniting. So, why should it prevent union among the people in India? At a meeting of working men held one evening in the Cobden Club, one of the speakers referred to a letter which had appeared that morning in the *Times*; but before he proceeded to state from whom it was and what it was about, a working man asked:—"Is it from Bramwell?" The question was doubtless suggested to him by the fact that letters over the signature of "B" had been from time to time appearing in the *Times* on agricultural and other questions. They were believed generally to proceed from the pen of Lord Bramwell and the question showed how English working men were taking interest in all that was being said in the papers on such of the controversial topics of the day as concerned them as a class. Mr. Broadhurst, who represented the Bordesley division of Birmingham in the last House of Commons, is a working man. We had the pleasure of making his acquaintance at the meeting in the Grand Theatre. He was among the speakers and his eloquence as well as his ability to deal with political quesions struck me as very creditable to him. I was present at a meeting held at the John Bright Club, where a working man delivered an address on the pyramids of

Egypt. So ably did he deal with the subject that I was led to think he had probably seen the pyramids; but on enquiry it turned out that he had never been to the place and had all his knowledge derived from the books he had taken care to read and master on the subject. Is it a wonder, then, that a class that is so industrious, open-hearted, and quick-witted, and so full of enthusiasm and common sense, is said to form "the backbone of the English community?"

Men of all parties in England seem more or less to realise this. During the election contests of 1885, it was usual to find candidates, Conservative as well as Liberal, those steeped in aristocratic notions as well as the disciples of the "new democracy", posing as the champions of the working man. One candidate, who in India made his fame as a Jingo of Jingos, with all his Indian notions of "high-caste men" and "low-caste men", tried to secure the support of the working-men in his constituency by telling them that he had started in life without a shilling in his pocket. Another gentleman, equally aristocratic, had advertised himself as "the Working-Man's Candidate", though the working men repudiated his claim to that title. Mr. Evelyn, who opposed Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose in Deptford, on one occasion told his constituents that the latter, being a high caste native, could not be said to be a representative of the working classes of India. Mr. Ghose made an effective retort by telling the working men that he was proud to say he was descended from ancestors, who had followed the humble but useful occupation of selling milk. In fact the working classes seem to be feared by their detractors as much as they are respected by their friends, and that because they represent, in a sense, the power of the country. That power is increasing and as the landlords were the class of the past, so it would seem the workmen are coming to be the class of the future in England. That such a class is full of genuine sympathy for the people of India ought to be to us a matter of great and sincere satisfaction. As Mr.

Chamberlain said of them at one of his meetings where we were present, in the English working classes the people of India have a tribunal, on whose sense of justice, fair play, and true sympathy they may always rely.

(V.)

CLUBS.

Some stir was created during the period of excitement, which shortly preceded the General Election of 1885, by a disparaging remark made about that time by Mr. Gladstone regarding clubs and club-frequenters. I forget the occasion which called forth that remark but seeing that Englishmen of all parties, whether Liberals or Conservatives, Radicals or Tory Democrats, are fond of clubs, and that clubs in England have become a power in the country, exercising silent but for all that great influence, Mr. Gladstone's observation that they were the rendezvous of idlers was naturally received by many with considerable surprise. The institution has taken deep root in the country so much so that it would not be inapt to say club-life is English life. What Macaulay has said in his "History of England" of London coffee-houses of the year 1685 may be said of many of the clubs that one sees in and about "the great Babylon" of the modern world. They form, as it were, "the Londoner's home" and such of them as are political are "the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vents itself".

In fact every class of society has gone in for them. There are clubs for ladies as there are clubs for gentlemen—working mens' clubs as there are farmers' clubs. There are the Alexandra

and the Somerville Club, both for ladies only. Of the former no one can be a member who is not entitled to the privilege of attending Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms. Of the latter I shall write at some length later on. There are clubs that are non-political, such as the Pall Mall, Salisbury, Saville and others. These, I was told, are frequented by men, who are not strong political partisans and who pass for either moderate or indifferent men in party matters. Men of literary or artistic tastes and pursuits resort to such as the Athenœum, the Arundel or the Arts Club. They have also in London what is called the Bachelors' club. It is, as the name itself signifies, meant for unmarried men, but a member is allowed to continue after marriage on certain conditions. Working men resort to such as the Cobden or the John Bright Club. The former has a large Hall, thrown open to all kinds of political or other meetings. Perhaps the most interesting of all is what is called the Traveller's Club in Pall Mall, of which I read that no person shall be considered eligible to its membership, "who shall not have travelled out of the British Islands to a distance of at least 500 miles from London in a direct line"!

But the clubs that form the centre of attraction are the great political clubs in the metropolis. It is they that exercise great influence, and it is there that men of both parties draw their inspiration and form their opinions. The Liberals resort either to the National Liberal, or the Devonshire (called after the Duke of Devonshire, father of the Marquis of Hartington), or the Reform, as the Conservatives resort to the Carlton, the Constitutional or St. Stephen's. The Reform and the Carlton are situated very near each other in Pall Mall. The former is frequented mostly by the Whig section of the Liberal party and has a more aristocratic look about it than the National Liberal. But the latter is fast rising in importance and is already regarded as the main centre for Liberals in the metropolis. It has on its

roll more than five thousand members and I was told by my friend Mr. William Digby, its energetic Secretary, that applications for membership were daily increasing in number. The building in which it is at present located is not sufficiently large or spacious; but its attraction is that it is in the very heart of the city. A new house is being constructed for the Club and, when completed, with its large and decorated dining hall, it will be a most magnificent building. Just opposite the place where the National Liberal is now located, a splendid and spacious house is building for "the Constitutional Club". The Northbrook Club is also in a fine building. It is meant for Anglo-Indian and Indian residents in England, but I was sorry to hear from Sir George Birdwood and others that some Indian residents were not making use of it as largely as they ought to. The provincial towns are not behind the metropolis in respect of clubs. The Manchester Reform Club and the Newcastle Liberal Club are equal to any first class club in London. Speaking of the former, it may not be out of place to mention here what I heard from the gentleman, who presided at the dinner given at the Club in honor of the Indian Delegates. He said:—"Do you know how such dinners are arranged? When I heard one morning that you were to visit Manchester, I ran immediately to the Club, wrote in the *Suggestion Book* that the delegates should be invited to dinner and that members wishing to join should subscribe each a certain amount. Well, in a few hours I found more than a hundred signatures of members, approving of the idea and willing to join". So, again, at the National Liberal, one day while the elections were in full swing, a few members happened to talk about certain cases of intimidation exercised upon ignorant and poor voters. Well, the very next morning I found to my surprise that the talking had led to acting—a Voters' Protection Fund had been started, many had readily joined it, and what had been a mere idea the day before became an accompolished fact the day after!

But it is during the election days that you ought to see a

Club and the excitement that then prevails at it. I had taken my quarters during the greater portion of my stay in London in the National Liberal and was thus both day and night an eye-witness of that excitement. The Press Association, between which and the Club there was direct telegraphic communication, reported the declaration of each night's poll and hundreds of members used to gather there every night during the election days. The results used to be received until two o'clock in the morning. On the first night we had the results of what were called uncontested elections—of candidates returned unopposed. These of course did not excite any interest. But it was from the second night that real excitement commenced. That was the night when the results of the poll in most of the metropolitan boroughs were declared; and as most of the results were unfavourable to the Liberal cause, the National Liberal Club presented that night a sight of mourning. Among the hundreds of members and visitors, interested in the success of the Liberal cause, there were men that were comparatively old and men that were comparatively young. As each telegraphic communication went that night to swell the Conservative majority, the elderly members present, seated in the chairs, with glasses of whisky and soda by their side, muttered disappointment but on the whole seemed to take things with philosophic coolness. But not so the more youthful and active members present. With them each defeat of the Liberal party was a signal for groans and hisses and for cries of "Down with the Parsons and Priests". Such men as Prof. Thorold Rogers looked particularly downcast that night for the bad turn the elections were taking in the metropolitan boroughs as regards the Liberal cause. The third night was to be declared the result of the poll in Birmingham, and the eagerness to know it brought into the Club a larger number than had been present the previous night. When the telegraph brought Mr. Bright's name first and Lord Randolph Churchill's after it, throughout the large Hall of the

Club there was tremendous cheering; but somehow the figures of Mr. Bright's majority were, as given out by the telegraphic instrument in the Club, illegible. Those present became unusually impatient to know by how many votes Mr. Bright had defeated Lord Randolph. A few members ran at once in the direction of the Reform Club; some others ran to the Grand Hotel just opposite the National Liberal and in a few minutes we were able to know that Mr. Bright's majority was not more than 700. The fourth night we had Mr. Herbert Gladstone and several other successful Liberal candidates at the Club. That became a night for political talk and speeches, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed then because of the tremendous majority by which Mr. Gladstone had been returned for Midlothian.

