THE HEARTHSTONE.

Ho approached me with repentance, as a peace-offering; but his many confidence did not chime with my mood. I swept by him, and went up stairs, and he shut his door with a bang and a groan.

I made ready for home at once. Olive and i

becoming; it was easy to pardon him. I be-came the mother-in-law of Alice—the last per-son eligible for that situation, all Kingsford thought—and her father sometimes pretended, on the strength of this opinion, that he was vastly disappointed.

TWILIGHT.

Drift, little snow dakes, 'mid the shells, Break, little waves, among the pubbles, Rise, little notes, in dufect swells, And faint again in silver trebles,

The hot sun stoops, and dips, and dips. His barning brow to drowey numbers: Then kisses red the ocean's lips.
And sinks away to golden slumbers.

Come twilight, with thy purple breath. And freshen all thy drooping willows. The waterfilies faint to death. The bending reeds, the severed billows

And beckon forth the timid stars To tread the cold dew-dropping heaven. And quickly let the burning bars. That bind the impatient sea, by riven.

And bring thy breeze with soothing wine, Around my heated brows to flutter. Around my heated brows to flutte And teach the waves sad to sing. More yearning mysteries to atter.

More yearming my control of the cast, Come sliding softly from the east, Come breathing over distant eities. And crown the hills with holy rest. And fill the winds with plaintive ditties. The Month.

THE OLD PUMP.

It was an old pump. 4, with my grey hairs, could not remember its being put there, and I have heard my mother say the same; but then she was not born in the village; yet she married early, and I was the youngest child, so that showed it to be a very old primp. It wasn't like the marble fountains you see in market towns, with marble backs and benevolent-looking flous' heads with open mouths ready to pour out abundance of water with the slightest pour out abundance of water with the slightest trouble. Nor was it one of those smart dapper-looking iron pillars that have come out of late years; at the time it was set up, foundains and iron pillars had not been brought into tashion. Its wooden sides were cracked, the lead work was curling up at the corners like the deg's-cars of a book, the spent was so were that the reterof a book, the spout was so worn that the water, of a book, the spout was so worn that the water, unless at full force, ran down the front instead of into the bucket, and so the date, placed below I had gradually been washed away. It was continually getting out of repair; the only part of it that booked in good health was the handle, and that was as bright as sliver with constant use. The parish got tired of mending it, and said it must come down, it was such a very old pump. They said this.—I mean the parish ofpump. They said this—I mean the parish of-decrs—every time they met to consider the rates. There was scarce ever a meeting witn-out such an item as this in the accounts: "To John Williams, for painting of the pump," or "To John Williams, for mending sucker of pump," or in mere general terms, thus: "To altering and repairing of pump," They declared every time, "they were sick of the pump," and one said he would see about a new one, and another said he would seem to a Canad in T

one said he would see about a new one, and another said he would speak to a friend in Loron estimates of prices, and all agreed while talking of it that it should come down.

Poor old pump! I didn't expect to see it again when I left home to live in London; and I nodded a friendly good-by as I passed it, for I had a sort of feeling for it. Many a game had I enjoyed around it of "eateh who can;" we generally made it the starting-post for races; it was in the evening, too, a favourite lounging was in the evening, too, a favourite lounging spot for those whose work was over, and when my father wanted our boy Tim, and he couldn't be found, I always knew where to have him hearing the news of the day (whose seeds were carried, whose hay was down, how the corn promised, and so on) from the worthies round the old nump. the old nump.

When I came back after many years' aband of course among other things the pump would now surely be attended to

There were numerous workmen at the Hall, and the fate of my old friend was now surely signed and scaled. But they were not workmen who did twenty-four hours' work in twelve, like your job workmen; they did things in a regular like philosophers—worked a little thought about it, or about something else; and, from old habit, met round the pump to talk over the business, when it would have been nearer completion if they had been at the Hull. However, the squire had desired his steward to employ the people of the place (which had been the home of his childhood), and if no one cise (except themselves) was benefited, the pump certainly was, as we shall see.

News came that the squire would arrive next day. There was a great stir—the steward scold-ed, the men grew puzzled, things were barely fnished and cleared away. As to the village, there were several important things yet to be done. The sign of the village inn was to have been changed from the "Rose and Crown" the "Wingate Arms;" some gravel was to have been laid down in the road before the church, etc., etc. Alas! there was no time now, neither

for them nor for the pump.

