When a magazine is brought out, not simply to catch the eye and ear of a hap-hazard public, but with definite purpose and aim, it is expedient that Editor, Contributors, and Readers, should now and then meet in conclave, so as to recognise and accept their separate shares of influence in the undertaking with which they have become connected. New Year’s Day affords a convenient opportunity for such a meeting; therefore, on this 1st of January, we wish to explain concisely the purpose of *The Indian Magazine & Review*, and to ask for co-operation on all sides, without which that purpose cannot be satisfactorily realised.

The fact is everywhere acknowledged that in the last twenty or thirty years, English people have begun to cultivate a greater degree of familiarity with Indian matters. Probably the disappearance of the old trade monopolies and other restrictions, and the consequent more direct relation between the two countries, have had much to do with the new state of things; but many other causes, such as quicker mails, with greatly reduced rates for postage, more convenient transit, with all the consequent development of commercial enterprise, and the rapid spread of the English language in the East, have also been at work. Books and articles upon India are not, as formerly, generally avoided; on the contrary, they are often sought for, and read with criticism and appreciation. It is even allowed that Indian names, which used to be thought so very outlandish, are marked by poetic sound and significance; and though much ignorance about India still prevails, there is also in many quarters a desire to exchange such ignorance for full and accurate knowledge.
Now *The Indian Magazine & Review* helps to meet the want that has thus arisen. It aims at interesting its readers in the people of India—in their literature, their history, their art, their customs, their various phases of development, and particularly in their progress. No doubt the leading Reviews and Journals have latterly admitted numerous articles on India; but those who wish to learn about that country may not be able to seek out every such magazine. There is, therefore, plenty of room for one monthly publication which gives an insight into Indian life, and which stimulates a sympathetic attention in regard to the feelings and aspirations of the many races and classes in India.

But our Magazine not only supplies information about India to English people: it also informs the Indians as to what their own countrymen are doing. Each Presidency or Province is so occupied with its own affairs, that often little is known of the progress that goes on elsewhere. Ideas may have been broached, good systems may have been started, applicable with due modification in other parts of the country, and yet for the want of a vehicle the news has not spread. We have heard with satisfaction that this Magazine has in some cases supplied the needed link. Moreover, by giving reports of English work in useful directions, and by drawing attention to English books which have any bearing upon Indian circumstances, it becomes a source of suggestion to social reformers.

Having indicated the character of *The Indian Magazine & Review*, we would next request continued help from Contributors. We take this occasion for thanking sincerely those experienced writers who have so kindly and effectually helped us during 1891. We trust that we may rely upon them for further equally valuable aid. We also hope that by degrees their circle will be enlarged. There must be many English gentlemen and ladies who have brought back from India reminiscences or the results of special studies, which would prove very attractive to our readers. We are anxious, besides, to receive systematic help from cultivated and thoughtful Indian literary men in all parts of India, whose articles, should they be written in the vernacular, can be easily translated here. We urgently then beg from contributors, actual or possible, their kind co-operation, which will render the Magazine increasingly acceptable in England, India, and America. In regard to the field of subjects, one limitation has to be mentioned:
namely, that this Magazine excludes political and religious controversy.

And now a word to our Readers. In these days most persons have some connexion with India, direct or indirect—relatives or friends who have been there, or who are there, or who are going there; and if every English reader will introduce this Magazine to such, its circulation may be largely increased. Those who are likely to be interested in it are scattered and have to be sought out, but by determined and united efforts to make it known, no one individual will be much burdened, and yet the effect will be satisfactory. In India, too, much can be done by a little exertion. Till now the Magazine has not been easily obtainable there, but we are taking steps to place it in the hands of well-known firms, who will be able to supply it readily. We hope that our Indian subscribers who have often expressed interest in the Magazine, will aid us to establish it upon a thoroughly firm basis.

We desire to express our hearty acknowledgments to the Indian Press for punctually sending to us their weekly issues of leading newspapers, and for their friendly notices of various articles.

We have also to announce a change of Publishers. The Indian Magazine & Review is now published by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., of 14 Parliament Street, Westminster, S.W., and we hope to derive effective assistance in many directions from the local knowledge and experience of India possessed by Mr. Constable. Advantage has been taken of this and other changes to introduce some improvements in the matter of paper and type, which it is hoped may still further recommend our Magazine to the notice of our old subscribers and attract new ones, so that the objects we have in view may be aided and developed in an increasing degree.

In conclusion, the Editor confidently hopes that Contributors and Readers will persistently keep in mind a high ideal for this periodical, both in regard to contents and circulation; and that such an ideal, by means of individual and combined exertions, may be successfully realised in the present year.
SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND
PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

MY TROUBLESOME SONAR.

During my delightful visit to India in 1886-87, I was most anxious to collect any old brass Lotas with decoration on them, also old silver amulets and ornaments; and was helped greatly by the Maharaja of J., when we were his guests. One of my difficulties was that the silver workers would not part with their old specimens, but wished to make new ones for me. One morning, however, to my joy, five or six sonars (workers in gold) appeared in camp, having been sent for from the town of J., each bringing old amulets, and much to my satisfaction, but I fear less to theirs, they were prevailed upon to sell them. The only request I made was that the ornaments should be taken back and boiled till clean, and returned the same afternoon, as some were too dirty even to touch.

I suffered many things of many sonars before the longing of my heart was satisfied by getting one of these artists up to the Bungalow at Ajmir, so that I might watch him at work and learn all I could. Being what my family are polite enough to call me "a tinker" myself, and working in silver, I naturally felt I ought to lose no opportunity of gaining knowledge, and was ready to profit by watching the work of any brother in the trade. I have a great admiration for native Indian designs, and feel how sad it is that their own good work should sometimes be utterly ruined by the mixture of bad European patterns, which, alas! they seem to think English people ought to prefer. In a School of Art in one of the native states, the head of the institution being a native, I was shown with pride designs taken from clumsily moulded Parian ware. I suppose nothing more inartistic could well be evolved than some cream jugs I saw made by the dozen in heavy cast brass, with handles so thin as to cut your fingers, the whole intended to be plated to imitate silver.
I need not remind my readers of the beautiful native work bestowed upon other cream jugs, the form of which has evidently been carefully copied from the cheapest and clumsiest of English kitchen jugs of perhaps 20 or 30 years since: the really artistic decoration is wasted upon a form so ungainly and displeasing to the eye.

I feel that the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art has a useful career before it by endeavouring to prevent this misapplication of good handicraft, and inducing the workmen to keep up their own beautiful designs in their various arts, such as metal work, wood carving, weaving and embroidery. The last-named handicrafts—viz., weaving and embroidery, have suffered, I may say, in a threefold degree: first, in design; secondly, in colour, by the introduction of Aniline dyes; and thirdly, in quality of execution.

But I must go back to my sonar at the Bungalow at Ajmir, and describe the history of many of my troubles connected with the decoration of my small silver Lota, which we had bought from a merchant in the city. It was a matter of many days; in fact, would have been many weeks, or possibly months, had we not rebelled. I am inclined to think he would have been still at work upon it, had he been left entirely to his own sweet will. I will give my troubles as they occurred each day.

First Day was spent in our servant hunting for a sonar, and arranging for him to come and work the following morning.

Second Day.—After much waiting and delay, sent again. At last, very late, an old man arrived, stone deaf. After much shouting, we discovered he could not do the required work. Another man appeared, but we found he also could not do it, as he only worked in gold. It was too late to get anyone that day.

Third Day.—I drove into the Bazaar early to find a man, and bring him back with me to begin work at once. At last I found one who said he could do it for a hundred rupees; but he informed me he would not come to work that day. So I went, and at length found another who also was able to do it, but nothing would induce him to come that day. He promised, however, to come between eleven and twelve the following morning, but bargained that a conveyance must be sent for him, though it was
only two miles. He said he would not walk such a distance. After much pressure he agreed to come between nine and ten, but did not like it. He promised to bring some designs with him.

Fourth Day.—He arrived at ten o'clock in a hired carriage, and brought a second old man with him; he then began operations by spreading his rug, and sat down in a corner of the verandah; but had not brought with him any designs, as promised, so he commenced by rubbing red powder and water all over the Lota, and when dry began designing a beautiful border decoration. My spirits rose; things looked hopeful. I gave up everything to spend the day at home and watch him at work. I came out from breakfast and saw the pattern progressing; was charmed with it, and told him so. Alas, he at once rubbed it all out. He then took my nail scissors, spent more than half an hour in pretending to cut out designs in paper, which, when finished, tumbled to pieces; then he said he wanted to go home, as somebody was dead. He was talked over. He then wanted to know how many rupees he was to have for his day’s work (the day was passing away and no work begun). At last he decided to stay; so old man No. 2 was told to prepare the mixture for filling the Lota (a bed to beat the silver on). He began by holding a rag with his toes, and sifting powdered raal and brick-dust very slowly through it; No. 1 looking on and enjoying himself in perfect idleness. Nearly an hour passed before No. 2 had succeeded in making half a teacup full of material, which he melted in the bottom of a broken churn and stirred with a hammer handle. In another half hour they proceeded together to pour it slowly into the Lota. When this was done, No. 1 and No. 2 both pretended to be much surprised that the mixture did not fill it. After scraping all together, it covered the inside of the Lota about an inch deep—not quite a quarter of the quantity required.

No. 1 then made a pretence of going on, and again began to draw a fresh design, which was charming, and I begged him to keep to it and begin work; but all in vain, he sketched only for the pleasure of rubbing it out. Finally, he said they must go, as they could not do anything more, but would come the next day provided a conveyance was sent for him. Finally, they wished to know what they were to get for their day’s work. My husband showed them the smallest copper coin, and said that was the value of their day’s work. After packing up their tools; they came to look at me sketching. Finding I
had sketched an elephant, No. 1 immediately undid his tools to show me he could sketch an elephant on the Lota. It was a peculiar one, the hind legs were kneeling, the front ones standing. I said I liked it, in fact was ready to like anything and everything if he would only do it; finally, all was rubbed out. End of that day's work! He was then most anxious I should draw the design, as they took much interest in the silver belt and memorandum book I had made, and wished me to show them how I did it; but at first insisted it was made in India, only they were not sure what part. I may here mention that the silver workers in Bombay assured me it was made in Delhi—those in Delhi were quite certain it came from Bombay.

_Fifth Day._—As I insisted the previous evening, No. 1 brought back the Lota the following morning, ready filled, with the mixture to work upon. No. 2 this time was a dirty small boy; why he was brought I know not, as there was nothing for him to do. No. 1 began his day by again pretending to design, but this time with thick ink and an old quill pen; the result, as may be imagined, was not a success. I found he intended doing only a border top and bottom, leaving the principal part plain. I remonstrated. They demonstrated how impossible it was to decorate the sides. I began to feel the time had come when I must hold my own, and insist upon it. Much talking on their part, much unbelief on mine; after which they found it quite easy to decorate the sides. When asked why he used a quill pen, No. 1 said he had left his paint at home. My husband began to be, or pretended to be, really angry, as that meant another day quite wasted; the dirty boy was talked to seriously, much to his surprise, and taken back by a servant to fetch the paint. No. 1 still went on pretending to sketch his design for the pleasure of rubbing all out. At last the paint came, and after much serious scolding, a little real work began; the paint was rubbed over, and when dry the final design sketched. No. 1 then proceeded to make himself really comfortable, sitting on the steps and holding the Lota with his toes on the step above: a peculiar position, as his toes were nearly as high as his head—but the work progressed. End of fifth day—really a fair beginning!

_Sixth Day._—Slow progression.

_Seventh Day._—He worked at his own house.

_Eighth Day._—Anxious to find how unfinished I would accept it, he exhibited a pattern all over the Lota, but no finish anywhere. I pointed this out, and said I must have
better work and more finish—he was much surprised that I should know good work from bad; there was certainly more respect and more work, but unsatisfactory. I made anxious inquiries how much more time he intended spending over it. He explained it might be finished the next day, or the day after, or the day after that. I suggested there was not really two hours' work altogether, and it must be done by 12 o'clock the next morning. He replied, "Oh yes, quite easily." I only had to command and it could be ready at any time. I said I should like to buy his tools if he would sell them. His answer was "Certainly, and himself, too, if I wished." But to make sure of the tools, I suggested his leaving them with my Madrasi servant till he came next day: this he consented to do. But he then wished for the loan of my nail scissors—in fact, so attached was he to them that he finally begged to keep them and let me keep his tools instead, and also wished to present me with two hammers into the bargain; but as my own silver-work hammer is so far superior, I thanked him and declined accepting so much, but was delighted to give the scissors for some of his little own tools which he had made himself, and he seemed equally charmed. It then occurred to him that his toe hurt him, and he wanted the carriage to take him back. I may add he did not succeed in getting it.

