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# Indian Magazine & Review

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With the new year it appears desirable to state briefly, especially for the information of fresh subscribers to the Indian Magazine & Review, what are the distinct purposes on account of which it is still carried on. The number of Magazines is ever multiplying, and many of the best periodicals now include Indian subjects, thus proving that such subjects are of greater interest than formerly to the reading public. It may be questioned, therefore, whether this small Magazine might not cease to exist on the ground that what it has aimed at doing for many years is now undertaken more generally and with acknowledged success. But the answer to this question seems to depend on another point—namely, Are the objects of the Indian Magazine & Review already accomplished? Is it not true rather, that till now our work has been chiefly initial—a kind of breaking up of the soil—and that for its further development, instead of relaxation of effort there must be greater activity, more earnest endeavour? The fact that fellow-workers are in the field is matter for rejoicing; but when one considers that the links between England and India are added to in endless directions year by year, it seems clear that the earlier labourers ought not to abandon their position or lessen their exertions.

Now the purposes of this Magazine may be broadly defined as two-fold—1. To extend in England a knowledge of India, and also an interest in its people. 2. To encourage the progress which is being there made in regard to education and social reforms.* As to the first point, no one will

* These are the chief aims of the National Indian Association in aid of Social Progress and Education in India, the proceedings of which Association (founded by Miss Carpenter) the Indian Magazine & Review reports, while it also adapts itself to general readers who have some interest in Indian topics.
deny that although India has latterly become more familiar to English people, there is, outside a limited circle, an amount of ignorance about its conditions and its changes, which is discreditable to our country. Even the simplest facts relating to the Indian races and religions are very hazily recognised or not understood at all. In school books information about India is confined to a few dry pages. Indian students who come to England are surprised at the glaring mistakes which even educated persons make in regard to their home life, or their opportunities of culture, and what knowledge is acquired is usually very partial—drawn, may be, from travellers' adventures or local experience of teachers. And as a result of this ignorance, there is a sense of distance, of unavoidable separation. But on the other hand, with the increase of mutual knowledge, some measure of friendliness naturally follows—friendliness resting on a perception of human relationship, below and in spite of differences of manners, ideas, and origin. In our Magazine we have made it our endeavour to disperse some of the prevalent mistakes that surround the ordinary ideas about India, and thus to lead to greater comprehension of and interest in its people. A glance at the index of our past volumes shows that they have contained descriptions of Oriental philosophy and life, often supplied by Indian thinkers; historical and critical sketches (contributed by writers of experience) which throw light on present conditions; graphic details about custom, in its picturesque or its oppressive aspect; and illustrations of the strange contact between Western and Eastern influences which has resulted from a wonderful chain of events. And in our reviews we call attention to the best of the numerous books that are published from time to time respecting India, so as to indicate reliable sources of fuller information in the various departments of study—to the exclusion, however, of political and religious controversy.

The second main object of this Magazine is to encourage the progress that India is making in regard to education and social reforms. In the case of boys, while education is still far from general, and in quality is often superficial, the importance of some amount of instruction is widely acknowledged, and considerable vitality pervades the local efforts by which the action of Government is supplemented. It is in regard to girls that encouragement is chiefly needed. Not so much in urging upon parents of the old type the duty of preventing their daughters from being "drowned in the ocean of ignorance"—for there is little gain from a
change which has come through external pressure—but in fostering the educational spirit where it has begun to exist, in promoting such teaching as will speak to its own value, and in removing prejudices of which the foundations are already shaken. In fact, the duty of outsiders seems to lie in standing by and helping, rather than in interfering. It is noticeable that among many Indian women a strong desire has arisen for knowledge and for teaching, because they have begun to recognise their own deficiencies, and have tasted the delight of exercising their higher faculties. The educated men, too, are demanding educated wives, who shall be companionable, and capable of instructing the children, and controlling them wisely. But notwithstanding these signs of progress, it will take long before education for women becomes the rule instead of the exception in Indian households. The aid that can be given by our Magazine consists in holding up a good standard of instruction, such a standard as will tend to improve character as well as mind, and to fit Indian women for an intelligent discharge of their home duties. We can also appeal for sympathy to English friends of education on behalf of those who in pursuit of learning have to struggle through hindrances and difficulties innumerable; and we can continue to chronicle successful educational work—as an example, and as a stimulus to increased zeal. Such observations apply equally to social reforms, which are slowly making way among sections of almost all the communities of India. There is thus still much for this Magazine to do, both in spreading information and in supporting sound principles of education and of social life.

In reference now to the Indian Magazine & Review in the year that has just begun, we have the satisfaction of stating that occasional articles will appear from the pen of Lady Dufferin, in regard to the medical work which she has organised for the benefit of the women of India, and which has already contributed so much to their well-being and their relief from suffering. It is unnecessary to point out how intimately Lady Dufferin's work is connected with education. Young women who desire to be trained as medical students require some general culture before they can enter upon special study for their profession, and even in the case of patients, ignorance and superstition must be lessened, or they will not take advantage of scientific remedial treatment. Thus the two aims are intimately connected, and we are in every way glad that our Magazine is to have the advantage of co-operation from
the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. The subject of Indian Art will continue to take up a portion of each number, for the active Society which aims at preserving indigenous skill and discouraging the adoption in India of foreign designs and patterns, has still much to say in support of its artistic principles, and besides, it undertakes the difficult task of persuading workmen and their patrons practically to adopt these principles. We may add that a new feature of the Magazine will be the introduction of a summary of articles relating to India in the quarterly and monthly Reviews. It is hoped that our readers will find such a sketch a useful guide.

In conclusion, we desire to express our thanks to the publishers who have kindly sent us books for review, and to the Indian journalists to whom we are indebted for a punctual supply, which proves most serviceable, of many weekly newspapers.
S.E.P.I.A.

THE SOCIETY. FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

In his inimitable monograph on the “Termless Antiquity, Historical continuity, and Integral Identity of the Oriental Manufacture of Sumptuary Carpets” Sir George Birdwood invests the subject of all that is included in the word *carpets* with a new beauty and significance, and from the opening sentence to the closing lines “Pleni sunt coeli et terra, gloria tua! Gloria in excelsis!” of the deathless Sanctus, the thoughts that flow from the mind of the writer, are like so many matchless pearls, strung on lines of light.

“By an overwhelming influence I have been led,” he says, “to the conclusion, that the sumptuary carpets now manufactured in Turkey, Persia, Central Asia and India, are in texture, design, and colouring, and indeed in every decorative detail and technical manipulation, essentially identical in all their traditionary denominations—with the oriental carpets known to the Greeks and Romans, and that, ‘through the dark, backward, and abysm of times,’ no limit can be given on this side of B.C. 5000 to the date of their origin in the valley of the Nile, and by the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.” Considering civilisation to have appeared in its initial Turanian aspect simultaneously in the valleys of the Indus, Ganges, Tigris, Euphrates, Nile and Yang-tse-Kiang, the writer says: “It became more broadly and fully developed in Egypt,” and that though the Caucasian type of civilisation which had its beginning in Chaldea, exerted an earlier influence in the East, touching India and even China, and in the end through Assyria and Phrygia the arts of Greece, “it was Egypt that from its cradle, and for countless centuries, almost exclusively inspired the prehistoric civilisation of the West, and if it did not positively originate in Egypt, it there first made itself manifest in the imposing sepulchres, temples, and palaces, and the innumerable necrological, ritualistic, and sumptuary manufactures dependent on them, that exercised so marked an effect on the technical and aesthetic arts of Etruria and Greece, and through them of Europe; and also on the architecture and handicrafts of Chaldea, Assyria, and Babylonia, and through them, as
well as more directly in the times of the Ptolemies, on the architecture and handicrafts of Aryan India. We cannot fix the date of the oldest pyramid in the valley of the Nile later than about B.C. 5000, and for not less, at the lowest computation, than the 1,700 years between B.C. 2700 and 1000, Egypt was a light, to lighten the world, the lofty lone Pharos in the outer darkness of the Neolithic night of Europe; and she continued to occupy this position of solitary supremacy in relation to the West, until the dawn of civilisation in the valley of the Nile, grew, between B.C. 480—to 404 and B.C. 336—280, to the perfect day of Greece.

To follow minutely the gradual secularising of the original spiritual significance attaching to all oriental carpets, in the course of their adaptation to the purposes of the Greeks, and subsequently to that of the Romans, would occupy more space than we have at our command; but how these were restored, with the rise of the Mahomedans, from the deep degradation into which they had fallen, to their original character, will best be understood from the writer's own words.

* * * * *

"The Saracen Arabs at once changed all this. They were deeply imbued with the almost universal Asiatic sense of the unity and the absolute inseparability of the spiritual and the material lives of men; and with the corresponding, although not necessarily deducible feeling, that durable, precious, and beautiful things can only be rightly used in the service of man in so far as they also are made to minister to the praise of God. To the devout Saracen Arab, Nature, whether in its universality or its particularity, is the City, the Garden, the Mountain, in a word, the Temple of God, and like every other Asiatic race that has helped to civilise the world, he insisted that this fact should be unequivocally recognised in all the arts which sustained and adorned his new born life in God; so that whether a mosque was built for him, or a carpet woven, or a gem set in silver, or, as later, in gold, he required that it should be a symbol of the consecration of the whole creation of things seen and unseen to the Glory of God in the Highest; and in this instinctive identification of the beautiful with the good, we perceive the highest, the ideal beauty of the Saracens' own excellency in the arts, quite independently of their obvious obligations to the draughtsmanship, and general manipulative dexterity of the Greeks."
It thus happened that the pictorial and scenic (cum historia) type of oriental carpets of the Sassanian Persian Empire, and lower Roman Empire, rapidly, in the seventh and eighth centuries gave place to the New Saracenic floral (à arbes) type. Not that the former were ever entirely superseded, for to the present day they survive in Egypt, and yet more numerously in Persia, where these ‘thard wash’ (i.e., beast hunt), or, as they are called in India, ‘shikargah’ (i.e., hunting ground), carpets, are still known under the traditional name of ‘Susan-gird’ that is of Susiana (Khuzistan), or, again, the Persian Empire; for the word gird [cf: our ‘girdle’] although it literally means ‘suburb’ as in the gird-i-shehr, the suburbs of the city, here has the wider meaning of “vicinage,” “region,” “province,” “empire;” as in Daoud gird, literally “the ward of David,” Mount Zion, and again Jerusalem, but in its largest sense the ‘realm,’ or “Kingdom of David.”

But the new, and severely conventionalised floral type, applied either as a diaper, or in the ‘Tree of Life,’ and ‘knop and flower’ patterns, gradually prevailed; and as modified in the freer drawing, and more natural delineations of the Italianesque Abbasi carpets, it characterises the predominant denominations of modern Persian carpets; which may again be described as Susan gird carpets, à arbes, instead of à images or ‘cum historia,’ as in the Pre-Saracenic times of the Chosroes, and Byzantine Caesars. The more strictly geometrical patterns originally introduced by the Saracens, now linger, in their crudest relicts, only among the Turanian and Negroid populations of the Central Asian and African limits of Islam; and simply through the incapacity of these races for the higher, floral styles of decorative draughtsmanship.”

“Yet whatever their type of ornamentation may be, a deep and complicated symbolism, originating in Babylonia, and possibly India, pervades every denomination of Oriental carpets. Thus the carpet itself prefigures space and eternity, and the general pattern, or ‘filling,’ as it is technically termed, the fleeting finite universe of animated beauty. Every colour used has its significance; and the design, whether mythological, or natural, human, bestial, or floral, all has its hidden meaning. Even the representations of men hunting wild beasts have their special indications. So have the natural flowers of Persia, their symbolism, wherever they are introduced, generally following that of their colours. The very irregularities, either in drawing or colouring, to be observed in almost
every Oriental carpet, and invariably in Turcoman carpets, are seldom accidental, the usual deliberate intention of them being to avert the evil eye, and assure good luck."

"The noblest of these allusive carpets are everywhere the harami, made expressly to be placed under the dome of mosques, and the Sajjadah, of a much smaller size, made chiefly in Syria and Kurdistan, for the faithful Islam to prostrate themselves on when at prayers."

