A TIME OF MOURNING.

The month of January has been painfully marked by the death, on the 14th of last month, at Sandringham, of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who was heir, in succession to his father, the Prince of Wales, to the throne of England. The year began for this young Prince with the brightest hopes, for his marriage with the Princess May, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, was to take place within a few weeks. But he was attacked by influenza, the result of a severe chill. Prince Albert Victor was surrounded by his grieving relatives, and his illness was watched with anxious, and finally disappointed, hopes, by the British nation. In less than a week the end came, in spite of assiduous nursing and the most skilful medical treatment. The funeral took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Wednesday, January 20th, which was observed as a day of general mourning over the whole country.

When the sad news had been flashed abroad by telegraph, innumerable messages of sympathy and condolence were returned from the Colonies, from India, and from foreign countries. The Prince had so recently made a tour in India that the shock of his death has been nowhere felt more keenly. At Calcutta the telegram was received at about 5 p.m. on January 15th, when the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne were preparing to start for the Town Hall, to take part in the unveiling of a memorial portrait of Lady Dufferin, which ceremony was immediately postponed. At the Session of the Legislative Council on the following day, the Viceroy, deferring, by common consent, the business in
hand, dwelt in a few well-chosen words upon the sad event which had cut off, in the opening of life, a Prince whose acquaintance had been made by many when he visited India two years ago. The Lieut.-Governor, as representing Bengal, expressed the sympathy of that vast province at the untimely death of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and moved that the Viceroy be requested to convey to Her Majesty the respectful sympathy of the Council, the Raja of Bhinga seconding that resolution. The Viceroy at the close of the meeting read a telegram from the Queen, thanking him for the message of condolence sent on the 14th, and saying that she was confident of the sympathy of her loyal Indian subjects. The High Court was adjourned, all entertainments were postponed, and a few days later a large public meeting was convened by representatives of all sections of the community, in order to give expression to the sorrow felt at Prince Albert Victor's death. At Bombay and Madras, and indeed all over India, the news was received with profound regret by Europeans and Indians alike, while the deepest sympathy has been everywhere manifested with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the young Princess who was so soon to have been a happy bride. It would take up more than our whole space to chronicle the various meetings and addresses of condolence, by which the subjects in India of the Queen-Empress, and the rulers of Native States have indicated their loyal feelings, in reference to this lamentable event.

The death of the Prince has important public bearings, but it also touches the domestic sentiments which rule in every civilised country. Sympathy with the Royal Family has in consequence been as genuine as it has been widespread, and though nothing can avail to assuage their sorrow, it may afford some satisfaction to every member of that family to realise at this sad time that "young men and maidens, old men and children," over the vast British Empire—men and women of every class, and of every race, understand their grief, and affectionately desire for them every alleviation that can be hoped for under the heavy trial which God has called upon them to endure.

The following official telegram was published in the newspapers of January 21:

"The Prince and Princess of Wales are anxious to express to her Majesty's subjects, whether in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, or in India, the sense of their
deep gratitude for the universal feeling of sympathy manifested towards them at a time when they are overpowered by the terrible calamity which they have sustained in the loss of their beloved eldest son.

"If sympathy at such a moment is of any avail, the remembrance that their grief has been shared by all classes will be a lasting consolation to their sorrowing hearts, and, if possible, will make them more than ever attached to their dear country.

"Windsor Castle, Jan. 20, 1892."

The Indians in England have, through Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, expressed their condolence with Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family, in regard to the death of H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, as also the London Anjuman-i-Islam, through their President, Mr. A. A. Hussanally.
NOTES OF TRAVEL—SOUTHERN INDIA.

The large and increasing number of travellers who annually visit India, in the majority of cases on landing at Bombay direct their steps northward. The programme mapped out for the tourist is to spend a few days in lionizing Bombay and its environs, then to take one of the two main lines of railway which lead direct up to the great cities of Northern India—one by way of Baroda, Ahmedabad, Mount Abu, and Jeypore, and so on to Delhi; the other, should he prefer it, by way of Jubbulpore to the junction at Allahabad, and so westward, along the East Indian Railway, also to Delhi. By taking one of these two routes and returning by the other he can combine the wonderful cities of Delhi, Agra and Lucknow, the deeply interesting locality of Cawnpore, and if he desire to extend his journey to the sacred city of Benares, he can do so by following the Ganges downwards from Allahabad, and eventually, if he so pleases, to Calcutta.

None can find fault with this programme. It is the very best that can be devised for the tourist who wishes to see the most attractive sights of India within the limits of the winter months. I envy the Englishman who visits Bombay for the first time. The entrance to the harbour from the sea in the early morning, with the glorious sunrise over the distant Ghauts, is, in itself, a poem to be remembered. The straggling city of Bombay to the left, bounded by irregular hills fringed with the palm and cocoanut, the grand range of the Ghauts beyond—which, from their basaltic formation, take the forms of towers and castles—Elephanta and other islands in mid-channel, with the moving panorama of ships of all nations, steamers and country craft, all combine to produce a scene which never before could have been pictured to the mind of the new comer, even in the highest flights of his fancy.

A wonderful change has been wrought in Bombay during the last few years. But, unless the European traveller had been personally acquainted with the previous condition of the city, with its tortuous roads and streets, almost impassable from dirt and pollution, with its surface sewers, with the crowded native quarters destitute of every
civilised appliance, he would not be immediately struck with the vast improvements which have of late been made in the city. The Municipal and other palatial buildings which meet his eye are too similar to those he has left behind him at home. Who, however, can describe the novelty of his impressions on driving through the native town? The variety of form and colour in the native houses, every recess, verandah, and roof full of effect, every shop affording materials for the artist; the extraordinary gharries, ekkas, and vehicles drawn by sleek Brahminy bullocks, the patient, stolid buffaloes, the water-carriers, with and without their skin-laden oxen, the picturesque scenes at all the public fountains, the variety of costume, the turbans of every shape and colour, and, above and beyond all, the native figure—often when unadorned adorned the most—the natural grace of his or her attitude, fit subjects at every turn for a sculptor's study—I say that all these sights present themselves to his vision almost as in a trance.

Well then, tearing himself from Bombay, he may proceed, as I have said, by way of Baroda, the capital of the territory of the Gaekwar, to Jeypore—said to be the most beautiful city in India, "a rose-red city half as old as time"—stopping, of course, en route at Ahmedabad, which, besides being the head-quarters of the Northern Division of the Bombay Army, contains some of the most exquisite specimens of Mahommedan architecture, and resting at these places, not forgetting Mount Abu, with infinite delight to himself, he will eventually find himself landed safely at Delhi.

But my present object is more with Southern India, and I have only thus casually referred to the Northern route to justify the selection of that route should time not admit of a visit to the South as well as to the North.

It fell to my lot, not many years since, from circumstances not necessary here to explain, to visit the South of India. Comparatively speaking, the South does not come within the range of the ordinary winter tour, and is rarely visited. I know that some travellers find an attraction in going to countries merely because only a few have been there before them, seeking for adventure or information and finding none. I was particularly struck with the futility of such journeyings on reading De Windt's recent book, entitled, "From Pekin to Calais." It was a plucky journey, and is amusingly told; but the fact remains that he traversed some thousands of miles of arid deserts with-
out any apparent object or advantage except to rate that no European had been there before him, and that he suffered from much dirt and discomfort in consequence. This observation, I need scarcely say, does not apply to Southern India, which, if not equally interesting with the North, nor so frequently visited, still possesses great attractions in itself, and those comparatively few travellers who do break into this less frequented ground will be abundantly rewarded for their trouble.

From Bombay I found myself, after a long and uninteresting railway journey, at Madras—a distance of about 800 miles. The city, as many of your readers know, is of large extent, covering with its suburbs some nine miles of coast. It is situated on a flat, unbroken strand, on which the much-dreaded surf beats unceasingly. It certainly contains wide roads, open spaces and approaches, and some handsome edifices, and amongst the latter an admirably ordered clubhouse. But, to my view, it suffers in comparison with the harbour of Bombay, the striking promontories of Colaba and Malabar Point, Malabar Hill, and the noble sweep of Back Bay. The Madras native appeared to me of a different type from the native of Bombay; the women, too, dress differently, they wear no bodice, the pretty little ornamented bodice worn in Bombay is wanting, and with it the support to the figure, and the saree is not worn over the head but thrown over the shoulder. Leaving Madras without regret, except so far as regret might be coupled with gratitude for the hospitality shown to me by various friends in that city, I took the train to Erode Junction, and there branched off to Tanjore, and thence to Trichinopoly and Madura; the vegetation, the native huts, and general aspect of the country becoming more and more tropical as the rail tended southward. The Hindoo Pagodas at each of these towns are magnificent structures, wholly uninjured by the Mahommedan power. No finer examples of temple architecture can be found throughout the length and breadth of India. The temple at Tanjore, with its colossal bull sculptured out of the solid rock, is perhaps the finest specimen extant of the pyramidal order of Hindoo architecture; that at Trichinopoly, or rather at Seringham, only separated from the town by the sacred river Cauvery, is a marvellous aggregation of Gopuras, or massive entrance gates, gardens and colonnaded halls, all surrounded by walled enclosures, one within the other, seven in number, the outer enclosure being a quarter of a mile square; that at Madura is again
NOTES ON TRAVEL.

an aggregation of Gopuras, temples and tanks, with colonnaded halls and vestibules, the pillars of which are elaborately carved with Hindoo deities in strong relief out of the solid block, the whole, as at Seringham, being surrounded with walls enclosing a very large area. Hinduism, or I should rather say, Bramahnism, is rampant here, and those whose interest is centred in that cult and in temple architecture, will find in these temples abundant food to satisfy all their intellectual longings.

One would have supposed that these magnificent monuments, all situate within easy reach of each other, would have exhausted the religious zeal and the accumulate wealth of the Hindoo population of those parts. But, no, there is yet another Pagoda of the same age and character in Southern India, situate, however, at such a remote corner of the province, and so inaccessible, that the wonder is how the materials and skilled labour could have been got together to build it. I mean the Great Temple of Ramiseram, in the island of Paumben.

Leaving the railway I had to organise a regular transit by bullock bandy for the 70 miles of road (if road it can be called) between Madura and Ramnad, and on from Ramnad, by a long night journey, to Mundepam on the margin of the channel which separates the main land from the Island of Paumben. A singular experience, in these days of rapid locomotion, is a long journey by bullock bandy—a two-wheeled vehicle destitute of springs, covered with a tilt of rough matting, and provided inside with a layer of straw, on which rests a thin mattress. Attached to this vehicle, yoked to the pole, are a couple of small oxen, which jog on at the rate of two miles an hour. In this I was jolted and thumped over sandy wastes and across the dry beds of lagoons and rivers, changing oxen at stages of about eight miles, until eventually, bruised and wearied, I was turned out at 5 o'clock in the morning at Mundepam. Here, by moonlight, I transferred myself and baggage into an open country boat to cross the channel. A few naked men, their dark skins glancing under the moon, helped me; the bandy was paid off, the great ragged cotton sail was hoisted, and we ran across the channel in good style. The boat was beached on the shore of the Island, far away from any habitation, and I landed on the sand as if I had been the first discoverer of Paumben. Some assistance was, by good chance, after a time procured from the aborigines; and, mounting a pony, I traversed the eight miles to the Great Temple of Ramiseram. The road
is flanked the whole distance on both sides with small temples, tanks, and chutrums (or halting places for pilgrims), and is flagged with large flat stones. The chief feature of the Pagoda is its situation at this extreme end of the world, but in other respects it much resembles that of Madura—long corridors, each 240 yards in length, enclosing the sacred places inside. It is, however, the most sacred of all the temples, and thousands of pilgrims—dusty, foot-sore, and way-worn—flock there from all parts of India; some few, from excess of devotion, actually carrying pots of Ganges water, suspended from the two ends of a bamboo slung across the shoulders, to pour over the God on arriving at the temple.