Ninth Day.—The Lota was supposed to be finished: nine people out of ten would say it is charming—the tenth person may be critical, and say much better can be done. It was finally boiled with tamarinds to clean it; the artist stirred the boiling water with his fingers, and took the Lota in his toes even after heating it over the fire. His fingers and toes certainly cannot be made of the same material as mine. His last wish was that I should write him a certificate of merit to show to the world for the beautiful work he had done for me. If I had said a more thoroughly troublesome workman would be difficult to find, and the work not good when done, it would have been the truth. I might also add he made three holes in the Lota during the process of decoration.

My friend without any hesitation demanded four times the sum he was entitled to by the custom of the country for each day's work. Having been made such a gentleman of, and being sent for each morning by our chuprassie and driven to the Bungalow, he felt the best way to keep up his dignity was to value himself at four times his real wages—a chance he would probably never have again. But we did:
not see the necessity for this, and much shocked his feelings by offering him half what he asked for, but exactly twice what he was entitled to. Finding we were not inclined to give him more, a bright thought struck him, that the dirty small boy wanted a new turban, and we might like to make him a present of one; so he sat in the verandah, and seemed inclined to spend the rest of the day there. Finally, I was reminded by my Madrasi, “Misses has old stockings; boy want turban, boy like stockings, make him happy.” I thought it a charming way of making the small boy happy. The stockings were produced, much admired, and carried away with pride. I thought I had seen the last of my friend carrying off the stockings; but to my astonishment the next morning I heard in the verandah close outside my bedroom some one apparently saying their prayers very loud to attract my attention. I looked, and behold it was my friend come back, having taken the trouble this time to walk all the way from the bazaar to see if I did not feel inclined to give him or the dirty small boy another present. I assured him I had not the least idea of anything of the sort. Finally, he laughed, and trudged off.

Annie Keatinge.

S.E.P.I.A.

The Honorary Secretary having changed her residence, begs that all communications may be addressed to

Mrs. David Carmichael,

16 Grenville Place, London, S.W.
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE IN CAMP.

(Continued from Vol. 22, page 451.)

As we left the hill on our return home, the rock behind us loomed so steep and inaccessible, that we could appreciate the common saying of the country, by which an attempt to achieve the impossible is likened to an assault on this fort. We passed by the fine stone wall with its circular bastions at the foot of the hill, and across a level plain formerly covered with almost impenetrable forest (which assisted in making the fortress impregnable), and were soon at the rest-house, hoping for a little quiet time before dinner. But our host, ever thoughtful of our amusement, had sent some conjurors to perform before us, and courtesy required us to watch their performance. To those whose imagination has been fired by early study of the "Arabian Nights," "Lalla Rookh," and other highly-coloured tales of the East, many of this country's realities are sadly disappointing. Is the fruit of India, for instance, at all equal to what we had pictured in our younger days? Are not the pine-apples without flavour, the plantains (bananas) too often like dry flannel, and the pomegranites a fraud? And so also with regard to the conjuring art—Who has ever seen "youths tossing balls of twine into the air, and climbing up the string out of sight?" Or who but Mr. Siddeshwur Mitter has witnessed the feat described by him in the Times of India as follows:—

"The principal performer told the gaping crowd" (in a village in the Hooghley district), "that his fellow performer had gone up to the heavens to fight Indra. In a few minutes he expressed anxiety at the man's continued absence, and said that he would go up to see what was the matter. A boy was called, who held upright a long bamboo, up which the man climbed to the top, whereupon we suddenly lost sight of him, and the boy laid the bamboo on the ground. There fell on the ground before us the different members of a human body—all bloody—first one hand, then another, a foot, and so on until complete. The boy then
elevated the bamboo, and the principal performer appearing on the top, came down, and said that Indra had killed his friend before he could get there to save him. He then placed the mangled remains in the box, and a few minutes later the man jumped out perfectly unhurt."

Fortunately, we did not expect such marvels, and were amused with the simple but clever tricks performed. While at dinner, our servants told us that they were afraid to sleep in the house because it was haunted by a ghoul! This creature of Oriental romance is firmly believed in by all classes of natives, and is supposed to feed upon dead bodies, and to devour any person who has the misfortune to fall in its way. It is said to be a demoniacal animal, living in the most solitary places. It is greatly dreaded; and I have often received reports of children having been killed, and graves disturbed by such agency. The animal really responsible for these superstitious fears, is a sort of badger, rather rare and still more seldom seen owing to its nocturnal habits. It has powerful claws, like those of a sloth bear, and is undoubtedly carnivorous. I once arrived at my camp at sunset after a long ride, and found the half-pitched tents being pulled down in consequence of one of these animals being in a hollow tree close by. Guard, servants and all were afraid to remain. I got a horse-keeper, less nervous than the others, to dislodge the beast with a boar-spear, and shot it. It was about three feet long, and a foot and a-half high, with long hair, and smelt fearfully. I had the skin removed, and carefully pegged down to dry. During the night I was awakened by a tremendous noise outside, and found that the villagers had heard of the animal having been killed, and were burning every portion of it, skin and all, in a huge bonfire, shouting wild imprecations on every hair! I have never seen another, and we heard nothing more of our servants' fears that evening.

After dinner a carriage was sent to take me to an entertainment at the Durbar, and after the usual nautch, two wrestlers appeared, strong in the arms, broad in the shoulders, fine in the waist, but greatly deficient in leg. After elaborate salaams to each other, and slapping of chests with loud cracks, they advanced and put head to head, holding each others waists with one hand, and necks with the other, each endeavouring to throw the other fairly on the flat of his
back, a feat at last accomplished after long struggling on
the ground.

We had a long ride before us next day, so dispensed
with the formalities of official leave-taking, and as soon
as we could see our reins we mounted, and were clear
of the town and well into the country before the sun
rose. We saw a sounder of wild hog and some Nilghai
making for cover. In my younger days I often used
to get on the top of a hill before daylight and watch
"the beasts of the forest" returning from their nightly
visits to the grain fields. Singly, or by two's and three's,
they came grazing leisurely along "till the sun arose,"
when "they gathered themselves together and lay down"
in valley or other cover "until the evening." The
Nilghai (*Portax pictus*) is really an antelope, and the
cows are not unlike red-deer hinds, but the bull is blue
("nil" means indigo), and as large as an ordinary
bullock. I remember as a child a print hanging in the
nursery of a fierce-looking animal called a Neelghau,
with formidable horns, shaggy mane, fierce eyes, and
altogether as unlike nature as possible! The blue bull
is perfectly harmless, except to crops, and its flesh of
little use for food. The skin, being very tough, is used
for shields. They are very fast, and we had a merry gallop
after one that morning. We had two orderlies with us;
one a quiet reserved old man on a wiry little flea-bitten
Arab, the other a smart young Mahommedan, with a bit
of a swagger about him, and one end of his turban flying
behind his shoulder, mounted on a big Persian horse. We
had to cross a small but deep grip, and after getting over
safely ourselves, looked round to see how our attendants
fared—the old man came straight, and his little Arab
took it in his stride, but the younger one, or his horse,
or both, disliked the look of it, and sought an easier
place.

We pulled up as we came on a party of men stooping
down as if searching for something on the ground, and
found that they were watchmen from a neighbouring village
tracking the footprints of some thieves who had stolen a
bullock during the night. These "puggies" carry on a
trail (of man or beast) with wonderful acuteness and
perseverance, even when, to unpractised eyes, the tracks
are hardly perceptible. There are stories in Sind of camels
having been traced for 60 or 70 miles along a frequented
road, while the Khandesh Bhils rival the American Indians
in their power of eyesight and observation. These village
watchmen are paid in free land, or in grain, or both, and are responsible for thefts committed within their charge. There is an excellent system in this province by which travellers are also insured against loss by robbery. A trifling fee is paid each night, and if any property is stolen, the loss has to be made good by the village supplying the guard. If the footsteps of the robbers can be traced into another village, or even within its borders, the responsibility is shifted on to that village. I remember a case in which the trunks belonging to a lady were taken out of her tent, and her wardrobe scattered over the ground outside. The (imitation) pearl trimming on her wedding dress was cut off and carried away, but the full value was paid up. In another case a box containing Rs. 40 was similarly abstracted, and the footsteps of the thieves taken across several fields, and then rather mysteriously lost. The trackers were greatly ashamed of themselves, though some of them attributed this to witchcraft. It was no use fighting against this, so they returned to their village and brought the Rs. 40, paying it down without a word! The only occasion on which I was ever robbed in India was during a visit to the Deccan, where the above system is not in force. The theft from our sleeping tent was discovered in the early morning, but the ground was very hard and rocky, and no tracks were visible. Together with other property, however, the thieves had taken my wife's knitting, for the sake of the silver needles, and this catching on a thorny bush had become unravelled, a long thread of worsted showing the direction the men had taken! This eventually helped to lead to their capture. I remember another curious circumstance connected with the case. Our post, with the English mail, had arrived the night previously, just as we were retiring, and our letters—only glanced over, not read—were put in the hand-bag, which the thieves carried off. To our great joy we found these, a short distance from camp, carefully placed under a stone for safety. So Indian thieves are sometimes considerate!

We rode past some gigantic granite boulders, heaped one over the other in all sorts of fantastic shapes—some red with felspar, others grey with mica. It was very strange to see these huge masses scattered over a bare plain. How did they come there? Are they portions of a granite range, the remainder of which has become decomposed, and formed the alluvium of the rich plain below? Or were they brought down by the mighty agency of the ice stream, and left dotted over this part of the
country? Who shall say? The natives believe that they are fragments dropped by Rama while carrying rocks for the bridge at Ceylon! The great caves in the interstices of these boulders were formerly the homes of numerous tigers and bears; the retreats being so secure that it was always a matter of great difficulty for the sportsman to dislodge the animals sheltering there. But increase of population, and consequent reclamation of jungle, has greatly diminished the numbers of deer, wild hog, &c., the natural food of the carnivora; the caves are now the haunts only of hyenas, jackals, and an occasional panther.

We had to pass through the chief village of a small state, the owner of which was boiling over with indignation at an affront (whether deliberate or accidental I do not know) put on him by a neighbouring petty chieftain, who had presumed to beat his kettledrum while he and his escort were passing through this village. This is apparently a gross breach of etiquette, and a complaint had been made to the political agent on the subject. But such matters are usually governed by precedent, and the native agents of the two states concerned may have to be summoned, records searched, and the custom in other places enquired into, so that the settlement even of a petty matter of this nature will take time; and meanwhile there will be bitter enmity between the two "Durbars," and the feud may not improbably cause bloodshed before it is healed.

We pulled up for a minute at the public threshing-floor outside the village, where a busy throng were collected for the most important operation of the year—the apportionment of the chief's share in the crops. Sometimes this share consists of a certain quantity of grain per acre, at others the actual produce is divided, the shares varying from one-sixth to one-half. When the State revenue is farmed out, there is often more or less hardship, as the share is generally determined, not so much on any general principle, as by the cultivator's ability to pay, and the weakest suffer. In a poor country the share system is, prima facie, sound in principle, as it is one of payment by results, whereby the proprietor and his tenants mutually benefit when the crops are good, and suffer in similar proportion when the latter fail. But the ryots had no security that the amount of their share would not be increased, and they were, moreover, burdened by cesses of all kinds: allowances for grain having to be deducted for the village expenses, servants, and craftsmen; for blackmail to the turbulent and warlike classes, to purchase their
forbearance or protection; for the State horses; and, perhaps, for the chief's tenth marriage! All these cesses were more or less oppressive, and the old systems are now giving place to one of actual measurement of the land, and fixed assessment thereon; thus giving the cultivator a secure and permanent interest in his holding. In this particular village, the crop estimate made by the Durbar was considered by the cultivators to be too high, and, in the exercise of a right recognised by old custom, they had brought their crops to the public threshing-floor for actual weighment. Great heaps of grain, oil seeds, and rice were collected there, and the bullocks were busy treading out these, just as in Homer's time—

"The trampling steers beat out the unnumbered grain."

The method of weighing is a tedious one, and there are many ingenious devices for this. There is a story of Siwaji, who had made a vow to distribute in charity the weight of an elephant in silver. But difficulty arose how to ascertain this weight, so the animal was placed on a flat-bottomed boat, and the water line marked. The elephant was then removed and stones substituted till the boat sank to the same line, and the stones were then weighed separately.

Another half-hour's canter, and our Camp was in sight, the tents pitched under a large banian tree, now covered with bright red figs, and "in itself a grove." Where did Milton see or hear of this tree, which he describes so faithfully?

"Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree in pillared shade."

In Eastern classics, as Edwin Arnold reminds us, the tree is "an emblem of the life of man, who growing to maturity in the air and sunlight of the world, throws off ever and always new roots to bind himself more and more to earth and its allurements."