"The latter always of the colour distinguishing the order of the dervishes, or faqeers, for whom they are primarily intended; as deep blue or black for the Rufaiyah, red for the Ahmadiyah, green for the Bahramiyah, and white for the Kadoriyah; and they invariably have at one end a well defined, representation of the mihrab, or niche, in the centre of one of the walls of every mosque, marking the direction of the kiblah ('opposite'), or sacred point, towards which Orientals generally look when at their devotions; and which for Muslimun is Mecca. This mimic mihrab, which usually encloses a figure of 'Tree of Life,' is always directed, when the carpet is in use, towards Mecca. The Persian name of these carpets is jai-namaz, or 'the place of prayer'; and their Arabic name sajjadah, literally 'prostration,' also means, 'the place of adoration, praise, and prayer.' It is radically the same word as masjid, or, in its corrupted English form, mosque, 'the place of public prayer'; and the prayer carpet is often found to be designed on the general ground plan of the mosque; with its doorway, and place for leaving the shoes of 'the Faithful,' and tank for ablutions, and pulpit, and cloisters, all indicated, in addition to the ever present mihrab. In short, it would seem as if the mosque originated in the prayer carpet; and the first 'House of God,' apart from the overhanging branches of the trees that were primitively worshipped as Gods, was possibly the carpet spread beneath some idol image of general resort among the tribes of the vast, rainless, treeless, desert solitudes, lying between the valleys of the Nile, and the Tigris and Euphrates. Deodorus Siculus tells us that the Egyptians used carpets in this way; and stamped and hand painted cotton cloths are still similarly used by the Hindus."

"Thus, notwithstanding that daily familiarity with sacred things tends to dull the sense of awe that should ever be inspired by their presence, the abiding feeling, at the heart of every truly reverent Muslim when standing on the sajjadah, can only be fully expressed in the devout'
words of the patriarch Jacob at Bethel:—‘This is none other but the House of God, this is the gate of Heaven.’

“The spiritual exaltation of character for which the Muslimun are pre-eminently distinguished is altogether owing to their thus individually realising in everything around them the directly felt presence of the Deity. Nothing is more remarkable than its immediate effect in developing the personality, and in every way raising the condition of the converts from paganism to their inexorably monotheistic faith. But we are here more interested in its elevating and refining influences on the arts inherited by them from their Saracenic predecessors.”

“The religious sense of the indivisible unity of the spiritual with the material world illuminates the whole temporal life of man with the eternal light of Heaven, and inspires every human work, of even the humblest handicraft, with that illusion of a higher reality, which is not only the true perfection of art, but the most spontaneous and the most congenial expression the finite powers of symbolisation we possess can give to our conceptions of infinite beauty and goodness.”

“In saying this it is not meant that art, here limited to ‘the fine arts’ and ‘the applied arts,’ affords the highest mode of denoting the ultimate conceptions of religious truths included in the creeds, or verbal symbols, of Christendom and Islam; if for no other reason, because Christians for the most part, and Muslimun, universally, have reached a level of culture above that at which graven images, and pictures, and other graphic representations, can be venerated, nay, actually worshipped, as symbols of Deity. But there is in the heart of man an instinctive and imperative craving for communion with God, that is to bring the ‘Word of Life’ into consciousness that may, as it were, be seen, handled, and tasted; and which he as instinctively seeks to satisfy by the artifices of music, or painting, or sculpture, or language; and if it be admitted that language is the supreme medium of intercourse with God, for that very reason it is the less suited for the use of the generality of men, for whom music, and painting, and sculpture, devoutly directed, will always remain the most powerful means for drawing the soul toward, and absorbing it in the Deity: while it would have been more for the happiness of the world if, instead of scientifically investigating, and logically wrangling over our religious conceptions, and embodying them in indefinite verbal formulas, all of which is an implied denial of their spiritu-
ality, and a ceaseless provocation to explicit questionings of their truth:—it would have been far better to have left them to the familiar symbolisation of the arts that have been the great historical vehicle for their transmission throughout the habitable globe, and everywhere the best understood of mankind."

"Nor can it be denied that the supreme satisfaction of art lies in its spiritual significance; and that if this be wanting in any art, it is all vanity; the wretched vanity of the realistic painters the Greeks aptly described as 'Dirt painters.' The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, and art void of its supernatural typology fails in its inherent artistic essence, as well as in the divine sources of its sempiternal joy and glory. It is indeed the whole secret of the fascination exercised over us by the arts of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, and of modern India, the India of the Hindus, where the whole basis of life is still religious; as also by Saracen art, for although the Muslimun repudiated the idolatrous symbolism of paganism, they retained and, indeed, intensified its insuppressive, quickening spirit. It is the surpassing praise also of the ecclesiastical arts of the West, the arts that is of the historical Catholic Roman, and schismatic Greek, and Anglican Churches; for in the presence of these sacramental arts it is the majesty and glory of the whole creation of things visible and invisible that seems spread out before us, although it be but a carpet on which we look."

"Of this transcendental art was the mystic Cestus, or Girdle of Alma Venus; which we may imagine to have been a web of lightest sindon, broadly striped throughout its length in diaphonous rose, and ivory white, and saffron, and azure, as if 'Iris had dipp'd the woof'; and inwrought, at its ends with conventional representations of all the enchantments of the senses, and over all its airily woven ground, with a delicate diaper of flowers of the most exquisite grace and freshness of bloom, emblems of the eternal youth and fragance of beauty and love."

"Such also were the sacred veils of the ancient temples of the Gods commemorated by Euripides, and Josephus and Pausanias: black, or purple, scintillating all over with the silver and gold of the glittering moon and her circle of radiant stars, each star in its own mansion, revealing, within the foldings of the veil, depths upon depths, through the
infinite abysses of space, and filling the heart of man with awe in the presence of the mighty rulers of the darkness and the night; or red, or saffron, or blue, dazzling with the brightness of the sun emblazoned in gold amid his twelve diurnal and annual stations, shooting forth on all sides the light of day, and in turn chasing from the mid heavens, the Fishes, the Twins, the Balances, and Capricorn, leading on Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter in his triumphant train, and rejoicing the heart of man with the sense of perennially renewed life, and immortality."

Thus antiquity, from its being nearer than we are to the divine origin of things, was ever mindful to symbolise in its sublime art the truth of the conviction that the green circle of the Earth, and the shining frame of the outstretched Heavens, are but the marvellous intertexture of the veil dividing between the world we see, and the unseen, inscrutable world beyond. This is the reason of the vitality, the dignity, and the power of giving contentment possessed by the arts of antiquity; with which, alas! the arts of the modern world of the West will never be endued, until they also become animated by the spirit of this pristine faith of every historical race of the Old World."

"Vanitas est diligere quod cum omni celeritate transit, et illuc non festinare, ubi sempiternum gaudium manet;" and for all the technical instruction that may be given, and all the luxurious illustrations of typical Eastern examples that may be published, no truly great carpet will ever be produced in Europe, until the weaver's heart is attuned to sing, to the accompaniment of his ringing loom, in grateful unison with every voice of praise in heaven and on earth:—

"Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth!"
"Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua! Gloria in excelsis!"

The Corner stones of the "Imperial Palace" and the "Empress Theatre," of the Empire of India Exhibition were laid by Mrs. Imre Kiralfy, on December 12th in the presence of a number of visitors. During the brief ceremony Mr. Cremieu Javal, Chairman of the Exhibitions Company, said that the buildings were intended to be permanent. They had £90,000 at their bankers, and the whole of that sum would be expended before the opening of the Exhibition on May 6th 1895.

Mr. Kiralfy also gave a brief sketch of the objects of
the undertaking, and after lunch the toast of "Success to the Exhibition" was proposed by Mr. Bhownuggree, and responded to by Mr. Javal and Mr. Kiralfy.

THE EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION.

The Empire of India Exhibition is the outcome of the brain of the creator of the exquisite "Venice in London," of the magnificent spectacle "Nero," and the originator of a class of stupendous productions which have been veritable triumphs of stage-craft, and have marked a new era in the history of the world's amusements—Mr. Imre Kiralfy. As was natural, Mr. Kiralfy has had many imitators; but even while slavishly attempting to follow his work, they have been utterly unable to produce the effective yet refined colouring, the bold and brilliant groupings, the animation of scene, or the powerful ensembles for which the name of Imre Kiralfy is noted throughout the world.

In the extensive area at his command at Earl's Court, Mr. Kiralfy will find full scope for his massive plans and designs, which hitherto have been cramped by the limited space at his disposal. In the 26 acres of ground (16 of which will be under cover) which comprises what has been aptly called "The Garden of London," will be given a complete and realistic reproduction of life in England's greatest dependency. The public will be afforded an opportunity of contrasting the India of the past, with that of the present, and of noting the improvements, which contact with Western civilisation has wrought in this wonderful people, in all its varied racial and religious characteristics.

The Exhibition will primarily be divided into four sections—viz., Art, Industries, Manufactures, and Antiquities.

The Art Section will be subdivided into the presentation of subjects dealing with education, literature, engineering, painting, sculpture, music, and drama.

Ample space in the Art Rotunda will be allotted to paintings in oil and water colours, black and white drawings, miniatures, pastels, engravings, etchings of Indian or allied subjects, and loan objects of Indian art. Here the visitor will have an opportunity of studying the horizontal treatment in construction and ornament of the Hindu, the more conventional school of the Buddhist, and the architectural work of the Jain, rich in ornament, and producing strong effects by the frequent use of colonnades and pillars.

In sculpture, the Buddhist will exhibit his plastic art, the Hindu his mythological, the Jain his colossal groups of figures, and the Muslim his delicate floral designs.

As an extra inducement for the leading artists and artisans of India to place their works before the British public, substantial money prizes have been offered by the Company, for the best examples of native art and craft. To this end a sum of money will be placed in the hands of the President and Executive Committee.
of the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art, and the prizes will be awarded and allotted by them.

For the purposes of music and the drama, the Empress Theatre will be erected from designs by Mr. Imre Kiralfy. This will be the largest regularly constructed theatre in the world, and will not only be the first in size, but will contain mechanical and other contrivances which have never before been employed. So complete will be the stage machinery, that one colossal production will follow another without interruption, or the necessity of closing the doors for a single performance.

In this magnificent Temple of Thespis, Mr. Imre Kiralfy will produce his world-renowned spectacular plays. Each of these will be founded on historical incidents, so blended with romance and poetry, presented in an elevated style, and with the most realistic accessories and surroundings, as will best afford pleasure as well as instruction. A master in the art of colour, it may readily be imagined what pageants and grouping of gorgeous hues, Mr. Imre Kiralfy will be able to present, with the thousands of people who will be employed on the great stage.

Connected with the theatre will be a powerful orchestra, in addition to the large and efficient bands, which will be used in the performances.

The Central Hall will be of great architectural beauty. It will be fitted in true oriental style, showing all the splendour of Eastern tropical foliage, rustling amid the murmur of cascades, and the play of illuminated fountains. This portion of the building will afford ample space for promenaders during the Entr'actes in the theatre, and will prove a favourite among the many lounges, which will be provided.

Adjoining this section will be located a new 2,000 horse-power plant for electrical purposes. This will be erected by Messrs, Davey Paxman & Co., who supplied the greater portion of the lighting of the Paris Exhibition, and that of nearly all the exhibitions that have been given in London for years past.

The Manufacturing Section will be found in the Imperial Palace, which will be a piece of brilliant Indian architectural work. It will be a lofty building, free from any obstruction. In this Indian Court will be displayed the principal manufactures of each Indian Province, together with wares, manufactured at home for the Indian markets.

The Indian city will be devoted to the Industrial Section. In this will be found absolute reproductions of the principal features of all the great cities in India's vast domain. Streets, palaces, temples, mosques, bazaars, and workshops will combine to make a scene of varied life and animation. Several hundred natives will be employed at their various trades and callings, and the English mechanic may observe the curious difference of method employed by the native artisan in many branches of handicraft. Those who saw how well Mr. Imre Kiralfy succeeded, in the small space at his command at Olympia, in recalling Venice to the minds of those
who know the Queen of the Adriatic, will readily imagine what he
will now be able to do with this Indian city, which will cover
several acres of ground.

