THE UNITED KINGDOM BRANCH OF THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S FUND.

BY THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN & AVA.

The last number of this Magazine contained an admirable résumé of the Quinquennial Report published by the Central Committee of this Fund in India, and it may be interesting to your readers to have it followed by a brief account of what we in England have been doing to promote the objects of the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India, during the same period of time.

It was on my return from India in 1889 that an English branch of the Dufferin Fund was formed; both a General and an Executive Committee being appointed in connexion with it. Many members of the latter had worked with me in India, and were thoroughly conversant both with the aims and the methods of the Association; but we were all new to the English side of the work, and we had no idea whatever how much money we were likely to have placed at our disposal here. Our first efforts were therefore tentative and experimental.

We began by giving scholarships in London and in Edinburgh to English women, who undertook, in return, to go out to India at the expiration of their term of study, and to work there under the Dufferin Fund for at least five years. But although these ladies have been ready and anxious to fulfil their engagements, India has not always been ready to receive them; so that, as far as the Associa-
tion is concerned, this does not seem to be the most satisfactory way of using its money. During the five years under review, £445 have been spent upon scholarships, and £125 upon grants in aid to special students.

The Branch next arranged to maintain one English lady doctor in India, and to be responsible for her salary of £300 a year. She was to be "in-waiting" for a permanent appointment, was to study a native language during her less occupied time, and was to be at hand to fill any vacancy that might suddenly occur. The lady we sent worked satisfactorily, was always temporarily employed, and was at last placed in a permanent post; the Central Committee have not, however, asked the Branch to send out another, and it is possible, therefore, that the experiment may not be repeated.

We also undertook to pay the passages and outfits of the English doctors going out to India under the Fund, and to lay by a sum towards their return passages at the expiration of their five years' service. On this part of our work we have spent £808. The ladies sent by us were: Miss Crawley, Miss Graham, Miss Baümler, Mrs. Van Ingen, Miss Hannan, Miss Jaganadhan, Miss Marsh, Miss Trewby. The last went in 1892, and none have been asked for since.

This brings me to the consideration which seems, of necessity, to alter the direction of our efforts here. The fact is that, at the present time, there is a very much greater demand for native and East Indian medical women in India than for English ones, and it is evident to the committee of the U.K. Branch that the best way in which English money and English help can be used to promote the objects of the Dufferin Fund, is by aiding these women who come from India, to complete their medical education in Europe, to fulfil their legitimate ambition of getting their names on the English medical register, and to gain experience and knowledge in our hospitals.

Personally, I hope that, for a long time to come, English ladies will be appointed to fill the higher posts in the female hospitals in India, because I think that English methods, English powers of organisation, habits of command, and experience of European ways, are invaluable as examples, and most advantageous and desirable for many other reasons; but, at the same time, I rejoice exceedingly in the success of those native and East Indian ladies, who with marked courage and ability have taken up the medical
profession in India; and I think we should do all in our power to help them to improve themselves, and to enable them to study our European methods. This is the work to which the U.K. Branch now proposes to devote itself; but the number of students we can help, and the extent to which we can aid any one of them, depends, not upon our will, but upon the state of our finances, and if we are to do this work effectually, there is no doubt that we must have greatly increased subscription lists.

These Indian students will be recommended to us by the Central Committee, and it is a rule of our Branch that they should be so recommended. They will, in most cases, be women who have done well, not only in the Indian Medical Schools, but also in hospitals and dispensaries in India, and who will therefore be ready and able to profit by every moment of their time here.

It is difficult, without further experience, to calculate how much the two years they propose to give to study in England will cost them. We know, however, that in addition to the educational expenses, money will have to be provided for their voyages from and to India, for board and lodging, for dress, and inevitable small expenses, so that, roughly speaking, I should say that for two years so spent in England at least £300 would be required. We hope that in most cases the Branch or the Native State from which the student comes will provide a part of this sum, that she will have resources of her own as well, and that the U.K. Branch will not be asked to give more than is really necessary to make up the deficit in each individual case, so that it may be enabled to give aid to as many others as possible.

