

merchants. One could hear, even from some distance, that the subject of their conversation was the everlasting rupees, annas, and pice. The groups were variously formed. Here a square-faced, German-looking Mair was chaffering with a keen-visaged Brahmin, whose sharp and glistening eye was evidently accustomed to look "to the main chance."

A group of lower castes surrounded them, and without any violation of Indian politeness lent in a word on the one side or the other. All have their heads closely muffled up, as if suffering from aggravated toothache. For, although the morning was sufficiently warm to my feeling, they were evidently very much afraid of the cool and bracing air. Close by, a group of women surround a well, with their red earthenware jars or brass pots poised on their heads. Their dress, which is flowing, and of bright colors—usually red, is very picturesque; and as the Sahib approaches, they draw their veils across their faces, less, I am told from modesty, than for the sake of enjoying an uninterrupted view of the stranger from behind its ample folds. It sounds very fine to read at home about the gracefulness of their attitudes with the water-jar poised on their heads; but the romance sadly vanishes when one is brought into actual contact with the very unclassical form of the utensil.—As I passed the successive groups of readers, they rose to their feet, raised their hands before their faces, and, bowing low, made me a respectful salutation. Already they know the "Paire Sahib," who has come to live among them. A spirit of inquiry is beginning to be aroused. They are anxious to learn something about the new religion. The better class are beginning to ask if we do not mean to establish schools among them, and give them books to read in their native Mairwara. A Jain Pandit.—I am occasionally visited by Pandits, curious and eager for information. One especially, very aged, and a Jain, who copied for Dr. Wilson some valuable MSS., which he possesses, evidently considers me in the light of a protégé. He visits me often; gives me lessons in Sanscrit, which he loudly intones, not unlike the chanting in Greek and Roman churches, and sends me initiatory MSS. in his own hand, showing the power and beauty of the simple and compound let-

ters. He has rather a good face, but pinched and worn as if by abstinence and severe study; his eyes are keen and piercing, his lips thin and flexible, and his chin covered with a stumpy, grizzled beard, which tells of "even long days from shaving day." As he sits, leaning his chin on his hand, with the ample folds of a white, but not too spotless, turban thrown loosely, coiff-fashion, round his head, he seems the very living impersonation of one of Macbeth's witches. He is much more liberal than most of his class; and although he always carries with him a broom like a small mop, to sweep the path as he walks, lest he should commit the deadly crime of squashing an insect, I have never seen him use it.—He has bought a Gujerati Bible, and I have given him some other religious books. While anxious to learn as much as possible about my religion, he never tries to obtrude his own.

*The Cooling Process.* 16th April.—When last I wrote you, I had just got settled down into my new bungalow, and I was busy reducing my affairs to something like order. Now I have had a month's experience of the place, and have every reason to be satisfied with my purchase. The house is comfortable, well situated near the gates of the Nya Nuggur, and has the full advantage, of the hot winds, which have now began to blow very steadily. To you at home this may seem a very questionable advantage; but its reality will appear if you reflect that, as the interior of the house in this part of India is cooled down by a process of evaporation, the stronger and hotter the winds, the more rapid the evaporation, and the more complete the resulting coolness.—The process by which this agreeable result is secured, is very simple. From the roof of a grass called cuscus, a screen is made to fit the door or doors of the bungalow. All the other doors, with the exception of one on the opposite side, are kept rigidly closed. The tatty, as this screen is called, is kept constantly saturated with water; and the hot wind, in passing through, is cooled down to the very agreeable temperature of from 76° to 80°. I have not yet begun to use the tatty, nor the punkah even, except at breakfast and dinner.—I have not found the heat as yet at all intolerable, although the thermometer in the bungalow has occasionally risen