BEFORE attempting a description of the lovely land and curious people of Kashmir, I think I ought to give you the briefest possible summary of the recent history of the country, and explain how it came into possession of its present rulers.

Kashmir was conquered by the Emperor Akbar in A.D. 1586, and became an integral part of the Mogul Empire. In 1752 it was subjugated by the Afghans and retained by them till 1819. The Sikhs next conquered the country, and from 1819 until the Sikh war of 1845 it was ruled by a Governor appointed by the Maharaja of the Punjab. The principality of Jammu, which lies between the Punjab and Kashmir proper, had been presented in 1820 to a distinguished soldier named Gulab Singh. From Jammu, Gulab Singh, nominally on behalf of the Lahore State, soon extended his authority over his Rajput neighbours, and eventually into Ladakh and Baltistan. He ultimately became minister of the Khalsa, and took an important part in the negociations that followed the battle of Sobraon. The results were that Gulab Singh was able to conclude a separate treaty with the British at Amritsar in March 1846, by which, on payment of 75 lakhs of rupees, he was confirmed in possession of the
territory which he had held as a feudatory of the Sikhs, and also obtained the province of Kashmir. I suppose that transaction must at the time have appeared the best thing to do, but when I saw the great physical beauty of Kashmir, when I noticed the extreme fertility of a soil where the products of tropical and temperate climates grow in equal profusion and almost side by side, when I heard of sapphires, gold, silver, coal, iron, and many other valuable minerals existing there, but scarcely used, when I travelled through endless forests of magnificent deodars, pines and firs, looked around at enormous trunks lying heaped on each other in pell-mell confusion, and thought of the wealth here wasted, and the starving bodies and idle hands of the unemployed in England, when I considered what a sanatorium this would make for our sick soldiers, and how easily the country might be colonised and cultivated entirely by English labour, I was filled with despair at the remembrance that only fifty years ago we held this priceless jewel in our own hands, and sold it to that Sikh adventurer for 75 lakhs of rupees. But at any rate it was sold, and I must speak of things as they are and not as I think they ought to be or might be. By the treaty of Amritsar, Gulab Singh bound himself to acknowledge the supremacy of the British Government, to refer all disputes with neighbouring states to its arbitration, to assist British troops when required, and never to take or retain in his service any British subject, or the subject of any European or American State, except with the consent of the British Government. Gulab Singh died in August 1857, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Ranbir Singh. He died in 1885, and his son, Partab Singh, came to the throne, and is the present Maharaja of Kashmir. In 1888 the Maharaja, for reasons of sufficient weight, proposed the formation of a consultative Council, and early in 1889, the present Council was formed, and assumed the charge of what is called the Government of the State. Looking at the matter through English eyes, it would hardly be said that Kashmir has any Government at all. If it were not that the people are of the most peaceful variety known in the human race, that their industry in pursuing their various occupations is only equalled by their total ignorance of politics, and their complete apathy as to the doings of the world on the other side of their own lovely mountains, that Representation, the Living Wage, Social Congresses, the Rights of Man (woman is such a nonentity that it would be ridiculous to mention her), that lecturing
Members of Parliament, and the many other advantages appertaining to civilisation on this side of the world are totally unimaginable to the average Kashmiri, such a Government would not hold together for a month. As matters stand, it is perhaps tolerably suitable for them. I believe that each nation gets approximately the best government it deserves.

However that may be, early in 1891 the Government of Kashmir found itself in financial difficulties so great that bankruptcy seemed imminent, and accordingly it appealed to the British Government for assistance. There was a total want of enthusiasm in the manner with which the British Government received this request. Picture to yourself a needy relation writing to you for a loan of £500 on the ground that his income is insufficient for his wants, and in your own feelings on the subject you will have a very fair reflection of the views of the Government of India. It never once occurred to them to forthwith pack up a quantity of coin and despatch it; and, for my part, I am very glad it did not, as thereby I should have missed many curious and interesting sights, and you would have missed a—lecture. The Government then proceeded in its usual circumspect and cautious way. Said they to Kashmir, “How do we know that you really are in want of assistance? Before we feel sure that such is the case we must send up a man of our own, whose salary you will have the kindness to pay, to see whether you really are so badly off, and also how you came to get into such a predicament.”

“Very good,” said Kashmir, “send anybody you like.”

Accordingly our Government looked about, and asked a civilian, who was then Accountant General of Bombay, if he would undertake this business. He agreed to go, and it happened that he was a friend of mine, and also a connexion by marriage. Knowing that I was anxious to see Kashmir, he was good enough to allow me to travel with him.

I will not speak of the railway journey—those who have travelled in India know all about it, and those who have not would need fully an hour's lecture to make them understand all the weary monotony, the awful heat, the dust, the glare, the horrid food, the sleepless nights, and the exhaustion that follows on a railway journey of three days and nights in India. But suppose we have arrived at Rawal Pindi, the point where we leave the railroad, then from Pindi to Murree, from Murree to Garhi, from thence to Bara­moula, and then to Gulmerg. It cannot be done quicker, and
I should not advise anyone who is not in robust health to go so fast. We happened to be in a hurry, but for those who have nothing to do and have their own tents and kit, a much more leisurely procedure is best. Sixty weary, jolting, scorching miles from Murree to Garhi, sixty of their twin brothers to Barramoula, and the poor, jaded, sore, raw ponies, the rain of blows under which they travel, the broken bridges where you must get down and walk, the loose boulders in the road that send you into the roof of the tonga, the ruts, the holes, the heat and the dust, combine to wear out body and soul alike. Truly thankful were we to crawl into the Barramoula dâk bungalow, to dine off chupatties, eggs and milk, and to sleep that sleep which visits alike the just and the unjust if only they are sufficiently tired.

Yet there were compensations even along that terrible journey for him who has eyes to see. The road runs nearly the whole distance by the side of the Jhelum. What countless ages must that patient stream have toiled to have cut itself so deep a bed. High over one's head the old beds can be seen, the edge of each distinctly marked. Often the road is cut through a rough conglomerate composed of huge water-worn boulders, some so enormous that no torrent could have moved them; the gigantic grasp of some inexorable glacier must have deposited these; Nature owns no other child who can play with such toys. Moraines, too, could be seen here and there, and many curious triangular patches of alluvial deposit known as the Jhelum Fans. These are the remains of old river bottoms that the Jhelum of to-day has kindly spared in order to feed a few Kashmiri villagers. In some parts huge flying buttresses support the banks, Nature's architecture, and bigger than any cathedral can boast; between them the tiny architect can be seen busily at work, in the shape of a silver thread of water ceaselessly wearing away the softer earth. The Jhelum itself is a wild, reckless creature, tearing along in endless cascades and rapids, chafing at the menial work it is forced to do in carrying down thousands of logs of wood, mostly for sleepers. It grumbles much at this, flinging them contemptuously high and dry on its banks, massing them together in quiet backwaters, whirling them like straws in its eddies, and toppling them head over heels down its falls. Yet eventually they all come to hand again, and must find the life of a railway sleeper very dull and monotonous after such exciting adventures. Here and there the river is spanned by nervous-looking rope bridges;
happily we were not required to cross these. Before we had finished our journey I grew quite callous, but at first I own to a sudden stoppage of breath when we thundered over a plank bridge with no parapet and the river foaming a thousand sheer feet below. An awful voice seemed to shout up from below telling of rotten planks and jibbing ponies—but in a second we were on the road again. On one of these occasions the coachman remarked, "Two months ago an ekka and three men went over here; the bridge broke." "Couldn’t they see it was rotten?" said I. "No, it looked all right," said he calmly. "Oh! were they all killed?" "What else?" said he—and indeed it was a needless question.

At Barramoula, tongas had to be renounced, and our party proceeded on horseback and in jampans, these latter of the most primitive, cumbersome description. Eight coolies to each were none too many; they did the whole eighteen miles in a day. It was hot enough when we started, but we had an ascent of four thousand feet before us, and were cool enough and to spare before we reached the top! A lovely journey all the way, first through swelling uplands broken with many a rushing stream, then very stiff climbing over bare rocks, and finally miles on miles of forest, firs everywhere shutting out the sky, rotting under our feet, blocking up the cascades, spreading as far as one could see on every hand (though, to speak truth, one could see but a very short way). On and on, upwards and upwards we went, till about four o’clock—when behold! the firs came to an abrupt end, and suddenly to our amazement we stood in a meadow, the like of which we had never dreamt of. Scholars may have it as they will, but never again shall I have the least doubt as to where the Garden of Eden lay. Why should I speak in the past tense? It lies there now. Before us the meadow stretched away in soft waves and billows. In the hollows grows short thick grass, but on every little rise the flowers stand knee-deep, yellow, white, mauve, pink, crimson, blue—I might write down every colour, for all are represented. And the quantity of them, they simply beggar description. Tiny streams meander about this loveliest of valleys, the tall pines belt it round, keeping solemn guard over these untold treasures; above stand the great, quiet, white peaks, for ever telling of strength and endurance and the peace that no storm can break. My tongue is too feeble to show adequately this brilliant jewel set in the grim, stern Himalayas, like an opal set in the head of some strong, savage king.
We could only stay a few days, but I had time to examine many of the flowers; some are quite English and had, therefore, an added charm; forget-me-not, meadow-sweet and the briar rose might have been growing in Berkshire lanes and fields, but most are slightly different, and some are downright puzzling. One would as soon expect blue roses as blue foxgloves, yet here they are masquerading in this strange disguise, and I was sorry to find our modest wind anemone, with its faint pink frock and pretty drooping head, here assuming the flaunting airs and brazen livery of a buttercup, and staring me out of countenance in the same unblushing way. I did not recognise my old playfellow at first, and felt much shocked when I did.

With great regret we left exquisite Gulmerg and started for Srinagar, a march of thirty miles. The first ten miles we wound down splendid ravines, crossing delicious cascades, each one fresh and inviting as Arethusa herself when she first arose from her couch of snows, now leaping boldly in the sunshine from a jutting rock, now coyly veiled behind tangled bracken and maiden hair, or running swiftly over smooth stones, with here and there a pool or a quiet shadowy place that made one think of trout, and look up for the blue-grey misty mountains and purple stretches of Scottish heath. But there is a difference: and dear as these mountains are to eyes weary with watching the point of a pen drive all day for long years, still to English hearts these cannot have the charm of the rugged Welsh mountains, the smiling English lakes, or “the great black hills, like sleeping kings, sae grand round Rothesay Bay.”

But alas! too soon were these beauties left behind, and we entered on the vale of Kashmir, and a more uninteresting country can hardly exist: long stretches of rice, with which the simple villagers pay their rent—pay it literally in the grain, coin being a luxury meant for the rich—endless swamps and marshes—in one place we saw a hundred head of cattle swimming calmly home to bed. Our path lay on a little embankment for miles on end. We passed through dusty villages, and seemed to have gone back a thousand years, so primitive, unsophisticated, and dirty were the inhabitants. The heat was terrible; I have rarely felt it more. Finally, we again arrived on the Jhelum: here a quiet, stately river, broad and placid, but deep and strong. A boat was awaiting us, and we were glad to get in and be towed and rowed up all through
Srinagar to our own abode, a queer little house on the very verge of the stream. I was exhausted to the borders of idiocy, and could barely respond to the remarks of the polite official sent to escort us; but even so I could not but gaze in astonishment at our curious surroundings—the wooden houses, apparently in the very act of tumbling into the river, the seven bridges made of trees with the bark still on, the temples covered with tin and topped by a sort of huge umbrella to keep the snow off, the extraordinary boats of every size and shape, the oddest of which are what are called houseboats, though nowhere except in Kashmir would anyone think of living in such contrivances. They are shaped simply like an ordinary barge, and on this is built a house of matting; it consists of one room, divided in the middle by another piece of matting. On one side of this division your boatmen live, with their wives and families; you live on the other, with your wife and family. No furniture whatever is provided: you bring that yourself. It is quite dark inside, and if you want either light or air you raise a part of your matting. This is, of course, commonly done, and while looking from the window of our little house I have often observed a lady changing her clothes or a gentleman shaving. Nobody seemed to mind—the air of Kashmir seems unfavourable to the reserve with which such proceedings are usually carried on. Indeed, the extreme cheapness of living in Kashmir is fully balanced by the extreme discomfort, and I think I could live for the same sum in London if I could put up with the same absence of the commonest comforts.

When we had recovered from the journey to Srinagar, and I had put our strange little wooden cottage in order, we enquired what we ought to see first. To which all replied, "The Dhull Lake." The name sounded unpromising, but we sallied forth; no great effort was required on our part.