The contents of two days' post-bags lay in a formid­able heap on the table of my office tent, and there was a good deal to be disposed of before breakfast, so that it was past one o'clock before that meal was over and I had settled down to what I had every intention should be a steady afternoon's work. But this was not to be, for in a few minutes I heard a chattering outside, and an orderly came in to report that a tiger had been marked down some three miles off. It was not much of a tiger
country, and I was indisposed to believe the story, and very unwilling to leave my work, so I said that I would not go. In another half hour another messenger came running up with news that the animal had been seen in the morning by two shepherds, who had climbed into trees and were still watching it. I could not refuse to believe such evidence as this, and as I have always maintained the principle that time and energy devoted to the destruction of these mischievous brutes are not misemployed, I sent on my men and guns, and soon overtook them on my pony. On nearing the place, I found at least a hundred villagers waiting for me, and we could see the men in the trees. I beckoned to one of them to come down, which he did with considerable reluctance. Nothing could be more circumstantial than his story. He and a companion were taking their cattle to graze in the early morning when a panic seized the herd, and the men knew that a tiger must be near. They climbed up the trees in a fright, and shortly afterwards saw the tiger lie down in the hollow which the man pointed at. They had been afraid to descend, and had remained in the trees all the morning. At last a villager passed, with whom they communicated by sign, and he took the news to the village and afterwards to my camp.

The hole in which the animal was lying was in a perfectly open plain, with no cover of any kind at hand, and I could hardly believe that it could hold anything larger than a panther, though the shepherd lifted his hand some four feet from the ground, and declared that the beast was "so high." I cannot say I altogether liked the business, but it had to be done, so I went up very quietly with a single attendant—a very plucky fellow, who always carried my second gun. At ten paces distance I could see some animal lying in the grass at the bottom of the hollow. I fired at once, and my first shot broke the back, and the second crushed through the head of a miserable hyena! I got home as fast as I could, feeling very small at such an inglorious victory, and sorry also to have destroyed one of these animals, which are so useful as scavengers that their occasional theft of a kid or a lamb may well be condoned.

G. F. Sheppard.
REVIEWS.

BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA.

A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals in their Relations with the People. By JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING, C.I.E. With Illustrations. (London, Macmillan & Co., 1891.)

Delightful as this book is in the originality, and the literary and artistic treatment of its primary text, the familiar beasts of India, it is the most painful I have ever read, in relation to its secondary subject, or man, that is, the Hindus and Mahommedans, in India.

Almost every chapter contains an indictment against them of apparently the most exasperating cruelty toward the lower animals, until one is made to feel of mankind in general that Providence has indeed put a monstrous beast to be the "Lord of Beasts:" and baseless as these charges are on examination found to be, and heedlessly made, yet because of Mr. Kipling's deep sympathy with the sufferers,—for which much may be forgiven him,—and the power of his Doric English, there can be no doubt of their being calculated to incite the bitterest and widest prejudice against the people of India. The erroneous impression conveyed is probably not less unjust toward the author himself than to our Hindu and Mahommedan fellow subjects, who are also men of like passions and infirmities with ourselves; for, after all, it is the "Introduction" to the book which gives point and venom to these libels; and but for its intrusive infection they might have been taken as part and parcel of the indiscriminate carping and cavilling that seems to be a not altogether unamiable mannerism with Mr. John Lockwood Kipling; and against which I certainly should not have cried out to any reader of his: "Caveto be thy counsellor." For examples. He turns the laugh against Buffon for giving the humped cattle of India, on the authority of a showman travelling through France with a "Brahminy Bull," the name of Zebu. But this is the native name of a "humped" ox, or a "humped" camel (dromedary) in Thibet, the native country probably of the "Brahminy Bull"; and from the beauty of the latter gentle...
beast its name has come to have the secondary signification of “ornament”—as in Aurungzeb, “The Throne’s Ornament”—throughout Turkestan and northern India. Then Campbell is sneered at, because at the close of Part I of “The Pleasures of Hope,” he sings of “Ganesā sublime:” “which to those who know him for what he is, the sagacious and respectable ‘God of getting on,’ is a deliciously incongruous epithet, and a false quantity beside.” In fact, it is neither. Gānas or Ganesā is the “Lord of Hosts,”—the “hosts of heaven.” That is in the original meaning of His name he is “the Ancient of Days,” the “sublime” Sun. He is associated with “getting on,” or “money making,” because his name, or his sign, the right handed svastika, is placed at the head of all invoices, bills, receipts, and the like documents; where it has the same significance as the phrase “laus Deo” inscribed over similar accounts by ourselves in the days of our pristine piety. It is always risky to fall foul of the “quantities” of a classical English poet, as was shown in the recent correspondence in the St. James’ Gazette on the line in Campbell’s Cora Linn:—

"Let Niagara shine."

Even in Mr. Kipling’s reference to the “silence of Indian cattle” there is a jarring note of querulousness. “Students in our Colleges read Gray’s Ode, wherein the lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea, and say to the Professor, ‘Sir, what is lowing?’ Neither ox nor cow lows in India.” The words I have italicised are absurd, and would seem to be the splenetic invention of the author. There are two or more words for lowing in every Indian language known to me, and most of them seek to express the sound they signify, or are more or less imitative. Thus, in Hindustani the common word is dakharnah. In Mahratti it is, as nearly as I can write it from memory, hoombryah, with a deep guttural pronunciation. I admit that no Indian ox can bellow like an English bull, and that the voice of all the humped cattle of India resembles the grunt of the Thibetan yak rather than true “lowing.” But the flat backed kine of India do truly low, and every Indian child knows the meaning, and can fully appreciate the sentiment of the never hackneyed quotation from the “Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.”

“'The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea.'"

Of the specific indictments of brutish cruelty, the two worst are that “turkeys are left to bleed to death half a
day by native servants with intent to bleach the flesh," and that goats are flayed alive "in the belief that the skins thus prepared have a better quality." All I can say is that in a very extensive and officially responsible observation of every denomination of native domestic service, and industry and trade in Western India, I never met with the practice of any such cunning cruelties as these. But admitting the truth of these particular instances, on the face of it the first is of European introduction, and is to be compared with other of our conventionalised enormities, such as bleeding calves to death for white veal, and skinning and crimping fish alive, and throwing crabs and lobsters alive into boiling hot water, and slow stewing living geese before a charcoal fire to produce in them the delectable delicacy foie gras, or "fatty degeneration of the liver." As for the flaying alive of goats, something of that sort is done in Persia and Turkestan, and very probably has passed into Upper India. But in Europe cats are skinned alive in identically the same belief: and the very day that I first read Mr. Kipling's book, the public announcement was made of the organisation in Washington State of "The Consolidated Black Cat Company," for the propagation of the famous Dutch breed of black cats on Paget Sound for their fur. Now is not this the most direfullest cruelty that could ever have entered into the minds of men to conceive? To take a poor dumb creature that, through not less than six thousands of years of domestication,* has become well nigh human, and breed it in millions, to skin alive in millions, for the mere winter wear, throughout America and Europe, of professing Christian ladies and gentlemen who may happen, for the time, to be in more or less mitigated family mourning! It is terrible enough to manufacture life to slay it again for human food, as we do with sheep and oxen, and, in yet ghastlier wise, at Chicago, with pigs; but to manufacture it wholesale, and for needless slaughter, as is purposed in the case of these great eyed black Dutch cats, so endeared to us all by Henriette Ronner's loving pictures of them, surely this is a refinement of aggravated cruelty that can only be characterised as

* Of which four thousands were of actual worship, as the Goddess Sekhet or Pasht [essages] in Egypt. The domestication of this shy, sensitive creature by the patient practice on it, through forty centuries, of the tender rite of its humanising adoration, is a nobler memorial of the culture of the ancient Egyptians than all the other remains of their mysterious civilisation.
Then, take our English rabbit coursing, as—according to the description of Colonel Coulson in the Standard of the 8th of this month,—practised at Ryton Willows, near the well-known Tyneside village of Blaydon; and our reckless massacres of adult seals in Behring's Straits,—with the abandonment of their helpless "pups" to certain death by starvation; and the wanton cruelties of our trans-Atlantic cattle trade. Yet, even from so wide and revolting an induction as this, would a Hindu or Mahommedan writer be justified in traducing the humanity of "man in England"? The truth is, all such comparisons are as misleading as they are odious, and should never be drawn by a writer, or at least a popular writer, against any other nationality than his own. They are never more unjust, nor ever so mischievous, as when urged by Europeans against Asiatics; and, therefore, for the past 40 years of my life I have been constantly urging on the editors of newspapers in India, particularly the editors of the vernacular papers, never to dwell on the faults and frailties of any but their own race, and, moreover, when judging of their own national negligences and offences to do so always from the historical standpoint, scrupulously avoiding everything of the nature of irrelevant personalities. More than all others should Englishmen, in their appreciations of the manners and customs, and general culture of the Hindus and Indian Mahommedans, learn to contemplate them in their highest and most extended developments, rather than in their local and temporary, and otherwise accidental and partial exhibitions, and to discuss them in relation to the social, economic, and religious ideas of the antique people of India themselves, and most emphatically not in unreasoning and rigid conformity with their own insular rationalistic, commercial, and political prejudices, originating in the altogether diverse moral and material conditions of the modern world of the West. Only in this enlightened and tolerant spirit may we ever hope to arrive at sound and salutary judgments on the many strange phases and details of indigenous life constantly presented to our observation in India.

In his chapter on "Dogs, Foxes, and Jackals," Mr. Kipling says that neither by Hindu nor Mahommedan writers is ever a kindly word said of the dog. In refutation of this preposterous charge, it is only necessary to refer to the touching story at the close of the Mahabharata of Yudhisthira, who, at the very gate of heaven, refused to
enter in unless his faithful dog might bear him company. I have enlarged on this classical illustration of the innate humanity of the Hindus toward the lower creation, in a letter published in the *St. James's Gazette* of the 2nd inst.; and the reply given to me the next day by the reviewer of Mr. Kipling's book in that journal was that Yudhisthira and his dog are ancient history. This is also Mr. Kipling's anticipatory reply. Nothing could be more perversely untrue. The Mahabharata and the Ramayana are always and everywhere with the people of India, both in the original and translated into every language of the vast and teeming peninsular. Every day, episodes from them are published from the native press; and every night they are sung in town and country, wherever the Hindu people are gathered joyously together. In Bombay, the Bazaar was always full of brightly coloured paintings of them; and over and over again I used to find among these pictures the deathless subject of Yudhisthira and his dog.

But the whole world of India,—India of the Hindus,—is ancient history; for in their rural, civic, and general social economy, their indigenous administrative and political polity, and their arts, literature, and religion, the Hindus have everywhere preserved the almost unbroken traditions of the life of antiquity. And so much so, that only those can rightly realise the life of antiquity who have had the opportunity of observing it, as it survives in all its moods, from the highest to the lowest, in India. While, conversely those—and from Sir William Jones to Captain C. R. Day, they are a long line of eminent authorities—who bring to the study of "Man in India" an intimate knowledge of the arts and institutions of the ancients, as transmitted to us in the classical writings of the Greeks and Romans, are invariably found to bear the weightiest and heartiest testimony to the high standard of culture reached by the Hindus; and not merely in their literature and arts, but in the purity of their family life, and the uncompromising sincerity of their but too sensitive humanity. Thus only in India do we for the first time come to understand that the polytheism of Egypt and Babylon, and of Greece and Rome, was essentially monotheism—but tolerant of every local name by which men address the one only true Godhead; and that their apparent polytheism existed only in the official pantheons, or "harmonies" of the whole body of the divinities worshipped within their respective empires, and in the picturesque license of the national poets, sculptors, and painters. And only through his comprehensive mastery of
the principles of Greek music, that had already become a
matter of antiquarian research when Boetius [A.D. 475]
wrote his treatise "De Institutione Musica" was Captain
C. R. Day [of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry] enabled to
acquire that wonderful insight into the archaic music of
the Hindus shown in his volume on "The Music and
Musical Instruments of Southern India", just published
by Messrs. Novello & Co. It is the most learned,
scientific, and enthusiastic work on the subject ever
written, and can never be superseded. It is an honour
to the new school of British military officers serving
in India, for it will bring honour to the British name
among all the educated classes of the country, Hindus and
Mahommedans, and do more to uphold and confirm our
credit among them than all the serried bayonets of the
Oxfordshire Light Infantry. Captain Day makes the
remark that the study of music and poetry go hand in
hand throughout India. Here is the unmistakable "note"
of an Englishman who has acquired a real knowledge of
his Hindu and Mahommedan fellow subjects; the fact
being that in but one of some six or seven
current literary languages more poetry of the best
description is produced from year to year in India than
the late Professor Garcin de Tassy, of Paris, was ever able
to fully overtake in his celebrated annual course of
lectures on Hindustani. But our pampered English
Cockneys in India know nothing of these things; and
hence their universal and impartial contempt of Hindus
and Mohammedans alike; which, as with all ill feeling
originating in ignorance, would only be despicable but for
its being so dangerous, and indeed our greatest danger, in
India. In the sorry category stands the vagrant
missionary, who has lately been going up and down the
Poona District of Western India, preaching in arrogant
defamation of the "Divine One," the Lord Krishna, "the
Hindu women's darling deity;" and Mr. Kipling might
have had to be included in the list, but for the benefit I
must give him of the good, albeit scanty, evidence this very
book of his provides [see particularly pp. 198 and 337] of
a genuine admiration for the people of India; and that,
after all, in his own appointed way of serving them, his
steps are set straight for the goal before him, as of a true
tathagata.