Passing from this portion of the covered way we reach Elysia,
in the centre of which, will stand the Gigantic Wheel, which will
be fully completed long before the opening of the Exhibition.
This immense structure, weighing no less than 3,000 tons, is one
of the greatest engineering feats of the century. It will be capable
of carrying 1,600 passengers in each revolution of the ponderous
wheel to a height of 400 feet from the earth. Handsome refresh­
ment rooms will be fitted up at various stages. At these the
visitor may stop on his upward journey, or may pass from one
massive tower to the other, through the immense axle which
measures seven feet in diameter. In addition to the Great
Wheel there will be a number of new and curious mechanical
inventions, Indian Jugglers, Fakirs, Nautch Dancers, Snake
Charmers, &c., &c., combining all the elements of an Indian Fair
with the latest mechanism which Western skill has perfected.
This will be the Children’s Paradise par excellence.

Over a beautiful terrace visitors may pass to the Indian Gardens
—the horticultural portion of the Exhibition. Tastefully laid out
on a perfect scheme of beautiful beds of flowers, lighted at night
by electricity, with bands playing and fountains plashing, these
gardens will afford a delightful retreat.

As every portion of the buildings and grounds will be connected
by terraces and covered walks, after roaming through the gardens,
the visitors may re-enter the Fine Art Rotunda and pass into the
Queen’s Court.

This will be a picturesquely designed and richly decorated court,
laid out in a variety of harmonious designs. On one side of the
lake, there will be a magnificent Palace of Indian architecture, to be
known as the Queen’s Palace. This will be devoted to a display
of machinery and scientific instruments, electrical appliances, agric­
tural implements, marine exhibits, &c.

Through the imposing colonnades the Hall of the Rajahs will
be reached. Here will be found a large and magnificent display of
the Flora of India and a vast collection of rare and curious articles
lent by the Rajahs.

The whole of this portion of the Exhibition will present a
strikingly novel and picturesque appearance. It will be diversified
by exquisite bits of water scenery, studded with islets and inter­
spersed with grottos, glens and caves.

In fine, as an Exhibition of a single country, the Empire of
India Exhibition will be the largest ever attempted in the world.

Copy of letter from Mrs. Carmichâel to Sir George
Birdwood:—

Dear Sir George Birdwood,—I have been requested
by Sir James Linton and the Council to thank you
sincerely for your letter. They deeply regret your resignation of the Chairmanship of the Executive Committee, but in face of the desire you so earnestly express of devoting yourself to the completion of your great treatise on Indian Art, they feel their interests are insignificant in the presence of a work of such world-wide importance.

The Society can never adequately thank you for piloting it through the many shoals and rocks it had to encounter in the early part of its career, and I am instructed by the Chairman and Council to express their gratitude to you for promising to remain a member of the Committee.

From myself, allow me to add that without your able and sympathetic assistance my "Sepia" bark would have been wrecked long ago.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) SARA M. CARMICHAEL.

The Maharajahs of Baroda, Bhownugger, and Travancore, and the Rajah Gajapati Rao, have telegraphed and otherwise intimated their intention of sending artisans to the Empire of India Exhibition, and exhibits most representative from their States for the Fine Art and Loan Section which, as has before been stated, is under the Presidentship of Sir James Linton, P.R.I., and general management of the S.E.P.I.A.

New members since last month: Mr. R. E. Candy and Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G. We record with thanks a donation of Rs. 20 from Mrs. Sassoon, Ashley Hall, Poona.
CHAPTER I.

Young Ratanbai is a pleasing girl of eleven. Her father's name is Vasudevrav Kāshināth Dalvi, and her mother's, Anandibāi. Mr. Vasudevrav is a successful lawyer of the High Court. Every morning he is busy with his clients in the office room, which is very comfortably furnished. A rich carpet covers the floor; a cushioned sofa stands at one side, a dozen chairs in a row at the other, a handsome cabinet containing a large collection of law books opposite, and there are two good windows looking to the front. The walls are prettily decorated, and portraits of great men, mostly literary, hang in a most uncomfortable fashion high up against the roof. Mr. Vasudevrav likes his home to be well furnished, and once in a way he does give his spare time to this matter; but generally he only makes the purchases and sends them home, leaving all to his clerk Narayanrao, who, though a clever and an honest man, knows little about making a room attractive.

One morning, as Mr. Vasudavrav is busy with his clients, little Ratanbai, a pet with her father, walks in, and, carrying a chair to the window, kneels on it and looks out on the road. She is dressed, as all Hindu girls are, in a skirt of the *khan* material, and a short-sleeved satin jacket. Her tiny fair wrists are covered with gold bracelets, six on each, with a couple of gold stone bangles between. Round her neck is a mangalsutra†, a "sa-ri,"‡ a "goph."|| Her ears have diamond and pearl ear-rings. Her hair is parted in the middle, brushed, well oiled, and tied into a neat knot at the back. Upon this knot she wears a brooch-

* The Hindu ladies' cloth.
† The wedding symbol. It is a necklace of small black beads, with a pretty gold ornament in the middle.
‡ A heavy gold neck ornament.
|| A beautifully woven ornament of fine real gold strings. It fits round the neck.
like jewel, over which a "veni"* is fixed. Her skirt reaches her ankles; but as she kneels, it is a bit untidy, and one can see her pretty grape-patterned anklets. Two toes, the first and the third, have silver rings. Ratanbai stayed at the window for a few moments, then getting off the chair, she stood by the table, watching her learned father as he dictated to half a dozen clerks who squatted on the floor and scribbled away with reed pens. She looked charming. Her fair complexion made her to be classed amongst the pretty girls of Bombay. As she stood in a careless dreamy way looking at the flying pens of the clerks, her kind father's attention was turned towards her, and thoughts seemed to crowd into his head while he stretched lazily on his chair. Then coming to himself, and putting his velvet cap straight, he again attended to his work. No one knew what filled his mind with care, and child Ratan did not notice her father at all. She little knew the anxiety her good parent had had ever since her marriage.

Ratanbai had been married two years before into a wealthy but an uneducated family. The promise was made by the mother with the father's consent, when the girl was a baby, and the arrangement had to be fulfilled, though it had been against the real wish of the educated father. Unfortunately, four months after the marriage, her father-in-law, Harischandra Sadashiva, a successful merchant and a wealthy landowner, died, and his widow, according to the rules of the caste, had to live under the shelter of her husband's brother, who was rich, but not very pleasant to deal with. His wife, who belonged to the country, was ignorant, and always made matters worse through sheer want of education. Ratanbai's mother-in-law, then, was in great trouble, and Mr. Vasudevrav became at times full of grief, for it was clear that Ratan's young husband, who was prosecuting his studies at College, would soon be obliged to take up the management of the affairs, and this would indeed come in the way of his studies. Such a necessity was a great disappointment to Mr. Vasudevrav, whose great aim was to have as his son-in-law a learned man, and, if possible, one who would be a lawyer. Every time he looked at Ratanbai, his only surviving and therefore darling child, anxiety filled his mind.

In about half-an-hour, Mr. Vasudevrav was at break-

* A wreath of flowers.
fast. The dining room was dismal looking, with only a dozen low flat stools to boast of as furniture. It was, however, very clean, and we will mention the details of the meal.

Mr. Vāsudevrāv seats himself on one of the stools, before which is a large silver "tāt,"* "a vāti,"† a silver water jug and cup. He is dressed in a rich maroon "mughta."‡ The upper part of his body is bare, the sacred thread hangs across his shoulder; a gold ornament, like a handsome bracelet, is tightly fixed above his elbow, and a pearl earring is in the upper part of his ear. His head is shaved, except at the back, whence hang curly jet tresses. He is a tall, fine-looking man. As soon as he sits down, his wife, Anandibai, gently and modestly steps in, and sitting on the floor pours a little water into the plate, and running her fingers through, throws the water into a corner near by, when a cup full of rice is laid in it by the cook with "varana"|| over it. Anandibai brings in a "vāti"§ of butter, and pours a couple of teaspoonfuls over the rice. In the meantime, the "polli,"¶ the vegetables, and the pickles, and sweets and fruits are served, and Mr. Vāsudevrāv, alone and in silence, devours his fresh hot breakfast. Sometimes he asks for more of some dish which Anandibai serves. He tries some more rice, with milk and home-made curds, and, finishing the sweets and the fruits, draws a bright-polished brass basin closer, washes his hands, and looks for a napkin, which his good wife hands to him. He now walks straight up to his room to dress, which operation takes very little time, for everything is lying ready, and a servant is present to help in the way of drawing on the boots, &c.

Meantime Ratanbai had had her breakfast, and was ready also. The carriage—a handsome landau, drawn by a pair of fine white horses, a gift from one of the clients—came to the door. Mr. Vāsudevrāv, who is dressed in a long white coat and trousers, with a handsome red turban, gets in first, and little Ratanbai seats herself opposite him. With two footmen at the back of the carriage, and a messenger by the coachman's side, they drive through

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* A large plate.
† A cup.
‡ The habit worn by gentlemen when dining.
|| A preparation of a kind of pulse always used with rice.
§ Cup.
¶ Cake or scone.
the crowded, busy streets. After ten minutes the carriage stopped. One of the footmen not in livery jumped down, and helping Ratanbai out, walked behind her with her bag of school books into a large broad stone house, and placing the bag in its place, left Ratanbai among her friends, saying loudly before leaving, "Ratanbai, please be ready; I have been told to come for you at two o'clock today, so I will bring your milk and then take you home." At this Ratanbai looked at him and simply nodded her head. The carriage in the meantime drove on to the High Courts, and the servant, after seeing Ratanbai at school, made calls on his friends, and had a short smoke and nap before returning home.

The bell rang and the girls went into their respective class rooms. Let us go into the III. Standard Class. It is upstairs, and we must needs ascend the broad staircase. The room is well ventilated and suitably furnished. There are twelve girls in the class, all young wives. Three are dressed in the "sari," and the rest like Ratanbai. At the head of the class is our friend Ratanbai, looking intelligent and modest as she stands up to read the third verse of "Casabianca." She reads it distinctly, with expression, as if she understood every word, and then she follows the next reader by looking into her book. A visitor might at once perceive how well behaved and good Ratanbai is at school. She never joins in any sort of mischief, is never found inattentive, in fact, she is, as her teacher is delighted to say, "the nicest girl that attends our school."

At one o'clock the servant brought her tiffin-milk and cake; the former in a silver cup, and the latter in a silver basket. Ratanbai does not go out of the class when her servant arrives, as some of the girls do, but she waits until the "recess hour"; then she went quietly into the tiffin room, seated herself on the floor, and drank the milk first and then eat the cake. After washing her hands at the pipe in the outer room, she ran upstairs to her teacher, ascertained her lessons for the next day, then bidding good bye in her sweet way, with a smile and a gentle nod of the head, putting on her "shalu," she walked out, the servant again behind her with her bag, and drove home.

Anandibai, her mother, was at her toilet. She was seated on the floor before a looking glass, with caskets of jewellery near, and was just taking a pair of pearl studs out of her ear, when Ratan ran in and embraced her.

* * A silk shawl with gold thread.
"Go to Gangu," said the mother, "and she will do your hair, and then I want you to wear your "pitav"* to-day. We are to go to "Māvashi's phule."†

By four o'clock the mother and the daughter were dressed, and the brougham is at the door. Ratanbai wears a light blue pitav with gold trimming. Her jacket is of pink satin, most elaborately worked with gold thread and pearls. She has on a set of pearl jewellery, and wears a handsome nose-ring. Gracefully raising the edge of her dress, she jumps into the carriage, her mother, who is very neatly attired, follows, and with two attendants they drive through the bustling streets into one of the newly-built stone bungalows in Girgaum. As they near the house, they hear the "vajantri,"% or tom-tom. Anandibai and Ratan get out, and are led into the hall, which is most grandly arranged. The chairs, sofas, and tables have been moved into another room; a rich carpet is spread, the chandeliers and wall lamps are uncovered and lit. The Hindu ladies dressed all alike, but in variegated colours, are seated in groups on the carpet. Some are talking, some are helping themselves to "Pan supari,"|| and some are putting flowers in their hair. There are about a hundred in the room, and yet the entrance is still crowded. The ladies look very dignified as they enter, dressed in different kinds of sars, with the handsome-coloured cashmere shawls thrown over their shoulders. Each meets the hostess, then takes a seat amidst the crowd, and looks round about at the house, &c., and is soon lost in talk. Anandibai and Ratanbai, being the nearest relatives, go into the inner room first, and then into the outer hall.

