LIFE IN INDIA.

From the Cornhill Magazine. "Any news from India ?" 'Only another row."

"What about? A woman in the case?" "Not this time : something about oflman's stores and mutton."

Such, with incidental variations, is too often the style of conversation heard after the arrival of an Indian mail. The great sensation of the month is some new "scandal." The Indian journals indeed are seldom without an excitement of an intensely personal character. Somebody's reputation is being tried in the balance. As soon as the country ceases to be convulsed with war, the conflicts of peace commence. A drowsy cantonment, or bustling hill station, may be the scene of strife. The contention may be purely among the men; or a woman, if the causa teterrima belli, may be mixed up with it, and "more embroil the affray." In some cases, perhaps, there may be grave infractions eases, perhaps, there may be grave infractions of the moral law; but in others the story is encrusted with the pettiest personalities, which, however exciting they may be on the spot, are regarded at a distance simply with contempt; and the patty of it is, that too often great and honorable names are associated with these small and discreditable "scandals." The general inference then is, that there is something in an Indian sun that "breeds maggota," not only in "dead dogs," but also in "live lions," A distinguished general, who is supposed to know as Indian sun that "breeds maggots," not only in "dead dogs," but also in "live lions," A distinguished general, who is supposed to know as much at least of the theory of war as any man in the British army, and who is said to be county, sagacious in council, is suddenly paraded before the public in connection with an unseemly dispute with one of his aides-de-camp. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into the merits of the last "scandal," even if the fact that it was, at the date of our last advices from India, still under investigation by a judicial tripuma, and not forout any projugation of the case. Nor shall we analyze any of its predecessors. But the natural history of these "scandals" is not unworthy of examination. We hear much about the "demoralizing effects of the Indian climate." It is said that these things would not have happened anywhere else. Is it so? We will endeavor to show how far the conditions of Anglo-Indian society contribute to the growth of the evil.

We are unwilling to accept those sweeping statements so often made to the effect that Anglo-Indian morality is on a very low scale in comparison with that which is maintained among Englishmen at home. There are, doubtless, some special circumstances which must be admitted to have a deteriorating effect upon society in India—circumstances of which we

among Engishmen at home. There are, deubtless, some special circumstances which must be admitted to have a deteriorating effect upon society in India—circumstances of which we shall presently speak in detail—but there are others the tendency of which is towards the maintenance of sound morality. Foremost among these is the fact that there can be no secresy; nothing can be done in the darkness. The Englishman in India is a marked man. He is never lost in a crowd. All his habits and ways of life are well known. He cannot go hither and thither without being watched. Privacy is impossible to him. Literally and figuratively, he lives with his doors and windows open towards every point of the compass. His countrymen are able to take his exact measure. He cannot lead a disreputable life and bear a respectable character. There is no such thing as "keeping up appearances." In England you may live next door to a man, or even lodge in the same books with him, and yet take no account of his name, much few of his doings. In our large towns, we are mostly too busy to concern ourselves about the affairs of our neighbors; the multitude of those neighbors is distracting; and individual about the affairs of our neighbors; the multitude of those neighbors is distracting; and individual recognitions, except on a very limited scale, are impossible. Mr. Brown in Belgravia may be "Mr. Jones" in St. John's Wood; yet no account may be taken of his duality. Nay, even noble lords may slip their peerage in the "shady groves of the Evangelist," and bring no scandal upon their names. But in India, our countrymen for the most part live in a state of society resembling that which exists, not in a large town, but in a small village at home. And in town, but in a small village at home. And in our small villages scandals abound, although they seldom obtain more than a limited local notoriety. Even in the case of such residence, in the midst of small rural societies, men prone to irregularity of life may "run up to London business," and commit manifold transgressions, without any one of their neighbors, or even the members of their own household, knowing any

without any one of their neighbors, or even the members of their own household, knowing anything about it. But in India a man can do nothing "on the sly." Even the place where he dines is matter of notoriety. He lives, as it were, in a glass-house, surrounded by servants, who follow him everywhere. Moreover, he is generally tied down to a particular locality by official or other engagements. He cannot play the truant it he would.