We walked, perhaps, as much as two yards and then dropped down a flight of broken old steps into a boat, made ourselves as comfortable as possible with cushions, and there our labours ended. The boatmen are good enough to do the rest. So clearly does the shrewd Kashmiri see the advantage of the waterway, that should he require to get to any place to which nature has omitted to make such a path, he proceeds to cut a canal there at once. Owing to this excellent habit we are now floating along to the Dhull Lake. As we pass under the ancient and
modern bridges our boatmen shout sonorously in concert; they call on some saint to hold up the bridge, I suppose—at any rate to protect them in some way.

I am purposely rowing slowly because I am afraid of arriving at the lake itself. How shall my feeble words do justice to the sweet, wild, strange scenes there! The first thing noticed is the extraordinary clearness of the water; there is no visible current and rarely any wind; even quite distant mountains are reflected with startling clearness, and it is positively bewildering to see houses, trees and white clouds in waving forests of water weeds. If one can ignore the reflection, and look down into the water, it is more wonderful still; a little below the surface the lake teems with life, the graceful weeds strain their long arms up to the light and move gently away from our paddles, myriads of glossy little fish dart about amongst them, and slender indeed must be his imagination who cannot see Undine's wistful face looking up between dividing stalks. Many of these plants succeed in reaching the daylight, and proclaim their triumph by bursting into the dearest miniature white lilies, or brilliant yellow water buttercups: perhaps that is not the right name, but it will serve. Then comes the crown and joy of the lake, the queenly lotus. The great leaves spread their broad green shields to guard her, and she stands alone, and all her kin look insignificant.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoils were scatter'd here.
The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky!

To see the Dhill Lake alone is worth the journey to Kashmir.

About half the lake is a clear expanse of water and the rest is covered with innumerable islets: some are about the size of this table, and on these a lamb will be tethered, or four or five geese will make it their bed-room. Another will be as large as this room, and there will be found a cow and a calf; a third will be half an acre, and this will handsomely support a Kashmiri family, and grow enough melons, pumpkins, gourds, and cucumbers to fill a boat, which the old grandmother slowly punts down to the city at sunrise and brings back empty at dusk, after a whole
glorious day of chaffering, gossiping, and shrill quarrelling, which warms the old lady's heart and keeps her in a good temper for three months to come. These islands are provided by nature, but Kashmiris find they can't have too many, so they make more. The process is very simple: you choose a place where rushes grow thick, plait and bend them together into a platform, cut the stalks away underneath, and there you are. You anchor your island by running a pole through it into the ground. On it you sow cucumbers, tomatoes, and so on, and Nature does all the rest of the gardening for nothing. Times are bad; perhaps the indispensable boat wants a new bottom; you sell your garden stuff and the island together; the new owner arrives, ties a rope to it, tows it away, and joins it to his own garden. What could be more convenient?

In the shallows are groves of willows, from which I conclude are made the clumsy, inconvenient chairs, tables, and baskets which we buy, and try to think quaint and pretty. We push through the islands, trees and rushes, we leave behind the quince orchards, the poplars wreathed with vines, the tumble-down huts, the babies playing in the mud, the flocks of domestic ducks and geese, and come out into the open water. See! There is a wild duck, the first of the season; the glorious summer is on the wane, the chinnars are bronzing: how sharp the air feels in the red glow of the dropping sun. All round, the hills answer his farewell embrace with deepening purples. Far away snowy peaks blush under his kisses; white birds wheel round us; gold and silver dragon flies chase each other low on the water; a silver bow gleams faintly above the dying sun; a planet bursts into flame over "Solomon's seat." Our boat grates against the stones of a solitary island in the centre of the lake; we step on shore, and look at the solemn ring of darkening hills, the gleam on the silent water. Long ago, in the dim days of the Mogul emperors, there was no island here; it was built to please some wilful beauty, Noormahal, let us say. She would have it that she might enjoy the view; all honour to her taste! So it was built, just big enough to hold a princely summer-house and three trees. The trees stand; of the summer-house one can just trace the foundations and some ruinous steps. Many an evening she and her lord watched the stars and made much mirth; now it is overgrown with blackberries and nettles, and an Englishman stands to muse who will next be lord here. How often have I longed that old stones could speak! What tales of oppression and fraud, what
forgotten love and hate could not the little island tell of. But we cannot linger to think over it, profitable though it might be. The sun has gone, the fish have ceased leaping, bats have taken the place of the white birds, lights gleam out from the tents of the English visitors round the lake, over head each star tries to eclipse his fellows, and is making a new glory in the lake; the stately lotus is dreaming of to­morrow's dawn, each tiny lily is tightly shut; from the hills comes a distant low or bleat as the cattle are penned for the night; a water hen is seen scuffling home. Slowly we paddle back under the stars, through the dark orchards, past the now silent huts down the canal, under the bridges where the shout for the saint is lustier than before to quiet shaky nerves, through the rushing lock-gates, and with a fine sweep out into the Jhelum, and so home to dinner and bed, with a long pause between to think over the beauties of the rich, peaceful lake, and to wonder where else could be found such a combination of exquisite scenery with the most wonderful fertility.

(To be continued.)
S.E.P.I.A.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

The Honorary Secretary has received by this week's mail a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel-Surgeon-Major Hendley, sending the address, which he read before the Art Conference at Lahore, on January 1, 1894. They are so interesting that we feel that we cannot do better than make extracts from the one, and give the other almost in detail.

Mr. Hendley says:

I am sending you a copy of my address... from which you will see that I advocated co-operation with Societies such as yours. ... The Conference accepted my address as fully expressing the views of the Members, and on the special subject of association with Home Societies, resolved that, having accepted the remarks made in that address, the Members saw no necessity for further discussing the matter. ... It was a very representative Conference, Kashmir, Gwalior, Jodhpore, and Jeypore were represented, but no one came from Madras. ...

Under the circumstances Mr. Havell's paper is opportune. ... The Bombay School of Art has gone quite as far, I think, in supplying drawing teachers to provincial schools. We have recommended the establishment of small show rooms at industrial centres, and a greater use made of the master craftsmen; and if our views are carried out, I think much good will be done.

Address of the President of the Art Conference held at Lahore, January 1, 1894:

Before we proceed to the consideration of the questions, which have been placed before us by the Government of India, it may not be without interest, if I briefly state my own experience as to the results of the Conference of 1883, and the progress, or otherwise, of the Industrial Arts of India, during the past ten years.

The principal subjects of importance which were dealt with by the 1883 Conference were:

1st. The maintenance in a provincial museum of a typical collection of the arts and manufactures of each Province.

2nd. A careful enquiry into the character and circumstances of each industry.

* S.E.P.I.A. regrets that no representative was sent from the Madras School of Art to such an important Conference.
3rd. The maintenance of an *Indian Art Journal*, in which the results of enquiries are published.

As regards museums, I am wholly in favour of their being made the centre of art progress in a Province or District. There are really no other Institutions in India by which the purchasing public and the craftsman can become acquainted with each others' wants, or can see what is really worthy in the one case of patronage, in the other of studying and improving. In Europe there have been other means of exhibiting or studying works of Art. In mediaeval times the churches, and latterly the galleries and even shop windows have afforded such facilities. In India, until the opening of Museums and Exhibitions, no such opportunities presented themselves. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful that the Art of India is mainly the art of the workshop and of a decorative character, and that we hear of constant discoveries and re-discoveries, or the loss altogether of an Industrial Art.

There are many skilled workmen all over the country, who are in search of ideas; and, in my experience, the best place to get them is a well-arranged museum which is furnished with the best examples, both ancient and modern, of all kinds of art work. There are many men who possess wonderful manipulative power and knowledge of what can be done with materials, but who lack the general education that is necessary to originate a valuable work, to whom the museum furnishes just the inspiration which is needed.

I have had abundant opportunities of seeing this at Jeypore, where there has been an enormous increase in the amount and variety of art work, since our exhibition of 1883. Prior to that year, a good deal of engraved brass was made at the Jeypore School of Art, but the introduction of designs in repoussé in the same metal, and their application to practical purposes, led to the improved demand and supply to which I have referred. The work began with a large silver plate, which I was requested to have made for presentation. I chose a Delhi design, which Colonel Jacob had at one time casually mentioned to me as being perhaps suitable for such a purpose. We sent to the Indo-Colonial Exhibition of 1886 a large number of such salvers made in brass, and by fitting them with folding stands and making them flat so as to serve as tables, met a want, which created a large demand for them.

We have here an illustration of the fact, that we must be practical, if we wish to make our industrial work saleable on a large scale.

The workmen have copied the designs and modified, or in some cases improved them, and have adapted the style of work, or the ornamentation to all sorts of vessels—whether successfully or not, you will be able to judge for yourselves from the duplicates of our Imperial Institute collection, which are shown in the present exhibition. There is no fear that want of variety will prevent the
ware from maintaining its popularity. I have, however, lately introduced a number of pure Hindu designs, from the Technical Art series of drawings, published by the Government of India, because those of Mahomedan origin, which formed the bulk of the collection, were beginning to lose interest for some persons. The latter are perhaps in many ways superior. Now although I and others have occasionally suggested new departures, on the whole I think I may fairly say that the workman has done the most. He walks round the museum, sees something new, and, after a time, produces a piece of work which is not exactly an imitation, but in which the inspiration of his model is clearly traceable. Of course he often makes fearful mistakes, because his general culture is so limited; but, on the whole, it would appear that the help he has obtained has been on the right lines. It is the rule of our museum, that any specimen of oriental workmanship, unless it is exhibited as an object to be avoided, may be lent to, or be copied by an artist, who applies for permission to reproduce it. I have lately discovered that some unexpected mischief has ensued, because too often, under the influence of the ordinary dealers, the workmen have made alterations in the design, in the colouring, or in the materials, which have, to a large extent, changed the character of the object, in the majority of cases, for the worse. It is annoying to have a piece of metal ware called a reproduction of a much admired chef d'œuvre in the Jeypore Museum, and to know that, by ignorant modifications, it has become anything but what it professes to be—viz., a true copy of the original. It is a subject for discussion then, how far such loans are admissible without conditions being made.

Another advantage to be derived from a museum is, that visitors and dealers can order copies of exhibits from the artists themselves, and here I think that I was first in error, in clearly noting on the museum labels the prices which I had paid for the different articles, and that a similar mistake has been made in the Journal of Indian Art. I was informed by several London dealers that it was not possible, even in India itself, to supply articles at the rate quoted, and that purchasers often made very erroneous estimates as to cost of carriage, and allowed nothing for profit, agency or interest.

It is then necessary, in the interests of the trade, to leave out the prices on the labels.

The exhibition of the productions of the country has also a valuable end, in increasing the love of the beautiful, and the demand for it among the people themselves, and in exciting emulation among the artists. Nothing has been more clearly proved than this at Jeypore. When the museum was first opened the people hurried through the rooms, and only seemed to take a general interest in their contents. Now the inhabitants of the place, as well as visitors from a distance, come again and again, criticise the exhibits, and spend hours in examining details. They are learning how to use the collections, and this new departure will probably
involve more care in providing for their wants, and eventually lead to a good market amongst them of their own art ware.

I may observe that although the native of India is so conserva­
tive in many ways, yet he is waking up to the charms of novelty,
and appreciates the efforts which are made, undoubtedly more
successfully, by foreigners than by our own merchants, to meet his
wishes and necessities, especially in the matter of what an American
calls “notions.”

Our bazaars are flooded with small articles of this kind, which
could well be replaced by really artistic Indian or English work.
You may recollect that the remarks on this subject of Colonel
Tweedie (our Consul-General in Bagdad), some time ago, attracted
attention.

Our visitors number a quarter of a million per annum. They
come from all parts of India. Apart from the pleasure afforded,
there must be an immense educational advantage in influencing
such huge numbers. I am glad to be able to report that, during
the past ten years, much public interest has been taken in the
establishment of Industrial Museums. For example, in Poona,
the Reay Industrial Museum was founded in January 1890. It
was followed by the establishment of the Industrial Association of
Western India, in connexion with which, two Conferences have
been held.

In Native States also there are signs of increased activity. The
great interest of his Highness the Maharajah of Jeypore has been
expressed in many ways; as, for example, by his large contribu­
tion to the Imperial Institute, his heavy expenditure on the
Jeypore Exhibition, Museum and School of Industrial Art, as well
as on the publication of expensive works of art. The Ulwar
Durbar has a small Museum and series of technical workshops, and
in September last I drew up a scheme for the establishment of a
small Museum in the very beautiful Jubilee Victoria Hall at
Udaipur, and I am now informed that his Highness the Maharana
intends to have the project carried out. In Baroda, also, a fine
Museum is on the eve of completion, and I was told by his High­
ness the Guicowar, when he was in Jeypore last Spring, that he
intended that it should be filled with as complete a collection as
possible. It is not too much to hope, therefore, that, ere long, all
the capitals of importance will have an Institution of the kind. My
idea is that such local Museums should not be devoted merely to
the encouragement of local arts and industries, but that they should
be made educational Museums also, as it is really wonderful, what
interest can be aroused and pleasure afforded, by the exhibition of
carefully-selected models and typical collections. In the Pro­
vincial capital they should be attached to the Schools of Art,
especially if connected with the Educational Department.