Anandibai's youngest sister, Champubai, is married into this house. She is a lovely girl of fourteen, and it is on her account that this festivity takes place. In about an hour Champubai, most gorgeously dressed in the handsomest silk and gold, and with abundant jewellery, walks into the room, when every eye is turned to her. She takes her seat in the lovely pandal especially put up for the occasion—on a velvet-cushioned chair—and, placing her jewelled feet on a low stool, she sits—a picture of perfect beauty. The oval face, the light olive complexion, the lovely black expressive eyes, the chiselled nose, and the small mouth,

* A silk sari—like the Parsi.
† The flower ceremony of the maternal aunt.
‡ The native band.
|| The leaves and betel nut—the hospitality of the Hindus.
all go to make Champubai one of the beauties of Bombay. Her luxuriant jet hair is hung in a plait decorated with flowers of the sweetest scent; an artistic net of jessamine buds covers her head, and her forehead from ear to ear is edged by a piece of pearl lace, and an ornament of about the size of a shilling is suspended by a pearl string at the parting. Her ears are masses of beautiful pearls and diamonds, and so are the arms and the neck. The pitav she wears is of a soft pink, and worked all over with gold. Her delicate feet have ornaments like Ratanbai's, only these are larger. The pandal is against a large handsome mirror, and is like a fairy bower, arranged with plants, and lamps, and candles. At the side of Champubai are two dais, one of which is occupied by young girls dressed gracefully; amongst them, to the right hand, is little Ratanbai.

The ladies of the house are in a state of confusion and bustle. There are so many duties to be carried out, but no arrangement had been made beforehand as to who to perform them. Finally, the hostess tells one to go to the distribution of cocoanuts, two to the serving of spiced milk, one to distribute the flowers, another to attend to the Pan supari; while she herself attends to her daughter-in-law. She carries a silver tray with the following articles in it: a little rice, a tiny box of "kunku,"* and a small lamp, and places the tray at the feet of Champubai. Holding the lamp up to Champubai's face, she waves it in the usual way, and putting a promissory note of Rs. 50 in her daughter-in-law's hand, places the lamp in the tray, and applies the "kunku" and rice between the eyebrows, extending this last ceremony to Ratanbai and the other little girls.

After this an unusual noise prevails, and much confusion follows in distributing the sweets and serving the milk; the last is done in another room, the ladies going in groups of ten or twelve. A little after lamp light all is over, yet the poorer and older women of the caste keep on coming, if not to witness the ceremony, at least to receive sweets and cocoanuts. Anandibai and Ratanbai are urged to take dinner, which they do hurriedly, for Anandibai is anxious to get home to her husband. To her surprise and Ratan's pleasure, Mr. Vasudevrao calls for them in the carriage before proceeding home. The gentlemen of the house,

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* The red stuff with which the ladies make the dot on the forehead.
however, urge him to get out and remain a while, which he does. He is led into the drawing room, and the hospitality of pan supari is offered. After some jokes they begin to talk on the topics of the day, and so engrossed was Mr. Vasudevrao in the conversation that Anandibai goes home alone with Ratanbai and sends the carriage back for her husband.

For a whole week Champubai was engaged in this way with ceremonies, and each day she was dressed in a different way. One day like a "Bhatin,"* the second day like a "Vanin,"† the third day like a Parsi lady, and so on, and on all these days Ratanbai is kept away from school. Finally her mother pronounces there are no more festivities, and that Ratan can attend school. But on the next day a message comes from the mother-in-law that she was required there for a certain ceremony at her husband's sister's house. To her mother-in-law's then she went for a week. Ratanbai never liked going to "Sasar,"‡ for she was not allowed any freedom there. She had always to be helping with something or other, and to be in complete subjection to everyone. She could not take her school possessions to that house, for it was her mother-in-law's sister-in-law who was the ruling person in the home, and she was already educated in the old style, and was most averse to "new or reformed ideas." Ratanbai's mother-in-law was nobody there. So Ratanbai dared not carry a lesson book into that home, and the consequence was that the bright happy child was turned into a miserable girl for a week. Sitting idly for hours, helping to clean the vegetables and grain, gossiping with the neighbouring girls of her age, listening to all sorts of talk of the elderly women were the usual occupations of Ratanbai at the "Sasar." She could not feel happy in this cheerless life. All the members of the family were a terror to the child. From the day she arrived to the day she left all kinds of remarks would be made, and especially remarks that hurt her. Something about her father and mother, about being sent to school and being "learned," was constantly falling on her ears. Yet she did not say a word, did not show signs of unpleasantness. Her duty was to please, and to be most obedient. How often she thought of the school, and the companions and the teachers, and longed to be amongst

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* Is a term used by the Gaud Brahmins for the Brahmin lady.
† Bania lady.
‡ The father-in-law's house.
them! But as a married girl her lot was first of all with her husband's people. Very likely if her father-in-law had been alive, her mother-in-law would have removed her from school after her tenth birthday, but to please Ratan's father she was very quiet.

At last the day for her returning to her parents arrived, and Ratan longed to fly as a bird; but, no! she must wait till until she is sent for. The carriage, after taking the gentlemen to the office and the college, came back, and with the permission of her mother-in-law, she went back to her parents. How pleased she was to be again at her dear home! Now she might fly from one room to another, and be petted and caressed by all, a little queen among the servants. The silent patient "Sūna"* became again a free bright happy child. The unkind words that had been uttered, the harsh way in which she has been treated, she dared not mention to her mother or fond father, for telling them would only make matters worse. The mother-in-law and others connected would simply have shown themselves more tyrannical. First, when Ratanbai began her visits to her "Sasar,"† she would cry, and tell her parents of these unkind manners, but that made her parents grieve, and if they ventured to speak about it even in a right way it simply went badly for Ratanbai, so though she felt all this very keenly, she bore it silently and dutifully.

The day she returned to her parents her first study was to attend to her lessons. Asking the servant to bring her bag, she took it into her father's office, and, seated on the floor, opened it, taking out all the books one by one, carefully examining them. After giving the books and other articles a thorough airing, she replaced them neatly, keeping, however, one book out. This she opened and read, learning her poetry and spelling by heart. Then, taking her home exercise book, she wrote out her exercises on her father's desk, using his ink and pen. Her heart was happy at the thought of going to school the next day.

Whenever Ratanbai was at home Anandibai was very regular in getting the wreaths, and Ratanbai had one put in her hair. Her mother that afternoon made a call, and Ratanbai was allowed to accompany her. Before lamp-light they returned, and while Anandibai was busily occupied in household duties, Ratanbai took out a piece of

* Daughter-in-law.
† Father-in-law's house.
needlework, and in the office room awaited the return of her father. She merrily hummed one of the infant school tunes, and was then singing softly a Sanskrit *shloka*, when the sound of the carriage was heard, and Ratanbai, flinging down her work, ran to the window, but to her disappointment, instead of the carriage with her father in it she saw a hack victoria with a load of luggage. Two months before, an old widowed aunt of Ratanbai's father had gone on a pilgrimage to Benares. Mr. Vasudevrav had provided her with attendants, &c., and the arrival of this victoria means that the old lady had returned. The servants crowded to take the luggage, and then the old lady was helped out. She was dressed in pure white, and covered from the head to a little above her ankles. Her head was shaved, and the "pātal:* so carefully covered it that you could only see her tired face, which in its day had been attractive. Embracing Ratanbai and her mother, she pronounced her blessing, and sat down in a wearied fashion. Anandibai and Ratanbai sit beside her, and ask as to what kind of a journey she had, whether the train was crowded, and how many were returning from the pilgrimage, &c. Each question received a lengthy answer, and the attendants here and there helped to make the replies still more lengthy.

After a while Anandibai rose and walked towards the kitchen, and the old lady, understanding that it was to give an order for her supper, said: "Do not trouble. I will just take milk."

"Kakubai," says Ratanbai's mother, "you will have a little rice, surely?"

"Well, if it is hot; but do not cook any fresh for me."

"Oh, it will be no trouble, for we have not dined yet."

"What, not dined! Vāsudevrāv is not at home yet, I suppose?"

"No; Baba† must be at the Club to-day," said Ratanbai.

The old lady here rose, and carrying a bundle from amongst the luggage to where Ratanbai sat, opened it, and took up several bags and gave them to her. Rejoicing over them, she exclaimed, "Kaku, have you bought all these for me?"

"Yes, birdie, they are for you," said the auntie, pinching Ratan’s chin.

*A white sari.
† Father.
The creaking sound of the English boots announced Mr. Vasudevrāv's return home. He had been to a lecture in the “Hindu Club.” The Bhaya* at the door stands up and says, “Sheth, Kakubai aye hai.”† With feelings of pleasure and astonishment he entered the hall, and found Kakubai and Ratanbai sitting together. After exchanging greetings, they talked for a while, when it was announced that “dinner is served.” Mr. Vāsudevrāv takes a few minutes to wash and dress, and is in his old seat; Anandibai is helping in the serving. As usual they sat talking after dinner, and Kakubai gave a long account of her pilgrimage, so that they all, even Ratanbai, retired at a late hour.

For two weeks Ratanbai is now able to go regularly to school. Every evening she might be seen sitting beside Kakubai, relating the day's incidents, and giving an enthusiastic account of the happy hours spent with the Bai (Mistress) and the teachers in the girls' school.

(To be continued.)

* Caretaker.
† Sir, Kakubai has come.
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A volume combining these two names is sure of a hearty welcome, although the Kipling of this book (formerly Director of the Lahore School of Art and father to Rudyard) gives his impression of India with a skilful brush instead of with a graphic pen. Still the association of names is auspicious, since there are no two writers who have done more than Rudyard Kipling and Mrs. Steel in making Indian life, its character, its scenery, and its sadness known to western readers. Both authors have done this through the pleasant and efficacious use of the imagination, by means of that Genius for telling stories of human life, which gives truer and more vivid representation than any amount of facts, figures, or pictures can do.

In this volume, however, we have no original work of Mrs. Steel's, except where her preface transports us to an Indian village, in language that recalls to our eyes the reds and yellows of an Indian sunset, and to our noses the pungent smell of the concluding cookery fires—

It is sunset. Over the limitless plain, vast and unbroken as the heavens above, the hot cloudless sky cools slowly into shadows. The men leave their labour amid the fields, which, like an oasis in the desert, surround the mud-built village, and, plough on shoulder, drive the bullock homewards. The women set aside their spinning wheels and prepare the simple evening meal. The little girls troop, basket on head, from the oak chests of the village, where all day long they have been at work, kneading, drying, and stacking the fuel-cakes so necessary in this woodless country. The boys, half hidden in clouds of dust, drive the herds of gaunt cattle and ponderous buffaloes to the thorn-edged yards. The day is over—the day which has been so hard and toilful, even for the children—and with the night comes rest and play. The village, so deserted before, is alive with voices; the elders cluster round the court-yard doors, the little ones whoop through the narrow alleys. But, as the shortlived Indian twilight dies into darkness, the voices one by one are hushed, and as the stars come out the children disappear. But not to sleep; it is too hot, for the sun which has beaten so
fiercely all day long on the mud roofs, walls, and floors, has left a legacy of warmth behind it, and not till midnight will the cool breeze spring up bringing with it refreshment and repose. How, then, are the long dark hours to be passed? In all the village not a lamp or candle is to be found; the only light, and that used sparingly and of necessity, being the dim and smoky flame of an oil-fed wick. Yet in spite of this the houses, though dark, are not dreary, for this, in an Indian village, is story-telling time, not only from choice, but from obedience to the well-known precept, which forbids such idle amusement between sunrise and sunset.