The Somerville Club, which has been already mentioned, is for ladies only. It was started in March 1880 and has its present quarters in 405, Oxford Street, W. It has a large Discussion and Lecture Room, which is open to visitors, and a library for the exclusive use of members. It has on its roll more than 800 members. Its lecturing season begins in the middle of October and ends about the middle of July. During that season, on the first Tuesday in every month, a lecture or entertainment is given; on the second Tuesday, a debate on some subject previously announced is held, and this is open to visitors (ladies or gentlemen) introduced by members; on the third Tuesday a similar debate, open to members only, is held; on other Tuesdays it is open to the Committee to arrange for such meetings as they like. Theological subjects are excluded from discussion at all meetings and debates of the Club. I have mentioned these particulars about this institution, because it was under its auspices and at the request of some of its members, that I delivered an address in its Lecture Room; a large number of ladies and only two gentlemen being present. As no particular subject had been suggested or prescribed for my address, I though that the question most appropriate to the occasion

would be that of social reform in India. Accordingly I gave my hearers an account of the widow marriage movement in Bengal and in Bombay; the *Parama Hamsa* body, which existed some years ago in this city; the Students' Literary and Scientific Society; the Brahmo Samaj and Prarthana Samaj movements. At the close of the address, Miss Orme, who was in the chair, asked if I would be good enough to answer questions, which those present might wish to ask me. I readily consented and such questions as the following were asked:—"At what age generally are girls married amongst you"? "Is it true that women are treated as slaves in India"? "What is the lot of widows in India"? "Are Indian ladies allowed to attend meetings and lectures"? These questions plainly indicated that English ladies were following more or less closely the discussions on social reform taking place in this country. But their information is very imperfect and I was not surprised when I was asked by one of the ladies present if it was true that we, Hindus, were given to treating our ladies like slaves. One of the questions asked has some bearing on a case that is just now exercising the public mind here. It related to the letters, which had shortly before appeared in the *Times of India* over the signature of "A Hindu Lady", and summarised versions of which had been telegraphed to the London *Times* by its Calcutta correspondent. I was asked:—"Is the account given by the Hindu Lady true"? "Are there many other ladies who can write English like her" and so on. I was not sure at the time that Rukhmabai was the writer of those letters; but at a time when her case has excited so much interest and created sympathy for her in some quarters, though she is being roundly denounced by others, it may afford her some comfort and consolation to know that there are ladies in England, who would seem to have heard about her case, who, I believe, feel for her, and would be glad to take up her cause were the case carried to the Privy Council. When the questioning was over, one of the ladies

present sent to Miss Ormè a piece of paper, containing the question:—"Will Mr. Chandavarkar tell us something about the political condition of India?" On that subject too I spoke, and we dispersed after passing a most pleasant evening.

(VI.)

"LIVELY" MEETINGS.

"Take care of rotten eggs and London roughs". This was the caution, which a somewhat cynical fellow-passenger on board the ship in which I left for England gave me one day when he learnt that the object of our visit to that country was to appear on English platforms and acquaint the British public with the political condition of India. From what I have in the foregoing chapters remarked about political meetings in England the reader must have already gathered that they are rarely dull and when once party spirit is brought into play, they become what Englishmen call "lively" meetings—"lively" in the sense that speakers are interrupted, the proceedings are disturbed by groans, hisses, and all sorts of ejaculations, and even benches and bones are sometimes broken. Of such meetings we used to read constantly in the morning dailies of London last October and November. For instance, during the election contests of 1885, Mr. Goschen had to get away unobserved from a crowded meeting in Edinburgh, where he had intended to speak, but where the Radicals swarmed in such large numbers and seemed so determined to disturb the meeting at any cost that it was thought safe for him to leave quietly. He got away from

the meeting, and drove home by some other road than the one through which the roughs had expected his carriage to pass. Mr. J. M. Maclean had similar experience to go through a few days before the elections. I was told of Sir Richard Temple that almost all his meetings at Evesham were failures, and that at one of them he was so much bored by questions that he lost his temper and told his audience that he was not going to answer, as his friends in London had advised him not to.

At some of the meetings that I attended I was able to form some idea of a "lively" meeting. The first meeting of the kind that I saw was in Manchester. I had gone to that city a day previous to that fixed for the Indian Delegates' meeting and was asked by Prof. Munro and Mr. Blennerhassett to attend the meeting to be held that very evening in connection with the latter's candidature. Mr. Blennerhassett is an Irishman and was during the elections of 1885 the opponent of Sir James Fergusson. The Irish in Manchester and elsewhere regarded him as a traitor to their cause, because he did not profess to be a "Nationalist" or Parnellite. His candidature was, therefore, most sternly and bitterly opposed by them. Even his life was in peril during the last elections. Letters used to be received by him threatening to shoot him and so on if he should persist in his candidature. But no man more bravely fought his battle, exposing his life to imminent danger every minute almost, and nothing, I believe, so much kept him firm and fearless throughout the contest as the courageous help of Mrs. Blennerhassett,—an amiable and noble lady, who accompanied her husband at every meeting which he attended and who threw her own life into peril in seeking to save his. Now, in asking me to attend Mr. Blennerhassett's meeting, Prof. Munro said that there was every chance of the meeting proving a boisterous one, as they had received information that the Irish were going to assemble in large numbers to kick up a row. "Have you been

to what we call a "lively meeting?" asked the Professor. And when I replied "No," "Well, then," he said, "you will see one this evening". When we entered the large Hall, where the meeting was held, I saw at once what was likely to happen. The front benches were occupied by men, who had been admitted by tickets. The place was guarded on all sides by a strong body of policemen. On the platform there was a goodly number of ladies—a circumstance which shows that English ladies are not afraid to brave the terrors of a stormy meeting. The moment the Chairman, accompanied by Mr. Blennerhassett entered, that portion of the audience which occupied the front seats cheered, but the Irish, who were behind, hissed and groaned, some crying out "You are a renegade", "Go to Kerry", "A traitor", "We shall shoot you"—all this being addressed to Mr. Blennerhassett. But he bore it all with dignity, seeming not to mind the opposition. When the Chairman rose to open the proceedings, the noise in the Hall increased and it went on increasing as one speaker followed another. When Mr. Blennerhassett's turn came, the noise became the loudest and an extraordinarily strange sight presented itself. The moment he rose, Irish ruffianism seemed to grow violent. An attempt was made to put him down and make his speech inaudible. Men shook their fists at him, called him by various opprobrious epithets, and became so noisy that none, even those who were sitting near him on the plat-form, could hear a word of what he said. This made the men on the front seats, who were Mr. Blennerhassett's supporters and sympathisers, indignant and the Hall was filled with voices crying out, 'Chuck 'em out". Mr. Blennerhassett, with a wonderful presence of mind, stood calm, resolved not to give way. He said to the audience that he was determined to hold his own at the meeting and was not going to resume his seat without having his say out of fear for those who had assembled there to oppose him. Upon this the Irish party said:—"You sha'nt speak. We will send you to Kerry". Up

to this moment the police had been silently observing what was going in; but when they found that the Irish were growing violent they thought it prudent to interfere. Several men were kicked, and turned out of the Hall. There was one Irishman particularly, whose face looked most ruffianly, and who, though held by several people and kicked and beaten to bleeding by the policemen, would not give way and most violently resisted every attempt to turn him out. They had to struggle with him for nearly ten minutes and at last he was brought by nearly half a dozen men to the platform and thrust out of the Hall through the door behind us. Order was thus restored and Mr. Blennerhassett was able to make himself better heard, though there were occasional interruptions still. Whenever he referred to his opponent, Sir James Fergusson, the Irish interrupted him with the remark:—"But he don't want policemen". After the meeting was over, Mr. Blennerhasset's friends, fearing that the Irish might mob him in the streets if he drove unprotected to his residence, sent for a 'bus. On the top of it sat about a dozen policemen and inside we were about a dozen of us—Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett, Prof. Munro, several ladies and gentlemen, including myself, and four policemen. The driver was told to take a certain route, so as to avoid all by-streets and lanes, particularly those frequented by the Irish. Whether the man did not understand the order or was in the pay of Mr. Blennerhassett's enemies we knew not—he drove us through quarters which he had been directed to avoid. The ladies inside the 'bus had just commenced to speak about this among themselves while the men were talking about politics when, to the sudden fright of all, one of the wheels gave way, some of the policemen on the top fell down, and we, who were inside, felt as if we were done for. Some of us were going to jump out but the policemen inside kept us together lest, seized by fright, we should run against one another and thus harm ourselves.

Happily, it was only one wheel that had given way and beyond a slight shaking, we came to nothing worse. But it was not the accident we so much feared. It was the Irish mob we were anxious to avoid and this stoppage of the 'bus on the road we were afraid would expose us to their attacks. And it was not long before a crowd soon gathered about the 'bus. Naturally we began to fear that the Irish might be amongst them. But the policemen surrounded us and kept us out of harm's way. Broughams and cabs were instantly brought and fortunately we were able to return to our respective places of residence safe and sound—to thank God that nothing worse had came off either at or after the meeting.