There are better—by which we mean more honorable—reasons than this "hazard of concealment" for not "tempting the illicit rove." We are disposed to think that the sanctity of domestic lite is less frequently violated in India than in England, chiefly because husband and wife are "thrown upon each other" more, are more mutually dependent, in the former country than in the latter. This sense of reciprocal reliance, doubtless, rivets the chains of conjugal love and adelity. Neither men nor women have the same external resources, the same means of obtaining excitement and variety abroad, as in European countries; and, therefore, they are European countries; and, therefore, they are the more ready to reconcile themselves to the the more ready to reconcile themselves to the dulness and monotony of home, to take interest in small things, and to cultivate the domestic charities. There is, indeed, no state of society in the world in which the blessing of a good wife is more thoroughly appreciated than it is among Englishmen in India.

But it must be admitted, on the other hand,

that there are some adverse circumstances which may tend in some measure to counterbal marry very young in India, and that marriages are formed after very short acquaintance and with very slight mutual knowledge of character. A morning call or two, a little conversation at the hand of divergence of the land of the land. with very slight mutual knowledge of character. A morning call or two, a little conversation at the band, a dinner-parly, a ball, and the thing is done. It is said, too, that what is irreverently called the "marriage market" in India is not supplied with produce of the best kind; that at an early age girls are deprived of parental care, are imperfectly educated in England, under the supervision of strangers, and return, whilst yet in their teens, to the care of parents in India of whom they know little or nothing. But this evil has been in recent years very much modified by the extension of steam communication and by the more liberal character of the furlough regulations. In old times, a child was often sent to England, and ten or twelve years afterwards returned a grown woman to a tather and a mother whom during all that time she had never seen. But, in these days, it rarely happens that a separation of this kind endures during many years. The separation is of another kind—the separation of husband and wife. And this is another of the deteriorating circumstances to which we have referred. The domestic "scandals," of which, unhapply, we have too many instances on the records of the divorce court, are mostly the growth of these enforced separations. The wife goes home to see her children or to recruit her health, and either on the voyage to England, or during her residence there, may be exposed to grievous temptation. This, doubtless, is a peculiarity of Indian life, though the mischief occurs out of India. There is something, however, of the same kind in the country itself. "Scandals" do arise, at the hill stations, where women temporarily separated from their husbands—"grass widows"—enjoy themselves in the invigorating mountain air whilst their husbands—"grass widows"—enjoy themselves in the invigorating mountain air whilst their husbands—"grass widows"—enjoy themselves in the invigorating mountain air whilst their husbands—"grass widows"—enjoy themselves in the invigorating mountain air whilst their husbands—

Why then do we bear so much of these Indian scandals? The question almost answers itself. De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio. In England a vast deal exists that does not appear. In India everything that exists in the lives of English residents does appear, and with an ostentatious appearance. We hear of more "scandals" in India in proportion to the extent of European society, but it does not follow, therefore, that more scandalous things are done. The magnitude of the evil consists mainly in our hearing of it. That which excites much interest in India would excite little or none in England. Petty personal matters loom large in a country where, in times of peace, there are no great questions to dwarf them. An Indian newspaper, day after day, or week after week, devotes whole pages to a Mhow scandal or a Simlah scandal; and its readers find the record of these personal conflicts, very entertaining matter. In dull times such incidents as these are god-sends to hungry journalists. It is very much the same all over the journalistic world. During the past month our own papers have been dealing largely in "scandals," which at a busier season of the year would necessarily have been overlaid by more important intelligence. To the question, "Why do we hear so much of these election scandals?" we might answer. "Because we hear of them." Whether it be a matter of buying votes or selling mutton, it is all the same. We should have heard little or nothing of all these minute details of bribery and corruption if the committees of investigation and the two Houses of Parliament had been sitting at the same time. But In the long vacation we are glad of such little excitements. They are to us very much what the scandals of which we are writing are to the Anglo-Indian community in times of peace. Election scandals are large writing are to the Anglo-Indian community in times of peace. Election scandals are large matters in proportion to those which obtain such painful prominence in India; but so is the community that takes account of them a large community in proportion to that which gloats community in proportion to that which gloats over the personal contentions of Simlah or Mhow. Except in times of war or revolution, no great questions rise up in India to interest the great mass of the Angio-Indian community. Of course there are great questions—perhaps, the greatest in the world—continually pressing forward for solution; but though they are deeply interesting to the minds to the minds. interesting to a lew thinking minds, to the ma-jority of our countrymen in India they are essen-tially dull. Who doubts that nine out of ten readers of an Indian newspaper, seeing in con-tiguous columns "The Simlah Scandal" and the "Famine in Orissa," incontinently address themselves first to all the details of the former? It comes to this, that the conditions of Anglo Indian society render it necessary that the petty personal conflicts, from whatever source they may arise, which for convenience we designate by the generic name of "scandals," should ob-tain extraordinary prominence in India. It may be an affair of love or an affair of mouey; but when it may be fairly surmised that a very large majority of the readers of a newspaper know majority of the readers of a newspaper know something about the parties concerned in the case, it is, of course, published with minuteness of detail. In England not a thousandth—perhaps not a ten thousandth-part of the readers of a newspaper know or care anything about any particular 'case" reported in its columns. Halfa-dozen divorce suits are disposed of by the judge ordinary in the course of a day, and the whole are reported, except on very special occasions, in halfa-column of our daily papers; and, perhaps, among them is an "Indian case," which would have afforded column after column of sensation matter to an Indian