The tales are collected from various sources, and are of all kinds—old and new, some fanciful and extravagant, and some of the character of fables and proverbs, many recalling the popular German tales collected by Grimm.

For those who wish to study them in the light of folklore, copious notes are provided, but these are conveniently separated from the rest of the volume, and the ordinary reader is not compelled to see bulbuls and pipal-trees, and even roads and walls classified as *Dramatis Persona*.

Possibly, fairy tales, like other stories and novels, are all the more attractive for being written without a definite purpose (either moral or the contrary), and should seem only to be the products of romancing inspiration, like our old friends Rumpelstiltskin and the Twelve Dancing Princesses. However, this book contains both the stories and their anatomy, and the neatly-ticketed skeletons in the Museum of notes are there for students—and for those who like them.

Some of the tales, such as "A Grain of Corn," belong to the West as much as to the East; and many in reading it will recall games of forfeits, and the difficulty of repeating correctly, "An old woman brought a pig from market, but the pig would not get over a stile, so she called out, Dog! dog! bite pig. Pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night. Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; pig won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night. Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig," &c., and so on, through water, ox, butcher, rope, rat, and cat, until the cat begins to worry the rat, the rat begins to bite the rope, the rope begins to hang the butcher, the butcher begins to kill the ox, the ox begins to drink the water, the water begins to quench the fire, the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick begins to beat the dog, the dog begins to bite the pig, the pig gets over the stile, and the old woman gets home that night.
A Jackal and a Partridge swore eternal friendship, but the Jackal was very exacting and jealous. "You don't do half as much for me as I do for you," he used to say, "and yet you talk a great deal about friendship. Now, my idea of a friend is one who is able to make me laugh or cry, give me a good meal, and save my life, if need be. You couldn't do that!"

"Let us see," said the Partridge; "follow me at a little distance, and if I don't make you laugh you may eat me." So she flew on till she met two travellers trudging along one behind the other. They were both footsore and weary, and the first carried his bundle over his shoulder, while the second had his stick in his hand.

Lightly as a feather, the Partridge settled on the first traveller's stick. He, none the wiser, trudged on; but the second traveller, seeing the bird sitting so tamely in front of his nose, said to himself, "What a chance for a supper," and immediately flung his shoes at it; whereupon the Partridge flew away, and the shoes knocked off the traveller's turban.

"What a plague do you mean?" he cried, angrily turning on his companion. "Why did you throw your shoes at my head?"

"Brother," replied the other, "do not be vexed. I did not throw them at you, but at the partridge that was sitting on your stick."

"On my stick! Do you take me for a fool?" shouted the injured man, in a great rage. "Don't tell me such cock and bull stories. First you insult me, and then lie like a coward; but I'll teach you manners." Then he fell upon his fellow traveller without more ado, and they fought till they could not see out of their eyes, their noses were bleeding, their clothes in rags, and the Jackal had nearly died of laughing. "Are you satisfied?" asked the Partridge of her friend. "Well," answered the Jackal, "you have made me laugh, but I doubt if you could make me cry—it is easy to be a buffoon; it is more difficult to excite the higher emotions."

"Let us see," said the Partridge, somewhat piqued. "There is a huntsman with his dogs coming along the road. Just creep into that hollow tree; if you don't weep scalding tears you will have no feeling in you." The Jackal did as he was bid, and watched the Partridge, who began fluttering about the bushes till the dogs caught sight of her, when she flew to the hollow tree where the Jackal was hidden. Of course the dogs smelt him at once, and set up such a yelping and scratching that the huntsman came up, and seeing what it was, dragged the Jackal out by the tail. Whereupon the dogs worried him to their hearts' content, and finally left him for dead. By and bye he opened his eyes, for he was only foxing, and saw the Partridge sitting on a branch above him. "Did you
cry?" she asked, anxiously. "Did I rouse your higher emo——?
"Be quiet, will you," snarled the Jackal, "I am half dead with fear."

The next adventure is to get him a good dinner, which the Partridge succeeds in, by going into a field which women have to pass through when carrying their husband's mid-day meal to them. There she gives a little fluttering cry and goes from bush to bush, till all the women, believing her to be a wounded bird, set down the food they are carrying and pursue her far away; meanwhile the Jackal sets to and consumes the dinners.

"Are you satisfied now?" the Partridge asked. "Well," returned the Jackal, "I confess you have given me a good dinner, you have also made me laugh and made me cry. But after all, the great test of friendship is beyond you. You could not save my life." "Perhaps not," acquiesced the Partridge, mournfully; "I am so small and weak. But it grows late; we should be going home; and, as it is a long way round by the ford, we should cross the river; my friend the crocodile will carry us over. Accordingly, they set off for the river, and the crocodile kindly consented to carry them across, so they sat on his broad back, and he ferried them over. But just as they were in the middle of the stream, the Partridge remarked, "I believe the crocodile intends to play us a trick. How awkward if he were to drop you into the water!" "Awkward for you, too," replied the Jackal, turning pale. "Not at all! not at all! I have wings, you have not." On this the Jackal shivered and shook with fear, and when the crocodile, in a gruesome growl, remarked that he was hungry and wanted a good meal, the wretched creature had not a word to say. "Pooh!" cried the Partridge, airily, "don't try tricks on us. I should fly away; and as for my friend the Jackal, you couldn't hurt him. He is not such a fool as to take his life with him on these little excursions: he leaves it at home, locked up in a cupboard." "Is that a fact?" said the crocodile, surprised. "Certainly!" retorted the Partridge. "Try and eat him if you like, but you will only tire yourself to no purpose." "Dear me! how very odd!" gasped the crocodile, and he was so much taken aback that he carried the Jackal safe to shore. "Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the Partridge. "My dear madam," quote the Jackal, "you have made me laugh, you have made me cry, you have given me a good dinner, and you have saved my life; but upon my honour, I think you are too clever for a friend, so good-bye." And the Jackal never went near the Partridge again.

The Ruby Prince deals with the oldest recorded of crimes—Feminine Curiosity—and duly punishes it, as it has been punished in every place and time from that of Eve downwards. Sometimes the subject has been treated
with pathos and beauty, as in the case of Cupid and Psyche (which this tale much resembles); sometimes with horror and ghastliness, as in the case of Blue Beard; and sometimes it becomes ludicrous, as in the case of the mouse escaping from the dishcover. Sometimes the crime is capable of expiation, and sometimes not: but the following legend has a happy and a moral ending.

Once upon a time, a poor Brahman was walking along a dusty road when he saw something sparkling on the ground. On picking it up it turned out to be a small red stone; so, thinking it something curious, the Brahman put it in his pocket and went on his way. By and by he came to a corn merchant's shop at the side of the road, and, being hungry, he bethought himself of the red stone, and taking it out offered it to the corn dealer in exchange for a bite and sup, as he had no money in his pocket. Now for a wonder the shopkeeper was an honest man, so after looking at the stone, he bade the Brahman take it to the King, "for," he said, "all the goods in my shop are not its equal in value!" Then the Brahman carried the stone to the King's palace, and asked to be shown into his presence. But the Prime Minister refused at first to admit him. Nevertheless, when the Brahman persisted he had something beyond price to show, he was allowed to see the King. Now the snake stone was just like a ruby—red and fiery—therefore when the King saw it he said, "What dost thou want for this ruby, O Brahman?" Then the Brahman replied, "Only a pound of meal to make a girdle cake, for I am hungry." "Nay," said the King, "it is worth more than that." So he sent for a lakh of rupees to the treasury and counted it over to the Brahman, who went on his way rejoicing.

Then the King gave it to the Queen, who put it away carefully in a box for very many years, carefully locked up, till at last the King one day desired to see again his precious stone, and lo! no stone was there, but in its stead a handsome youth, who called himself the Ruby Prince. But the King was angry, preferring the dead stone to the live Prince, and at once sent him away from Court, although kindly providing him with horse and arms to fight his way in the world. This he does most successfully—killing a fearful ogre (who eats a man for supper every evening), and thereby winning the hand of the King's daughter and half the kingdom also—

But the young bride, much as she loved her gallant husband, was vexed because she knew not who he was, and because the other women in the Palace twitted her with having married a stranger, a man from "No man's land," whom none called brother. So, day after day, she would ask her husband to tell her who he was and whence he came, and every day Ruby Prince
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would reply, "Dear heart, ask me anything but that, for that you must not know." Yet still the Princess begged and prayed, and wept and coaxed, until one day when they were standing by the riverside, she whispered, "If you love me, tell me of what race you are!" Now, Ruby's foot touched the water as he replied, "Dear heart, anything but that, for that you must not know." Still the Princess, imagining she saw signs of yielding in his face, said again, "If you love me, tell me of what race you are." Then the Ruby Prince stood knee-deep in the water, and his face was sad, as he replied, "Dear heart, anything but that, for that you must not know." Once again the wilful bride put her question, and the Ruby Prince was waist-deep in the stream. "Dear heart," he cried, "anything but that." "Tell me, tell me," called the Princess, and lo, as she spoke, a jewelled snake, with a golden crown and a ruby star, raised itself from the water, and with a sorrowful look towards her, disappeared beneath the wave.

Long and sad was the parting and various were the adventures ere the Princess succeeded, by dint of charming the Snake King with her super-excellent dancing, in inducing him to grant her whatever boon she desired. She chose the restoration of her husband to human form, and the story ends with recording that they lived henceforward happily together, and that she never again asked inconvenient questions.

MARY HOBHOUSE.

SOME EARLY SOVEREIGNS OF TRAVANCORE: For the first time brought to notice, with their dates determined by Inscriptions. By P. Sundram Pillai, M.A., F.M.W., Professor of Philosophy in H.H. the Maharajah's College, Trivandrum. Madras: Addison & Co.

To one who has had experience of India and Indian literature, this little book comes like the crisp cool invigorating breezes of a hill station, after a prolonged sojourn among the balmy but enervating airs of the plains. The favourite faculty of the native of India is the imagination, and one of his greatest delights is to be allowed to roam fancy free in a world the facts of which are his own creation. As might be expected, he too often feels irked and fretted, when for any reason he is required to give an uncoloured statement of facts, not as his glowing imagination would picture them, but as they actually present themselves in the sober and dry light of nature or history. He would very heartily share the feeling of the man who, when it was pointed out to him that his description did not square with the facts, is reported to have said "so much
the worse for the facts.” The study of history has therefore not flourished in India, and that country has, so far as we are aware, nothing in its literature at all like the great histories in which Western nations have sought to preserve a permanent and reasoned record of their development or of their “decline and fall.” It will therefore be easily understood with what pleasure we perused the little work before us, and found the author, for purposes of history, weighing evidence in the most severely critical manner, acknowledging ignorance wherever he did not really know, suspending judgment wherever he could not gather sufficient data to enable him to form it, and exercising his imagination only within strict scientific limits, and then with good effect. This is the kind of guide that one feels confidence in following where one's own knowledge fails, and Mr. Sundram Pillai may feel assured that if he continues his historical researches in the same admirable spirit he has displayed in the little book before us, he will have done much to secure the acceptance by others of any conclusions he may hereafter find himself able to reach. Nor must we, in giving Mr. Sundram Pillai the praise that is his due for the judicial spirit he displays in his investigations, omit to give him credit for another quality not often expected or found in antiquarians. It usually requires one to have a very genuine interest in the subject to follow them in their investigations among musty records or half obliterated inscriptions, but Mr. Sundram Pillai has the power of lighting up the treatment of a naturally very dry subject with frequent flashes of a genial humour, which make us willing to follow him when otherwise we might feel strongly inclined to shut the book and say, “enough!” Speaking, for example, of an inscription on the walls of a ruinous temple he had to decipher, he says: “Care, however, should be taken that the examination is not long postponed, lest the temple be gone by the time the expedition is undertaken, and equal care should be taken also, in the course of the examination, not to disturb the serpents inside, lest the examiner be gone before his mission is fulfilled!” And again, speaking in his introduction of the generally dilapidated condition of the materials he has to deal with, he says: “Our sources of historical information, both ethical and epigraphical, seem to be all equally moribund, muttering, as it were, with their dying gasp, ‘Observe now, or never.’ How important, how helpful these dying declarations of the past are often found to be,
only those who have dealt with them can know, and if I here venture to catch and interpret some of the still voices of antiquity in our midst, with a view mainly to awaken general interest in our history, I have no other justification to offer, no other apology to make, than that they might ere long cease to be heard at all." Did space permit, we could add other quotations to show the brightness and sparkle of the author’s style, but we have given enough to show that Mr. Sundram Pillai is something more than a mere Dr. Dry-as-Dust. From the nature of the subject with which he deals, it can appeal to the interest of comparatively few beyond the limits of Travancore itself; but we sincerely trust that the qualities he has displayed in this confined field may attract attention, and lead, perhaps, to wider scope being found for the exercise of so admirable a judicial spirit, accompanied by a modesty, candour, and literary style equally admirable: for in a country like India there ought to be no difficulty in finding abundant opportunity for utilising such rare gifts as Mr. Sundram Pillai has given such gratifying evidence of in the little book before us.