The next "lively" meeting I should notice here: is the one we attended at North Hackney. Sir Lewis Pelly, the Conservative candidate of that contituency, is well-known in India. At some of his meetings he spoke about the delegates and some of his remarks were represented to us to be rather personal and bitter. Although we had never intended to speak against him yet after his references to our mission it became our duty to appear before the constituents of North Hackney and defend ourselves. Our meeting there was held in the Kingsland Congregational Church. It was a crowded and noisy meeting—and when we appeared on the platform we saw at once that "roughs" had been sent by some one to disturb the proceedings. A number of men were standing in a corner, who kept making noise and asking:—"Who are the Indian Delegates?" "Who sent them?" On one occasion the interruption became so great that the audience grew indignant and from all parts of the place voices were heard crying "Chuck them out", "Chuck them out". All of a sudden nearly every man was seen standing on his chair to find out where the interruption came from. During this confusion, we requested the Chairman to tell the audience not to mind either the "roughs" or the interruption. The Chairman

said:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, please take your seats and leave the men that have come to disturb the proceedings alone. Let us see what they mean to do. The Indian delegates themselves wish that the men should be let alone". But the audience were not to be quieted. One of them, standing, like many others there, on his seat, and greatly excited, said:—"Mr. Chairman, we must chuck out these roughs. These Indian gentlemen are our guests, and we, as gentlemen, are bound to see that they are not insulted here". This was very feelingly uttered and no sooner was it said than a number of men rushed to the place where the "roughs" were standing—several of them were put out of the church, and one was brought and provided with a seat on the platform. He did not like this treatment and appealed to the chairman for protection but the chairman soothed him with this remark:—"Mr.—, I regret to say you were one of those who were disturbing the proceedings. I have been watching you. I think the seat you are now occupying is better suited to you than the one you had in a corner there". After this the proceedings of the meeting became more orderly and our speeches were heard with attention. Our leader, Mr. Mano Mohan Ghose, inspired by the excitement of the occasion, made a most effective speech which was received very favourably by the audience. He replied to the charge brought against us by a portion of the English press and repeated by some of the Conservative candidates that we were trying to make India a party question. Mr. Mudaliyar, in a speech that was persuasive and argumentative, dealt with the answer Sir Lewis Pelly had given to our test questions. It so happened that just before rising to address I had caught sight of the following words inscribed on the wall in front of the pulpit :—"Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, and Good-will unto Men". I commenced my remarks by drawing the attention of the men that had come to disturb

the proceedings to those words and asked them to behave as good Christians at least while they were in that place consecrated to the service of God. This put the audience into good humour and was received with cheers. I next referred to Sir Lewis Pelly, and remarked that, though he had been somewhat hard on us, yet we would not imitate his example but would speak of him with all respect, and that, although not Englishmen ourselves, we had received an English education, of which we were happy to say we were proud because it had taught us that we should behave like gentlemen in replying to our opponents. I can hardly give an adequate description of the enthusiastic manner in which the audience received this—they seemed to appreciate the spirit in which we were inclined to notice the attacks against our mission. A similar scene occurred at Mr. Chamberlain's meeting in Birmingham. After Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Broadhurst had spoken, I followed. I commenced by referring to a statement that had been made by a certain gentleman at a meeting that we had been brought to England " at the instance of Lord Ripon to white-wash his disgraced career". In referring to the statement I refrained from mentioning the name of the person who had made it. I merely observed that it had been made by a gentleman, who was standing in Conservative interests for a constituency not far from Birmingham. No sooner was this said by me than the audience began to cry out: "Shame" and called for the name of the gentleman. I tried to go on without naming him but they would not let me. A number of voices:— "Name the man, name the man. Don't go on without naming him". I replied:—"No, you will excuse me, gentlemen, I am not going to name him". "No, name him", they went on repeating. I then said "Well, Gentlemen, I must ask your indulgence. It is no use naming the gentleman". Several voices: "Name; Name". This was rather an embarrassing position, from which, however, I tried to extricate myself by observing:—"Not that I am afraid of naming him. But he is not known in

England—and I do not wish to give him a reputation that he has not in this country by bringing his name forward before the large and influential body of people that I see before me". This satisfied my hearers, they cheered and laughed, and I was allowed to proceed. The third incident that deserves to be recorded here occurred at Grinstead in East Sussex. That was the county, which Mr. Heald was contesting in Liberal interests. I left London for Grinstead a few hours before the time fixed for the meeting and was accompanied by an English friend. In the train by which we left we heard from several fellow-passengers that the meeting was likely to be very "lively" Asked what made them think so, they said that at a meeting of Mr. Heald's opponent, which had been held a few days before the Liberals had created so great a disturbance that it had to be brought to an abrupt close and now the Conservatives were going to retaliate. Mr. Heald's meeting at Grinstead was held in the local Theatre. There was a large audience, more than the house could contain, so that an overflow meeting had to be held. We entered the Theatre by one of the private doors. When Mr. Heald saw the necessity of an overflow meeting, he arranged that I should address the latter first and he that at the former. I got out by the same private door by which we had entered. Having spoken at the overflow meeting, I turned back to the Theatre with my English friend. But we found the private door shut from within. The only entrance to the platform was the door of the large room where the meeting was held; but that entrance was, we were told, barred by a mob of roughs. It was a question with us whether we should risk our lives by trying to make our way through that mob. But we had no alternative: slowly we reached the entrance and tried to get in. Fortunately, I had not worn my Indian head-dress that evening; or else the roughs would have easily made me out. My friend and myself pushed ourselves

through them quietly and taking us for men who had come to hear, not to speak, they allowed us to pass on. But when we got to the middle of the Hall, some among the audience, recognising me from my colour—there was more light there—shouted out:—"Welcome". The opposite side hissed and the roughs at the entrance tried to create a disturbance when I rose to speak; but they did not succeed, as the audience was favorably disposed towards me and whenever the interruptions became louder, they cheered me on by saying:—"Don't mind them. Go on".

(VII.)

IMPRESSIONS ABOUT PERSONS.

(Part First.)

During our short stay in England, we were brought in contact with several persons, to many of whom our special thanks are due for the assistance they rendered us in the performance of the somewhat delicate duty with which we were charged by the Associations that had deputed us to that country. I regard it as a highly fortunate circumstance to us and as a matter greatly redounding to the credit of the English character that though we were strangers in that strange land, the sympathy and support that we received from many ladies and gentlemen lightened our labours considerably and made it a pleasure to work amongst a people, who know so well how to be courteous and kind to foreigners. At every place in or outside London, which we visited, we experienced the

same courtesy and kindness—whether it was at Maidstone, Newcastle, Swansea, Manchester, Birmingham, Aberdeen, Honiton or in Grinstead. Nor should I omit to mention here that the expenses of some of our meetings were borne by the gentlemen who assisted us in getting up those meetings, though we offered to pay them from the funds raised in India. Cavilling critics would indeed say—and in fact have said—that all this kindness was induced by party spirit, but for which, they think, we should not have attracted any notice in England. That the kindness shown to us was genuine and spontaneous is shown by the fact that whenever we declared at our meetings that we had nothing to do with English parties, the statement was received with cheers.

It would not be of any interest to the reader if I named all those, to whom our grateful thanks are due. In the present number I propose to say a few words about some of those, whom I saw and of whom I have formed certain impressions that I deem it necessary to record in this account of my English visit. And first I should say something of Mr. William Digby whose close connection with the late delegation and whose assiduous services to India deserve our most hearty acknowledgement. He is well-known in this country, particularly for the services he rendered in a spirit of self-sacrifice to the people of Southern India during the famine of 1876-77. For two months and a half I enjoyed his close friendship and had every opportunity of, as it were, studying him. I know that among those, who do not share his political opinions, he is regarded as a radical politician, a man with revolutionary ideas and so on. But a more genuinely sincere and honest man having the courage of his opinions, I have not seen. As Secretary to the National Liberal Club, he comes frequently in contact with leading men of influence in the Liberal party. In him the moral and religious element preponderates over

everything else, and men that are moral and religious display a great deal of zeal in everything that they take up. Shortly before the last elections, he entered into a controversy with Lord George Hamilton, strongly attacking the latter in connection with the famine of 1876-77. Sir George Birdwood entered the lists on behalf of Lord George and the controversy became not only bitter but even somewhat personal. Now, Sir George and Mr. Digby may be said to have something in common. So far as English politics go, the one is a Radical, and the other a Conservative. While Mr. Digby holds that if India gets justice from any party, it will be from the Liberals, Sir. George thinks that India should trust neither party or should trust both equally. But both are men of strong feeling—men of large and honest sympathies. I happened to see Sir George at the time that this fight was going on between him and Mr. Digby. Sir George spoke to me about the controversy with some warmth and told me that he would like to discuss the Indian question with Mr. Digby by calling him and me to lunch at the Carlton Club. I should have liked very much to be the happy medium of reconciliation between two such eminently good and useful men but unfortunately the state of Sir George's health at the time removed all chances in that direction. Dr. W. A. Hunter is another gentleman, whom India is now able to count among her sincerest friends in Parliament. During the elections of 1885 he was elected M. P. for Aberdeen by a very large majority of votes. Before his election he had a large practice as Parliamentary counsel. He is a remarkably sound and careful politician. We used to have the benefit of his company and advice almost every day and we were very favorably impressed with the spirit of caution and prudence he showed in all he said and did. As a speaker, he is fluent and witty. On one occasion I heard him deal with a question of figures and statistics so humorously that though it was a dry subject.