All the flowers that could be mustered were made into garlands and postes to ornament the place, and give the squire an honourable recep-tion. It seemed almost like a mockery, I thought, when they placed a wreath of roses on the top of the old pump; but they did it, and it was almost comical to see its wizer old form standing so dismally upright, with its long arm stretched out, wearing a chaplet fit for a bride.

Squire Wingate was pleased with his recep-He had spent many years in India, and wished to close his life among his own people. He strolled through the village, accompanied by his steward, who applogised for all that had not been done. When he came to the pump, he was told that an iron one was ordered, but there had been no time to put it up.
"What! take down the old pump?" said the

squire; "not for the world. It was in the little pools it made that I used to swim nutshells when I was a little one; and I remember to this day how pleased my nurse was when I could reach the nump-handle."

"Then you will have it remain as it is ?"asked

"Yes, certainly, certainly," said the squire going up and examining it. "Do you see this cut in the lead? I did it just before I left home

last time." Then he looked at it all round. The eracks were wider, the spout much worn; "but on the whole it's not so much changed as I am,"

said the squire.

And very shortly it was so thoroughly and carefully repaired, that while it was made sound it was not changed much in appearance, and there was a railing added to the beach bemaintained a discrete silence. I reached home sound it was not changed much in appearance, and there was a railing added to the bench besibilities of life had been revealed.

But it was not long before Captain Wilson stormed Kingsford. He, too, was changed. I but you must hear the moral.

Indised his arrogance, and thought his humility becoming: It was now, to preserve he from being leant against. Reader, are you treat of our old pump? Well, all you must hear the moral.

and infirmities it lived to see such honour and prosperity? There were two reasons. One was, it stood on an excellent unfailing spring; the other, that though it was shabby enough outside, and the sucker did sometimes want looking to yet on the whole it was a steady good worker, and however it got abused at vestry meetings, those who came with their buckets to always went away satisfied.

Now, you may depend on it, though you may

often meet with contempt and be reminded un-pleasantly of your deficiencies, yet If you are tlanted on a good spring, and always willing and ready to prove it by what you do, you will live down contempt and come to honour at

If the spring had failed, or become unwholesome, or if the works of the old pump had falled, and its handle had swing backwards and forwards without bringing water, do you think it would have fived through so many hairbreadth (scapes? No. Mind this, then. Let your principle be right, and your practice ear-nest and steady, and you may hold your ground. As for me, I confess I always feel much encour-aged as I pass the old pump.

GROWING OLD.

Not like a tiger at a bound, nor yet like a con fessed for met honestly in the open, and con-quering by fair means in a fair fight; but like a thlef in the night, silent, stenithy, unperceived, creeping on by unmarked degrees, and at each step carrying a point and gaining an advantage, comes old Age, that dreadful enemy to men that pittless harbinger of disease and death. And, however gallant our resistance may be, however resolute our intention of withstanding to the last, and dying victorious over age if con-querest by death, we are overcome in the end, Year by year we lose ground steadily when once the Rubicon is passed and the war between our youth and time has begun; and we never get it back. The first grey bair is the first flag of back. The first grey out is see most one triumph which the enemy unturk; the first undentable wrinkle in the breach made in the outworks, irreparable and ever widening; and nething can bring down the first or build up the second again. Crafty appliances may conceat the damage done, but they do not change the fact. Not a fortune spent in the costlest bair dyes ever made by chemist and barber in con-cert, can restore the lost gold, or turn those silver true. Underneath the glossy flattery of the dye are the silver streaks from which age has ban-ished the colour of youth; underneath the fair surface of paint and powder lies the reality of seams and puckers, which are the finger-marks of time—of crow's feet trodden thick about the eyes, of furrows ploughed deep across the brow, and channels cut and scored round about the flps. Age can afford to laugh at my lady's clever devices for the disguise. They arrest nothing, if they seem to stop all, and only dolay the moment of public surrender by a few months at the best. Those rouge pots and crystal vials of blane de perle do not constitute the bloom of youth, though they say they do; and what is more, they soon show that they are of art, not nature. They are like the crossed straws laid across the road to arrest the progress of the witch, and which never did arrest it. They only make a feint of holding the way, while the witch steals on quietly and irresistibly, as a mist steals over the mountain side, as dark-ness creeps across the face of the earth when the sun has gone down. As time goes on, the enemy becomes too strong even for the bravest pre-tences of art and science to mask his works. Dye becomes patent: rouge and blane de perie When I came back after many years' absence, after other inquiries I asked, "And how's the old pump?" "Coming down this week," was the answer. I haughed, and asked how it had managed to last so long. Nobody could tell; but Squire Wingate was coming to live at the Hall, and the village was heing brushed and brightened up in honour of him, and of course monong other things the pump. cheeks does not give the lost lustre of youth to the dim and swollen eyes; enamel, though laid on with a trowel, does not brace up the loose desh nor give back the soft roundness of the young throat, nor pere off the superfluity of skin that hangs from the broadening jowl. No artificial support can bring swiftness to the tottering steps or straightness to the failing knees Year by year the enemy waxes stronger, and prefence work grows more transparent; till at last the supreme moment comes, when only made—when the former belle, the old time beau, has perforce to confess to the march of time, and the rayages committed on the way