We may now just indicate what Mr. Sundram Pillai, in his concluding sentences, considers, with good reason, he has accomplished by his labours among the too often half-effaced inscriptions which he calls the "dying declarations of the past." He says: "You have for the first time revealed to you the names and dates of nine of the old and revered sovereigns of Venād.* That these names and dates by themselves will not constitute the history of the two centuries we took up for our study, needs no saying. But that they will stand in good stead when the history of the epoch comes to be written is my humble hope and trust.” As an aid to enable us to weigh his interpretations of the inscriptions and the inferences he draws from them, he gives, in an appendix, the inscriptions themselves transliterated into modern Tamil and Malayalam, though, as he very truly remarks, "for purposes of palæography nothing short of photo-lithographs can be of much real value."

The book is appropriately dedicated to the present Maharaja of Travancore, whose Government has kindly aided Mr. Sundram Pillai in his investigations: not, however, to such an extent as to make it unnecessary for him to draw upon his own private resources.  

R. H.

* Travancore.

The five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dom Henrique of Portugal has been fittingly celebrated by rejoicings in his native land, and by the publication, for the first time, of a connected account of the rise, progress, and decay of Portuguese power in Indian waters. To Dom Henrique belongs the merit of having been the first to conceive the thought of reaching India by passing round Africa. This was not a random thought, but was the result of carefully conducted geographical and astronomical studies, and by the untiring collection of information from any source likely to afford it. His studies led him to the conclusion that the continent of Africa must terminate at some attainable point, and that the sea would then lead into the southern portion of the Indian waters, the northern part of which was navigated by the Moors. This accurate forecast he made it the object of his life to realise, and year after year he despatched small vessels at his own expense, giving the commanders such information as he possessed to enable them to proceed southwards, and receiving from them the discoveries which each of them made. At last the discovery of the islands of Porto Santo and Madeira rewarded his efforts; and in 1434 one of his captains doubled Cape Bojador. This was a great triumph, for it encouraged the timid navigators to proceed into Noman's Land, having found that the further side was no more mysterious than the side to which they were accustomed. The Azores and Cape de Verde islands, the Senegal, Gambia, and Rio Grande, were added to his discoveries; and then Prince Henry died. He did not live to see his great project realised; but the improvements he effected in the art of navigation, the discoveries he originated, and the spirit of enterprise he evoked in the direction tending to realise his own great conception, give him the first honour of creating the grand highway which transferred the centre of wealth from the East to the West, and remained the channel of communication till the Suez Canal came into being. The accuracy of Prince Henry's information may be gauged from the fact that in the map constructed from his plans, forty years before the Cape of Good Hope had been seen by European eyes,
the extremity of Africa is clearly laid down, and Sofala and Zanzibar are marked on the eastern side of the continent. The actual discovery was merely a matter of time, and the expeditions of 1462, 1469, 1471, and 1484 opened the coast of Africa as far as the Congo River; and in 1486 Bartholomeu de Diaz, having been driven before the wind far to the south, struck eastward, but, finding no land, turned northward and found himself on the east side of Africa. He had thus rounded the Cape without knowing it; and having set up a pillar in Algoa Bay, he returned to Lisbon. Vasco da Gama, who has received all the credit of discovering the passage round the Cape, has, therefore, no claim to that honour. The discovery that there was such a Cape, and the way to reach the lands beyond, undoubtedly belongs to Prince Henry; and the credit of demonstrating the practicability of the route belongs to Bartholomeu de Diaz. Vasco da Gama was not sent on a voyage of discovery, for the discovery had already been made—he was sent in 1497 as the pioneer trader. His ships were laden with merchandise—cloths of gold, silk, and wool, jewels of gold, necklaces, chains, and bracelets, ewers of silver, swords and ornamented daggers, and various presents for kings, with specimens of every kind of spice. It is evident from the cargo that his was no voyage of discovery; in fact, his vessels were built on a design furnished by Bartholomeu de Diaz, whose brother accompanied Vasco da Gama, as did also Pedro de Alanquer, to pilot him round the Cape.

The rapidity with which the commerce of the world was changed shows the importance of the discovery. Da Gama reached India in 1498, and by 1515 the trade of the Indian Ocean was in the power of the Portuguese. In that short time the Arab merchants had been driven from the coast, Albuquerque had seized Goa and Malacca, made treaties with Cananore, Cochin, and other places, heldOrmuz and the Persian Gulf, and had dotted the coast with forts, which gave security to Portuguese trade. In that short time the struggle had practically ended, for the trade had peaceably settled into Portuguese hands, and the King of Portugal became the richest sovereign on earth. It was not long, however, before the English and the Dutch appeared upon the scene, in order to share in the good things. Then the real tussle began, which ultimately ended in a division of the spoil. There was no means of closing the open ocean to anyone who chose to venture on it; and as perpetual war was impossible, a compromise
was inevitable. It then became a commercial race between the parties, and those gifted with commercial tact took the lead in importance. This remained the general aspect of affairs until the middle of the eighteenth century, when the French conceived the idea of founding an empire in India, with the view of stealing a march on rivals. Previous to this the dealings with native rulers were directed towards securing trading facilities, the establishment of stations, the power to construct defence forts on the coast, and other such privileges and advantages. The change in sentiment occurred almost by accident, but was not unwillingly caught at and eagerly pushed forward. As a matter of fact the English alone have succeeded in establishing an empire in the East. The Portuguese and Dutch were traders, and remained such, concerning themselves solely with their coasting stations and trade on the seas; the French conceived the idea of empire, and the English realised it. It is, therefore, hardly exact to speak of the decline of the Portuguese Empire in the East. They held for a time commercial supremacy, but never aspired to empire. The stations they secured in the first few years of their trade with India are still in their possession, but the trade has long since departed from them, because it has found more advantageous channels elsewhere, and has been dwarfed by the enterprises of the last hundred years or so. It is the trade, not the empire, of Portugal which has declined in the East.

Mr. Danvers has gathered into two interesting volumes the records of the discovery of the ocean route to India, and of the progress of the trading adventures of the Portuguese in the East generally. He has filled a void in the history of European enterprise in India, and has gathered his material from the rich store of documents existing in the archives of Portugal. What is here revealed only whets the appetite for more; for it is only too evident, as Mr. Danvers points out, that the historical treasures of Portugal contain a wealth of matter illustrative of the operations of English and Dutch adventurers, as well as an almost complete account of all that was done by the Portuguese. The care with which original documents have been preserved renders these historical documents of the highest value, because they contain the very thoughts and projects of the men who executed or attempted the various enterprises, and the means at their command, and the reasons ascribed for success or failure. Information of this kind conveyed in private letters and public reports by the
very men engaged in the work possesses the highest value,
and may be safely used to check impressions derived from
less precise courses. The volumes are a welcome contribu­
tion to the history of the East, and Mr. Danvers is to
be complimented on the admirable way in which he has
condensed a mass of information into two readable volumes.

FREDERIC PINCOTT.

NEW YEAR HONOURS.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to make the
following promotions in, and appointments to, the Most
Exalted Order of the Star of India:—

To be a Knight Grand Commander.
His Highness Shahu Chatrapati Maharaj, Raja of Kolhapur.

To be Knights Commanders.
James Westland, Esq., C.S.I., Member of the Council of the
Governor-General of India.
Frederick William Richards Fryer, Esq., C.S.I., Officiating
Financial Commissioner, Punjab.
His Highness Maharao Kesri Singh of Sirohi.
Courtenay Peregrine Ilbert, Esq., C.S.I., C.I.E.

To be Companions.—Charles Cecil Stevens, Esq., Indian
Civil Service; Major-General Alexander Robert Eadcock, C.B.,
Indian Staff Corps, Commissary-General-in-Chief, India; Donald
Mackenzie Smeaton, Esq., Financial Commissioner, Burma; Stephen
Jacob, Esq., Indian Civil Service; Colonel William Francis
Prideaux, Indian Staff Corps.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to make the
following promotions in, and appointments to, the Most
Eminent Order of the Indian Empire:—

To be Knights Commanders.
Raja Sudhal Deo of Bamra, C.I.E.
Colonel Henry Ravenshaw Thuillier, R.E., C.I.E., Surveyor-
General of India.
Nawab Sidi Ahmad Khan Sidi Ibrahim Khan of Janjira.

To be Companions—Fazlbehi Visram, Esq., additional member
of the Council of the Governor-General of India; Thomas David
Little, Esq.; Colonel Henry Sullivan Jarrett; Colonel Henry
Bristow Saunders, Indian Staff Corps; Dewan Rao Bahadur
Jhujjbar Singh Jee Deo of Charkhari; Rai Durgagati Banerjee
Bahadur; Arthur Crommelin Haukin, Esq.; Adam Gillis Tytler,
Esq.; Veterinary Captain Joshua Arthur Nunn, D.S.O., Principal,
Veterinary College, Lahore; Khan Bahadur Hak Nawaz Khan.
NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

RHIMES OF RAJPUTANA. By Col. G. H. Trevor. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

HINDU CIVILISATION DURING BRITISH RULE. By Pramatha Nath Bose (4 Vols.) Vol. 1 and 2. 15s. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

CLIMBING AND EXPLORATION IN THE KARAKORAM HIMALAYAS. By W. M. Conway. With Maps and Scientific Reports. (Supplementary Vol.) 15s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

ON TO THE RESCUE: a Story of the Indian Mutiny. By Dr. Gordon Stables. 5s. (J. F. Shaw & Co.)

HANDBOOK FOR INDIA AND CEYLON. New and Revised Edition: including Burma. 15s. (J. Murray.)

Announcements.

THE EUROPEANS IN INDIA. By J. Morse Stephens, M.A.

TEMPEST TORN. By Col. A. Haggard.

A VOLUME OF ESSAYS (chiefly Indian.) By Professor Macmillan, of the Elphinstone College, Bombay.

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR. By Sir E. Braddon.

LIFE OF SIR BARTLE FREERE.

MY REMINISCENCES OF INDIA. By Lord Roberts.

TRAVELS OF THE TZAR IN THE EAST.

AMONG THE GODS: Scenes and Legends of India. By Auguste Klein.
INDIAN SUBJECTS IN THE CURRENT REVIEWS.

[It is proposed to bring to the notice of our readers from time to time articles upon Indian subjects in the leading Monthly and Quarterly Reviews. The periodicals for December contain no such articles, and the following notes refer to the current numbers of the Indian Quarterlies.]

The Asiatic Quarterly Review opens with a Persian letter dated the 12th July 1894, from his Highness the Amir Abdurrahman to Dr. G. W. Leitner, a facsimile of this document being appended to the translation. The writer touches upon the subject of the Durand Mission, and refers to the cordial relations now subsisting between the Governments of England and of Afghanistan.

Under the title of "Indian Land and Irish Policy," Sir Roper Lethbridge deals with the question of the Behar Cadastral Survey, and the present position of Indian landlords. Taking the district of North Behar as a type, he draws the conclusion from official figures that the average rental of Zemindars in that locality is now hardly more than one-fifth of what it was at the Permanent Settlement.

