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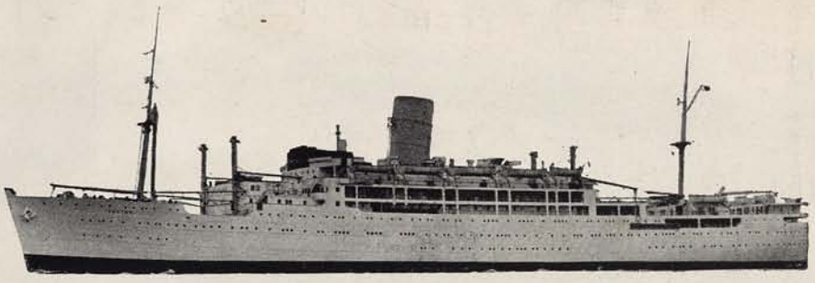

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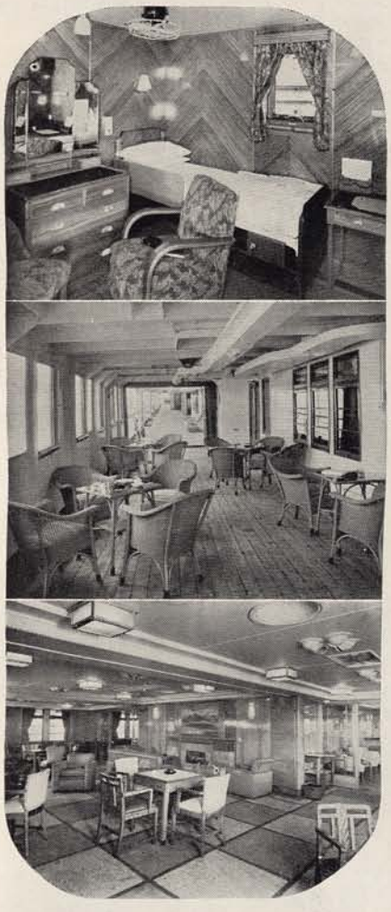

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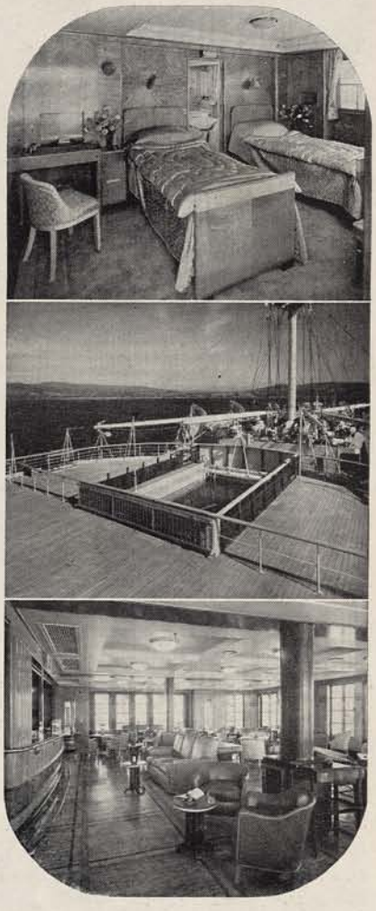

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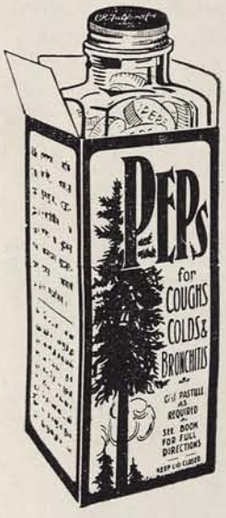

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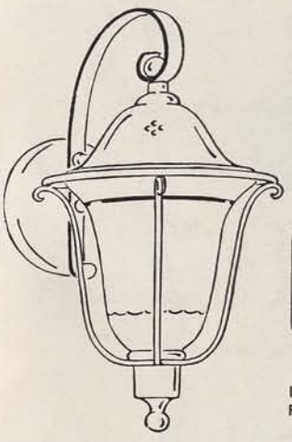

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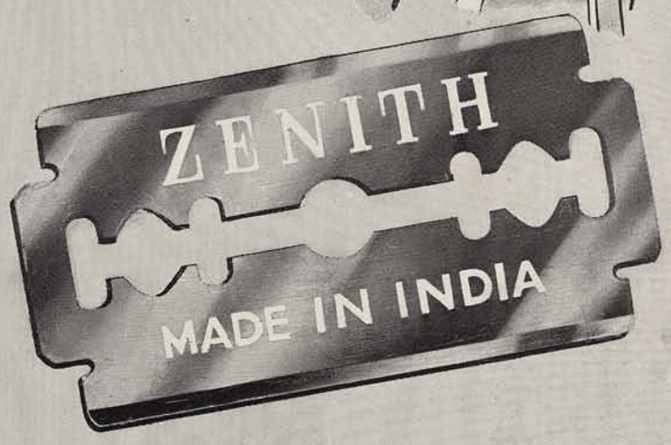

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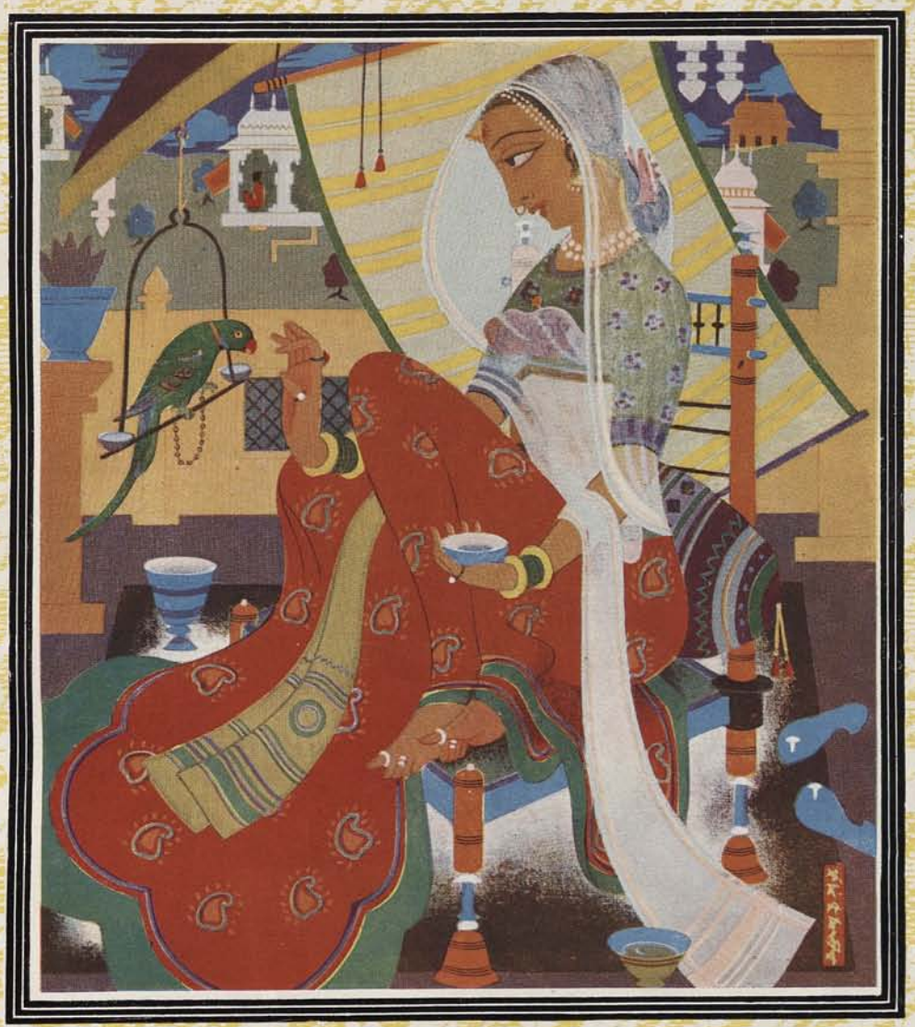

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1950

THE LITTLE BLACK RAM

by

RUMER GODDEN

"YOUR mother was a prostitute, the daughter of a prostitute!" The children called that after him and the Elders and the women cried, "Shaitan! Seed of evil!" Ibrahim did not care; his father was dead, he had no mother and his tongue was so quick that he could give them worse abuse than they gave him.

The clan prized courage, spirit and hardihood as they prized endurance and strength, but they were gentle and had the shepherd spirit; Ibrahim, born one of them, was as different as if he were differently coloured, a firebrand with no sense or reason; he was a young thief, a bully, noisy, quarrelsome and turbulent, against everyone with everyone against him. "What shall we do with him?" sighed the Elders. Only Ezekiel, the oldest of them all, thought something could be done. "He will learn," said Ezekiel.

"But when, when?" asked the exasperated Elders.

"Presently," said Ezekiel. That did not solve the question of the fights among the boys when Ibrahim was sent to help with the grazing, the upsets among the ponies when he was sent to drive with the men, the milk stolen from the buffaloes, the calves panic-stricken from his chasing, when he was sent to keep the herd, the food stolen and the girls teased when he was left at home.

Ibrahim's people were nomads, *bakriwars*, goat-herds who drove their flocks up from the vales and plain of north-west India every year in summer to the rich grazing of the Himalayan pastures.

Usually Ibrahim went with the boys. They took the goats thousands of feet above the valley, above the last spruces of the forests where small *mergs*, or upland meadows, spread their gentian and primulas, anemones and geums in the grass. Ibrahim did not notice flowers, for they were part of the grass to him, grazing for the goats; he did not see the colours of the mountains, pumice and blue, streaked with the snow that was never far off, nor the blue shadows of the snow bridges and crevasses, marked in the sun, nor the glittering of the snowfields; he only knew how many marches away each was and which led to the best grazing grounds. It was the same with living creatures. If he looked at the eagles it was only to judge the wind. He quarrelled and wrestled with the boys, outwitting the big ones and bullying the small; women were to be shouted at, to fetch, carry and give food; the Elders, to Ibrahim, were a rod that stung and that, at present had to be obeyed, but when he was older he would wield it for himself. The small horses of the tribe were for riding, fast and hard; dogs were servants, deer were hunted with spears and the little wild marmots of the rocks that sat up on their tails to scream at humans were targets for stones. Ibrahim had no kinship with anything or anyone unless it were with the self-contained, self-reliant goats with their wicked yellow eyes and strong horns. "*Bhai*, Brother," one of the boys might by accident call him in the warmth of play or work and he always retorted, "I am not your brother. I have no brothers."

Only, once, when he was lying on a rock, drumming his heels in the sun, putting back his head to feel the air on his face, shaking his black curls back from his short broad forehead to look up at the vault of the sky and dare the sun with his eyes, did he hear a sound that made him become suddenly still; it was a pipe that Mahmud had brought up from the plains and kept in his waist knot and played to himself, a thin bamboo pipe. As Mahmud played it, Ibrahim could not bear it; it gave

him a feeling of piercing sadness and emptiness so that he did not know what to do with himself; it made him too much alone, a speck on the mountain, a nothing, a grain among a million million grains; he wanted to go and look into the face of another boy, to go near him if it were only to kick him, or to clasp one of the great goats round the neck even if it turned its horns on him. Mahmud played on and the feeling swelled in Ibrahim until he felt that he would crack in pieces with it and he jumped down off the rock on Mahmud and began to beat him.

"My pipe! My pipe!" Mahmud screamed, but the pipe was crushed against the rock as they rolled over. Mahmud's turban came off, Ibrahim lay on Mahmud and pommelled him, an elbow on his chest, his hand holding Mahmud's hair while the other fist drove unfairly into his soft sides and belly. That made Ibrahim feel himself again and his eyes looked as wicked as the goats; when the other boys dragged him off, Mahmud was half stunned and bleeding. "You rascal! You good for nothing! You young cock!" said Abdul Kharim, the chief Elder, when Ibrahim was sent for; Abdul Kharim slapped him on both cheeks and sent him a five days march with old Ezekiel who, besides being the oldest, was the crossest man of the clan, to buy sheep and drive them back. "Sheep?" said Ibrahim in disgust. "Sheep!" said Ezekiel. Ibrahim thought that sheep did not please him either.

The nomads seldom keep sheep; they breed small horses and buffaloes and goats, suited to moving and enduring the steep and difficult climbs; sheep are too slow, too soft for them but, occasionally, just before the tribe moves down, they will buy a few sheep cheaply to fatten and sell in the plains for the Indian autumn festivals. These were small fat-tailed sheep, prime for mutton and for wool; Ezekiel and Ibrahim drove them back and, before the first day, Ibrahim hated their soft woolly helpless bundled bodies and their bleating voices. "Take care, young owl!" said Ezekiel, giving him a box on the ear. "Would you have that ewe in the river?" Though his ear was tingling, Ibrahim shrugged and scowled and then laughed scornfully; he would have put the whole flock in the river. Ezekiel gave him another blow to teach him manners.

Late that night the same bleating ewe was delivered of twin lambs; one of the lambs was black. "Here, Shaitan, here's a brother for you at last," said Ezekiel lifting it.

The black lamb, still with its cord hanging, red and wet, its legs dangling, lay in Ezekiel's hand. It had barely drawn breath, but struggled fiercely to get away and tried to kick with its tiny hooves that were cloven and black. Its forehead, where the black curled hair was still sticky and damp from the birth was, indeed, very like Ibrahim's but on its head it had the mark of embryo horns; it was a ram. "Take it and keep it warm," said Ezekiel, "while I see to the mother. Warm the other one too."

Ibrahim picked up the white-grey lamb without interest but, when he put the black lamb under his coat

The pipe was crushed against the rock as they rolled over..... Ibrahim lay on Mahmud and pommelled him.

and felt it move against him and butt him with its head, he was filled with a feeling that was the opposite of what he had experienced from Mahmud's pipe; he felt stirred, not to emptiness, but, as he warmed the lamb, as if he were filled; he felt its warmth and he felt the warmth of himself, Ibrahim. He looked down at the small curled black head nuzzling in the rags of his coat and he was puzzled that this feeling was good.

After that, he and the ram were inseparable. It was not, Ibrahim said, that he liked the ram but that it liked him; he pushed it away and even threw twigs and pebbles at it but it followed him where he went; it would not stay with the sheep but went after him among the goats and was not in the least afraid of them; it could balance on its small hooves as well as any of them; its legs grew as strong as springs, and its body grew hard. "Allah! It will be tough eating," said Ezekiel.

"Here, Shaitan, here's a brother for you at last," said Ezekiel.

The boys teased Ibrahim, which made him angry. When the tribe moved back to the plains, they taunted him with the butcher. "Butcher. Butcher will take your ram." Ibrahim half wanted the ram to go; the boys threw stones at it and that made another unaccustomed feeling rise up in him, though the throwing back of stones was customary enough. The thought of the ram stoned, slaughtered by the butcher made his stomach feel queer. He wished Abdul Kharim would order something quickly but, in the end, the Elder did not send the ram to be killed and, when the spring came and the flocks were driven back to the Himalayas, the ram was with them, trotting at Ibrahim's heels. When it felt the mountain grass under its hooves and smelled the snow wind scented with honey from myriads of flowers, it went wild with joy; it jumped with all four feet off the ground as it went cavorting and shying over the glades, shaking its neck and small fat tail with ecstasy. Ibrahim suddenly laughed aloud, and in the same glee lay down and rolled in the flowers himself. It grew large and strong; the hard small curves of its horns showed; and, now, for the first time, Ibrahim felt how troublesome the tiresomeness of another could be. On the strong mountain air and grass, the ram grew wicked; it would run at the women carrying their water-pots from the streams and raced among the children, sending them flying; the women clamoured for it to be killed or sent away; Abdul Kharim looked and heard and frowned; the boys threw more stones at it; everyone was against it and still it went bounding, kicking and butting round in the camp among the flocks, a small black tornado. "Take that black devil away from the folds." "Aie! It has broken into the hut and eaten the fresh curd." Then it ran at Rahman's Bibi when she was fully pregnant and she fell and had a premature birth; the baby lived but the anger broke out more fiercely. "Slit its throat. It should be killed. Ill-begotten. Seed of evil. Shaitan!" That feeling rose in Ibrahim again, mingled anger and queerness; the queerness was that he felt that he was no longer Ibrahim alone, but Ibrahim and the ram; it was like the feeling from Mahmud's piping. He felt for it what he had not felt for himself; then he had felt only anger, now, it was mingled with this strange sadness. He caught the ram by its neck and dragged it away from the camp to the goats. That night he did not go into the huts but slept out-of-doors with the goats and the ram.

Two days after that it ran at Jacoub, a tall big sullen boy, almost a man, when he was riding an unbroken colt, which swerved in fright, throwing Jacoub; even the women laughed while Jacoub scowled, picked up a stone and hurled it in temper at the ram. The stone, too large to throw at an animal, broke the ram's leg.

When any animal in the herd broke a leg, they sent for Ezekiel; if it were a clean break he, with his old clever hands, would delicately set it, splint it, and hold the splint in position with a crisscross network of light twigs tightly bound up the flank so that the whole limb was held stiffly when the animal moved. It was skilled work and took a long time; now Ezekiel came and looked at the black ram. Ibrahim felt himself tremble; no one liked the ram, they all wished it dead. Would Ezekiel cut its throat? "It's a clean break," said Ibrahim and his tongue came out and licked his dry lips. Why could he not say a simple thing like that without his tongue becoming dry and his heart beating?

Ezekiel grunted.

"It would not be . . . difficult?" said Ibrahim. The ram lay with its sides heaving in pain, moisture running from its nose. There was silence, till Ezekiel grunted again and squatting down on his ankles, took twine out of the deep pocket of his homespun coat and began to work. He sent a boy for twigs and told Ibrahim to hold the ram. "You are my father and mother," said Ibrahim humbly.

The ram kicked out hard with the other leg as Ezekiel pulled its broken legs straight. "Inshallah!" cried Ezekiel and swore at Ibrahim for not holding it better. He pleaded under his breath with the ram to lie still, for he was afraid Ezekiel might grow cross and leave it but now he saw what patience the old man had; it is animal nature to kick and struggle against forcible pain and the ram struggled wildly but Ezekiel went steadily on till the leg was straight in the splints and the network, woven with twigs and tied with twine, was so

firm that even the most energetic ram could not kick it off. A new reverence for Ezekiel began in Ibrahim, who had never felt reverence for anything or anyone before ; Ezekiel was taciturn and cross but had this power of healing which he would use for a bad boy and a plaguey young ram. When at last the ram was released it scrabbled with its feet on the ground and quivered, blew through its nostrils and stood upright. " In three weeks it will mend," said Ezekiel, dusting his hands.

" God is great ! " said Ibrahim politely ; his eyes glowed ; at that moment he thought Ezekiel greater than God.

Shortly after, Abdul Kharim ordered that the tribe should move, crossing the high passes that led down to the valley of the Liddar on the other side of the great range. " It's too late in the season," grumbled Ezekiel. " It is mad ! The last pass is one of the worst in the mountains. If we get snow, there will be death. His father would not have done it."

They left the huts standing under the trees and, with ponies, and packs, buffaloes, flocks, dogs, tents, cooking pots, blankets, and babies began their march through the gorges and up the mountains to the passes. Day after day they journeyed on, passing rivers of water and rivers of ice, great glaciers perpetually frozen ; climbing crags and precipices, wandering across high unknown glades, making a new camp each night, stopping sometimes for an hour or two for the birth of a child or of a late calf.

He staggered with it . . . . . his arms torn almost from their sockets, while his heart felt as if it would burst his chest.

Ibrahim, as he had the lame ram, was given the task of driving all the sick animals ; usually only a woman or the mildest of the boys had patience to do this but now the fierce Ibrahim left camp first in the morning and came in late, long after the others, sometimes long after dark ; he had an old she-goat, once the leader of her flock, huge, old, tufted, ugly and maddeningly obstinate ; with her was a spotted half-grown goat as disobedient as she, and a small fat kid he had to carry. They all had broken legs, splinted like the ram's and they walked, limping and hopping, stopping and whimpering, trying to lie down or break away ; only the black ram limped faithfully behind him ; that made Ibrahim go on and not rebel though it seemed to him that each day was a moon of days ; he lashed the old she-goat unmercifully but brought them all safely into camp each night. " That is a changed boy," said Abdul Kharim.

" I told you he would learn," said Ezekiel, smoothing his beard. Then he added, " But he will have to learn to do without the ram."

" But it is with the ram that he is good."

" He will learn to do without the ram," said Ezekiel. " He will learn."

They camped one evening not far from the foot of the last pass ; its crags loomed over them ; the night was cold with no stars. " Snow," said Ezekiel sniffing the air. " I told them ! Snow ! "

Next day, they were early on the march and Ibrahim was soon left behind. That morning the old she-goat seemed possessed of the devil and the young goat followed her ; it was not till long after midday that Ibrahim drove them, dragging the kid in his arms, up among the rocks at the foot of the long cleft that led up to the pass.

He stood and looked at it, putting his head far back. It towered for hundreds of feet over his head, sheer rock in which the wind, ice and water had hollowed

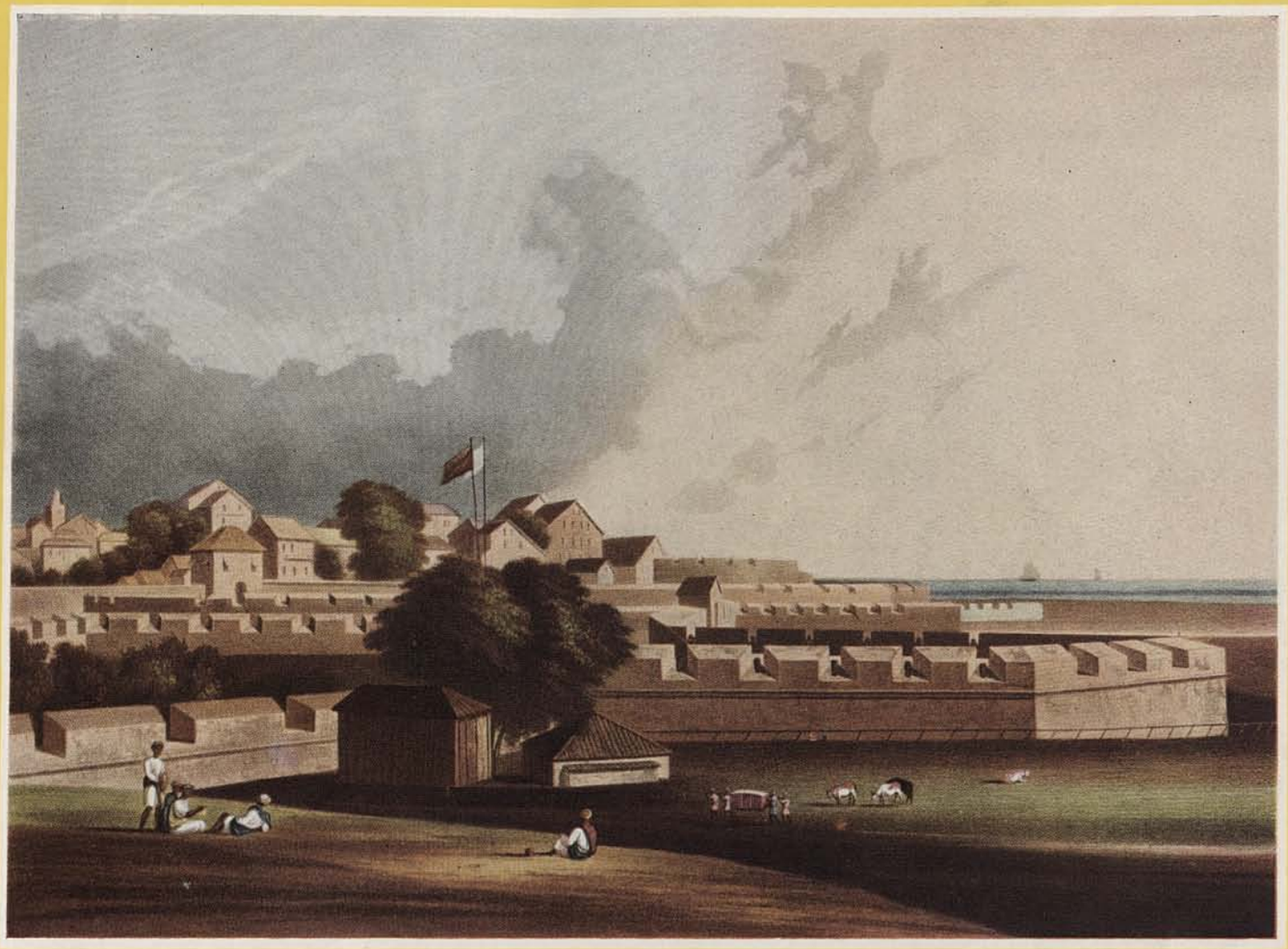
(*Continued on page* 72)

THERE are occasional periods in the history of Bombay about which little is known, partly for the very good reason that nothing much was happening there and partly because attention was diverted to other parts of India. One of those periods lay in the few years that preceded the British struggle against the Marathas during which Bombay began to expand from its restricted boundaries. Of that war, its disasters and triumphs, there has been abundant history and criticism; but of the domestic life in Bombay just before that great series of events scarcely any record survives except in the remarkable book of memoirs written by John Macdonald, who came to Bombay in 1769 as the servant of Colonel Alexander Dow.