This brings me to the less cheerful subject of money. I may state—so as to get that transitory sum out of the way—that £150 appears annually in our accounts, which merely passes through our hands on the way to Calcutta. It is given by the Gilchrist Fund Trustees for scholarships in India.

Our English subscriptions last year only amounted to £164, and our donations to £369; but this last sum included a gift of £200, which we cannot expect to have repeated. We have invested a sum of £1,400, a part of which is tied up upon scholarships; but unless we get more regular annual subscriptions, we shall be obliged to break into this. We shall not hesitate to do so if necessary, because money at the present time is more valuable to the work than the small income derived from the investment.
will be in the future; but it will be with great regret that we shall spend any of our limited capital.

With the definite object before us of enabling the best Indian students to come to this country, to gain medical knowledge and experience here for the benefit of their own countrywomen in India, I earnestly ask for further support for the U.K. Branch of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund, and I entreat all who care about this work to try and interest others in it, so that our list of subscribers, even of the smallest sums, may grow longer.

I have, in this short paper, only attempted to give a general idea of our work during the five years which ended in November 1893; but another month I hope to be allowed to say something of our last year's expenditure, and of the Indian students already helped by the Fund, as well as of those whose applications for grants in aid are now before the Committee.

HARLOT DUFFERIN & AVA.

Nov. 1894.
SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

In view of the very active part the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art is taking in co-operating with the "Empire of India Exhibition," it has been thought that a few papers might appropriately appear from time to time on the various sections, under which exhibits are being asked for from India by the Directors of the Exhibition. Should this idea be carried out, the following remarks on Fine and Decorative Art may be counted as the first of this series:

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT FINE AND DECORATIVE ART IN INDIA.

It is no exaggeration to say that India, generally speaking, is to the people of this country an unknown land. The vast Empire that Britain has founded there is known in its true light only to the few, while the many regard all that relates to it with the vague regard inspired by a distant and barbaric splendour. Steam and electricity, however, are doing much for both England and India, and the once tiny and intricate stream of information has widened out, and travellers and art collectors have brought over specimens which have delighted the heart of the Western world, and created a desire for more treasures from a land which seems to be an almost exhaustless store of wealth and beauty.

Centuries before the Englishman set foot in that country, systems and modes of art grew and flourished, which have passed out of active existence. "We are," says Monier Williams, "in our Eastern empire, not brought into contact with savage tribes who melt away before the superior force and intelligence of Europeans. Rather are we placed in the midst of great and ancient peoples, who, some of these tracing back their origin to the same stock as ourselves, attained a high degree of civilisation, when our forefathers were barbarians, and had a polished language, a cultivated literature and abstruse system of philosophy, centuries before English existed, even in name."
Though not in active operation, "the spirit of fine art," writes Sir George Birdwood, "is everywhere latent in India, but it has yet to be quickened. It has slept ever since the Aryan genius of the people would seem to have exhausted itself in the production of the Rāmāyāna and Mahābhārata. But the Indian workman, from the humblest potter to the most cunning embroiderer in blue and purple and scarlet, is not the less an artist although he seldom rises above the tradition of his art." "The Code of Manu," he goes on to say, "has secured in the village system of India a permanent endowment of hereditary artisans and art workmen, who of themselves constitute a vast population, and the mere touch of their fingers trained for 3,000 years to the same manipulations is sufficient to transform whatever foreign work is placed in their hands into something rich and strange, and characteristically Indian."

In India as elsewhere, the art of the country has been the outcome of religious zeal and enthusiasm. Sculpture was applied to Topes, Chaityas and Viharas. Paintings were used in the interior ornamentation of caves and shrines.