Having arrived at this end of the world, the question was how to get out of it? To return by bullock bandy was agony too grievous to be contemplated, so I chartered an open country boat—a tub of a thing, half worm-eaten, the spars spliced with cocoa-nut fibre rope, the cotton sails all falling to pieces, and manned by a crew of eight naked men, all Mahometans, who agreed for 80 rupees to convey me to Tuticorin. Calling out to each other in wild responses, they tugged at the rough cocoa-nut fibre cable, hoisting up the anchor, and, as the ragged jib was set and filled, we rounded to the strong north-east wind, and made a good run of it to the anchorage under the lee of a promontory about half-way across. There at nightfall we anchored. It was a magnificent starlight night. The uncouth boat, the wild-looking naked crew, the unknown shore with the glare here and there of a fire burning on the beach, the fish curry cooked by the men on board in a very primitive fashion for my supper, gave the scene the charm of novelty. On the following day I was landed safely at the sparkling little town of Tuticorin, glad to be out of the rickety old craft.

During the coffee-picking season in Ceylon, there is a good deal of life at Tuticorin, from which port the coolies embark for their work in the coffee plantations, and to which they return when the work is over. About 300,000 coolies in good years pass to and from Ceylon on an average, the trading schooners carrying them across at two rupees a-head. I was told that, out of a population of 12,000 in Tuticorin, 6,000 were Roman Catholics. There are two large Churches of that faith in the town, one of them nearly 100 years old. That Church has been purposely so contrived as to be only one step in advance of the Hindoo Pagoda; the images at the altar are
periodically painted and dressed very much as the Hindoo God in his holy of holies is painted and dressed; Christian symbols are enshrined exactly after the fashion of Hindoo symbols; processions are arranged like the Hindoo processions; between the massive buttresses outside the Church stands the car on which the Virgin is seated—the facsimile of the car of Vishna or Siva outside the Hindoo temple; lights, bells, flowers, tinfoil and perfume are the accompaniments of both. The Hindoo, in that way, passes on to Christianity by very easy stages, and finds himself transferred from one faith to the other, both being much of the same outward character.

There are the same marked evidences of the progress of Christianity at Tinnevelly, which place I visited before leaving Tuticorin (though the means might not be considered to be altogether the same) under the missionary efforts of Doctors Serjeant and Caldwell. Churches and schools have been built at Tinnevelly and in neighbouring villages, and the result is that the Protestant form of Christianity has there become an undoubted fact, the converts being reckoned there also by thousands. The moderation and good sense with which this work is organised struck me as most admirable. For instance, about 70 girls, all native converts of the higher castes, were being trained for school teachers, all being boarded and lodged in the compound. These girls, after they are certificated, are sent out as superintendents of neighbouring village schools. It is not made a condition that the children should be Christians, but a Christian catechism is taught, and the Scriptures, or at all events Scripture stories, are read in all the schools. The parents, so far from objecting make constant application for the establishment of these schools in their own villages, the children quietly imbibe the instruction, and the results are thus easily accounted for.

At Tuticorin I was picked up by one of the British India Steam Navigation Company’s steamers, and then commenced what was to me a delightful yachting voyage up the Malabar Coast. The ship was new and clean. I had a roomy cabin all to myself, for there were not more than four or five first-class passengers on board; the table was excellent, and the Captain pleasant and accommodating. Leaving Tuticorin and rounding the grand headland of Cape Comorin, we anchored at Colachel, Allipey, Cochin, Beypore, Calicut, Budagherry, Tillicherry,
Cannarore, Mangalore, Carwar, Goa, Vingorla and Rutnagherry, and thence on to Bombay. Whilst the ship was discharging and taking in cargo at each of these places, I landed, by permission of the Captain, who always said he would not sail without me, and roamed about on shore for three or four hours. Each place has a character of its own, the natives vary in type as well as in their costume, their boats, &c., so that the interest of the voyage is kept up the whole time, and the magnificent outline of the Western Ghauts, which stretch the whole way from Cape Comorin to Bombay, is in view from first to last, the shadows and colours on the mountains affording a constant treat to the eye in the way of landscape. I should observe that the landing from the ship, and returning to it, was not without some excitement. Except at Carwar there is no natural harbour on the Western Coast between Galle and Bombay. Consequently, the ship always anchors in the open roadstead about three miles from the shore; the native boats which come out with the mail and to embark or land passengers are of the rudest kind, often a mere "dug out," sometimes a catamaran with a log of wood for an outrigger, sometimes a flat-bottomed canoe with the planks merely sewn together—the crew, paddles and tackle being all in keeping. At Mangalore, in returning from the shore to the ship when quite alone, I really thought we should never get back to her, as a strong head wind had sprung up and the canoe tumbled about over the bar which we had to cross, taking in plenty of green sea from stem to stern. But I could not help admiring the skill of the native crew, who pulled away with their bamboo oars, chattering and singing the whole time with great vehemence.

It is impossible for me, within the limits of these pages to notice all these most interesting places on the Malabar Coast at which the ship touched on this voyage, but I cannot pass over Cochin, with its remarkable system of inland navigation called the Backwater. I landed, as usual, in the canoe called the mailboat, a pull of three miles to the entrance leading into the Backwater. It is a narrow and shallow entrance, bounded on all sides by cocoanut trees. Once having passed the entrance, the Backwater expands into a broad estuary or lagoon, running north and south parallel with the sea for upwards of a hundred miles, and divided from the sea only by a narrow strip of land thickly overgrown with cocoanut trees, which yield a large quantity of fruit. It forms an extensive means of communication by water with all parts of the
fertile district which surrounds it, and an active commerce, chiefly in coffee, cocoanuts, the fibre, oil, &c., is carried on between it and Bombay in country vessels, as evidenced by the numerous bunder boats and native trading craft of very primitive construction, which I found moored off the town. Strange that, besides the Roman Catholic chapels, of which I counted seven or eight on the shore, there should be a colony of white Jews, which have been settled here for centuries. A second boat from Cochin jetty took me up the Backwater for about two miles to the colony, situate entirely apart from the rest of the town. There I found two synagogues, into one of which I was fortunate enough to enter (it being their Sabbath) just as service was commencing. There was a large assemblage in the building of unmistakable Jews, clothed in flowing garments of silk of the most brilliant colours, and it appeared to me that the ceremonial which ensued conducted by the Rabbis, corresponded very closely with the ritual of those of the same faith at home. The Chief Rabbi told me that there were 200 white Jews in Cochin, and about 1,000 black Jews; but how they came here, or why they remain an isolated community in this remote district, I could not ascertain.

I am loth to leave unrecorded the many interesting particulars of this trip to Southern India, which crowd upon me as I write, and which I feel I have passed over—they must be supplied by the Guide book and the Gazetteer—but I do not profess to present to the readers of these pages more than an imperfect outline of the trip, otherwise I might be open to the charge of having monopolised more space than the occasion demands.

C. R. Williams.
SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

In the current number of The Journal of Indian Art, published by Mr. Griggs, Sir George Birdwood has contributed a charming article on the collections of Indian art in Marlborough House and at Sandringham Hall, the town and country residences of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. These collections comprise the rich and rare gifts presented by Indian princes and chiefs to his Royal Highness in the course of his visit to India in 1874. As a student of the special branch of art to which he has devoted himself, Sir George Birdwood values the Native States chiefly as vast preserves of the traditionary arts of India. "As I have observed elsewhere [Journal of the East India Association, Vol. XXI. No. 4, 1889], they are as a garden enclosed against the destructive influences of the outer world by the powerful protection of the British Government; and what is above all things to be desired in the interest of Indian art is that the British Government itself should not overstep the wall of defence set up by it round about the Native States. The great dread is of the advancing tide of western civilisation in India; for whether the British Government were there or not, and all the quicker were it not there, the aggressive forces of our modern commerce, mechanical industry, and freethought, must in the end bring about the destruction of the ancient indigenous civilisation of India, and of its wise and wary founders, the Brahmanical Hindus. India is the last reservation of Aryan antiquity, the only chance of the indefinite survival of which is in the Native States, or, as they have been aptly called, 'India of the Rajahs;' and what is so much to be desiderated is that, by scrupulously sustaining their internal forces in equilibrium with those of the external world, we should perpetuate them as they are to the end of time. If Thebes and Babylon could have been placed under the protection of some paramount power all through the tumultuous Eastern history of the past three thousand years, and so handed down to the present day the still living practice of their archaic arts, how glorious it would have been! Something
of the sort might yet be done for India; but we dare scarcely hope it, determined as the policy of the British Government in India ultimately is by the antipathic will of the ignorant, unhistorical masses of this country. No one denies the material good we are doing in India, the good that can be tabulated in 'Statistical Abstracts' and paragraphed in 'Blue Books.' But for all this, 'we,' in the words once used by Dr. Leitner, 'sadden the people.' And inevitably, for we are daily breaking up their life of joyous fellowship with their ubiquitous deities, the local and national symbols of the one only true God, and already, within the limits of our own territories, have irreparably injured the social, industrial, literary, and artistic culture that slowly grew up through the three thousand years before our apparition in the Indian Ocean with the simple existence they led with their antochthonous gods. We have multiplied the nation, but not increased their joy. Fortunately, the dominions of the more powerful, as also of the more secluded native states, afford some present refuge from the growing evil; and there the life of the people continues, in all its phases, established firmly on its original religious basis, and the vernacular arts yet flourish in pristine purity."

Among the choice specimens of pure Indian art included in these collections is a round dish in Jeypore enamel, the largest of its kind ever produced, and taking four years to make. "Like all other examples of this work, it is glorious in colouring. The next object [No. 67 (18)] is interesting from its resemblance to the 'Ciborium minus,' or pyx, in which 'the Host' is kept after consecration, as 'the Blessed Sacrament;' and there can be little doubt of the mediæval Christian Church having borrowed both the design and purpose of this vessel from the lotus-form argha or yoni used in the religious services of the Hindus. Ordinarily the argha is shaped like a boat [argha-pātra, cf: Argo, and 'patera'], after the manner of the cymbium of Isis, and used emblematically, as a cornucopia [horn of Amalthea], in pouring libations of milk, honey, &c., and in making offerings of grain, fruits, flowers, perfumes, &c., to the gods and the Brahmans, and to bridegrooms, and other worshipful persons. But when shaped as an 8, 12, or 16-petalled lotus, folded on an inner cup, just as the flowers of the Nelumbium speciosum are folded on their honeycombed seed-bearing 'torus,' it is meant to hold and enshrine the lapilliform lingam [to be distinguished from the sālagrāma of Vishnu] sacred to Siva, the
Lord of the argha [Argha-nātha], as Mahādeva 'the Great God,' over all gods. The argha itself always symbolises Pārvati, 'the Mountaineer,' the consort of Siva. In the 'Tree of Life,' with its affronted guardian beasts [cherubim], we have the ultimate poetical and artistic rendering of crude ideas suggested primarily by the same physiological phenomena; and the familiar 'cone pattern' on Indian shawls, kincobs, chintzes, and carpets, of which so many absurd explanations have been attempted, is but either a phalliform lotus bud, or, as in its ultimate evolution, the 'Tree of Life,' growing within the 'Garden of Eden,' the latter being still represented archaistically, as in the so-called 'vesica piscis' of Christian art."