As regards the second head, it is stated that the survey of the
art manufactures and industries of the country is now almost
complete. This in the main is true, but it is necessary to keep
adding to our knowledge, as the changes, that are being made in our
days, are far more rapid than they ever were before—owing to the increased facilities of communication, and the disturbing influences which arise from the large influx of foreign visitors every cold season; from the influence of the press, especially of the illustrated portion of it; and from the greater demand for cheap curios. In my own province of Rajputana, there is little ground left to cover, as regards the description of the art industries. Colonel Jacob has also so well illustrated on a large scale the ornamental details of the architecture, that in that Department there is not much to be done. Still, no doubt enthusiastic students will yet find their reward in the discovery of subjects for description, though my examination of most of the collections of the chiefs' has rather disappointed me as to the extent of material available. I do not think we should be too minute in our enquiries as to technical methods and trade secrets, and especially in the publication of them, as we thus run the risk of diverting work from the country. The textile industries of India have suffered very seriously from such enquiries as well as from other causes, and I, moreover, saw a small manufacture of Indian curios going on in the basement of a Continental European Museum, which proves that there is some ground for my fear, that even our minor arts are in danger. A general description then of the arts is all that is necessary. It is by the accumulation of facts and illustrations, and the publication of them, that we shall ultimately be able to come to more correct conclusions, as to the origin and history of art in this country. This is a difficult enquiry, and our data are often very misleading. For example, when in Constantinople in 1891, I was offered a piece of so-called old Persian pottery, which had just arrived overland from that country. On careful examination, I found that it was one of four very special vases which had been reproduced for me in our School of Art from an old painting on the walls of the Amber Palace, near Jeypore. How it got to Constantinople I do not know, but a collector in Europe would certainly have had some difficulty in making out its history, and might have been seriously misled. Again, I bought in the same city a specimen of inlaid wood, similar to that which is done in Mynpuri in the North-West Provinces, which came from Broussa, in Asia Minor, where such work has been produced for a long period. We in India, whose facilities for interchange of ideas and spread of the arts are secured by pilgrimages to distant shrines, can understand this easily enough, especially in these days of copying and of imitating the arts of one part of the country in the workshops of another, perhaps a thousand miles distant, but many mistakes have been made in Europe for the want of this knowledge. For these reasons I think that we should encourage the accumulation and record of all facts, however small, which seem to bear on the history of our presumably local arts.

I do not think that as a rule we should try to introduce the arts of one province into another centre. If we do this with success, we only hasten the loss of individuality, and what Garnier says will be the inevitable result of modern civilisation—viz., the reduction of
all the arts to one dead level, and, in the end, the blotting out of all true beauty and progress.

If we wish to have new ideas and new manufactures, I would suggest that we should go further in search of them, and, on the whole, would prefer to seek fresh models from Byzantine or Moorish art—the parents of our Indo-Saracenic Schools—or from Hungary, where are still to be found many ancient Oriental designs. The museum at Buda-Pesth, for example, will, I believe, afford much that would be of value to us in India. At no smaller institution on the Continent, did I find the history of Art better illustrated than it is there, under the able supervision of Herr Pulski, from whom I obtained a number of valuable hints, and who, I may remark, is always pleased to be of service to our countrymen.

At Jeypore there are collected together specimens of the Industrial Arts of all India and the adjacent countries, and beside them are placed casts and reproductions of the grandest art-work of the past, both of the East and of Europe, in order that our artists and visitors may see for themselves, what has been considered beautiful by other nations, both of the ancient and modern world, and that the former may learn something of the history of their own crafts. If a copy of any special work is wanted, particularly if it be in metal, it can generally be made in Jeypore, so well are our workmen acquainted with the technical side of their business (as you may judge from one or two examples I have brought with me), but they cannot so easily and artistically adapt those methods to new creations.

It is not wonderful that all this display of the wealth and ornament and beauty of other countries and of other periods should inevitably modify the style of the art of Jeypore; but it is better, I think, to let it do so silently, by the influence of those carefully selected types and models, without our interference, than to rudely, and perhaps quite erroneously, force our own ideas on the people. We must recollect that in some cases, as, for example, in the architecture of North India, the beauties we so much admire were the outcome of an eclecticism which was quite as much in danger of going three centuries ago, as it can be if exercised in other directions in the present day.

I have now to refer briefly to the maintenance of an Indian Art Journal. You are aware that such a Journal has been published by Mr. Griggs, of London, with great regularity every quarter since 1884, and that, on the whole, it has maintained a high standard of excellence; but few, perhaps, know that this has been done at much sacrifice, there having been on specially good numbers considerable pecuniary loss, which has only been compensated to him by the advertisement of his skill the Journal affords, and the consequent increase of other business. All lovers of art should therefore feel grateful to the publisher, for the continued efforts he has made to support the enterprise, and should endeavour to increase the circulation of the Journal in every possible way. The title of the
Journal has been lately enlarged, so as to include industry generally, and this will perhaps solve the problem of its being kept going with profit to the publisher, and advantage to the public. It will hardly be possible to continue to produce every quarter so many illustrations as have appeared in the past, unless the scope of the Journal is so widened. It occurs to me moreover, that the public interest in it would be increased, and the circulation improved, if short contributions, and correspondence of all kinds from museums, officials, and local associations, as well as from merchants and workmen, were received, and if notes and queries were encouraged. This could hardly be done with success, unless the publication became a monthly one, and possibly it might be so arranged, it being understood that illustrations would only be issued every third month, with specially selected monographs. It might be possible to produce the ordinary numbers in India, and the special ones in London, and to combine other publications with the Journal.

The question of editing such a Journal, in co-operation with the publisher, is one that requires consideration, as at present Mr. Griggs acts for the most part in both capacities. At the first meeting of the Conference of 1883, it was suggested that payment should be made for contributions to the journal. As far as my knowledge goes, up to the present date no such payments have been made, nor would funds have been available for them at the low rate of Rs. 2, which is charged for each number of the journal—a charge which involves selling to the trade at one shilling per number. Anyone who examines an ordinary part of from seven to twelve plates of the paper must see that it is indeed almost impossible to continue the work at such a low rate, yet unless the contributors are paid, I fear the present standard cannot be assured. All this requires serious consideration and discussion.

The technical art series, which is issued from the Surveyor General's Office, is of great value, but it cannot supply the place of a journal with coloured plates, and for that reason alone great efforts should be made to keep up the Journal of Indian Art and Industry.

A few words may be said on other publications which have been issued since 1883.

Sir Edward Buck has referred in terms of high and justifiable praise to the portfolios of Colonel Jacob, which are circulated at almost nominal rates, by the kindness and liberality of his Highness the Maharajah of Jeypore. To the same princely patron of Art is due the presentation to many public bodies, of my own large volumes on the Jeypore Exhibition. The late Chief of Ulwar also made a generous distribution of a similar work, on the Art industries of Ulwar and the treasures of his palace. To these great Native Princes the best thanks of all lovers of Art are due. Other large volumes have been published since the last Conference sat. In Vienna, a magnificent work on Oriental carpets is in course of publication. It is a permanent record of the beautiful example, which I had an opportunity of seeing privately in the Industrial
Museum in that city in 1891, before the exhibition of them was opened. I have also heard from Mr. Griggs that he will bring out what he thinks will be a still finer book on the same subject early this year. I cannot help referring here to the hopes that have been raised, that Mr. Griffith's valuable reproductions of the Ajunta paintings will shortly appear.

By assisting in producing such splendid memorials of their ancient arts as this work will be, native princes and wealthy nobles and gentlemen can do very much to prevent the decay of these arts, to say nothing of adding to their own fame and keeping their memories green. I submit for your inspection a fasciculus of the former work, and also Mr. Grigg's great book on the bindings of the most valuable volumes in the Royal Library at Windsor, to enable you to judge how much the Art of chromo-lithography has lately developed, and how particularly well adapted it is for the illustration of industrial Art productions. Six of the illustrations in the July number of the Journal of Indian Art and Industry are reproduced in the same style, from the last-named book.

I have mentioned some of these works, because I think that many would be encouraged to prepare similar ones, if they would only realise, that it is not the letter press which is of such great importance, but the illustrations. Many are deterred from writing for the Journal, or from bringing out monographs, because they are afraid, that either the time at their disposal or their knowledge may not be sufficiently great, to enable them to write as minutely or as learnedly as they would desire on a subject, in which they have taken much interest. The truth is, that anyone who has the opportunity of merely illustrating rare works of art is doing inestimable service, which is often the more valuable, because he does not publish theories regarding them, which may afterwards prove to be incorrect.

What is most important, is the accumulation of facts and the reproduction, if possible, in colour, of everything that is beautiful.

(To be continued.)

Space will not allow of our alluding this month to the very interesting letter of the "Lady Commissioner" in the Daily Graphic of March 6th, describing her visit to the State of Bhaunagar, and of the excellent educational and philanthropic institutions she found there.

Though deploring the fact that European demands have lowered its standards of designs and workmanship, she predicts a great future for the silver work of Bhaunagar, which she very rightly calls a model State. The best workers at the time of her visit were engaged upon the separate pieces, which are to be used for a set of gates, for
a new temple now in course of erection. The gates are to be of sandal wood, overlaid entirely with silver repoussé, representing for the most part, scenes from Hindu mythology.

New members for S.E.P.I.A. since last month are: Miss Hobart; Mrs. Mansfield Turner; Major-General Sir Charles D'Oyley, Bart.; Alex. Bowie, Esq., M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P., &c., &c.

COUNCIL OF LEGAL EDUCATION.

A systematic course of study has been arranged for the subjects of examination, as below:—

REGULATIONS.

1. Candidates for the Pass Examination will be examined in the following subjects, in addition to Roman Law:—

I. Law of Real and Personal Property.
II. Law of Contracts and Torts.
III. Principles of Equity.
IV. Procedure and Evidence.
V. Constitutional Law and Legal History.

2. Candidates for Honours will be examined in the same subjects, but on separate Papers.

3. Both for Pass and Honour Examinations the above subjects will be examined upon so far only as treated in the Lectures and Classes during the two years preceding each Examination.

Note.—The first Examination under the foregoing Regulations will be the Easter Examination 1895.

(Signed) NATHL. LINDLEY,

Lincoln's Inn Hall,
5th March 1894.
Chairman.
REVIEWS.

THE NĀLADIYĀR: or Four Hundred Quatrains in Tamil,
With Introduction, Translation, and Notes, &c. By
Press, 1893.

The number of persons in England qualified to pass
judgment on the merits of Dr. Pope's edition of the Nāladi
collection of verses must be limited; it by no means follows
that only those capable of comparing the translation with
the original Tamil should be able to appreciate the interest
of the work. This edition is not likely to be without
honour in its own country, seeing that the original text is
one of the vernacular subjects of examination in the Madras
University; that the Nāladi is, as Dr. Pope says in his
Introduction, "taught, in some shape, in every vernacular
school" in the country, in which it is known as "the
sacred-book (Vēda) of the Yeoman-cultivators of the soil
(Vellālar)." But the interest should not be limited to the
more southern parts of the Peninsula. Making all due
allowance for local differences, the whole tone and turn of
thought of the great mixed population spoken of as Hindus,
saturated as it is with ideas having a common origin in the
system which, for want of better name, we call Brahmanism
or Hinduism, have much more in common, even in the
manifold and to some extent conflicting developments of
that system, than is to be found in the way of contact or
ground of common understanding between Western and
Eastern modes of thought. The author's aim has been
primarily, as he tells us, to assist English students to an
understanding of, and so to enter into Tamil thoughts; to
do something towards enabling the people of one country
to understand better those of the other. We would venture
to hope that not only may his work effect something
towards this desirable end, but that others, fellow-country-
men, though speaking other vernaculars, may be led to
compare this collection of verses, held in such high estima-
tion among the foremost of the Dravidian races, with works
held in similar estimation among themselves. There is as
between them this also in common, the influence of that
mighty instrument of expression of thought, the Sanskrit, "the perfected" language; but while this is not only recognised but insisted on and brought into clear relief by the learned editor of this work, he is fully justified in asserting its claims to attention, as one of the most important Tamilian vernacular "classics."