While there is no doubt that Buddhist art was influenced by foreign styles at its birth, and, as it were, touched that of other nations during its progress, Hindu art, so far as we know, is perfectly indigenous, and its forms represent the religious thoughts and aspirations of the country, as shown in the history and beliefs of the people extending back over 10 or 12 centuries.

Writing on this subject, Lieut.-Col. H. H. Cole, in his Preface to the "Catalogue of objects of Indian Art in the South Kensington Museum," says: "As distinguished from Saracenic Art, the broad principles of Hindu Art are the horizontal treatment in construction and in ornament, and the free use of figures and representation of animals. The quality of imagination which pervades the existence of the Hindu, and causes the history of his religion to melt into tradition, precludes direct imitation in the matter of ornament. Hence ornaments are strictly conventional, and even the representation of human figures and gods is frequently of a conventional character. The system of the Hindu ornament," he says, "is full of fancy, free and yet curved, for the ruling spirit of structural fitness rigidly controls the areas of freedom, and brings them into subjection and propriety." Though the styles of Hindu ornament for useful and architectural purposes have become
assimilated to a large extent throughout India, they have been broadly divided into four classes by that eminent authority, Sir George Birdwood.

1. The simple archaic forms of the aboriginal negroid tribes, now found only in the hills or in the less accessible parts of the plateaux of Central India.

2. The wild fanciful forms of the Indo-Chinese tribes of the Eastern Himalayas and Burmese frontiers.

3. The monstrous (swāmi) forms of the Drāvidian races of Southern India.

4. The primitive Aryan beast and flower form of Hindustan and the revived Aryan knop and flower pattern re-introduced into India by its Persianised Afghan and Mongol conquerors.

The Jains, who hold in religion an intermediate place between the Buddhist and Brāhman, erected magnificent buildings between the 10th and 13th centuries, and all resources of Indian art were made use of for their ornamentation. The Jaina architecture located chiefly in Guzerat and Mysore show their love of colonnades and effects produced by varied grouping of pillars supporting domes.

Muhammadan or Saracenic Art was the next to be introduced into India, but though it has been practised there for nearly 600 years, it did not materially influence Hindu or Buddhist, or Jaina architecture, and each people continued the practice of their representative art, except in regard to those representations useful for religious purposes.

Forbidden by their religion to imitate human or animal forms (although the rule was now and again transgressed by the introduction of birds), the artist as a general rule was confined to geometrical patterns and foliated designs.

Sculpture.—The stone sculpture of India has been classed into—

1. Statues and bas-reliefs.

2. Decorative sculpture for architectural purposes.

It has been said of the ancient statues of Buddha, that the spirit of profound reflection and earnest contemplation represented in the grave simplicity of the figures, is a strong witness of the elevated mental life of the people professing the Buddhist religion. Strangely different are the Brāhmanical types. Fanciful and extravagant in their worship, we find they created their sacred images, not from any distinct conception, or from any pure human
notions, but from dreamy fantastic ideas and mystical speculations, so that in their case Art was not merely the handmaid of religion, but the handmaid of worship giving expression to its ideas of God in monstrous and grotesque symbols.

We find, therefore, that wherever the deep and mysterious awe of the unapproachable was to be manifested, symbolic effects were produced by the multiplying of accessories, numerous wings, heads, arms, or legs, and combinations of human and animal bodies.

The four styles may be summarised in brief thus:

*The Buddhist* plastic art was based on historical events.

*The Hindu* on the extravagant lines of their mythology.

*The Jaina* was restricted to representations of their twenty-four Hierarchs, consisting of colossal and small groups of figures.

*The Muhammadan* confined to the conventionalising of floral designs. They have, however, left two exceptions in the shape of statues with elephants and men.

In this connexion must be mentioned the perforated marble and stone slabs used in the place of windows to admit light and air. These are to be found in India and Persia, and have been produced in great variety and much beauty of ornament and design. Muhammadans used plaster perforations, but in general these seem to have been made of marble, wood, and stone.