The last specimen noticed by Sir G. Birdwood is a kincob, or brocaded "cloth of gold," worked by an Ahmedabad artist. Its description is followed by an appeal to our own manufacturers not to be above receiving suggestions from Indian handicraftsmen, the sources of whose artistic tact are eloquently portrayed. "Each end of the kincob represents a 'Paradise' [Persian firdaus, cf: Firdausi, 'the Paradisaical,' from the Sankrit para-desa, literally 'a far country'] set with four pots [cf: the 'Venus-Gardens' of the Greeks and Romans] of the celestial [i.e., planetary] 'Tree of Life,' enclosed within its 'cone' shaped 'mystical almond' ['vesica'], here derived directly from the sacred lotus-bud; the whole woven in silks of the gayest colours on a stiff ground of radiant gold. The four square 'paradise' is bounded by a border of lotus flowers blooming on an angularly undulating stalk, along each side of which passes an unending procession of parakeets, inwrought of red and green with the most archaic conventionality, but every one alive, and rejoicing aloud in the unclouded sunshine of their life. There is no mistaking the voice of joy, which is the distinctive note of all the best Indian art. The body of the kincob is of tawny crimson, striped with bright gold, and diapered between the bright gold stripes with alternate lotus buds and flowers ['knop and flower pattern'] of dulled gold. It is worn as a robe by the women; and beholding a high-caste Hindu lady of the Mahratta Country in such glorious apparel as this, floating about her in waves of gold like a lambent aureole, Homer's familiar line of Helen is instinctively recalled to one's lips:—

'What winning grace! and what majestic mien!  
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!'

"I have selected these illustrations not to tempt our
English manufacturers to copy them, but to enkindle their admiration, wonder, and imagination to nobler achievements in their own industrial arts. But in protesting against our designers slavishly plagiarising Indian patterns, I do not mean that they should not receive suggestions from them as to the general forms and disposition of the ornamentation of English manufactures. The general forms belong to all the world. They have probably originated spontaneously, everywhere, among the artistic races of the world, and it is not possible for man, with his limited powers of invention, to get away from them. Nor, indeed, is it the least desirable, for one of the greatest charms of human life is the essential unity which underlies the infinite variety of its manifestations, whether in nature or art. But what our designers should do is to give just this variety, derived from local conditions and circumstances, to the few really decorative types they have inherited in common with all the rest of the world from the dateless past. The details, therefore, should all be of pure English origin. We rarely find the lotus flower and bud in modern Persian art; but we always find the same knop and flower pattern which was represented in ancient Persian art either by the lotus flower and bud, or by the leafy head of the date tree and its cluster of fruit; these plant forms being replaced in modern Persian art by the rose, tulip, pink, narcissus, and other native flowers of the country. The knop and flower pattern, as represented by the lotus and its bud, probably originated in Egypt, and thence passed to Assyria, and it is from the latter country that the permutations of it seen on the Buddhistic sculptures of Bharhut, Sanchi, and Amaravati were obviously derived. From Assyria and Egypt it passed into Greece and Italy, and over all modern Europe. We have, therefore, not only a right to the use of the knop and flower pattern because in its crude shape it suggests itself, like the cross and key patterns, naturally to everyone, as may be seen in the first efforts of clever children in designing, but because we have inherited it historically. But what we have to do for ourselves is to quicken the decorative forms we have received from other countries, with our own national, civic, and family, and, I would add, personal life; by adapting to them our own country fruits and flowers, and animals, and our own religious and state symbols, and civic and family arms and crests, and the emblems of our own personal lives. In this way every family in England might, as is the case with the handicraft families of the East, have its
own designs, in carpets, curtains, wall papers, lining papers for books, and in glass and crockery, as well as in family plate. The complete nationalisation of English art in this way, under the direction of the first masters of the age, would probably in a generation transform us into a finished artistic race, and give our manufactures a legitimate hold on the markets of the whole civilised world we might then hope to never lose again. The knop and flower pattern is conspicuously represented on the Bharhut and Sanchi sculptures by a full-faced lotus flower, alternating with lotus buds, placed end to end, so as to fill up the spaces between the flowers with an hour-glass-like ornament. We find this arrangement of the knop and flower pattern constantly repeated with more or less of local character in Greek and Roman, and modern European art. It occurs in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, where its representation is almost identical with that found at Bharhut and Sanchi. It is seen on thousands of London houses, and often on London garden-walls, in which the "flower" is represented by a course of round holes in the wall, the parapet of which is supported by the hour-glass-like "knop" done in solid masonry. It is always interesting to observe these more or less literal representations of the same ancient forms. They please a learned man, and they may satisfy a cultivated man's sense of academical propriety; but they never touch the heart of any man, simple or cunning. When, however, Messrs. Wedgwood & Co. exhibited at Paris, in 1867, an earthenware dessert service, in which all the plates and dishes were ornamented with the red-tipped daisy flower and daisy bud, in the same knop and flower arrangement, every one who saw it was delighted. Nothing could be more fresh, attractive, and satisfactory in every way. The design pleased all the more because while it was of the simplest and the happiest originality, its direct historical descent from the art of Nineveh, Athens, and Rome was obvious. There is always a fascination in thus preserving our historical connexion with the past; and its severance involves no less a loss in art, than in social economy and politics.

"The cause, the 'causa causans,' of the Hindu handi-craftsman's natural artistic tact is, undoubtedly, the hereditary caste system, with its antique village organisations, which has survived every political and religious revolution in India. By the caste system every man is bound down to follow, so far as circumstances will admit,
his father's occupation; while, by the concomitant village system, every man belonging to the four great castes of the Brahmical Hindus is provided, as a perpetual tenant practically, with his due share of the village lands for the endowment of his family. Thus to every man his patrimonial livelihood is doubly assured; and it is this fundamental fact that gives to the unsophisticated life of the Hindus, where they are able to live it, without molestation, or distraction, under their own institutions, the sense of security, and serene and dignified ease, which have always, in all countries, proved favourable to the development of an immutable national culture. There can be no popular arts without popular traditions, and traditional arts can only arise spontaneously among a people whose social and municipal institutions are based on a sufficiently wide recognition of their inherent and irresoluble rights in the soil. The village communities have, in a word, been the strongholds of the arts of India; and where these arts have passed out of the villages into the world beyond, the caste system of the Code of Manu has still been their best defence against the competition and degradation of foreign fashions. For the surplus village artisans, wherever they settled, held themselves together in caste guilds; and in this way gradually formed round the central seats of Government, and of the home and foreign commerce of the country, such famous polytechnical cities as Ahmedabad and Baroda in Western India, and Morshedabad, Benares, Lucknow, Delhi, Agra, and Lahore in Northern, and Masulipatam, Tanjore, Madura, Vizagapatam, and Seringapatam, in Southern India."

"The guilds are condemned by many for arbitrarily fixing the hours of labour and the amount of work to be done in them by the strictest bye-laws. But the object of these rules is to give weak and unfortunate members the same chance in life as others more favoured by fortune. They are rules absolutely necessary to the proper working of any co-operative organisation of society; and they naturally follow from the religious conceptions governing the whole theory and practice of communal life in India, and which are, indeed, the ultimate cause of the artistic pre-eminence of all Indian manufactures.

"The Hindu knows no hard and fast distinction between earth and heaven, or between the past, the present, and the future; for to him they are convertible states and conditions, and, indeed, indistinguishable in the hidden life he lives in the One Eternal God; while he
considers himself as the representative of an indivisible and spiritual family, existing in the Godhead from the beginning of time; his most sacred duty to them being the obligation, as their momentary earthly head, to do his utmost to sustain their continuance to the end of time. This is the faith which so indissolubly binds every Hindu to his ancestral occupation and lands, as the surest guarantee of his family against extinction; or, in other words, their damnation, not only present and prospective, but also retrospective.

"Such a faith transforms everything in this life into emblems and suggestions of the life to come: and this supernatural symbolism of Indian life intimately inspires and pervades every Indian manufacture, and is the chief, and the pre-disposing cause of their artistic quality. On the other hand, the absence of symbolism is the weakness of modern European, as it was, in a less degree, of Greek and Roman art; for Europe when first civilised, blindly accepted the already existing decorative types of Africa and Asia, where indeed they all originated in the religious ritual of all Eastern life, but which had, for the most part, no higher meaning than ornament in Greek and Roman art, any more than they have in modern European art. Christianity brought into mediæval Europe a beautiful transcendental art of its own; but it belongs to Christianity only, and no longer to modern Europe. Could, indeed, the secular civilisation of Europe again become animated by the conviction of the supernatural character of man's being and destiny, it would at once be transformed into the similitude of the inner world of our spiritual consciousness; and all the relations, charities, and amenities of life, would once more have a deeper meaning for us; and all our joys and sorrows, duties and pleasures, be illustrated by a symbolical ritual, now found associated only with the worship of fanatical sectaries, or prostituted to the prurient vagaries of artists who have given themselves over to that most fatal error of modern culture, that beauty is its own and self-sufficient highest good. But there is no art, except as the gracious minister of the subjective sense, pervading all humanity, of the supremacy of truth and goodness in the order of the universe. This internal consciousness of a world of spiritual grandeur external to ourselves, which is the abiding incentive, however vaguely apprehended, to a higher ideal of human life, even among the lowest savages, is indeed all that redeems man from being degraded to the level of the beasts that perish. In
India everything that is made is for direct religious use; and there is nothing made that has not a religious significance. The materials of which different things are fabricated, their weight, and the colours in which they are painted, are fixed by religious rule. An obscurer symbolism than of material and colour is to be traced also in the forms of things, even for the meanest domestic uses; and every detail of decoration has its spiritual meaning. It is this which gives its specific charm to all the handicraft work of India. It would be the same in England if our lives were animated by a similar faith. Everything about us would have its mystical meaning and mark. Nothing would be too insignificant on which to lavish its appropriate degree of reverent art. We should return, without any necessary admixture of superstition, to our old nuptial usages, and loving observances at child-bearing, and to our old Christmas and Easter customs, and our time-honoured popular ceremonials at death and burial. Now they are all foregone, or maimed in their rites, and relegated to mercenary hands. A home-worked chrismoe-cloth, or a family lech-pall, is no more to be seen in the length and breadth of England, where, down to the end of the seventeenth, and even to the middle of the eighteenth century, every household was a school of fine needlework. We have been attempting of late years to revive this delightful feminine accomplishment; and if it still languishes this is but for some as yet unascertained defect of sympathy with the true sentiments of the democracy, by which alone can the active worships of any country’s idiosyncratic arts be unstinted and productively sustained. The promoters of the revival have not been sufficiently touched with the feeling of the infirmities of the common English people. Their efforts are, however, sure of success in the end, and probably far beyond their original anticipations. A correct national taste in art is best formed by the domestic practice of some artistic handicraft: and thus it was through our English embroidery of the seventeenth century that our porcelain painting of the eighteenth century derived its unstudied but long prepared impulse from the Masulipatam chintzes imported into England in the course of the earlier trade of the East India Company.”
Dear Mrs. Carmichael,—I am very much obliged to you for kindly sending me the prospectus of the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art, and I tender you an expression of regret at the delay in replying to your letter inviting me, at the suggestion of your chairman, Sir George Birdwood, to accept the position of one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. In accepting it now I beg to inform you that Messrs. Coutts & Company have been instructed to pay to your order, £10 10s., being my subscription for a life-member. As regards the suggestion by your Society that indigenous art-ware should form complimentary Durbar presents, I might mention that the Mysore Art-ware Department was originally called into existence with this object, and it was only recently, since the creation of a taste for Indian articles of artistic merit among the general public by recent exhibitions in India and in England, that these goods have been made available for purchase. I have also to thank you for a copy of the observations recorded by the Society on the "Jeypore Portfolio of Architectural Details," and the attention which you have called to a similar preservation of Mysore Architecture, and to state that the matter will occupy our attention in due course.—Yours sincerely,

Chama Rajendra Wudier.