One of Mr. Kipling's dead-eyed contentions is that the

* Reviewed in the St. James's Gazette of 10th December
"vaunted loving-kindness" of the Hindus toward the lower animals is for the most part merely ceremonial; and in support of this he cites, among other proofs, the miserable condition of the Bombay "pinjrapol," or refuge for diseased and homeless animals, as reported on by Mr. J. H. Steel, Principal of the Bombay Veterinary College, and found, I presume, by Mr. Kipling himself. I knew the Bombay "pinjrapol," when Mr. Kipling knew it, some twenty-five to thirty-five years ago, as well as I knew my own house; and what I have to say of Mr. Kipling's impressions of it is that they were very much those of a man who, brought up amid the orderly and comfortable surroundings of a snug English home, on being suddenly transplanted to the semi-tropical climate of India, where neither house-shelter, nor clothing are indispensable, would naturally be disposed at first sight to regard the whole country as a scorched-up, wind and dust-swept waste; made still more miserable looking by the swarming presence of its half-clad, and, as would appear to him, poverty-stricken peasantry. This is the source of the flagrant misrepresentations of things Indian by the tribe of "Padget, M.P.;" and something at least of Mr. Kipling's, and I may presume also of Mr. Steel's bad opinion of the Bombay "pinjrapol" is due to the mental shock produced in them by the contrast between it and the scientifically conducted "Home for Dogs" at Battersea,—with the euthanasia of its lethal chamber! That again presents us with a pertinent and most instructive opposition to the methods of the Hindus in dealing with deserted and distressed animals. Mr. Kipling condemns them in his severest style for not at once shooting a dying horse or cow, instead of letting them linger on in agony. But how can they act otherwise than they do in such cases, so long as they believe with the all confiding faith of children that there is a Providence in the fall of a sparrow, and that none of His creatures is forgotten in the sight of God. Anyhow, there, at Bombay, and at Ahmedabad, and Surat, are these "pinjrapols;" and if they are imperfect, and if everywhere throughout India there are all sorts of shortcomings and perversities in the hospitality extended by the Hindus to the beasts that perish, it is chiefly because their tender mercy toward them has been through successive millenniums so ubiquitously and patiently exercised, that the claims on it have everywhere grown utterly beyond the means of even the fabled wealth of India to adequately satisfy a hundredth part of them. Indeed, the indigenous sacro-
sanct, co-operative life of India, comprehending in its
divine catholicity beasts with man, has, as was inevitable,
in all the departments of its manifestation, unduly
encroached on the means of life, sacrificing the few to the
many, and diluting the whole national energies down to
their weakest and lowest levels; and in a way quite in-
comprehensible to the more unreflective of those who have
been brought up in the secular competitive life of the
West in which, in tacit subservience to the natural law of
the survival of the fittest, the many are ruthlessly sacrificed
to the few. This fundamental antithesis between the civilisa-
tions of the East and West should never be overlooked by
English writers who seriously seek to enlighten their fellow
countrymen on India; and most of the unjust and mis-
leading passages in Mr. Kipling's book are simply due to
his having ignored it. I do not say which is the better type
of civilisation. Certainly, I should not like to see the
Western type, under which England has become

"Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen,"
so modified by legislative enactments, and the indis-
criminate distribution of State charity, as to reduce the
country universally to the beatified pauperism of a
nerveless Benedictine brotherhood. But, inasmuch as India
has from time immemorial been established and endowed
as a sort of "Boothia Felix," to the great content and
happiness of its native populations, I would not have us
incur any responsibility for undermining and overthrowing,
and sweeping it all away, by taking advantage of our
paramount position in the country to aggravate the forces
that must at last disintegrate and destroy every system of
human society artificially supported, beyond the term of
its natural utility, against the operation of the laws of
economic and political evolution.

But the end is not yet, and the Brahmanical dispensa-
tion still flourishes throughout India, and in sufficient
vigour and integrity to prove that it still continues to
more or less efficiently fulfil its original national purposes.
At least it offers a satisfactory explanation of what Mr.
Kipling appositely terms "the topsy turvy morality of the
East." Only the topsy turvy is entirely in his own
subjective self, and would have at once disappeared from it,
if while in India he had viewed the unaccustomed scenes
and incidents around him, not with inverted English eyes,
but with a direct gaze, and a mind frankly receptive of its
novel objective impressions.
According to Mr. Kipling, the indifference of the Hindus, as alleged by him, to the sufferings of the lower animals is intensified by the narrowness of sympathy produced by the caste system. But caste [Portuguese casta "(pure) race," "lineage,"], or the sacro-sanct organisation of family life, is the chief cornerstone of the indigenous co-operative civilisation of India. It is the one absolutely essential and immutable element of Hinduism. Everything else, gods, creeds, &c., is in constant flux, but the caste system abides for ever. Like all other human institutions, it is imperfect; but I am surprised indeed to be told that it dulls the edge of sympathy.* The caste system has saved India not only from our heartless "Poor Laws," "Poor Rates," and "Workhouses," but also from the wanton wastefulness, and in many cases the downright plundering of the innumerable English public "Charities" subsisting on private benevolence.

And all restrictions between caste and caste, even between men of caste and out-castes, break down at once under circumstances calculated to evoke strong sympathy between man and man. It is notorious how loafing Englishmen, tramping between Calcutta and Bombay, find food and shelter the whole way through from sympathetic Hindus. My personal servant in Bombay was of good caste, in fact, a Rajput. He dared never touch me under ordinary circumstances. But once when I was ill of dysentery, he would let no one else attend upon me, and rendered me every service exacted under such circumstances of the most self-sacrificing Christian charity. One year, while staying at Matheran, I recollect the late Sir Munguldas Nathoobhoy, when riding out, coming upon a Chinaman, in a most agonising condition of suffering and squalor, apparently dying of an open ulcer of the stomach, through which the maggots were crawling out all over his emaciated frame. Sir Munguldas at once dismounted and assisted the man home to his own house, and there had the poor fellow attended to and

* The sentiment expressed in the concluding stanza of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's herioical "Ballad of East and West" is, indeed, of universal application:—

Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face though they come from
the ends of the earth.
nursed until he most happily recovered. Instead of doing all this, Sir Munguldas Nathooibhoy might have gone off to the police station, and sent the man to be taken care of by the little colony of his countrymen on the hill; as almost any Englishman would have done. Years before this, when in medical charge of a battery of Bombay Artillery on the march between Sholapore and Poona, near the entrance to a large town we were about to enter, I came upon what seemed the lifeless body of a pilfering Mahar, who in some obscure scuffle, had had his throat cut, and been left for dead. It was lying by the road side in the foulest of filth. On my discovery of the body there was considerable excitement, and presently the Mamlatdar of the place, a Brahman of the noblest aspect and highest refinement of manner, came hurrying out to me, with his posse of police peons and patavalus. I had already begun to wash the man, who it turned out was not dead, when to my horror I found that the Mamlatdar, after the first salutations and explanations between us, was about to assist me with his own hands. I vehemently protested; but his simple reply, as he forthwith joined in my most repulsive task, was: “Ceremonial defilement can be washed away by ceremonial purification.” And mark that these three Hindus, the Rajput, the Wallabacharya and the Brahman, had each one to expiate his breach of caste rules in the exercise of the above dutiful acts by purificatory rites of the most trying kind. I could fill a book with like anecdotes; but the round sum of them is this: that in all the amenities, sympathies, charities, and other good offices of affection, justice, and religion, which, according to Christian theologians, make up Holy Living, I have never known “Man in India,” Hindu or Mahommedan, fall short of Christian Englishmen; while, were I called upon to judge between them, I should be obliged “in foro conscientiae,” and “in foro divino,” to decide, if anything, in favour of “the caste-ridden Hindus.” Such invidious comparisons are, however, to be avoided by all who struggle against evil with the sole aim of hastening

“The day when Goodness shall the earth renew,
And Truth’s young light disperse old Error’s gloom,
When Love shall Hate and Meekness Pride subdue,
And when the Many cease their slavery to the Few.”

16th Dec, 1891.

George Birdwood.
REVIEWS.

VISCOUNT HARDINGE.

"Rulers of India" Series: VISCOUNT HARDINGE. By his Son and Private Secretary in India, CHARLES, VISCOUNT HARDINGE. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1891.

Among the volumes in the "English Men of Action" series devoted to the biographies of such men of action as have expended their lives and energies in India, no biography of Viscount Hardinge has as yet appeared, nor, so far as I am aware, been announced for publication. As the part Lord Hardinge played in India—though hardly equal in its far-reaching influence to that of Clive or Havelock—is yet too important to be passed over in the series of brief sketches I am giving of Indian rulers in this magazine, I take, as the basis of my sketch of the subject of the present paper, the interesting volume that has recently appeared in the "Rulers of India" series, by Lord Hardinge's son, the present Viscount Hardinge.

Henry, first Viscount Hardinge of Lahore and King's Newton, was born at Wrotham, in Kent, on the 30th March 1785, and was the third son of the Rev. Henry Hardinge, Rector of Stanhope, in Durham. The earlier portion of his childhood was spent under the care of two aunts, to whom he was much attached, and on leaving them he was transferred to a school at Durham. In 1799 he was gazetted to his first regiment, the Queen's Rangers, and at the age of fifteen, it being then stationed in Canada, he joined it. In 1804 he was promoted to a company in the 57th Foot, and shortly afterwards was entered as a student at the senior department of the Royal Military College, obtaining such approbation from the authorities there that on leaving it he was selected to fill a staff appointment in the Quartermaster-General's department under Sir Brent Spencer, who commanded the expedition sent out to the Peninsula in 1807. He had the "good fortune," as his biographer describes it, to be present at the battles of Roliça and Vimiera, in the latter of which he was seriously wounded. At the close of 1808, he had so far recovered from the wound that he was able to carry important despatches to Sir John Moore, and when that gallant commander received his death wound, young Hardinge was almost the only officer at his side.

In 1809, Hardinge, on returning to England, was promoted to a Majority, and proceeded immediately
afterwards to Portugal on the staff of Sir W. Beresford, who had been entrusted with the organisation of the Portuguese army. In this position he served "with the 'army of observation' in Castile, and was thanked in General Orders issued at Guizo, May 1809." The next campaign was the famous defensive one of 1810, when Wellington out-maneuvered Masséna. But it was not till the battle of Albuera that Hardinge fully established his reputation as a staff-officer of no ordinary distinction, and he then received the Portuguese decoration of the Tower and the Sword. At the close of the Peninsular War he was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Foot Guards, and was knighted, receiving the K.C.B. when the Order of the Bath was remodelled in January 1815. After the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington devoted a "special Gazette to Sir H. Hardinge's services, and at a review of the Prussian army on the plains of Sedan in 1816, he took from his own side Napoleon's sword and presented it to him." Hardinge received also decorations from the King of Prussia.

With the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, the first period of Sir H. Hardinge's career closes. The next twenty years of his life was spent in England in the occupation of a Parliamentary career. We must not linger long over this portion of Lord Hardinge's life. Suffice it to say that in 1821 his marriage with Emily, daughter of the first Marquess of Londonderry, took place; that in 1828 he entered the Cabinet as Secretary at War, in succession to Lord Palmerston; and that for a few months in 1830, and again during the brief Tory Administration of 1834—35 he acted as Chief Secretary for Ireland. We must pass rapidly to that portion of his life likely to be of most interest to readers of this magazine—viz., his career in India, short, comparatively, though it was.

On the 12th June 1844, Hardinge left England by way of Marseilles and the Mediterranean, accompanied by his son, his present biographer, to assume the post of Governor-General, replacing in that office Lord Ellenborough, who was related to him by marriage. During the first year of his administration, peace, for the most part, prevailed, and Sir Henry Hardinge employed his leisure in devoting himself to the mental and physical improvement of the people under his rule. The Muhammedan College at Calcutta and the Hindu Sanskrit College at Benares, had already been of much assistance in aiding the general education of the people; and Sir Henry Hardinge, in order to testify to
his high appreciation of the good done by them, himself distributed the prizes at both the Colleges, complimenting the native students on their remarkable industry and ability. He concluded his address by giving an account of the marvellous forces of steam and electricity, and at its close announced, amid cheers, the appointment of one of the students as a "deputy magistrate for special proficiency in the English language." Almost contemporaneously with this, the new Governor-General issued a notification of special interest to the poorer classes—namely, a reduction in the salt duty. He also interested himself in the establishment of railway communication. Another subject to which he directed his attention during the first year of his rule was the suppression of the horrible custom of human sacrifice among the Kandhs or Kondhs. Before leaving Calcutta for the frontier, the Governor-General passed an Order prohibiting Sunday labour—a boon to natives of all creeds, since they were thus provided with a weekly day of freedom from laborious tasks.