Some, however, fight on to the end, and never surrender, even when beaten on all points. They go to the grave, trodden down by Old Age, only dyl g because the machine is fairly worn out, but convinced that their useful disguise was never seen through and that the enemy has been held at bay to the last—in appearance. But what miserable creatures those are who go on with their pretence work to the end! They are more like marioneties than human beings, and foreg the beauty of the other. Neither young in fact nor old in dignity, they are nowhere in the ranks of humanity. The youthful laugh at them, and will have none of them; and they will not join in the corps of the aged, where they belong. They put themselves to absolute tor-ture to keep up the semblance of the state they have lost, but they do not keep it up; and the torture goes for nothing, save to the increase the ridicule they cultivate so diligently. meets them about the world, and one shudders involuntarily as one watches them. Living lessons are they to the young who, however, think, in the pienitude of their strength and the pride of their beauty, that they can never come to be as old as these miserable antedituvians! Or, if such a miracle could be worked, then that they will be wiser, not to speak of brighter and better preserved; and that they will be always more beautiful, become more natural, not even when they begin with just that dash not even when they begin with just that dash of white and red for night wear to conceal the traces of the day's fatigue, with just that trial-bottle of auricomus fluid to brighten up the duiling gold—not even then will they be persunded that they have enlisted in the army of the make-believes, that they are bent on folling the forces of time by pretence works—that they will be of those who refuse to grow old even at the command of half a century of decadence.

But it is not in the loss of mere physical beauty that the ravages of time and the approach of age are most felt and bewaited. It eyes lose their brightness they also lose their sharpness, and blink and wink in the twilight, as the grandmother's used to blink and wink so ought, in deference to one's nervous physiology, many years are. They cannot see to read small as the grandmother's used to blink and wink so many years ago. They cannot see to read small print as they used, nor to mend pens, nor to thread needles, nor to do fine work of any kind. To be sure, it is all the fault of the printers and the needle-makers, and all the rest of them. the needle-makers, and all the rest of them. They are all in a conspiracy not to make things so good and clear as they used to be in the days when the poor blinking orbs were fresh and bright. And voices are changed too. No one speaks as of old. What has come to the present generation that it mutters and mumbles as it does? Why cannot it speak out as distinctly as we spoke when we were young? Our father used to scold us, we remember, for mumbling. We did not mumble, and he was deaf. But that is quite different from things as they are now. We are not deaf; and the present race of talkers do mumble. And surely bills are steeper and miles longer than tormerly. They never scemed to be so difficult. Or have we become strangely delicate in these latter times? We used to be strong and active a few years ago. We cannot understand the change that is ago. We cannot understand the change that is ago. We cannot understand the change that is creeping ever us, and fear that we are settling down into a state of dire disease. So we are; the most dire disease of all, the most unconquerable; that for which no remedy has yet been found—the disease of growing old. We are faint often; weary always; our nights are sleepless; our days hang heavily on our with-ered hands; our food has lost its flavour, and the daintiest dishes that our cordon bleu can prepare are tasteless, while the rough meats of our youth—oh, how delicious they were! All pleayouth—on, now denicious they were: An pica-sures pall on us; we have seen everything be-fore, and nothing is as good now as it used to be; our emotions will not come at our blidding, our funcy is dead, and our imagination is half in the same grave. We do not love as we used; and the present passes by us like a dream.