The myth or tradition as to the origin of this collection, which consists of 400 quatrains, is thus given by Dr. Pope. When a number of poets, Jain ascetics, who had been supported by one of the Pandiyan kings during a time of famine, were, against the king's wishes, and apparently owing to the jealousy or dislike of those about the court, compelled to take their departure, they left secretly by night. In the morning it was found that each of the poets had left behind him a quatrain. (The number of bards is given as 8,000; to those who know the craving of the Oriental mind for the immense, this will not convey more than "a great number.") These verses were compared and found to differ widely from one another. The king ordered them all to be thrown into the river Vaigai; (on the banks of which stands Mathurei (Madura), the capital of the Pandiyan kings); the palm-leaf scrolls on which were inscribed the 400 quatrains which we now have, were carried up stream and came ashore; and to these the name of "the 400 quatrains" was given by the king.

In another version of the myth the name is accounted for, if we remember rightly, by the leaves on which the specially favoured verses were inscribed being carried up stream for a distance of four feet (nāl-adī). The variation is quite unimportant; the tradition would seem to contain a germ of truth, and we shall probably not be wrong in concluding that the poetical fiction, reduced to the terms of prosaic truth, comes to this; that the verses we have are those which, as the best and fittest, survived from among many of a like character. Not only does the story itself postulate that they are the outcome of many brains and hands, but the repetitions and inconsistencies which are apparent, and the length of time during which writing of a similar character was in vogue, bear out this account of their authorship.

As to the probable date of these compositions, the utter absence of the historical sense among the peoples of India, at least until very recently, and among those who have been under the influence of Western education, renders it useless to look to native sources for assistance in this direction. Dr. Pope gives an amusing illustration of this in his preface, in which he tells us what an even recent
Tamil editor of the Nāladi had to say on the subject—namely, that "This is one of the moral text-books emanating from the (Madura) Academy, and therefore came into existence 4,000 years ago."

From internal evidence and comparison with other Tamil works, Dr. Pope would assign the collection edited by him to a period some time between 800 and 1200 A.D. The Kural of Tiruvalluvar he would place between A.D. 1000 and 1200. Dr. Graul thought that the author of the Kural must be taken to have written some time between 200 B.C. and 800 A.D.; "a wide compass," indeed, as he admits.

Not differing from Dr. Pope as to the undoubted superiority of the Kural and its pre-eminence in Tamil literature, the frequent and close similarity in thought and even in phrase cannot fail to strike any reader.

In character the Nāladi verses belong to the ethico-didactic class of writings, of the Jain School, and consist largely of moral precepts, aphorisms, and wise-sayings intended as guides to right conduct (niti) in the relations of social and domestic life.

In his prefaces to Chapters VI. and XI., and elsewhere incidentally, Dr. Pope gives some account of the theory which, as he says, "lies at the foundation of every system of Hindu religious philosophy," and without some understanding of this much of the work before us must be quite unintelligible.

Given a common belief in Pantheism, in responsibility for acts done in almost endless states of previous existence; in the "fate" which each man is held to have worked out for himself therein; a conviction that all earthly existence, all action, all energising are in themselves evil; that all external phenomena are merely illusions; that liberation is only possible through profound abstract mediation, or through suppression of all human passions and affections; that the attainment of non-existence, self-extinction, and re-absorption into the eternal, the impersonal, and the universal, constitute the summum bonum, and it is not surprising that there should be an undertone of deep pessimism, that the vanity of all things, the inevitable decay should be dwelt on with emphasis and reiteration; that we should find no evidence of a conception of the honour and dignity of the human body, and that it should be represented as a constant impediment to sanctity of life: but that the human form at its best should be described as a mass of festering corruption, in terms in
themselves degrading, and with a realism that is disgusting, is an offence of which we leave it to those who will to attempt palliation or defence.

We turn rather with pleasure and relief to those parts of the work in which sincerity in friendship, benevolence, patience, forbearance, fortitude, self-respect, and self-control are inculcated; and in which the praises of learning, knowledge and understanding are expressed in terse and vigorous language thrown into poetic form, and illustrated by apt similes and "sayings of those of old." And we select a few passages as interesting, not in themselves only, but as readily suggesting to readers of English and classical literature parallel passages, as showing a deep insight into that nature "which makes the whole world kin," or simply on account of the poetic thought and expression.

Stanza 210 is thus rendered in Dr. Pope's translation, "The savoury fried curry, in colour like the cat's eye, which one eats, seated apart in the house of those who are without affection, will be bitter as margosa; but cold gruel (weak and insipid), like clear water, in the house of affectionate equals, is ambrosia that cleaves to the bones." This and the same idea which appears slightly varied in stanzas 206 and 207, recalls at once to any reader of the English Bible the proverb, "Better is a dinner of green herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith"; and others to the same purport. To give some idea of the terseness and compression of the original, the total number of distinct words in this quatrain does not exceed twenty: in the translation there are fifty. The task, however, of a translator who would earn the thanks of those who desire assistance through the medium of a rendering which is to give effect to every syllable, is at least as difficult as that of one who would give the general sense in terms perhaps less strange to foreign ears.

The following lines (stanza 10) will recall the "sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes" of the Latin poet. "Those who stint in clothes and food and mortify their bodies, yet do not deeds of deathless virtue, and bestow nothing, hoarding shall suffer loss; Lord of the cloud-capped hills! this the hoarding honey-bee attests."

Stanzas 284 and 290: When wealth is there, obsequious myriads will assemble, like crows around the fallen corpse. When wealth, as the beetle wheels its flight, is gone, no one in all the world will ask, "Is it well with you?"

And, "The humming spotted beetle tribes all bright
in hue gather not on the branch that has ceased to bloom, . . . the unprosperous have no kin," recall the plaints of him whose "kinsfolk failed," and whose "familiar friends" forgot him in the day of his failure. Some of the verses on the instability and transitory nature of all earthly things are instinct with true poetry and deep feeling. Stanza 28: "Like a cloud that wanders over the hills, the body here appears, and, abiding not, departs, leaving no trace behind;" and stanza 30: "Unasked men come, appear in the home as kinsmen, and then silently go. As the bird silently deserts the tree where its nest yet remains, so these leave but their body to their friends."

This last passage is happily illustrated and explained by Dr. Pope, who quotes the following from the "Jivaga Chintāmmani," a work which he considers "on the whole the greatest existing Tamil literary monument;" and to be, in date, somewhat later than the Nāladi: "Count up our births of old, their bounds exceed the sands dug out of ocean's bed. Strangers through all of these were we, and, in those homes, through which, departing hence, we pass re-born, we shall not join again. Two days we met, and, in one house, abode. Lament not thou, because this brief relationship is ended thus."

Nor do the fool and his folly escape the lash; quatrain 332: "They went to bathe in the great sea," but cried, "we will wait till its roar is hushed, then bathe!" Such is their worth, who say, "we will get rid of all our household toils and cares, and then will we practise virtue and be wise."

"The fowl, though each morning you duly scatter broken grain into its very mouth, will ceaselessly scratch into the refuse heaps; so, though you expound and show the base man works of learning, full of weighty wisdom, he will but the more resolutely go on in the way in which his mind finds delight." (341.)

Chap. xxxviii. contains ample warnings against wantons and "strange women," denouncing their mercenary heartlessness; comparing their love to the light of a lamp; as that goes out, when the oil is at an end, so does the former, when the lavish hand has no more to give. One (No. 372) we give in full: "She (of enticing beauty), adorned with choice jewels, said, forsooth, 'I will leap with you down the steep precipice'; but, on its very brink, because I had no money, she, weeping, and pointing to her aching feet, withdrew, and left me alone."

We would also call attention to the invocations to the poets' patrons, the Nādars (lords or chieftains) of the Nāds,
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(tracts of country) hill, seaboard, forest, and pastoral; as, "Lord of the chains of hills where the wild cattle herd"; "Lord of the cool shore of the sounding sea"; "Lord of the shore where pearls of purest lustre are thrown up by the encircling waves, and where swift-darting boats are borne through the surf"; "Lord of the goodly hills where honey flows," and so on. These addresses, in themselves often beautiful, are usually introduced with peculiar aptness to the theme in hand. But we must beware of the hard saying in stanza 318 as to those who "fill their houses" with books, but understand them not; who possess, but cannot "make clear" to others, that which the wise have written. We feel ourselves on safer ground when we congratulate Dr. Pope on the results of what must have been to him a labour of love, and those for whose assistance and encouragement the outcome is available. We congratulate, also, those who, with enlightened liberality, have assisted the bringing out of this work in a worthy manner, and to whom thanks are duly tendered in the Preface. As to the "get-up" of the book, to say that this volume is published under the auspices of the Delegates of the Oxford University Press is sufficient commendation in itself. The Tamil type, specially procured, is the best we have ever had the good fortune of looking on. The volume is one which it is a pleasure to handle and to have. The learned editor speaks of the Lexicon and Concordance appended as "a small contribution towards the preparation of a complete dictionary of the Tamil language." The contribution may be comparatively small in extent, but of its value for the English students, for whose use it is primarily intended, there can be no question, and it should not fail to prove a rich vein of suggestion to all interested in the lexicography of the Dravidian languages.


A HUNDRED years have not rendered stale "the infinite variety" of Father Sangermano's "Burmes Empire" to the student, then as now, of its laws, religion, customs, literature, and commerce. Scholars and statesmen owe, with the general reader, a debt of gratitude to Mr. Justice
Jardine, who has edited this important work, and has enriched it with those notes and observations which his learning and unrivalled opportunities in Burma have rendered invaluable. As versatile as he is profound, this eminent jurist and administrator has made excellent use of the splendid material before him by investing the ancient research of Sangermano with the attraction of actuality and the results of recent enquiry. In company with Dr. Forchhammer, Mr. Jardine has rescued from oblivion many gems of Burmese literature (those on law being now the recognised authority on the subject), and it is not too much to say that, without Mr. Jardine's untiring energy, the translation from the Italian original, made by the Oriental Translation Fund in 1833, would have disappeared had Mr. Jardine not borrowed and utilised the, perhaps, only remaining copy in the possession of Colonel Spearman.

"The old and the new" are well indicated by the fact that Sangermano's generalisations, true in 1782, are as true now in 1894, whilst the trade in rice, which now forms the great wealth of Burma, is not even mentioned by Sangermano. General education and the equality of women, ever characteristic of Burmese Buddhism, will, we hope, be even intensified, on indigenous lines, when Mr. Jardine's proposed University of Burma succeeds in combining the ancient culture given by its monastic institutions with modern requirements. In the meanwhile, we do not wish to forestall, by a detailed statement, what will probably be revelations to many readers of the book as regards the demonology which Burmese Buddhism has assimilated, and which Dr. Waddell, perhaps, mistakes for the essence of Thibetan Buddhism, nor can we encroach on the account of Burmese cosmography, as given by Sangermano, as little as on his record of Burmese history, the constitution of the Burmese Empire, its religious code, products, or the character and the customs of its people. We hope, however, that our slight sketch of the important book under consideration will be accepted as a tribute to the great merits of Sangermano (really, "San Germano"), and of his eminent editor, the Hon. Justice J. Jardine.

G. W. L.
ENGLAND AND INDIA COMPARED.

ENGLAND AND INDIA: Being impressions of things English and Indian; and brief notes of visits to France, Switzerland, Italy, and Ceylon. By LALA BAIJ NATH, B.A., of the Judicial Service N.W. Prov., Bombay: Jahangir B. Karani & Co. Ltd., 1893.

Among the visitors to England during the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee was a Judge of the Indore Raj, who came in the train of the late Maharaja Holkar. Lala Baj Nath is the name of the Judge alluded to; and he has shown that he appreciated, and was well fitted to profit by the opportunities for collecting information which such a journey afforded him. All phases of English life were examined by this acute observer, who records his opinion of the constitution and its Parliamentary Government; his impressions of the Queen, and her position as a constitutional sovereign; the public men and politicians to whom he was introduced; the political and non-political associations; commercial life, and the Poor-Law system. The frankness, but withal prudence, with which this social critic's views are stated, is deserving of much praise, and gives some real value to the observations which he makes upon all he saw.

Lala Baj Nath made good use of his time, for he not only visited the ordinary sights and places of amusement in London, but he personally inspected many of our Free Public Libraries, the Law Courts, Universities, churches, markets, and places of business, including the principal manufacturing towns of England and Scotland and the ports of Liverpool and Glasgow. At all these places he made copious notes, and carried away a large amount of information, which his naturally acute mind and judicial training enabled him to systematise and compare with the facts of Eastern life. In very few places, indeed, can he be caught tripping, and it is only in insignificant details that error occurs. His summary of his extensive and rapid survey evidently is that while India can wisely take example by England in all that concerns national development and self-reliant energy, yet it is by no means desirable that Indians should imitate results, the advantages of some of which are open to question. It is rather in an adoption of the spirit which raised England to eminence that Indians will find their advantage, and when animated by that spirit
they will work out a great future for themselves on lines suited to the special circumstances of their country.