Mr. W. Irvine contributes an interesting note on the "Coins of the Mugal Emperors of India," and alludes to the collection of Mr. C. J. Rodgers, who is well known as an authority upon this subject. The latter gentleman is credited with having collected about thirty new specimens of Bābar, a unique coin of Humāyun, ten of Islām Shāh’s coins struck at Shergarh Kananj, one unique gold and twenty-three silver coins of Akbar, and four unique gold and eight silver coins of Jahangir. Mr. Irvine states that one of the most striking points about the Mugal coinage was the number of Mint towns that existed; thus there seems to have been at all times one active Mint in every
one of the provinces into which the Empire was divided. Indeed, a Mint with its tools and artisans invariably formed part of the Imperial camp, which was for the time being the only capital in the Kingdom.

AMONGST other papers that will well repay perusal, space can only permit a reference to Dr. G. W. Leitner's "Indigenous Oriental Education," with special regard to India, and in particular to the Panjab. The learned writer examines in some detail the nature of the instruction imparted in Korân and Arabic schools. The former have been described in official reports as "educationally worthless," but Dr. Leitner points out that they answer a double purpose, first in giving the amount of religious knowledge essential to a good Muhammadan; secondly, in preparing for the higher Korân or Arabic schools, in which the Korân is explained with scholarly minuteness. The Arabic schools are said to vary much according to their grade. Grammar, Syntax, and Rhetoric are inculcated in the middle and higher schools, through methods considered by the best European Arabic scholars to be far superior to our own. Aristotle is taught in the higher Arabic indigenous schools, and his system and that of Plato are understood. Appended to this article is the scheme of study at the Model Arabic Institution of Deoband; the course of instruction there extends over eight years, and covers a very wide field of education.

In the Calcutta Review Mr. F. C. Harrison writes a learned disquisition upon the existing stocks of the precious metals, with special regard to India. He explains that hitherto in statistics relating to the production and distribution of the precious metals, it has been customary to omit any exact references to the out-turn and absorption of the East. He divides the past history of these metals into five periods—

1st. From prehistoric times to the Christian era.
2nd. From that epoch to the discovery of America.
3rd. From the latter event to the commencement of the present century.
4th. From 1800 to 1835.
5th. From 1835 to the present day—
and gives a summary of the most salient facts in connexion
with them. Finally, he arrives at the conclusion that the stock of silver in India—after deducting .06 per cent. as waste—is not less than 5,100 millions—that is, 510 crore of rupees. In the case of gold, he estimates it at 44.32 million ounces, or about 180 millions sterling.

An appreciative article by Mr. R. P. Karkaria treats of the grave loss sustained by the community in India through the lamented death of Mr. K. T. Telang, one of the Judges of the High Court, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay. The writer traces in his life and character a close resemblance to that of the great German Scholar, Statesman, and Patriot, Christian Bunsen. "Both," he says, "were known above everything else for the spotless purity of their lives. Both were great scholars by nature and inclination, but both were enticed away from the dream of their youth by splendid temptations. The German was allured by the charms of diplomacy; the Indian by the brilliance of the Bar and the Bench." Eloquent testimony is borne to the high aims and to the versatile intellect of the subject of this memoir.

"BENGAL: ITS CASTES AND CURSES," is a paper in the independent section of the Review that deals, in the first place, with the origin and scope of the caste system in the primitive Aryan community; and secondly, with particular developments of this system now prevalent in Bengal. Professor Max Müller is cited in support of the view that in the original settlement of the Aryans there was no division of caste among them such as we find in later times; and copious extracts from sacred Hindu literature are marshalled forth to establish the position that ancient Aryan Society consisted of only one caste, and that to its several members were assigned those classes of duties which afterwards became the groundwork of caste distinctions. Proceeding next to a consideration of the caste system in Bengal, the writer states that the castes described in the Institutes of Manu still exist in that territory in their natural order, and in all their pristine vigour. He subsequently examines in detail the history of Bengal castes, showing how the rise of Buddhism checked, for a time, the Brâhmanical ascendancy, and ousted the Vedic rites and ceremonies. Brahmanism, however, finally prevailed, and the power of its rival was crushed.
The last number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* commences with a brilliant article by Mr. J. A. Baines on "Certain features of social differentiation in India." Here again the all important caste question is necessarily brought into prominence, and the tendencies manifested in the history of Indian social life are examined, together with the varying forces by which they have severally influenced it. The contention is advanced that the ideal caste system, as set forth in Vedic literature, if it ever prevailed at all, must have done so for a very short time, and amongst a very limited class. This ideal, however, is still deep-rooted amongst the people at large, in spite of many violations of it in practice. The disintegrating effect produced by the British administration, and by increased facilities in the way of transport by land and sea, are touched upon; but it is contended that, as regards marriage and formal social intercourse, the sentiments of the Brahmanic community show no sign of modification so far as the masses are concerned: nor even as regards the education of the degraded or impure castes. Mr. Baines is not in favour of too rapid relaxation of the old bonds, and he reminds us that it is owing to caste that we have in India no poor law; nor must we overlook its influence as a potent agent for maintaining the conventional standard of morality.

Mr. Frederic Pincott contributes a learned paper, elucidated by a map, on the "Route by which Alexander entered India." It is a matter of fairly general knowledge that Alexander moved from Balkh and proceeded through Kāfīristan, Chitrāl, and Swāt, till he reached the Indus. Mr. Pincott claims to have established the details of this march, and states that his suggested route agrees in every point with the careful statements of Arrian, tracing, as it does, the course of the victorious monarch, step by step, along a natural and practicable path, through places which correspond with the Greek narrative in distance, position, geographical character, and name. Space does not permit an adequate examination of the route in question, nor of the reasons advanced in support of it; but, so far as the actual invasion of India is concerned, it is suggested that Alexander entered that country about eighty miles above the Khaibur Pass, and crossed the Indus in the neighbourhood of Amb.
"The Khalásat-at-Tawárikh, or Essence of History; being the description and history of India as told by a Hindu two hundred years ago," is the subject of an article by Mr. H. Beveridge. He tells us that the work in question is a history of India from the days of the Pandus and Kurus down to the defeat of Dárá Shikoh and the beginning of the reign of Aurangzeb. It was written 200 years ago by an up-country Hindu, whose name was probably Sujan, and who seems to have been the first Hindu who wrote a general history of India. Mr. Beveridge attempts to rescue this work from the discredit cast upon it by former critics—notably, Sir Henry Elliot and Professor Dowson—and gives his reasons for the high authority he accords to it. The paper concludes with a suggestive parallelism between the Mogul Emperors and the Princes of the West. "Akbar," says the writer, "stands alone in his combination of strength and tenderness, though he and his minister, Abul Fazl, bear some analogy to Henry Fourth of France and the Duke of Sully. But his son, Jahángír, was in many respects like our James First. Both of these were inordinately fond of wine and of hunting; both fulminated against tobacco; both were pedants, and fond of talking about absolutism and the divine right of kings; and both were essentially men of low character, and yet had a strain of simplicity and easy good nature which makes us at times almost like them, in spite of their terrible faults. . . .

The career and character of Aurangzeb have many points of resemblance with those of Augustus, and I do not know to which of them we should give the preference. Aurangzeb had not Augustus' love of literature, and he was much more of a bigot than was Augustus. On the other hand, he seems to have been of an austere life, and he is entitled to honourable mention as a codifier of the laws. Dárá reminds us of our Charles First. There was in him the same uxoriousness, the same arrogance and want of prudence, the same love of literature, and both Dára and Charles may be said to have died as martyrs to their religion."

S. N. F.
OBITUARY.

(From the Times)

THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

A REUTER telegram from Calcutta states that the Maharaja of Mysore died there on Thursday morning, December 27, of diphtheria.

The sudden death of the Maharaja of Mysore cuts short the career of one of the most promising and prominent princes of India. In his brief life of little more than thirty summers, he had done much in the cause of good government, but it was only regarded as the earnest of the greater achievements that would follow during what seemed likely to be a lengthy reign. These hopes are nipped in the bud by his having fallen a victim to the fell disease diphtheria during the annual visit he regularly paid to the Viceroy's Court at Calcutta; but still he accomplished enough to mark out his tenure of authority as a distinct epoch in the modern history of his State.

* * * *

On the death of the Maharaja Krishnaraj, the lately-deceased Maharaja, a scion of the house who had been adopted as his heir by Krishnaraj some years before, was proclaimed ruler, but the responsible authority remained in our hands, and it was not until 1881 that the famous rendition of Mysore to its natural prince was carried out. By that time the young Maharaja, Sir Chama Rajendra Wodeyar, who was born on February 22, 1863, had given promise of such ability and good sense that it was deemed possible to intrust to his hands the control of a Government that had been British for fifty years. It is only just to the late prince to say that this confidence was not misplaced, and that he discharged his task to the complete satisfaction of the Viceroy and the benefit of his own people. The statement has been made that in all the ordinary duties of an Indian Government, such as the dispensation of justice, the collection and expenditure of revenue, the protection of life and property, the promotion of public works, sanitation, &c., Mysore was well abreast of British India, and that in some matters, especially female education and schemes for developing latent resources, it
was ahead of it. Mysore is one of the parts of India that have been most visited by the ravages of famine, and the Maharaja's Government earned special distinction in coping with this terrible visitation, and in devising a permanent remedy for it. In the year 1892 precautions on a most elaborate scale were taken. The private forests and plantations of the prince were thrown open for free grazing, and half a million of the ryots' cattle found sustenance which was unattainable elsewhere. Large sums were expended on public works, principally tanks, and ten lakhs of revenue were either remitted or held in suspense. The result of these efforts and precautions was that no lives were lost, and that a famine was averted. The Maharaja's wishes in this and other directions have been ably carried out by his chief Minister, Sir K. Sheshadri Iyer, who has earned a reputation in Southern India equal to that of the late Sir Madhava Rao. Among other points, it should be mentioned that the Maharaja was a strong supporter of female education, and that he was the first Hindu Prince to found a school for girls. This step was rendered the more remarkable by the school being intended for only the children of high caste families, and it numbered as many as 500 scholars. The mining laws and regulations in consequence of the extensive discovery of gold during the last fifteen years in Mysore have been frequently praised for their simplicity, and have given the State a large and increasing revenue. The Maharaja, who was a Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India, leaves several sons and daughters, but all of a tender age, and a Regency will have to be appointed.

Not a few Englishmen who have lived in India must feel that by the death of this young prince they have lost a true friend of singularly sympathetic and amiable character. From his natural shyness of disposition, which was increased by a slight impediment in his speech and which he never entirely overcame, he did not always make at first a favourable impression on strangers; but any impression of this kind soon disappeared on better acquaintance, and it may be said to his credit that those who knew him best were those who were most warmly attached to him. Certainly he was fortunate in finding such an able, upright, and conscientious Dewan as Sir K. Sheshadri Iyer; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that this remarkable native administrator was fortunate in finding such an enlightened, high-principled, benevolent master as the late Maharaja.
THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM SIR M. MONIER-WILLIAMS APPEARED LATELY IN THE TIMES:

Sir,—The Oriental literary world has suffered an irreparable loss by the death of Dr. S. C. Malan—an Orientalist absolutely unequalled, and never likely to be equalled, in respect of the marvellous diversity of his linguistic attainments and the profundity of his scholarship.

In your interesting obituary notice you have alluded to the value of his library; and since it was at my suggestion that Dr. Malan most generously presented his books to the Oxford Indian Institute, you will, I trust, permit me to add that the collection contains priceless treasures, the possession of which has elevated the library of the Indian Institute to a unique position among the Oriental libraries of Europe.

Dr. Malan, however, was careful to couple his invaluable gift with a very reasonable condition. He stipulated that his library was to be catalogued and a catalogue printed. In this difficult task we have already made some progress, but where can be found any one cataloguer competent to deal with so great a variety of languages? Obviously we need several specialists, and some experts have already helped us; but I am sorry to say that we lack means as well as men. Cataloguing is, after all, a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Oriental scholars and specialists are to be had, even in England, but cannot be expected to work for nothing.