On December 12th 1845, the Governor-General received trustworthy intelligence that the Sikh army had crossed the Sutlej. He immediately issued a proclamation declaring the Cis-Sutlej States to be annexed to the British territories, and demanding co-operation and fidelity from the chiefs of those states. At the battles of Múdkí, Firozsháh and Sobraon, he himself took part, acting as second in command to Lord Gough. These battles, ending in the victory of the Government, brought about what has been called the "Treaty of Lahore," the provisions of which were as follows: The abandonment by the Sikh Darbár of the strips of territory between the Beas and the Sutlej; the payment of a million and a-half sterling as indemnity for the expenses of the war; the Sikh army to be restricted to twenty-five battalions of infantry and 12,000 cavalry, and all the guns pointed against the British troops to be surrendered. By article 12 the Mahárájá agreed to recognise the independent sovereignty of Ghuláb Singh, who was acting as nominal minister, in such territories as might be assigned to him, but the limits of these territories were not to be changed without the consent of the British Government. By this Treaty of Lahore the Company's dominions territory gained a revenue of £400,000. There have not been wanting criticisms condemning the transfer of Kashmir to Ghuláb Singh; but, speaking generally, this moderation after victory met with cordial approval from those most competent to give an
opinion. Hardinge was rewarded with a peerage and an annuity of £3,000 to sustain the dignity; while Sir Robert Peel wrote him a letter in praise and acknowledgment of his "dignified forbearance and moderation in the hour of strength." In 1846, a short-lived insurrection in Kashmir led to a revision of the original Treaty of Lahore, it having been found by experience that greater justice would be secured if a British Minister were to be placed at the head of the Government of Lahore in the name of the Mahárájá, whose minority had yet a period of eight years to run, though the British Minister would still have the assistance of a Native Council.

After having quelled some severe disturbances in Nepal and Oudh, Hardinge once more returned to the duties that had occupied him on his first arrival in India, devoting himself, that is to say, to the consideration of the means best adapted for the moral and physical well-being of the population at large. The following may be cited among other improvements during the years 1846-47. "The Calcutta Conservancy was reformed; transit duties were abolished between Native States in Central India and on the Sutlej, that river and the Indus being now practically freed from these imposts; while the cultivation of tea was much encouraged, under the superintendence of Dr. Jameson—especially in Assam, where a company was formed for that purpose." Lord Hardinge also devoted much consideration to the question of irrigation.

On the 24th of December 1847, after Lord Hardinge's arrival in Calcutta, the European and Native inhabitants of the Presidency presented to him an address in acknowledgement of his services during the time of his rule, and expressing a hope that they might have some personal memorial of one so much honoured and valued by them as himself. The result of this address was the erection of an admirably executed statue of Lord Hardinge by J. H. Foley, R.A.

On the 18th January 1848, Lord Hardinge, with Henry Lawrence and his personal staff, embarked on a war steamer of the East Indian Company, crowds witnessing his departure; and on the 20th March—a brief stay in Egypt having slightly retarded his arrival home—he once more set foot in his native country. We must briefly recapitulate the occupations of his declining years.

In the year of his return to England, Lord Hardinge was sent to Ireland on special duty. In 1852 he was called to serve in his old department of the Ordnance;
and later on in the same year, on the death of the Duke of Wellington, he was selected to succeed his old chief in command of the Army. On October 18th 1855, shortly after the fall of Sebāstopol, Lord Hardinge was raised to the rank of Field-Marshal for his long and meritorious services. He lived to enjoy this last honour but a brief period. In the act of presenting to the Queen at Aldershot the report of the Chelsea Commission of General Officers, he was taken suddenly ill; and on the 23rd September 1856 passed peacefully away in the seventy-second year of his age.

His funeral was of a very simple character, in strict accordance with his wishes, his body being carried to the grave by his own labourers. Lord Gough and Lord Ellenborough stood by the coffin, on which were laid, as the marks of his rank, his head-dress and the sword of Napoleon, which had been given him by the Great Duke. His remains lie in the picturesque churchyard of Fordcombe Church, near Penshurst. A monument in the church incorporates the following General Order, which was issued to the Army on the 2nd October 1856:

"The Queen has a high and grateful sense of Lord Hardinge’s valuable and unremitting services, and in his death deplores the loss of a true and devoted friend. No sovereign ever possessed a more honest and faithful councillor, or a more loyal, fearless, and devoted servant."

"Can any subject," concludes his biographer, with becoming filial pride, "desire a more touching or more honourable epitaph?"

Constance Plumptre.


The first edition of this interesting sketch was printed and published in Bombay in 1888. It was fully noticed at the time in this magazine, but the book was not accessible, and was, therefore, but little known to English readers. It is fitting that the narrative of the career of this earnest Indian Social Reformer should be widely read in England, and we are glad, therefore, to welcome this new handsomely printed English edition, which contains much new matter of great
interest. Miss Florence Nightingale, in her introduction, writes:

"The most interesting portions of this book are those which give us a peep into an Indian home—that of Mr. Malabari and his family—revealing the life of the young reformer, his aspirations, the weakness and the strength of his character, the influence of women on his youthful training, his devotion to their cause in after-life. We see how much he owed to his mother, a remarkable woman, of strong will, masterful mind, and irresistible energy; yet a simple homely house-wife, with the tenderest heart.

"The mother's influence in India is so great that in truth it moulds the character of the nation; of this influence, Mr. Malabari is an instance in point. . . The sympathy existing between mother and son determined the choice of his work in life, and devoted him to the service of his country-women."

Mr. Malabari was born at Baroda. His father was a clerk in the service of the Gaekwar, on a salary of Rs. 20 per month. He died when Malabari was six years old. His mother had then removed to Surat, where she remarried to oblige her parents. This marriage (says Mr. Malabari, in his "early reminiscences") was "a disastrous failure." "My mother," he says, "and I were the dearest friends on earth. This was due partly to her intense affection, partly to our common misfortune, and partly to her simplicity of heart which never allowed her to assert her rights as a parent. It was owing to this latter, I believe, that we lived a life of perfect friendship and confidence." She died at the early age of 33.

Little Behram was by no means a model boy. "We used to have some jolly times at home when my stepfather was out money-grubbing." And at one time he fell into bad company, and took to playing practical jokes not always of the most innocent character. His school life is graphically described. The instruction given seems to have been of a very primitive kind, but what it wanted in strength and breadth, it made up in the vigour and variety of the punishments, and Behram "was bad at receiving the rod." He had "early aspirations" aroused in him by listening to the tales of Persian heroes and heroines.

"Thirty years ago," he writes, "Parsi woman enjoyed all the freedom of life that is due to them as human beings, less perhaps, in secular matters, wherein the tenor of every-day life had been somewhat ruffled by contact with Hindus and Mahomedans, than in matters spiritual. In Hushtam (The Dawn), one of the oldest of our Morning Hymns, we are asked.
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33

to pray for, or, as I feel, pray to the souls of all good women that were, all good women that are, all good women that will be. That is Zoroaster's teaching. In my search for good things said about the sex to which my mother belonged, I have not come across anything better than this chivalrous vindication of the status of women.

The death of his mother, when he was twelve years old, swept the "the offending Adam" out of him, and sobered him down to the gravity and stillness which have since then been his main characteristics.—"Next morning," he says, "I became an old man. All my past associates were discarded."

The story of Mr. Malabari's childhood abounds with graphic and humorous sketches of character and incidents, mingled with much that is mournful and pathetic. Chapter II. is devoted to his youth. Deprived of the mother he loved so dearly, his step-father in straightened circumstances, Behramji was thrown on his own resources, and soon showed the strength of his character.

"But the pursuit of knowledge," writes his Biographer, "was no easy task to one situated as the poor boy was. Imagine a lonely orphan who, in his thirteenth year, has to earn his own livelihood, who has none at home to speak to but a snappish old man, who has to attend school from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and to school others from 7 to 9 in the morning and from 6 to 8 in the evening, and you have an idea of Malabari's hard lot in those days."

But though chilled by poverty, he was not unhappy, for he spent many an hour of the night in poring over the pages of Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson, and the Persian poets, and also in writing poetry of his own. He studied hard, not without friendly help, and he speaks of many women, European and Native—Hindu, Mahomedan, as well as Parsi—"who have been kind to me—kind as mother's milk." Nevertheless, he failed in his examination. He could write poetry; but there was no poetry in arithmetic, and he could not master it. He failed in three consecutive years. "But at last, in 1871, the goddess of figures and fractions had pity on the persevering young votary, and pulled him safely through his ordeal." At the age of 21 he was married, and about the time of the birth of his first child, the "Niti Vinod," a volume of poems in Hindu-Gujarati, was published, and received with hearty praise, both by the English and vernacular press. Subsequently he
published the "Indian Muse," a collection of poems in the English tongue, which display great mastery of the language.

In Chapter III., Manhood, Mr. Malabari's struggles as a journalist are recorded. He took up the *Indian Spectator* to make it "the people of India's own paper;" and after years of labour and self-denial he has succeeded. The *Indian Spectator* has grown to be one of the ablest public journals in India, certainly the most influential native journal.

"The success of his career as a journalist," writes his biographer, "lies mainly in his love of truth, and his great forbearance. When stung into a bitter retort he keeps it over, revises and re-writes the paragraph before sending it to the printer. He will revise it again in proof. 'And yet of a Saturday night I may be startled from sleep, go down, have the machine stopped, remove the ugly word or sentence that startled me, and then wake up with a conscience at peace.' The same tenderness for the feelings of others marks his private life."

Every reader of the *Indian Spectator* will feel the truth of this statement, and will desire that more of the same spirit should be infused into the journalism both of the East and of the West.

Mr. Malabari did not allow his editorial duties to interfere with his literary work, and numerous poetical effusions published from time to time testify to the activity of his brain. But his great scheme was the translation into the Indian vernaculars of Prof. Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religions of India. To obtain funds to carry out this work he travelled through India, with varying success. The languages proposed were Sanskrit, Gujarati, Marathi, Bengali, Hindi, and Tamil; of these all are published or in the press, with the exception of Sanskrit.

"Malabari's Creed," written by himself, is an important and interesting contribution to this edition. It is too long to quote, but deserves to be read with care.

Mr. Malabari's work as a politician and social reformer must be familiar to all who take an interest in Indian matters, and has been frequently noticed in this Magazine. But the history and development of the great movement for improving the condition of women in India, of which Mr. Malabari has been the warmest advocate, is so well told by Mr. Gidumal in this volume that it should be read by every Englishwoman.

J. B. Knight.
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HOOKER'S HIMALAYAN JOURNALS. 2s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The publishers of "The Minerva Library of Famous Books," merit the gratitude of the public for this, the latest, addition to their valuable series. It is remarkable that a volume of 600 pages, beautifully printed and bound, with maps, portrait of the Author, 13 full page illustrations, and 75 illustrations in the text, should be produced and sold for the small sum of Two shillings. The text has been revised by Sir Joseph Hooker himself.

The Editor, in his introduction, says:—

"The 'Himalayan Journals' of Sir Joseph Hooker at once took rank, on their first publication, with the most interesting and informing books of travel in existence. The book was, however, inaccessible to the general public on account of its price, but has long been one of those works that every science student would like to have on his shelves. The Editor was, therefore, specially gratified when Sir Joseph Hooker consented to the publication of this inexpensive edition, and Mr. Murray agreed to supply copies of the original wood-cuts, many of them from original drawings by Sir Joseph. The book will speak for itself. It is reprinted from the first (unabridged) edition, with the omission of some of the appendices which were only of limited general interest."

A short sketch of the life and work of Sir Joseph Hooker follows: and now the labours of the Editor are ended,—for we learn with regret the sudden death, from heart disease, of Mr. G. T. Bettany, M.A., on the 2nd December. Mr. Bettany was a literary man of note, respected and loved by all with whom he came in contact.
NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE IN SOUTHERN INDIA. By J. D. Rees. With five portraits and forty-eight views. 31s. 6d. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

ACROSS THIBET. By Gabriel Bonvalot. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. 100 Illustrations, and Maps. (Cassell & Co.)

BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA: A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals, and their Relations with the People. By John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E. Illustrated. 21s. (Macmillan & Co.)

A HANDBOOK FOR INDIA AND CEYLON. With 55 Maps, and Plans of Towns and Buildings. 15s. (J. Murray.)

BRAHMANISM AND HINDUISM. By Sir Monier Williams. 4th edition. Enlarged. 18s. (J. Murray.)

THE IMITATION OF BUDDHA. Quotations from Buddhistic Literature for every day in the year. Compiled by E. M. Bowden. 2s 6d. (Methuen & Co.)

BEHRAMJI M. MALABARI: A Biographical Sketch. By Dayaram Gidumal, C.S. With an Introduction by Florence Nightingale. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)


MÉMOIRS OF A GRIFFIN; or, A Cadet's First Year in India. By Captain Bellew. New edition. 3s. 6d. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT; and other Poems. By Rudolph Kipling. 1s. (S. Low & Co.)


NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

My Lepers' Friends: An Account of Personal Work among Lepers, and of their Daily Life in India. By Mrs. M. H. Hayes. With a chapter on Leprosy by Surgeon-Major G. G. Maclaren, M.D. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Thacker & Co.)

An Inquiry into the Ethnography of Afghanistan. By H. W. Bellew, C.S.I. (University Institute, Woking.)

Behar Proverbs. Classified and Arranged by John Christian. (Trubner's Oriental Series.)

The Lady of Cawnpoor: A Romance. By F. Vincent and A. E. Lancaster. 6s. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

The Rajah of Dah. By G. M. Fenn. Illustrated. (Chambers.) A capital book for boys. The scene is laid in the Malayan Peninsula. The Rajah is nominally under British protection, but practically independent. The Resident is virtually a prisoner, and an English naturalist and his nephew entering the State are also made prisoners, and have some exciting adventures without the tragical features related in connexion with another "protected" State, of which we have heard so much of late.

My Three Years in Manipur. By Mrs. Grimwood. With Illustrations and Portraits. 15s. (Bentley.)

Two Happy Years in Ceylon. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Illustrated. 30s. (Blackwood.)

Anglo-Indian Codes. 2nd Supplement. By Whitley Stokes, D.C.L. 4s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)

Linguistic and Oriental Essays. 1847-1890. 3rd Series. By R. N. Cust, LL.D. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Administration Report on the Railways of India for 1891. 2s. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

A Memoir of the Indian Surveys, 1875—1890. By C. E. D. Black. 7s. 6d. (E. Stanford.)

Carl Cappeiler's Sanskrit-English Dictionary. Royal 8vo. 21s. (Luzac.)
GRAMMAR OF THE BENGAL LANGUAGE, LITERARY AND COLLOQUIAL. By J. Beames. 4s. 6d. (Clarendon Press Series.)

GRAMMAR OF THE KHASSI LANGUAGE. ios. 6d.

GRAMMAR OF THE TELUGU LANGUAGE. ios. 6d. (Trübner's Simplified Grammars.)

The Gentlewoman, for December, contains a Biography of Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, being the first of a series of sketches of Indian Rulers.

Sunday at Home contains an article on "The Religions of India, illustrated by their Temples," by the Rev. Charles Merk. With these exceptions, India occupies but a small space in the magazines of the month.

WARREN HASTINGS.

Mid clash of states, and battle-thunder's roll,
Thro' adamantine years he cleft his way,
Surcharged with stress, and toil, and stormy sway,
And his eyes flashed with foresight of the goal,
Not his, who felt his eagle-eyed control
Foiled by his foes' inveterate array,
While at his feet, a heaving ocean, lay
The weary woe-worn East, where broods the soul.

Not Burke's dread voice, that thrilled the Hall of State,
Not silvery Sheridan's uplifted hand
Ruffled that brow, nor Francis' shafts of hate
Pierced that proud mien of masterful command:
So some lone sea-vexed tower inviolate,
Defies the assailant waves, that scourge the sand.

C. A. KELLY.
NARAINI: AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

BY HERBERT COMPTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE COTTAGE.

Her name was Naraini. She was a little Hindoo maid of eleven years old, with an oval face, and large soft shy brown eyes, in which Nature—as if in deference to the customs of a country whose women are veiled, but must yet, of necessity, occasionally uncover their eyes—had concentrated a wealth of loveliness. Her features were delicate and exquisitely moulded, whilst the warm olive colour of her complexion seemed even fairer than it really was by contrast with the waving black hair that afforded such a background to her beautiful face, as some great master painter might have idealised by his art. Child though she was in years, she was fast approaching womanhood, as the graceful outlines of her figure showed.

Naraini was a maiden of the Rajpoot race—that noblest and highest Hindoo caste, whose men are all brave and chivalrous warriors, and whose women are all proud and noble—and belonged to a clan which shares, with two or three others, pre-eminence over the rest of the nation. She lived alone with her mother in a small secluded village on the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, in a hill district, where many emigrant Rajpoot clans are clustered, and which is situated not far from the Vale of Cashmere. Her father was dead, and she had no near male relatives, and she and her mother inhabited a little cottage, which stood some distance from the village bazaar. Here they lived on the scanty produce of a few acres of land farmed out to a tenant, who engaged to give them half the crops in lieu of rent. This was a common species of tenure in the district which was their home, but one that required supervision and control. These Naraini's mother could not give, for she was a purdah vashin, or woman behind the veil, and might not expose her face to her tenants, or even admit them across the threshold of her dwelling, since they were of the inferior agricultural caste; much less could she haggle and bargain.
with them, as was very necessary, or inspect the tillage of their fields, or the fair division of the grain at harvest. Therefore, it only remained for her to be cheated and robbed, as the helpless always are, and many and hard were the straits to which she and her little daughter were put when their small stock of corn was exhausted, or when they required clothes, or salt, or oil, or such humble necessaries as suffice for the economy of an Indian peasant's home. On these occasions they were often compelled to make application to their caste brethren in the village, of whom there were three or four. One was Govind, the Lumberdar or rural mayor, who exercised a patriarchal authority over everyone, and did the thinking and deciding on all matters of public interest. Another was Jowar, the rich landowner, who held in jaghir the fertile flat fields in the valley, which were capable of irrigation, even in seasons of extreme drought, and grew mighty crops of rice. A third was her near neighbour, Lutchmon, the pensioner, who had acted as Jemadar-chuppri in the Commissioner's Court, and was a most despotic character, with a prejudice for having his palm crossed by silver before he exerted himself in any way. The fourth was Ram Sing, who had seen military service with the Rajah of Moti Mehal. Ram Sing was an exceedingly ferocious man, and kept two swords and a matchlock in his house, which alarmed Naraini whenever she went there to ask any small assistance. All these were kinsmen of Naraini's mother, and were obliged to afford her help at times, for it was not consonant with their pride to allow a Rajpoot woman to beg. But her appeals constituted a tax upon them, and, although they gave, they accompanied the giving with such ungracious words that it was more disagreeable to accept than to seek their bounty. To them the forlorn woman and her daughter were a continual trouble, and not in accordance with the fitness of things. Naraini should, properly, have been strangled at her birth, aye, and would have been, but for the barbarous English Raj, which, in its crass ignorance, had suppressed infanticide. The mother ought certainly to have committed sati on her husband's funeral pyre, and would have done so but for the foolish Feringhee prejudice, which prohibited such a very proper performance of duty.

Hard though it was to accept help, it was yet better than disgrace; and to a Rajpoot woman a thousand things, which to English ideas are incomprehensible, involve social shame and degradation. Her circumscribed lot forbids her performing any but the most ordinary and
homely duties of a woman, and confines her, when childhood is once passed—and in the East it passes all too soon!—to the four prison walls of the Zenana. A narrow creed, full of ignorant prejudice, makes her a slave to a habit of life so cruel and despotic that it dwarfs in comparison the most severe and minute etiquette of modern civilisation. The laws which govern Indian womankind are an insult to womanhood, and under their yoke the soul as well as the body is crushed, and all the finer feelings of nature outraged and repelled. The Zenâna woman of India is the product of centuries of ignorance and weakness on the one side, and sensuality and selfishness on the other.

Naraini's lot was, as yet, happier and brighter than her mother's. She was a child, and a child counts for nothing, its liberty not being restricted until the seal of womanhood is set upon her. In India the children are free: their mothers only are fettered. Thus Naraini, in her eleventh year, being still a child, roamed through the village with her fair young face open to the light, whilst her mother dared only move abroad, veiled from head to foot, with half frightened steps, and silenced tongue.

Naraini had many companions and playmates; most of them of her own caste, but a few of lesser family. There was Dewali, the daughter of the pensioner, who was her bosom friend. All day long these two children played together, twining garlands, or decking each other's hair with flowers, or resting during the noonday heat under the shade of some favourite tree, and talking of the betrothals of their girl friends, many of whom were contracted into future marriage before they could number half-a-dozen summers. Then, there was Phouladèh, another devoted little playmate, from whom, when Naraini was hungry, she would often beg a sup or bite, nor was it ever denied. Appetite, indeed, often engendered sundry wild ambitions in Naraini's soul, for she loved to talk of sweets and savouries in an imaginary prospective. The romance of the poor, in all countries, is sobered by their stomachs: a good dinner constitutes the poetry of many humble lives.

Naraini was a great favourite with all her companions. She never grew angry; she was always obliging, always good humoured, always singing and laughing, always ready to help. Many of her friends of seven, and eight, and nine years of age had serious duties to perform. They had firewood to gather, cows and buffaloes to tend, sheep and
goats to watch whilst browsing, and occasionally heavy vessels to fill with water and carry home from the well, or brass cooking pots and household utensils to scour and polish. Indian girls begin to be useful early in life, to fit themselves for early marriage—that crowning curse of all the wicked customs they are slaves to. Naraini, however, had fewer of these duties to perform than her playmates. Her mother owned no cattle, sheep, or goats; the smallest armful of firewood sufficed for their daily wants; whilst their stock of brass ware was so small that her mother needed no assistance in cleaning it. Thus the child was free to play, or amuse herself, or help her companions: and this latter she was always glad to do, whereby she became a general favourite, and the one child of all the children in the village for whom everyone had a kind word and a pleasant smile.

One evening in April, Naraini was helping Dewali to drive her father's buffaloes to the homestead. Never was there such a tyrant with the huge clumsy animals: many a clod would she deftly throw to turn them into the right direction, when, with the chronic stupidity that governs their less than brutish intelligence, they showed an inclination to wander, and many a thwack would she bestow upon their pachydermatous sides to hurry their obstinate and slothful progress—for the short Indian twilight was fast fading into night, and Dewali was later than usual, and feared her father's anger.

"Ah, Naraini, here we are at last!" she cried, as they reached the pensioner's home. "How good thou hast been to come so far with me. Thou wilt not be frightened to return home alone?"

"Wherefore should I fear?" responded Naraini, stoutly. "Who would hurt Naraini? It is but two arrows' flight, and I will run all the way. Farewell, Dewali!" and, with a wave of her hand, she started off in the direction of her home.

Passing down the main village road for a short distance, she turned up a footpath, which skirted a small but dense mango grove, on the further side of which lay her mother's cottage. When she had proceeded half way, she slackened her pace a little, and began to sing as she walked, to keep the ghosts away. For there was a legend, which only needed authentication to make it true, that no less than three several spectres haunted this mango grove: whereof one was of a shepherd crossed in love; the second that of a child-widow driven to death by cruel treatment; and the
third that of a Miser, who had been robbed of his money, and in a fit of despair had hung himself upon one of the trees herein.

Suddenly a cry fell on Naraini's ears—the quavering cry of an old man in pain; faint and broken as if half suffocated. Her fancy instantly associated it with the Miser.

She stopped and listened; but out of pure terror, not curiosity. It was so terrible to hear a dead man's voice, though, according to current tradition, the ghosts of this grove had accosted many persons, to whom, soon afterwards, some dreadful disaster was sure to happen. For instance, Kodarbuksh, the oil presser, had been addressed by these spirits, and lo, three days later, both his sleek bullocks died of the sickness. Prudbyal, the market gardener, had fled from the spot with livid face one night, vowimg that three warning words had been whispered so close to his ear, that he felt the icy breath of the ghosts on his cheek. A gathering came in the unfortunate fellow's jaw, and he was unable to hoot at the jackals and thieves at night—whereby the greater portion of his melons were ravaged, and all his onions stolen. Ramchunder, the grain merchant, was actually stopped by the phantom of the love-crossed shepherd, and forced to retrace his steps, and find his way home by a circuitous route. Even as he reached his door the flames burst out, and his house was consumed by fire; and although his trade rival and enemy, Jummoo, was transported for incendiarism, having been seen coming out of the house a few minutes before the conflagration occurred, everyone knew that it was not Jummoo in the flesh; but the love-crossed shepherd, who had assumed his form, and done the deed.

These historical incidents flashed across Naraini's mind as she stopped and listened. Her little heart beat loud and fast, and the colour fled from her face as she stood trembling in the dark, for by this time the dusk had deepened into night.

The cry was repeated. It seemed to issue—a prolonged, weird moan—out of the blackness of the grove. Then came accents of human speech, imploring whoever the passer by might be, to approach and afford aid; and it concluded with a pious appeal to Vishnu and Krishna to witness that their servant invoked assistance in their name.

Then Naraini lifted up her voice, and called out in shrill tremulo: "Art thou the ghost of the Miser?"

"I am no ghost," came back from the dark grove.
"Come hither, and fear not, whomsoever ye be. Know that it is Poorun the Bairagi, who lies here helpless, and none else."

"Oh, Poorun the Bairagi—I am but a little girl," cried Naraini, mistrustingly. "How can I come to you in the darkness? Have patience a few minutes, and I will fetch thee help from the village."