after column of sensation matter to an Indian journal, if it had been investigated in one of

times, too, our military scanuss. We have, at ments stationed at home; but, except in rare instances, as, for example, that of the famous "black bottle" affair, the interest which they

excite is very limited, and, therefore, the space devoted to them in our journals is the same. Now, all this is very intelligible; but when due allowance is made for it, is it sufficient to ac-

count wholly for the apparent frequency of these Indian "scandals;" or are there other con-ditions of Anglo-Indian seciety affecting not merely the apparent, but also the existent? We cannot answer this question altogether in the

negative. We believe that the comparative frequency of these Indian scandals has been very much exaggerated, because they have been ob-

truded more prominently upon public notice; but we do not deny that the comparison is, to some extent, to the disadvantage of India. There are circumstances, doubtless, which favor the growth of the evil in that country. It remains then for us to consider what they are, The "scandals" of which we write are mostly military "scandals," and they are developed in time of peace. When India is convulsed with war, foreign or domestic, we seldom near anything of these things, and it may be presumed that they do not exist. When men have a common enemy to face, they are little minded to quarrel among themselves. They have too much to do and too much to think of, to vex themselves or others about trifles. Moreover, a feeling of comradeship is engendered by the sense of a common danger, and the quest of a common object; petty animosities and irritations subside under the excitement of strenuous action; and are knit to each other in bonds of brotherhood at such a time, and know none but The "scandals" of which we write are mostly brotherhood at such a time, and know none but bonorable rivalries. But in the dreary stagna-tion of cartonment life in India, our officers have too much time upon their hands. If idle-ness be not the mother of all the vices, she is assuredly the mother of strile. But it may be said that there is plenty of idleness in our Eng-lish garrison towns. Doubtless, and our English garrison towns are sometimes hotbeds of scan-dal. But there are many curcumstances which dal. But there are many circumstances which mitigate the ovils of the far-niente in England. The climate of India during a great part of the year compels inaction. Military life, in time of peace, at home may not be burdened with very heavy duties; but there is much more social occupation than in the East. Existence may not be very profitable, but it is not a dreary blank. The curse of emui does not sit upon our officers in such places as Maidstone and Canterbury, Dublin and Brighton. One station may be more or less lively than another; but on the whole there is no lack of amusement. Idle men of good address are always in requisition in our provinaddress are always in requisition in our provincial towns. There are picnics, and croquet parties, and cricket matches in the summer; shooting and hunting and steeple chasing in the autumn and winter; and balls and dinner-parties at all seasons. In such circumstances officers diffuse themselves more than they can at an Indian attains where the secrets is a diffuse themselves more than they can at an Indian station, where the society is so much more limited. What is the effect of a handful of people being, as it were, shut up together, with no possibility of escape, is especially observable in life on board ship. In the old times—not so very long ago after all—when the voyage to and from India occupied four or live months, it was seldom accomplished without a "scandal." People became very intimate and familiar with each other; and it often happened that the closest litends at the beginning of a voyage were the friends at the beginning of a voyage were the bitterest enemies at the end. If there were no quarrels before the ship entered the Hooghly or the Channel, it was a blessing for which the passengers had good cause devoutly to be thankful. Now, the society of a military canton ment in India very much resembles that of a large passenger vessel. Pcopie become very intimate and familiar with each other, and out of this

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stantially of our countrymen in the East is substantially on a higher scale than in other parts of the world, where men are less easily found out.