By any standard of criticism Macdonald was a remarkable man. In the first place his book is very good reading, and so indeed it should be in view of the facts that he travelled widely, served many masters, and, what is most important, had the gifts of observation and of straightforward narrative. He was born in 1741, the son of a farmer who fell at Culloden, and so an orphan of the storm of 1745. After a hard, homeless life as a child, comparable in some ways with that of many children in Europe after the recent war, he gained a living as a postilion, a groom, and a valet. He had his ups and downs in service and reached the height of his fame when, in 1768, his master—Mr. John Crauford, "one of the gayest young gentlemen and the greatest gambler that ever belonged to Scotland"—sent him to inquire for "Mr. Sterne, the celebrated author (who) was taken ill at the silk-bag shop in Old Bond Street." He went, returned and said:—

"I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging; the mistress opened the door; I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse. I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said: *Now it is come.* He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute."

There is fine, though unconsciously dramatic, effect in that brief account of the end of Yorick; and how often Macdonald must have recalled the scene later on when he came to Bombay and saw the house where Sterne's Eliza, Mrs. Draper, had lived, and heard stories about her as he must have done when waiting at dinner parties.



North West View of the Fort of Bombay

It was from the service of John Crauford to that of Colonel Dow that he passed in 1768, but " my master spent so much money on women that I was tired of waiting on them." So he left a good master, but returned to him in the following year for wages of forty guineas a year to go to India.

Colonel Dow is little considered now as a historian, but he had his day and is of interest as a man who rose to some importance. He was the son of a customs officer at Dunbar and ran away to sea. In due course he got to Bencoolen, on the West coast of Sumatra, and, after being secretary to the Governor there, was appointed a cadet on the Bengal establishment. In 1764 he raised the 19th Battalion of Sepoys which was called after him Doo-ki-Paltan. In Bengal, where he was said to have made a good deal of money, he translated the History of Hindostan from the Persian of Ferishta, which was published in 1768, and four years later his continuation of that history to the death of Aurangzeb was published. It was on the latter work that he was engaged when he took Macdonald to India. There was a cadet on board named Wood who was put to the job of making a fair copy of what the Colonel wrote " and he (the Colonel) gave me the rules of the army to write from, in order to keep my hand in use ;

Drummer and Fifer of Sepoys

View on Bancoote River in the Concan taken from Dazagon Hill

so we three wrote in the Colonel's cabin ; and, when we were dry, I made grog out of his case ; and, when we were tired, we went to walk on deck." It is a pleasing picture and one can without difficulty imagine the Colonel on deck, watching the flying fish and brooding on the dedication of his history to the King—" laid with great humility at the foot of the throne, by Your Majesty's most dutiful, most humble and most devoted subject and servant." Perhaps too he would condescend to tell young Mr. Wood how, " being sensible of the impropriety of poetical diction in the grave narration of historical fact," he had " clipped the wings of Ferishta's turgid expressions." It was not all work on board, however, for Dow was a jovial man with, as Macdonald said, " the spirit of an emperor." He showed high spirits when they put into Joanna, in the Mozambique channel, for water, and he must have been still more lively when, not far from Bombay, he saw for two hours a fight between the fleets of Hyder Ali and the Marathas.

A Sarathee, or Coachman

A Young Parsee Priest

Before noting any details of life in Bombay as narrated by Macdonald it will be as well to give an outline of the small society there. The Governor, at Parel, was Thomas Hodges, a man of no great account who was said to be under the influence of a Brahmin

Scene in Bombay

A Hooka-Burdar

soothsayer. He died in 1771 and was succeeded by William Hornby, a man of much stronger character whose name at any rate is familiar to all who know Bombay because it has been perpetuated in place-names. Colonel, or, as Macdonald calls him, General Pemble, who had taken part in the great battle of Buxar, was in command of the troops with a house at Mazagon as well as one in the Fort. When he died, Brigadier-General David Wedderburn took command but was killed not long afterwards at the siege of Broach when not yet 33 years of age.

Colonel Dow on arrival assumed command of all the sepoys on the establishment—four battalions or nine thousand men—and after a stay with General Pemble set up house in the Marine House near the Dockyard. In the cold weather Commodore Sir John Lindsay arrived in command of the King's ship. Commodore Watson was in command of the Company's ships. Col. Thomas Keating, who later commanded the force which captured the fort of Varsova, was Chief Engineer and, according to Macdonald, Commandant of Artillery. Of the civilians the most notable after Hornby was Andrew Ramsay, who had a house at Mahim; and there seem to have been three doctors on the Island. Macdonald was not the only European

A Peada, or Footman

A Sepoy

A Dandy, or Boatman in his Livery

servant : there were two others, and more when the Fleet was in. Sir John Lindsay had a German valet whose name—the coincidence seems too good to be true—was "Longchamps, afterwards a great man at Newmarket."

Consider the man who was cast into this little society in conditions absolutely strange to him. By his own account John Macdonald was an Admirable Crichton in whom were combined all the qualities of a perfect servant, and, odd though it may seem, there is no obvious reason why his own estimate should not be accepted. As a child in Scotland he had learned to ride a postilion horse, learned the hard way with a strap round his waist tied to the saddle ; and under a hard-hearted and heavy-handed coachman he acquired the art of cleaning horses and harness. That stable experience was of use to him in Bombay when he helped to look after a mad horse, which was chained by the head and legs after killing a man. It was called Chillabie after a very rich merchant at Surat "who had eighteen or nineteen ships of his own and a great many English gentlemen in his service.... He was a great companion of General Wedderburn's and of the first-rate men."

It was as a boy too that he first had an insight into the mystery of cooking when he sometimes helped in the kitchen of a big house. Later in London he learned how to make "Queen of Scots soup," for which he gives a recipe that suggests he would have been dear to the heart of Hannah Glasse, that famous exponent of 18th century cookery. For that soup, he says, "six chickens are cut in small pieces, with the heart, gizzard and liver well washed, and then put in a stew-pan and just covered with water and boiled till the chickens are done enough. Season it with salt and cayenne pepper, and mince parsley with eight egg yolks and whites beat up together. Stir round all together just as you are going to serve it up."

Besides being an expert cook he was a trained hair-dresser and that fact greatly helped him whenever he sought employment. He was acute enough when young to see the possible value of such an accomplishment, and his training under a barber in Edinburgh, which he later carried on for a time in London, proved of considerable use to him. It was on one of his early days in Bombay that he showed Colonel Dow what he could do as a coiffeur when he really tried. The Colonel, one supposes, was sensible enough not to wear a wig : in fact, as the saying went, he wore his own hair and Macdonald had to dress it and to "put it in papers" at night. Coming home from a ball at Parel, the Colonel said :—"John, my hair stands up as well as when I went out, and all the other gentlemen's hair is down." To which John replied :—"Sir, the other people here don't know how to use the pomade;" and he explains that he had stiffened the pomatum with wax candles. That sounds splendid. Were the Colonel's locks, one wonders, ever nibbled during the night by rats? That pomatum must have had a great attraction.

He must have had a reputation for honesty for he looked after the payment of Colonel Dow's servants, and, later in the service of Colonel Keating, he took charge of the cash and accounts. That was no small job, for Keating had "as many men at work under him, at cutting down rocks and building new fortifications, as cost one hundred thousand rupees per month ; and when he came in his palankin after breakfast to see some hundreds of men at work he was taken more notice of than the King of England at St. James's on a court day."

A Thug, a Lady, and a Gentleman of Distinction

It must be added that, though Macdonald had great accomplishments, he was a bad lad with the girls. At the early age of fourteen he was had up before the minister and elders at Bargeny in Scotland on account of a little affair with an apprentice to a mantua-maker; but that roasting, as he calls it, had no effect. A time indeed came when one employer told him that no family would admit him into their house: he must live with a single gentleman. "What makes the women take to me so?" he ingenuously asked a friend. "Johnny," she replied, "there is nothing in it further than this—they think you have so good a temper, and never hear you say an ill word, and you are so obliging in your way.....and there is nothing that gains the affections of women so soon as to be always obliging to them." Some years later in Dublin, where he gave a ball to upwards of 40 people at a cost of £5-10-0, he relates that he was called the Handsome Macdonald. "In London I was called Beau Macdonald by the men, and the Scotch Frenchman." As to his being a beau, he obviously liked to be well dressed, whether in or out of livery. He often refers to his dress, as for instance in Bombay when Colonel Dow gave a ball at the Marine House and he dressed himself "in a green silk waistcoat, double-breasted, with sleeves mounted with gold like a jacket." One of his fellow servants heard a lady inquire who was the gentleman in green and gold, and it seems that the broad gold lace, though tarnished by day, shone among the lights. One day Colonel Dow was so pleased with his steward, as Macdonald came to be called, that he gave him three suits of clothes trimmed with gold. He could obviously have held his own at the "friendly swarry" of Bath footmen which Sam Weller attended.

It is very remarkable that, although he felt himself to be a fine looking fellow, well-dressed and elegant in

Kedmutgurs, or Table Servants bringing in Dinner

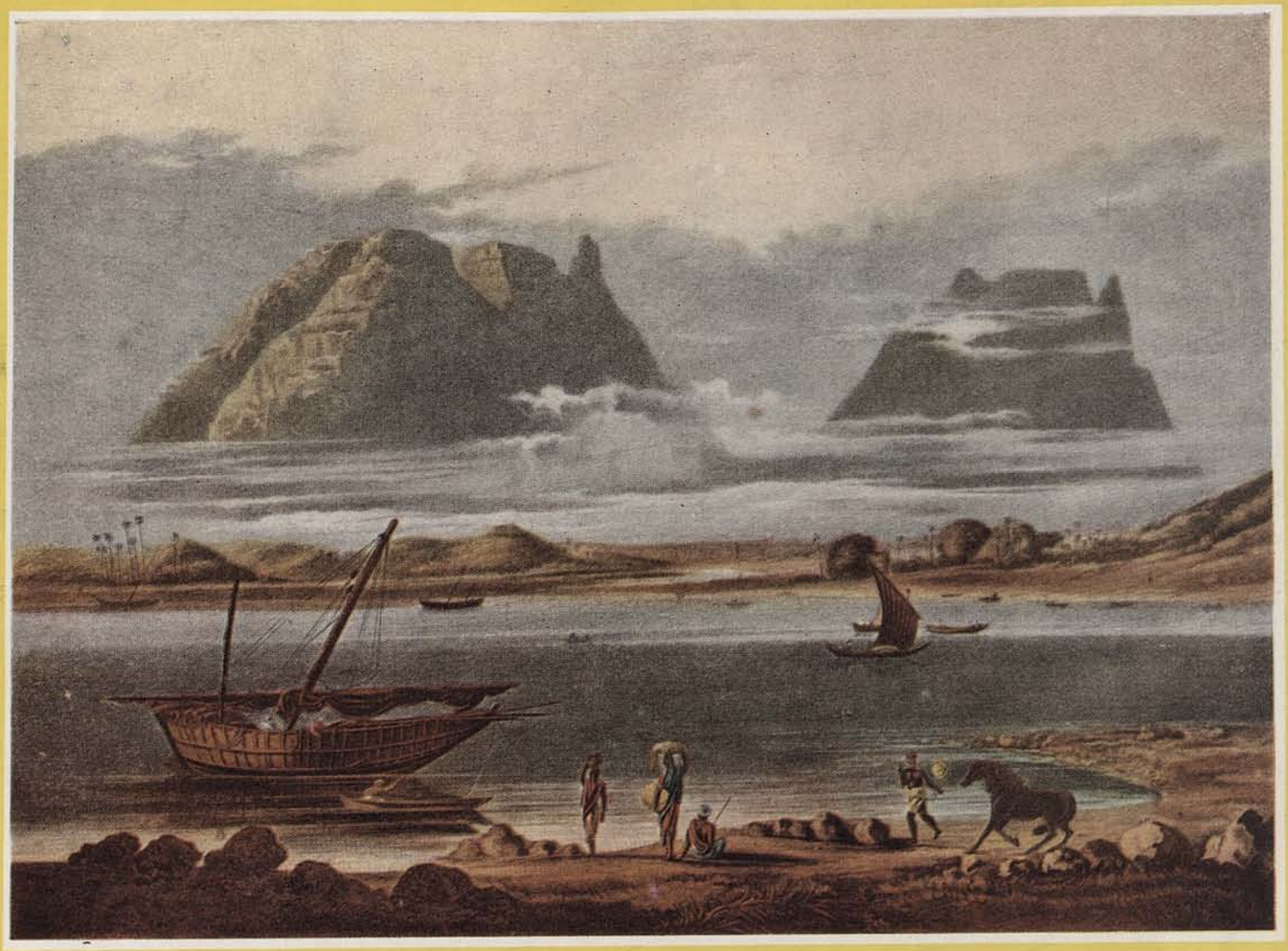
a time when such things were thought to be of great account, Macdonald had no sense of colour or race prejudice. There are several proofs of that in his story but none more striking than the pleasant way in which he always refers to the Indian servants with whom he worked and with whom he was on the best of terms. In one case indeed he served under an Indian head-servant, one Bapu by name who had " a plantation of his own and a large family." Bapu was such a swell that he was above taking any wages but would take a present now and then : " he never waited at table, but would sit down in the fender, come in to see what the Colonel wanted, put down the dinner and take it off."

Macdonald gives some appetising details of the dinners and suppers he had to arrange and records the praises with which he was rewarded, such as—" John, I'll be damned but you conducted yourself vastly well at this ball and with judgment." Of greater interest is the description of Colonel Dow's establishment in the house which was called " the first in Bombay for hospitality." He gave Rs. 1,000 for a saddle-horse, and bought two horses for his chariot. He hired a first and second coachman, and bought two slaves, one for the kitchen and one to help Wanilla, a Parsi servant, and Macdonald. He had a negro cook from a ship that was in Bombay and four coolies to carry his palankin, with " a massall to carry the umbrella by day and the flambeau by night, and a pair to run before the chariot or palankins with swords drawn in their hands : so this was our family, without a maidservant."

The most distinctive part of the narrative, however, deals with two expeditions out of Bombay. It must be remembered that Bombay at that time was an island settlement and its only footing on the mainland was at Bankot in the Ratnagiri district. That village and some adjoining land on the coast had been obtained by treaty with the Peshwa in exchange for the fort of Gheriah, and was useful for two reasons, as a health resort and as the source of supply of beef to the garrison in Bombay. Macdonald went there in due course but his first expedition was to a place he calls Dillinagogue, " in the Maratha country inland, over against Bombay." It seems to have been settled at a dinner given by Colonel Dow to Sir John Lindsay and some of his officers that Dow, Lindsay and his secretary and Andrew Ramsay should go to that place in April. Commodore Watson and a party also went, but a little earlier. It was no small affair this. " We set off in a large boat, with sails, and entered the great river of Tannah, with a vessel following us with all the necessaries for an empty house, servants, two havaldars, or sepoy sergeants, twelve sepoys, with their arms, four palankins, with eight men for each, four saddle horses with their keepers. We had plenty of provisions with us for two days in the boats. I was greatly delighted and thought it was a pleasant thing to live under the East India Company."

A distinguished Hindoo Lady

A Scene near the Bombay Bundar



Morning View from Calliann near Bombay

At Thana they had to get a passport from "Rummagee Punt", the Governor, and, having got that, they landed at Bhiwndi and stayed the night in the house of a Moslem who "had got many wives." Included in the party was an Indian, by name Sally Percival, and she begged the occupants of the house to let the men look into their quarters while the master was out. "They did not stay a minute for fear of his return. One gentleman said:—'They are pretty'; another said:—'They are richly dressed.' 'I wish we had them here,' said another. This Sally Percival whom I have mentioned lived with a gentleman who had gone home to Europe. He gave her freedom and a great deal of money. Afterwards she lived with Dr. Percival, by whom she had a son; but the doctor died and left a great deal of money to Sally and the little boy. By this time she was worth between four and five thousand pounds sterling. She had a town and country house in the island of Bombay. Dr. Tennant and Mr. Ramsay were her trustees."

From Bhiwndi the servants rode and their masters were carried in palankins to the hot wells. "The houses were made and covered with branches of trees. The building of a house would cost eighteen

(*Continued on page 75*)

A Scene on the Bombay Esplanade

Knell of The Pendulum

By J. Jefferson Farjeon

PEOPLE did not come into the shop of Ahasuerus Freemantle for the pleasure of his company. They came to have their clocks and watches mended because he was good at his job; or to buy new ones—or old ones—because he had such an unusually fine collection. Emerging afterwards from his narrow doorway out on to the wide pavement they experienced, sometimes subconsciously, a sensation of having escaped back into free space from the cobwebs of time, while the ticking of countless clocks faded from their ears.

But old Ahasuerus Freemantle, who lived in the centre of the web and never left it, did not mind what his customers thought so long as they paid their bills and augmented his income. His friends were his clocks, and their ticking was all the companionship he needed. Every clock spoke to him, spoke in its own particular voice. Some of the voices were slow and stately, some whispered busily, some had characteristics which only the ear of an expert—and Ahasuerus was an expert—could have detected. Some were sad, some were humorous, others were a little foolish, others highly intelligent, but all were his good companions, associating him with their secret histories and carrying him back into the days of their youth. The voice that warmed his heart most was the solemn, measured voice of the grandfather clock inscribed *A. Fromanteel Londini Fecit* that stood in a corner of the room at the back of the shop, where he kept his greatest treasures. The date of the clock was 1660, and the door between the

shop and the back room was generally ajar during the daytime, so that he could still hear its tick-tocking while he served or waited for his customers.

At night, the door was closed.

It was at the pub at the corner of the street that Bob Higgins, new to the neighbourhood, first heard of Ahasuerus Freemantle and began to take an interest in him.

Whenever Bob Higgins went to a new district (and he was frequently doing so, rarely staying for very long) he visited the pubs with ear as well as mouth agog. There is no place to beat a pub for picking up a bit of local information, and the beauty of it is that you can do it without necessarily joining in. You just stand at the counter, drinking your beer with a glazed disinterested expression as though you were thinking of something miles away, waiting for the tit-bits. And on this particular morning the tit-bits were very nice and tasty.

"Yes, got it back an hour ago and now it goes like a good 'un," said the man in the yellow waistcoat.

"Well, you don't want a watch that loses at opening time," remarked the man with the walrus moustache.

"That's right—at closing time it don't matter!" winked the yellow waistcoat. "But the old boy charged me the earth!"

"Ah, well, good work's worth paying for, and you don't get too much of it nowadays," answered the walrus moustache. "The old miser knows his stuff, I'll say that for him."

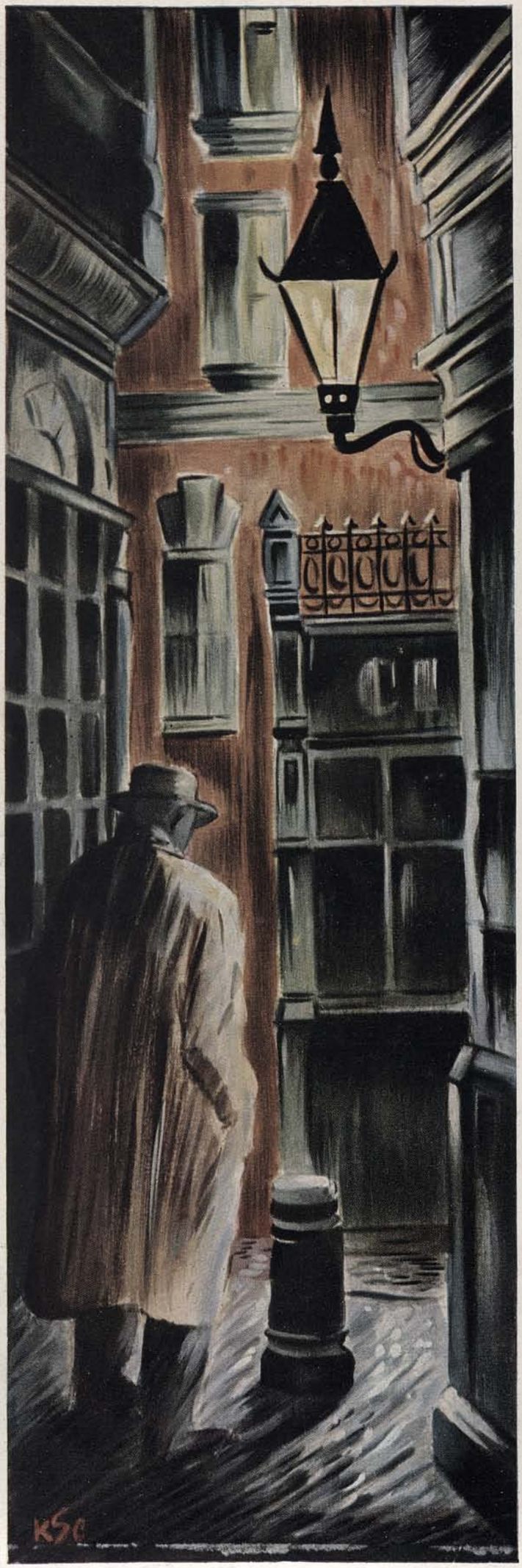
The fellow with the large nose chipped in.

"Talking of Ahasuerus?" he enquired.

"That's the bloke."

"Then I should say you've used the right term for him—old miser. I've known him for years—that's to say, if anybody ever gets to know Ahasuerus Freemantle—and I've never found out yet what he spends his money on. *And* he must have put by a pretty little pile after all this time. No family, doesn't drink or bet, never run a car, and too antiquated for the girls! And have you ever seen him at a cinema or a theatre, let alone a pub—or anywhere, for that matter outside his shop?"

"Probably he just banks it," said the yellow waistcoat.



"More likely he keeps it under his pillow," suggested the walrus moustache. "He looks the sort who would."

"Shouldn't be surprised," agreed the large nose. "What about another?"

As the conversation drifted away from solids to liquids, Bob Higgins drifted away himself. He had picked up sufficient tit-bits for a meal, and old Ahasuerus Freemantle seemed just about his meat.

The next move was to find the shop. He made no enquiries. He had an instinct for finding things, and being an expert in his own line as Ahasuerus was in his, he knew that present enquiries often formed future clues. In less than ten minutes, while the yellow waistcoat and the walrus moustache and the large nose were still drinking, he stood outside a window above which was inscribed in faded letters that could have done with a little freshening, "A. FREEMANTLE, Horologist." Horologist sounded more like medicine than clocks, but the shop-window spoke for itself, and the clocks and watches were there all right. Coo! What a lot!

A passer-by would not have imagined that Higgins was any more interested in the clocks and watches than he had appeared in the conversation in the public house. His immediate concern seemed to be a half-smoked cigarette lying on the pavement. He stooped and picked it up, and then groped about himself for a match. He had a box. He had taken it for what he was fond of calling light practice from the yellow waistcoat. But this time his fingers were less dexterous in securing what they wanted, and with an expression of affected annoyance Bob Higgins glanced up and down the happily-deserted road, and then at the shop-door.

"P'r'aps the bloke in there'll oblige," he murmured, playing his part with continued artistry.

Once you assumed a role you had to act it, audience or not. The audience might be there without your spotting.

He went into the shop. Behind the counter Ahasuerus Freemantle unscrewed a magnifying glass from his right eye and looked up. It surprised Higgins to discover that the shopman and himself were alone, because as he had entered he had experienced a queer sensation of other presences. He supposed it was the clocks. The place was alive with whispering movement.

"What can I do for you?" enquired Ahasuerus.

Higgins blinked at him for an instant before replying. In that instant he recorded the agreeable fact that the shopman was a feeble-looking old fellow, seventy if a day, who could be cracked easier than a nut.

"Gotter match?" asked Higgins.

Now Ahasuerus blinked at Higgins. What Ahasuerus recorded was equally secret. He replied, "In my days, people said please and thank you."

"Please," grinned Higgins.

"In that case, by all means," answered Ahasuerus.

Higgins walked to the counter. The old man produced a box from his rather shiny black jacket, struck a match, and offered it. Higgins thrust his face forward till the charred end of the cigarette entered the flame. Through his quick puffs of smoke he noticed the shopman's slender bony fingers. He was impressed by them. He could appreciate fingers.

(*Continued on page* 79)

Above : *Rajput*, by A. L. Syed
Page Twenty: *Behind the Window*, by Welinder, Stockholm
Page Twenty-one : *Father and Son*, Photo : ACME

Treasure Hunt

in the
Prince of Wales Museum,
Bombay.

by R. V. Leyden

IN a way, every visit to a museum is a treasure hunt. You go there to find something which will please you or from which you can learn, and although you cannot take the newly found treasure with you, you carry its image and its message home with you to store in your memory. The treasures which we are hunting for today are not measured in terms of value, for they are not among the most valuable pieces in the Museum's collection. Nevertheless, they are precious to anyone with eyes to see and a sense for beauty. Most of them belong to the anonymous art of the artisans and craftsmen of Asia. You will not find the famous names of their creators on their labels because the creators are not known to us by name. They have left us only their skill and the inborn graces of people who were, however humble, members of great and fertile civilisations.

Properly speaking, there are no 'unknown' treasures in any museum, for if they were unknown they wouldn't be there. But there are the 'Three-Star' exhibits which everyone knows and which have often been reproduced or written about. This treasure hunt does not seek out the famous four-headed Chaturmukha Shiva of Elephanta which Havell regarded as the crown of Indian art as the Hermes of Praxiteles was the crown

of the art of Greece. We did not search for those remarkable stone slabs from Aihole which are among the earliest of the great brahmanical sculptures of the Deccan, nor Sir Akbar Hydari's unique collection of Bijapur paintings.