"No, no. It will be too late," came back in urgent tones. "I shall be dead before thou canst return. Come hither now, or a Bairagi's dying curse shall make thy life a sleepless sorrow and a hopeless repentance."

Naraini felt impelled to run away, shrieking and sobbing; but her will was mesmerised by this ominous threat coming from one who professed a holy calling, and displayed such an intimate acquaintance with Vishnu and Krishna. So she hesitated, and after a few moments mustered up a little courage.

"I—I will come" she called out, "I will do thy bidding. I am only little Naraini, the Rajpoot's daughter, who has never done harm to anyone. You will not hurt me, will you, oh Voice from the Darkness?"

"My office is to heal, not to hurt, my daughter. Fear not Poorun the Bairagi. He is but an old man, faint and feeble, who has fallen from weakness and fatigue, and cannot rise. Come, and thou shalt have his blessing. As thou hopest to bare sons to thy husband, approach and succour a holy man in distress."

Child though she was, Naraini yet nursed the highest ambition of Indian womankind, and this last exhortation decided her, for she dared not imperil her future prospects. So she went slowly forward, picking her doubtful way over the broken ground, avoiding the black trunks and extended roots of the closely planted trees, as she moved in the direction of the Voice.

There was nothing to be afraid of, after all. It was no ghost, no horror, no supernatural apparition. Only an old Bairagi, with a long snow-white beard, lying prone upon the ground.

Naraini's confidence came back to her in an instant; kneeling by his side she asked him, "Father, art thou hurt?"

"Not hurt, my daughter, but broken down with the burden of long years. This day I have journeyed many miles fasting; my staff slipped, and I stumbled and fell, and my strength came not again. Tell me how far is the nearest house."
“Mine is quite close, father. Scarce an arrow's flight. Let me help thee to reach it. I am little, but I am strong. Once I carried a gurrah full of water from the well. Rise and lean on me, I will guide thee to my home.”

“Daughter, thou art good. Youth and hope are in thy words. Thy presence gives me strength. Lend me thy arm—ah, so—and so—bravely done, little daughter. My blessing on thee.”

As he had been speaking, the Bairagi, assisted by Naraini, had arisen, first to his knees, then with a slow and painful effort to his feet. The child handed him his staff, and partly supporting himself upon it, partly leaning on her slender shoulder, he moved in the direction she indicated. Her little frame bent like a reed under his weight, but she held out with womanly endurance until they emerged from the grove, where she was compelled to sue for a rest.

“Father, lean against this tree for a little space, my knees are bending under me and I shall fall. I am not so strong as I thought.”

“Strong thou art of heart, my daughter,” replied the old man, thankfully; “rest till thou are recovered. Thou hast an old Bairagi's gratitude for thy good work this night.”

Cheered and encouraged by his gentle manner and his kindly words, Naraini soon submitted her shoulder to the burden again. And so, by turns resting and progressing, she helped the old man to her home.

The widow, who was peering down the pathway with an anxious face, alarmed at the unusual delay in her daughter's return, was astonished to see a man accompanying her, and hastily covering her face, “Sir,” she said to the Bairagi, “I am a widow woman living by myself. It is not fitting that you should come here; close by is the house of my kinsman Lutchmon, I pray you——”

“Fear not, daughter,” broke in the Bairagi, interrupting her, “I will not cross thy threshold. Thy little daughter has helped me in my need, and brought me here; and here will I stay, under this tree in thy garden. I want and know no roof except the sky. But out of thy charity prepare for me a meal, for I have fasted long. Then, having eaten and slept, I shall be recovered by daybreak and ere the sun has risen, shall have resumed my journey,
leaving behind me only a Bairagi's blessing on this house, 
\[\text{and especially on this little maid.}\]

"Good father," answered the widow, recognising now 
the sanctity of the stranger's calling, "I pray thee forgive 
my speech. It was dark and I perceived not. Enter, and 
let me wait on thee with such poor welcome as a widow 
can afford."

"Not so, my daughter. I have spoken. Do thou my 
bidding. Here, in thy garden, will I repose, and here 
only." Saying which, the Bairagi seated himself beneath 
a dodun tree that stood a few yards in front of the cottage 
door, and around which the ground was swept and 
smoothed for daily occupation. Leaning his back against 
its friendly trunk, he composed himself to rest.

The widow busied herself with the preparation of a 
repast, and Naraini brought out a bedstead and placed it 
for the Bairagi's use, and then a blanket which she spread 
upon the ground; after which she re-swept the spot, built 
a little fire of grass and twigs to give light, and fetched a 
vessel of water, which she set down within reach. By the 
time she had accomplished this, her mother had made 
ready a platter of rice and pulse, and placing it before 
the Bairagi invited him to eat, whilst she and Naraini 
retired into the cottage—for Indian women must stand 
aside when men are at their meals.

When the Bairagi had finished, he called to them to 
approach. "Daughter," he said, addressing the widow, 
"I have eaten thy salt, and I thank thee. May peace and 
plenty bless this house, and happiness those within it. 
And now I ask thee to leave me with thy child, for I 
fain have converse with her."

Naraini's mother withdrew, leaving her daughter 
standing before the Bairagi.

"Father, I am here," she said.

The old man was sitting cross-legged on the ground, 
his hands upon his lap counting some beads, and he began 
to mumble the names of Ram and Krishna with his 
prayers. For some moments he answered her not; indeed, 
he hardly seemed to be aware of her presence, for his face 
was lifted up and his eyes were closed in the manner of 
one wrapped in deepest devotion.

Suddenly the moon rose upon the horizon, and its beam 
fell full upon his features, disclosing them to Naraini's view 
plainly for the first time.

It was the magnificent face of a very old man, greatly 
scored and wrinkled, but with all the massive grandeur of
hoary age upon it. The majestic features were cast in a somewhat melancholy mould, but were handsome and noble in their perfect chiselling. It was a face typical of the sanctity and antiquity of his calling, such as the patriarchs of old might have possessed. Upon his forehead was painted the trident of Vishnu. From his bared head long white locks flowed away, until they mingled with the snowy beard, which reached down to his waist.

"Father, I am here," ventured Naraini again, for she felt no fear now, but only reverence as she looked upon him.

Slowly he turned his face round, until his deep sunk eyes fell upon the child. "Ah, daughter, is it thou?" he asked, in the strange far-away voice of one recalled from wandering thoughts.

"Even I, father. Thou didn't command me."

"Aye, child, I did. I called thee for thy good," said the Bairagi, with an authority in his tone he had not used before. "Listen to my words. This day thou hast saved a holy man, and yet one but mortal in the flesh. Fearing not the Voice from the Darkness thou didn't come to me. For this I desire to reward thee."

"I seek no reward, father. It is enough for me that I have helped so holy a man."

"There is wisdom in thy words, my daughter. Such wisdom and philosophy as are not often apparent, even in thy elders. There is much pleasant and profitable reflection in the knowledge of a good deed done. But thou art a child. Youth dreams of the future. It appreciates not the present, nor gathers satisfaction from the past. Therefore, in the future shall thy reward be. Wish then, and thy wish shall be fulfilled."

Naraini was taken aback at the suddenness of this proposal, and tried hard to think. But ignorance had contracted her imagination, and penury limited her requirements. Food was the first idea that suggested itself, but then she reflected that the Bairagi had not been able to find food for himself, how then could he conjure it for her? Next her thoughts turned to a close-fitting bodice of bright red cloth, stamped with silver patterns, such as the village goldsmith's daughter wore at the annual fair—but even as this ambition occurred to her mind her eyes fell upon the simple ochre-coloured covering the Bairagi affected, the badge of his mendicant calling. A goat next suggested itself—a she goat in which there was great prospective wealth and increment of milk and kids—but this was lost to view the next moment in the audacious idea presented by the
acquisition of a silver bangle, such as Perim, the village
money-lender's daughter, possessed. On reflection, how­
ever, this seemed too much to ask for, and Naraini's range
of wishes being exhausted, she had no resource left but to
fall back upon the first one, and was deliberating between
due seductive species of sweets, and several tempting kinds
of fruits and vegetables, when the Bairagi, divining her
difficulty, again spoke.

"I see thou art in hesitation, daughter." he said.
"Thy life is little, and little are thy wants. But I will
help thee."

He unloosed from his arm an amulet or charm, to which
was attached a small cylinder. This he carefully opened,
and shook out a few grains of black powder. Then from a
leaf, by a deft curl, he made a small cup, and mixing the
powder in a little water, stirred it with his finger,
repeating all the while some mysterious incantation. After
which he handed it to Naraini.

"Drink, my daughter," he said. "Drink and wish."

"But, father," protested Naraini timidly, "I am a
Rajpoot's daughter, and may not drink from the hand of a
stranger."

"Fear nothing, but drink. A Brahmin offers it to
thee," and he touched his junwa, or sacred thread. This
was sufficient. For in India, although moral force is an
almost unknown quantity in the economy of native life, there
still exists one example of it greater than any in civilised
Europe—the moral force of caste. So gross, and yet so
easy, a deception as to wrongfully assume another caste has
been made impossible, solely by the moral sentiment of
the Hindoos.

Naraini took the leaf-cup and drank. As the liquid
touched her lips her senses swooned away. She felt her
knees fail under her, and was conscious of slowly sinking to
the ground. Then all was deepest slumber and oblivion.

Prone at the Bairagi's feet she lay, her slight lithe form
extended gracefully, her fair young face turned upwards,
her eyes wide open, fixed in an unnatural stare upon the
moon, whose beams bathed her in a soft flood of light.

It might have been an instant, or an hour, or a day,
or even a year that she lay there, for she could not tell.
But when she regained her senses there sat the Bairagi,
cross-legged and oracular, in the self-same place, gazing at
her with deep sad eyes. Only the moon seemed higher in
the sky, and a great change had been wrought in her. For,
in the space of time that had intervened since last she
looked upon him, there had been revealed to her a higher existence in a strange and beautiful world, and it had educated her to new and marvellous desires.

“Wish now, my daughter,” whispered the old Bairagi, sitting motionless.

“Ah! sacred father!” she cried, starting to her feet, and pressing her fingers to her eyes and temples as one bewildered, “where have I been? What have I seen? Why did I not know it all before? I was a Queen, and lived in a shining palace with gilded domes and lofty halls and marble balconies, and spacious splendid rooms. I was clothed in costly silks and jewels, my hair was decked with rarest flowers, and many hand-maidens waited on me. Under the windows of my chamber flowed the holy River that bears away the souls of men to the sea of Life. Upon its tide the white sailed boats were floating all day long, and its banks were fringed with palm trees and green groves. Beyond it the level plain country stretched far away into the sunlight’s golden haze, where I seemed to see the faint indistinct outlines of the snowy mountains of my home that had been. But my home was no longer there, but in that beautiful palace, shining with gold and marble. And there was a great city, and temples, and gardens, and groves, and flowers, and fountains, and birds. It was the Land of Enjoyment, and everywhere was luxury and wealth, and I was the Queen of all. Father! Why did’st thou not leave me there? Why hast thou called me back to poverty and want?”

“Wish now, my daughter,” was all that the old Bairagi replied. But a pitying look came into his eyes as he gazed upon her.

“Ah! sayest thou so? May I still wish?” Naraini cried, in tones tremulous with excitement and joy. “Let me then live, oh, Father, in that palace which I have seen. Let me be as beautiful, and as great, and as powerful as they told me that I was. Let me be that Queen, oh, dear and sacred father! I beseech thee, let me be that Queen!”

“Child,” answered the old man, sadly, “Thou shalt be that Queen!”
THE MADRAS ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS.

An educational society of great practical value, the Association of Women Teachers, Madras, has lately held its second annual meeting, when the Rev. J. T. Lawrence presided. Miss Oxley read the Report, which showed that the objects of the Society have been well kept in view. These objects are: 1. To stimulate an interest in, and to promote a knowledge of, the art of teaching; 2. To encourage sociability and co-operation among the members of the profession. A Paper by Miss Dryden of Guntur, was read by Mrs. Brander. It was entitled, "Our Profession." Quoting Lord Bacon, who said "Every man owes a debt to his profession," the writer argued that teachers should feel a pride in their work, and that they should guard their profession as jealously as medical men guarded theirs. She advocated, too, a broad and generous spirit, so that whatever was found to be productive of good in the school-room should be made the property of all fellow-teachers. Referring to the principles to be kept in view in the training of children, Miss Dryden said that education ought to secure the harmonious development of the faculties, both general and individual, and that care should be taken to check tendencies which might interfere with this development. In regard to the teacher herself, her character was of the greatest importance, as children were so very imitative and so susceptible to outside influences. She should, moreover, aim at continual self-culture, using diligent efforts to keep her mind fresh by reading and thinking, and by observing new facts and new points of experience. Altogether the lecturer set before the members of the Society a very high ideal. "Keep constantly in mind, teachers, she urged, the great work that you represent. Ours is a noble profession; we should enter upon it with motives the purest that can actuate the human heart; we should be confident of our ability to discharge the duties devolving upon us. Lastly, our motto should be,

"'Think truly, and thy thoughts
    Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and such work of thine
    Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
    A great and noble creed.'"
The meetings for lectures and for model lessons held by this Society have proved very helpful to the members, and the library appears to be much resorted to. Of late years teachers in England have realised the great advantages of united discussion of common difficulties, and the inspiriting effect of pleasant intercourse. In consequence, there is far less of depressing isolation than formerly, and good methods can circulate with greater freedom. We are glad that in India a beginning has been made in the same direction.