last French-Prussian [illegible] in the neighborhood of Metz. While [illegible] able officer and his companion were suspected of being by the French and arrested but they were released when [illegible] quently the true nature of their mission was discovered. The French Government at the close of the war presented him with a medal, specially struck in his honor for the philanthropic [illegible] in which he had relieved distress. He travelled once to Morocco where in the absence of the Cherif, the Cherifa received and entertained him with great honor. He was granted permission by the Cherifa to visit the sacred city of Wazan a privilege that had never before been granted to a European. He is a very fluent and forcible speaker. Having a large following in Dunfermline he has several times been pressed to become a candidate for Parliament both for that and other towns but he has always refused. He was indeed most obliging to us. It was he who invited us to Newcastle, and made all the arrangements for our public meeting there, at which he presided. There is not much of the party man about him, his smiling [illegible]

and his genial looks at once indicate that it is not in his nature to be led away by the spirit of the political partisan. As a leading paper in Newcastle once wrote of him:—"Neither in the maxims of a party nor in the genius of a sect is to be found the secret of the disposition, in which political questions are approached by Dr. Watson but in the largeness and generosity of a character to which neither sect nor party could give the stamp of narrowness." Such is Dr. Spence Watson and I think in him we have secured a friend, ready to act upon the principles that every Englishman ought to do his duty by India. Mr. Joseph Cowen, also of Newcastle, in some respects resembles but in others forms a contrast to Dr. Watson. Both are men of benevolent disposition, but the benevolence of Mr. Cowen is apparently confined to "the white races." Talk of oppression or wrong inflicted on some petty state in Europe. Mr. Cowen's sympathies are at once aroused. During the Bulgarian atrocities he was one of those who claimed independence for Bulgaria. To Ireland he is now prepared to grant Home Rule. But his sympathies do not extend beyond Europe. As for India or Egypt or any country populated by the dark races, he thinks everything is for the best there and there should be no need or cry for change or reform. Of Egypt he once said that being "the product of centuries of enslavement" it was unfit for any form of constitutional government. It is difficult to understand this political character of Mr. Cowen. But Dr. Watson is consistent throughout—his sympathies are not narrow and his political views have nothing of the eccentric element about them. The name of Dr. Spence Watson reminds me of the lady, whose name is known wherever philanthropy is cherished and admired —I speak of Miss Florence Nightingale. I had the pleasure of calling on her at her house in Oxford Street twice. Though now old and obliged to confine herself to her bed on account of illness, the capacity for work is still in her. She is always doing something—writing for the papers or reviews on some subject

of other. Earnestness is still discernible in her expression. Nothing interests her so much as the well-being of the poor and the helpless. We talked for more than an hour on a number of things relating to India but it was the condition of the lower classes in this country that seemed to interest her most. Speaking about our workmen and agriculturists particularly, she enquired:—"How do they live?" "What sort of education do they receive?" "What sort of dress do they wear?" "Can they read and write?"—With the delegation movement she expressed herself to be strongly in sympathy and warmly commended the step adopted by the Indian Associations in sending a deputation to arouse English interest in Indian affairs. "We, English people,"—she said to me—"will not learn to take interest in India unless you seriously press Indian questions on our attention." She regretted that almost all the friends of India had been defeated at the elections; but her advice to us was that we should not lose heart on that account. "We are passing through a crisis. No one can say what will come out of it. The Irish question is itself a source of great anxiety and trouble. And I do not wonder that the elections have been to India a great disappointment. But your friends must not despair. Work on and it will all be right." These were the words of encouragement Miss Florence Nightingale addressed to me at the close of our second interview, and coming from a lady, who has herself lived a life of great self-sacrifice in the cause of distressed and suffering humanity, the advice ought to be carefully borne in mind by us. Another remarkable lady that I saw was Mrs. Augusta Webster, who was one of the candidates for the School Board. I visited her with Mr. Martin Wood and was greatly interested in all she said about the mismanagement and extravagance of London School Boards. When I said to her that I was surprised that this state of things prevailed in civilized England, where I had thought public

opinion exercised very great influence, she said that even men who were expected to know better of these Boards were surprised at some of the revelations of mismanagement. For instance, when on one occasion she complained to a gentleman, who had been for some years a member of the Board, of its extravagance and cited facts and figures in support of the complaint, he seemed to feel considerably surprised and said;—"Dear me! I never knew of all this before. I wish I had known it. I must look into it." And Mrs. Webster thought his was not a singular case. Talking of the School Board elections she said lady voters at one time had a prejudice against voting. And she told me how a candidate for the Board once hit upon an ingenious way of removing this prejudice. He invited the lady voters in his ward to tea in a place near the polling booth, where his votes were being registered. Many ladies turned out in response to the invitation. They were so pleased with the arrangement that they said they had no idea voting was so easy an affair and now that they knew how comfortably it could be managed, they would no longer consider it a difficult thing for a lady to go to a polling booth and vote.

(VIII.)

IMPRESSIONS ABOUT PERSONS.

(Part Second.)

Interview with Lord Randolph Churchill.

On our arrival in England, paragraphs having appeared in the papers announcing the nature of the mission, on which we had gone there, some of them representing that we were taken

to that country to be tools in the hands of Liberals and Radicals during the elections, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, whose acquaintance we had not then made, wrote to a friend, enquiring who and what we were. He said that he wished to know about all this, because it had been given out by one or two papers that we were going to side with the Liberals in the electioneering campaign. My friend put the note into my hands, whereupon both Mr. Mudaliyar of Madras and myself called on Mr. Blunt. He has his house in St. James's Square, not far from Buckingham Palace, which is Her Majesty's residence whenever she happens to be in town. Mr. Mudaliyar had a note of introduction to him from Dewan Bahadur Raghunath Rao, of whom both Mr. Blunt and his wife, Lady Anne Blunt, spoke to us in the highest terms of praise. We explained to Mr. Blunt the object of our mission, aad assured him that we would try our best to remain neutral as far as English parties were concerned. He said he was himself a very warm admirer of Lord Ripon and heartily approved of his Indian policy. But he thought Lord Ripon had proved a benefactor of India, not because he was a Liberal but because he was a good and honest statesman. Mr. Blunt further told us that although he was not himself a strong party man, yet he did not think the Liberals were likely to do much good to India. Many of the Whigs, he said, either had their relations officially employed in this country or were commercially interested in it. They owed their wealth to it and naturally regarded the Civil Service as a sacred monopoly of theirs. The position of the Conservatives was, in his opinion, different; and if reform was to come from one of the two parties on the Indian Civil Service question concerning the natives, it would, he believed, be from the Conservatives. Assured by us that we would endeavour to keep clear of party politics, he promised to take part in our first meeting. He moved one of the resolutions at it, which was presided over by Mr. William Digby. When he rose to speak a

few people hissed, because he was Conservative. They were of course Liberals, but the audience on the whole heard him patiently. This last circumstance shows that the meeting consisted of men of both parties. Mr. Blunt also wrote a letter to the *Times*, explaining the nature and object of our mission. And the *Times* gave it a prominent insertion, as indeed it used to do at the time to every communication coming from Mr. Blunt.

It was through Mr. Blunt that we were able to have the memorable interview with Lord Randolph Churchill, then Secretary of State for India. It was he who put the idea into our head. He said he had already spoken about it to Lord Randolph and his Lordship had readily consented. When the members of the India Council came to know that Lord Randolph was going to receive the Indian delegates they are said to have turned aghast and tried to rebel. They perhaps could not conceive where at this rate this "Puck of politics" was going or likely to go. But Lord Randolph would not give way. Mr. Blunt also told us that it was Lord Randolph's intention to give full effect to the Proclamation of Her Majesty should he continue in office. A more sincere well-wisher of India, he said, than Lord Randolph he had not met. His Lordship was full of India, his heart was in his work. Here Mr. Mudaliyar asked Mr. Blunt how it was that Lord Randolph had been violently attacking Lord Ripon. Mr. Blunt replied that the attack had given him as much pain and surprise and he had even said so to Lord Randolph ; but then, added Mr. Blunt, it was a party attack and he was personally aware that his Lordship warmly approved of the domestic policy pursued by Lord Ripon in India. I might say with reference to this last remark of Mr. Blunt that it tallied with the opinion of a gentleman at the India Office who was then on terms of close friendship, it seems, with Lord Randolph. One or two days before the interview a friend interested in our mission, hearing that his Lord-ship was going

to receive us officially, wrote to the gentleman at the India Office requesting him to exercise his influence in our behalf so that his Lordship might give us a cordial and sympathetic reception. In reply, that gentleman wrote to our friend to say that immediately on receipt of his letter he had run up to the India Office and found Lord Randolph quite enthusiastic about granting the delegates a cordial interview without any "coaching" from others—that his attack on Lord Ripon was more a party move than anything else, for in reality his Lordship approved of Lord Ripon's domestic policy in India, and that his Lordship had attacked Lord Ripon because the Radicals had been attacking him. It was thus that the interview was brought about. On Thursday the 15th October at 4 P. M. we were taken by Mr. Blunt to the India Office—a massive building, or, I should say, several buildings rolled into one, presenting from the inside a somewhat dreary spectacle, where a stranger is apt to lose himself as in a labyrinth. But the Secretary of State's room—that where Lord Randolph was seated and received us—was of modest pretensions. One or two cupboards, containing books, a few chairs, a table and a large map of India—that was about all the furniture I remember to have seen there. Nothing could exceed the grace and kindliness with which Lord Randolph shook hands with us. I do not wonder that they make a hero of him on Tory platforms. A good appearance is a great advantage to a speaker in England, and Lord Randolph has it even more than either Mr. Bright or Mr. Chamberlain. He has all the polish in his manners and speech of the Frenchman with the ceaseless activity of his own race. His moustaches, at which his opponents point their finger of scorn, give grace to his animated countenance and heighten the effect of the vivacity, which is the marked feature of his eyes. There is also a kind of melody in his voice—and when he speaks, words, to use an Oriental figure of speech, flow like

honey. In introducing us, Mr. Blunt told him that he had advised us not to identify ourselves with any particular party. Lord Randolph merely nodded. Mr. Man Mohan Ghose said we should be glad to remain neutral. Again a nod of approval from his Lordship. Lord Randolph apparently thought that it was a question on which it was prudent he should not speak but might as well convey his meaning by his silence. He spoke of his visit to India, said how much he liked all he had seen, and made some enquiries about Raja Rhiv Prasad of Benares whom he described as a "very nice gentleman". That over, we talked politics. He said that he was very earnest about his proposal for a Parliamentary enquiry into Indian affairs. He had spoken about it to his colleagues in the Cabinet before introducing the Indian budget into the House of Commons in July and they had all approved of it. But what the Liberals would do if they should come into power, he said he could not say. He indeed thought it was probable, if they got into office, they would carry out his proposal but it was equally probable they would try to limit the scope of the enquiry. His own settled conviction on the subject was that the enquiry should be thorough and lead to something practical. The Committee should examine carefully the way in which the coutry was being governed; and it should consist of *the best men available in Parliament.* Mr. Morley, he continued, had opposed his proposal on party grounds more than from any settled opinion on the subject. His speech had surprised his Lordship considerably. Our interview lasted a little more than half an hour. Before parting, Lord Randolph said he would be glad to hear from us again on any subject specially appertaining to our respective presidencies. We bowed our thanks to his Lordship and parted. Thus commenced an acquaintance, which, however, was not subsequently kept up in the good spirit in which it had begun.