Our treasures are not necessarily star exhibits; some are tucked away in obscure corners of unfrequented galleries; others confront one in the main galleries though their beauty may not be realised till it suddenly strikes one with revealing force. The man in a hurry will never find them. He will peep into a hall and say: 'O, only a lot of old China', will pass on and never know that he has missed a few minutes of exquisite pleasure in looking at a single bowl or vase.

What follows are not learned notes or descriptions in the secret language of collectors but the musings of one who hunted for the joy of it and wants you to share in his delightful discoveries.

One of the most neglected parts of the Museum is the gallery filled with the works of India's metal craftsmen, which contains chased copper and silver vessels, cast images of bronze and the many forms of Bidri ware. Inlay work has been a great tradition in India throughout the centuries and many different techniques were developed. The workers of Bidar and Lucknow made vessels and articles from gun metal, inlaying it with silver. Damascene work in silver was famous in Hyderabad, Rajasthan and in the Punjab where it was used mainly to decorate arms and weapons. The 'Koftgiri' work of the Punjab is silver inlaid in iron. The design is engraved and a thin silver wire hammered into the shallow grooves. When, after the conquest of the Punjab, arms manufacture and trade gradually ceased, the craftsmen turned to making household goods and fancy articles.

(OPPOSITE PAGE) *Three Examples of the Indian Metal Craftsman's Art.*

A gold encrusted khuja *or water jug in raised* bidri *work* (zar nashan) *from Lucknow, 18th century.*

Iron Pear inlaid with gold (teh nashan) *from Sialkot, Punjab, 19th century.*

Iron Duck with silver damascene ornamentation (koftgiri *work*) *from the Punjab, 19th century.*

(ABOVE)

"Bringing Home the Cattle." A Kangra painting of the 19th century. Krishna and his brother Balaram on the right with their friends are driving home the cattle in the evening. Radha, in the long red warm dress of the hill women, waits with other milkmaids on the left. Her eye seeks out the beloved amidst the commotion of men and beasts.

Rajasthani Drawing of a Young Woman combing her Hair. 18th century.

Two Elephants at Play. Sketch for a painting by a Rajasthani artist of the Bundi School. 18th century.

design being applied in gold leaf on the surface and not inlaid as in the usual *teh nashan* style. A thin padding of soft lead under the gold raises the design and allows for punching and chasing on the gold surface. This naturally gives greater scope to the designer and brings about the rich and lively effects which make this water jug a precious treasure.

More difficult is the task of hunting unknown treasures among the Indian paintings in the collection of the Museum because the treasures here appear so well known. We found wealth in the simple Rajasthani line drawings which must have served some artists as sketches for intended paintings. Who can resist the sensuous loveliness of the Radha combing her hair? This is sheer poetry in line, passionate and concise like a sonnet. And those elephants chasing each other; you can almost hear them squeak with all the fun they are having. The drawing is superb. The artist knows every nimble movement of these heavy animals and his insight into their very nature appears revealed in these plain outline drawings more clearly than in many a finished painting where the conventions of technique tend to obscure, sometimes, the essential recreation of life.

The iron duck in silver damascene work is a perfect piece of sculpture in its simple shapes, enhanced by the careful silver decoration indicating feathers. Of similar appeal is an iron pear with two leaves inlaid with gold which stands out brilliantly from the dark, dull background of the baser metal. The combination alone of workaday iron with precious gold is a source of delight. Another example of Indian metal craftsmanship is the elaborate *Khuja* decorated with gold in the *zar nashan* manner which was made in Lucknow in the 18th century when the luxury-loving Nawabs of Oudh were at the height of their power. The two fishes on the bottle are a recurrent motif in Oudh art. The technique of this work is a variation of *bidri* work, the

By comparison with these sketches, the Kangra painting of Krishna with his cowherd friends seems less natural but still full of warm life. The cows and calves are drawn conventionally as are the trees, flowers and birds. The memory of the artist is intimately acquainted with the simple things of his surroundings and knows them by instinct rather than by observation. The painting may well picture 'the hour of cowdust' when the cattle come trotting back to the village at dusk to the strains of the cowherds' pipes and flutes. The girls' return from the well is probably carefully timed that they may walk the last part of the way with the boys. The eyes of the lovers meet across all the busy commotion of men and beast in a long glance of affection and

recognition. This is lyrical painting indeed in which the very sounds of the people's songs re-vibrate for anyone who is ready to listen.

The creations of folk art may not always rank high among the treasures sought by collectors, yet they can convey ideas and feelings as well as more refined works of art. Take this terracotta elephant made from plain fired clay with the village potter's art. It stands in the archæological gallery of the Museum on the bottom shelf of a glass case and the chances are that most visitors will miss it. It may be fifteen inches high and comes from an excavation in Brahmanabad in Sind, a Buddhist site of the fourth century A.D. Possibly it was a votive statue deposited at the shrine to please the deity. The elephant is fully realised in all its pompous grandeur and dignity, beautifully decorated with bells and chains, perhaps carrying a howdah and riders originally.

Not many people know that the Prince of Wales Museum houses a rich collection of Chinese art. Part of the lavish Sir Ratan Tata collection, it contains jades, lacquer work, enamels and porcelain in overwhelming quantities and varying quality. Our treasure hunt finds include a *cloisonné* flask, some 'Blue and White' china of various periods and some exquisite *inros* or tobacco and medicine pouches. These finds were made almost at random because, for me, practically every piece of Chinese art is a treasure except the late and very over-decorated ones.

Ektochrome Photo: H. E. PIKE.

CHINESE CLOISONNÉ FLASK

A masterpiece of enamel work. The geometrical flower pattern is handled with that sensitive improvisation which makes all the difference between mechanic decoration and creative art.

TERRACOTTA ELEPHANT

Votive figure from a Buddhist site near Brahmanabad, Sind, fourth century A.D. The village potter, who made this humble masterpiece, has fully realised the elephant in all its pompous grandeur and dignity.

The *cloisonné* flask is a vessel of classically simple lines. The technique of *cloisonné* is one of the more complicated manners of enamelling. The design is made on the metal body by applying, edge on, thin strips of metal. The compartments remaining between these strips are then filled with enamel after which the article is fired and the enamel melts and fuses. The surface is then ground and polished and the visible lines of the metal strips gilded. The art goes back possibly to the T'ang dynasty, which corresponds roughly to our Gupta period, but reached its perfection under the Ming dynasty (1367 to 1643). The art was revived later under Emperor K'ang Hsi in the 17th and 18th century and our treasure may well belong to this period. The design

is an almost geometrical flower pattern of Central Asian provenance which the Chinese handled with that sensitive improvisation which makes all the difference between dead ornamentation and live creative art. The colours are the traditional deep blue, turquoise blue, yellow, orange, red and green.

The small tobacco and medicine boxes are products of a civilisation in which highest sophistication and critical appreciation had led to most subtle refinement and perfection of design and craftsmanship in even the most humble article of daily use. When the exacting control of the connoisseur began to flag, as it did in later periods when the Chinese craft industries were working for export, this refinement could easily turn into gaudiness and bad taste. Our lacquer *inros* however are exquisite in design, execution and taste. How enviable to own such beautiful things and to carry them around in one's belt. The pouches are made of carved lacquer, lacquer inlaid with mother of pearl or ivory or just plain painted lacquer. They are made in several compartments held together by a silken cord which in turn is fastened by a precious bead and a *netsuke*, a kind of bauble, which holds the *inro* in the owner's belt and which is in itself a small wonder of minute craftsmanship. My favourite treasure is the small shining black *inro* on which some horses have been drawn in gold paint with all the expressive skill and verve of which only the painters of China seem capable.

◀

Lacquered Tobacco Pouches and Medicine Containers. China. 18th century.
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM : *Carved and lacquered tobacco pouch with carved bauble* (netsuke) *in the shape of three monkeys. Centre inlaid with mother of pearl. Black and gold lacquered* inro *or medicine container in five compartments with lacquered* netsuke.
Black lacquer inro *with elephant inlaid in ivory, divided into five compartments. Black lacquer* inro *with gold brush painting of horse. Elaborately carved* netsuke *is a masterpiece in miniature.*

▶

Alabaster figure from pre-islamic South Arabia (5th to 7th century A.D.). Cubist shape is reminiscent of modern plastic work which also uses basic shapes to express basic ideas.

When one turns to Chinese pottery, one never knows what to admire most, the noble shapes, the designs or the delicate colours and glazes. Perhaps no other product of the Chinese potter has influenced the rest of the world as much as his ' Blue and White'. For centuries, this blue and white ware went to the countries of the Far East and India and to Europe. As 'Old Nanking' (because it was shipped from there) of the K'ang Hsi period (1662—1722) it reached its widest distribution. The average European teapot, cup or plate can trace the ancestry of its shape to some prototype of 'Blue and White'.

The Ratan Tata collection in the Museum displays hundreds of examples of this ware the study of which is made extremely amusing by the variety, wit and cleverness of the designs. Decoration of ceramics in China is never meaningless, but is full of religious symbolism, literary quotations, proverbs, good wishes, picture puzzles or puns which only the learned can fully understand and relish. The large vase among our treasures belongs to the K'ang Hsi period (1662—1722) of the Ch'ing dynasty when the famous porcelain town Ching-te-Chen near Nanking had reached world-wide fame and produced that fine white Ching-te porcelain which lent itself so admirably to painting and glazing in brilliant colours. Our design shows a landscape with trees, clouds and deer, quite possibly the illustration of a famous poem, while the design of the big and bulging ginger jar pictures a party of men on a journey, resting with their servants and standard-bearers under trees.

Ektochrome Photo : H. E. PIKE.

BLUE AND WHITE CHINA

Unending variety of shapes and designs is the hallmark of ' Blue and White ' pottery. Most modern porcelain articles of Europe, such as teapots, cups, and plates, have their prototypes in this famous China ware.

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

Bottle decorated with a pattern of arabesques and Seto ware birds.

Large Vase decorated with trees, clouds and deer, possible illustrating a poem. Blue and White is coloured with cobalt found in mines near Nanking. K'ang Hsi period, 17th-18th century.

Large Ginger Jar with carved wooden lid. The design describes the journey of some gentlemen followed by their standard bearers. Now they are resting under trees. The landscape with hills and trees is summarily treated in typically Chinese manner. K'ang Hsi period, 17th-18th century.

Small Tea Jar decorated with some legendary tale. An official holding the sign of his office is riding a fantastic animal through the blossoming countryside. 18th century.

It is a far cry from the highly refined art of China to the crude little alabaster figure from South Arabia. Dating from pre-Islamic times, most probably the 5th to 7th century A.D., it represents some divinity whose very character and original form may have been inspired by neighbouring people in the Middle East. The cubist shapes are, in all their crudeness, expressive of the power and revenging watchfulness of a goddess that is feared. The resemblance to modern sculptural work such as that of Epstein or Henry Moore, is obvious because the moderns have also found that basic forms are most suited to express basic ideas.

In the entrance hall of the Museum, in a glass case, is a carved wooden figure of Ardhaniswar, the image of

"The Wave." A woodcut by one of Japan's most famous masters of this democratic art, Hiroshige, who was born in 1797. His favoured subjects were the landscapes and cities of his native country. Over 8,000 of his woodcut designs are known, over 5,000 of these in colour. The print describes some part of the coast of Japan where the gigantic breakers of the Pacific Ocean clamour against cliffs. Watch how the singing curve of the wave is taken up and continued by the flight of birds in the sky. The colours are mainly tints of various blues.

Ardhaniswar, an image of Shiva which is half man and half woman, thus symbolizing the union of opposites in the order of the Universe. Note how the arms and hands of one side embrace the hips and shoulders of the other. The left forearm is carved with great naturalism showing thick veins and sinews as if a workman had served as a model. The leg of the female side carries the heavy anklets still common among the village folk of India. The work is unfinished. Probably Gujerat, 19th century.

Shiva which is half man and half woman, thus symbolizing the union of opposites in the order of the Universe. The sculpture, made most probably by craftsmen in Gujerat in the 19th century, is more naturalistic than the usual Indian sculpture and, particularly, the bizarre carvings of Gujerat. One has the feeling that the artist wanted the impossible to appear possible, to make the miracle of a man-woman plausible by giving the body and limbs the softness of real flesh and the subtle movements of a living being. The god is shown sitting with the arms of the one side embracing the hips and shoulders of the other. This is done with so much tenderness that the unnatural situation is neither awkward nor unbelievable. The hand on the left is carved with extreme naturalism, with heavy veins and sinews running up to the elbow as if a workman's hand had served as model. The head wears a hair crown or *jatakamukha* writhing with tiny snakes and the female arm and leg are decorated with the elaborate jewellery which the peasant women of Gujerat wear to the present day. The fine features of the face are radiant with an expression of blissful happiness. Although never finished, this is a masterpiece of one of India's unsung artists.

We conclude our treasure hunt among the Japanese woodcuts. How many visitors to the Museum know about this rich and representative collection? One can spend hours here studying the panorama of life unfolded by the great masters of the woodcut. Artists

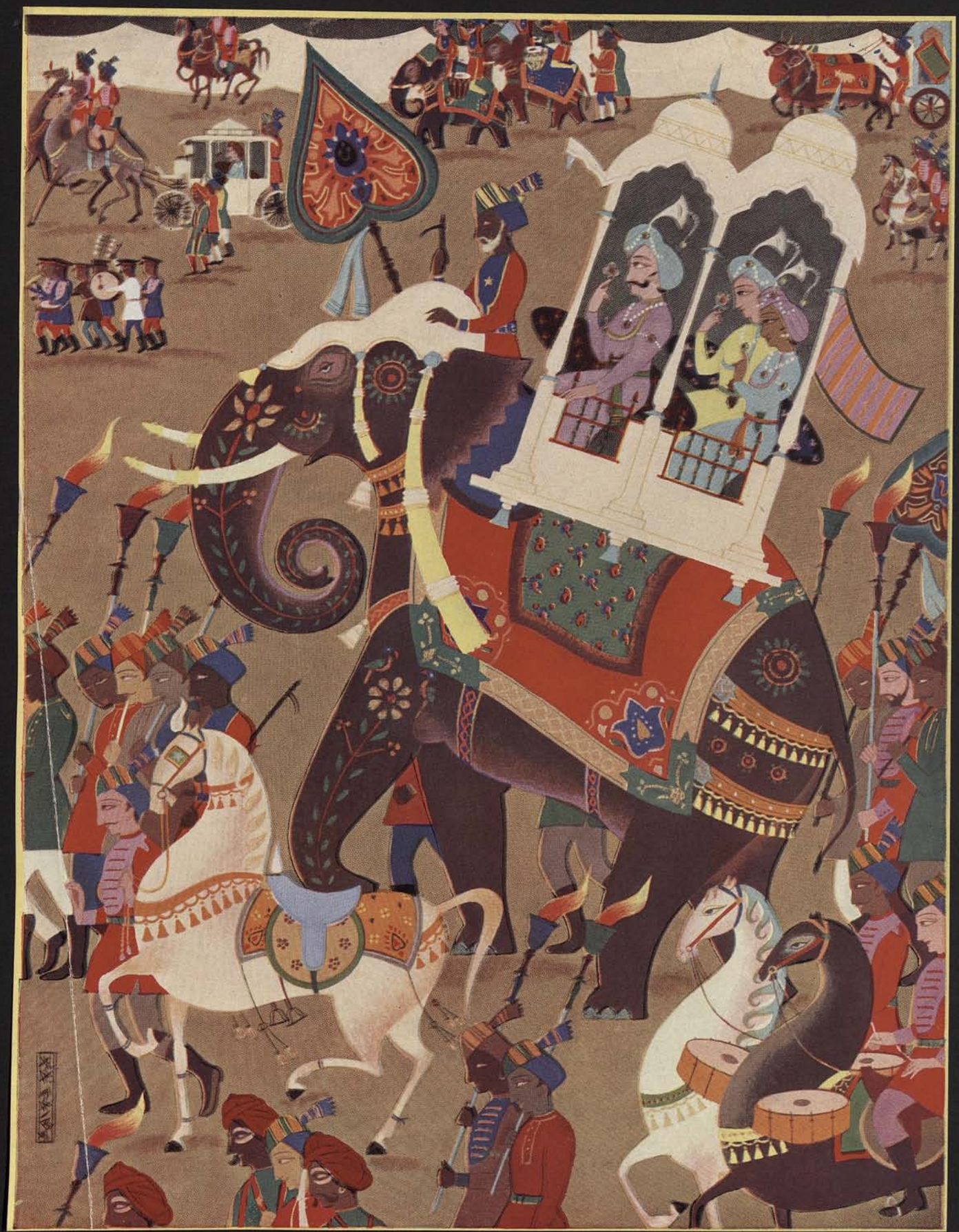
"Geisha in her Home". A woodcut by Kunisada. The young lady is occupied with the domestic task of winding wool while her instrument of entertainment, the large harp, lies silent in the background. Elegant drawing and most harmonious and intensive colours form the great charm of Japanese woodcuts which had a great influence on the French Impressionists and painters like Whistler. Also note the vigorous calligraphy on the black panel in the upper left corner. The little round seal in the left bottom corner in the censor's stamp. 19th century.

could draw inspiration from their line and colour. One should not forget that the great movements of Impressionism and other art styles in France were much influenced by the discovery of the Japanese woodcut by the artists of Europe. On the right we have a print by Kunisada, one of the lesser masters of the last great period, showing a Geisha girl occupied with the domestic task of winding wool while her instrument of entertainment, the harp, rests mute in the background. I find almost as much pleasure in the vigorous calligraphy on the black panel in the upper corner as in the gentle colours and delicate drawing of the figure.

Hiroshige, the master of the print on the left, was born in 1797. He is the last great exponent of this most democratic of all fine arts, and one of the most charming and amusing interpreters of the country of Japan. Over eight thousand of his woodcuts are known, the most famous being his series of views along the great imperial mail road (Tokaido) and of the sights of the capital. Our print, coloured only in deft blues apart from black, belongs to a series of ' Hundred Views of Famous Places '. It must be a place on the Pacific coast with the enormous breakers of the ocean clamouring against broken cliffs. Watch how the sweeping curve of the wave is taken up by the flight of birds in the sky. When Hiroshige died he left to his friends this self-composed epitaph :

' I leave my brush behind in the land of the East,
I go on a journey to the country of the West
To see there its famous sights.'

He, too, was a treasure hunter to the last.



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Dorje Phalmo

The Woman Khutuktu in Tibet

Written and illustrated
By JOAN MARY JEHU

On the way from Gyantse to Lhasa travellers leave the trade route near Nangatse after having crossed the Kharola or Wide-mouthed Pass. The monastery of Samding, which translated means Soaring Meditation, is up on the hillside on the far side of the plain. The great Yam Drak Tzo or Lake of the Upper Pastures is away to the left, with the scorpionoid arms of the velvety green hills stretching down to the waters. The monastery high up on its hillside overlooks the plain and beyond to the hills and mountains that lie between Tibet and India. Its buttressed walls are strongly built of stone, white-washed, as are most buildings of any substance in Tibet. The roof is flat, and on top of it prayer flags flutter in the breeze, every wave of the flag, on which is printed *Om Mane padme hum*, fans the holy mantra to the heavens. The great studded iron and wooden doors are opened by monks in dark red robes, who belong to the Red Hat order of the old unreformed church—as opposed to the strictly celibate Yellow Hats of the reformed sect.

Here, in Soaring Meditation, lives the holiest woman in Tibet, Dorje Phalmo, the Thunderbolt Sow, or as she is known, the Diamond Sow-Faced Goddess. She is a very high incarnation or a Khutuktu, a phantom body, as is the Dalai Lama himself. She is the only woman Khutuktu among several hundred men spread over Tibet and Mongolia who form an extremely important element in the priesthood of Tibet, for each rules a monastery during his or her complete life-time. Only very rarely has a Khutuktu been deprived of his "living." This lady is said by the lamas to be the human

incarnation of one of the creations of the later Indian Buddhists who followed the Brahmans in having female energies in their pantheon ; she is Vajra Varahi, and by the Nepalese merchants is worshipped as the Hindu goddess Bhawani, a form of Kali. She owes her origin to the ancient Eastern myth concerning that primeval source of energy, the productive pig, which was made the consort of a demoniacal sort of centaur, the Horse-Necked Tamdin, and was given with him the task of defending Buddhism against its enemies.

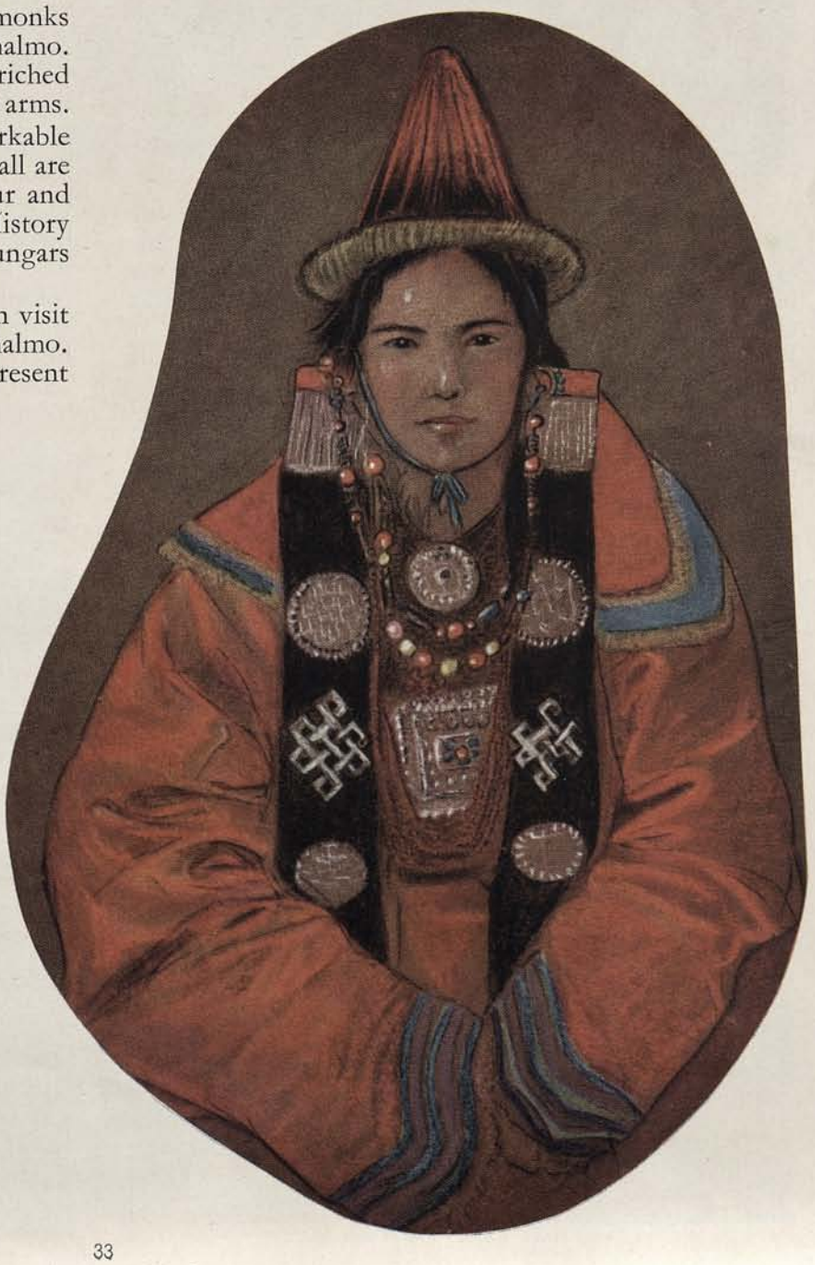
The incarnation has certainly achieved its task, for when Tibet was invaded by the Zungar Tartars about 1716 they came as far South as the holy lake. When the general heard that the abbess had a pig's head as an excrescence behind her ear he sent her a mocking message asking her to come to him so that he could see it for himself.

Dorje Phalmo besought him to leave her and her monastery alone. Thereupon the warriors invaded the place and destroyed the walls, to find to their utter amazement that the monastery was utterly deserted except for a large sow surrounded by eighty little pigs, all grunting, in a great pool of blood. So startled were the warriors, and so frustrated in their designs, that they stopped their pillage. Thereupon the pigs and sows were suddenly transformed into venerable holy monks and nuns, headed by the most revered Dorje Phalmo. Instead of indulging in further pillage the soldiers enriched the place with costly presents and laid down their arms.

Though this tale seems incredible, the remarkable fact is that the walls of that dimly-lit assembly hall are today still literally lined with suits of mail armour and swords. How else can they have got there ? History does not relate what happened to the Zungars thereafter.

In a strongly barred room which no one can visit are the remains of former incarnations of Dorje Phalmo. Here one day will be placed the body of the present

Trader's wife from Inner Mongolia, reputed to be descended from Genghis Khan's people visiting Lhasa.