Why then do we hear so much of these Indian scandals? The question almost answers litself. De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio. In England a vast deal exists that does not appear. In India everything that exists in the lives of English residents does appear, and with an ostentatious appearance. We hear of more "scandals" in India in proportion to the extent of European society, but it does not follow, therefore, that more scanlabous thungs are done. The magnitude of the evil consists mainly in our hearing of it. That which excites much interest in India would excite little or none in England. Petty personal matters rivalries and malignities—the scandals and backbitings—the "evil tongues and rash judgments"—which often make society in remote rural districts as unlovely and uncharitable as the spots on which they dwell are lovely and benign. But in the metropolis people have little time to quarrel, and they are case-hardened against small aggravations. The attrition of the world soon rubs off the mark left by paltry annoyances. But in small communities and in remote places these annoyances stick to men like burrs, because they have seldom sufficient occupation to wear them off. So it is in our more remote Indian military stations, Idleness begets and nourishes strife.

Another illustration of this may be discerned Another illustration of this may be discerned in the fact that we seldom hear anything of these "scsndals" among the members of the Indian Civil service, who for the most part are occupied from morning till night in the performance of important duties. Take such a picture asthis—and it is not an exargerated one—of the daily life of a revenue officer in India:— We see him exerting daily, and with no vam or fruitless result, all his faculities of observa-tion, of research, of penetration, of judgment. It is a strange sight—a wonderful proof of the power of intellectual and moral education—to

watch the respect and confidence evinced by grey-headed men towards that beardless youth. We see him, in the early morning mist, stretch-We see him, in the early morning mist, stretching at an inspiring gallop over the dewy fields. Not unmindful is he of the hare, which seuds away from his horse's feet; of the call of the partridge from the brake; or of the wild fowl on the marsh. The well-earned holiday will arrive, when he will be able to follow these, or perhaps nobler game; but at present he has other work on band. He is on his way to some distant point, where measurements are to be tested, doubts resolved, or objections investigated. This done, he returns to his solitary breaktast, cheered by the companionship of a book, or perhaps by letters from a far-distant land—doubly welcome under such circumstances. The forenoon is spent in receiving reports from the doubly welcome under such circumstances. The forencon is spent in receiving reports from the native officers employed under him; in directing their operations; in examining, comparing, analyzing, and arranging the various information which comes in from all quarters. As the day advances, the wide-spread shade begins to be peopled with living figures. Group after group of villagers arrive in their best and whitest dresses; and a hum of voices succeeds to the stillness. villagers arrive in their best and whitest dresses; and a hum of voices succeeds to the stillness, before only broken by the cooing of the dove and the *cream of the parroquet. The carpet is then spread in the open air; the chair is set; litigants and spectators take their seats on the ground in orderly ranks; silence is proclaimed, and the rural court is opened. As case after case is brought forward, the very demeanor of the parties, and of the crowds around, seems to case is brought forward, the very demeanor of the parties, and of the crowds around, seems to point out on which side justice lies. No need here of ex parte decisions, or claims lost through default. All are free to come and go, with little trouble, and at no expense. No need of lengthened pleadings. A few simple questions bring out the matter of the suit and the grounds on which it rests. No need of lists of witnesses. Scores of witnesses are ready on the spot, alike unsummoned and untutored. No need of the strong, even in an Indian breast, when preserved from counteracting influences; still more so, then, when the sanction of public opinion assists and protects the rightful cause. In such a court Abraham sat, when arbitrating among his simple-minded herdsmen. In such a court was simple-minded herdsmen. In such a court was justice everywhere administered in the child-hood of the human race; before wealth increased, and with wealth complicated interests and law became a science requiring a life's study to understand. Strange must that man's character be, and dull his sympathies, who, in the midst of occupations like these, does not find his heart accompanying and lightening his

sketch of civil work written by distinguished civilian, and the truth of it has distinguished civilian, and the truth of it has been amply confirmed by other writers of the same profession. In Mr. Charles Raikes' entertaining and instructive volume entitled "Notes on the North-Western Provinces," and in Mr. Edwards' more recently published work, "Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian," we see distinctly the character of civil work in India—how varied and important, and, above all, how deeply interesting it is. As the extract which we have given represents this work on the revenue side, so Mr. Raikes' book chiefly treats of the judicial, and Mr. Edwards' of its political aspects. aspects.