Mr. Chamberlain.

There were only a few days for the elections to begin. The time was drawing near when our duty being done we should have to leave England for India; and yet we had not seen Mr. John Bright. We learnt that a great meeting was to be held at Birmingham on Saturday the 21st November, where both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright were to speak. It seemed to us that the opportunity was one which we should not lose. Accordingly we communicated through a friend to Mr. Schnadhorst, President of the Liberal Association in Birmingham, our desire to be present at the meeting. Leaving London early on Saturday, we arrived there in the afternoon just in time for Mr. Chamberlain's meeting. And it was there that we first saw the leader of the Radical party in England. In size he is moderately built, has a fine forehead and piercing eyes. He has very grave looks and a somewhat austere expression, indicative of his firmness and his indomitable pluck. And when he puts on his eye-glass and looks at you, it seems as if he is reading you through and through, and detect the inmost secrets of your heart. Though he was born (at Camberwell) in 1836 and is now fifty years old, he looks rather young for his age. There are anecdotes told of him in Birmingham, which show how people often make mistakes about his age. In a short sketch of his life, written at the time of the elections of 1885 by Mr. B. C. Skottowe, there is one told which may be found interesting by my reader. Some years ago Mr. Chamberlain and his friend and lieutenant, Mr. Jesse Collings, visited the south-west of Europe. They came as far as Malaga and from there they resolved to proceed to Gibraltar; but they were disappointed to find that there was no steamer going that day, and would have to wait for a day or two. But there was an English merchant steamer lying in the harbour and they determined to hire it. They interviewed its Captain, who declined to take them, because,

he said, there was no accommodation for passengers in his ship. The travellers, however, assured him that they were not particular about accommodation, and would gladly manage to get on in the ship, provided they were somehow taken to Gibraltar that very day. The Captain was after all induced to comply with their urgent request. He showed them into his cabin, which he placed at their disposal. Addressing Mr. Collings, whom he took for the more elderly man of the two, the Captain said:—"You can take the bed; and the *youngster* must knock it out on the sofa"—the *youngster* being Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain's oratory may not be eqnal to Mr. Bright's but it has charms of its own. Mr. Bright moves his hearers more by his earnestness and his voice than even by the simplicity and vigour of his Anglo-Saxon expression. There is very little of action in his speaking. You see him standing grave and composed, pouring forth his eloquence, not laughing when or before he makes you laugh or foaming when he makes you foam. It is like the waters of a gentle stream gently running. Except a slight wave of the hand, you see no gesture in him. To be spell-bound by his eloquence it is not essential that you should keep your eyes on the orator and watch the movement of his eyes or hands, for in Mr. Bright's case neither the hands nor eyes move much. Indeed, a much better effect is produced by listening to him with your eyes closed, for then you are able to detect the traces of that "silvery" voice, which in his younger days enabled him to move the hearts of his hearers more effectively than he is now in his old age able to do. It is a treat to hear his perorations,—so grand and yet so simple, but unassisted by action. Not so Mr. Chamberlain. He is an orator, who depends for effect as much on gestures as on his voice and wit. Action is, in a word, his *forte* as much as fluency and force of speech. But it is not action of the kind that you see in noisy and declamatory speakers, who rave and roar and throw their

hands on all sides and move their bodies as if they were in a fit of agony. There is a peculiar grace in Mr. Chamberlain's delivery and gesture. The meeting where I heard him was held in the Grand Theatre of Birmingham and when he rose to speak, he stood in the middle of the stage. The audience in the galleries of that large Theatre, not being able to see him, loudly called upon him to step a little to the front. Stepping to the front, he gracefully put forward his hand as a signal to the audience to be quiet and hear his reasons for standing in the middle. And he thus explained his reasons. "Gentlemen, on this stage where others have acted before me"—(here he smiled and then the audience laughed)—"I think I had better follow the advice of the proprietor of the Theatre and he tells me that the acoustic properties of this place require that I should stand there"–pointing out the place where he had first stood—"so as to make myself heard by all." The gentle movement of the eyes and the hands and the flow of choice English from a voice that is pitched neither too high nor too low show that Mr. Chamberlain has studied carefully the art of elocution. The speech he made at the meeting I speak of consisted of many hits at Lord Randolph. "*Lord Randolph is fond of long words and of the most inappropriate adjectives.*" "*I say it is an act of unparallelled audacity for a man to come down here—a member of the present Government—and claim consistency as one of his virtues.*" "*You know what Lord Randolph said yesterday*"—(laughter)—"*but you cannot imagine what he will say tomorrow.*" (Laughter renewed.) There was no reference to India made in this speech except a casual allusion to the Upper Burma Expedition, of which Mr. Chamberlain said :—"*I am glad to find here some distinguished representatives of the natives of India*—(loud cheers)—*our fellow-subjects and perhaps they will tell you whether a war in order to force upon a barbarous potentate an agreement with English merchants is so much for the interests of India that India ought to pay all the expenses.*" But when towards

the close of the proceedings, after others had spoken, among them myself, he again rose to propose a vote of thanks to the Chairman, he made these remarks about India :—"I did not know when I came to this meeting that we were to have the additional and unusual pleasure of welcoming four of our Indian fellow-subjects. (Cheers.) Had I known of this beforehand I would have ventured to say something with regard to the affairs of that dependency of which we are so proud but which at the same time involves us in such heavy responsibilities. (Hear, hear). I think, however, that I may assure the delegates that the working men throughout the length and breadth of England are sound upon the subject of India. (Cheers). They desire nothing in connection with the Government of India which shall not have for its first consideration the welfare of the people of India and if there are wrongs and grievances, there is a tribunal to which they may be brought with the absolute certainty of a fair and just hearing." Before departing, Mr. Chamberlain came up to us and said that he would be glad to have an interview with us after the elections were over. That interview my colleagues had with him when we visited Birmingham the second time, i. e., on the 7th of December, but I was not present at it. Mr. Chamberlain asked my friends what was the most urgent reform India needed. Mr. Ghose drew his attention to the Civil Service question; Mr. Mudaliyar to the necessity of reconstituting the Legislative Councils on a popular basis. He promised to give his attention to Indian questions and there the interview ended.

(IX.)

IMPRESSIONS ABOUT PERSONS.

(PART THIRD.)

MR. JOHN BRIGHT.

It is now exactly twenty years since Mr Gladstone said of himself :—"I have changed various opinions; I should say that I have learned various lessons." But the political career of Mr. John Bright has been of a different character. Instead of changing, he has always maintained the same views, and he might be said to be the same in 1886 that he was in 1866. He is perhaps the only living English statesman, of whom it may well be said that he has, instead of "learning various lessons," taught the same lesson throughout to his countrymen,—the lesson of "liberty at home and of peace abroad." As Mr. Chamberlain said of him at the meeting, of which I have already given an account :—"When the history of these times comes to be written, it will be admitted that there is no more splendid instance of political consistency than has been afforded by the public life of Mr. Bright." And the history of that public life could not be summed up better than in Mr. Bright's own words:—"Many things which I advocate are thought rather foolish at first; but in time people come up to them, and I have the satisfaction of being a little ahead of the Government and often of the nation." It is this spirit of consistency in his political character and the moral force on which it is built that have secured for him the affection of his friends and the respect of his opponents. At Liberal meetings, all three names—Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain—evoked of course the greatest enthusiasm, but you could nevertheless detect a diffe-

rence in the cheers with which the three were respectively received. For Mr. Gladstone, all—the older and the younger generation of Liberals—exhibited their profound admiration. But he extorted it more by the force of his genius and his capacity as the leader of his party than anything else. On the other hand Mr. Chamberlain was the hero of the rising generation of Liberals. The older class of Liberals did not seem to cheer him much, either because he was the man of the future and their best memories were associated with the past, or because some of them thought he was going too fast for the times. But Mr. Bright seemed to be respected equally by all and men of all parties acknowledged his moral earnestness. The belief about him is that there is not much of the partisan in him. Even Lord Randolph Churchill, who opposed him at the elections of 1885, said that he regarded him as a most dangerous opponent of Mr. Chamberlain's policy because he (Mr. Bright) looked upon it as a policy most dangerous to the country. Some of the go-ahead Radicals were indeed known to grumble that Mr. Bright seemed to linger on the past with great fondnes instead of dealing with the practical problems of the future with the distinctness which was characteristic of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances. But for all that he is regarded by the young as well as the old as a great moral force. At the close of our meeting in North Paddington, a respectable Liberal, coming up to us, said :—"I liked very much your references to Bright. I don't care much about Gladstone or Chamberlain. They are men of expediency." Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose was once addressing a meeting of his constituents in Deptford. While in the course of his address he was dealing with Mr. Gladstone's manifesto to the electors of Midlothian and Mr. Chamberlain's "radical programme," a burly looking working man interrupted him with the question:—"Why don't you speak of Bright?" Mr. Ghose could not speak of Mr. Bright just then without seeming to bring in the name abruptly and thus marring the sequence of thought in his speech. He, therefore,

continued his remarks: but his querist was not to be satisfied. He kept on repeating his question until Mr. Ghose had to yield to his wish.