LEFT: *Corner of the Potala at Lhasa.*

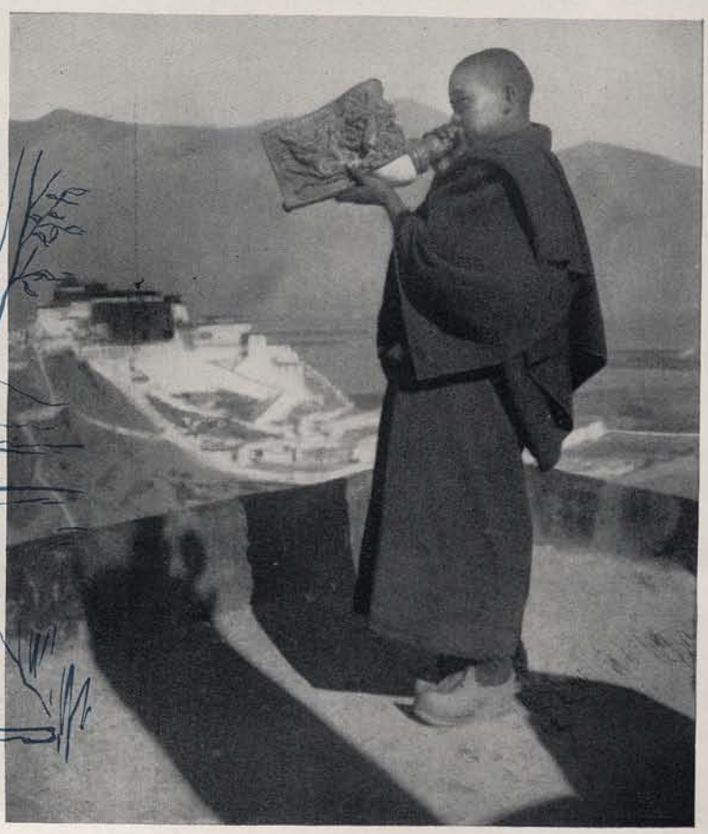
Tibetan boy of noble family.

abbess after she too has been carefully embalmed. It is the duty of each incarnation to visit this chamber once in her life-time, but only once, to view, and make obeisance to, the mouldering forms.

Dorje Phalmo's sister is her constant attendant. She wears the same red robes, but has a shaven head, as have all monks and nuns in Tibet. The incarnations of the old order all wear long hair, as do the laity, male and female. The Dalai and Tashi Lamas, both Khutuktus, have shaven heads as have monks of all orders.

When I visited Dorje Phalmo it was midsummer. She had come down to join us in camp on the plain below the monastery and received us in a beautifully ornamented Tibetan tent. She sat, dressed in monk's clothes, on a low divan with a little altar beside her, on which a butter lamp burnt before holy effigies. She was most cordial and gracious, seemed pleased to sit for her portrait and was a perfect model, for she sat still so happily. Though, as can be seen, she had no beauty, she had great dignity and serenity. We had a gramophone with us. She had not heard one before and was most impressed by some Chinese vocal records, and also by some jazz. The Tibetan ear is more alert to rhythm than to tune.

Many years ago, the reformers, on finding the priesthood living too well, said that patched garments were to be worn—the new red patch can be seen on the holy lady's robes; the order is obeyed. We were constantly plied with cups of salty butter tea. The Tibetan must have his tea which is made from bricks



RIGHT: *Young priest from Temple of Medicine, blowing on elaborately decorated conch shell. Potala Palace in distance.*

of tea from China, brought either by caravan or mostly *via* Calcutta. Tea and salt are Tibet's chief imports ; the butter is made from the rich yak's milk and sheep's milk.

Progress is slow in Tibet and the amenities of civilisation appear slowly. Attempts to modernise the country are resisted by the lamas. In 1914 four Tibetan boys were taken to England by a Tibetan nobleman and his wife and went to school at Rugby. One trained afterwards as an electrical engineer, who, when he returned, helped in the running of a small electric plant outside Lhasa ; another studied telegraphy and was usefully employed ; a third took up military training but lost favour on his return and was banished to some far outpost where he died. The fourth took up mining engineering and returned to become a monk. The Lamas would countenance no mining, for any gold or mineral wealth found on the surface of the earth was all right, but to mine would disturb and anger the gods. Always the conservatism of the Lamas damped any project. The Tibetans are still chary of offending the gods. The attempt to climb Mount Everest, they say, had a very bad effect on the harvest.

The strifes and troubles of the outside world are duly noted and commented on. Tibet wishes to progress in her own way, taking from the so-called civilised world only those things that will help the people in their essential simplicity of living. May her conservatism stand her in good stead. She has her university, schools, newspapers ; Lhasa city is electrified, but there are no railways or motor roads. The country will never suffer from over-population, for the climate is too rigorous, but so many problems facing other countries are not hers.

ABOVE : *Unusual view of the Potala, the Palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa.*

RIGHT : *Tibetan ladies. Coral, turquoise, pearls and jade largely used in their jewellery.*

IN MEMORIAM: SAROJINI NAIDU, POET & POLITICIAN, 1879 – 1949

Farewell

Farewell, O eager faces that surround me,
Claiming the tender service of my days,
Farewell, O joyous spirits that have bound me
With the love-sprinkled garlands of your praise !

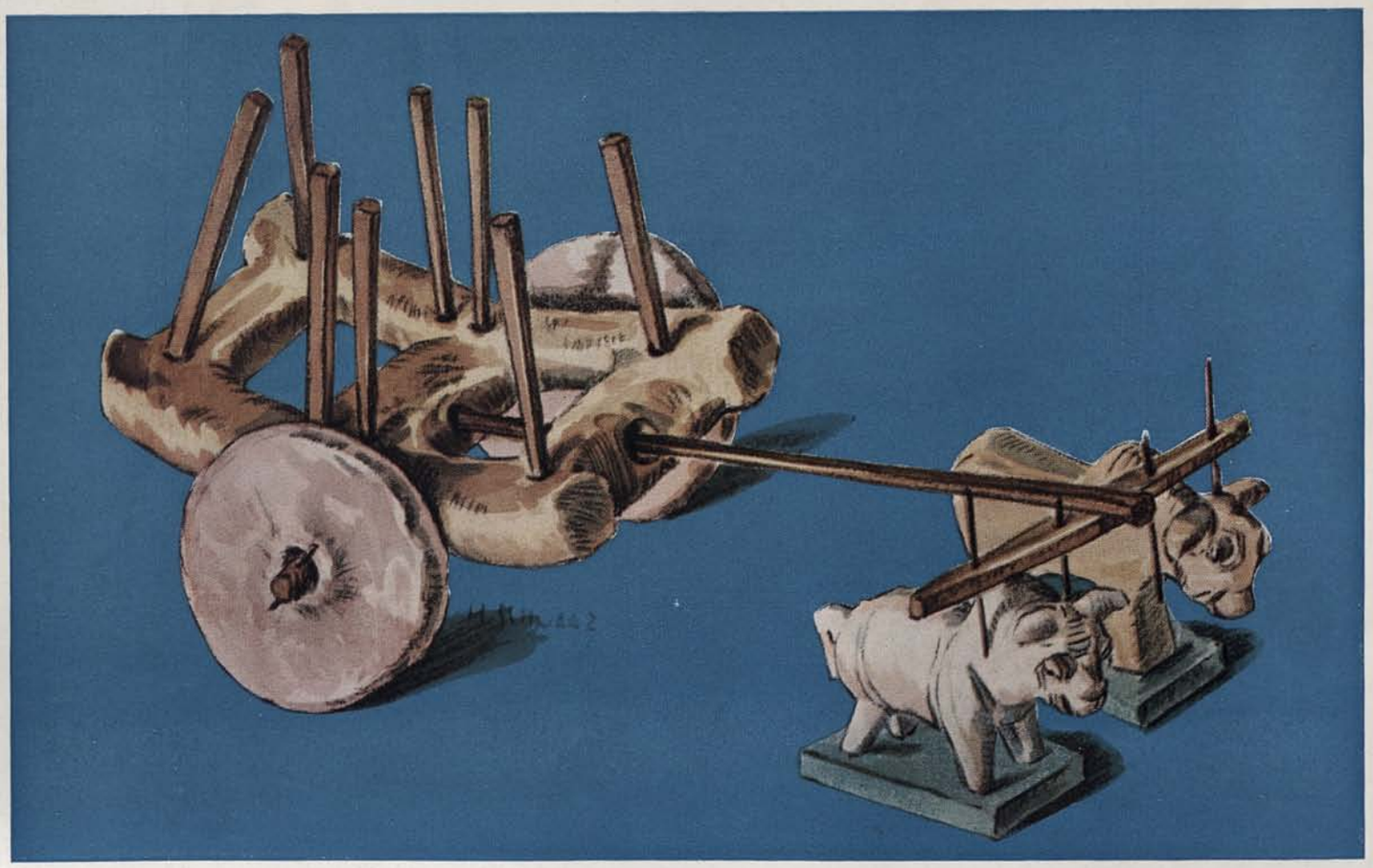
O golden lamps of hope how shall I bring you
Life's kindling flame from a forsaken fire?
O glowing hearts of youth, how shall I sing you
Life's glorious message from a broken lyre?

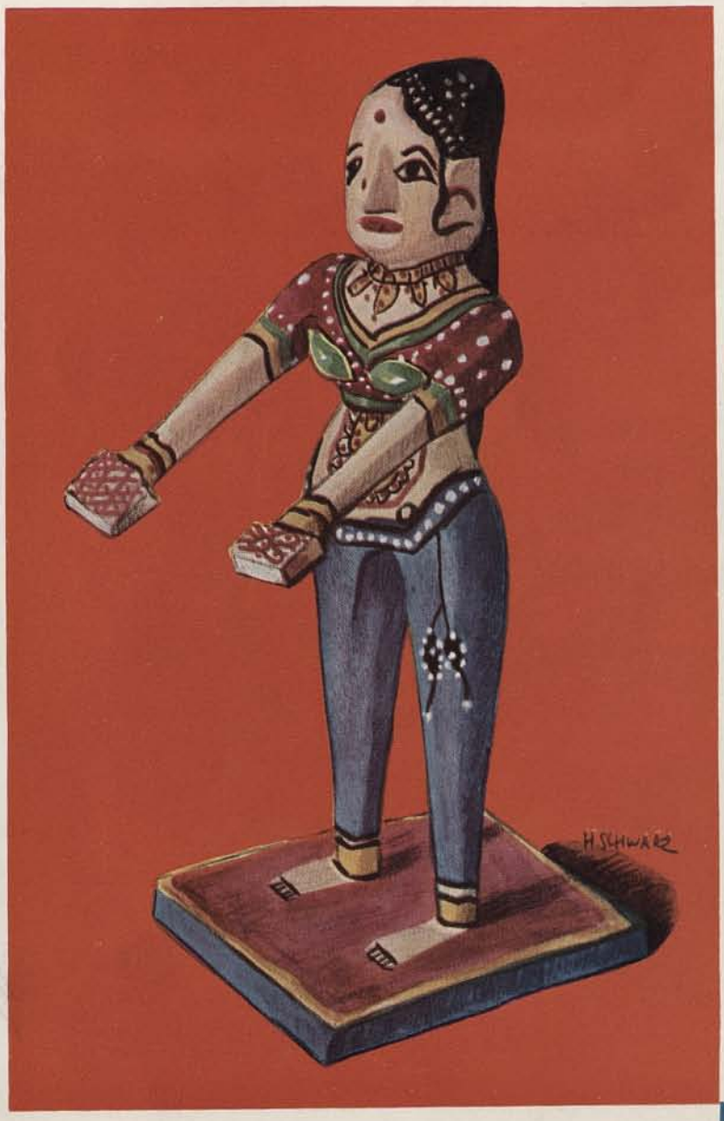
Rabindranath Tagore

Indian Toys

THE study of a nation's culture is incomplete without consideration of its toys, for they reflect national culture, habits, dress and customs. India is specially rich in such playthings, which in their cheapest and most popular forms can be bought in village shops, on stalls at *jatras* or *melas*, or on railway platforms, though they are now less easily obtainable in cities. They are mostly simple, not elaborate in style, made of cheap material, clay, soft wood or soapstone, gaily coloured, even barbaric in their brilliance.

India, still a predominantly agricultural country, where life on a common pattern is carried on chiefly in her thousands of villages, portrays this in her





ABOVE. *Rajputana wooden toy—image of Gangavati, of which two types exist, the Muslim and the Hindu. This is the Hindu version. (By kind permission of Mr. Shankar Chaudhury.)*

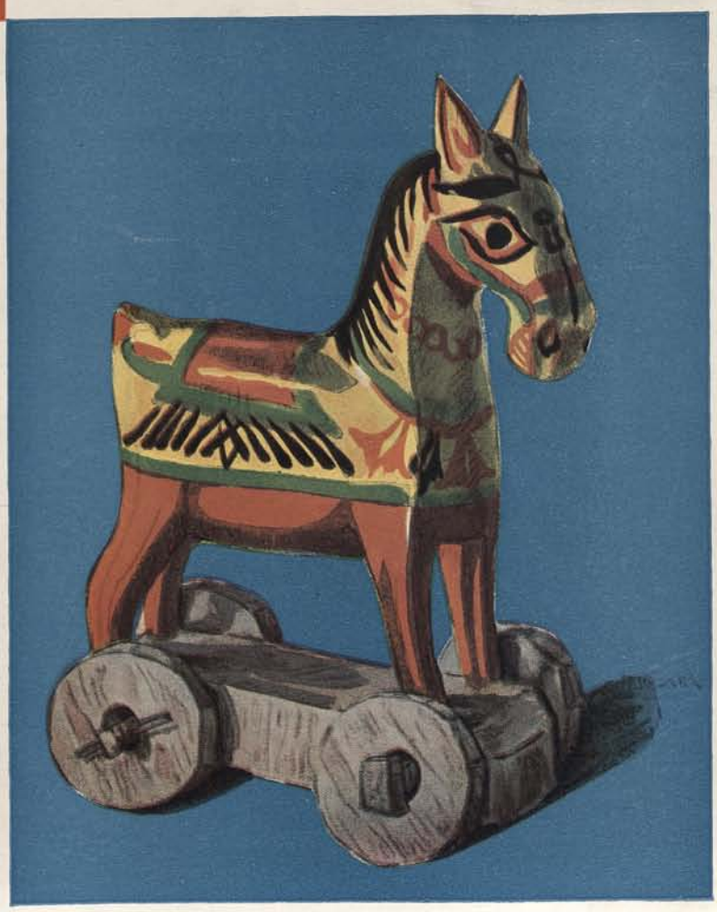
BELOW RIGHT. *Wooden horse from Bengal. (By kind permission of Mr. Shankar Chaudhury.)*

OPPOSITE. *Mohenjo-Daro bullock-cart. (By kind permission of the Trustees of the Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay.)*

toys. The earliest playthings of the ancient civilisation of Mohenjo-Daro, two thousand years before the Vedic age, follow this common trend. Examples of toys of this period are on view in the Prince of Wales Museum in Bombay. Though our knowledge of the life of the people of those days is meagre, some of it can be reconstructed from the farm-carts, the toy animals and birds, found during excavation. Bullock-carts of a very similar pattern even to the solid wooden wheels and stakes of wood to hold the load in place, can still be seen in country districts, where they are often used for carrying blocks of stone for building. Since no models of war-chariots were found, it can reasonably be assumed that the Indus valley civilisation was a peaceful one, for a culture which is geared for war, like those of modern times, reflects this in its children's amusements. Planes, guns, tanks and the paraphernalia of mechanised warfare are today the delight of small boys, who will draw and plan the modern refinements of jet-propelled aeroplanes and submarines in their efforts to be up-to-the-minute. But children living those thousands of years ago lived among a peaceful folk; they played at houses as modern children do; they kept pets and song-birds; they modelled animals crudely in clay. Their elders made more finished models, some of them with a fairly complicated mechanism, such as the bull with a nodding head worked by a stiff fibre, and the figures which ran up and down a string. The rhinoceros was evidently a well-known animal in the Indus valley and parts of the Gangetic plain in ancient times, for it, like the commoner domestic animals such as the pig, the bull and the sheep, appears among the clay figures which have survived.

Toys are an invaluable help to a student of human activities, for the child imitates his elders, making his games from the occupations of his father. Among a pastoral or agricultural people children will have their little herds of toy cattle, flocks of sheep, agricultural implements in clay or wood, occasionally in brass or ivory. In a hunting community, we may find models of wild animals among the toys, or bows and arrows, swords and other weapons. An interesting range of brightly-coloured lacquered wood animals of conventional design has been available till recent times, though it is not seen so often now. The most attractive of this series was the very lively tiger with tail arching over his body who was indeed a "Tiger, tiger, burning bright," for his glowing yellow enriched the world around him, and his ferocious expression produced that delicious sensation of simultaneous horror and delight which children find enchanting.

But perhaps the most interesting of Indian toys are dolls and puppets, for in these can be seen the religious beliefs and ceremonies, sometimes the



superstitions, and always the traditional life and customs of her people. Indeed, the doll or toy animal is often more than a toy ; it is an idol. Children use their toys as idols, and *vice versa* ; this can be clearly seen in the images on sale at festival times, particularly those of Ganesh or Gauri at the Ganpati festival. Indian children use these images of gods and goddesses in play. They conduct miniature *Rathayatras*, taking their gods in procession. In the Karnatak on the day of Gokul Ashtami a clay model of Gokul, where Krishna appeared, is made, complete with the infant Krishna and Balarama, the demoness Puthana and even the donkey braying outside the city walls, and although this model is used in worship and ritual it is primarily intended for the delight of the children, who regard it as a wonderful toy. There may also be a votive, sacrificial or funerary idea behind certain toys. At times of a visitation of plague one may see by the wayside in country districts a small rudely fashioned toy cart intended to encourage the plague goddess to leave the neighbourhood.

From Benares come groups of gods and saints—Rama, Hanuman, Siva with his trident, Meerabai the foremost woman saint of India, clashing her cymbals ; Krishna playing upon his flute, Ganesh, the elephant-headed god of learning. In such groups, ancient decorations and sect marks are used on the faces of the gods ; so, though modern, they preserve the traditional colouring and style. The images in the celebrated Jagannath temple at Puri are reproduced in toys from Orissa, while from Bengal come clay figures representing Kali-Chandika (Kali the Terrible) with her huge red protruding tongue, Rukmini and Jagannath. The origin of such figures is doubtful,

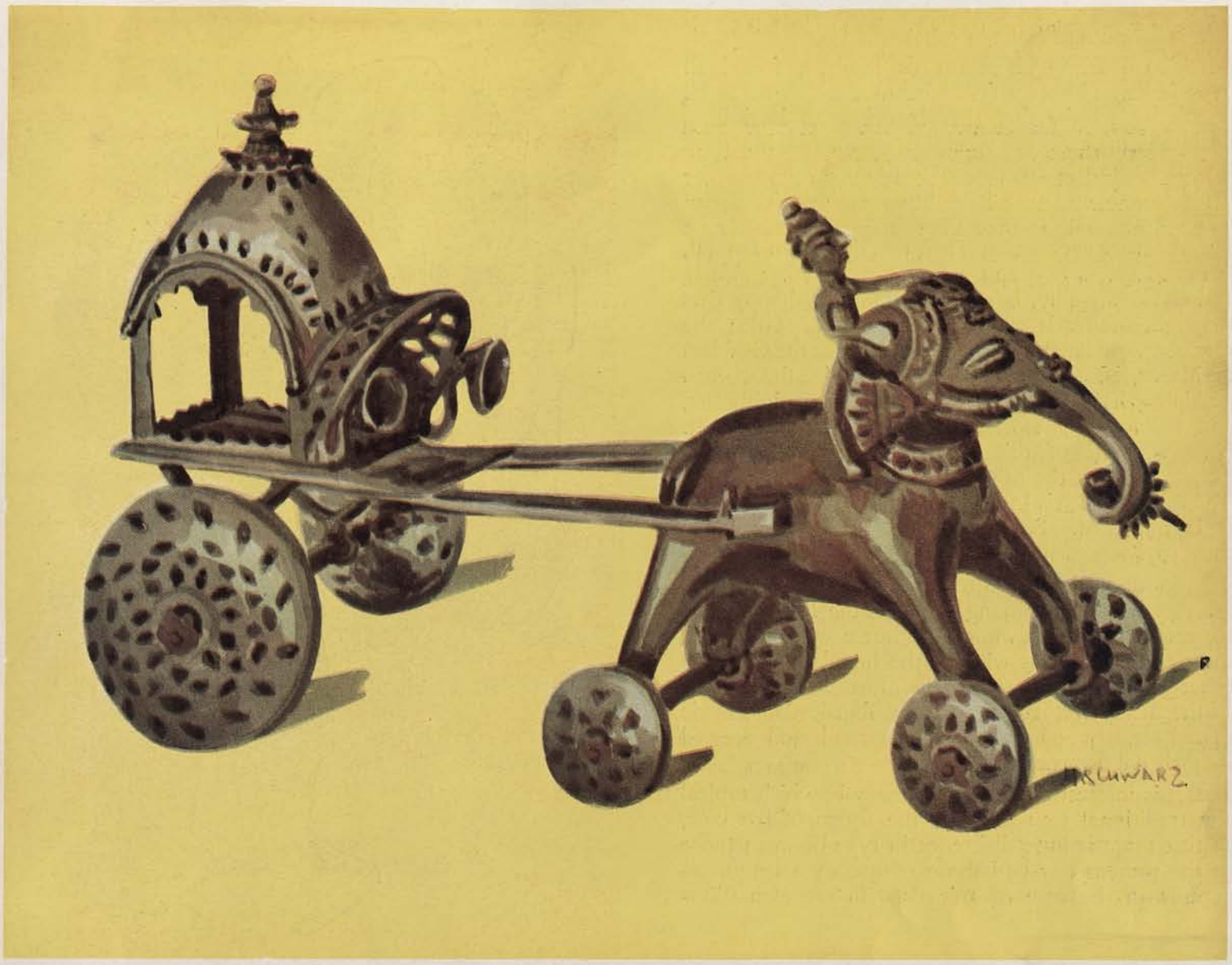
ABOVE. *Very old Manipur dance figures, carved in palm wood, coloured with natural dyes. Formerly in the possession of a Manipur Princess. (By kind permission of Mr. Shankar Chaudhury.)*

BELOW LEFT. *Alladi figure from Bengal, in papier mache. Hindu version. (By kind permission of Mr. Anil de Silva.)*

OPPOSITE. *Brass chariot from Rajputana. (By kind permission of Mr. Mulla.)*

but it is probable that they are prehistoric, and of about the same period as Mohenjo-Daro. From Mewar comes a pair of toys representing Rama with his bow and arrow, with Hanuman the monkey-god, his devoted servant, facing him, holding his favourite weapon, a mace.

An interesting toy from Jaipur shows in lacquered wood the first day of a Hindu wedding, the anointing of the bride. Two lucky birds are shown, a crow and a parrot. It is interesting to note that the skirt of the bride is not modelled, but painted on the board on which she is sitting. The vivid colouring of lacquered wood toys is one of their chief charms. The soft wood toy when made is dipped in plaster of Paris. Unfortunately no adhesive substance is mixed with the plaster, so the colours subsequently applied tend to peel off. The paints used were originally made of natural products, cochineal, ground umber, etc. Nowadays the modern aniline dyes are used. The final coating of lacquer produces the brilliant glossy appearance. It would be strange



if the traditional dances of India were omitted in her toys. Manipur dance figures showing old costumes, usually in red or green, with feathery ornaments or lucky signs on the head-dress, provide interesting comparison with present-day developments.

Effects are achieved by the simplest possible means, but are effective, for children are not critical; their imaginations fill in the details. The crudest toy is often the favourite, the rag or wooden doll preferred to the more modern exotic variety which is regrettably replacing the older traditional type. The little Indian girl, like all others, sees in her doll, her baby, and loves it as such. Like her mother, she is interested in its clothes, hence the attention paid to accurate detail even of jewellery, hair-dressing and decoration. A particularly fine example of this is a doll from Bengal which in its dress shows a clever attempt to depict the transparent folds of Dacca muslin, Bengal being renowned for its textiles in the days when this style of doll originated.

The doll, being a baby, needs a cradle and this is usually of the simplest type, often of lacquered wood, with a square of cloth forming the bed and attached like a hammock to the frame with string. A fifth knot at the side provides a length of string with which to pull the cradle to and fro. Lucky birds, often parrots, sit on the posts to watch the baby.

Clay toys reflecting domestic and home life used frequently to be seen in sets depicting all the servants of a household modelled in clay and painted; these, though modern, were interesting, in recording costumes and types. Village industries were also shown in groups of wooden or clay figures; among these, the toddy palm with its little man climbing the trunk to bring down the pots from the top of the very realistic palm tree, was extremely attractive and gave a very fair idea of the industry concerned. Modern sets include a farmer and his belongings, his wife fetching water from the well, his bullock and buffalo, the dog following at his heels; a favourite with little girls is the complete set of cooking-pots and household utensils normally found in use in a house, made on a lathe in lacquered wood; of these, the miniature grindstone is the most attractive.

Certain toys, it is true, are for amusement and distraction only, and serve no other useful purpose. Rattles for babies are used the world over, and India has some delightful examples of these, perhaps the most charming being those made in different parts of Bombay Province of wood. With their bright, glossy colours they are distracting and soothing. Palm leaves are also used for fans, rattles, and other toys, painted in brilliant colours. Nowadays, the ubiquitous tin is called into service, as in so many

other ways, and, covered with wrapping paper, at least is bright and makes a suitable noise.

The nodding Chinaman or tumbler, found all over India, is another favourite toy, which owes its popularity to the fact that it offers an intriguing problem, for, however much it may tumble, it always reverts to its upright position. This figure assumes many forms, and may be a king, a warrior, a child or a clown.