The following names have been added to the list of S.E.P.I.A. since last month: H.H. The Maharaja of Mysore, G.C.S.I., Vice-President; Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Archibald Constable, members of the Executive Committee.
REVIEWS.

CONSTABLE'S ORIENTAL MISCELLANY.


A NEW Oriental Miscellany will be welcomed by a large class of readers, for as the links which bind the East and West together are ever increasing and strengthening, the demand for trustworthy information must continue to increase likewise, and to affect larger and larger sections of the community. Before the great uprising of 1857, very few people indeed, save those serving in India, and the missionary, or the friends of such, felt any interest in things Eastern. Since that startling event a new era has dawned: India has ceased to be a mere name to Europe, and has become a prominent fact; Japan has assumed a new position, both commercially and politically; China has established embassies in the West; and Russia has joined her frontiers to those of India and China. The introduction of Western mechanical appliances and commercial ideas into the East has, more or less, interested all ranks of society on both continents in each other. The general reader now wants more than strange tales and personal reminiscences; for he has ceased to believe that those whose representatives he now frequently meets, and who produce the objects now become common, can be the “poor heathen” it was formerly deemed fitting to despise. Prejudices are passing away on both sides; and a healthier feeling is happily growing up. One evidence of that healthy feeling is the steadily increasing demand for truthful information about Eastern things; and it is pleasant to find that an independent gentleman, with personal knowledge and experience of Eastern life, has undertaken the task of supplying the demand. Mr. Archibald Constable is himself a linguist, a student, and an experienced observer, who has spent several years in India, China, and in other places, and as he is wise enough not to despise “the natives,” he has acquired from them
that insight into the life and method of thought among Orientals, which gives reality and meaning to the literature. When such a man resolves to publish on Eastern subjects we may be sure that the result will not be disappointing. Her Majesty the Queen has shown her deep interest in the welfare of her distant subjects, and her confidence in the new project by permitting the Miscellany to be dedicated to Her Royal Name.

It seems to be partly due to accident that Bernier's Travels has been selected as the first volume of the new series; but it would be difficult to select a more appropriate book. Bernier resided at the Court of Aurangzib, and that Emperor's time must be regarded as the turning-point of modern history, as far as the East is concerned. Modern history may be said to begin with Akbar the Great, the contemporary of our own Queen Elizabeth; but in his time, and that of his own son and grandson, what may be called Orientalism reigned in strength, unaffected by either outer or inner influences. In the time of Aurangzib, however, other influences began to tell. Little clusters of Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English traders were dotted over different parts of the country; and their services were availed of in military, medical, and engineering capacities. But the main source of change lay within. The arbitrary and intolerant spirit of Aurangzib destroyed the confidence of his subjects, and forced them into risings and rebellions, the cruel suppression of which still further incensed the unhappy people, and ultimately sent the great empire into fragments. Injustice and extortionate exactions had been borne by the people for long years; but the intolerant interference of Aurangzib with the Hindū religion caused the downfall of Mughal power, and opened India to the political dominance of Western nations. This is the great fact which gives peculiar significance to the times of Aurangzib, and makes a relation of the events which then took place a valuable and interesting study.

M. Bernier was one of the European medical men whose intelligence and superior methods of treatment found ready recognition and employment in Indian Courts. He was a man of rare intelligence, acuteness of observation, breadth of thought, freedom from prejudice, and diligence in the accumulation of fact. The necessity of his position compelled him to master both the Persian and the Ūrdū languages; and the inquiring turn of his mind induced him to use very fully the advantages which familiar
intercourse with the people placed at his service. A love of truth is conspicuous in all the statements of this able writer. He is not induced by prejudice to depreciate the works or the institutions of the East; nor is he, on the other hand, seduced by an admiration of novelty, to exaggerate the beauty or dimensions of the objects he beholds. He is careful throughout to distinguish the statements of his informants from his own comments upon them; and this scrupulous exactness gives to his writings a very high value. This faithfulness becomes remarkably apparent in his description of ancient Sanskrit literature, a subject on which he frankly admits he possessed no independent knowledge; but he repeats the account he received with an accuracy which enables us to identify each fact, and to recognise the truthfulness of his statements. The absence of exaggeration brings the incidents of M. Bernier's narrative into an almost living form before the mind, and enables anyone familiar with the India of to-day to realise all that he saw taking place two hundred years ago.

M. Bernier reached India in the declining years of Shâh Jahân, when that Monarch was about seventy years old; and he was at once appointed a Court physician, and had also the good fortune to receive another stipend from a learned Umarâ, named Dânishmand Khân, who was anxious to keep the clever Frenchman close to his own person. In this high position of intimacy with the rulers, M. Bernier witnessed the whole of the war which took place among the four sons of Shâh Jahân, in order to secure the crown, which their father had not ceased to wear. The winner in the four-sided contest was Aurangzib; two of his brothers were killed, the third was driven from India to die in exile, and his father passed into a kind of honourable confinement.

M. Bernier relates the incidents of this war with clearness and judgment, showing the circumstances and motives which led to each action, and the reasons for the ultimate issue. He quaintly enough points out that Aurangzib owed his final triumphs to the mere accident that his opposing brother, Dârâ Shikoh, descended too soon from his elephant, and created an impression among his troops that he had been killed. "Aureng-Zebe remained during a quarter of an hour steadily on his elephant, and was rewarded with the crown of Hindoustan: Dara left his own elephant a few minutes too soon, and was hurled from the pinnacle of glory, to be numbered among the most
miserable of Princes:—So short-sighted is man, and so mighty are the consequences which sometimes flow from the most trivial incident" (p. 54).

The incidents which followed this war, and the assumption of power by Aurangzib, are of abiding interest; for they tell of the various embassies which waited on the conqueror, and afford much information on the social condition of the people, on state ceremonial, on the method of administering justice, on the collection of the revenue, and the state of the people in the subordinate governorships. Much of this valuable matter is contained in the "Letter to Monseigneur Colbert," and in this letter he gives his opinion on the still important subject of the absorption of gold in India. He holds that it is due to the extortionate character of the Government, in consequence of which all surplus profits have to be converted into small bulk and secreted, otherwise enhanced assessments or naked robbery would strip the unhappy possessor of known wealth. M. Bernier emphatically condemns the land-revenue system of India, and declares that to be the ultimate source of all the miseries there. He had the advantage of viewing the system from the outside; for though living in it many years, he was not personally concerned in either criticising or defending it. And the result of his contemplation is embodied in this sentence: "How happy and thankful should we feel, my Lord, in our quarter of the globe, that kings are not the sole proprietors of the soil!" He shows how inevitably the re-assessments, and enhancements of assessment, kill all hope in a people, and render it impossible for any healthy development to take place. He dwells on the far-reaching ills of such a system, by which the ruler of a state thus circumstanced "cannot select for his service, princes, noblemen, and gentlewomen of opulent and ancient families, nor the sons of his citizens, merchants, and manufacturers; men of education, possessing a high sense of propriety," &c. He concludes his argument with these pertinent words: "Yes, my Lord, to conclude briefly I must repeat it; take away the right of private property in land, and you introduce, as a sure and necessary consequence, tyranny, slavery, injustice, beggary, and barbarism. . . . . It is the hope by which a man is animated—that he shall retain the fruits of his industry, and transmit them to his descendants—that forms the main foundation of everything excellent and beneficial in this sublunary state." The increasing wealth and prosperity of Bengal since the date of the Permanent Settlement, contrasted with the
"submerged fifth" of the rest of India, is a sufficient comment on M. Bernier's opinion.

The descriptions of Delhi and Agra are interesting, more especially the glimpses of social life interwoven with them. The account of the fancy bazar on p. 272 will be read with pleasure, which "is conducted by the handsomest and most engaging of the wives of the Omrahs and Mansebdars." These dignified ladies set out goods on stalls, and act the part of traders, in the way in which we are now all familiar in England; and distinguish themselves by their endeavours to sell their wares to the best advantage. The King amuses himself by disputing over the merest trifle in the price, "disputing for the value of a penny" and the fair saleswoman roundly tells him her opinion of his offer. This jesting banter is kept up for some time with much good humour.

The Letter on the Gentiles, addressed to M. Chapelain, to which allusion has already been made, can still be read with profit, by reason of the succinct and accurate account it gives of Hindu literature and learning. It is accurate, at least, as far as the names of the books are concerned, and the general nature of their contents; but M. Bernier thought very poorly of their matter, because the Pandits failed to convey a clear idea of their philosophical terminology in the conversation he had with them. It took him months to expound the new theory of the circulation of the blood, to his patron Dânishmand Khân; but it did not occur to him that it might also require more than one sitting to master Hindu philosophy.

The series of letters in which M. Bernier recounts his march to Kashmir in the retinue of Aurangzib contains many interesting particulars of the condition of the road to, and the state of, that country. And the same may be said of his meteorological papers at the end; but these must be left unnoticed in order to speak of the evidences of careful editing which this excellent book presents. Mr. Constable has enriched almost every page with explanatory notes, transliterating the old spelling of the author's Indian terms, and expounding both their meaning and application. No inconsiderable part of the information here supplied is derived from rare books, which show the wide range of reading and untiring diligence which Mr. Constable has spent on editing these valuable records. The Appendices and Index also evince the Editor's desire to make this book a standard work of reference, which there is little hazard in predicting it will become. Where so much care has been
exercised to exclude error, and where so much learning has been given to elucidation, the work of criticism is small and ungracious. But to prove that the good opinion of the whole book here so unequivocally pronounced has been arrived at after due investigation, a few suggestions are offered. In the note to p. 88, the word Kulī, "a labourer," and Koli, a race of people, are spoken of together as though etymologically allied. Kulī is a Dravidian word, and enters freely into verbal and nominal constructions in all that group of languages, showing that there it is a common, living word, in daily speech. The word Koli or Kola, is an Aryan or Sanskritic word, meaning "a hog," and is applied to the rude tribe of Aborigines; and these are the people mentioned in the narrative, rather than the labouring coolies. In the note to p. 320, it may be doubted if Sufism was deduced from "the Christian Platonists and Gnostics." It seems more probable that these last derived their ideas from the same source as the Sūfīs, that is from the ancient Vedānta philosophy of India. It was this last which was diffused over all Persia, and which had found its way into Syria and Greece before the Christian era; and when the religion of the Prophet entered Persia, it was this ancient leaven of Vedāntism which moulded it into the form of Sufism. With respect to the lion-hunts spoken of on p. 378, one may hazard the suggestion that tigers are intended, more especially when we remember that Indians call tigers and lions by the same name, sher. It is remarkable that M. Bernier does not mention the tiger at all; although it is scarcely possible for him to have mistaken one animal for the other. He did not, however, know what a zebra was.

The new Oriental Miscellany has thus had a very good start, and with a man so painstaking and full of information as Mr. Constable as President of the series, there can be no doubt that a thoroughly trustworthy library of Oriental Knowledge will in due course appear. The events of the last few years seemed to indicate that Oriental publication would be put to inconveniences; it is, therefore, pleasant to find a new firm arising which shows both the intention and the ability to do good service in this important field of literature.

Frederic Pincott.
NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

JOURNEYS IN PERSIA AND KURDISTAN. By Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird.) With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. 2 vols. 24s. (J. Murray.)

A DARK PLACE OF THE EARTH. By Alfred Clark, of the Forest Department, Ceylon. 6s. (S. Low & Co.) A Story of Adventure on a marvellous island somewhere off the coast of Ceylon.

P. & O. PENCILLINGS; A Series of Sketches of Life on Board, by W. W. Lloyd. (P. & O. Company.)

THE FAUNA OF BRITISH INDIA: Mammalia, Part II. By W. T. Blanford. (Taylor & Francis.)


SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST, Vol. XXXII.: Vedic Hymns. Translated by Professor F. Max Müller. Part I., 18s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)


THE RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD. 3rd Edition. Containing Articles by Sir Alfred Lyall on the Religions of India; on Buddhism, by Dr. Rhys Davids; Essays on Buddhism, and on Old Indian Poetry, by Mrs. Frederika Macdonald. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.)

THE RAMZAT-US-SAFÅ; or, Garden of Purity. Translated from the Persian by E. Rehatsek. (Royal Asiatic Society.)

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN THE EAST. By John Pool (Elliott Stock.)

ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW (Special Central Asian Number, January. 5s. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.)
MAN, EAST AND WEST, by the Rev. Samuel T. Barnett, is the title of a paper in the Nineteenth Century for January. Mr. Barnett made his tour through India, China, Japan, and America with open eyes, and, what is more rare, with an open mind. The greater portion of his article is devoted to India; and, in the space of a few pages, he gives us a clearer idea of the position and characteristics of the people, and of their religious, social, and political relations, than can be gathered from many a pretentious volume.

OBITUARY.

We have to record the death of Mr. Edward Rehatsek, a well-known Arabic and Persian scholar, who had lived for more than twenty years at Bombay.

Also of Mrs. Theophilus, at Madras (eldest daughter of the late Rev. P. Rajagopaul), who laboured devotedly in the Zenana work of the Free Church Mission.
The native state of Dirzeeapore was situated in the plains of Upper India, within fifty miles, as the crow flies, of the Himalaya Mountains, whose snowy peaks were visible from its capital on a clear day. The Rajah of Dirzeeapore ruled over the destinies of nearly two million subjects, who, in return for this honour, provided him with a very large revenue. In appearance he was a typical potentate, of the accepted Oriental type. First of all, he was obese and unwieldy, which certainly enabled him to display to full advantage his many and magnificent suits of brocaded silks, and his entire collection of state jewels; but it made his walk a waddle, his every movement an elephantine struggle, and his general outline an outrage against proportion. His face was not prepossessing. His eyes were small, dull, and half hidden by thick, drooping lids, from under which, at times, when some evil thought crossed his mind, there shot a gleam like a snake's glance. His lips were coarse and sensual, his brow narrow and lowering, and his chin and under-chin huge and heavy. His features and his enormous bulk must have been hereditary, for Dirzeeapore was but sixteen years old, and the sole product of six generations of beetle-browed, dull-eyed, thick-lipped, double-chinned, sullen-looking and very fat ancestors.

But there was one fact in connexion with Dirzeeapore more remarkable than his looks, and that was his Caste. By birth he was a tailor, and by fate the only tailor King in Hindostan. This misfortune constituted a crushing curse, for a tailor in India is a being even more socially degraded than a tailor in England, since in the East the calling is but little removed from that of a shoemaker, who is an out-caste altogether polluted, and untouchable by Hindoo hands. That a Rajah should be of such mean estate may appear incomprehensible to English readers, but the anomaly finds parallels in a country where one of the most powerful of
the native princes comes of a family of grooms, and another exceedingly enlightened chief is a spirit distiller by hereditary calling.

Early in the century, the founder of Dirzeepore's dynasty had, in a moment of political panic, stormed the throne at the point of a needle, and sewn himself into it. He was a man of great craft and ability, unequalled in intrigue and unscrupulous in carrying it out; and these qualities, eked out with a little incidental assassination, enabled him to hold his own, and establish his rule on a permanent basis. But under his immediate successors the power of the Raj began to decay, and when one of them was deliberately insulted by an order for pantaloons from a neighbouring Rajah, in the mortification of the moment he threw in his lot with the English, who were busy extending their frontier in his direction, and furnished their General with three hundred bullock carts and a good many tons of grain, at a time when the British army was tired and hungry. It was a profitable investment, for the province in which Dirzeepore's state was situated was shortly afterwards annexed, and in recognition of his assistance he was rewarded with a large additional tract of country. A few later years came the Mutiny. The lesson of the past was not lost on the prince now in possession of the throne, who, being cordially despised by all his fellow tributaries, found no difficulty in remaining loyal to the Feringhee rule, and contributing a contingent of troops for service. When the struggle was over, the area of Dirzeepore State was doubled, and its ruler's salute increased to thirteen guns. He died from an excess of joy and brandied champagne, and his son, after reigning for a decade, succumbed to a surfeit. Then came Dirzeepore Septimus, the subject of this sketch, who was but two years of age when he succeeded to his father's dignities.

By this time the territory of Dirzeepore had been Rajah-ruled and rack-rented into an uncommonly deplorable condition. Under a system of farmed revenues and state monopolies, trade and agriculture had dwindled into mere figures of speech. Miles and miles of country were thrown out of cultivation, since the crops they yielded failed to satisfy the taxes demanded, much less afford subsistence to the miserable peasantry who tilled them. The products of the state were reduced to thugs, dakoits, and cattle lifters. But the long prospective minority of Dirzeepore Septimus opened out a way for improving his territory by the establishment of a British administration, and the
fiat went forth for its government to be supervised by English officers. Three were appointed, a Political Agent to rule the councils, a doctor to dose Dirzeepore, and a tutor to train him up in the way he should go. The new regime worked wonders; expenditure was checked, monopolies abolished, taxes reduced, roads made, rivers bridged, schools, jails, and dispensaries built, trade fostered, agriculture encouraged, malefactors hung, or chained in gangs and set to labour on State works, and a proportionate population was partly born, partly introduced from other districts, to bring the sparsely inhabited square miles up to a creditable average of population. Notwithstanding all these improvements, large balances were annually saved, and funded in Government paper at Calcutta, so that in a dozen years, Dirzeepore became one of the Show States of Upper India, which every peripatetic philanthropist and touring M.P. was taken to see. The consequence was it acquired quite a European reputation, and was more than once quoted in the House of Commons as an illustration of the success with which English institutions could be grafted upon native stems.

But all this time Dirzeepore Septimus ranked amongst the Hindoo community as a tailor, with whom no self-respecting man could eat, drink, or smoke. His ministers and courtiers accepted his rupees, thanked him for office, avowed themselves his slaves, called him Great King, bowed and cringed before him, flattered him profusely, and praised him extravagantly, but they drew the line at eating from his platter or drinking of his cup. If he had inadvertently touched one of their cups, or allowed his royal shadow to fall across their platters, they would have cast the polluted articles away as ipso facto defiled.

This detail, trifling as it may appear, was nevertheless excessively humiliating to the chief of a Show State. The Right Honourable the Secretary of State for India might declare the Dirzeepore Government the most enlightened of any existing in the native tributary states of Hindostan, but that did not compensate for the birthstain its Rajah suffered under, and words spoken at Westminster failed in raising him one single degree in the Hindoo social scale. Dirzeepore was himself a youth of excessively liberal ideas, partly because being a low caste personage he could afford to be as cosmopolitan as tailors generally are, and partly because he had received a veneer of English enlightenment from his Scotch tutor, and a pseudo-polish from the English officers who administered his State.
during his minority. The Political Agent and the Residency-
Surgeon knew no caste, for they dispensed equal laws and
prescribed identical drugs to the Brahmin, the Sudra, and
the Bhangi. The tutor, with the caution of his race,
declined to commit himself to any verbal opinion on
the subject, but it was notorious that he employed for
the most delicate and personal functions of a bearer,
or valet de chambre, a very swarthy and unparticular
individual who was popularly supposed to have no caste
at all.

Dirzeepore Septimus had an immense opinion of his
own importance, believing the world to be top shaped, and
his capital the spot where the spike spun. His father
had died long before he could remember, and he had
always been the Rajah. Never had he known a day when
he had not been deferred to, bowed down before, salaamed
at, obeyed, and treated generally as though it were his duty
to walk upon the turbans of his subjects, and theirs to
submit themselves to the condescension. From the time
he could toddle his word had been absolute law. He had
never cried for anything, because he always got what he
wanted without crying. He had been the despot of the
Zenana, within whose walls he was reared till boyhood, and
where the drawbacks of his caste had in a measure been
hidden from him. But when he stepped into the larger
world outside, the stain of his ignoble social status
began to obtrude itself often and unpleasantly, so that
in a very short time the insult of his birthright burst
upon him.

Then, for the first time in his life, Dirzeepore found
something which he wanted and could not have, and that
was Caste. It was a crushing blow to his pride, which
even at this early age was abnormal. When he realised
the full measure of his misfortune, he was filled with a wild
frenzy that would not listen to reason, and became a sort
of monomania. With sweeping comprehensiveness he
cursed his kith and kin, past and present, and swore that
if he was not enfranchised amongst the Twice-born, and
fitted to sit at meat with other Rajahs, he would make
those over whom he enjoyed dominion feel the weight of
his wrath in due season.

It is needless to dwell upon the inconsistency of this
conduct. A Rajah is nothing if he is not unreasonable.
If he chooses to consider a primrose by the river's brim a
goldmohur, somebody will have to give him the rupee-
equivalent for it in solid silver.
There was only one person in the world for whom Dirzeepore felt any regard, and that was his mother, the Queen Dowager. To her he went in his tribulation, and before her laid bare his inmost thoughts and agonies, adjuring her, as the creator of his being, to remedy the gross defect existent in his social economy. The request was like that of a child crying for the moon, so impossible was it of performance; and this the Queen Dowager tried to explain. Whereupon Dirzeepore Septimus, in a tantrum of passion, flung himself on the ground, grovelled massively upon it, and swore he would commit suicide rather than remain the miserable outcast amongst Rajahs that he was.

The Queen Dowager had no other sons, and her only hope of retaining a very comfortable position at Court, and considerable political influence from "behind the Purdah" (which she cherished beyond words), was concentrated in Dirzeepore's carcase; so that, when he began to contemplate self-destruction, he threatened her welfare almost as much as he did his own, and frightened her desperately. Woman's wit being great, she dissembled her feelings, changed her manner in a moment, assisted her son to stumble to his feet, smoothed his clothes, stroked his face, and bade him be of good cheer and trust to her, and she would manage what he wanted.

The task she had thus set herself was one that had never been attempted before, but the Queen Dowager was a clever and scheming woman, with a genius for intrigue, such as only flourishes to perfection in a Zenana. She possessed, moreover, the happy knack of getting her own way, as the Political Agent, the Residency Surgeon, and the Scotch tutor, could all specifically testify. She now quickened her faculties to find a solution of the difficult problem she had promised to solve. First of all, she retired for a month to the inmost recesses of the Zenana, to fast, and think, and contrive. Then she offered prayers and oblations to all the domestic gods, feasted five hundred Brahmans, and bestowed valuable gifts on several shrines of great sanctity. After which, she abased herself before a collection of first-class family idols, and circumperambulated a certain holy stone for seventeen hours, until she fell down from giddiness. Finally, she called in to her assistance all the soothsayers, astrologers, witches, magicians, wise men, wise women, Bairagis, Fakeers, and professors of the art of Jadoo in Upper India, and held consultation with each and every of them. But all to no purpose. Not one could suggest the means whereby a tailor could be transformed
into one of the elect; and Dirzeepore Septimus still remained a man whose touch was unclean, and whose pipe polluted, and whom no one of decent caste would admit into the privileges of *Hookah-Pání*.

And so month followed month, and the Rajah reached his seventeenth year, and in another twelve months his coming of age would be celebrated. He had vowed that if he lived to assume the reins of government he would—unless previously admitted into kinship with the Twice-born—signalise his succession to power by something that would be remembered.