His Meeting at the Town Hall.

The veneration, which is felt by the British public for Mr. John Bright, is witnessed at its best at his meetings. The first meeting we attended was held in the Town Hall of Birmingham on Saturday the 21st of November. Leaving Mr. Chamberlain's meeting that had been held in the afternoon of the same day, we went with our friend Mr. Lee to the Reform Club and after resting for half an hour there, we started for the Town Hall so as to be there at least a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the proceedings. We were taken to one of the rooms in the Hall, where several gentlemen were waiting for Mr. Bright. Accompanied by the two Misses Dixon, he arrived at the exact hour of seven—a plain looking old man, presenting somewhat the features of the typical John Bull. His countenance is always placid in private conversation—you feel then that you are in the presence of one who can make himself quite at home with you. But the moment he appears in public it becomes somewhat austere, leaving not a single smile on his face and then you feel that you are before a stern moral dictator who is serious even when witty and will put up with no humbug. On his arrival, the formal introduction to him of the Indian delegates having taken place, he entered, followed by us, the large and spacious room of the Town Hall, where between three and four thousand people had assembled to hear him. On the platform itself there were, I should think, between four and five hundred people. There was not an inch of space vacant: we were literally crammed. Every single seat was taken up in the galleries, which with the splendid array of ladies and gentlemen, several of them with binoculars in their hands, presented a magni-

ficent spectacle. A new and interesting feature of the meeting was—at least I had not witnessed it at the several political meetings I had before then attended—that a pretty large number of boys and girls were seen among the audience. Little boys and girls rarely, if at all, attend political meetings in England but Mr. Bright is regarded as a man whom everybody deems it a piece of good luck to see and hear. But it was the floor that presented the most lively scene. There working men and working women had gathered in very large numbers. They were standing, as it were, neck to neck, and from the farthest end of the room to the platform there was one surging crowd. Though it was cold outside, the heat inside was something awful; even we felt it. A friend, sitting by me, remarked; "I daresay you like this heat," and he seemed considerably surprised when I told him that it was too much even for us. Mr. Bright's appearance on the platform was the signal for very enthusiastic cheers and they were given by the whole assembly standing. When he sat down, those on the platform and in the galleries sat too; the working men on the floor lustily sang an election song. That over, one of them called for "three cheers" for "John Bright," which were again most enthusiastically given. This was followed by "three groans" for Lord Randolph Churchill. All this while Mr. Bright looked an indifferent spectator of the whole scene—he was sitting calm, without betraying a single emotion on his countenance. The Chairman opened the proceedings and in the course of a short speech asked the electors that had met there if they were going to prove ungrateful to their old friend and benefactor Mr. Bright by rejecting him and electing Lord Randolph. To this the working men on the floor replied "No" in a voice that rung through the hall. He was followed by Mr. Mudaliyar of Madras, who had a most cordial reception and whose short but sweet speech, containing apt references to the interest taken by Mr. Bright in the welfare of

the people of India, was frequently applauded. Then rose Mr. Bright to speak and with him again rose the audience. There were cheers and cheers for some minutes. Mr. Bright's address dealt with the work performed by the Liberals while in office from 1880-85. He began in a low tone, whereupon some one in the gallery cried out:-"Speak up, Johnny." He spoke with notes in his hands, and some of his perorations seemed to have been partly written out. In fact it was a set speech which he delivered on the occasion. There was not much of that eloquence, for which he is noted; but when he summed up the services rendered by the Liberals to the country in these pathetic terms:—"Ours has been a victory that has been won without bloodshed," the sentiment called forth very hearty cheers. And the most striking feature of the speech was that there was not in it a single reference, direct or indirect, to him who was opposing Mr. Bright at the elections—I mean, Lord Randolph Churchill. His Lordship was passed over completely in silence as if no such person had appeared on Birmingham platforms. Mr. Bright was followed by several speakers. One of them asked:-"Are you, gentlemen, going to prove turncoats by rejecting Mr. John Bright, who has won cheap bread for the people." At this the sonorous voice of a lady was heard to cry out "Hear, Hear." This was so feelingly said that the audience, who had quietly heard the remark of the speaker, seemed to be suddenly electrified, as it were, by the very telling, because apt, interruption of the lady. The word, twice repeated, evidently suggested to their mind the idea that here was one of those millions of ladies with large families of children to support, who but for the cheapening of bread would have had to starve. The audience had received in silence the speaker's remark but that single lady's "Hear, hear," suggestive as it was, was greeted with most enthusiastic cheering. In his speech Mr. Bright did not make any remark about India, not having had any previous intimation that we were to

be present there. He, therefore, asked the Chairman to permit him to second the vote of thanks to him so that he might make another speech and supply the omission. In so doing, he made an *extempore* speech, which, because it was *extempore*, proved one of his best efforts. He rose fully equal to the occasion, was thoroughly fired by his old eloquence, and spoke without the assistance of a single note. Then should you have heard the orator and seen the assembly—the one worked upon magically, as it were, by the sacred fire of the other, absolute slaves of his voice having the ring of the true orator. I realised what till then I had read of in books—how men hang on the lips of great orators. For the first time in my life did I feel what it was to be in a trance. The ladies and gentlemen there had heard his first speech reclining on their seats. It had no doubt been cheered at certain parts; but the audience had not felt inspired. But no sooner did the second begin and with sentence after sentence did the old man eloquent seem to rise than with him rose the audience too. Those who had heard his first speech reclining on their seats now seemed unconsciously bending forward, and the whole audience heard him in such subdued silence that you could have heard even a pin fall, until; rising by gradual stages, he at last reached the climax of his earnestness and eloquence and in tones that still ring in my ears said of India.—"I could almost hope that I was twenty years younger and could give some help to those who are likely to take up this cause." The feeling of the audience till then pent up by the charm of his eloquence could no longer restrain itself. There was a most deafening thunder of applause while the working men on the floor seemed wild with ecstacy. John Bright getting younger! What would not the working man pay for it if that were physically possible. The very idea acted like a charm upon the admiring audience and they waved their hats and handkerchiefs at the old man. Even he seems to have felt the excitement, for when he resumed his seat, after having spoken

in what seemed to us his best manner for nearly twenty minutes, we, who were seated next to him, observed that he was literally shaking. When he put his hand to the glass of water near him, it was so unsteady that it was with difficulty he could raise the glass to his lips. The meeting over, we retired to a room adjacent to the hall where the meeting had been held. An incident occurred there which shows how greatly Mr. Bright is revered. While he was talking to us several ladies and gentlemen collected round him. After having shaken hands with some of them he was departing, when an elderly looking lady, who seemed to be one of his most devoted admirers, not to be baulked of the purpose for which she had waited so long, stepped forward, and touched Mr. Bright's hands and retired, as he was finding his way through the crowd to his carriage. Before departing he said to us:—"Well, gentlemen, you may count upon my support in the House of Commons —if I am re-elected." Mr. Man Mohan Ghose smiled at this and said;—"Of course you will be." Mr. Bright in his quiet manner:—"Well, I don't know—don't be sure of that." This was said with a *naivete*, which was as engaging as it was sincere.

Our Interview with him.

Next day—it was Sunday—came off our interview with Mr. Bright. He was staying with Mr. Dixon. Before calling upon him, Mr. Osler suggested to us that we should after the close of the elections in Birmingham visit that town a second time and address a public meeting under the presidency of Mr. Bright. "But the difficulty," said Mr. Osler, "is to get Mr. Bright to preside. Whenever he is asked to speak or preside, he at first declines and you have to repeat your request. He asks in return—*What am I to speak? What am I to say?*—.But when you persist a little in your entreaties, you get him round. What he will say to our present proposal we must see. But most likely he will not refuse." We

called on him at three in the afternoon. There were present at the interview Mr. Dixon and Mr. Osler. There we found Mr. Bright a different man altogether from what he had appeared to be at the public meeting the previous evening. He did not look either solemn or grave. There were smiles on his countenance. He laughed frequently with us and fascinated the company by the freedom and humour of his talk. He inquired what had become of Sir William Wedderburn's scheme of agricultural banks and wished it were given a fair trial. He made enquiries about Lord Reay and said he was very glad to hear his Lordship was becoming popular as Governor of Bombay. He spoke about the Civil Service question and his old scheme for separating the Government of India into independent presidencies. Then he talked of the Ilbert Bill and the war against Theebaw. He next referred to Lord Ripon and said with much warmth how delighted he really was to find that his Lordship had succeeded in winning the golden opinions of the people of India. Here I remarked how India felt disappointed to find that Lord Ripon had not been made a Duke on his return from that country. Mr. Bright in reply:—"Oh, that's nothing. They want to get rid of their present Dukes, and I don't think Lord Ripon sets high value upon that title." He told us how, while returning from a funeral, he had met Mr. Norris, then about to leave for India to join his appointment as a Judge of the High Court at Calcutta, and asked him to be kind and courteous to the natives. Speaking of the future of India, he said:—"India has, I hope, a bright future before her. *If you are moderate and we are reasonable, no difficulty is ever likely to arise in the government of that country.*" There is a notion among some people that Mr. Bright is an ultra-Radical, who would, if he had his way, give up India this very moment. He is supposed to hold very revolutionary ideas about this country but I venture to think that the remark I have mentioned above shows how mistaken that notion is. It justifies Mr. Justin McCarthy's view that there has always been "a certain element of conservatism" in