Another very amusing toy, this time from Bengal, is the *Alladi*, a figure of a fat woman, rather elderly and obviously silly, but also so radiantly happy that the sight of her is enough to make one smile; she resembles the happy Chinese Mandarin or the Goddess of Mercy, Kuan Yin. One can imagine the woman gossiping happily all day long with her neighbours, and telling long stories to the children at night. Two versions of this toy exist, one traditionally Hindu in style, the other showing Muslim influence. The spirit of both is Indian, though the idea underlying it is universal. Such variation in type exists in most toys representing persons.

South India rich in toys, is also many of which are very beautiful; among them are the lovely carved figures in red sandalwood, the horse with his rider, the elephant with or without the howdah, and many other animal toys. Mention must also be made of the *Marapachi*, naked male and female dolls, made of red sandalwood or silk-cotton-wood, and dressed by their child owners.

It is interesting to note the way in which typical and traditional toys preserve the forms of the past, so that there is little difference in type between those of the present day and those of 4000 years ago, especially in the case of animals. In representations

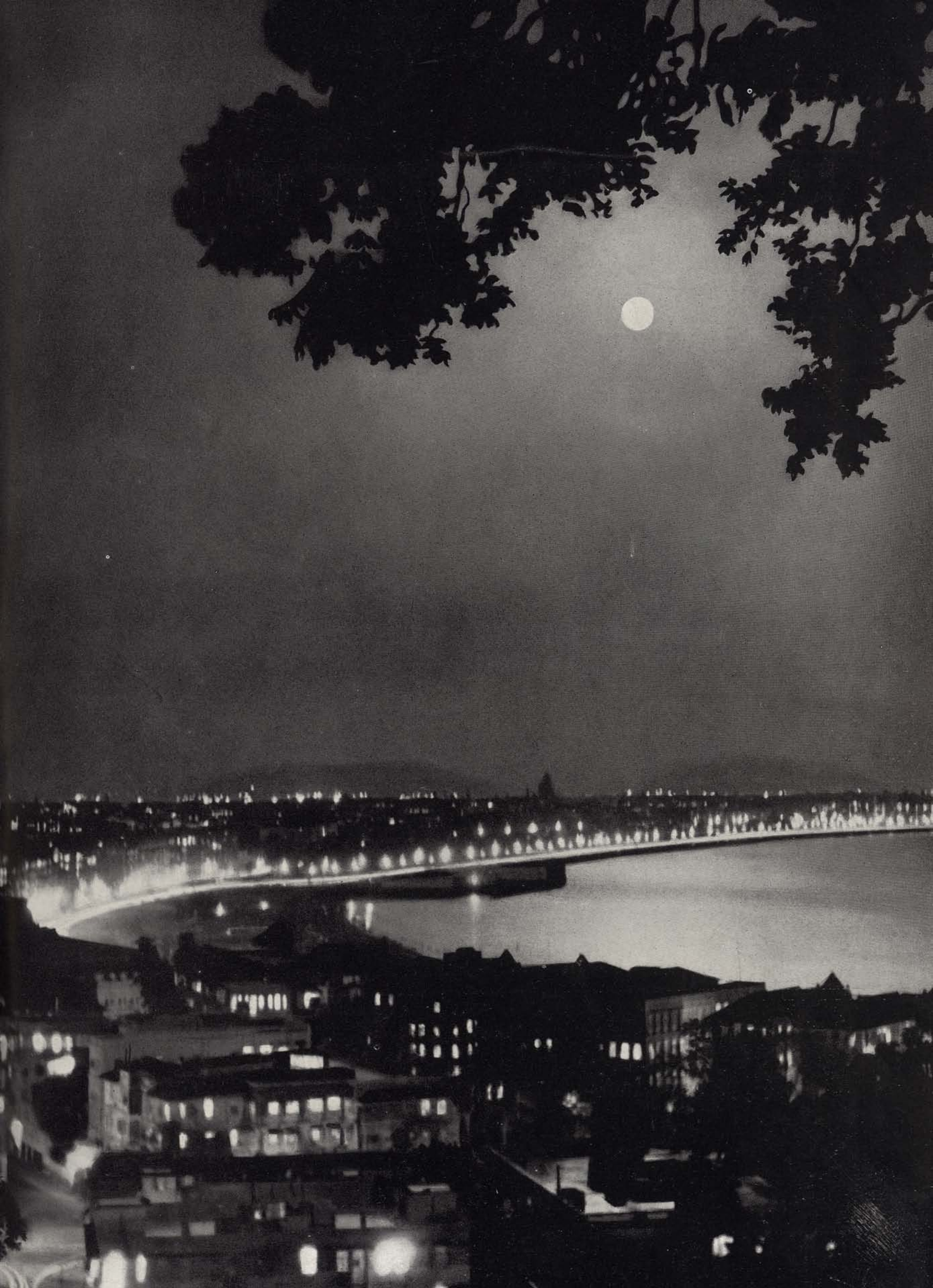
ABOVE. *Two wooden figures of gods from Mewar. (By kind permission of Mrs. Chinmulgund.)*
Two wooden figures of peasants from Bombay. (By kind permission of Mr. Shankar Chaudhury).

BELOW LEFT. *Wooden elephant from Orissa. (By kind permission of Mr. Shankar Chaudhury.)*

of human figures, the conception and execution are static, though style, colouring, features, clothes and jewellery will show local influence. This persistence in tradition through the centuries may, however, quickly be lost, if the present fashion for modern toys of Western pattern and manufacture endures. Even toys made in Indian factories show this regrettable tendency. The modern child demands elaborate mechanical toys, the sophisticated doll in Western costume; he or she reads the highly coloured but very attractive books which come from America. In all this lies a challenge to our nation to provide toys and books of indigenous type and manufacture equally enticing. Already it is very difficult to buy typically Indian toys in cities. Should they gradually be completely supplanted, a very colourful and artistic indigenous craft, of considerable historical interest and value, would be lost to the nation. In any revival of ancient Indian arts, the traditional toy should find a place.

(Article compiled from notes kindly supplied by Mr. P. J. Chinmulgund, I.C.S., Chief Administrator of Merged States, Sangli, with illustrations by Mrs. Schwarz).

Above : *Kutub Minar, Delhi*, by Prof. W. Langhammer
Page Forty-four : *Divali*, by R. R. Prabhu
Page Forty-five : *Bombay by Moonlight*, by V. Muljimal
Page Forty-six : *Tibetan Belle*, by Sam Tata



Cotton boats on the Ganges, near Calcutta. *William Simpson, 1862.*

Locusts

By PHILLIP WOODRUFF

IT was the time of year when rice, sugar-cane and the millet crops are green above the ground, when the first rains have fallen and men begin to think cautiously that if God so wills there is a chance of a harvest not much below the average. But today there was no rain and it was the third day there had been none, so that it was hot, with the moist heat of that time of year, when a man sweats at the least effort. Because of the moisture, the air was clear to the eyes and heavy with the scent of growing plants, of earth, of cattle, the hundred scents with which the tired atmosphere is revived after rain. On such a day, each odour lies unmixed in a still pool and the traveller passes from one to the next, continually surprised.

Mewa Ram was walking along a sandy cart-track, consisting of three deep ruts between high banks topped with feathery grass six feet high. He might as well have been underground for all he could see of the country round him, but he was not thinking of the country, nor the time of year, nor the varying scents that came to his nostrils. He was not a man to waste thought, nor for that matter anything else, being a careful hard-working peasant, who always paid his rent and sometimes in a good year put a little by for a wedding or a bad year. Nor was he thinking very much about the object of his journey, as one might have expected; he was irritated at losing half a day's work, it was true, particularly as the locusts were not on his land but east of it and moving east, while in any case everyone knew it was useless to do anything about locusts, and not only useless but impious as well. But he was less irritated than he might have been and made no question of obeying the official summons that had reached him, because it was always well to be attentive to the wishes of authority when one had a dispute in hand.

And Mewa Ram had a dispute, though perhaps it could hardly be said to be any longer in hand, and of that he was thinking as he walked along the sandy cart-track, on his way to the gathering in the fields, where the locusts were busy eating the green leaf down to the ground.

It was a dispute with his own first cousin, his true cousinly brother as he would have said himself, which made it all the worse. The two of them were the sole surviving grandsons of one man, who had been one of the most well-to-do of the small landowners of the village. There had been land enough in his day, when crops were good and money would buy something, land enough even in the days of his two sons, the fathers of Mewa Ram and his cousin Jagat Ram. They had owned everything in common, the two fathers, ploughs, carts, bullocks and of course the land. But in spite of being brought up almost as close to each other as brothers, Mewa Ram and Jagat Ram had not managed so well. They had tried to cultivate the holding as their fathers had done, but they were always quarrelling. The truth was that they were both individualists, careful hard-working peasants who wrestled so strenuously with the stubborn soil that neither could bear to share with someone else what he had won with such difficulty. So tempers would flare up over the division of seed or the use of a cart and life was one quarrel after another. They had never lasted long; Mewa Ram and Jagat Ram had, in the old days, always made it up afterwards. And in one such mood of reconciliation they had agreed that it could not go on for ever like this and it would be far better if they divided the land between them.

They went to a lawyer and set about the business of partition. Long and laborious it was, meticulously accurate it had to be, for it dealt with the very core of their lives. Every stick and stone must be accounted for and before the courts would approve of the division the two of them must agree at every stage. Again and again they must go to court with lists and papers they did not understand, trudging patiently through the dust to the station seven miles away, finding a corner of the third-class railway carriage, waiting all day for their case to be called, watching with uncomprehending eyes the clerks, the lawyer's touts, the petition-writers. Slow it had been, but progress had been made. They had agreed on the list of their property; they had divided it, field by field, arguing long over the merits of each, till at last there were only two fields left to be discussed.

They knew these two as number twenty-three and the orange-tawny field. The latter was so-called from the colour of the soil, an outcrop of stiff clay that was hard to work and poor in harvest. Well-dunged every year it would have made good land in time, but it was a long way from the village and there was never enough refuse for every field. Neither of the cousins could have borne the agony of ploughing in a green crop, so the orange-tawny field was starved and although it was a little larger than number twenty-three, neither of them wanted it.

Number twenty-three was given that name because those were the last two figures of its number in the official map. It was not very far from the village and close to a cart-track, so that it did get a cartload of

something every now and then, while long ago, before the cultivated land extended so far, it had been an outlying cattle-station where grazing buffaloes were tied up for the night in summer. So its rich black soil was easier to work and gave a better crop than the orange-tawny.

By the time Mewa Ram and Jagat Ram came to these two fields, they had agreed on two lists which were as nearly equal as possible. Neither could be certain which was the better. But if number twenty-three was added to one list and the orange-tawny to the other, the balance would be upset.

"But there is one more field," said the lawyer.

Each of the cousins jerked his chin in the air and made with his tongue a loud sharp click, which in their corner of the country-side meant an emphatic no.

"But there is," insisted the lawyer, and turning from the list in his hand to the map he showed them where it was. Oh, yes, there was the mimosa field, but that was no good to anybody. Years ago, it had been affected by that strange saline leprosy that sometimes comes over the land of the alluvial plains. A fine salty crust forms on the surface as though the spray of the sea had died in the sun, and there is not much to be done with that land till it goes. Some believe that it can be drawn away by the thorny mimosa, the *babul* or *kikar* tree, whose balls of thin golden fluff enrich the air in spring, and in this belief the grandfather of the two cousins had planted mimosa trees all round the field years ago, but the salt had not gone and the land still lay fallow. That was why the cousins had forgotten the mimosa field. But the salt would go one day perhaps and then the field would again produce a harvest, and so at last, reluctantly and grudgingly, they agreed that the mimosa field should be thrown in with the orange-tawny and the two together held to be equal to number twenty-three. The share which included the two indifferent fields fell to Mewa Ram.

Now the business of a partition is hedged about with every safeguard that can be imagined for the protection of illiterate peasants, but even so there sometimes are mistakes. No safeguards can make human beings infallible, least of all in the moment of relief when agreement is reached after months of exhausting argument.

The decision about these three fields was reached late in the evening when everyone wanted to go home. The lawyer who had been drawing up the lists had been using for his working a copy in pencil, from which as agreement was reached he transcribed to a second copy in ink. He wrote down the mimosa field correctly on his pencil copy and added up the totals. This was a complicated operation, because the area of the better fields had to be multiplied to make them equal to those which were inferior. But it came out right, the two shares being equal, and hastily adding the mimosa field to the copy in ink, he gave it to his clerk, told him to make fair copies and went home, tearing up the pencil copy and throwing it away.

When the clerk added up the totals next morning, they were wrong, because his master had added the mimosa field to the wrong column. The lawyer was in court and could not be consulted; the clerk peered and wondered; he looked again at the crabbed notation (for there is in Urdu a special written notation for field areas, rather like a wind-blown musical script, quite different from the ordinary Arabic letters and numbers), and set about some research on his own. He found in the old records one area which was hard to decipher; it could be read either way, and to his joy if read one way, the way he had not taken it before, it made the totals come outright. He explained this to the court clerk when the two checked the figures through together; each told his master that the figures tallied; everyone was satisfied and the partition was made final. But it contained two mistakes which balanced each other.

Mewa Ram and Jagat Ram had no idea of this; each believed that the mimosa field was in Mewa Ram's share, but neither of them gave it more than a passing thought for the next ten years. Then, strolling round one evening, Mewa Ram noticed that the saline crust was vanishing. The mimosas were drawing it out. He talked it over with Jagat Ram, for they were good friends again now, and decided that after the rains he would cut down the mimosa trees and plough the land. This he did; he did not get much for the trees, for though a piece that is shaped right is sometimes used for a plough, the wood is usually fit only for burning, and the bark, once in demand for tanning, is valueless now that all the leather comes from factories. Cutting and ploughing involved Mewa Ram in a good deal of work which he grudged, but he would do anything to get an extra bit of land and in two years' time he knew he would be glad. He left the rough ploughed land for the weather to work on and thought he would take a crop in the spring.

It was during that winter that the villages learned of their new assessment for land revenue. For three years, parties had been testing the soil, re-making the maps, measuring every field; now there was a new assessment that would last thirty years. Passing the mouth-piece of the hookah to and fro one evening, Jagat Ram spoke grumblingly of what he had to pay.

"Mine is twelve annas less," said Mewa Ram complacently.

"But this is a great tyranny," said Jagat Ram. "Our shares are equal. Why should I pay more?" He said there must be a mistake and he would go to a lawyer, a proceeding that Mewa Ram deprecated, feeling this his own assessment might go up. But Jagat Ram went all the same, leaving Mewa Ram uneasy, conscious once more of the feeling, which with time he had almost forgotten, that he had had the worse of it over the mimosa field and the orange-tawny.

Jagat Ram came back a changed man. For several days he would not speak to Mewa Ram. He went about his business secretively and pursed his lips when he saw his cousin. But at last he came out with it. The mimosa field was in his share. In the storm of argument and abuse that followed, he did not attempt to deny the simple fact they both knew, that it was a mistake and the field should really be Mewa Ram's. It was his unassailable argument that it was there in the partition proceedings which cannot be changed.

In court, of course, where Mewa Ram soon took him, he had another story. There had been no mistake; it was true Mewa Ram had less than he, but neither of them had wanted the mimosa field. At last he had reluctantly agreed to take it, setting it off against all the disadvantages he had incurred in every other field; here he reopened all the arguments it had taken two

" But this is a great tyranny ", said Jagat Ram. " Our shares are equal. Why should I pay more? "

years to settle. All these years the field had been useless and Mewa Ram had kept quiet; now it was going to be some good, now that Jagat Ram had cut the trees and ploughed the land, and now Mewa Ram opened his mouth and wanted it. That was his story.

The courts hate reopening a partition; they believed Jagat Ram, and after spending all he had on appeals Mewa Ram was ousted; and now Jagat Ram's millet was coming up in the ground Mewa Ram had ploughed. It would have rankled in anyone's heart, but for Mewa Ram, to whom his fields were everything, it was a bitterness that poisoned his life.

That was what Mewa Ram was thinking of as he went along the lane and it was small wonder that he was not inclined to worry about locusts on his neighbour's land. But he prepared to listen when he reached the gathering and sat down.

The speaker was a young man, fresh from three universities. His Hindustani was a trifle florid for his listeners, but they could understand him well enough to disagree with almost everything he said. They were impressed, all the same, by his air of learning, his spectacles, the pamphlet to which he constantly referred, by the speed and fluency of his diction.

He told them that the locusts which were devouring their crops were in one of the hopper stages. There were four, no, five stages through which the creature passed before it could fly, and these could easily be distinguished by their colour. Pink, olive-green, grey, browny-yellow; he peered at his pamphlet and translated the colours; peered at the locusts, the dry rustle of whose movement could be heard in the field nearby when he stopped talking; he assured his hearers that these locusts were indubitably in an early stage and could not fly. So it would be quite easy to destroy them.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All they had to do was to dig a V-shaped trench and drive the locusts into it; they would in the end be driven to the confluence of the two arms where they could be crushed, stamped on and buried. It might not be a great help to these fields—he peered again short-sightedly at the tattered remnants—but it would prevent the locusts from flying on in their next stage and breeding somewhere else. Moreover, their bodies would fertilise the soil.

The peasants were silent beneath this harangue, and as it ended, were still silent. At last there was a muttering, a word passing round from one man to the next, a low murmuring that could hardly be called speech.

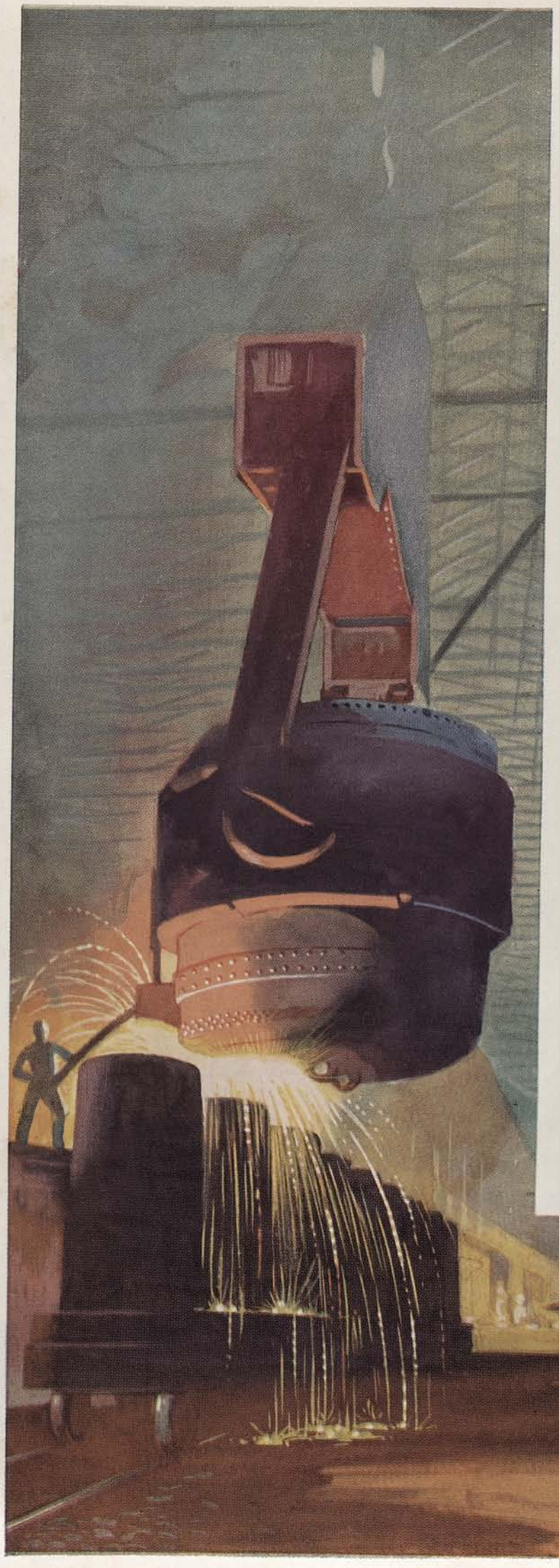
"What do they say?" the orator asked impatiently of a subordinate official.

It was not easy to find a spokesman, but at last an old man stood up and explained as well as he could what all of them felt. It took some time to make his meaning clear, but the heart of it was that it would be waste of labour to dig trenches because no one had ever heard of such a thing and the locusts would not go into them, that if this plea failed it was still waste of labour because the fields in this village were spoilt anyhow and the locusts would not come back to them for several years, and finally that a man across the river in the Punjab had killed locusts and next day his cattle had fallen sick and died one by one, after which all his sons had died. Mewa Ram nodded his head in agreement with every word as each point was made.

Now there were two details which were exactly calculated to infuriate any young man fresh from a university, and this young man was no exception. There could be nothing he would more immediately challenge than the idea that one should refrain from doing something because no one had heard of it before, while it was utterly repugnant to his ideas to talk, even by implication, of a deity who in revenge for the loss of some of his creatures would inflict pain and destruction on others. The young official stamped, waved his arms and poured out a flood of eloquence. He cajoled, he exhorted, he abused. At last he gave up

(*Continued on page* 85)

He did not know the numbers but he could point them out on the map.



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Malabar & China

PICTORIAL EVIDENCE OF CHINESE INFLUENCES ALONG INDIA'S SOUTH WEST COASTAL STRIP

By S. Jepson

WHAT is the exact connection between verdant Malabar, that densely populated, fertile, coastal strip in the S.W. corner of India, and China? Probably the question has never been thoroughly explored but a glance at the pictures with this article will reveal that the theory is worth pursuing.

Centuries ago Chinese junks are known to have traded into distant seas and there is evidence that they put into Malabari ports like Trivandrum, Quilon, Alleppi, Cochin and Calicut. Many of the traders may have settled down in these parts. Even today there are various things of common daily use in Travancore which are known as " China Pieces " though nobody seems to be able to explain why they should be given this term.

So far as the trade relations between China and Malabar coast are concerned, there is a book called *Chau Ju Kua* written by a Chinese Customs Officer of Canton in the 12th Century (Cf. *Chau Ju Kua* translated into English by Hirth and Rockhill) p. 88 : " the principal port of call was Ku lin (Quilon) ; things imported to Malabar were silks, porcelain ware, camphor and rhubarb." Cf. also Yule in *Marco Polo*, Vol. II, p. 333 : " Malabar extends in length from Quilon to Nellore. The curiosities of Chin (China) and Machin (Mahâcina—Greater China, *i.e.*, Northern China and Mongolia) and the beautiful products of Hind and Sind laden on large ships are always arriving there."

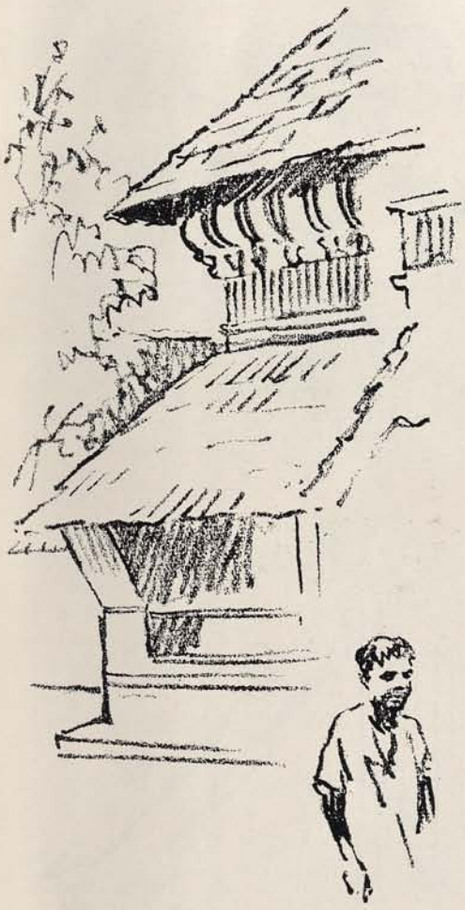
In conventional art forms there is also a trace of common influences, while architecturally this is most pronounced. Nowhere else in India does one see the multi-gabled buildings that are common in Malabar. The residents will explain that houses are so constructed for better ventilation and coolness in a climate which is hot and humid.

As far as these types with different superimposed roofs are concerned there are various theories. One of the greatest authorities in these matters, the late Prof. Sylvain Lévi of Paris, was of opinion that this type of architecture is of Indian origin. It has been preserved, he thought, only in Nepal and Malabar to our days because the climatic conditions of these two countries have allowed this old Indian wooden architecture to be preserved. In other places it was translated into stone, as the climate did not favour the preservation of wood. So according to him it was from India that China and the Far Eastern countries received this old type of architecture !

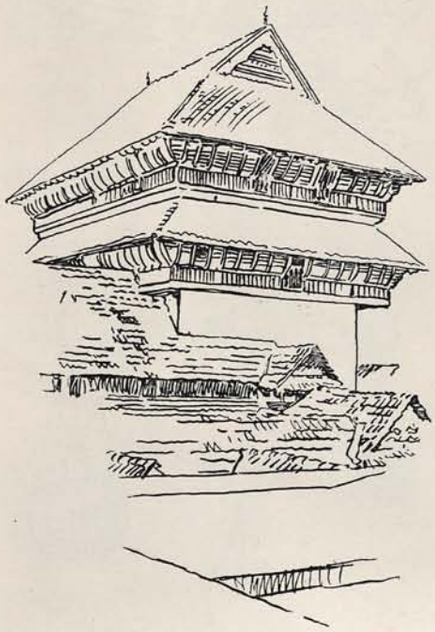
Boats With " Eyes "

Many of the boats around Cochin are called " China Odam " and on some of them will be discovered brass ornaments on the prow. Ask the Malabari boatman what this ornament is for and he will smile and say that it is the custom. " They must have this mark on," he will add. It is obvious that the original purpose of this brass " eye " is lost in the mists of centuries, but those who have lived in China will tell you that the best Chinese fisherfolk sincerely believe that the boat must have an " eye " in order to see where it is going. Is it not possible that the Chinese boat " eye " has adapted itself to some of those skiffs which grace the beautiful backwaters of Malabar ?