NERVOUS HEALTH AND MORAL HEALTH.

An able article in the Times some weeks ago on "Brainwork and Longeyity," which has since been discussed and re-discussed in all sections of the press, was remarkable for several characteristics, especially for a curious thesis apparently endorsed by the Lancet of a subsequent week, that overwork of the brain through late bours and the like is a physiological impossibility. The argument was something of this kind:—All brain-work means the destruction of nervous tissue or brain tissue; all such tissue when destroyed must be repaired by food and sleep before it can be drawn upon again; therefore over-work is impossible. A man may try to steal hours from sleep, but if he does, he will only find how hopeless the attempt is the mo-ment he passes the bounds of what the existing amount of tissue permits. He will struggle feebly against sleep, drop astrep, find he is doing no good, and be compelled, in the inter-ests of his work, to shorten the hours of his work. The argument is full of fallacies, as any one might tell who applied a parallel argu-ment to prove the impossibility of over-working; and we are astonished at the sort of sanction given to it by the Lancet. It is quite as easy to prove that no man can overwalk himself. He cannot walk except by the destruction of muscular tissue, and when as much has been destroyed as makes blin weary, he ought to drop down and go to sleep in the high-road, if the argument be worth much! As a matter of fact, of course, a man may destroy a great deal more of the supply of either brain or muscular tissue than he ought to destroy before the pro-cess of reparation begins, just as he may live for days of comparative starvation on a great deal less food than he needs to keep his system in health, or even on the flesh he has made in past days. The brain-work done under such conditions may not be only as sound but yet conditions may not be quite as sound, but yet it may draw a certain heetle fire from the glow of anxiety which to many a taste would more than replace the defective soundness of thought. Indeed, the writer of the Times article admits anxiety as one of the causes of Ill-health, through its effect in preventing sleep and proper nutrition; and why, if it prevents sleep, should it not prevent the sleepiness which alone pre-vents the destruction of more nervous tissue than is desirable at any one time? The writer is hardly consistent with himself, but we men-tion his argument not for his own sake, but because his able paper represents the rise of a physiological school of ethics which is, as we believe, gaining rapid ground and doing a great deal to supplant a true ethical doctrine. The real drift of all this skilful argument, partly endorsed by the Lancet, against the possibility of over-working the brain, is to strike a blow at the root of all ethies,—the limited freedom of the human will. The physiologists want to identify moral action so completely with the physiological conditions of moral action, as to represent all life as the mere result of the growth and destruction of tissue, and as containing no provision for any real alternative choice at all. If a man can't over-work, as this writer says, but can very easily ander-work, and can be over-worried by any involuninry spring of eare, the untural inference would seem to be that the secret of what looks like "will" in life is really not "will" at all, but some involuntary emotion which plays our ac tions as we play chessmen; and hence the rules of right action will have more and more to be sought in the manipulation of the influ ences to which our bodies and tastes are sub-jected, rather than in useless appeals to the will to do what the will has no power to do.

What would be the kind of ethics which rould spring out of such a theory? We find traces of it in plenty of medical journals, and pretty distinct traces in the able paper on "Brain-work and Longevity" itself. "One who is insuited or offended," said the writer "feols an instanteneous impulse to attack the offender. A mere brute, whether human or bestlal, acts upon the impulse without reflection. A man may either act upon it after reflection or restrain himself, and perhaps go peacefully away. If so, he will probably bang the door after him; and will feel better for doing it. A child or a woman will obtain the same relief from a gush of tears. In either case the im-prisoned force is discharged, is gone out from the system. Whatever may be the nature of an emotion, its repression is hurtful; but the repression of the depressing emotions is far more hurtful than that of the pleasurable, Grief, disappointment, or envy, when restrained from external display, have a marked tendency to exert a very hurtful influence upon the nervous system of organic life, which governs the processes of secretion and of re-Now, if we take this doctrine alone with the other, which denies to man all power over the physiological conditions of life, most men will infer that physiology is a far better source of guidance than any considerations of right and wrong. If the will has no power over the physiological conditions of life, while the physiological conditions of life have great power over the will, naturally we shall seek the guidance of the latter, and not try to find rules for the guidance of the former. Here, for in-