One day there presented himself at the palace a Bairagi of venerable aspect, who sought an interview with the Queen Dowager. The lady was by this time a little satiated with, not to say sceptical of, specious itinerant adventurers, who imposed upon her anxiety and extorted from her credulity considerable sums of money by pretences false, and promises unperformed. Notwithstanding which, she still hugged a hope that something would turn up, whereby her son might be extricated from his miserable condition, even though a miracle was required to accomplish it. So she gave orders for the Bairagi to be admitted, and proceeding to the audience chamber, sat herself down behind a curtain which hung across the door, from whence she was able to carry on a conversation unseen. What passed between the Queen Dowager and the old Bairagi was never known, but it was something important, for he left the place within an hour, and the Queen Dowager issued orders that when he again presented himself, he was to be instantly conducted to the audience chamber. These instructions she repeated every day, with an insistence and impatience that implied the expectation of something unusually serious. Nor was she kept long in suspense, for before the month was out the Bairagi had returned. The Queen Dowager immediately held a long consultation with him, which seemed to completely satisfy her, for she commanded that every attention should be paid to the old mendicant, who was to be treated with the greatest consideration, and forthwith requested an audience with the Political Agent, to discuss a matter of the highest and most urgent state importance.

The *Burrah Sahib* duly attended her pleasure, and directly the interview was over, issued a notice summoning a special meeting of the Council of State to consider the matter of the proposed marriage of his Highness the Rajah
of Dirzeepore, who, having come to years of manhood, desired to take unto himself a wife.

The announcement took no one by surprise. As Indian customs went, Dirzeepore was certainly old enough to be married, the only wonder being that the event had been deferred so long. There could be no difficulty about expense, for lavish and prodigal as Prince's wedding ceremonies are in the East, there were immense accumulations of State savings stored up to this very end, and only requiring to be drawn upon.

The Council assembled, and the subject under discussion being one of domestic as well as of State importance, the Queen Dowager was accommodated with a seat in a curtained recess, from whence she could make her voice heard in the deliberation of ministers. There was a very brief and formal discussion, which resulted in a unanimous resolution, tendering to H.H. the Rajah of Dirzeepore the humble and profound congratulations of his ministers on the step he proposed taking, and a rider requesting the Queen Dowager to express her wishes or opinion, as to whom she considered a suitable consort for her son.

Then the shrill voice of the Queen Dowager was heard speaking from behind the purdah—"It is necessary that Dirzeepore should marry the daughter of a Rajpoot."

A bombshell exploding on the council-room floor could not have created greater consternation than this remark. A tailor's son wed with one of the daughters of the Twice-born! The Political Agent was thunderstruck; and the ministers of state prostrated with amazement and horror, for the sacrilegious suggestion paralysed them, and left them speechless.

The State Kijanchi, or Treasurer, the most important official of all, felt impelled to resign his seals of office there and then; and it was only with the greatest self-restraint that he avoided severing his connexion with a very large cash balance. He tore his beard dramatically at the impious proposal, and allowed several tears to trickle down his cheeks. The Prime Minister, a very stout Brahmin, grew apoplectic, and had to take a seat on the floor. The Chief Judge, a Pundit of high renown, scratched his bald head beneath his turban at a difficulty far tougher than any he was called on to deal with from the judicial rug. The Commander-in-Chief of the Dirzeepore Army, a Rajpoot of high caste, hauled furiously at his long moustache, and spat surreptitiously on the floor. As for
the Political Agent, he took out his watch and consulted it with the air of a man who has to catch a homeward bound mail steamer, and would like to be going.

Confronting this unsympathetic opposition, and behind the all-sufficient shelter of the Zenana curtain, stood the woman who had raised the storm. Presently she gave a cough to remind them she was there and waiting for an answer.

Then they all burst out at once, pouring forth a torrent of quasi-respectful but energetic protest. They unanimously condemned the proposition as one dangerous to the State, to established religion and to the Hindoo principle, vows it would bring disgrace and ill-fortune on all who had a share in it; for the Gods would never permit such sacrilege to go unpunished. The Rajah of Dirzeepore was great, good, and benevolent, they swore, a paragon of Rajahs, a pattern to all sons, the father and mother of every one present, a protector of the weak, a cherisher of the needy, the renowned in war, the illustrious in peace, and a prince who possessed all the virtues in the world. But ——. Here they folded their hands and bent their heads, and bowed their shoulders, and closed their eyes with a look of stony protest that made the hiatus equal to an analytical article on tailors and caste, with a dissertation on the duties of Hindoo kind, and the appalling impertinence of the woman behind the purdah, thrown in.

But the woman stood firm. She was, in the first place, a mother fighting for her son; in the second, a dowager battling for her own interests. She met all their arguments with pre-arranged refutations, and debated her point in a calm, confident, and highly practical way. She reminded them how, in the days of old, the Mogul Kings of Delhi were accustomed to receive wives from the daughters of the highest Rajpoot houses, thus establishing a precedent that justified her in submitting the present proposition. The parallel between the tailor dynasty of Dirzeepore and the royal line of Teimur was an audacious detail which no one dared to question, when she went on to observe that her son's mind was set upon a match of the description indicated, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of his State, which, by its enlightened administration, occupied a position second to none in Upper India. It was necessary that the ruler of such a State should be ennobled, which he could not fail to be when he gave his subjects an heir of the Rajpoot caste. Under these circumstances he looked
to his ministers to assist him; but if they had any conscientious scruples, he was far too liberal a prince to dream of coercing them, or acting contrary to their advice, so long as they were his advisers, and rather than place them in a false position he would, on reaching his majority, relieve them of their duties, and call to his councils other ministers with views more in accordance with his own.

This line of argument had a wonderful effect. There was too much cash in the Treasury, too many perquisites in the Divani, too much pomp and circumstance in the war department for any of the heads of those offices to risk their situations, whilst the Chief Justice prided himself on finding a law for everything, and the Political Agent did not care a button, since whichever side he took, his occupation would be gone directly Dirzeepore came of age. And so, after having salved their consciences by initial opposition, everyone, on reconsideration, expressed himself ready to further his Rajah's wishes, as in duty bound. Whereupon the Queen Dowager announced that a Rajpootni girl, suitable in every way for her son's consort, was ready to marry him, and that the wedding ceremony only awaited the convenience of the state. This settled the matter. The beginning is half of the whole, especially in the East, and since the bride was ready and the ministers' posts at stake, so were they. When the Political Agent and the Residency Surgeon and the Scotch tutor learnt that the bride resided in "The Hills," the month being May, and very hot, they were unanimously of opinion that there was no time like the present for a trip to these cooler climes, and declared themselves ready to start at a week's notice.

For other reasons, expedition was necessary. Delay might cause the morality of the proposed marriage to be canvassed in the adjoining states, and if it once became publicly known that the tailor-prince of Dirzeepore was going to wed a Rajpootni girl, and time was allowed for opposition to shape itself into concerted action, there was no predicting what influences might not be set to work to militate against a proceeding that was calculated to outrage Hindoo public opinion. It was, therefore, decided that the ceremony should take place at once, and be conducted with the pomp and state suitable to the rank and dignity of H.H. the Rajah of Dirzeepore, whereby any factious opposition would be overawed or trampled down.

No wheeled vehicles could traverse the hill roads which led to the mountain village where the bride resided, and it was necessary to journey thither by animal transport.
Dirzeepore rode on his state elephant, escorted by a gorgeous cavalcade of elephants and horses, and followed by a long train of palanquins, camels, mules, baggage cattle and coolies. He was guarded by his squadron of Cavalry, his regiment of Infantry, and his elephant battery. Around and behind the Rajah his ministers of state, titupped along on pink-tailed, wall-eyed, gorgeously-caparisoned steeds, that neighed and squealed almost as lustily as the state band. On either side of him the Political Agent and the Residency Surgeon, in shooting jackets and riding breeches, and with Trichinopoly cheroots in their mouths, walked their horses in calm unconcern, as evincing their superiority to the barbaric splendour around; whilst the Scotch tutor lounged in a palanquin, and with a slippered foot sticking out of each door, perused yellow-backed novels and twiddled cigarettes. The procession itself covered two miles of road, and moved along in a cloud of yellow dust, to the clashing of music, the banging of drums, the lugubrious howling of marriage horns, the promiscuous discharge of musketry, and every other accompaniment incidental to such auspicious ceremonies.

It took six days to reach the bride's village, where hurried, but wholesale, arrangements had been made for the suitable reception of the Rajah. The country side was en fête: the bazaar decorated with flowers and flags; and the child bride, who was to bring honour to the family of Dirzeepore, was located in the residence of her kinsman, the Lumberdar, or headman of the place, from whose house she was to be married.

The wedding ceremonies and festivities lasted a week, during which the Rajah's Camp completely filled the Shâmlât, or village gazing grounds. The whole district was thrown into indescribable excitement, for such an event had never happened in it before in the memory of man. The principal inhabitants were received with guards of honour whenever they went to visit the Rajah, which they did pretty frequently, for they were all kinsmen of the bride. There was Gobind, the Lumberdar, Jowar, the Landholder, Lutchman, the Pensioner, and Ram Sing, the military retainer of the Rajah of Moti Mehal. Garlands of flowers were festooned round their necks, rich Khiluts of rosy coloured silks (covering more substantial souvenirs) were bestowed upon them; elephants were placed at their disposal, and sentinels deputed to guard the house of the Lumberdar. And every night these four individuals came
in secret to the tent of the Lord High Treasurer of Dirzeepore, and whispered “Give—give—or we will withhold our consent,” and the Lord High Treasurer squirmed and gave and gave—for there was no help for it—till he was sick of giving, and debited the sums so disbursed in the Exchequer Books of the Dirzeepore state, under the heading of “Miscellaneous expenses connected with the wedding festivities of his Highness the Rajah.” And then Gobind, and Jowar, and Lutchman, and Ram Sing would depart to their several homes to bury the rupees in the secret places under their beds, and sleep upon them. Only Gobind invariably arose an hour later, and made a second stealthy visit to the Lord High Treasurer, and whispered in the dark, “More, more, or the Rajah shall be confounded,” and by this reprehensible pressure obtained more and more without anyone else knowing of it.

These four men thought not of what they were doing, for the lust of lucre was hot upon them. They had arranged the marriage; and when the bride’s mother protested, they took her daughter away from her, and shut the widow up under pretence that she was mad. As for the child, they cajoled her with congratulations on being chosen for a queen, dazzled her with promises, and drugged her with sweetmeats that presently sent her to sleep and seemed to blot out the past. They were her kinsmen, and her honour was in their keeping, and this sufficed the child, who, when she cried for her mother, was told she would meet her at the Palace at Dirzeepore. What wonder that these crafty and avaricious men, who scented gold and were keen to clutch it, succeeded? They had but a poor widow woman—a helpless Zenána slave—to oppose them, and they deprived her of liberty, and assumed the guardianship of her daughter. And so the child bride, who had escaped the opium draught in her infancy, was sold to moral death on the threshold of her womanhood.

All through the eventful week during which the wedding festivities progressed, money flowed like water. Sacks of small coins were scrambled to the thronging hill-folk; a free feast was continually spread for the whole country side; the women and children for miles around found in the vicinity of the camp the land of sweetmeats, for these delicacies could be had for the gathering. Public entertainments were provided at the Rajah’s expense. Wrestlers, actors, marionettes, musicians, conjurers, snake charmers, jugglers, and nautch girls were continually performing. At frequent intervals the Rajah’s brazen band
discoursed a burlesque of European tunes. The troops were put through an amazing number of parades; the elephant battery fired royal salutes on the slightest provocation, and a *feu de joie* of all the musketry in the camp was an incident of the commonest occurrence. The Sowars dashed about until they got their steeds into a splendid lather; and a flag, of enormous dimensions and unique design, floated from sunrise to sunset over the busy scene.