Men who spend their lives in this way are not likely to be mixed up with petty "scandals." But very different is the existence of a military officer at an up-country station. During the greater part of the year, the heat of the officer at an up-country station. During the greater part of the year, the heat of the climate forbids regimental exercises of any kind whatever, except in the morning and the evening, and even in the cold weather they occupy only a few hours of the day. There is a book-club and a band and a billiard-table (perhaps not all of these), and little or nothing beyond to occupy and amuse the mind. There is a good soil, therefore, for the growth of strife. The beginning may be very small; but it grows apace, and soon assumes portentous dimensions. And the worst of it is that in this view of the case, looking upon idleness as the root of the evil, there is every prospect of an increasing number of these scandals. The recent changes in the organization of the Indian Army have necessarily had a great effect upon military society. The Indian officer, "pure and simple," looking upon India as his home, taking a deep interest in the country and its people, studying the native languages so as to prepare himself for useful and honorable work, proud of his profession and content with his way of life, is now giving place to the "general service" officer, the bird of passage, who looks upon his residence in India as a period of hated exile, and only cares to kill the time until the happy hour of his release from the bondage which his soul abhors. With sixty or seventy thousand of European soldiers in India, the country must be overrun with officers of this class—honorable gentlemen and good military leaders—but with tastes and dispositions utterly untuned to the environments of Indian life. Exceptions may, doubtless, be found. Among the many there may be some who, looking serionsly at their position, begin to discern at amable objects not unworthy of their best endeavors, and gradually open their eyes to the fact that an Indian career may not be so bad a thing after all. But that a very large majoritic at the strip of the strip and gradually open their eyes to the fact that and gradually open their eyes to the fact that an Indian career may not be so bad a thing after all. But that a very large majority will always be found who can by no means reconcile themselves to Indian lite, is unfortunately not to be doubted. A hatred of India is natural to this class of officers. They have not enlisted for Indian service, and they look upon the necessity of taking their turn of duty in so abominable a country as the one great drawback from the advantages of their general position as officers of her Majesty's army.

And we are afraid that thes is not all. There

and familiar with each other, and out of this intimacy and familiarity come contempt and state. In the absence of all larger objects and interest, little things become great. Petty grievances and causes of offense are exaggerated. The apple of contention grows in time to the size of an immense gonro. It is watered and nourished on either side by the partisanship of lookers on, who, in the general dearth of excitement, find a stimulating occupation in watching the affray.

We do not mean to say that military society in India is necessarily distinguished by the trequency of its scandals and contentions. We have known large stations, the residents of which have dwelt together for years in the utmost harmony; where the married families lived in affectionate intercourse with each other, and their houses were continually open to the younger officers of their general position as officers of the Majesty's army.

And we are afraid that they is not all. There are few ho are anticipations of an Indian career, have been deprived of all heart and hope by the changes incident upon the transfer of the Indian Government to the Crown, and have settled down into a state of discontent from which it is carefully probable that they will ever emerge. Every one now says that "India is not what it was." The Indian service is not what it was." The Indian service is not what it was." There is a general latred of India, of which those who left the country some twelve or fifteen years ago can form no adequate conception. There are few who are not eager to quit it, but who do not feel at the same time that, from the loss of prospects they have sustained, it is more difficult to quit it than ever. These is a general public centery only a very vague before the indian career, have been deprived of all heart and hope by the changes who, having gone out flushed that they be anticipations of an Indian career, have been deprived of all heart and hope by the changes incident upon the transfer of the Indian Government to the Crown, and have settled

Of glory to the grass—of splendor to the flower"—And nothing can bring back the confidence and affection which has once been banished by the acts of grievous injustice and wrong-doing.

But even apart irom this, if the old Indian Army had been left in its normal state, still society would have been subjected to a baneful change by the influences of the Great Rebelhon of 1857-58. This great historical event has doubtless shaken to its very foundation the security which Anglo-Indian residents once felt, and has engendered a bitter feud between the two races which years of peace will not be potent to allay. The atrocities which were committed during the season of convulsion has forced those who before loved, to hate India and her people. Time may mitigate this evil; but forced those who before loved, to hate India and her people. Time may mitigate this evil; but until it has brought "healing on its wings" the wounds will be open wounds, and our people will writhe and gnash their teeth under the infliction of these running sores. Whilst this feeling exists, even our old Indian officers cannot take the interest which they once took in their work. There is, naturally, an increased tendency to send the family to England; and so there is more and more weariness, and insouciance, and indolence, amongst those who were once interested and active, and who seldom or never hankered after home.