to go and bung the door of some empty room at least, or indulge in a flood of tears with the women and children. Or if envy—one of the most depressing of passions, as the exponent of the physiological rules for long life justly re-marks—preys upon an ambitions or vain spirit, the depressing effect ought, we suppose, to be guarded against by inventing some similar safety—valve. If the sufferer from that passion be litterary or artistic, an anonymous saftre or bitter carlestage, would become a personal day be literary or artistic, an anonymous sature or bitter carleature would become a personal duty, in order to avoid the injurious gnawing of a "depressing emotion." If there be no access to literature and art, to secure a confident to whom backbiting speeches can be safely made without danger of their being retailed, would seem not so much an ignoble indulgence as a medical precaution. Where is this doctrine, that the computer restraint of the "depressing that the complete restraint of the "depressing emotions" is injurious to the nervous system, to lead us to, in the absence of any code of right or wrong that assumes the freedom of the will, and the power of obeying or infringing on divine moral law? It would suggest a perfectly new law of conduct, according to which we should shape our inward life, not with relation to any spiritual ideal within us, but in relation to the expediency of letting off dangerous physiological steam by expressing whatever it might be injurious to repress. Quilp's device of keeping a wooden ciligy on which to let loose his cyll passions might become a serious sug-gestion in this physiological school of cililes; and what it might lead to in the direction of template. - Spectator.

THE NATIVE PRESS OF INDIA.

The native press is only one among many manifestations of a newly-born, many-sided intellectual energy which is making itself felt over the whole of India, and which contrasts curiously with ordinary notions of Oriental Its tone and rapid development are a apathy. Its tone and rapid development are a sign of that new era about which the rulers themselves are becoming as eloquent as any of those whom the Hindoo editors love to call "the children of the soil." Four years after the Mutiny there were in all Bergal only five verna-cular papers—one published weekly, one bi-weely, one tri-weekly, and one daily. In eight years the number reached thirty-eight. On the Bombay side there were, according to a recent estimate, no less than between fifty and sixty publications of the sort, more or less successfully maintaining the struggle for existence. uncortain what the increase may have been for the last year or two; but almost every new number of an Indian journal makes brief an-nouncement of a fresh cultion. The price of many of these periodicals is only one "pie," or half-a-farthing. Evidently India is rapidly attaining the glory of what Mr. Carlyle would call her writing era. Our fellow-subjects are actu-ally dreaming of establishing a Hindoo Punch. ally dreaming of establishing a Hindoo Punch. A Parsec Punch already exists, but it appears that its editor is too exclusive in his attention to his own particular enemies. The Hindoos have a rich vein of humour in them, and it happens that just at present Bengal is in a condition uncommonly suggestive of subjects for cartoons. One can faincy the zest with which a dusky Leech or Tenniel would carlicature His Honour the Lieutemant-Governor in the act of lecturing the puzzled natives on the "Advantages of Compulsory Self-Government," or amusing the Compulsory Self-Government," or amusing the Calcutta University Syndicate by challenging it to declare "what is the vermediar language of the country."

We must confine the present notice to the most prominent representatives of the Anglo-Hindoo portion of the native press. These are for Calcutta, the Ilindoo Patriot and the Bengall, both English; for Bombay, and half in English, Native Opinion, the Mitrodaya—now merged in the Ilindoo Reformer—and the Indu Prakash, or the Hindoo Reformer—and the Indu Pricent, or Moonlight. These newspapers which a great and rapidly increasing power in the country. This is true especially of the Calcutta papers. What-ever may be one's estimate of the character and value of this Hindoo "fourth estate," it must be allowed that it would be difficult to discover any other cheap press which to an equal degree makes it the great object of its existence to teach and enlighten the people. As yet, it is not civilized enough to subordinate what it deems instructive and wholesome to what will "go down." And so far it contrasts favourably with much of the cheap literature of more ad-