At last every ceremony was completed, and Dirzeepore, glowing with pride and satisfaction at being the husband of a Rajpootni wife, began his return march to his own capital. A gorgeous gilded palanquin was brought for the bride, and a curtained passage extemporised, so that she might enter it duly veiled from the vulgar gaze. Clad in exquisite silken garments, bedecked with flowers and jewels, scented with rarest perfumes, and attended by her handmaids, she took her seat. Then the cannon thundered out: a salute, the troops presented arms, and the Rajah's retinue and all the country folk cheered and shouted.

The bearers lifted the palanquin on their shoulders, and prepared to carry its occupant away from the cottage to the Palace. And just at this moment, through the crowd there pushed his way a venerable Bairagi, with a long white beard, crying out to those that pressed around, "Way for the Queen, Oh people; way for the Queen!"

The bride, seated within the palanquin, heard and recognised the voice. For he who cried was Poorun, the Bairagi, and she who listened was Naraini, the Rajpoot's daughter. And thus it came to pass that her wish was fulfilled, and the little village girl became a Queen.
LIBERTY AND EQUALITY AS A SOCIAL IDEAL.

In all ages people have had social ideals of some kind or other. At no time have they been so content with their lot as to have no further desire for greater happiness. Time does not, in this respect, affect human nature. At whatever time and under whatever circumstances man may come into this world, he is a man all the same. His one great aim in life is to search for happiness. He runs night and day, along with thousands of his fellow-creatures, in the direction of that all-attracting goal. What is called the struggle for existence is, it appears, another term for the effort to acquire happiness.

Man is endowed with a powerful imagination. He builds up for himself an ideal, not infrequently a castle in the air, and he strives with might and main to reach it. Now of all the social ideals that have been built up from time immemorial, none has exercised so powerful an influence upon human history as this, the ideal of equality and liberty. Though people always had some idea of liberty and equality it never acquired such prominence as in modern times. Empires have risen and fallen, revolutions have followed revolutions, blood has flowed like water to put this idea into practice. And what has been the outcome of all this exertion? Simply the confirmation of this truth: some men are born to guide others. Paradoxical as this statement may seem to be, it is, nevertheless, true. Strong minds have always ruled over the weaker, and will continue to do so.

Those who want to see all men equal and absolutely free to do what they like, whether in public or in private life, show a strange unfamiliarity with history. Instances are not wanting to prove that democratic revolutions have often ended in personal despotism. But yesterday the Empire was overthrown in Brazil, and a republic established. To-day we have there a hopeless state of anarchy. Indeed, we only want a Napoleon to blow to the winds all the fine conceptions of equality and liberty.

But what do these terms signify? They are certainly not new to us. In the eyes of the English law, for instance, all men are equal; and they enjoy as much
freedom as they can in a society where the public and private duties of each member are defined, and where the law imposes obligations upon every individual to do or forbear to do certain specified things.

This state of things, however, is very far from the ideal to which I am referring. According to socialists, perfect equality must abolish all such invidious distinctions as that between rich and poor. Wealth must be equally distributed amongst all the members of society. No one should have more than another. All should have the same amount of the comforts and enjoyments of this world. But this could only be done if all worked alike to obtain them. Is that possible? It is obvious that no hardworking, honest and thrifty man will share the profits of his labour with one who is idle, greedy, or extravagant; and therefore the State must step in, rob the industrious to feed the idle, and abolish the institution of Property—thus doing away with the sole inducement to save, rendering unnecessary all qualities that ennable a man, such as prudence and foresight, thrift and self-help, honesty and truthfulness, independence and force of character.

Socialism may make all men equal, but it will never make them free. The State will be the sole director of national forces, and every individual will lose his personality, and merge in the State; and then will be seen what can only be faintly imagined,—how much more potent, more terrible, is the tyranny of the many than the despotism of any autocrat.

It seems to me that perfect equality is inconsistent with perfect liberty; the one cannot exist without destroying the other. If you were to let men loose from all moral, social, and legal restraints, there would be an end to peace and order. As already pointed out in this article, the strong would soon assert their superiority over the weak; or, worse still, confusion and chaos would replace the modern structure of Society, built up, as it has been, after centuries of human progress. The Socialists may not yet be prepared to go quite so far, but once they embark on their revolutionary ways, there is no knowing where they will stop.

In conclusion, I need hardly say that I have only condemned the extremes to which the prophets of equality and liberty wish to go, as I draw a broad line between their Utopian schemes and such equality and liberty as are consistent with the laws of Nature.

A. A. Hussanally.
A SKETCH OF THE LATE RAO SAHEB MAHIPATRAM RUPRAM NILKANTH, C.I.E.

Rao Saheb Mahipatram Rupram was born at Surat, in the Bombay Presidency, on 3rd December 1829. He belonged to the caste of Vadnagra Nagars, the highest Brahmin caste in Gujerat. This caste has for long maintained its front rank in the Hindu Society of the province. The Nagars held the foremost civil and military places under the old Mahommedan Government, and have maintained their reputation for capacity in the service of the British Government. Mr. Mahipatram's great grandfather's grandfather, Nilkanth Mehta, was a minister of the Nawab of Surat, some of whose descendants were wealthy traders; but his father Rupram was reduced to humble circumstances, and was employed in the Customs Department at Surat on Rs. 6 per mensem. Mahipatram was sent to an indigenous school when six years old. Government schools were then newly opened, and he joined one of them at the age of eleven; and later he attended an English school which had been newly opened in Surat. After a while he became a teacher in the school, on Rs. 14 a month. He was anxious to attend the Grant Medical College at Bombay, but was not allowed to do this, as it was believed at the time that it was irreligious for a Hindu to dissect dead bodies. As he advanced in his studies, his superstitious beliefs began to shake; he lost faith in idolatry, and began to sympathise with social reform. A Temperance Association had been established for some years in Surat, of which he subsequently became Secretary, and he edited, for some time, its journal. Being desirous to study further, he went to Bombay in 1852. Mr. Harkness, Principal of the Elphinstone College, gave him a post of Rs. 15 in the Elphinstone School. After some time he passed the entrance examination, and joined the College; he went through the College examinations with credit, and won scholarships. He had to earn and study at the same time.

Mr. Mahipatram began now to take part in movements for reforming his countrymen. He became a member of the Buddhi Vardhak Sabha, and took part in starting the
first girls' school in Bombay. The members of the Sabha gave lessons in the school by turns, as they had no funds. Of this Society he was the secretary when Lord Canning attended a gathering of the school girls of Bombay in the Town Hall. In 1855 he passed his jurisprudence examination with high honours, and obtained a prize of Rs. 40. He became an assistant master on Rs. 40 per month in the Elphinstone High School; but Mr. E. J. Howard was now Director of Public Instruction, and he appointed Mr. Mahipatram Acting Head Master of the High School at Ahmedabad. It was the time of the Sepoy Mutiny, and he had to travel from Bombay to Ahmedabad, about 300 miles, on foot, under great difficulties. In his school he strictly prohibited any expression of sympathy with the mutineers. On retiring to Bombay, he undertook the editorship of the Magazine of his Association, and he also edited another Social Reform paper. He was next appointed a Sub-Deputy Inspector of Schools on Rs. 75. Mr. T. C. Hope (now Sir T. C. Hope) was then Inspector. His organising genius perceived the necessity of forming an institution for supplying all the preliminary schools in Gujarat with trained teachers. A normal or training school, on the plan of institutions of the kind in England, was a great desideratum.

Mr. Hope asked Mr. Mahipatram to go to England in order to learn by personal observation the training system adopted there. Crossing the seas was then, as it is now, considered by high caste Hindus an unpardonable sin, carrying with it the penalty of life-long expulsion from the caste, and affecting also the family of the expelled man. Mr. Mahipatram, however, accepted the proposal after consulting his wife, and he informed a few friends of his intention, who promised to stand by him. But the intended journey did not remain a secret. The news spread over the whole of Gujarat. The entire Nagar community was full of indignation, and vowed vengeance. The enterprise was condemned as sinful and suicidal by everyone except a small circle of Reformers. Relatives, terrified at the idea of life-long isolation, tried to dissuade Mr. Mahipatram from crossing the Kālā panti, but he remained firm. He sailed for England on 27th March 1860. He stayed for four months at London and four months at Cheltenham, and also travelled over other parts of England. In April of the next year he returned to India. A storm was awaiting his return. He was at once put out of caste. The great majority of the caste were against
him, and they persecuted him in every way they could. His wife was the only relative who had left caste for his sake. An angry controversy raged for twelve years. Among the staunchest adherents of Mr. Mahipatram was the late Sirdar Ráo Bahadur Bholanath Sarabhai, whose learned arguments about the Hindu Shastras not being against sea voyage, have remained unanswered by the most unscrupulous perverters of Shastric texts. But the bigotry of priestcraft was too strong to yield to reason. After six years they agreed to admit Mr. Mahipatram back into the caste if he performed a penance ceremonial. He did so, as he saw that under the circumstances of the times he could exert greater influence for reforming society by remaining within it than by going out of it. But he openly declared that though he performed the formal penance, he did not believe that he had committed any sin in going to England. This offended the caste once more, and it took yet six years more to come to its senses. But many good results followed. The tyranny of caste was shaken, and a great blow dealt to its perversity and superstition. A new impetus was given to the cause of Social Reform.

On his return from England, Mr. Mahipatram had been appointed Principal of the Gujarat Training College at Ahmedabad, which post he held till his death. He was also Gujarati Translator to the Educational Department, Secretary of the Gujarati Book Committee, and Editor of the Gujarati School paper. Under him were trained almost all the trained teachers in the Primary schools of Gujarat. If primary education in Gujarat has achieved any good, this may be attributed in great part to his zeal and energy. He was a member of the committee which, under the presidency and guidance of Sir T. C. Hope, composed the well-known series of Gujarati school books, which has supplied Gujarati literature with a most simple and beautiful foundation stone, and which, under the popular name of the "Hope Series," justly preserves the name of an eminent British officer. As Gujarati Translator, Mr. Mahipatram composed or translated a large number of School books on History, Geography, Grammar, Etymology, Science, &c., and created quite a literature for his province. He was consulted by Government on every important educational point, and was one of those specially examined by the Educational Commission appointed by the Marquis of Ripon. The personal distinction of Rao Saheb was conferred on him, and in the January of 1885, he was made a C.I.E.
But service in the Educational Department formed only a part of the public life of Mr. Mahipatram. He and his friend Rao Bahaduri Bholanath Sarabhai, were at the head of the movement for religious reform in Gujarat, known as the Prarthana Samaj. As Secretary and subsequently President of this Association, he preached the pure worship of the One Eternal God, and maintained a powerful crusade against idolatry and superstition. His open condemnation of the current Hindu faith led many calumnators from the orthodox community to harass him in his social life. Equally bitter was the opposition with which his endeavours for Social Reform met. He was one of the pioneers of this movement, both at Bombay and at Ahmedabad. He was Hon. Secretary of the Widow Re-marriage Association and President of the Hindu Social Reform Association. In spite of violent opposition and indignant reproaches, he brought about many widow re-marriages. He introduced late marriage and female education into his family. He was Hon. Secretary of the Gujarat Branch of the National Indian Association. He was a sturdy champion of Female Emancipation, and promoted many mixed gatherings affording facilities for social intercourse. One of his cherished ideas was to establish a Literary Institute for Ladies in Ahmedabad. With the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Aston, he succeeded in collecting a large fund for the Institute, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught graciously laid the foundation stone of the Institute, in December 1889.