Nowhere else in India, so far as I know, are to be seen the great counterpoised fishing nets known as " Quilon nets." From the illustration given, it will be seen that a large semi-circular fishing net is lowered into the



Chinese influence is shown on the Malabar Coast in boats and in architecture, the boats being the typical flat-bottomed type of Chinese origin, sometimes rigged with sails resembling those of the Chinese junk. Houses often show the multi-gabled roofs seen in China. Small roofed gates, common in Travancore, also show this influence.



sea or backwater by a mechanical device of counter-balance, through great logs thirty feet or more in length, with the fulcrum at the base, and weighted with stones tied on ropes. These nets are a common sight in the palm-fringed backwaters and are singularly effective. The Chinese rickshaw is common to many parts of India, mostly in the hill stations. But there is reason to believe that their origin in Travancore is very ancient.

Then there are the typically Chinese methods of carrying loads in two baskets slung on a pole over the shoulders, whereas the rest of India prefers to carry its loads on the head. Those large palm leaf hats which serve as sunshade and umbrella combined must surely have come from China. One sees them nowhere else in India.

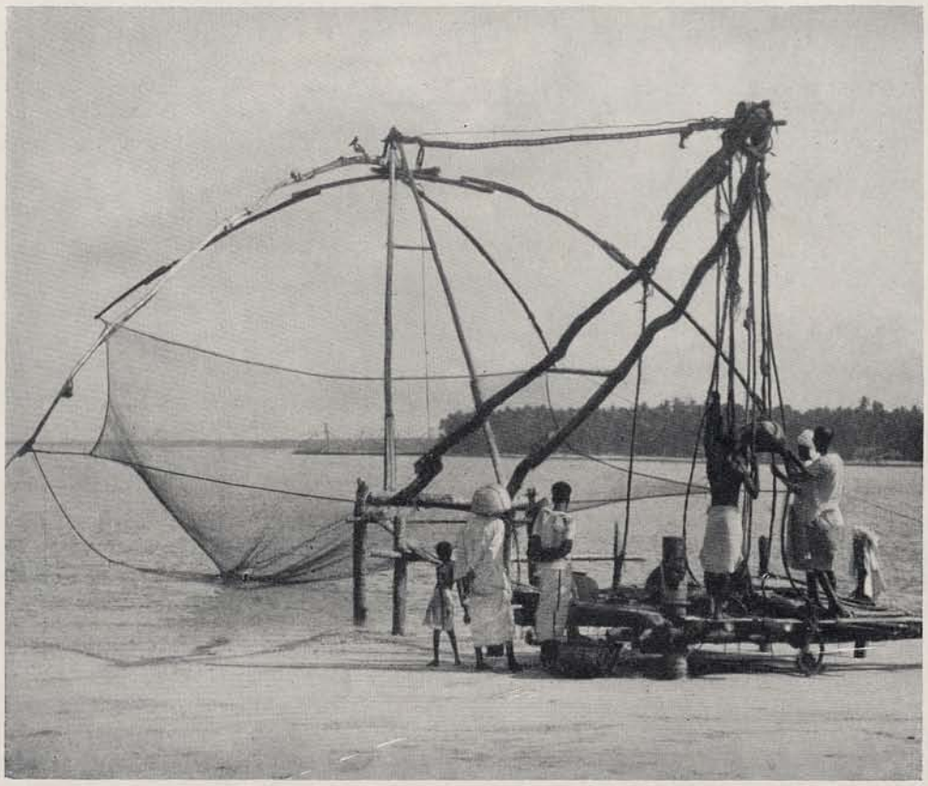
Of all places in Malabar, Cochin seems to have the closest connection with the Far East. In fact, more than one writer believes that the very name Cochin is of Chinese origin. Various theories have been advanced, one being that Cochin may mean " Five provinces," the " co " originating in the Chinese word " go " or " five," and the " chin " from " Chou " meaning " province." This theory is based on the belief that the old name for Cochin was Anjikaimal meaning " the place of the five nobles." Presumably, five " Lords of the Manor " were then in possession of the Port of Cochin.

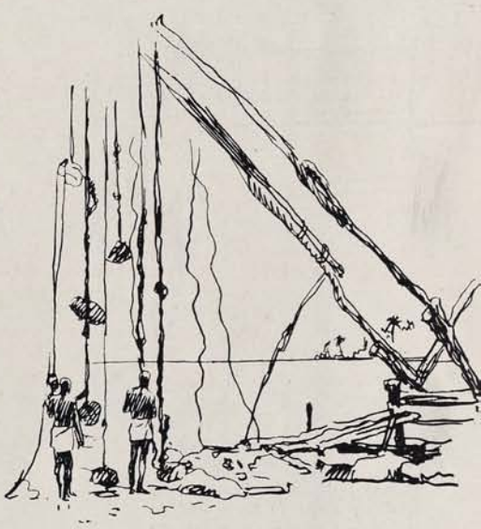
Other etymological threads are to be found in the local terms for things like " telescope " (called a *Chinna kuzhal*), temple fireworks (called *Chinna veta*), not to mention *Chinna pieces* and *Chinna pins*—though many of these may well be made in Birmingham !

The old synagogue of the White Jews in Cochin contains some very fine tiles and many of these are a very ancient Willow Pattern and may well have come from China. Or perhaps they were made by the extensive Chinese settlement around Cochin from the 13th to the 15th Centuries.

Nair Coiffures

In the more urban parts of Malabar, the local belles affect Western coiffures. Go into the country districts and one will find the traditional





" top-buns " with the long, silken tresses of those dainty maidens piled high on top, as in the illustrations. This has a distinct Chinese atmosphere and if the reader wishes to see exactly the same style of hairdressing he may turn up any well-illustrated travel book to see the Tais of Indo-China. The Tai women indicate their married state by wearing exactly the same kind of " top-bun."

As for the distinctive dance dramas called Kathakali and peculiar to that part of India, there are proved associations with Cambodia and countries further east. The Cambodian dancers wear a cone-shaped head-dress which is very similar to the one worn by Hindu gods. Dresses are of rich brocades with coats which fan out stiffly at the waist and in epaulets. All these items are common to the Kathakali dance which is religious in origin and a sort of dumb show seeking to impart instruction to village audiences. The women's parts are impersonated by youths and the men have their faces elaborately painted with green and red, and stiff ridges of rice paste, which decoration takes anything from five to six hours in preparation. The ridges of paste also mean that the dancer is unable to move any part of his face except his eyes (otherwise the paste would crack) but the movement of the eyes is singularly effective.

In this connection there is an association in choreography between Malabar, to which this dance is peculiar in India, and further East. His Highness Major Rama Varma wrote to me after a visit to Java : " The Wayang Wong is danced at the Courts of Javanese Sultans mostly by their own sons and near relations, and also by the rich noblemen of their own Courts. You may be interested to hear that during our travels in Java and Bali, we found that the influence of ancient India is still very strong there, and that the names of many of their towns and even the stories of their dances are taken from India."

A friend of mine who had lived in China and Japan told me after a visit to Malabar that the gates of the Trichur Temple reminded her almost exactly of the gates to a Japanese Mediæval Castle.

It is quite obvious that if anyone with close knowledge of China were to live in Malabar for any length of time, many other connections would suggest themselves. The liking for parasols is very prevalent with the Nair ladies, as with the higher caste Brahmins, who use them cleverly to maintain *purdah* when out walking. The typical Cochin hats which are sunshade and umbrella in one, must also have an association with the Chinese peasants' hat. This kind of hat-umbrella is also used by the fisherfolk of Macao.

In daily life, former contact with China is obvious in Travancore and on the Malabar Coast generally. In Quilon, though in no other place in India, are to be seen the large semi-circular fishing-nets lowered by a mechanical device of counter-balance resembling similar nets in use in China. Chinese influence is also reflected in rickshaws, in the brass "eye" on the prow of a boat, in the method of carrying loads in two baskets slung on a pole across the shoulders, in the palm-leaf hats which also serve as umbrellas, and in the top-bun coiffures of the women.

Early Trade History

Finally, those who are interested in the subject will find much about the early trade between China and Malabar in the authoritative *History of Kerala* by K. P. Padmanabha Menon, and here are a few extracts given with acknowledgment to the author.

" The next notice we have of it (a Mohammedan colony at Quilon) is by the Arab traveller, Solyman (852 A.D.) who, in his book, *Chine de Chroniques*, says that the Chinese ships used to touch Quilon on their homeward voyage from Siraf on the Persian gulf. At Quilon the Chinese ships paid a heavy port duty of 1,000 Dinars. These ships, though large, were flat-bottomed, and could therefore cross the bar at Quilon with ease, and enter the lagoon which formed so fine a harbour."

" In 1263-75, Al Kazwini, the Mohammedan geographer, compiled his account of India from the works of others, and among other places he mentions ' Kulam (Quilon), a large city in India. Mis'ar bin Mahalhil, who visited the place, says that he did not see either a temple or an idol there. When their King dies, the people of the place choose another from China.' The mention of the choice of a king from China to succeed the one deceased suggests the probability of there being a Chinese factor or settlement at the time in Quilon, governed by one of their own chiefs who was succeeded on his death by another brought from China. Of such settlements we read frequent allusions in the writings of old travellers."

" In Gaspar Gorrea's account of the voyages of De Gama there is a curious record of a tradition of the arrival in Malabar, more than four centuries before, of a vast merchant fleet from the parts of Malacca and China and the Lequeos (Lewchew) ; many from the company on board had settled in the country and left descendants. In the space of a hundred years none of these remained, but their sumptuous idol temples remained. (Stanley's translation Hakluyt Soc., p. 174) Mendoza, after mentioning a town called unto this day the soil of Chinos, for that they did re-edify and make the same . . . . observes the like notice and memory is there in the kingdom of Calicut, whereas he notes many trees and fruits, that the naturals of that country do say, were brought thither by the Chinos when they were lords and governors of that country (Mendoza, Parke's translation, p. 71).

" These passages are quoted by Yule in his *Marco Polo* (Vol. II, p. 391-2). He says in a footnote, ' It appears from a paper in the Mackenzie MSS that, down to Colonel Mackenzie's time, there was a tribe in Calicut whose ancestors were believed to have been Chinese (see Taycor's Catal.

Rasionne, III, 664). And there is a notable passage in Abdur Rassak which says the seafaring population of Calicut were nick-named *Chini bachagan* (China boys).' (*India in the XVth Century*, p. 19)....Speaking of lower Quilon he (Niehoff) says, 'Its suburbs, which are very large and stately, are by the Portuguese called Conlang China, probably because that was the portion occupied by the Chinese settlement.'

"Garcia de Orta (1563) mentions a Chinese stone with an inscription as having been taken away by the Zamarin from Cochin. Marco Polo (1298) says 'The merchants from Manzi (China) and from Arabia and from the Levant come thither with their ships and their merchandise.' The Chinese trade with Quilon noticed by Solyman in the eighth century must have existed earlier still, for Ma Huan tells us that Quilon was known to the Chinese navigators of the Tang dynasty (618-913 A.D.). Marco Polo himself was employed by the Khan (Kublai) in a diplomatic capacity, and visited Quilon while he was a Chine mandarin in the service of the Khan....De Mailla mentions the arrival at I'Swanchan (or Zayton, the Chief Port of China at the time) in 1282 of envoys from Kinlam, an Indian State ...., Barbosa also calls the King of Kaulom, Beneti-deri—'the Lord of Venadu,' that being the name of the district to which belonged the family of the old kings of Kollam.... The Rajas of Travancore, who superseded the Kings of Kollam, and inherited their titles, are still poetically styled Venadan."

"We learn from Marco Polo that the King of Quilon had benefited largely from the Chinese trade....when Ibn Batuta came to Quilon, Chinese ships still used to frequent the port. We learn from Ibn Batuta (date not given but probably XV Century), that the Chinese trade was being steadily driven from the coast; and from Joseph of Cranganur....that 'in the beginning of the 16th Century, the Mohomedanes with the powerful aid of the Zamorin massacred all the Chinese inhabiting the parts of Malabar.'"

In addition to the authorities mentioned, I am indebted to the following for kind assistance in my investigations into this fascinating subject: Prof. P. C. Bagchi of Calcutta, Mrs. Adrienne Douglas of New York, Dr. J. Cousins of Trivandrum, and Sir E. Denison Ross of London, distinguished authority on languages. I asked the last-named if he knew of any philological evidence of the Chinese impact, and he says he tried in vain to find an answer to this interesting query, and had never heard of any exterior influence on the Malayalam language other than that of Sanskrit.

Costume and dance indicate Far Eastern influence. A female dancer impersonated by a boy in the Kathakali dance of South India, has the elaborately painted face with stiff ridges of rice paste, typical of the Cambodian dancers; the cone-shaped head-dress and dance costume of Cambodia are also in general use. The hat-umbrella is adopted by the fisher-folk.

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Page Sixty-three : *Off to Play*, by B. B. Fanibunda
Above : *Courtyard at Amber Fort*, by Prof. W. Langhammer

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Jantar Mantar, Jaipur, by D. R. Mody

Uncle Gustave

By NOEL SIRCAR

THE last rays of the sunset flared up over the ebbing sea, were reflected from the expanse of gleaming sand, and illumined the golden sign of the Hotel Gustave with a fiery halo. For a moment that other, that enchanted, world seemed very near; the seaside village of Melchior-les-Bains hovered on the borderland of magic; for a moment—then the sun was gone, and a cool breeze stirred along the foreshore.

A guitar whispered in the gathering night, a song of Granada, a song of love. The guitarist, a boy of about sixteen, sat among the empty tables outside the hotel. He was the waiter, who amused himself during the lull before the evening customers arrived, prolonging the final chord of each verse in an infinity of variations which died away mournfully into the dusk.

"Ah! Rascal! Wasting time again with your horrible machine. Plim! Plim! Plim! Is that all you can do, and moan like a sick cow? Are you in truth a Frenchman? I doubt it. Only Italians make Plim! Plim! Plim! What would my poor sister have said, to see her son so behave? Léon, you good-for-nothing, polish the tables, attend to the customers, quickly, quickly." The fat man in shirt sleeves, who had come out suddenly from the hotel, truculently watched his nephew lay down the guitar and go forward to serve the two customers who had just seated themselves at a table. They were students who were staying at the hotel.

"Good evening, Léon. We want wine and music. Bring a bottle and join us with your guitar, if Monsieur Gustave permits us." The student who had spoken smiled in the direction of the fat man.

"Certainly, gentlemen, certainly. Léon, play to the gentlemen, but only so long as no other customers come. You see, sir, he wastes too much time with his guitar. Where will that get him? He lacks solid industry. Now look at me. As a boy I set out from my native village with thirty francs and all my belongings in a small bundle. But by hard work I am what you see, owner of the Hotel Gustave, renowned for its cooking, with a bathroom on most modern sanitary principles." Gustave waved his arm in the direction of his hotel, a building rather smaller than the average town dwelling-house.

Léon returned bearing a bottle of wine, and sat with the two students. Gustave declined an offered glass and went indoors again, but, when his nephew began to play, he was watching enviously through the curtains. Why, he wondered, was Léon so popular.

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Though he was careless and lazy, the guests were always pleased to see him. They asked after him when he was not there. Yet he, Gustave, had all the attributes of a popular man. He was willing to impart worldly wisdom to anyone. He was eager to tell the story of his rise from obscurity to fortune. He knew some very funny practical jokes. But somehow people would not listen to his life story, and he never had a chance of performing his jokes.

Léon had stopped playing and was drinking and laughing with the students. Watching them Gustave determined that he too would be popular. A fat jovial patron, that was how he should be. Otherwise of what use was the good food and the plumbing? It was the spirit that counted.

Within a few minutes several more customers arrived. Gustave went out to help Léon serve and to watch his methods ; a smile here, there a comical remark or a knowing wink, this seemed easy.

Later in the evening, after dinner, there was a sudden downpour of rain. Those who were still sipping their drinks outside rose and hurried into the hotel. The main room with the bar was crowded ; and, with the busy serving of drinks, the sight of the streaming promenade outside, the cheerful noise of conversation within, the general feeling of being comfortably shut off from the chill dreariness of the rain, an atmosphere at once intimate and gay began to build itself up. Léon was the centre of the gaiety. Gustave himself served, and allowed his nephew to play all the tunes called by the customers.

A resounding chorus had just come to an end, when Gustave decided to perform.

" Gentlemen ! " He shouted. " May I show you a feat of magic? For this I shall require the assistance of a strong man."

One of the students came forward.

" Now, sir, will you please give me a hair from your head? Thank you. You see, gentlemen, I pour a little pool of water from this carafe on to the table. Then I mesmerise the hair of this strong man. I place it in the pool of water. Gather round closely. Watch carefully. You will see the hair rise up and dance."

The customers crowded round the pool of water and waited. Nothing happened. Suddenly Gustave smacked his palm down on the pool, splashing their faces, and roared with laughter.

" A good joke, is it not ? " He cried, as they wiped their faces. " But I have many others. I come from a very high family."

" That's why he sleeps at the top of the house." Said the student whose hair had figured in the experiment.

" No it isn't ! " said Léon. " Uncle Gustave sleeps at the top of the house because the maidservant also sleeps there."

At this Gustave lost his temper. Enraged, he dealt his nephew a terrific blow on the ear, hurling him to the ground. Léon staggered painfully away while the customers were still trying to pacify Gustave.

The evening was spoilt. The customers who would have stayed, prolonging their merriment, now made excuses, said their good-nights, and departed. Gustave was left alone.

He had been mistaken, he realized. He had tried for popularity by a method which was unnatural to him. They had laughed at his practical joke, but really they were laughing at him, at his laboured seriousness over a piece of folly. And Léon had been ashamed of him. That was why he had made that remark, and that was why it had aroused so much rage. But he had struck the boy too hard. After all it was only a joke.

(*Continued on page* 89)

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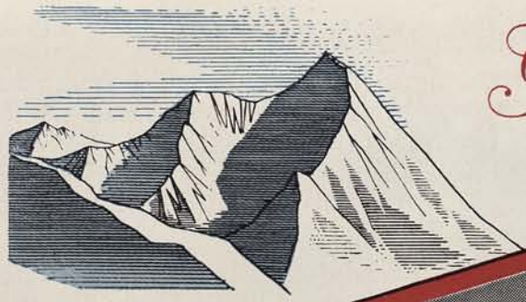

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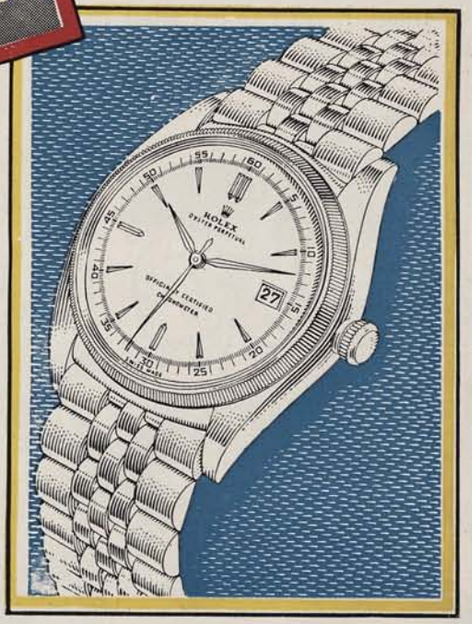

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THE LITTLE BLACK RAM by Rumer Godden.

a curious funnel up which it was possible to climb on a spiral stair of great toothed rocks; it was steep and wildly rough. Eleven young men, with shouts and cries, were shouldering a buffalo up it; the buffalo panicked and lowed, but up it went, while the rocks gave the echoes back; the whole air round was filled with lowing and bleating and cries; there was pandemonium at the foot of the cleft; women were weeping; men sweated and swore, dragging and beating the animals; the boys were carrying up the kids on their necks; the goats went neatly their own way, but the buffaloes had to be pushed and lifted and the ponies swung by necks and tails from rock to rock; slowly the crowd thinned and, from far up and out of sight, bleating and whistles dropped through the air and faded out of hearing.

As the afternoon went on, the light changed and light flakes of snow began to fall; the flakes grew heavier till the work became feverish; women, young men and boys went up and down, up and down; Ibrahim left his sick ones grazing and worked, carrying kids, pots and bundles until his legs and back ached. One by one the other boys left and went on with the flocks, but Ibrahim had always to return to his hurt animals. He knew they must be the last.

When most had gone he took up the kid and gave it to another boy to carry while he came back for the half-grown spotted goat, but the step from rock to rock was too high for him to manage with its weight and, if he dumped it on each rock ahead of him, it came down too hard on its injured leg. The men swore at him to keep out of the way and crestfallen he brought the goat back and waited. At last only he, two goats, the ram and a pair of small white ponies were left. The snow was now falling so fast that Ibrahim wondered what it would be like up on the head of the Pass. "If it is a blizzard. . .Aie!" He rubbed his hands inside his knees and chafed his bare ankles trying to keep warm, waiting for someone to come back. The animals quietly cropped the grass with the snow falling on their coats.

At last he heard men coming. There were four of them with the young Jacoub. Ibrahim sprang to his feet to help them. "It's big snow," they called to him and they started with the ponies, two men to each. "Hurry! Everyone has gone," they called. "We shan't get over if we are not quick. Quick. Hurry." Jacoub swung the young spotted goat up on his shoulders. "Hurry. Come along, fool! What are you standing there for? Hurry. Be quick."

"But. . . .these," cried Ibrahim for the old she-goat and the ram.

"We won't wait for those. They are no good. She is old and he is Shaitan."

"But. . ." cried Ibrahim running towards them. "They can't come alone." The ram, as it always did, came after him to see, butting him aside with its head.

"Leave them," called the men. "All that can't run are to be left. Hurry! Hurry!"

Ibrahim's cry followed them. "I have brought them so far. . ."

" Turn them loose. Hurry."

" Come down again. Come back for us," called Ibrahim.

One of the men turned round. " Little fool. You must save your own skin. Come on."

" Brother. . . . . ."

Jacoub's voice called back, mocking, " I have no brother."

Ibrahim cried. " For the love of God. . . . . ."

Nobody answered him.

Soon, far above, the voices and shouts died away. The quiet was eerie where the noise had been. The snow fell and the light dimmed to twilight. The old she-goat went back to her greedy cropping but the ram stayed by Ibrahim ; it was cold and wanted his warmth, its breath steamed over his hand. " Inshallah ! " muttered Ibrahim, bending to pick up the ram.

Its weight for him was tremendous, far more than the weight of the young goat. He staggered with it to the first rock and across to the second but his arms were torn almost from their sockets while his heart felt as if it would burst his chest. On the third rock he had to dump the ram and he felt the jar as its leg met the rock and heard its sudden surprised hurt bleat. " Nahin ! " said Ibrahim and set his teeth and struggled up with it once more and managed to get it safely to the next rock but the sides of the funnel and the snow were whirling dizzily round him and he had to sit down and put his head on his knees. " And there are hundreds of rocks to get up, two, three, hundred." Ibrahim could not count but he remembered the rocks leading up. The snow was coming thicker, blown in gusts and eddies whirling in his face and choking him and it was not twilight now but getting dark. He could hear the old she-goat bleating ; she knew that she was left. He sank his head down on his knees again.

" I-bra-h-i-m."

" Ye. Ye," called Ibrahim springing up. " Ye. Come down ! Come down ! There is one more. Come down."

" Come up," called the voice. " Hurry. Little fool. Come up. You will be lost," called the voice. You will break your neck."

" Come d-own," called Ibrahim.

" Come up. Come up. Come up." He could hear the voice going away. " C-ome u-p, Ibra-h-im...."

All that he could see of the ram was a bulky blackness by his side but he could feel it warm and close. He bent and with another effort picked it up again. Holding it against him for a moment he looked up, then turned back ; struggling, slipping, dashing his feet against the stones, bruising his elbows and knees, he got it back to the foot of the cleft ; there, sobbing for breath, he lay down, curled, letting the snow beat down on him lying still with the ram in his arms, but the animal did not understand and indignantly broke away, struggled and got up, bleating.

It was senseless to lie there alone. He stood up, a great fear sweeping over him; numbed with cold, he shook in his legs and shoulders, while the snow blew in his eyes and mouth. He looked up at the cleft again. There, somewhere ahead, if he could catch them, were his people, warmth and food. The she-goat had come back and stood with the ram looking at him and waiting. Slowly, Ibrahim unwound his short turban from his head and slowly wound it on again, winding the cloth over his head and ears, round his neck and over his mouth. The she-goat and the ram still stood waiting. Ibrahim gulped and turned towards the cleft.

The old goat remained where she was but the ram at once hopped and scrambled after him. He heard it bleating as it tried to get up on the first rock ; its hooves scrabbled as it fell back. It bleated. Ibrahim went on up the cleft. The bleating followed him a little way, then he could hear it no more.

Alone, he went up the cleft as easily and quickly as any strong young goat ; the snow gusts hit him without hurting him but he had another pain ; almost breaking him was that same piercing emptiness and sadness that had come from Mahmud's pipe ; there was nothing to break now but himself ; the ram was gone.