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THE MOSLIMS OF LIVERPOOL.

With regret I learn that some Musalmans have been attacked by the inhabitants of Liverpool while performing their religious duties in the Mosque. I believe I am correct in saying it is the only city where Moslims have a place for their worship, and it is a great pity that they should be attacked by the bigoted people of the city while they are in their sacred place. I think I have a right to suggest that the Moslims of Liverpool should be afforded the police protection, especially when they are in the Mosque.

In our country (India) the Christians, and the places of worship, are protected by the police if in any danger. The congregation does not seem to have given any offence, and yet for a month or so they have been exposed to persecution of the vilest abuse; stones and mud were thrown on them by the mob.

In India missionaries and their subordinates preach, and very often speak against the religions of Musalmans and Hindoos, and yet they are protected; how much more should the Musalmans of Liverpool receive protection from the police when they do not seem to have offended any party!

We, the foreigners, while residing in this country, require better protection than is afforded us, and to those unoffending Musalmans.

I was really surprised to know that things of this kind should occur in a civilized country like England, and especially in a city like Liverpool.

I hope the public will soon take notice of what happened in Liverpool on the 15th of last month (November), and previously.

S. A. M. S.
THE INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

THE Balfour Memorial Medal.

We have much pleasure in giving some details connected with the Memorial Medal founded by the University of Madras in memory of the late Surgeon-General Edward Balfour, which has for its object the encouragement of medical training for women. In this object, as is well known, Dr. Balfour took practical and continued interest. He it was who recommended the Madras Government to sanction the admission of lady students to the Medical College. The sanction was granted; five students at once presented themselves, among these Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., and Mrs. Fellows (late Miss White) who has for many years practised at Hyderabad. After his retirement, Surgeon-General Balfour proved in many ways his confidence in the value of the Medical Women for India movement, and his last public act was to take the chair in connexion with that movement at a meeting in London. The Madras University Calendar contains the following paragraph, under the head of "Endowments."

"Balfour Memorial Medal.

This medal was founded by the Committee instituted to collect funds for commemorating in a suitable manner the services of the late Surgeon-General E. Balfour, and was accepted by the Senate at a meeting held on the 30th April 1890. The endowment consists of Rs. 1,200, invested in 4 per cent. Government securities, and represents the unexpended balance of the sum raised by the Committee, the remainder having been otherwise applied.

The object of the endowment is the encouragement of the medical education of females, a measure in which Surgeon-General Balfour took a deep interest, and is attained by providing with the interest accruing on the endowment a Gold Medal, which is awarded to that female candidate who, in passing the second L.M.S. examination, obtains the highest number of marks in midwifery and the diseases of women and children, provided she obtained not less than 75 per cent. of the total number of marks allotted to that subject. If in any year the medal be not awarded, the interest is added to the Fund.

The Gold Medal is engraved on one side with a portrait of the head of Dr. Balfour, and on the obverse are the words "University of Madras."
POSTSCRIPT TO "SOCIAL ETIQUETTE IN INDIA."

It should have been stated at the commencement of the articles on "Native Social Etiquette" in India, which appeared last year in this Magazine, that they were intended to apply, more particularly, to Upper India— including the North West Provinces, Oude, and the Punjab. They are indeed, generally speaking, more or less applicable to all parts of the country, excepting the seaport towns, where, Europeans and Indians being brought more closely into contact, the latter have largely acquired the habits of the former; and the social etiquette between the two races is, therefore, to a considerable extent, conducted on a European basis. This is conspicuously the case in Bombay, where Parsees, enlightened Indians—Hindus and Muhammedans—and Europeans, are constantly mixing together freely in "society." The freer intercourse between Englishmen and Indians, which now takes place in England, contributes to the same result. The Indian, who has passed two or three years or more in this country, in most cases maintains, whenever possible, the habits there acquired on returning to his own. The etiquette amongst Hindus and Muhammedans only is, as just stated, much the same throughout India. As, however, in all countries there are provincial peculiarities, both in practices and in speech, so in this, independent altogether of European influence, there are points of etiquette (and dialects) confined to certain localities, with which it would be well for those, whose lot is likely to be cast in them, to be acquainted. It has been suggested that the distinctive features of each province in this respect should be noted—the whole to be collated and published in a small volume. I may say that, unless some abler pen could be enlisted in the cause, I should be very much obliged to any one who would kindly furnish me with such information, not only in view of the suggestion being (possibly) carried out, but for record in these pages.

I would take this opportunity of correcting a striking clerical error in the September number of the Indian
Magazine & Review. At page 459, in the 13th line, the word *phenomena* (in the quotation from Sir Monier William's "Hinduism") should be *manifestations*.

Besides the publications recommended to the tropical resident at the close of the December article—viz., Hunter's "Brief History of the People of India," Sir M. Monier Williams' "Hinduism," and Stobart's "Islam," I would add the "Rise and Decline of Islam"—one of the Present Day Tracts—by Sir William Muir.

C. R. FRANCIS.

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THE INDIAN INSTITUTE.

We have the pleasure to announce that his Highness the Thakore Saheb of Gondal, K.C.I.E., has sent to Sir M. Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E., the sum of two thousand pounds sterling (about Rs. 29,000), as a contribution to the Oxford Indian Institute Extension Fund. His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, G.C.S.I., has contributed £200 to the same Fund. A sum of about £3,500 is still required to be raised before April next.
The Viceroy and the Marchioness of Lansdowne on their return from Cashmere visited—November 14—the city of Umritsur, celebrated for the magnificent Golden Temple of the Sikhs. An address was presented by the Municipal Committee, who spoke of their city as "the cradle of the flower of Sikh soldiery." They referred to the proposed Khalsa College for the education of boys of rank in the Sikh community, the site of which is to be at Umritsur. The Viceregal party afterwards visited a large carpet factory, which is one of the sights of the city. In the evening there were brilliant illuminations and fireworks, when the Golden Temple, which stands in the midst of a very large tank, was adorned with myriads of coloured lamps.

The Governor of Bombay has lately made a tour in Sind. At Kurrachee he distributed the prizes to the boys of the Grammar School, and he visited the salt works, where salt is procured from sea water by a very simple evaporating arrangement. Mr. H. J. Rustamjee's immense place of business was also visited. At Hyderabad, Lord Harris inspected several institutions, including the Female Training School, the Hyderabad Training College, and the Women's Hospital. At the latter institution the lady doctor, Miss Warner, conducted his Excellency over the building.

A show of Arts and Crafts has been held at Surat, in which Mr. Lely, the Collector, has taken great interest. There were over 7,000 exhibits, including carvings, kinkobs, silks, and cotton cloth, and 902 specimens of embroidery. There were also good metal work, a collection of quaint toys, ivory work, earthenware lamps and other pottery, carpentry, and needlework. The exhibition was altogether very interesting. The Gujarati remarks that this large display, collected in so short a time, encourages the hope that, in spite of the decay of indigenous arts and industries, much can still be done by organised efforts to preserve what is good and excellent in the crafts of the country.

The Madras School of Arts has made satisfactory progress in regard to its number of students, these being increased from 364 to 424, and it is interesting to learn that over half the number belong to the poorer classes.

Mr. P. N. Bose, Deputy Superintendent of the Geological Department, presided lately at a meeting held at Calcutta for the purpose of considering how to improve the industrial condition of
India. He urged the importance of making railways and working mines upon a large scale. "A nation of half-starved clerks and coolies and cultivators will never," he said, "make sound progress."

Mr. Nusserwanjee Manockjee Petit, J.P., of Bombay, died suddenly at Poona, on November 21. He had been in indifferent health since the death of his only son, in 1888. Mr. Nusserwanjee took part in numerous schemes connected with public utility and charity, and, in memory of his son, he established and endowed a large orphanage, for which the foundation stone of the new premises was laid only two months ago.

It is proposed to erect a Sanitarium for Women and Children, near Nassick Road Station, in the Deccan. The land for this Hospital has already been purchased, through the generosity, it is said, of Dr. Edith Pechey-Phipson. There will be one principal building, and also detached cottages, which, it is hoped, will be built by individual donors. Mr. Sorabjee Shapurjee Bengallee, C.I.E., is the Honorary Treasurer; Mr. H. M. Phipson and Dr. Bhalchandra Krishna, are the Honorary Secretaries.

The brother of the Gaikwar, Shrimant Sampatrao, who, not long ago, was a student at Oxford, has made his large and valuable library free for the public at Baroda. The Maharaja Gaikwar proposes to grant a new building for the institution. It is said that the total cost of the books amounts to nearly a lakh of rupees.

We have received the tenth report of H.H. the Maharani's Girls' School, Mysore, which was presented at the annual meeting, held in the middle of October last. This School is largely attended by girls of Brahmin families—the class usually the most prejudiced against female education; and it is an interesting fact that it includes seventy-one pupils over the age of twelve. Another point for satisfaction is that five lady teachers have been appointed from among the higher pupils, and that efforts are being made to introduce lady teachers in all the classes, as well as in other girls' schools of the State. During the past year the School has been placed under a managing committee, who bear testimony "to the efficient state in which they found the School, and which is due chiefly to the zeal, ability, and energy of the late Hon. Secretary, Rai Babadur A. Narasun Jengar." The average attendance has been 302. The Maharaja takes great interest in the School, and it was remarked by the Dewan Sahib at the prize-giving that it is his Highness's earnest hope that this institution may always be a model for all other schools in the State to imitate, and that by its practical success, usefulness, and beneficence it will "make female education so widely popular as to become a source of light and happiness to every home in the land."
The Poona Ladies' Needlework Club held their first Exhibition last September, under the presidency of Lady Harris. It included many beautiful specimens of old as well as of modern work. The first prize was gained by a Parsi lady; the Rani of Mudhol won an important prize, as did a Mahomedan lady for some gold embroidery, which was included in the collection sent by the Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association, Bombay. The object of the Exhibition was twofold—to stimulate a love of needlework, and to revive interest in many kinds of Indian embroideries which now seem to be so celebrated. Mrs. Chatfield gave a short account of the origin of the Club and described its pleasant meetings, after which Lady Harris distributed the prizes. The Exhibition was open on three days, on one of which gentlemen were admitted.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

We have the pleasure to mention that Mr. D. P. Cama, of St. Mark's Road, North Kensington, lately offered to erect a drinking fountain in his neighbourhood, at a cost not exceeding 100 guineas, if the Vestry would undertake to supply it with water. In making this proposal, Mr. Cama stated that he and his late wife had been grieved to find that children, in going to and from Wormwood Scrubs, often called at their house to allay their thirst with a glass of water, and that he should be pleased to give them the benefit of a public fountain. The Vestry have accepted with thanks the conditions of Mr. D. P. Cama's kind scheme.

In the late Previous Examinations of the University of Cambridge, Part II., Abdulla K. B. Yusuf Ali (St. John's) passed in the First Class, and Jankni Nath Kaul (non-collegiate) in the Fourth Class.

Framroz Muncherji Dadina was among the students who received the B.A. degree at Cambridge on December 17.

Arrival.—Mr. A. B. Master, from Bombay.

Departures.—Mr. B. B. Dorabshett, Mr. George Pires, Mr. D. J. Mantri, Mr. Abdoolah R. Sayani, and Mr. Ahmed R. Sayani, for Bombay; Mr. M. Soleiman, for Patna; Mirza Fakrudeen Ahmed, for Hyderabad; Mr. Abdul Alim, and Mr. Bazal Subban, for N.W.P.

We acknowledge with thanks Annual Report of the Girls' Schools, Northern and Central Circles, Madras, 1890—1891.
POST OFFICE NOTICE.

Reduction of Postage on Newspapers, Books, Patterns, &c., for Places Abroad.—On and after the 1st of January 1892, the postage chargeable on newspapers, books, printed papers, commercial papers, patterns, and samples, for all destinations outside the United Kingdom, will be fixed uniformly at the undermentioned rates:—For newspapers, books, and printed papers generally, ½d. per 2 ozs.; for patterns and samples, ½d. per 2 ozs. (minimum charge 1d.); for commercial papers, ½d. per 2 ozs. (minimum charge of 2½d.). The postage on packets containing more than one newspaper will no longer be chargeable on each paper, but simply according to the bulk weight of the packet. The above-named rates should in all cases be prepaid: no packet can be sent forward wholly unpaid; but if by inadvertence the postage is insufficiently prepaid, double the deficit will be chargeable on delivery.

** The Index to the volume of the Indian Magazine and Review for 1891 will be issued with the February number. **