The first thing which catches his attention on reaching London is the hurried manner in which people move from place to place. "In India they would consider you mad if you walked so fast." "Every one has a look of substance, ruddy health, strong nerve, and iron frame about him." He sees a porter moving along briskly with a load "which it would take three Indian coolies to carry." There is to him something bulky in the average English person; "yet the race is handsome;" "their great vigour of body and their power of endurance" catch his attention, and the energy with which "two or three labourers move a heavy load—like mastiffs they cling to it, rough tug with determination to conquer or to die." These, and many such remarks, show that the author is an observing man, and one who knows that for every result there must be a cause. Earnestness of purpose seems to be the mainspring of an Englishman's success. "What he does, he does with a will. If he eats, he eats like a giant; if he drinks, he drinks like a giant; but when he works, he also works like a giant. . . . No half-heartedness, no irresolution, no want of earnestness about him." It is from this energy and passionate love of work that poverty is despised, and it explains why "a poor man is a Sudra, and a rich man is a lord, a peer, a Brahman, a born legislator, statesman, and everything else." He thus pithily sums up, "Many of us in India have yet to learn the lesson of stubbornness and resoluteness; and I would willingly sacrifice half the rhetoric of the country for a tenth of that spirit of self-help which is so strongly noticeable in England—viz., to rely upon one's own resources, and do all that one attempts."

The force of public opinion in England, arising from the interest which the whole people take in public affairs, is to the author very impressive; but he also sees that the newspaper press is as powerful for mischief as for good. He considers that primary education is not made so effective as it should be, "in fact it is a lifeless, mechanical system, which instead of qualifying a lad of fourteen for becoming an intelligent apprentice or a skilled workman later on, leaves him dependent on the rule of thumb." He admits, however, that he is dependent on others for the statements on which the opinion he offers is based. He is much impressed with the wide diffusion of information in England; quite ordinary people seem to be well-informed on a large variety of subjects. This seems to be due to the practical
reading of the English, which he contrasts with the religious reading of India. And this induces him to regret the absence of good readable books in the vernaculars of India. Of course, the meat eating and alcohol drinking in England shock him greatly, but he does not perceive that the hard eating and drinking so distasteful to him is a potent cause of the energy and strength of character which he admires. Were the English to become vegetarian and teetotal they would steadily sink into the imbecility of mind and body characteristic of subject races. History is a topic for which the Indian mind has little regard; but were Indians to study the history of their own country they would learn that, during the period of their vigorous growth as a nation, and when the older and bolder literature of their country was written, they were both meat eaters and alcohol drinkers. The reform of Buddha, by banishing meat and alcohol, prepared Indians for the long ages of subjugation through which they have passed, and produced the helplessness of character which is the only obstacle to their future improvement. Very much the same took place in China. There development was arrested by the tea-plant; and we now witness the curious phenomenon of a nation once far in advance of the rest of the world in literature, learning, and in mechanical arts, but which has stagnated for two thousand years from incapacity to carry on the building-up work of its founders. The dwindling influence of the Muhammadan States of the world is due to the same enervating cause. National energy is produced from, and sustained by animal spirits; it implies greater than ordinary exertion, and has to be fed by correspondingly large quantities of stimulating food. The effect cannot exist without the cause; and the quickest, strongest, and most pushing animal will necessarily be the one best fed up to the life.

The judicial procedure of England was a source of pleasure to Mr. Baij Nath. He admired the celerity and decorum which characterised the trials in our ordinary courts; but was astonished at the lengthy arguments held over minute points of law in the superior courts. He considers the Indian Code superior to the uncodified law of England, although he regrets that an excess of legislation and the contradictory decisions of the High Courts are ever tending to complicate the original simplicity of the Code in India. He remarks on the anomaly of declaring gambling to be unlawful, while permitting any amount of betting at horse-racing, &c.; and is amused at the greater severity of the
law in the case of offences against property than in the case of offences against the person. The complete separation of the magistrate from the functions of the police is a point which excites his interest, and he makes some justly stinging remarks on the police of India. He was astonished to find perjury quite as common in the courts of England as in those of India. It is a state of things he did not expect from the harsh words said of his own countrymen on account of the same failing.

The preceding remarks are abundantly sufficient to show that Baij Nath's book is full of interesting and instructive matter. It is well worth the perusal of English people, for it not only shows the different aspect in which many of our customs appear to those who have not been born in their midst, but it gives many interesting details of Indian life by contrasting the social usages of England and India. An interesting part of the book is the summary given of esoteric Hinduism. It will be seen that it is not the foolish creed, as accepted by the intelligent classes, which prejudiced reports have led Europeans to believe. The short section devoted to this subject explains the reason for the firm hold which the tenets of this creed have upon its professors; and the extreme impropriety of such terms as "heathendom" when applied to this highly-spiritualised form of faith.

Not the least interesting part of the book is the tour of the author in the manufacturing districts, such as Birmingham, Bolton, Manchester, and Glasgow. He found that the workshops were freely thrown open to his inspection, and any details of the machinery were readily explained to him. His visits to Leamington and Warwick induced him to compare the English with the Indian agricultural processes; while his stay at Liverpool enabled him to understand the vast wheat trade to which his country so largely contributes. Parts, if not the whole, of this most instructive book should be translated into some vernacular and widely circulated in India.

FREDERIC PINCOTT.


SIR W. HUNTER has been happily inspired in entrusting to the former Chief Commissioner of Mysore the volume of his "Rulers of India" series dealing with Haidar and his son. The story is told in sufficient detail to be attractive to that laziest of persons "the general reader," while the
notes on the margin of the page are a mine of the most curious and authentic information. It will be sufficient to indicate a portion of this to send our readers to the book itself, assuring them that these notes only require a good index and a certain amount of amplification to become a small encyclopedia of the history of southern India.

To begin with, we have a pedigree of the whole family, from Muhammad Bhaiol, or Hasan, an Arab who came from Baghdad, early in the reign of Akbar, to Gholam Muhammad, who died a Justice of the Peace in Calcutta in 1877. Then comes the pedigree of the Mysore Rajas, from the founder of the Wodiar dynasty to Krishnaraj III., restored by Lord Wellesley after the overthrow and death of Tipu. The genealogy of the Nizam follows, and in this one might suggest improvement; but Mr. Bowring perhaps felt that the matter was not so directly relevant to the life of Haidar as to require minute elaboration. The succession of the Nawabs of the Carnatic, whose immediate heritage devolved upon the East India Company, is sufficiently recorded. Adequate descriptions of such famous historical scenes as Jinji, Arcot, Pondicherry, will be found. On the well-known "Baramahal," whence Haidar used to make his terrible onslaughts upon the Carnatic, it may be proper to observe that there need be no difficulty about the etymology of the word: "Mahal" being only the plural of Mahal. In the enumeration of the forces with which Haidar made his famous invasion of 1780, it would have been interesting if the author had included the strength of Europeans, in horse, foot, and artillery. From the account of Baillie's disaster at Pollilore we learn that the younger Lally was not the only French officer employed: there were in fact many hundreds of Frenchmen in all ranks of Haidar's service, and they had a permanent cantonment a few miles north of Seringapatam, where the name "French Rocks" bears record of their presence to this day. The versatility of the author's scholarship is as noticeable as the accuracy of his local observation: authorities of all sorts are laid under contribution, from the Lusiad of the medieval Camoens to the Divan of the more modern Goethe. Lastly, due honour is done to the British rulers who, from Arthur Wellesley down to Mr. Bowring himself, deserve credit in that they have never ceased to preserve in all respects the monuments of these fierce, though unsuccessful, champions of Islam.

H. G. Keene.
THE SHARADA SADAN.

When travelling in India two years ago, we were the guests of the Pundita Ramabai at the Sharada Sadan—the Home and Training School which she has opened for Hindu widows at Poona.

Ramabai's object in founding this institution was, as all who have read her deeply interesting and touching book, "The High-caste Hindu Woman," know, the desire to extend to her fellow-countrywomen the privilege she herself enjoyed of a liberal education.

The majority of Hindu women are sunk in ignorance; but one per cent. of the female population can even read and write, and these belong mainly to the lower castes. The higher the social grade the deeper the ignorance of the women, for the greater is their seclusion. They do not attend the schools now to be found in most towns and many villages, and only the comparatively few who will admit Zenana missionaries within their walls receive any instruction.

From the time that she emerged a free and happy girl from the sylvan solitude of her forest home, Ramabai longed to impart to her less fortunate sisters those blessings of knowledge which she had herself received from her learned father and her no less remarkable mother. The chief difficulty to be overcome was the absence of all desire for instruction on the part of the women themselves. But that barrier is beginning to give way. The women of India, as a whole, cannot be said to desire education for themselves as yet, but their fathers, and husbands, and brothers are beginning to desire it for them, and that is half the battle, for such devoted daughters, wives, and mothers—setting us Western women a noble example in these relationships—are sure to respond to such a wish when adequately expressed.

Another difficulty, not so easily surmounted, is the lack of teachers. To find a ready entrance into high-caste Hindu families, they must be native and non-Christian. The Christian English lady who teaches in those zenanas to which she is admitted, is doing a noble work, but she
can only touch the outer fringe of the thick, impenetrable curtain that shrouds the women of India. If the bulk of the women are to be reached, it must be by their compatriots and co-religionists.

Ramabai saw this clearly, and she also saw the class from which a band of such teachers might be formed—the childless and child-widows. Her scheme was to open a Home which should serve a double purpose—as an asylum for those child-widows who are unhappy with their husband's relatives, and a Training School for teachers afterwards to be sent forth to instruct their fellow-countrywomen in their own homes.

When we visited Ramabai she was on the point of moving into the large new bungalow which had just been purchased to accommodate the growing numbers of her school, which had increased from two to forty in three years. We saw the forty young widows—their ages ranging from nine to twenty—bright, happy-looking girls, though the past histories of some among them had been a record of terrible suffering.

In the Sharada Sadan, or Home of Learning, they receive a liberal education; they are taught to read and write in their own vernacular and in English—the language of the Government examinations. The Pundita herself instructs them in Sanskrit, the language of their sacred books. She also teaches them elementary science, and trains them in the Kinder-garten system. Such of them as have no aptitude for teaching can be trained as nurses, a lady-doctor in Poona having kindly offered her services for this object. All the pupils are Hindus, and belong to the three highest castes. Their religion and caste observances are not interfered with. All their caste prejudices are respected. Ramabai has promised not to proselytise, and that promise she has faithfully kept. Some have confused this promise with a promise not to influence. That she did not promise, for it would have been promising an impossibility. No one with a strong personality can help influencing those around them. The strongest influence is often the most unconscious, Ramabai's pupils can no more help being influenced by her than they can help breathing the same atmosphere, and if some of them are drawn towards Christianity by the noble personification of it they see daily before their eyes, neither she nor they are to be blamed. Were Ramabai incapable of thus silently and involuntarily influencing those with whom she is brought into daily contact, she would not have possessed the individuality
necessary to originate and carry out the difficult task she has undertaken.

Nevertheless, this inevitable influence, and Ramabai's firm adherence to the profession of her faith, roused bitter animosity against her, which culminated, during the Bombay religious riots, in the withdrawal of about half her scholars. Nor was this all: an attempt was made by her quondam friends to crush her school, and raise a rival institution on its ruins. This threat resolved itself into some of her ex-pupils being kindly received by Miss Herford, Head-mistress of the Girls' High School, and a personal friend of Ramabai. When Ramabai heard of it, she said: "I am delighted. I wish there were a dozen Sharada Sadana—there is room for them all."

Ramabai has borne herself through the storm with a nobility and courage worthy of her Christian faith. When showers of abusive letters, calumniating her in the foulest manner, were poured forth by the local press, she refrained from self-justification, save for one short statement setting forth her position; a refutation of facts, not motives. Then she waited, firm, patient, and trustful, till the storm abated.

Her school received a shock, but it is slowly recovering. Some of those withdrawn have returned, and seven new pupils have been received. All Ramabai asks for is liberty of conscience, that such of her pupils as feel drawn towards Christianity, and who either are of age, or whose parents and guardians do not object, should not be forbidden by the constitution of the school to be instructed in that faith. There is no fear of Ramabai turning the Sharada Sadan into a propaganda of Christianity. That would be to defeat the object for which she founded it. But she cannot deny her faith; were she capable of doing so, she would be unfit for her position as head of the Sharada Sadan.

E. C. Tait.
Few people have yet realised the importance of the invaluable services which Sir Syed Ahmed has rendered to the Mohamedan community in India. One gigantic work of this subtle-minded and earnest reformer is that vital institution called the Mohamedan Anglo-Oriental College, which is undoubtedly a fountain-head, unique of its kind of modern education in India.