The native Journalists sometimes convey their instruction with a savage vigour, and an last two months a new statesman of the most amusing minuteness of detail, that contrast promising antecedents has landed in the contrast oddly with their professional dignity. The Bengail itself makes a grave announcement of a velocipede it has invented, which can be used without damage by the ungainliest performer, will serve admirably for letter-carriers, and may be inspected on the editorial premise Moonlight lectures schoolboys on the use of gymnastics, for want of which, it says, "some of them are really skeletons, and present a ghostly appearance." An aged gentleman who is about to marry a young girl, "fresh with divine bloom," is described as a "decrept old buffoon," and it adds that "the only remedy for this wide spread evil is to hold it up to the scorn and derision of the world." The Hindoe press is forming public opinion, and it has many mutually repellant classes to preach to—young India, fresh from college, and inclined to vaunt its smattering of learning: old India, stubbornly adhering by the old paths; and the foreigner within the gate. Some of its bitterest utterances are directed against certain evil effects of contact with this superior race—notably that of intemperance. The Bengall, objecting that a rise in the lariff would interfere with " John Bull's drunken pastimes," writes:—

"The missionary and the brandy-bottle are held to be the pioneers of a certain kind of civilization, and our country has had enough of thes precious commodities. The desire to be lik precious commodities. The desire to be like our betters is so strongly implanted in the human mind that we feel almost inclined to overlook the beastly conduct of several of our educated countrymen, on whom wine and spirits have been fatal poisons."

Not unfrequently, however, the quiet sareasm and delicate side-hits of the native journalist contrast instructively with the coarse hammerstrokes of his Anglo-Indian brothren. journalists write in the best English of their "masters." Of the fact that the writers are "masters." Of the fact that the writers are not Englishmen the reader is reminded only by the occasional introduction of an hyperbole full of Oriental extravagance; or, more rarely, by such expressions as "too infant," or "evolving an idea from the bowels of his own conscious ness." Forstyle, variety, and scope of subjects for culture and general ability, the *Hindoo Pa* triot unquestionably stands first. It would be difficult to overpraise the calmass, patient good-nature, and thoroughness with which it discusses matters in which native interests are vitally concerned. Next comes the Bengali. with its occasionally characteristic outbursts of Oriental English, and its special leaning towards philosophic subjects-especially the system of

Auguste Comte. Its lively little contemporary, the Mitrodaya, has a like tendency, and has lately been publishing articles on "Christianity as Compared with other Religions." This, indeed, is one of the favourite topics of the native press, and missionaries could hardly do better than include the Hindon Journals in their carrithan include the Hindoo journals in their curri-culum of study. A shock might perhaps be given to some of their steres, yped notions about the conversion of India. Native Opinion, a very well-written paper, expresses the basy, commer-cial spirit of Bombay. The Moonlight, its dreamy name notwithstanding, is highly prac-ticul. Nothing, for example, could exceed the conscientious painstaking of the recent analysis and summary of questions on the land revenue conscientions painstaking of the recent analysis and summary of questions on the land revenue which it had prepared for the consideration of any possible native delegate to the Finance Committee sitting in London. Hasty work, however, would be inexcusable in the case of native journalists. The publications are weekly. The Bengali and Native Opinion appear on Sundays; the Patriotand Monalish on Monday; and

The Bengali and Native Opinion appear on Sundays; the Patriot and Monlight on Monday; and the Mitrodaya on Friday.