Mr. John Bright. But in him the element is of a genuine character—it is conservatism of the sort which is essential to all true progress and without which all reform runs the risk of being hasty and short-lived. At the time of parting, Mr. Osler said to him:—"Mr. Bright, I have been talking to these gentlemen about holding a meeting after our elections are over, and I propose that they should pay us a second visit and tell us something about India." Mr. Bright:—"Certainly. It is a very capital idea indeed." Mr. Osler:—"And they want you to preside." Mr. Bright:—"Well, don't be sure of that, though." Mr. M. Ghose, as the leading delegate, put in a word by way of entreaty, Mr. Bright standing in the meantime in a thoughful mood with his hands in his pockets, as if he were considering whether he should consent or decline to preside. Mr. Dixon followed Mr. Ghose, observing that if it was desirable to hold a meeting, it was equally desirable that Mr. Bright should preside. Then Mr. Bright said:—"Well, Mr. Osler, you had better write to me about it on my return to Rochdale. It is very likely I shall be able to come." This was, whispered Mr. Osler to us, as good as consent. The assurance brought to a close our two hours' conversation with one, whom it is a delight to hear, an honor to shake hands with, and a privilege to interview. "How many people," remarked Mrs. Osler when we returned—"how many people would be so mightily glad to talk to Mr. Bright even if it were for a few minutes only."

(X.)

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS.

I have dealt hitherto almost exclusively with what may be called the political side of the English character as it struck me

during my brief experiences of the General Election of 1885. I venture to think, however, that it is an aspect, which is not calculated to give either a complete or even a fair idea of the Englishman as he is in his own native land. "The prevailing expression" of the English people "is not," says George Eliot, "that of a lively, impassioned race, preoccupied with the ideal and carrying the real as a makeweight." But if you look at them, as they appear during the excitement of a political controversy, especially one connected with a general election, you will generally come impressed with the notion that it is the ideal and not the real which pleases the English most and a livelier and more impassioned race does not exist on the face of the earth. At political meetings you find John Bull invariably full of animal spirits. His proverbial austerity of expression seems to desert him there and you see in him an enthusiastic and very demonstrative being with sympathies and antipathies of the most gushing kind. During the period of political controversy and platform oratory, which immediately preceded the General Election of 1885, the Tories made it one of the strong points of their attack against the Liberal party that it was so much divided in opinion that it was difficult to say what were the principles or who were the leaders of that party. Lord Rosebery replied to that attack by saying that the Liberals had and recognised but one leader whose umbrella was large enough to hold under it any number of followers. At a Tory meeting held in one of the metropolitan boroughs, where Lord Salisbury spoke, some people (of course Tories) appeared among the audience with a large umbrella which was uncovered and comically displayed for some time, had rotten eggs and dead cats thrown at it, and ultimately when Lord Salisbury rose to address, it was torn into shreds and amidst the groans and hisses of the half indignant and half comic audience was rudely thrust out of the place. This is an instance of how, when fired by the passions and prejudices of party spirit, John Bull, who usually is said to feel an objection to "looking inspired," becomes one of the most "lively and im-

passioned beings" in the world. In the experiences of political meetings which I have detailed in previous chapters, the reader has been furnished with other illustrations of this feature of the English character. If you dive a little deeper, you would find another principle at work during electoral struggles—the principle of sparing nothing to win a victory. We look upon England as the land of liberty, where even the poorest man is able to assert his own over the power of rank or office; and where corruption or intimidation cannot so much as raise its head. But the experiences of an election give you reason to change your mind and to think with the poet that distance always lends enchantment to the view. A gentleman writing to a friend about his defeat at the elections of 1885 observed:—"The majority by which we have been beaten in this division is unexpectedly large to both sides. It is unquestionably the result of organized pressure and intimidation exerted in the new electorate.....The extent to which promises were voluntarily made to us and (as the result proves) afterwards broken is a remarkable feature in our case. It seems as if the country folks thought the ballot would be secret as between them and their friends but would not protect them against their enemies." And observations to the same effect were made to my knowledge and within my hearing by several other defeated candidates. Of a well-known gentleman, who held a high appointment under Her Majesty, it was said in the papers that he had brought his official influence to bear on his subordinates to get them to vote in favour of the party to which he belonged. Of the wife of a leading politician it was alleged that during the elections she had even visited a certain school and "actually urged the children to try and persuade their fathers to vote" for her husband. Of another lady it was given out that she had asked a working woman for whom her husband was going to vote. On the latter replying for the Liberals, the lady said:—"There will be no blankets at Christmas then." The working woman, who was evidently more devoted to her party than to worldliness, indignantly

rejected the temptation held forth before her and retorted:—"It isn't Liberal working men who want charity blankets; it's those who call themselves Tories."

These are election experiences, from which perhaps an Indian pessimist would draw the inference that after all human nature was the same everywhere—the only point of difference between, say, the case of India and the case of England being, in his view, this that with us though cases of intimidation and corruption occur they are not as easily exposed as in the latter country. But the pessimist ought to remember what seems to be a practically, if not theore-tically, accepted maxim among those engaged in political battles especially in connection with a General Election—that every-thing is fair there as in love and war. Hence if you wish to form a more accurate estimate of the English character, you must see John Bull more specially when he is not involved in the meshes of party politics. A general idea may be conveyed of him when I say that he lives like a machine. At home or in society you find that he has so much artificialised life as to carry the science of etiquette to something like absolute, though tiresome perfection. We in India complain of the tyranny of custom; they in England complain of the tyranny of fashion. Custom is constant while fashion is changing, but in effect both are perhaps, to some extent alike. John Bull has a law for every little thing and judges you as much by what you seem—your gait, the cut of your coat, and your manners,—as by what you actually are. This to an Indian no doubt causes great embarrassment and for some time after your arrival in England you are naturally apt to be haunted by a vague suspicion that you are perhaps all the twenty-four hours of the day unconsciously violating some well-established point of English etiquette. But in England courtesy is well-known and well practised and there are few, if any, critics there to condemn you as a barbarian merely bacause when invited as a guest you

profess your inability to use the knife and fork with agility. The quiet of an English home—its neatness and its regularity—the care with which everything is put in its proper place and every act is done, as far as possible, in its proper time: the kind and courteous treatment servants receive; the way in which children are taught to behave and to converse; show that sanitary reforms, social reforms, and political reforms begin with John Bull at home—that habits of order and good discipline, so essential to men in general and statesmen in particular, are learnt not so much from books or at school or college as in well-regulated homes, which in their little circle form an empire by themselves and where one is taught to govern and be governed. From every English home which I visited as a guest I heard that the cause of temperance was gaining in England. Ten or fifteen years ago, I was told, people used to drink more largely than it is now the fashion to do. It would seem the evil has been transferred to India from England. This, however, by the way. Another wonderful improvement John Bull has made is that he is less bigoted—without, I hope, being less religious. Had ten or fifteen years ago a native of India stood for a seat in Parliament the first question that would have been asked him would have been this:—"Are you a Christian?" But now people have grown more liberal. Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose was asked by a man at one of his meetings to state his religious faith. Though Mr. Ghose was ready and almost going to answer, the audience would not let him say anything on the subject. They kept on crying out:—"Don't answer" until at last Mr. Ghose had to drop his reply to the question. Follow John Bull from his home into the street, a more busy and active being it would be difficult for you to find. Men and women are to be seen going about in a hurry as if they have hardly time to look about. If a stranger on a visit to that country from India drives or walks through the streets with his national head-dress on, even the most busy man passing learns instinctively as it were to stand and gape. You throw off the head-dress the next day and wear the English hat, not a soul

cares to look at you—you are lost in the crowd and are no longer "the observed of all observers." But it is an English mob gathered in the streets on exciting occasions that produces a most striking impression. I had twice opportunities of watching and observing such a crowd during my stay in London—one on the occasion, when the late Lord Shaftesbury's funeral cortege passed through Cockspur Street on its way to the Westminster Abbey; the other on the day of the Lord Mayor's show. On the former occasion a very large number of people gathered in the street to see the cortege pass. There was a gravity about the whole crowd which was strikingly impressive and most appropriate to the mournful solemnity of the occasion. The crowd followed the cortege to the Abbey and all through the mournful silence observed by the large concourse of people afforded a striking contrast to the bustle and excitement which one finds in a crowd gathered at a political meeting. Nay, the contrast between that scene and the scene on the occasion when the Lord Mayor's procession passed through the leading streets of the city of London was even more marked. People began to collect nearly two hours before the time fixed for the procession to pass through. There were men, women, and children gathered in such large numbers that the traffic had to be closed as the streets were blocked. What with the policemen trying to keep the crowd in order, telegraph boys of ten and twelve entrusted with the delivery of telegraphic messages running about and with difficulty finding their way through the press of people, and the lower class of people struggling with one another to pick up silver coins thrown by sundry members of the National Liberal, the whole presented a most exciting and picturesque scene. At last the procession came, consisting of shows of several kinds. The most striking figure in it was that of old Sir John Bennett, "the Radical watch-maker of Cheapside." He is a prominent figure generally on most public occasions. The first time I saw him was a few days after my [redacted] at

a meeting held in the Cannon Hotel, where Mr. Colquhoun read a paper on Upper Burmah. Even at the most crowded of meetings you are sure to distinguish him from the rest. He is a fat, old man, with small but piercing eyes, which are opened and shut every second with force while the lips are set constantly in motion. He wears a bunch of red roses in his buttonhole. His individuality is so striking that his age-worn figure in his well-known velvet coat and brown felt hat meets your eye wherever he may be seated. He is seventy-two years old. As the carriage which contained him passed, the crowd received him with a volley of cheers. He took off his hat and kept it waving about to express his thanks to the crowd for their cheers, whereupon some wags were heard to cry out:—"Don't take off your hat, old John. You'll catch cold and die." It was a very cold day and for an old man of 72 to sit in an open carriage with his head bare it was indeed running a great risk. But Sir John Bennett seemed not to care but rather to enjoy the fun. In his humorous manner he went on doffing and then donning the hat and shared with the crowd The merriment caused by his presence.