Having received a great part of my education in this Institution, I feel proud to give a short description of it, in grateful remembrance of the life that I enjoyed within its august precincts.

In describing the College, a few facts as to its origin will not be out of place.

Long before the establishment of the College, Sir Syed had been deeply engaged in solving the most difficult and enigmatical problem—the social and moral regeneration and elevation of his co-religionists in India. The reason is only too obvious. Sir Syed is, as it were, a link between the old and the modern India. He saw the pomp and power of the Mohamedans, and alas, also their pitiable fall! They lost pomp, power, and wealth, and yet, strange to say, the luxurious habits of their forefathers were still inherent in them. Pride and prejudice had as strong a hold upon their minds as at any period of history. They would not send their children to the Government schools, because these would have a corrupting influence—according to their unfortunate belief—upon the morals of their children; whereas their far-sighted Hindu brethren were fast running a race with the tide of time.

Sir Syed's keen and intelligent eye saw the critical gravity of the situation. He saw that if no prompt step be taken to shake off the demoralising sentiments that were being so wrongly cherished, the Mohamedan community, as a whole, would soon go to wreck and ruin. He was convinced that the only way to arrest this national bankruptcy was by promoting sound and gradual Western education.

The Government schools did not suit the requirements
of the Mohamedans; they were defective, inasmuch as they only looked to the secular side of education. With the Mohamedans, besides moral and intellectual training, spiritual training is of vital importance. The ingenious Syed, to combine his noble object with the reasonable requirements of the Mohamedans, devised a plan to solve this problem, and thus to bring about a most commendable compromise. This plan was the starting of the Aligarh College, to supply the deficiencies which had hitherto prevented Moslem youths from going to Government schools and colleges. But how was he to bring this about? Money was absolutely necessary, and that he had not. To achieve his object he went from door to door, but disappointment and ridicule awaited him everywhere. Poor Syed! He was exposed to the fiercest opposition, from all quarters, of narrow-minded persons. He was declared to be the bitterest enemy of Islam, and was accused of violating the tenets of that faith by trying to diffuse the so-called misleading sciences of the West. Even his life was at stake. But the resolute Syed was firm and fearless as ever, despite these fierce menaces of his bigoted opponents. But what are threats to a man of mettle! All great men have met with similar fate; and verily, this Syed was no exception. He was not a man of words, but of action. He combated boldly the prejudice and bigotry of his co-religionists, and victory was his reward.

In 1875 he set on foot a small school composed of a few sons of his friends. Example is better than precept. Hindu, Mohamedan, and English philanthropists gradually came to share his noble purpose. The fire of enthusiasm of these united few spread widely all over the country. Help was freely forthcoming. The Nizam endowed the College with a princely donation of Rs. 90,000; the Maharaja of Patiala gave no less than Rs. 58,000, and the munificent Lord Northbrook contributed Rs. 10,000. Among others who adorned the list, the Nawab of Rampur, the great Sir Salar Jung, the Maharajas of Vizianagram and Benares, Sir W. Muir, Sir John Strachey, and Lord Stanley of Alderley contributed liberally. Students from various parts of India, and even from countries outside India, flocked together to this centre of education. Thus the College originated, and thus it flourished.

The College is situated on a delightful and picturesque spot, about a mile away from the bustle and noise of the historical city of Aligarh. Its grounds, surrounded by a
majestic and sanctifying wall, consist of a hundred acres of land granted by the Government. The wall is of stone, and is divided into sections. On each of these sections is engraved, in Persian, the name of the donor who contributed to the erection of that particular section. There is yet an opportunity for a well-wisher of the cause of education to be associated with the history of this College, by contributing the paltry sum of Rs. 20, and thus helping toward the completion of the wall.

Inside this wall, and in the centre of the grounds, there stands in its majestic serenity a quadrangle. Two lovely gardens form its northern and southern boundaries. These gardens, which are rich in the bounties of Nature, are open to the students, and enable them to beguile their leisure hours in healthy recreation. How delightful do the many little walks, which shoot in all directions, appear, on a cool summer evening, when the hot sun has gone down, leaving only the scarlet twilight! And how infinitely is this cheering but transitory scene enhanced by the gradual and timely appearance of the graceful Queen of the night, as she makes her way up the blue and starry vaults of heaven! How often have I loitered by the side of the beautiful flower-beds and the fruitful trees, admiring the beautiful gifts of Nature; and how many a time have I been the happy observer of those youthful seekers of knowledge, sauntering in groups of twos and threes round about the meandering silvery brook that adds to the picturesqueness of the inspiring scene! Some engaged in plucking the fragrant flowers; some bent on stealing the delicious fruits; some discussing, in innocent fashion, subjects too great for juvenile brains; some reading over their lessons aloud among the shady avenues of verdant trees, now seen, now unseen. Such are the gardens and such are their enjoyers.

On the eastern side of the quadrangle are six bungalows, each containing four good sized rooms. These bungalows are expressly for the use of Hindu students. Though the College, as its name indicates, may seem to be purely a Mohamedan institution, yet it does not in the slightest degree exclude the Hindus. Nay, it is a temple for intellectual, moral, and physical training, which freely admits any son of man—to whatever caste, creed, and colour he may belong—who does not infringe any of its rules. A Mohamedan enjoys no more privileges than his Hindu brother. The caste prejudice, which often acts a barrier to free social intercourse between the Hindus and
Mohammedans, does not step within the Aligarh College grounds. The Aligarh College, and none other, can boast of bringing about one great object—viz., the possible unity between the two great religious communities in India, the effecting of which has long engaged the greatest minds of that great continent India. This is, no doubt, sufficient proof to a reasonable mind, that the Aligarh College deserves, nay, claims, encouragement and help from all who earnestly cherish the future good of India.

A little to the north of these bungalows one perceives the rooms of the students' debating society, built after the style of the Cambridge Union, and called the "Siddons Union Club." The Club building contains a debating hall, fitted with all parliamentary requirements, a reading-room, a smoking-room, and a moderately large library. Debates are alternately held in English and Urdu (on Saturday evenings), so as to give a chance to every student to cultivate the noble art of speaking in a foreign tongue, and at the same time to keep up his own. The Professors and Masters also attend the debates, and often take part in them. To encourage and stimulate the desire for speaking, a yearly prize of Rs. 20 has of late been established for the best speaker and the most active member of the year. Nearly four times a year something similar to an evening party is given, when English ladies and gentlemen, and other notabilities of the city of Aligarh, are invited. On such occasions, recitations, acting (mostly plays of Shakespeare), and sweet songs and music, in which the guests often join, form the programme of the evening. The debating hall sometimes becomes the arena for poetical contests; there being a prize for the best poetical production by the students on a given subject. The praise is due to Mr. Arnold, the Professor of Philosophy, for this new and wholesome departure in the College.

It should be particularly borne in mind that the fine art of poetry in India was gradually becoming extinct, or rather becoming degenerated, inasmuch as it was narrowed to mere unproductive rhymes of wild imagination. A revolution, however, has of late taken place, and instead of aimless, dreamy rhymes, powerful and elevating poetry is coming into existence. The national poet, Hali, inspired by Sir Syed, is the leader of this new spirit. To popularise the new school of thought, students of a poetical turn of mind at Aligarh College are trained in this direction, and the well-conceived prize established by Mr. Arnold serves as a capital stimulus.
On the western side of the quadrangle lies the cricket field, where many a memorable and exciting match has been played between the well-renowned College and other teams. In cricket, the College can boast of one of the best and formidable teams in the whole of India. In fact, I attribute—and it is no small tribute—half the name and fame of the College to the famous “M.A.O.C.C.C.” Cricket is not the only game for the development of physical power; there are numerous other sports, such as football, tennis, shuttlecock, and hockey.

Now, let us turn to the quadrangle, or what is sometimes called a court. It is 1,004 feet long, and 576 feet broad. Its main feature is the boarding house (built of red bricks), which consists of rows of rooms. Although the boarding house has no upper story, it is approached by about half-a-dozen steps.

When we enter the quadrangle from the north, through the main gate, we find that the surrounding architectural beauty of the College buildings has a pleasing effect. From here we turn to the right, and walk through the corridor, and passing by many sets of rooms, we come to the one which was built by Sir W. W. Hunter. A set of rooms consists of a bed-room and a sitting-room, which may be shared, contrary to the general custom at Cambridge or Oxford, by two brothers or friends. These rooms are neatly furnished with a delightful mixture of Indian and English furniture.

Walking along the corridor we come to face the Salar Mansil, the dining-hall, named after the generous and warm-hearted supporter of the College, the late Sir Salar Jung. This dining-hall, though meant for the students, is memorable for the banquets that were given in honour of Lord Dufferin, Sir Salar Jung, Mr. Caine, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Beck, and many distinguished students of the College who have returned after the completion of their education in England. From the dining-hall, which is situated in the corner of the buildings, we turn to the left, and proceeding further through the corridor we reach the lecture rooms. In the walls of the chief lecture room, which is exceptionally spacious, are set two big marble slabs. On one, in English, and on the other, in Persian, are engraved the names of the two Nawabs of Hyderabad, who defrayed the expenses of its erection in memory of their late lamented uncle, the Nawab Mohamed Rafiuddin Khan Bahadur, who was “to the last a zealous student of the science of astronomy.” Proceeding further through the
corridor, and passing by students' rooms, and after two rectangular turnings, we come to the Mosque. It should be noticed here that Sunnis and Shias stand united in the bond of brotherhood, and pray together in this house of God without distinction as the sons of Adam. The achievement of this no small object is a matter for joy to those Mohamedans whose heart-felt desire is to see such a commendable union of the two somewhat hostile sects of Moslems, and is alluded to in the following hopeful words by the distinguished Sir W. W. Hunter: "In going round the College I was struck by the Shia and Sunni praying-places side by side. Here, for the first time in the history of India, the Shia from Hyderabad in the South and the Sunni from Delhi and the furthest limits of Bengal, come together for the common purpose of education; live together; study together; and pray peaceably a little apart."

In the centre of the quadrangle stands the magnificent and grand Strachey Hall, built in honour of Sir John Strachey. Its foundation was laid by Lord Lytton in 1877, and under the foundation stone are deposited a copy of the address presented to his Excellency, a few coins, and a brief account of the ceremony engraved on a copper plate. The cost of the building is estimated at about Rs. 50,000. This Hall is meant to serve as an examination hall, a place for grand receptions, and a chief lecture room. Its walls are studded with marble slabs, on some of which are inscribed the names of those donors who have contributed at least Rs. 500 for its erection. On either side of the Strachey Hall are the foundations of the Nizam Museum on one side, and of the Lytton Library on the other. When completed this will form a row of fine buildings, which will divide the quadrangle into two equal parts.

The College possesses a very competent staff of Professors, four English (excluding the Head Master of the school in connexion with the Institute), one Bengalee for mathematics, one Pundit for Sanskrit, and two Mohamedans for Arabic and Persian. Mr. Theodore Beck is the Principal of the College. Here Sir Syed may be congratulated on his excellent choice of such an able and praiseworthy principal—who is not only a great acquisition to the College, but is the right hand of Sir Syed in educational and social matters. Mr. Theodore Beck was a well-known and worthy member of the erudite Society of that great seat of learning—Cambridge—where he was known no less than as one of the
SIR SYED AHMED'S ZEAL FOR EDUCATION.

Presidents of the Union. His meritorious qualities are greatly enhanced when one sees him mixing in an unconventional manner with the students of the College. Undoubtedly, a great part of the success of the College is due to him. His family and the College may well be proud of him.

Surely the doctor, a most important person at least in the eyes of the students, cannot be left out. He, like a kind-hearted sympathiser, is always ready to respond to the call of any student, even if it be 1 o'clock in the morning. The students respect and treat him with the utmost friendliness, and they only know why. Perhaps because the doctor is invested with powers that no one else possesses. He can change the diet of a student; and no student can absent himself on any excuse without his sanction.

Can anyone point out a college in India which confers so many advantages as the Aligarh Institute? Is there anyone so daring as to show that the Aligarh College falls short of the much-sought-for educational requirements of the Mohamedans? They wanted religious training for their sons: the College imparts it. For it is there that the school-boys are taught the Koran, and that the College students listen to the lectures of efficient Moulvies on Moslem theology. Can any father complain that his son does not pray five times a day in the College Mosque? Is there any educational institution in India where a student enjoys what may be called a real college life? Are not the students under the healthy influence of competent masters? Who can doubt that their morals and manners are not left to take care of themselves, but are under the careful supervision of the masters whose "duty does not begin and end with class-rooms"? Which is the college in India that looks so scrupulously to the physical welfare of its students? It is doubtless the Aligarh College, which reigns supreme in its healthy sports. It is needless to add that the political atmosphere under the supervision of that cool-minded politician, Sir Syed, is anything but rash. The tone and tendency of the two College papers, edited by the students, can well bear testimony to this fact.