Assuming, then, that it is want of interest in the environments of Indian life, and general indolence and discontent, which, more than all else, are the provocatives of the "scandals"

else, are the provocatives of the "scandals" which have lately obtained such unfortunate notoriety in India, it is easy to perceive that there is one remedy, or none. If a man has work to do, and takes interest in man has work to do, and takes interest in doing it, we may be sure that he will not much concern himself about those paltry personalities which fructify into "scandals." Much has been written lately about the character of the European soldier (especially in India), and of the efforts made to improve it, but as the officer is so will be the soldier. If the officer thinks that his duties are limited to parade duties, there is small hope for the moral character of the men. More than twenty years ago an affectionate exsmall hope for the moral character of the men. More than twenty years ago an affectionate exhortation on this subject was anonymously addressed to the officers of the European army in India. It has since been published in the collected Essays of Sir Henry Lawrence, than whom no grander example of an Indian officer of the best school has ever shone out from the history of our Indian empire. We need make no apology for quoting them here, for nothing can possibly be more germane to the question can possibly be more germane to the question under consideration:—
"It would be a wonder of wonders, if, neglected

"It would be a wonder of wonders, if, neglected as he is, the European soldier were to occupy a higher place in the scale of Christian morality; but whatever he may have to answer for, it is almost beyond denial that the responsibilities of the officer are far greater than his own. The soldier's sins of commission are not so heavy as the efficer's sins of omission, from which they are the direct emanations. The moral character of a regiment, be it good or bad, fairly reflects the amount of interest taken by the officers in the well-being of their men. The soldier wanders out of garrison or cantonment, and commits exthe well-being of their men. The soldier wanders out of garrison or cantonment, and commits excesses abroad, because he has no inducements to remain within the precincts of the barrack square. He goes abroad in search of amusement—and he finds not amusement but excitement; he makes his way to the village toddy-shop, or to the punch-house; he seeks other haunts of vice; and when both money and credit are gone, perhaps he takes to the high road. This would not happen if regimental officers really did their duty to their men. It is not merely the duty of an officer to attend parade, to manœuvre a company or regiment, to mount merely the duty of an officer to attend parade, to manœuvre a company or regiment, to mount guard, to sanction promotions, to see the pay issued, to sign monthly returns, and to wear a coat with a standing collar. The officer has higher duties to perform—a duty to his sovereign; a duty to his neighbor; a duty to his God, not to be discharged by the simple observance of these military formalities. He stands in loco parentis; he is the father of his men; bis treatment of them should be such as to cell forth ment of them should be such as to call forth their reverence and affection, and incite in them a strong feeling of shame on being detected by a strong feeling of shame on being detected by him in the commission of unworthy actions. It is his duty to study their characters; to interest himself in their pursuits; to enhance their comforts; to assist and to encourage, with counsel and praise, every good effort; to extend his sympathy to them in distress; to console them in affliction—to show by every means in his power, that though exiles from home and aliens from their kindred, they have yet a friend upon earth, who will not desert them. These are the duties of the officer—and duties, too, which cannot be performed without an abundant recompense. There are many idle, good hearted, do-nothing officers, who find the day too long, complain of the country and the climate, are devoured with ennui, and living between excitement and reaction, perhaps in time sink into hypochondriasis—but who would, if they were to follow our advice, tendered not arrogantly but affectionately, find that they had discovered a new pleasure; that a glory had sprung up in a shady place; that the day was never too long, the climate never too oppressive; that at their up-rising and their down-sitting serchity and cheerfulness were ever present; that, in short, they had begung a new life edit. that, in short, they had begun a new lite, as different from that out of which they had just emerged, as the sunshine on the hill-top from the gloom in the abyas. Some may smile some may sneer—some may scknowledge the truth dimly, and forget it. To all we have one answer to give, couched in two very short words—Try it."

We need add nothing to this. We heartily echo these words, "7ry d!"

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