Unhappily the pecuniary resources of the Oxford Indian Institute are utterly inadequate. The University grants it an income of £300 a year, but cannot give more, being itself hampered in its operations by reason of the "hard times" and the general depression.

Let me not be misunderstood. The Indian Institute cannot complain of any niggardliness on the part of its supporters. It has been erected in the very best site in the centre of the University. It is indebted for the completion of the first half of the fine building now conspicuous in Broad Street (with its lecture rooms, library,
and museum) to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and to a large number of munificent contributors in the United Kingdom and India; and it is mainly indebted for the completion of the second half to the munificence of one of the most enlightened and liberal of Indian Princes—the Thákur Sáhib of Gondal (in Kathiawar).

For all this the Institute is not ungrateful. On the contrary, it is giving the best proof of its gratitude by doing most important work in the interests of our Indian Empire; and I have reason to believe that both the India Office and Foreign Office recognise its efficiency, and the value of its aid in the training of Indian civilians and student-interpreters.

Still, I regret to have to inform its generous supporters that its power of fulfilling all the objects for which it was founded must, to a great extent, depend on the success of an appeal, which I am now making, for contributions towards an adequate endowment fund.

My age and state of health oblige me to seek a warmer climate during the worst winter months, but any letter addressed to me at the Indian Institute, Oxford, will be forwarded.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. Monier-Williams,
Boden Professor of Sanskrit, Keeper and Curator of the Indian Institute.

Cannes, December 1.
PUZZLES.

I.

Buried Proverbs.

Show me, kind traveller, which way
I best may fare for holiday?
Show me, good Murray, which one? Styrian,
Alps, Italian, or Illyrian?
Venetian islets or Dalmatic?
Towns African or Asiatic?
Thebes, Tunis, Tripoli, Cyprus. All are
Most tempting, were the number smaller.

II.

What woman is so headstrong that she dares
The mighty laws of fashion to disown?
For better or for worse she nothing cares,
And other law than this for her is none.

Double Acrostic.

Made of steel, yet I give caresses,
Short pet name, yet I cause distresses;
Some bipeds without me could not exist.
Some to destruction I greatly assist.

I am sent and I am spent,
I am taken and I am shaken,
I am heard and I am learnt,
I am made and I am burnt.

1. The first is harsh and cruel in sound,
2. The second has often power to wound,
3. The third shines clear after darkest night,
4. The fourth is short—So haste to guess right.
ANSWERS. TO PUZZLES OF LAST MONTH.

I.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

Whenever the one
You see or you smell,
That the other is there
You surely can tell.

1. See the sea in a gale.
2. Leave it out of the tale.
3. This performance may fail.
4. Still this sound must prevail.
5. Leave without leave the gaol.

**Answer.**—Smoke ; flame.

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II.

**BURIED PROVERB.**

*Now here, now there, never still,
Will of the Wisp—misleading Will,
The restless cause of dismal ill,
Hie away!*

**Proverb.**—Where there's a will there's a way.

III.

**A BURIED SCOTTISH PROVERB.**

*The evening's calm and still,
I hear the gentle clink
Of the little mountain rill,
An' the sun begins to sink.
The beauty of the night*

*Brings a' the past to me;
The dear auld "House at Hame,"
The bonnie Hame-o'-Lea!*

**Proverb.**—The evening brings a' hame.
A meeting of the Indian Section of the Society of Arts took place at the Imperial Institute on December 6, the Earl of Carlisle in the chair, when a valuable Paper was read by Mr. W. Lee Warner, C.S.I., on the Roman and British Indian Systems of Government. The Lecturer began by stating that as there is a decided similarity between the position of Rome and of England in regard to extent of dominion and problems of administration, it must be useful to contrast the two systems—and this has now become more possible owing to the newer researches of history as to Rome, and the increasingly intimate knowledge that we possess in regard to India. Mr. Lee Warner first drew a comparison between the policy and the status of Roman provincial governors on the one hand, and the Indian civil servants on the other. The Roman governors under the Republic used to plunder the inhabitants of the provincial states for the advantage of themselves and their friends; and though under the empire the administration was better organised, robbery in various forms was largely carried on, partly in order to keep the populace of Rome idle and contented by means of free supplies of food, and other lavish gifts. The governors were instructed by the emperors to procure tribute, even at the expense of justice, on account of these imperial needs. In fact, the Roman rule was unmerciful because it was selfish. Turning to the administration of India, the lecturer contrasted its governors and civil servants with those of Rome. The governors are statesmen of eminence, without the power of interfering with the action of law, and acting through subordinates whom they do not themselves choose. The civil servants represent no special policy, and are drawn from various parties and classes. They do not owe their appointment to personal favour, but they have "an honourable consciousness" that they are devoted to the service of the State. They are not subservient instruments as were the Roman officials. Their duty is to Great Britain, not to the selfish aims of political parties. Another contrast between the two empires is that Rome, except in Greece, did not encounter a developed civilisation such as we met in India. Further, Mr. Lee Warner reviewed the difference between the external policy of Rome and of British India, and in doing so he referred to the importance of interfering as little as possible with the rule in Native States. Rome brought under its direct power whatever it was profitable to annex, and although annexation was frequent in India in earlier times, such a policy has now been abandoned. Again, a strong contrast was put forward in regard to
the internal administration of Rome and of Great Britain in subject countries. In the former case authority was concentrated in the hands of subservient governors and subordinates; the revenue system was harsh, and there was an absence of sympathy and of desire for the higher welfare of the people of the provinces, whereas in India public opinion is beginning to express itself freely; peaceful intercourse and commerce are extending; the instruction in schools has been organised; five Universities have been founded; the conduct of local affairs is committed to the people in a considerable degree; and in numerous ways the general physique and material welfare has been carefully promoted. Later in the paper, Mr. Lee Warner dwelt on the reasons for a certain degree of unpopularity in British rule, which is partly caused by our impartiality between those of different sects and parties, and partly by a tendency to exaggeration in the vernacular press; it was also pointed out that more courtesy of manner should be cultivated. "The removal of this source of our unpopularity," continued the Lecturer, "lies in the hands not only of the civil official, but of the British soldier and the British merchant, and I believe there is a growing sense of an obligation in this respect." Mr. Lee Warner allowed that he might not have done full justice to Rome in regard to its codes of law. In this one matter he considered that the old empire did more than we have done for India. He ended his lecture with an eloquent picture of the responsibilities connected with Indian administration. "Terse but sufficient was the Latin expression 'vici.' Rome felt that with the Imperium which followed her conquests, and with the maintenance of the Roman peace, 'her task was accomplished.' The British ruler has a wider vision of new hopes and cares, of a future federation of mankind, of a laborious straining after a higher moral and social life, of the progressive growth of the different societies and communities, which owe a common allegiance to the Queen Empress—a growth which must be suited to their environments and capabilities." 

Mr. Lee Warner's paper was followed by a discussion, in which Sir George Birdwood, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Raymond West, and Mr. M. M. Bhownaggree took part. Sir George Birdwood, while sensible of the great merits of the paper, considered that Mr. Lee Warner had given too dark a view of the administrative vices and defects of Rome.
INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Sandhurst has been appointed successor to Lord Harris as Governor of Bombay.

The Viceroy and Lady Elgin have lately visited Lahore, where a magnificent Durbar was held. The Maharaja of Kashmir, with his two brothers, and numerous Punjab Chiefs, had assembled to meet his Excellency.

H.E. the Countess of Elgin, during her stay at Lahore, inspected the Lady Aitchison Hospital for Women and the Lady Lyall Home. The Hospital, which was opened in 1888, does much good work of a varied kind. It contains, on an average, 23 in-door and about 120 out-door patients. Dr. Elizabeth Bielby has been in charge ever since it was opened. The Hospital is supported by the Municipality and by local subscriptions; it also receives a grant-in-aid from the Central Committee of the Dufferin Fund. The Lady Lyall Home provides boarding for 20 women students. Lady Elgin spent some time in these institutions, and expressed herself as much interested in the arrangements.

H.E. the Governor of Bombay was a guest of the Viceroy at Lahore. Before going to the Punjab, Lord Harris made a tour in Kathiawar, which was marked by several interesting ceremonies. At Rajkot he distributed the prizes at the Rajkumar College. The Governor spoke in an encouraging tone to the students, urging upon them the importance of continuing zealously the advance that they were already making, and of cultivating a healthy ambition; and Mr. Chester Macnaghten, the Principal, who had just returned from Europe, referred enthusiastically to the probable future of the College judging from the progress and successes of the students since its foundation twenty years ago. He congratulated Mr. Waddington, the late Acting Principal, on his management of the College.

A conference connected with the Aujuman-i-Islam was lately held at Ahmedabad, with the object chiefly of calling attention to the want of education among Mussulmans, and to certain injurious customs; but also for the purpose of promoting harmonious relations between Hindus and Muhammadans. The Collector of Ahmedabad is President of the Aujuman, and a Hindu, Mr. Lalshanker, is Secretary. It is thus evident that there is a genuine desire that the Society should have a unifying tendency, and on this
occasion members of all communities attended the discussion. Mr. Dharamsi, of Bombay, presided at the Conference. It was remarkable that the Kaji of Ahmedabad and the priests, instead of holding aloof, joined with the educated section in supporting some of the proposed reforms, including even a resolution in favour of the training of Muhammadan girls as school mistresses at the new Training College. The Conference expressed their disapproval of extravagant expenses usually incurred at family ceremonies, and a resolution was passed that efforts should be made to prevent discussions between those of different religions. This resolution was proposed by Mr. Gulam Mahomed B. Munshi, of Junagadh. In doing so, he impressed upon those present the great importance of peaceable and friendly relations, and urged the leading men of both communities to do their best towards the maintenance of public order.

We regret to have to record the death of the Rev. Lal Bihari Dey, a well-known author in Bengal. He published an excellent novel, Govinda Samanta, which gives a graphic picture of Indian village life. This book was written by him in very good English, and has been widely read. Mr. L. B. Dey studied under Dr. Alexander Duff, and he was early employed in mission work. Later, he joined the Bengal Education Department, as a professor in the Berhampore and Hooghly Colleges.

Sir Charles Crosihaute, Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W.P., lately opened the Strachey Hall of the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College, at Aligarh, in the presence of a large assembly. Mr. Syed Mahmoud read an address in which he pointed out how much the College had been indebted to Sir John Strachey, after whom the Hall is named. In reply, the Lieutenant-Governor spoke strongly in favour of the educational objects of the College, remarking that ten well-educated men were more useful to the country than a hundred who had merely passed examinations. He urged the neighbouring landowners to make donations for the extension of the boarding-house.

Bai Dinbai Nusserwanji Petit, who has made so many liberal contributions for charitable objects in memory of her husband, has now built a sanitarium for Parsees at the cost of Rs. 75,000, near Domus.

In the recent L. M. and S. Examination at Bombay, Miss Manek Tarkhad, daughter of Dr. Atmaram Pandurang Tarkhad, obtained the Charles Morehead Prize, the Lady Reay Gold Medal, and the Scholarship of the Medical Women (1883) Fund.
PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.


Mrs. Zubeidah Ali Akbar had the honour of being presented to her Majesty the Queen-Empress on December 11th at Windsor Castle.

Arrivals.—Mr. Ruttonjee Rustamjee Banaji, B.A., LL.B., Mr. Ali Akbar Hussanally, Mr. M. A. Sheikh, from Mooltan. Mr. A. Hassen Sheikh, Mr. M. Hayat Khan, Mr. K. W. Bhat.

Departures.—Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Mehta, for Calcutta; Mr. and Mrs. Ali Akbar, for Bombay; Mr. Vinayekrao, Chief Officer of H.H. the Maharaja Gaikwar; Miss F. H. Dissent, M.D., Miss D. Banaji, Mr. M. A. Kabir, Mr. B. Gupta, I.C.S., Mr. Janki Nath Kaul, Mr. Wasiuddin Ahmed, Mr. Mir Aun-i-Ali, Mr. R. D. Phookan, Mr. G. G. Vatve.

We beg to remind our readers that annual subscriptions to the National Indian Association and to this Magazine became due on January 1st.