It is gratifying to note the pregnant words of Sir W. W. Hunter, who sums up what the College really is in the following lines: "The College solves the problem of Mohamedan education. It not only provides instruction for those of the North-Western Provinces, but it stands forth as an example to all India, for a Mohamedan
Institution which effectively combines the secular with the religious aspect of education; and while recognising the special spiritual needs of the Mohamedan youths, bases its teaching on the truths of Western science, and is, in tone and tendency, 'thoroughly loyal to our Queen. This is a noble work for a mortal to have done upon earth.'

From the fact that the Government has endowed the College with a hundred acres of land, and annually subscribes Rs. 12,000 for its support, and the frequent visits of Viceroy's and Lieutenant-Governors, and the sending of wards of Court, it can be safely concluded that the Government recognises the Institution, and that its sympathies are enlisted with the aims and objects of the College.

The amount of influence the College has already exerted on the minds of the students is something marvellous; for the students have started two societies, the objects of which are as noble as they are timely. The one undertakes the philanthropic duty of collecting a fund for the support of those students who cannot afford to pay for their education. And it may be mentioned to the credit of its members that they have succeeded in collecting nearly Rs. 1,500. The other, called the Brotherhood, has a more gigantic task to perform—namely, that of securing a great fund to ensure the future stability of the College. The members of this association have pledged themselves to contribute to this fund at least 1 per cent. of their income.

Let those that have tried to nip in the bud the early growth of the College, now see for themselves whether they were in the wrong or the noble Syed. Let them now realise whether they were blindly ruining their own cause, or whether the Syed was the impostor. Will they not even now cast off their petty differences of opinion, and join with open hearts, and work with one accord with Sir Syed in the national cause of education?

There is not a shadow of doubt that if the Aligarh College, "as its aspiration is, . . . at some future time develops into a great Indian Moslem University, the Oxford or Cambridge of Islam, it will be Sir Syed Ahmed and Mr. Theodore Beck to whom the future historian of India will point as educational saviours of the greatest and most illustrious of the nationalities of that continent."

IRADUT ULLAH.
HINDU WOMEN IN INDIA.

The Hindu population of India consists of two great divisions—namely, the first invaders and the aborigines. In dealing with the subject of women in India, one must always carefully distinguish between the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants and the descendants of those who invaded India.

The aborigines live in jangals and mountains, and are very badly clad; their customs and manners are most peculiar. There are at the present time about thirteen millions of these people in India, and their marriage customs are too various and peculiar to describe fully in a short article. Suffice it to say that at one time a wife could be purchased simply by an offering of rice according to the custom of one of the tribes; and according to that of another a sham fight took place, and the wife was made a captive. Such things were done in early days; but now those old customs are mostly done away with, although a few are still retained. Some years ago, when I was passing through the Central Provinces, a gentleman, who was well acquainted with the habits and customs of the province, told me that the Gonds, if very poor, might buy their wives on credit. There is another race who still, I believe, have a most strange custom, which is that one woman marries all the brothers of a family—it is not my business to say whether any jealousy exists among the husbands or not.

Leaving the aborigines, I will now turn to the descendants of the Hindu invaders of India.

The Aryans, as I think everybody knows, entered the country some thousands of years ago. In very early times when the Aryans settled in the North-West of India, it is believed that women occupied a much higher position than they do now. The women of those days could select their husbands, but it is not so at the present time.

Now I propose to give a short sketch of child-marriage in India, mainly among a certain class of agriculturists of modern India.

When a child is expected to be born, the wife's relations—such as the mother, sisters, and, as a matter of
course, the mother-in-law (if alive)—will be present on the occasion. The newly-born child is rubbed all over with oil, generally by the \textit{dāi} (nurse); if a \textit{dāi} cannot be got on account of a village being very small, then by one of the above-mentioned relatives.

Among Rājputs, if the child were a girl, the poor little creature used often to be killed by her cruel parents, who looked upon her birth as a direct curse from Heaven; but if the newly-born infant proved to be a male, the joy of the parents knew no bounds. Feasting and rejoicing become the order of the day, and as much money as the position of the parents would allow was given as a thank-offering to the poor. Such was the treatment the poor little girl received at the hands of her parents. Thanks to the British Government, who prohibited this cruelty by inflicting punishment on the offenders, the cruel custom has been almost entirely put a stop to, but even now, here and there, in spite of the penalty, it is secretly practised by a few fanatics, and the Rājputs do not hesitate to perform this ancient rite whenever opportunity occurs.

Almost from the birth of the child its eyelids, and even its eye-brows, are painted with a black stuff called \textit{kājal}. When the girl attains the age of five or six, sometimes even at three, the \textit{hajjam} and \textit{brahman}, barber and priest respectively, go about in the neighbourhood to find a boy of suitable age, and usually of the same caste as the girl. Generally speaking the bridegroom is considerably older than the bride. I have known several cases where the bridegroom was twenty years of age, and the bride only five.

There was a \textit{banya} (a shopkeeper) to whom I often went in order to change a rupee into coppers, or what we call \textit{paise}. One day I found a woman in the shop; thinking that she was the daughter of the old man who usually served me, I said to her, “Where is your father?” Upon hearing this she became furiously angry, and replied, “How dare you call him my father! he is my husband; what an insulting man you are!” I at once apologised to her, saying how sorry I was, and explained to her that she looked to me about twenty-five years of age, and her husband quite fifty, if not more. My explanation undoubtedly pacified her. While I was giving her the reason of my having committed the error, her husband stepped in; and I told him what had happened. On hearing my story the old man laughed heartily, and said that the same thing had occurred several times before.
Well, the *hajjam* among the Hindus is a man of great importance; in fact, he is the person who arranges marriages, and does almost everything concerning the matter; and, as a rule, both parties are afraid of him, for his opinion, good or bad, carries great weight. When every arrangement is made he is very handsomely rewarded in most cases by both parties. On finding a suitable boy, the *brahman* and *hajjam* go to the house of the boy’s father and discuss the subject with him: this kind of conversation is called *bāt chit*. Should it prove mutually satisfactory, then comes the question of *tilak*—literally a mark which the Hindus make on their forehead; but in connexion with marriage it denotes the custom by which the father of the bride has to pay a certain sum of money to the boy’s father, to be decided according to the relative positions in life that the parties hold. *Tilak* is supposed to be the commencement of *shādi* (the marriage ceremony). To describe all the little details relating to *shādi* would lengthen this article too much, but I shall only take the main features of a Hindu marriage. I must not forget to mention that some portion of the *tilak* is paid to the *brahman* and the *hajjam*.

Upon the settlement of the question of *tilak*, the *brahman* and *hajjam*, with some relatives, friends, musicians, &c., proceed towards the boy’s house. On reaching it the boy is brought before them dressed in very bright and gay clothes, which are here and there worked with gold in regular Hindu fashion. The boy being requested to sit down, is then surrounded by his people, the women standing at some little distance. The ceremony then takes place, which chiefly consists in counting the money brought by the *brahman* and *hajjam*. During and after this there is a good deal of *gāna bājāna* (singing and playing the Indian music). Although this ceremony is complete, yet the boy and the girl do not become actual husband and wife for some years to come. They live separately, and perhaps never see each other again unless by accident until the *shādi*. In fact, the first is a kind of betrothal, but this tie is so strong that if the boy dies the poor little girl becomes a widow at once and cannot marry again, although she has never lived with her husband. It is a very cruel custom, but to comment upon it is not the object of this article. It is only right to say that lately a great deal has been done to encourage the re-marriage of widows.

Now a word or two as to the subject of *shādi*. When all the arrangements are ready, the bridegroom, his
father, relatives and friends, and often many inhabitants of
the place, start for the bride's house. The bridegroom is
dressed in a bright red costume, and sits in a palki, which
is also covered with scarlet cloth. This palki is carried by
four or six kahârs—i.e., the men whose work it is to carry
the palanquin. Usually the bridegroom has another boy
sitting with him—he may be a relation of his own age, or
perhaps his younger brother. They always have a sort of
Indian band, which is not very grand. The music goes on
as they march. All this proceeding is called barât.

On the arrival of the barât at the bride's house they are
received by the folk of the house and the brahman. A
temporary building, constructed with bâns (bamboo) and
other woods, is erected for the occasion, and decorated in a
very gay style. Mango leaves are also in great demand for
the purpose of decoration. Everything being ready, the
interesting couple take their seats facing the east. All
relations, friends, and the brahman being present, the music
begins, and the brahman reads a sort of marriage service,
upon the conclusion of which the two young people rise, and
the bridegroom lifts up the orhni (covering) from the bride's
face, and paints her brows with some red paint, and in this
way the matrimonial ceremony comes to a conclusion.
The ceremonial causes a great amount of excitement and
curiosity in the immediate neighbourhood, and the women
peep from every available crack in their houses so that they
may see as much of the proceedings as possible.

At this period relatives and friends come forward and
give munhâikhâi—i.e., see the face of the bride and make
presents of money to her. Various kinds of rejoicing go
on for the next two or three days, and then the bridegroom
returns home with his people. After a lapse of a few years
pawnah takes place—i.e., the bridegroom goes to the bride's
house, whence he brings her to his own home. This
ceremony is almost identical with the barât, which I have
just described.

Just a word concerning widowhood. Nothing can be
more unfortunate for a Hindu woman than to become a
widow. I knew a certain Hindu family at Aurangâbâd
where a girl of nine years of age became a widow, and her
father gave me a most painful account of the life spent by
her. I was truly sorry for him and his daughter. A
widow, as he told me, is treated with greater severity than
a slave by her own relations, though there are certain
exceptions to this rule. She must not dress nicely, and in
many cases she only gets her food once a day; she is not
allowed to talk much; she must not laugh. All kinds of menial work are forced upon the unfortunate woman, whose life becomes almost unbearable to her. Formerly a widow was doomed to be burnt alive with her deceased husband, this was called satti. But I am happy to say that this cruel custom was made illegal in 1829 by Lord William Bentinck's Government. I sincerely trust that the hardships inflicted upon the unfortunate widows will soon be removed for ever.

Syed A. M. Shah.

The New Hospital for Women, London.

A drawing-room meeting was held at 16 Grenville Place, S.W., on March 13, in aid of the Maternity Branch of the New Hospital for Women in the Euston Road. Lady Priestley kindly consented to take the chair. The speakers were: Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., and Mrs. Westlake. Mrs. Anderson spoke in defence of the Hospital, showing how they made a small charge, and did not as other sister institutions in the neighbourhood hold out any inducements, such as soup, wine, coal, or other tickets, yet more cases came in than they could conveniently accommodate. She attributed this to the fact that the people liked to be attended by skilled doctors of their own sex. She spoke of the opposition they had to contend with when they first talked of opening a Maternity Ward, there being two institutions for that purpose at hand; but she justified the step by saying that if they performed capital and other most difficult operations equally well with the best men, the Committee did not see why they should not undertake what seemed to lie more in their province, as women, than any other branch of hospital work.

Mrs. Westlake, as Treasurer, made statements of expenses, and urged the audience to give of their liberality towards the maintenance of the Maternity Ward, which was doing so much good.

Mrs. Scharlieb interested her hearers greatly by her varied experiences both in this country and in Madras. Mrs. Scharlieb is now very properly one of the consulting physicians of this particular branch of the New Hospital.

The money is so carefully laid out, that although it is calculated that the sum of £200 is required for the effectual working of this branch, last year only £138 15s. 2d. was expended. This speaks of itself for the wise management of the Executive Committee.

Mrs. Pheroze Thomas returned thanks to Lady Priestley and...
the speakers, and spoke of the great need and excellent opportunities that existed for lady doctors in India, where, owing to the customs, the women—especially of the higher classes—could not obtain relief from men doctors. She warmly defended her Indian sisters, who, she said, were most responsive to any kindness shown them, and pointed out the immense amount of good a lady of culture and principle and with love in her heart for women less fortunately situated could do in a country like India.

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OBITUARY.