As he found the top of the pass he came out on a level cliff of rock and began to run towards the track that led down through the gathering darkness ; the feeling grew until he felt he must break and then there was a strange relief as he felt something on his face, drops of something warm and wet that appeared to come out of himself, out of that aching pain ; strange drops, for when they were on his cheeks, they froze to ice though when they came out of his eyes they were fresh and warm. As he ran towards the path they came faster, till they prevented him from running. He stood still while his tears fell fast.

HANDSOME MACDONALD by Samuel T. Sheppard.

half-crowns. There was no rent to pay; but when the gentlemen went home before the rains should come the farmers take the house for firewood. There is plenty of fish, fowl, mutton, wild boar, hares and other provisions cheap. The gentlemen drank the waters, dressed, played at cards and after dinner slept an hour or two; then in the afternoon they rode out on horseback, and in the evening played at cards again."

Where was Dillinagogue? The name apparently does not survive and one supposes it was misheard and written down by Macdonald without any check on the accepted spelling. It was somewhere in the group of hot springs near the modern Vajreshwari on the Tansa river. There is a village called Gorad near the springs, and a learned friend has suggested that the place may have been called Dewal-no-Gorad-gau, or " the village Gorad of the Temple." Whatever the name may have been, the springs had more than local fame for there is a record of somebody in Bengal applying to Warren Hastings for leave to go there; and it was natural enough at the end of the 18th century that English officers and their families in Bombay, to whom the advantages of hill stations were not yet available, should try the curative effects of those springs. From the way in which Bath and other watering places had risen in repute they knew what benefits might be gained from drinking, or bathing in, thermal water, and they brought the fashion to India. It is true there were none of the amenities of a spa at this place, no Pump Room, no Assembly Rooms, no comfortable lodgings and none of the gaiety that Bath could show; but camp life there in the cold weather, or even as late as May, must have been pleasant. It is interesting to note that, in more recent years, the hot springs of Vajreshwari have been developed, with Government assistance, and baths built on modern lines for the alleviation of those who suffer from rheumatism, arthritis and kindred complaints.

Later on when Macdonald went to Bankot it was as servant to Colonel Keating. Dow had gone home, with Sir Eyre Coote who had stopped in Bombay on his way from Madras to England; General Pemble had died of dropsy at Bankot, and there too Governor Hodges had died. Both Macdonald and Keating had been ill and the details given of that misfortune are very curious. The former says he had " foolishly got the disorder of the country and had not applied to a proper person at first." He had no claim to go into the hospital as he was not one of the Company's men, but Dr. Richardson agreed to take him in. " When I found that he would take me under his care, I sent him the same afternoon a fashionable silver mug that cost me five pounds in St. James's Street, London; " and he was put in the first ward and treated as the most important patient there. Out of hospital and refusing an offer to go as Steward at Government House—where he was advised he would be " confined in the country amongst a parcel of Persians "—he went to Colonel Keating's. " The Governor was a little displeased. Next time the Governor had the Colonel to dine with him at Parella in conversation after dinner with the company he said :— ' Colonel Keating, I do not like you because you are so partial to the Scots.' ' I cannot help that, Governor Hodges, for I think when I meet Scotchmen that are good, they are the best of men.' "

Certainly Macdonald proved the best of men to the Colonel, nursing him through a serious attack of " a putrid fever," which was the name generally given to enteric or in some cases to dysentery. After trying various changes of air in Bombay, such as a stay of two months at Randal Lodge on Malabar Hill, a month with Mr. Ramsay in Mahim and three weeks at Mr. Jarvis's house " in the woods "—it was decided to go to Bankot. Taking a number of servants, they set sail early one morning and " with a fair wind arrived at Fort Victoria, where the East India Company had a hundred and twenty as fine sepoys as ever I saw, besides their officers and non-commissioned officers. The first gunner was born at Aberdeen in Scotland; he had been there fifteen years and was as black with the heat as the sepoys. The chief was Mr. Cheap. The castle and Mr. Cheap's house stood on a high hill near the sea and a large river. It is a beautiful country, and a number of different fruit trees grow along the face of the hill. These sepoys had nothing to do but to mount guard at the Chief's gate. A fine easy life they led. We lived very well. There were four gentlemen, the Colonel, Mr. Cheap, Mr. Forbes and Mr. Arden.....The Colonel reviewed the sepoys and had two of them flogged for sleeping on guard. It was only to teach them their duty. The Colonel told Mr. Cheap that Seedy (the Sidi of Janjira) might come and take the fort without firing a gun. Seedy was a Sovereign Prince whose country lay near ours, and Fort Victoria would have been of great service to him."

Colonel Keating derived much benefit from the air of Bankot and from " taking the bark " (quinine), and after three weeks went up the Savitri river 40 miles in Mr. Cheap's barge to the place where the wells are, which Macdonald calls Darygan and James Forbes, author of *Oriental Memoirs*, calls Dazagon. The latter writer says there were wells and three baths of different dimensions, in which the temperature of the water varied from 104 to 108. The water, he described as chalybeate and purgative, " peculiarly adapted to invigorate the system and counteract the languor incident to Europeans in the torrid zone." Macdonald, much struck by the beauty of the scene, wrote that " the place where the wells stood was level, and about two miles round, almost surrounded by mountains and groves. The waters were as hot as at Bath in England. The Colonel went into the bath early in the morning and in the afternoon the gentlemen went out in their palankins; and then I took the bath to cure me of my late illness....The citron trees grew in plenty before our house and round the valley and the fine large fruit hung on the trees in abundance. The country-people minded them no more than a frog-stool. The Colonel had a great many preserved in jars and taken to Bombay." Macdonald made what he calls tea from the leaves, a kind of *tisane*, and it gave great satisfaction.

They returned to Bombay by another route, *via* Alibag, calling on " Raggagee Angerry " (Angria) in " the grand pagoda " he had built. Then they went to live at Randall Lodge on Malabar Hill where already there seem to have been several bungalows. " It is like Shooter's Hill in Kent, but rather higher. At the one end is a Chockee, where there is always a European officer, having the command, on guard. When any ships appear in sight, a signal is made to the Castle in Bombay."

All good times come to an end and it is sad to relate that Macdonald had a row with Colonel Keating over the disposal of the latter's old clothes, so he left " after

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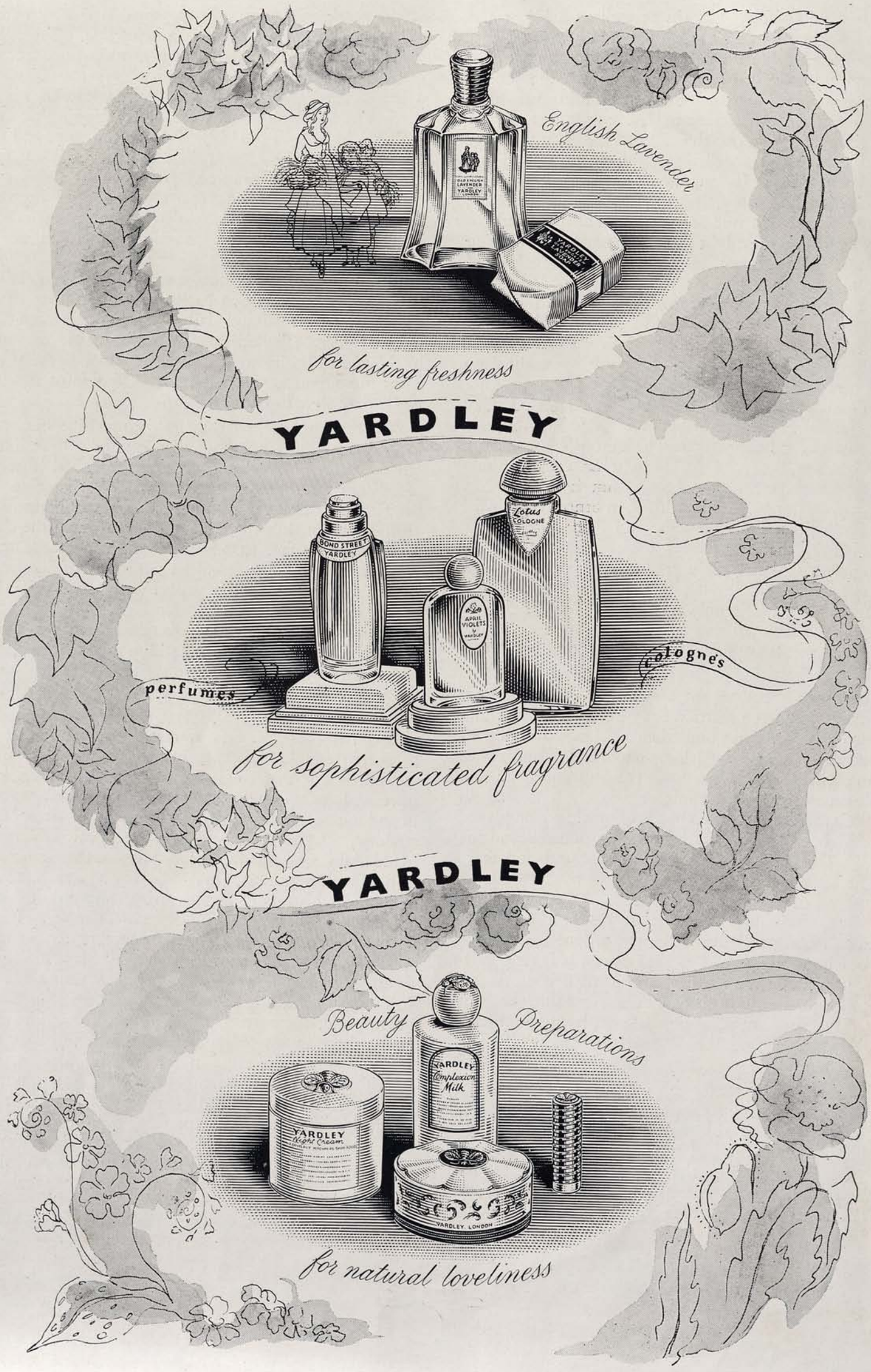
living with him fifteen months as well as a king ; and during that time I had as much pleasure as ever a man had." Being unable to get a passage to England at that time, this adventurous valet went into the service of Mr. Shaw, a Member of Council, and that must have annoyed Keating immensely, for they were by no means friends. " Before the Colonel sailed, my master had said some words disrespectful of him, and the Colonel sent him a challenge. As my master was one of the Council, he made a report thereof to the Governor, and the Colonel was put under arrest and confined for some weeks....One night after, my master was going to Mount (The Mount, a well-known bungalow in Mazagon), where Governor Hornby lived, Mr. Shaw called me and gave me a loaded pistol and hanger, and he took the other pistol and sword and said :— ' John, come along with me '. When we came before the gate my master said :—' John, stop there till I go in and speak to Governor Hornby.' When my master was in the house one of the aides-de-camp, Captain Stuart, just alighted from his horse. When Captain Stuart saw me, it being darkish, he said :—' Is that you, John ? ' ' Yes, Sir.' ' Good God, what are you doing in this warlike manner ? ' ' Sir, I am here with Mr. Shaw, my master.' ' Is he with Governor Hornby ? ' ' Yes, Sir.' So it soon got wing and went through the whole island, that Mr. Shaw took John for fear of meeting with Colonel Keating, and it afforded a laugh at many a table. ' Be ready, John, that is the Colonel.' ' Sir, I am ready ; it is only a bush, Sir ; ' but I declare I thought the Colonel was before us. ' Are you sure, John, your pistols are primed and flints good ? ' ' Yes, Sir.' "

After that, of course, anything might have happened. John might well have married Sally Percival, with whom he seems to have been good friends. He went his own way, however, and stayed long enough in Bombay to see the excitement of visits from the Sidi and from that troublesome man the Nabob of Broach who had an escort of 450 men and " two bands of music which played all the night when he was asleep : the one relieved the other." Then he got a passage to England and there brought about a revolution in fashion by introducing the custom of carrying an umbrella. " At this time there was no umbrellas worn in London except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or gentlemen if it rained, between the door and their carriage." He was laughed at, but persisted and after three months or so " the foreigners, seeing me with my umbrella, one after another used theirs, then the English." Ho, *chhatra-wallah !*

He went on working for a few years but, as was his custom, did not stay long in any one job. Only one of his masters need be mentioned and that is James Macpherson whom he had previously known and who had originally got him the job with Colonel Dow. Macpherson had made his name as the collector and editor of Gaelic legends which he presented to the world as the work of Ossian. It is probable that nowadays very few people read those Ossianic tales. True, they played a considerable part in the Romantic movement in literature, but, even so, it is not easy to understand why they and their editor should have caused a great stir. That the tales were greatly admired, that their authenticity was disputed by Samuel Johnson, and that Macpherson could not produce the originals are facts for specialists in bygone controversies but are now of comparatively little account. Our taste in literature has changed. Of the fame that Macpherson enjoyed his temporary servant says nothing, and there was no reason why he should do so except that it was for a literary purpose—to collect some historical material—that Macpherson went to Paris for two months in 1774, accompanied by Macdonald who had been engaged for that visit. The episode was only briefly recounted by Macdonald who may well have remembered it best from the circumstance that Louis XV died of smallpox while they were in Paris.

It does not follow that he forgot Macpherson or looked on him as no more than one in a long line of employers. It has been credibly surmised that the association of the two men was not restricted to that brief visit to France, and that it was Macpherson who edited Macdonald's memoirs and contributed the short, anonymous preface that introduced them to the world in 1790. They came from the same part of Scotland—Inverness-shire—and they may well have met there when their travelling days were over. Whether that was the case or not, it was a discerning and sympathetic man who wrote the preface and thought it improper to make any alterations in the manuscript except " a few that seemed here and there necessary in order to render it intelligible." What followed publication is strange.

It has been the fate of many a good book to be forgotten and in due course re-discovered. One can indeed assume that to be the case with many books of note, and anybody who has watched how authors come in and out of fashion can guess, by a kind of astronomical analogy, whether a comet has disappeared for good. Macdonald was no comet ; but his reappearances are none the less noteworthy. His book was known to the great historian Lecky, who referred to it in his *History of England in the 18th Century*. It was known later to James Douglas, 60 years ago or more, and he made much use of it in his *Bombay and Western India*. Then it was happily found by Mr. John Beresford, the editor of *The Diary of a Country Parson*, and, since no copy of the book could be found in the shops, a new edition was published in 1927 from a rotograph of the copy in the British Museum. Mr. Beresford, however, seems to have known nothing of James Douglas and his works and, beyond writing a most engaging preface, did not attempt to elucidate the many problems that would confront a editor of the text, problems that are well worth solving so far at any rate as that part of the book that deals with India is concerned.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KNELL OF THE PENDULUM by J. Jefferson Farjeon

" Thank you," said Higgins.

"Not at all," responded Ahasuerus. "It's a filthy habit."

" Wot ! Smokin' ? "

" Other people's cigarettes," explained Ahasuerus, " though personally I do not smoke even first-hand."

" Beggars can't be choosers," winked Higgins.

" Then why choose to be a beggar ? We can all do something."

Quietly, Higgins studied Ahasuerus a little more closely. Queer cove ! Mistake to be too hasty. Must get 'em right.

"And you can do clocks and watches, eh?" he said.

" Did you see the name outside my shop ? " enquired Ahasuerus.

" No," lied Higgins.

" The name is Freemantle. We have—as you express it—been doing clocks and watches for some three hundred years."

" I'm blowed ! In the fambly, eh ? Well, wot abart teachin' me ? I'm wantin' a job. Or 'ave yer got an assistant—livin' on the premises like ? "

Dryly the old man replied, " I would not trust an assistant. All the work that goes out from here is my own. We may live in an age of mass production, but here and there you will still find a few craftsmen who do not think in terms of the five-day week. But I am sure that cannot interest you. Good morning. And—my matches ? "

Bob Higgins's eyebrows shot up in feigned astonishment.

" Go on ! Did I ? " he exclaimed, and returned the box he had lifted from the counter.

" I fear you are not a craftsman," said Ahasuerus Freemantle, pocketing the box and picking up his magnifying glass. " Mind the step as you go out."

There was an unpleasant, derisive sound in the ticking of the clocks as Higgins left the shop. He scowled. His pride had been pricked.

" Oh ! So I ain't a craftsman, ain't I ? " he muttered. " Blast 'is eyes ! I'll learn 'im ! "

He decided to learn him that very night, and he spent the afternoon in study and preparation.

Shortly after eight p.m. Bob Higgins returned to the road which he had left some half-dozen hours previously. He had not left it until he had completely mastered the local geography and could have drawn a map of it blindfold. He knew exactly how the narrow alley on one side of the shop twisted away from the back of the building and where he had no further use for it. He knew the exact height of the high wall he would have to scale, and the best part for the operation. He knew by deduction what kind of window he would have to force. And, of course, he knew how to force it. The rest, he promised himself, would be easy.

But he did not begin operations immediately on his return. Haunting the district with the restless invisibility of a ghost, he noted the thinning of the passers-by, the movements of a policeman, the changing lights. The shop light remained dimly glowing behind the lowered blind for quite a while after the closing hour. When it went out, no light showed at the front at all for twenty minutes. " 'E's at the back," decided Higgins, " in that room where the door was open a crack. That's where I git in—yus, and me nose ain't me own if that ain't where 'e keeps 'is nest-egg ! Wot's the bettin' I don't 'ave ter go up at all ? " As he had this thought a light glowed in the room above the shop. " Nah 'e's goin' to bye-bye." Early bird. It was only twenty-seven minutes past nine. And it took Ahasuerus only ten minutes to get to bed if the light above the shop were truthful, for at twenty-three minutes to ten it went out.

But Higgins wanted all other lights out as well, and it was not until some two hours later, when only a distant street-lamp glowed and the pavement was a long strip of dark deserted thorough-fare, that he slipped into the narrow alley intent on emerging with an old man's savings.

Along the alley—up the wall—a soft drop down on the other side—across a few yards of inky no-man's-land —quiet work on a window—no craftsman, eh ?—through the window, another soft drop over the ledge on to the dark floor . . .

Voices whispered through the darkness. Again Bob Higgins heard the ticking chorus. And again he was disturbed. Busy on their own business, the clocks seemed at the same time to be listening to his. Tick—*tock*, tick—*tock*, ticky-ticky-ticky-ticky, wizzy-wizzy-wizzy-wizzy, tick—*tock*, tick—*tock*, wizzy-wizzy-wizzy-wizzy—grrrh—CLANG !

Higgins jumped, and this time came to roost less quietly as from one of the corners a clock chimed the three-quarters.

He waited till the unnerving sound had echoed away and the conversation of the clocks had once more dropped to whispers and then he switched on his torch and directed it indignantly towards the offending corner. The circle of light illuminated the clock's dial, and the long black hands threw thin shadows on the dial's surface below the angled hood. The longer hand, just emerging beyond the figure IX, was plain and straight ; the other, beginning the last stage of its short, slow journey from XI to XII, bore a small metal device near its point which in the vertical position now being achieved bore some resemblance to a crown. The whole of the clock-face was framed in a square of richly-dark ebony, beneath which extended to the floor the long and slender case.

" And what do you think of it ? " came a voice from behind him.

Higgins swung round violently. For an instant it seemed as though one of the clocks had spoken. But it was not a clock-face his torch now illuminated, it was the lined and wrinkled face of Ahasuerus Freemantle.

" That is one of the first pendulum clocks ever made in England," went on Ahasuerus. " The only other example of this particular date, I believe, is in the Ilbert Collection. There is a slightly earlier example in the Collection of Major Sir John Prestige—1658—but that is not complete. The date of mine, inscribed behind the pendulum in the case is 1660—Fecit 1660—and the name of the maker, also inscribed most beautifully, is A. Fromanteel. He was, as you may deduce, one of my ancestors."

Why was Bob Higgins listening to his stuff ? He did not know. All he knew was that the clocks seemed to have cast a spell on him and that he must snap out of it !

" Shurrup ! " he barked.

Ahasuerus stepped back and flooded the room with soft light. The burglar's torch became superfluous, but he produced something more effective. The clock-maker found himself blinking into the wrong end of a revolver.

" H'm—robbery with violence ? " he murmured.

" There won't be no violence if yer don't ask fer it," retorted Higgins. " Git right back against the wall ! I don't ask nothink twice ! "

" You had to ask for my match twice this morning," Ahasuerus reminded him, as he wisely obeyed, " but I am no longer in a position, it seems, to enforce your good manners. Will this do ? "

He was standing now in a small wall-space between the door to the shop—the door was open, the shop in darkness—and an occasional table on which stood an elaborate clock of highly ornamented design. It was a clock of many faces encased in dark mahogany lacquered brass mounts. The old man gave it a quick, affectionate glance, as though glad to be beside a friend in his dilemma.

" Macune—Eighteenth Century," he murmured. The mere words brought him comfort. " May I sit down ? "

There was a chair near the table. Higgins, his mean little eyes alert, as were his fingers on his weapon, considered the question carefully. Decisions should have been easy. He was master of the situation. Well, wasn't he ? Damn all these clocks !

" At seventy-three," said Ahasuerus, " it tires one to stand for too long."

" Orl right, sit dahn," growled Higgins, " but doncher move, or yer won't git up agine ! "

" Thank you—very kind of you," smiled Ahasuerus, as he sat down.

Higgins, keeping the old man covered, edged to the doorway, flashed his torch into the dark shop, satisfied himself that it was empty saving for clocks, closed the door, and locked it.

" I apologise," said Ahasuerus.

" Whaffor ? " demanded Higgins.

" I thought you did not know your trade," answered Ahasuerus, " but I see now that in our different ways we are fellow-craftsmen. We can at least respect each other's proficiency. What have you come here for ? "

" Well, not fer fun ! "

" That is disappointing. We should enjoy our work. Are you after any of my clocks ? I fear most of them will be somewhat bulky for your pocket—"

" Shurrup, I'm 'avin' abart enough o' you ! " interrupted Higgins, impatiently. " No, I don't want none o' yer blinkin' clocks, orl I want is wot yer've mide aht of 'em, see ? "

" Not precisely."

" Yus, yer do ! Where do yer keep it ? "

" Keep what ? "

" Yer saivin's ! Think I don't know yer one o' them misers ? I ain't goin' ter waiste no time, so be quick, or there's somethink in me gun that'll move quicker ! "

The gun waggled a little closer. Ahasuerus eyed it with some anxiety.

" Are you so thorough," he enquired, " that you would really risk shooting me ? "

" Yus, and yer bloody clocks, too ! " retorted Higgins. " Gawd, they're sendin' me loony ! "

Regarding the wild light in his visitor's eyes, Ahasuerus realised that he meant his threat.

" Well, I don't suppose I should complain," he sighed, " for I am thorough myself. I am afraid, nevertheless, Mr.—— ? "

He paused.

" Git on with it ! " rasped Higgins.

" Kindly oblige me. I must call you something, and it is a small favour, since you can so easily make the name up ? "

" Oh ! Then wot abart 'Iggins ? "

Ahasuerus's eyebrows shot up.

" Higgins ! Not really ? *Higgins !* But—how fitting ! Well, well, well ! Then, in a sense, you and I may have met before—some three hundred years ago——"

Ahasuerus Freemantle found the visitor's revolver pressing into his stomach.

" 'Ow many more times ? " hissed Higgins " Where d'yer keep it ? " Ahasuerus swallowed.

" If you press that trigger you will never know where I keep it, that I can promise you," he said. " All that will happen, Mr. Higgins, will be a loud noise. I was about to tell you a few moments back when you interrupted me that, in spite of your anxiety not to waste time, you will have to wait until midnight, because—h'm—it's a pity, but I see no way out—— because——"

He stopped, and glanced towards the grandfather clock in the corner.

Bob Higgins was taking no chances. While he cocked one eye at the clock, he kept the other on his victim. He had elastic eyes.

" Wot, is it in there ? " he muttered.

" I have to admit it," answered the old man, sadly, " but the case can only be opened while the clock is striking twelve. So you will have to wait—let us see—yes, just seven minutes and twenty-three seconds more."