The mative press of India has sometimes been accused of disloyalty, and it certainly writes with a freedom and boldness undreamed of ten years ago. It indeed enjoys far more liberty than in these days has fallen to the lot of the French press. It there is any disloyalty, howover, it is rather hinted than expressed. The Patriot asserts that the importance of England to India is "axiomatic." In its loftler style the new Viceroy is described as "he to whom the people look up as to their earthly Providence under the Queen's benign sway." Native Opinion declares that "all classes of the natives of India pray with one heart that the sun of the British raj may continue to shine on their land." These journals profess to be fully alive the British ray may continue to snine on their land." These journals profess to be fully alive to the great blessings of British rule—security of life and property, and, on the whole, impartial justice. But throughout this pleasant harmony there runs a plaintive discord significant of the unrest of national aspirations, and of a conviction that "the two civilizations of England and India with never confess." History land and India will never conlesce." Hindoo journalists are quite caudid on the point. "Western science" and "the British Raj" are valuable, they admit, as stepping-stones towards that grand result of the future when, in the words of the Bengali, India shall have "elbowwords of the Bragat, finite such that the word her way to a place among the nations."
This dream of final emancipation from the "boneficent pupilings" of the conqueror determines the tone assumed by the native press on every prominent question of the day—admission to the public service, education, and the various grievances that may be summed up in the word provided that it is also revealed to push over-legislation. It is also revealed in such minor points as the *Reformer's* suggestion of national biographies, to be written by natives Instead of by Englishmen, and to be substituted for the borrowed school-jargon about Cromwell and Pyrrhus. It also explains the poculiarly mournful tone of such productions as the Moonlight's mourning for the Rajah of Kolapore; a chief who had not been "annexed" death would not perhaps have so "filled our heart with inexpressible sadness." We have no space to dwell on the native view of the no space to dwell on the native view of the questions referred to above; but it may perhaps be worth while so show what is thought of "the curse of over-legislation." In an article headed "Utopia," in the Rengalt of May 4, the Government is described as "working the legislative mill with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled in the history of the world." Mr. Campbell is a marvellous man, with a brain like the witches' cauldron, boiling and fermenting for ever, and chimeras instead of witches dancing around it." The article thus concludes:— The article thus concludes :-

"If ever a statue be voted for the ruler (Mr. Campbell), I advise you Vioplans to have it of the following description:—A rider with a wheel in one hand and an arrow in the other. The arrow will be the symbol of haste, and the wheel of incessant activity, whereas the horse will be a fit representative of bis hobby."

In a similar strain writes the Hindoo leading journal of June 24. Ever since 1858 peace ha

"bellicose, not a calm, screnely sweet beauty, but a horrible shrew afflicted with restlessness, . . . Oh the Mill of Misery! it has broken . . . Oh the Mill of Misery! it has broken down the backbone, muddled the brain, crushed the comforts, annihilated the peace of the mation. . . It almost looks like a pastime, the way the mill works. But the pastime is the Master Miller's. It has proved very near the death of the others. . . What power shall stop the infernal machine even for a season 22.

And then it breaks into a rhapsody over the

"At last there is a ray of hope. Within the and assumed the helm of affairs. All eyes are turned towards him, all picture him as the sav-iour of society . . . and the messenger of truth four of society . . . and the messenger of truth to the campaign of the great modern disturber

It ends by likening India to "a poor patient" whose case is one of "negative treatment, active treatment having brought the patient to this pass—this miserable and pitiable pass."
This "curse of over-legislation" is attributed to the Englishman's want of sympathy with, or ignorance of, native character. "Want of sym-"want of understanding," this is the great grievance of the native press, the special charge which the natives bring against "our masters," for whose valuable qualities they profess the most genuine admiration, and than whom, they are ever eager to acknowledge, no better masters are possible. It would be curious to inquire how far, if at all, this want of "sympathy" is owing to the system of open competition; but it may stir the blood of old Angle-Indians to hear members of "the Compuny Bahadoor" described as "the great souls." As it is, a "note" of submissive, despairing protest against the cold dead weight of unintelligence is present in almost every column of every fresh number of a Hindeo Journal, and can escape no reader but a dull one. It may be that what may be generally described as the Manchester aspect of English character has been too exclusively presented to native contemplation. The traditional Manchester man his cars "stuffed with his cotton," and his vulgar ethics of money-making, is to the Oriental the most unlovely phenomenon in creation; and he is especially ridiculous when, with his and he is especially ridiculous when, with eye on his ledger, he talks philauthropically of 'England's sacred mission in India." point, as on others, the nutive press is a faithful reflex of the native feeling. The Patriot preaches against that Manchesterism which means by activity, restlessness; by progress, railways, cotton, and the income-tax. We are assured that, in spite of our railway sleepers, telegraph wires, and steam engines, we are as remote from India as ever, and that we have yet to ac-complish her "moral conquest." A study of complish her "moral conquest." A study of Hindoo journalism would be useful and interesting in many ways. Meanwhile what it behoves the "dominant race" to consider most attentively is the assertion that to Englishmen native life is a scaled book, which they may bind, rebind, and gild according to the newest pat-terns from Europe—with, for result to them-selves, a bookbinder's insight into its contents.