We regret to record the death of Dr. Sambhu Chunder Mookerjee, the well-known editor of Reis & Rayyet, Calcutta. He belonged to an ancient Brahman family, which came to Bengal centuries ago from the Delhi district. After receiving a good education at a College in Calcutta—before the establishment of the University—he became connected with the first native newspaper published in English. Next he edited for a time the Hindu Patriot, but left this work to become Secretary, at Lucknow, of the Talukdars' Association, and to take charge of their newspaper. He promoted, while in Oude, the memorial to Lord Canning, which took the form of the Canning College. Returning to Calcutta, he was soon after appointed Political Adviser and Secretary to the Nawab of Rampore, in the country of the Rohillas. When the Duke of Edinburgh went to India, Babu S. C. Mookerjee wrote an account of his visit (originally papers contributed to the Hindu Patriot), entitled, "The Prince in India: By an Indian," which Sir W. W. Hunter and other writers admired for its grasp of political facts. A little later he started a spirited magazine, with a good staff of colleagues. In 1878 he was invited to undertake the administration of the State Tipperah, where, amid many difficulties, he succeeded in effecting several important reforms, including the abolition of slavery, for which act he received the thanks of the Secretary of State. For the last ten or twelve years, Dr. Mookerjee had been chiefly occupied with Reis & Rayyet. In his conduct of the paper he was known as an independent, fearless, and brilliant writer, with strong opinions and considerable humour. He was altogether a man of mark, and he will be greatly missed by a wide circle, within as well as outside his own community.
PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

Cheerful and bright I'm said to be,
   And thus I oft appear;
But if in two you sever me,
   I sigh, and shed a tear.

Sweet, brilliant, tender is my voice,
   And early do I rise;
But also tell of fun and noise,
   And late festivities.

1. I’m white, and brown, and soft you see!
   You can’t leave me out with impunity.
2. On many a shelf my name appears,
   My sounds delight full many ears.
3. Respect me when I’m truly great,
   I’ll help to make your writings straight.
4. The very moment for your deed,
   But when he’s old, of Him take heed.

M.

II.

Oh! the one’s to be found in the other;
Of this there’s no possible doubt;
And I hope you won’t find it a bother,
To puzzle my missing words out.

1. “Ring out wild bells, to the wild sea!”
2. “—— is a pleasant place.”
   “But how shall I get there?”
3. “Alas! the doom of —— is sealed.”
4. “Oh! brave old ape in silken coat.”
5. “I sent his fellow, of the self-same flight.”
6. “’Tis woman, woman, rules us still.”

AIRK.
AN AMERICAN PUZZLE.—II.

The blanks are to be filled with seven words, all containing the same letters.

A —— wrapped in his —— grey,
Sat watching the moonbeams' —— play
On a log which close by the bushes lay,
And thus did quietly sing:
If thou —— the great and —— the strong,
The —— of great battles to thee may belong;
And each leaf with its —— took up the song.

LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

SOLUTION OF AMERICAN PUZZLE.—I.

From M. Roberts, P. Mercier, and others.

An evil old woman
Of vile intent,
Put on her veil,
And away she went.
Oh! Levi, she cried, to the man at her side,
We must have bread to live, or die.

THE LADY'S REPLY TO THE AMERICAN PUZZLE.

"Dear Levi, you tell me you LIVE for my smile,
So to you I can never be EVIL or VILE,
I know where to find a defender."
So she whispered, just lifting the sweetest of VEIL(S).
And such epithets cannot apply to females,
But to persons of opposite gender!

S. F. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

By Lord Hobhouse.

Oft have I run in childhood's days,
With eager haste and glee,
To catch the rainbow's brilliant rays,
Which shone upon the lea.

I mark the spot whereon they are,
And now that spot is won;
But lo! the bow is just as far
As when the chase begun.
Yet to my friends, who stand agaze
   To see me hunt the bow,
I seem to pass within its rays,
   And with their hues to glow.

Thus one may seem to distant eyes
   To grasp the first; but there
He stands, and knows he's missed the prize;
   The last he's doomed to bear.

1. This, I am sure, my riddle cannot be.
2. One into thousands by report transmuted.
3. Rich and unjust one—here's the Judge for thee.
4. A band to whom dark plots have been imputed.
5. Red man, of ancestral possessions cheated.
6. Site of a building never yet completed.
7. The Knights of this with Kings and Nobles have competed.

Solution—Success; Failure.

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STUDY OF THE INDIAN LANGUAGES IN THE WEST.

Of the 324 Indians lately reported in this Magazine, one is a professor in the Trinity College, Dublin, another is teaching in Liverpool, one is a translator, and another a teacher in London. Only the last gentleman is a Hindú, the rest being of the Musalman community. There is one preacher of Hindú race in London, and one Indian missionary of Musalman origin in Glasgow. About six Indians thus seem to be engaged in teaching or edifying the British people. The writer misses the name of one distinguished Indian still in England—Háfiz Abdul Karím Munshi and Indian Secretary to Her Imperial Majesty the Kaisar-i-Hind. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I believe, has, in his service as orderlies, two Indian officers—Muhammad Aszal Khán, Nawáb, C.S.I., Khán Bahádur, and Woordie Major Ahmed Khán Sáhib. To Indians and their friends it is interesting to know the number of their countrymen in the West.

Much can be done by Indians in England to make friends for themselves and their country of those British people who are about to sojourn in the East by explaining to them customs and manners, and teaching them a little of their mother tongue. Only a few, besides natives, can give a learner a start in the right pronunciation, whether the language be French, Hindustáni, or Russian. It has been my good fortune to render such assistance to many English friends who are now in my native land. With much pleasure have I frequently noticed Indians as eager to impart instruction as their English friends were willing to learn. But for such reciprocity of feeling, Indians could neither learn English nor feel at home in England. I am convinced that nothing establishes the British rule more firmly than the genuine hospitality shown by the British people to Indians in all parts of the United Kingdom. This statement may have more weight with some when I mention that for sixteen years I have been a sojourner amongst the British people, and through their generous support of my lectures on Oriental subjects, I have not
only made my living, but paid for eight years my University college training. This concerns India, for the kindness has been shown to me because I am one of the Indians.

Indian studies of scholars like Professor Max Müller have awakened the philologists and philosophers to the importance of India as an intellectual sphere in the Aryan world, teaching men to revere India of the past, and thus respect and sympathise with modern India. For the study, and, indeed, the development of the modern Indian languages the world is indebted chiefly to the wise policy, in this respect, of the Honourable East India Company. Both the policy of the Government and the former conditions of intercourse, produced many eminent British scholars in Indian languages, of whom I mention two—Sir William Jones and Dr. Duncan Forbes. Professor Palmer's career was brief, but brilliant. The veteran Indianists, Sir M. Monier Williams and Mr. Frederick Pincott, are two of many excellent Englishmen who have continued the good traditions. On the other hand, the literary achievements of Mr. Justice Saiyad Amír Alí, in India, and others, in English literature, are most admirable.

More recently our Empress has learned Hindustáni, in the difficult Arabic characters, according to the fashion of the Musalmáns of India. Thus our Sovereign has given to the world an additional unmistakable proof that she has not assumed only the title and the prerogatives, but the most arduous responsibilities and labour devolving upon the Empress of India. What else could our Kaisar-i-Hind do than she has done already to show her love to India? H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is certified by Indian gentlemen to speak the most elegant Urdu. As example is more effective than precept, for mutual respect and friendship, Indians and Britons should endeavour to acquire one another's language as well as circumstances may favour.

Aziz Ahmad Moulvi (from Lucknow).

Glasgow.
INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

The late Punjab Exhibition is said to have been much more successful financially than any former Exhibition in the Province. The articles sold well, especially the Mooltan Pottery and the Kashmir Metal-work.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, has made arrangements for the distribution of quinine gratis to the people during months in which malarial fevers prevail. The Punjab Patriot says that this scheme will be much appreciated, but it suggests the great importance of careful supervision of the subordinate officials who have to carry it out.

The Indian Nation states that the recent Annual Flower Show of the "Cossipore Practical Institution," Calcutta, which was held in the Seven Tanks Garden, proved very attractive. Not only was there a grand display of flowers, especially of roses, orchids, and ferns, but also of agricultural and economic products, and of articles of Indian manufacture—such as trunks, ink, perfumery, shoes, silks, biscuits, cutlery, pickles, &c. The President, Mr. Hem Chunder Mitter, devotes much attention to the Institution, and his energy is well repaid by its success.

A portrait of Dr. Mackichan, the Principal of the Wilson College, Bombay, and the Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University, has lately been placed in the College building. A fund had been raised by private contributions among the past and present students, and other friends of Dr. Mackichan, for the purpose of commemorating his services to the cause of education in the Bombay Presidency, and especially to the Wilson College. A life-size portrait was painted, which, on February 10, was unveiled by the Hon. Mr. H. M. Birdwood, C.S.I., Professor Velankar, on behalf of the subscribers, giving a short account of the memorial.

We learn from the Hindu that Mr. P. V. Ramaswami Raju, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, Madras, has written a poem consisting of 25,000 stanzas, describing the origin and progress of British power. It is said to be a work of much literary merit.

We have received some interesting papers relating to the ceremony of the marriage of the second daughter of Mr. G. Subramanya Iyer, B.A., Editor of the Hindu, on February 7th.
The eldest daughter of this gentleman, a widow, was re-married in 1890, and he had to encounter much persecution on account of his boldness in consenting to such a proceeding. It was even said that he would be unable in consequence to marry his other children. This fear, however, has proved groundless. His second daughter, Kamalammal, a pupil in the Presidency Training College, has been married to Mr. Jagatheesa Iyer, who is of the same caste and of the same subsect as the bride. About 300 guests sat down daily to dinner at the house of Mr. Subramanya Iyer during the six days of the festivities.

It is satisfactory to learn that the report for last year of the Walterkrita Sabha (the Society provided at the suggestion of the late Colonel Walter in regard to marriage expenses among the Rajputs) is encouraging. The movement is spreading to other castes, such as the Banias and Kayasthas.

The Rangoon Correspondent of the Times has telegraphed news of the death of the Right Rev. Paul Ambrose Bigandet, Roman Catholic Bishop of Southern Burma, and a well-known writer on Buddhism, aged 82.

The Makratta states that a Training College for lady teachers has been opened in Bombay; also that the course is to be for two years, and irrespective of creed. We should be glad to have particulars of this institution. We were not aware that there were any Training Colleges of the kind in the Bombay Presidency, except at Ahmedabad and at Poona.

Miss Marie Corelli, authoress of the "Romance of Two Worlds," has kindly given permission to Mr. M. M. Murzban to translate her latest work—"Barabbas"—into Gujarati.

The Anjuman-i-Islam, London.—A General Meeting of the Anjuman-i-Islam (a central body of the Mahomedans in the United Kingdom) was held on the 11th March at the "Ideal Club." The Report was full of encouragement. The number of members showed how increasingly the Moslems were coming to this country. It was particularly noticeable that much interest was taken by the "faithful" in the affairs of the Anjuman. The average attendance at meetings had been excellent. Mr. Justice Syed Amir Ali, C.I.E., well remarked, in presiding at the annual "Prophet's dinner" given by this body two years ago, that the Anjuman was doing service to the Mahomedans by sending to England the flower of Islam, well acquainted with the religious, social, and political questions concerning that great community. Mr. Kabiruddin Kazi was elected President, and Mr. Sharfuddin Ahmed Hon. Sec. of the Anjuman. (Communicated.)
We are requested to insert the following notice:—

Any Muhammadan desirous of praying at the Woking Mosque—e.g., on the occasion of the "Id Festival" on the 6th inst., is requested to send his name and address, on a post-card, to the Secretary of the Oriental Institute, Woking, who will forward him a card enabling him to get a return ticket by any class, from Waterloo Station to Woking, on the payment of the single fare.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

We omitted to mention last month that in the last Preliminary Scientific (M.B.) Examination of the University of London, Bhupati Nath Das (Univ. Coll.), Gilchrist Scholar, passed in Biology.

Also, that C. H. Vora has passed in the Matriculation Examination of the London University in the 2nd Division.

Arrival.—Mr. Devi Dyal, from the Punjab.

A Hindu lady, ill-advised, came to England a few weeks ago, hoping, by petition to the Queen, to recover part of her late husband's property. Her case was brought before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the following report appeared in a daily paper (March 19th):—

Re Mussummat Luchmi v. Amin Chand and Others.

The applicant, who appeared in person attired in Indian costume, is an Indian widow. She brought an action in the District Court of the Punjab to recover certain property, and her suit failed. She was recommended to petition the Queen to do her justice, and she fell into the hands of certain persons at Bombay who advised her that if she would pay them a certain sum of money she need not go to England. She handed over 900 rupees, and was subsequently informed that the High Court of Bombay had no jurisdiction, and that, as she had not appealed to the High Court of the Punjab in time, her suit had failed. She had now come to England to ask the intercession of the Queen.

Lord Watson said, from the statements, the case appeared a very sad one, but their lordships had no jurisdiction or power to interfere. The best and only plan would be for the petitioner to apply to the chief court of the Punjab to admit her appeal, although the allotted time had expired.