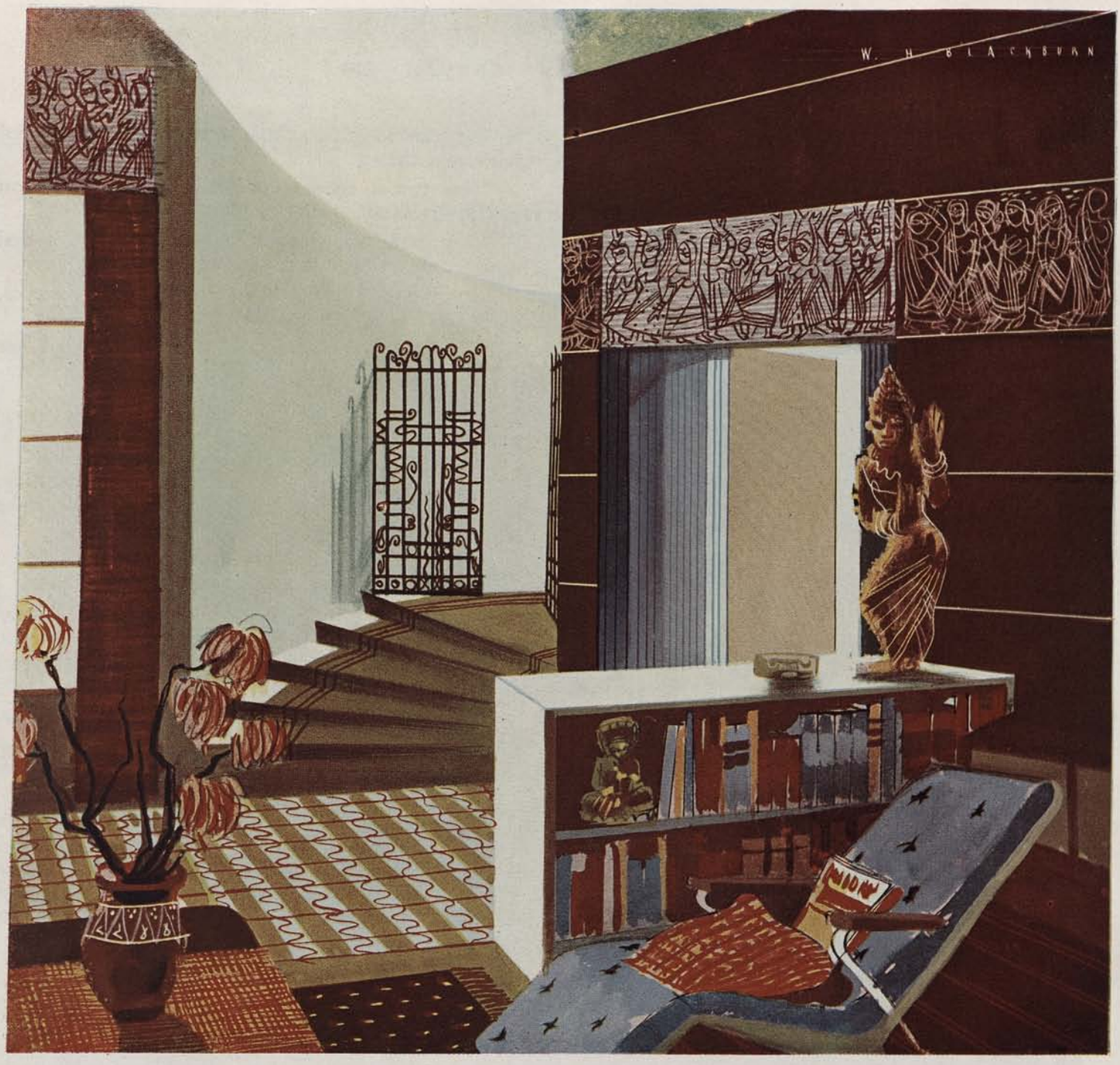
" Go on ! "

" I speak the truth, and it is your own concern whether you believe me or not. I came down just now with today's takings—twenty-four pounds six-and-twopence—to bank it. The money is in the pocket of my dressing-gown. Shall I show you ? "

" Oi ! Doncher move ! Keep yer 'ands where they are ! I'll show meself ! "

Laying down his torch to free his left hand—the right remained wedded to the revolver—Higgins advanced again and groped with his fingers. He found the money, even to the six-and-twopence.

He considered the position. Twenty-four pounds six-and-twopence was not a bad sum to hop off with. Should he call it a night ? Then he grinned at the absurdity of the idea. What, hop off with twenty-four pounds when seven more minutes might reap him hundreds ? He shook his head at himself.



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"So you've decided to wait for it?" enquired Ahasuerus.

"Ain't yer the little thort-reader?" jeered Higgins.

Even the ticking clocks seemed to be laughing.

"As I have mentioned before, we are both thorough," replied Ahasuerus. "Very well, then. We cannot contend against the inevitable, and I must put up with it. When one lives as close to Time as I do, Mr. Higgins, one becomes something of a fatalist. What will be will be, as surely as what has been has been. Really it is all one. At this moment, while I sit here and you stand there, and Time ticks all around us, we are side by side with the future and the past—with the year 2002 and the year 1066—and with my ancestor, Ahasuerus Fromanteel, breaking away from horological tradition which began with the clepsydra and making that lovely pendulum spring clock!"

Bob Higgins wiped his brow with his left sleeve. It was annoyingly moist.

"'Ave I *gotter* 'ear orl this?" he asked, almost imploringly.

"No. A bullet will end it," answered Ahasuerus. "For both of us."

"Both? Wotcher mean, both?"

"Well, you still have to learn what to do when the clock begins chiming, have you not? The case does not open of its own accord."

"Oh, don't it? Then let's 'ear!"

But Ahasuerus shook his head. "Not till the time comes—in, now, six minutes. Meanwhile it might amuse you to hear about something else—our previous association. I am not referring of course to this morning's meeting, but to our association in the seventeenth century. If indeed your name is Higgins, our present encounter was clearly ordained."

Higgins swore under his breath. He wished he had chosen Green or Smith or Williamson. It so happened that his name was Higgins, but it was so long since he had used it that it hadn't seemed to matter.

"Corse, yer potty," he glared.

"No more than you are, Mr. Higgins."

"Gawd! Anybody'd git potty livin' 'ere! . . . . Oi, wozzat?"

A little wooden door sprang open from the gloom of a high shelf, a cuckoo popped out, called twelve times, and then popped back again.

"Dear me, five minutes forty seconds fast," commented Ahasuerus, reprovingly. "Silly little bird!"

"Fer Christ's sike, git on with it!" gulped Higgins.

Ahasuerus decided that it might be wise to do so, for his opponent's hand was by no means steady and the revolver was wobbling somewhat dangerously. So he got on with it, and while he spoke all the clocks seemed to be listening.

"You may have learned in school, Mr. Higgins—or you may not," he said, and the irony of his voice was not lost on his audience, "that the isochronous property of the pendulum was discovered by the Italian astronomer Galileo Galilei, but Galileo did not himself apply the principle to clocks, and what I feel reasonably certain you did *not* learn in school, and what interests you and me at this moment, is that this was achieved by a Dutch mathematician named Christiaan Huygens. An earlier form, it would appear, of your own name Higgins."

"Well, wot of it?" demanded Higgins, as Ahasuerus paused to let his point register. "I ain't 'im!"

"Since he was born three hundred years ago, that would only be possible in reincarnated form," agreed Ahasuerus, "but let me continue. Now, this Christiaan Huygens passed his invention on to Ahasuerus Fromanteel—an earlier form of my own name—another Dutchman who was making clocks in England, and who made that clock in the corner——"

"Think I care 'oo mide it?" interrupted Higgins, glaring. "I don't want to 'ear no more!"

"There is very little more, and the end is particularly interesting," answered Ahasuerus. "Fromanteel learned a lot from Huygens, but he had a secret of his own which he did not return. This secret was never made public. It was kept strictly in the Fromanteel family, and was handed down from generation to generation. Now, Mr. Higgins, all I have told you is fact which can be verified by records, but I am fond of making up fairy stories—the atmosphere in which I live breeds them—and would it not be strange if, after Huygens had parted with his own secret, he tried unsuccessfully to learn Fromanteel's? The secret which—let me see—yes, which in two minutes thirteen seconds you are now going to learn from me?"

Higgins moistened his dry lips.

"Yer mean—nah then, doncher move!—yer mean it's to do with the openin' o' that there clock?" he demanded, hoarsely.

Ahasuerus Freemantle nodded. Was the grandfather clock, as though conscious of attention, recording the passing seconds more loudly? There was something almost triumphant in its slow tick-tocking, while all the lesser clocks mumbled and muttered their whispering accompaniment. Higgins endured an instant of panic. Then, with an oath, he straightened himself. He was not going to let Time dictate to him!

"I ain't waitin' no longer!" he snarled, and once more Ahasuerus found the pistol biting into his stomach. "I'll 'ave that secret nah, or by Gawd yer a dead 'un! Yus, and the blarsted clock'll cahnt for me! Three! Git me? There's one tick—there's two——"

Ahasuerus gave way.

"That small square hole in the clock-face, just above the inverted VI," he muttered. "You press your finger into it at the seventh chime, and keep it there until the ninth."

"That orl?"

"That's all."

"O.K.," jeered Higgins, "and you clout the back o' me 'ead while I'm doin' it—I *don't* think! There's goin' ter be no tricks! Put yer 'ands be'ind yer! Didn't yer 'ear? I ain't sayin' it twice. One, two——"

With thirty seconds still to go, Ahasuerus found himself strapped firmly to his chair, with a filthy handkerchief wedged in his mouth to end further conversation. Grinning triumphantly, Higgins advanced to the grandfather clock, thumbed his nose at it, and waited for it to chime midnight.

Tick——*tock*——tick——*tock*——tick——*tock*——tick——grrrh!

"Yus, I've 'ad that afore," jeered Higgins, "but I ain't jumpin' this time!"

Nevertheless his heart beat a little faster as the clock began to chime. The chimes went at their usual gait. The pace of Time never alters.

One——two——three——four——

Higgins could not resist one swift glance back over his shoulder. Ahasuerus Freemantle was staring at him with fixed, strained eyes.

——five——six——

Higgins's finger was raised, ready at the hole.

——*seven*——

The finger darted forward, and pressed.

——eight——*nine*——

The constable who had been summoned to the spot by the most unearthly and continuous row he had ever heard, unbound Ahasuerus Freemantle, and then bent over the prone figure on the ground.

"I think, constable," murmured Ahasuerus, "he died of shock."

He may have done so. But the constable did not notice the little pin-prick in the middle finger of Bob Higgins's right hand.

LOCUSTS by Philip Woodruff

all attempts at persuasion and simply gave orders to his subordinate to get the work done. Peasants, he began to feel, really were just as stubborn, selfish and stupid as he had always been told.

Sullenly the villagers began to dig the trenches, Mewa Ram with the rest. A lifetime of obedience was too much for them; their instinct was to do as they were told. And once they had started, one task was not very different from another. They toiled on, sullen and bored, the sweat running in little rivulets down the hollows on either side of their backbones.

At last, by the late afternoon, the two trenches were finished. They converged on a pit, about three feet deep, nearly twelve feet across either way. They were hundreds of yards long and had required a great deal of hard work. Now the villagers were to make a line across the top of the V, from the tip of one horn to the other, and slowly, very slowly, they were to advance, beating drums, clapping their hands, till the hoppers, driven yard by yard before them, would converge on the fatal pit, where were men ready to trample and crush them and others with spades to clean the pit of bodies and make room for more.

The villagers made their line. They had drums, tin cans, sticks, and were more cheerful now. The impiety did not worry them seriously, for they still did not believe they were going to kill any locusts, and in any case responsibility was firmly on official shoulders; the heavy work was over and soon they would be going home and for the younger ones there was now the attraction of making a noise.

It was like starting a race. They had to remain level till all were ready and then surge forward together. Minor officials ran to and fro, pushing, shouting, explaining. The villagers in the line shouted jokes, yelled to friends further down the line, started forward in small parties, had to be pushed back again. At last all was ready; the young man from so many universities blew a whistle; the line surged forward, a smooth level line, making a hideous din with drums and tins.

And before them the ground for a space of about three yards seemed to erupt, to burst asunder, to vomit itself to the sky in a thick dust-coloured cloud, to take unto itself wings and depart. For the locusts rose at the feet of the line like the sea spray from the foot of a schooner beating up the wind, rose till the sky was dirty as though with falling snow. The line swept on, shouting and laughing, over the empty trenches, to the brink of the empty pit. There they stopped and with grinning faces looked round for further orders.

Like school boys with an inexperienced master, they grinned and watched, wondering what the young man with spectacles would do next. He rose to the occasion with admirable resilience. Mewa Ram, who happened to be among those nearest to him when the drive came to an end, saw him consult his pamphlet, saw him stoop, pick up and examine one locust which had been crushed, heard him without any change of expression instruct his subordinates to make the villagers gather round and sit down. He would talk to them. Mewa Ram sat down in the front row. He had lost all feeling of resentment for his wasted afternoon in

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his gratification at seeing everything happen just as every villager had known it would happen. He was not exactly aware of what he wanted next but it was actually the further gratification of hearing his schoolmaster admit that he had been wrong. He wanted it almost enough to drown the memory of his grievance.

What the young man did was, wisely, to avoid self-justification and to pass very lightly over the afternoon's anti-climax. It was not after all easy to identify the various stages of a locust's development solely from a pamphlet. But in any case, killing the hatched locust was comparatively unimportant. The thing was to get the egg. And he explained how when the adult locusts flew in great swarms, they would come down and rest for perhaps twenty-four hours on light sandy soil, recently ploughed perhaps or with young crops in it, and there the females would deposit the eggs, four inches deep, solid clusters as thick almost as a man's finger. If these were dug up, millions of locusts could be destroyed before they were hatched. That was the true method of control and it all depended on intelligence, on knowing where the flying swarms had pitched for a night before moving on. They did not eat much when they were laying; there would be little damage if any, but as soon as a swarm was seen to pitch, the villagers must report it to the officials of their district. Then everyone would dig out the eggs and there would be an end of that pest. Let no one be afraid to report that a swarm had pitched in his field, he added, for though we may spoil the crop in that field, we shall prevent inestimable damage to a dozen others.

And at those words, the germ of an idea presented itself to Mewa Ram. He felt for a moment the joy of the artist who discovers a subject, of the hunter who sights a prey. He went home thinking hard.

Next day, as the light faded in the evening, the young man from the university heard a low voice at his tent-door.

"Lord," it said, "Lord, I have seen locusts laying eggs in two fields."

The young man came out and asked questions. The villager at his tent-door was very secretive. His name must not be mentioned; the villagers were very much against killing locusts and they would do terrible things to him if they knew he had told. But he had felt he must do his duty. Not even the minor officials must be told for they would talk to the villagers and his life would not be worth living. But he had felt he must come and tell the young lord who thought only of helping the poor villagers. Yes, there were two fields. He did not know the numbers but he could point them out on the map. He knew the names; they were called number twenty-three and the mimosa field.

Next day Mewa Ram did not grudge the afternoon he spent digging for eggs which no one could find. He was on the whole content, as he made sure that no plant within reach of his mattock survived, but when they came to the mimosa field, he did feel a pang of regret that it was only millet they were destroying. Sugar-cane was a much more expensive crop to raise and he wished it had been sugar-cane.

UNCLE GUSTAVE by Noel Sircar

" Léon." He called. " Come, Léon, you are forgiven. Come scoundrel, I will pour out a *Geuze* for you."

There was no answer. Gustave went outside and found Léon sitting on the back steps.

" I did not intend to strike so hard, my boy. But it was a most indiscreet thing that you said. Some people might not take it as a joke, especially the lovers of scandal."

Léon looked at him in a dazed and uncomprehending way. A growing fear showed in his eyes, as Gustave went on talking. At last he pointed to his ear and made a gesture of obliteration. He was deaf.

During the days that followed, Gustave passed from hope for his nephew's recovery to utter dejection. He would come to Léon with presents of fruit and bon-bons, treating him with a rough kindness, which, while it asked forgiveness, expected none. The boy began to avoid him, and if he could not do so he showed him a formal politeness such as most people use to strangers. When not working, he would sit apart with his guitar, which he still played, although his hearing was almost completely gone. And out of his random snatches of tunes, one air began to grow predominant. It was unlike anything Gustave had heard before ; there was in it a suggestion of mockery, of satire, something faintly devilish. It frightened him.

Léon elaborated the tune as he noticed its effect on his uncle. One afternoon he had played it over again and again, until at last Gustave could bear it no longer. He went to Léon.

" What is that horrible tune that you are always playing ? " He wrote on a slate, showing it to the boy.

" Don't you like it, sir ? It is entitled ' Serenade for Uncle Gustave '. Despite the fact that my hearing is gone, I can still remember the notes. I composed this little work in your honour."

A musician without hearing ! Gustave realized in himself the guilt of a terrible crime. Perhaps this Léon was a genius. He prayed that the boy's misfortune might be transferred to himself, the originator of the evil.

Léon rose and walked away across the road towards the promenade. But, despite Gustave's prayers, his unhappy fate seemed to follow him. A motor-car, turning at speed into the promenade drive, knocked him down. He lay unconscious beside the smashed remnants of his guitar.

Gustave, horrified, ran forward, picked him up in his arms, and carried him back into the hotel, weeping and whispering prayers.

" My dearest boy, forgive me. I alone have caused your misfortunes. May all evils strike me, that you may be free."

He dashed water in Léon's face. He forced cognac between his lips. He shouted to the servant to fetch a doctor. And he waited in torments of anxiety, until at last the boy showed signs of returning consciousness.

" Léon, my son, reassure me. Your eyes open. Thank God ! No bones are broken. Léon, you are not dead. It is a miracle."

Léon's eyes opened wide. Slowly he sat up. He smiled.

" It is a miracle, Uncle Gustave, it is a miracle. I hear you. I hear you."

With tears of happiness, uncle and nephew embraced one another.

" Léon ! Listen to me, Léon. No longer will people call this the Hotel Gustave. No longer. I give it to you, my great work. It shall be the Hotel Léon.

" Never, my uncle. This, as all the world knows, is the Hotel Gustave. But the Hotel Gustave has not only perfect cooking, it has not only the most modern sanitation, it has also a guitarist. Léon is the guitarist, if Uncle Gustave permits."

" Surely Léon is the guitarist. But his guitar is broken. He must have another, the finest procurable."

The next day Gustave brought from the nearest town a fine guitar. Filled with admiration and gratitude for the gift, Léon asked him what should be the first tune played on the instrument.

" Play the ' Serenade for Uncle Gustave '. It has a charming lilt, difficult to forget. Since you composed it, I often find myself singing it with pleasure. A most excellent tune, and made for my name."

The sun sparkled over the waters. The guitar, mocking and light, caressed the summer air. Grave happiness filled Léon's face. Uncle Gustave smiled and beat time with his forefinger.

In the evening the students came again bringing friends. The fame of the hotel spread. Every evening the hotel was crowded, and always, when the gaiety was at its height, some of the company would shout, " Play, Léon. Play the ' Serenade for Uncle Gustave ! ' "

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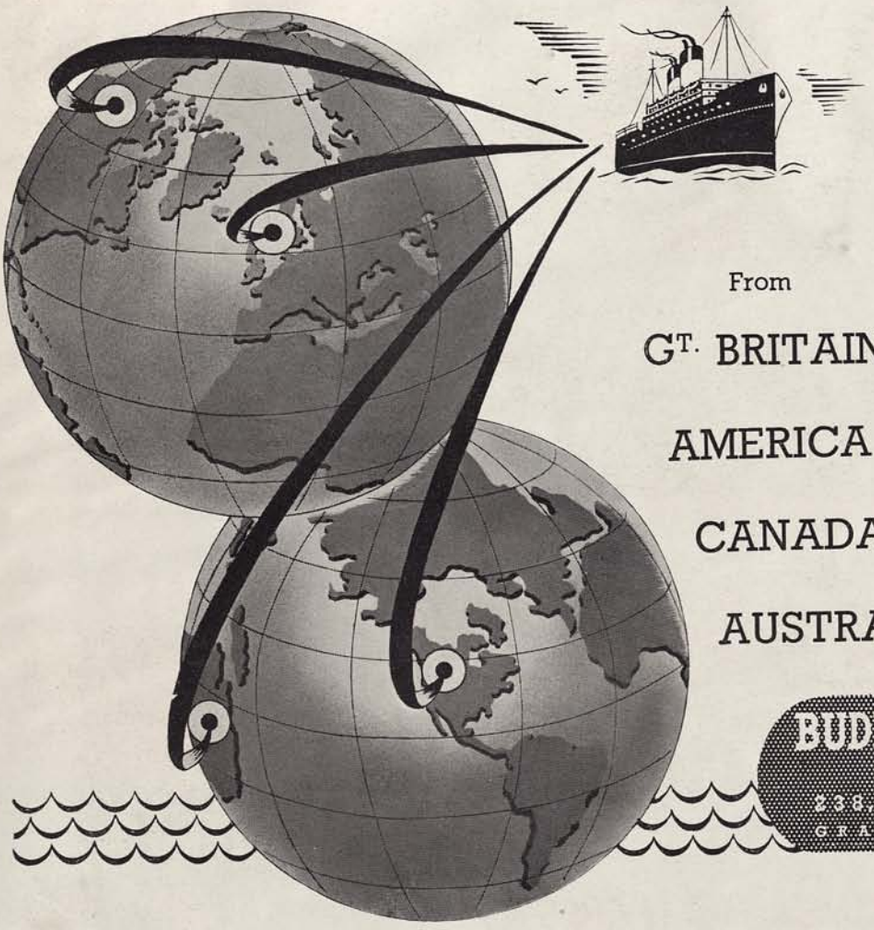

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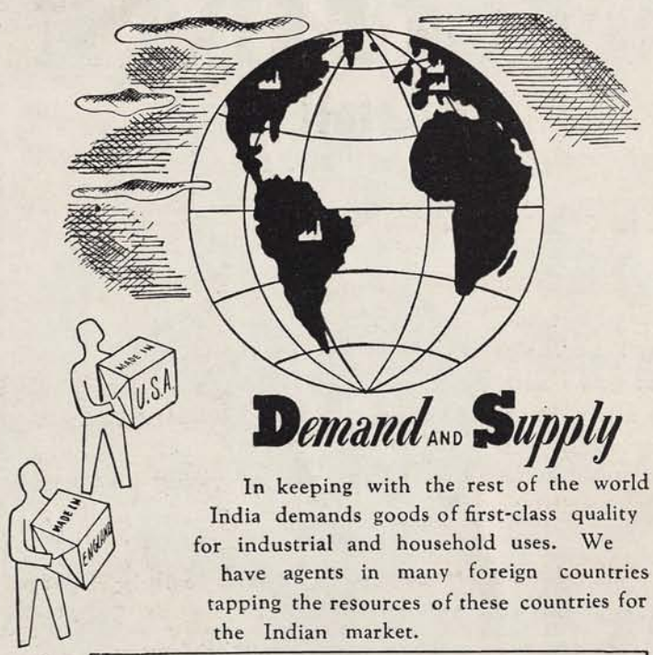

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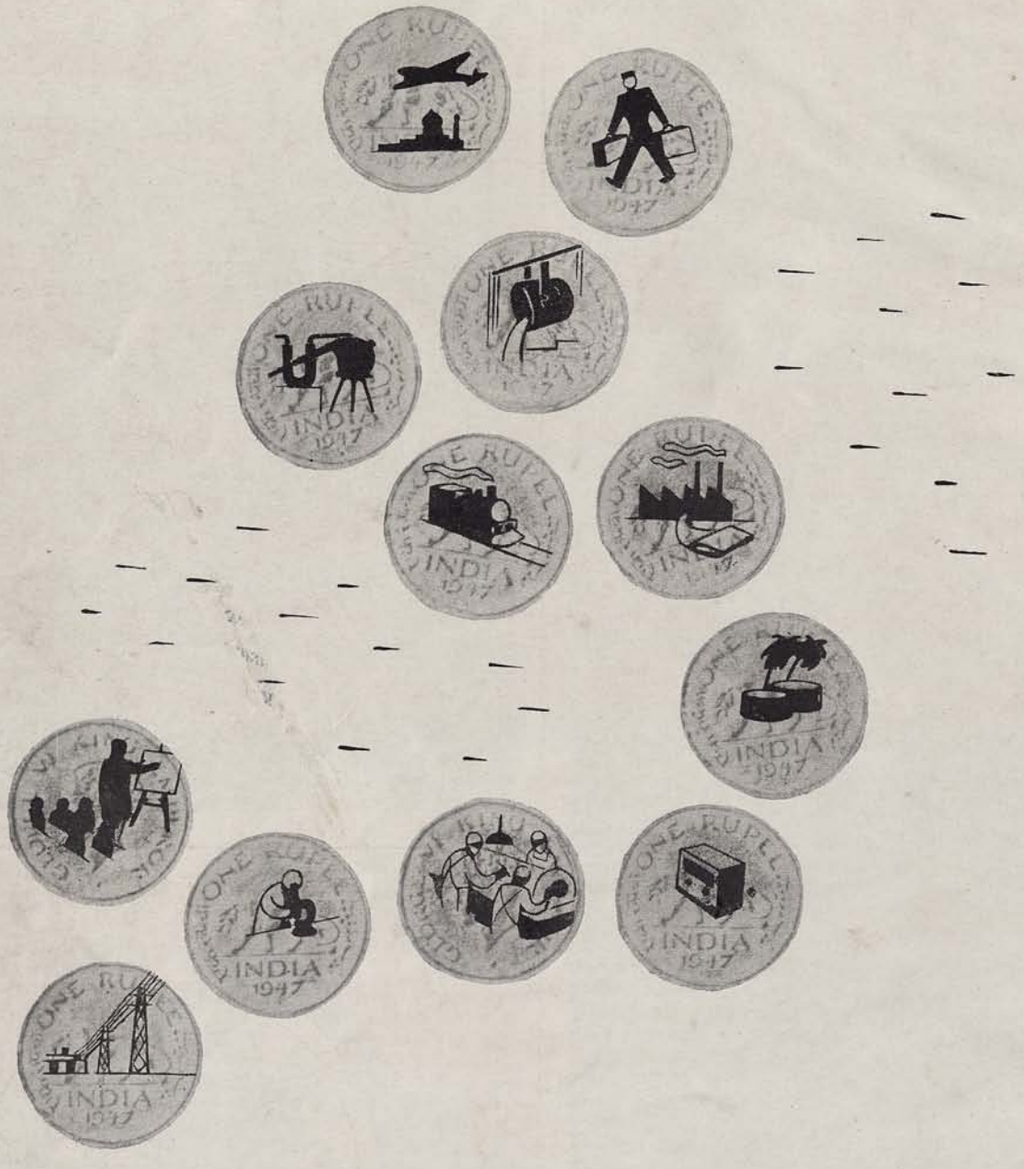

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