Equally memorable were the exertions of Mr. Mahipatram in bringing about the literary advancement of his province. For fifteen years he was the Secretary of the Gujarat Vernacular Society, established by Mr. A. K. Forbes for the encouragement of the vernacular literature. He perfected the organisation and increased the utility of the Society, which manages now a fund of one lakh of rupees. He was also the Secretary of a local library. He was the first biographer in Gujarat, and, along with the biographies of his friends and co-workers in social reform, he wrote the biography of his great colleague—his wife. He also tried to improve the indigenous, obscene plays known as Bhavais, by publishing a purified collection of them. He introduced a pure and simple, but eloquent style into the literature of his vernacular. As a speaker, too, he was unequalled. His diction was always fiery and vigorous.

Mr. Mahipatram's sympathies for the public were as
catholic as they were practical. As Secretary of the Anjuman-i-Islam of Ahmedabad, he did a great deal to spread education among the Mahommedan community, and ameliorate their condition. He was also the Secretary of the local branch of the Countess of Dufferin Fund and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was a leading member of the local Temperance Association. In every movement with which he was associated he took a leading part. Most of these were organised by him, and, in spite of the multiplicity of his engagements, he discharged every one of the duties entrusted to him most zealously and conscientiously. There was no new movement for public good in Ahmedabad—such as a Flood Relief Fund, a Fire Relief Fund, a Leper Asylum Fund—of which Mr. Mahipatram was not made Secretary, and which he did not conduct most ably and vigorously.

One more important part of his civic life remains to be mentioned. He was an active Commissioner of the Ahmedabad Municipality. When local self-government was granted by the Marquis of Ripon, Mr. Mahipatram gave open-air lectures to the people, in order to explain to them the aims and objects of the institution. For three years and a-half he performed very ably the arduous duties of Chairman of the Municipality. His municipal career was from the beginning characterised by a strong opposition to corruption and jobbery. He was able to maintain his own against undue pressure and furious opposition simply by dint of his straightforward and conscientious nature, which left not a speck in his career that oppressors or calumniators could point at. He always chose for himself the path of duty and virtue, without caring for immediate consequences. His merit was duly recognised in the end. Lord Reay, the late Governor of Bombay, when he visited Ahmedabad for the last time, advised the people to take Mr. Mahipatram as their guide, promising that then they would always go by the right way.

Advancing age and multifarious engagements in official and public life made him eager to seek rest, with a well-earned pension. On the eve of his retirement, he had gone out to a sea-coast station for change of air. While returning from the place, he was attacked by cholera on the road, the cause of which was, probably, anxiety, caused by a very nearly fatal accident to his son, combined with intense heat on the road. The attack was acute and severe, and, in spite of all medical efforts, he succumbed to it within twenty-four hours after reaching Ahmedabad, May 30th,
1891. His death spread a universal gloom over the province. A public meeting of the citizens of Ahmedabad, presided over by the District and Sessions Judge, expressed deep regret at his loss, and sympathy with his sons and relatives in their bereavement. A fund was started to commemorate his great deeds. The Government of Bombay, in the Education Department, passed a resolution expressing regret at his death, and recognising his long and meritorious services. Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, visiting Ahmedabad shortly after the melancholy event, to open the new water works, said on that occasion:

"But although the pleasure is great, and the occasion a most interesting one, I confess I cannot but feel, amidst these bright and encouraging surroundings, that a certain gloom has been cast over this city, and certainly over my own feelings, by the fact that one face which I had expected to find here to greet me when I arrived, one presence that was characterised by its energy and the encouragement it gave you all in many departments of life, has passed away. We now miss—and most sincerely miss—the presence of your great friend, Mr. Mahipatram Rupram, and I feel sure I am only saying what all of you in Ahmedabad feel when I say that we sincerely sympathise with those who were nearest and dearest to him in the severe loss they have suffered, and assure them that we feel we are ourselves also losers by his death. But although we deeply deplore his departure from this life, we are, nevertheless, animated by the example he set us during his useful career; and I cannot help thinking there must be some who will rise to the occasion, and, inspired by that example, endeavour to follow in the worthy steps he pursued in the advancement of many deserving and important objects."

(Communicated.)
THE ALIGARH COLLEGE.

An interesting gathering took place at the Burlington Hotel, Eastbourne, on Friday, January 8th, when most of the students now in England belonging to the Mohomedan Anglo-Oriental College, Aligarh, assembled to celebrate, by a dinner, the Foundation Day of that important institution. The chair was taken by Nawab Syud Mohiuddin Ali Khan, of Hyderabad, and Trinity College, Cambridge, who, in proposing a toast in honour of the Queen-Empress, referred to her Majesty's lively and personal interest in all things relating to India. The second toast was, "Prosperity to the College, and long life to its Founder." The Chairman, in proposing it, gave a short sketch of the history of the College. He spoke of its being "the first outcome of independent Mussulman effort in India since the country had come under British rule." Sir Syud Ahmed Khan had devoted his life to the establishment and maintenance of the institution. The foundation stone was laid in 1877 by the late Lord Lytton. Sir Syud Ahmed's object has been (according to his own words), to educate Mahomedans, and also Hindu youths, to have the same affection for their country, the same feelings of loyalty towards British rule, the same appreciation of its blessings, and the same sincerity of friendship with their fellow-subjects, as had been the ruling sentiments of his own life. As a former member of the College, Mr. Mohiuddin Ali was able to state that this aim had been actually accomplished, and that thus the College had done service to England as well as to India. He considered that, in times of danger, "the staunchest friends of England would be those who had the advantage of English education. The Chairman referred also to Sir Syud Ahmed's son, the Hon. Syud Mahmoud, and to the popular Principal of the College, Mr. Theodore Beck.

Sahibzada Sultan Ahmed Khan, of Gwalior, and Christ's College, Cambridge, in proposing the health of the ladies (among the invited guests) spoke of the great value of home influences upon the character of the men of a country, remarking that the heroes and statesmen who have made England what it was to-day,
owed much to the influences of English women. He said that the present low condition of India was greatly due to the position of its women; and that, in order to raise the country, the homes must be purified and improved. He hoped much from the interest taken by English ladies in their Indian sisters, and he thought that if all Indians who had had the benefit of English education would co-operate with those ladies, a rapid progress might be expected. The saying that no nation can rise above the level of its women solved the problem as to how India was to be raised to the standard of the other civilised countries of the world. Lastly, the health of the Chairman was proposed, as one who had himself tried with success to promote friendly relations between Englishmen and Indians.
H.H. the Maharaja of Bhownuggur has generously offered to defray the cost of building one of the detached bungalows of the proposed Sanitarium for women and children in Nassick Road, and has also subscribed Rs. 1,000 towards the general fund.

The Sanitarium for Hindus, erected at Bombay by Mr. Vurjeevandas Madhavdas in memory of his son (who died at the age of 18), was opened by that gentleman on December 26. The building can accommodate as many as 150 persons, and arrangements are made for sets of rooms, which can be occupied by family parties. It is a handsome structure on Sion Hill, in a healthy position, and with a magnificent view.

At the sixth Indian Social Congress, held at Nagpore at the end of December, a vote was passed in favour of the re-marriage of widows belonging to the higher Hindu castes. Also it was resolved, on the question of sea-voyages, “that it was not desirable to excommunicate persons who undertook distant sea-voyages, and that the Association should exert itself in securing for such a retention of the social status enjoyed in caste.”

The Bengal Branch of the Countess of Dufferin’s Fund has made excellent progress during the past year, mainly through the exertions of Sir Charles and Lady Elliott. Six new branches have been started.

Lady Wenlock has organised at Madras a grand fancy bazaar in aid of the Madras Branch of that Fund, which is to take place in the present month.

Mrs. Nirmala Shome, a Christian Bengali lady, has passed the M.A. Examination of the Calcutta University.

The Principal of the Presidency College, Calcutta, has, with the sanction of the Bengal Government, ruled that an examination in gymnastics shall be compulsory on students of the First Arts Classes.

The following report has been received from Madras:—

“On the 24th December 1891, the Madras Christian College day was celebrated with great éclat. There was a large gathering of more than 300 of the old and present students of the college. The
first toast, to her Majesty the Queen-Empress, was proposed by the chairman, Mr. C. Rama Chandra Rao Saheb, one of the leading members of the Madras Bar and an old student of the college. He alluded to the despatch of 1854, under which universities were established in India, as the 'Intellectual Charter of India;' it was a most important event in her Majesty's reign, which placed the whole country under an eternal debt of gratitude. Subsequent to the issue of that despatch, colleges sprang up in every part of India, and higher education began to spread with astonishing rapidity throughout the length and breadth of the land. He therefore proposed the health of her Most Gracious Majesty, which was received most fervently, lovingly and loyally, and amidst loud and continued cheers.

"Mr. Thumboo Chetty, the Chief Judge of Mysore, in acknowledging the toast to "Absent Friends," remarked that the festive gathering was important, for the assembly of a numerous and intelligent party of friends, who had the proud satisfaction of having received their education in one and the same institution, was calculated to produce a community of feeling between them without distinction of caste, colour, or creed. He added—"No body of men was more deserving of thanks than the zealous missionaries who were the pioneers of education in India, and who were remarkable for maintaining a strict discipline and a healthy moral tone among the pupils. In this respect the Madras Christian College possesses special and excellent advantages. It has undergone a wonderful change during the past twenty years, under the fostering care and excellent management of its present distinguished and talented Principal, Dr. Miller. It has attained a position which entitles it to rank foremost among the educational institutions of Southern India; and the future annual gatherings of its present and past students will not fail to add lustre to its name, by gradually solving the great problem of the day—'In what manner we can best contribute to the greatest possible good of our countrymen.'"
PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Council of Legal Education have awarded to Manmohan Lal Agarwala (Gray's Inn) a studentship in Jurisprudence and Roman Law, of 50 guineas, to continue for a period of two years. Also a prize of £10, in Roman Law, Jurisprudence, Constitutional Law and Legal History, and Public International Law, to Motiram Shankiram Advani (Inner Temple).

The following students have received certificates that they have satisfactorily passed a public examination: Middle Temple.—Mahtabuddin Ahmed, A. Chakravarti, Peary Chand Dutt, Sultan Sayyid Saadat Hosein, Mohamed Nujumul Huda, Mancherji Kharsedji Lalkaka, Moulvi Rafuddin Ahmad, B. J. Mozoomdar. Inner Temple.—Motiram S. Advani, Harprasad Singh Gour, Mahmoud Hassan. Lincoln’s Inn.—B. Ahmed Mohamed Raouf.


In the January Pass List of the University of London B.A. (Colonial) Examinations, Henry Fernando passed in the First Division, in Ceylon.


K. C. De, B.A., Calcutta, an I.C.S. Student with Messrs. Wren and Gurney, has gained a Mathematical Exhibition for next October at St. John’s College, of £40 a year for three years. The competition was open only to those above 19 years of age, and no Indian has before gained this valued prize.

Cambridge University Union Society.—At a poll held for the election of officers for the Lent Term, Mahomed Ahmed, of St. John’s College, was elected, by 96 votes, a member of the Standing Committee. This is a distinction much coveted among undergraduates, and only once before has an Indian student received it.
Mr. Alfred W. G. Chuckerbutty, Bombay, C.S., has been placed under the orders of the Collector of Belgaum.

Arrivals.—Mr. Harkishen Lal, B.A. (Camb.), from Lahore; Mr. Vahid Uddin, from Behar; Mr. Bhupatinath Das, the Gilchrist Scholar for 1891.

We acknowledge with thanks High Education for Women, a Paper read in London by Fateh Chand (Allahabad). Investigations into the Eyesight of Children attending some of the Aberdeenshire Board Schools. By George Ferdinands, M.D. (of Ceylon). And a Report of Education in the Baroda State, a notice of which we are obliged to postpone.