——oOo——

XII.

What the Press said of us.

There is nothing very striking in the circumstance that in England, where politics are inseparable from parties, the mission of the Indian delegates came to be regarded by several people, especially the Conservatives, as a party move. The impression prevailed among them that we had gone all the way to England for the purpose of supporting the Liberal, and if not the Liberal, the Radical cause, before the British constituencies. It may be thus explained. In our speeches, we could not but express our

disapproval of Lord Lytton's Indian administration; and Lord Lytton was a Conservative. Again, we could not but applaud Lord Ripon's Indian policy; and Lord Ripon was a Liberal. With all our best efforts to put our estimate of both on grounds having not the remotest connection with the accident of the one being a Liberal and the other a Conservative, we could not hope to convince men, accustomed to judge all things political with party bias. Further, the impression was strengthened by the circumstance that we spoke against the increase of Indian military expenditure. The proposal for that increase came from and was supported by Lord Randolph Churchill, and he happened to be a Conservative too. Thus it was that we came to be taken for men, who wished to throw ourselves into the arms of Liberal politicians. Tory papers raised that cry, and some of the retired Anglo-Indians in London did their best to re-peat it at meetings and in papers. According to one gentleman, we were "low caste men"—men who had "cast off the religious and social traditions of the East." According to another, we were "three young Radicals, who called themselves Indian delegates". A third critic set us down for "three mysterious Indian gentlemen". A fourth gave out that the cry of "justice for India" we had raised was "an electioneering dodge". A fifth made the curious discovery that we had been taken to England, "at the instance of Lord Ripon, to whitewash his disgraced career" and so on. Two or three papers invented worse facts and said worse things —papers, which, in point of rabid writing, would have surpassed the most rabid vernacular paper in India, of whom some people so often are heard to complain. But the critics did more good than harm to our cause, for they gave wide publicity to our mission; and there was not a single newspaper in England, which had not something to say on it.

Here I shall present to the reader a collection of extracts taken from some of the journals that stood well by us. The *Echo*:—

"They (the delegates) will get a partial hearing. They will be pooh-poohed by the official class and the Conservative Press. They will no doubt be satirised by the organs of the Anglo-Indian community in India ; but they will do good nevertheless.....They will sow seed which will spring up in due time.....We are ever drawing on the resources of India, and unless we economise we shall be a greater curse to it than a blessing. We err, however, more from want of thought than of heart." *The Presbyterian Messenger* :—"Among the novelties of the present situation is the appearance among us of three delegates from India.....They have come to lay before the English people the claims of India to more considerate treatment... The change which has come over our Indian empire is absolutely marvellous. The English language has become the speech of the educated classes ; English ideas have taken root; a new loyalty has been developed ; in one word, India has fairly started on the path that will make her a part of ourselves". The COURT JOURNAL:—"The gentlemen from India are really men of high culture and from the speeches which they have delivered during their precandidature (*sic.*) are decidedly common-sense-like and without the least extravagance in their ideas". THE FREE MAN:—It speaks well for the rising intelligence of that country that three Native gentlemen have been sent from Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, to ask the electors of Great Britain to give greater attention to Indian affairs.....Last week they sought an interview with Lord R. Churchill, who promised them that a Parliamentary enquiry will be made during the forthcoming session and that it will embrace the whole judicial and administrative. A very safe assurance to give. But our opinion of the subtlety of the Indian intellect will be greatly at fault if, notwithstanding the pleasure they expressed at hearing this, they place any hope or trust in this now favourite Conservative gambit." THE CAMBRIAN of Swansea:—"We earnestly hope the Indian representatives, who are now endeavouring to arouse

hearty sympathy and cooperation throughout England, on behalf of the best interests of our Indian empire, will be eminently successful in their efforts, and that our British House of Parliament, when it next meets, will calmly consider the just claims which our Indian brethren have for justice, and grant them that justice at the earliest possible moment. In order to do this there must be a change of policy—not simply in the practice of a little cheeseparing economy, but our system of Indian Government must be organised on a new, broader, and cheaper basis". THE SWANSEA JOURNAL:—"We emphatically approve of the objects which the delegates from India have in view in visiting this country. Their main desire is to stir up the sympathy of the people in their favour, and to bring into closer bonds of friendship their great Empire with England...The response of Swansea, as represented on the occasion of their visit, was as emphatic and enthusiastic as could possibly be pronounced". The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—"If the visit of the Indian delegates has done no more than demonstrate the warmth and sincerity of the popular feeling in this country towards our Indian fellow-sub jects, it will have been useful...As for the charge that the Associations and the delegates have wrongfully assumed a representative character, it is met by the obvious rejoinder that it would be ridiculous for any possible Indian organization to pretend to be fully representative of all the sects and races of India. Persons who put forward this extremely transparent objection ought at least to show how a more approximately representative mission than that which we lately welcomed in this city could be formed." The HULL EXPRESS:—"Mr. Bright made a very good speech upon Indian affairs last night. He had always been one of the forward school with regard to India; he is practically at one with Lord Ripon and would unflinchingly apply the principles of English Liberalism to the Government of our greatest dependency...He expresses what is undoubtedly a growing feeling when he says that our Indian service stands in urgent need of reform." THE EVENING EXPRESS:—"The

delegates, who came to England from India at the beginning of the election in order to acquaint the electors more fully with the aims and desires of their fellow-subjects in the East, have had many opportunities of addressing the people of this country and of making known the growing urgency of the Indian question....There was a time when Ireland would have been satisfied by very moderate measures of justice. Now and for some years past her growing dissatisfaction has hindered the progress of legislation, and has turned her into a very thorn in the side of Britain. Nor will she be quieted again until every sense of grievance has been removed. At present the Indians are content to ask for the extension of local self-government among them, and the reorganisation of legislative councils. If these very reasonable proposals are acceded to before the lapse of an inordinate length of time, the loyalty of the people of India to the British Crown will be intensified.....Conservatives profess to love glory. We would commend to them an utterance Mr. N. G. Chandavarkar made use of last night. "It was easy to conquer and easy to rule with a strong hand. There might be glory in it; but there was the imperishable glory of having educated and enlightened a fallen nation."

These are some of the extracts which I have inserted here for the purpose of showing that the delegation was noticed even by the provincial papers. I ought to conclude this with a quotation from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 8th December 1885:—

"The Meeting at Birmingham yesterday was probably "the last one at which the Indian Delegates will be present, "and Mr. Bright's wise and witty address formed an appro- "priate conclusion to a campaign which it is only the barest "justice to say that the representatives of the native edu- "cated class have conducted, amidst disgraceful insults and "slanders, with a dignity and magnanimity which is itself one "of the best possible testimonies to the justice of their "appeal."

V

Our Mission

Soon after our arrival in England a preliminary meeting of some of Indian friends and well-wishers was held in the rooms of the National Liberal Club for the purpose of deciding how best we could go to work in connection with our mission. There were present at that meeting, among others, Messrs. William Digby, J. D. Digby, A. O. Hume, Martin Wood, Seymour Keay, Haggard, Bonnet, and Dr. Clarke, Major Evans Bell and several others. It was decided at that meeting, after some discussion, that the delegates should address meetings besides issuing a manifesto on behalf of India to the English electors and putting test-questions to candidates. Our first meeting was held in the Westbourne Park Chapel, North Paddington, on Wednesday the 14th October, under the presidency of Mr. William Digby. Though it was a very wet evening yet the chapel was filled with a large audience. It was estimated that about 1500 people were present. The audience gave us all three a very cordial reception and heard us attentively, frequently cheering our remarks. The allusion made by one of us in his speech to Lord Randolph Churchill's remark that "the Indian famine insurance fund had been eaten up" was received with laughter and the audience kept on repeating the remark for some time. The next day we were officially received by Lord Randolph Churchill, then Secretary of State for India, at the India office. An account of this reception has been given already. Our second meeting was held in Oakley Hall, Old Kent Road, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Leary, in support of Mr. Blunt's candidature. Among those present at this meeting were the Hon. A. Bourke (a son of the late Lord Mayo), and an Afghan religious chief. There were about 500 people in the hall. There too we met with a good reception. Mr. Blunt delivered an interesting address on India. While in the course of his remarks he dwelt on the poverty of the people of this country, a man in the hall interrupted him