**Painting.**—From the earliest times decorative figure painting was much employed in the ornamentation of caves and buildings, but from their perishable nature but few ancient examples are to be found in any great state of preservation.

In the oldest caves at Ajanta, which probably date from the first century after Christ, the pillars are stuccoed and painted with figures of Buddha and of various saints.

"The principal mode of embellishment adopted in these caves," says Ferguson, "was painting, if not exactly in fresco, at least in some sort of distemper. The plaster which was made to cover the walls in order to receive the coloured ornamentation has peeled off, owing to damp or to the mischievous violence of Muhammadans or other destroyers."

"In some of the older caves," he writes, "not only the walls and roof, but even the pillars are wholly covered with stucco, and ornamented with painting. This painting is divided, generally speaking, according to the following rule:
On the walls are extensive compositions of figures and landscapes, on the pillars are single detached figures, representing Buddha or Buddhist saints, while the painting on the roofs are almost invariably architectural frets and scrolls often of extreme beauty and elegance, rivalling many of those at Pompeii and the baths of Titus."

Figure painting never at any time reached a very high standard of excellence; and as to the common pictures which are used to decorate the mud walls of their houses, the subjects, taken mostly from the Hindu Mythology, are of so extravagant and distorted a character as to be almost repugnant to European ideas.

The miniature painters about Patna and Benares are mostly Hindu, and their work shows much minute attention to details.

Miniatures on ivory views of the holy Mecca and of the Taj, however, have met with the approval even of English connoisseurs, because of the accuracy of detail.

Then there are paintings and drawings on mica to be met with at Tanjore, Patna, and Benares, which, though coarse, are effective.

To the encouragement given to painters in Agra and Delhi by Akbar in the 16th century, may be attributed the fact that the most finished native paintings are to be found in those two cities.

PHEROZE THOMAS.

LETTER FROM SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD, K.C.S.I.,
RESIGNING OFFICE OF CHAIRMAN.

September 25th 1894.

Dear Mrs. Carmichael,—When you first did me the honour of asking me to accept the Chairmanship of the S.E.P.I.A., I consented on the express understanding that I should hold the office only until the infant Society was fairly on its legs, and would run of itself—by which I meant that I was to be allowed to leave the Chair so soon as it became clear that the Society was receiving the spontaneous support of the princes, the public spirited Settias, and the native scholars and the native press of India. Our last annual Report proves that the Society is now thoroughly established in the sympathy and regard of the more enlightened of every class of the natives of India, and that in future it may rely on their support; and in view of this most gratifying fact, and of the urgent necessity I am under
of devoting the whole leisure of the years of mental activity that remain to me, to the completion of the large work on Indian art to which I have devoted all my thoughts during the past twelve years, I must now beg you and the Committee to kindly consent to my resignation of the Chair occupied by me for the last five years. You may do so without misgivings, for before writing to you I have ascertained from Sir James Linton that, if proposed, he will be most willing to succeed me; and the prestige of his name in India, as well as in the United Kingdom, will of itself be a pledge of the future success of the Society. In retiring, I must beg you to convey to the members of the Committee, and the other office bearers of the Society, the expression of my grateful sense of the generous manner in which they have always served the interests of the Society, and of the kindly consideration with which they have always treated me. To yourself, my, and all our, thanks are specially due. The idea of the Society originated with you, and I earnestly pray that not many more years will pass before it fully realises your beneficent ideal.

I beg you also on the occasion of Sir James Linton’s official election to the chair, to inform him of the grateful confidence with which I resign my responsibilities to the Committee, the Society, and to you into his hands.—Sincerely yours,

GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

LETTER FROM SIR JAMES LINTON, P.R.I.

5 Cromwell Place, South Kensington, S.W.
October 3rd 1894.

My dear Mrs. Carmichael,—I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 1st. I am very grateful for the kind terms it contains, and accept with much pleasure the office of Chairman of the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art. Will you kindly express to the Committee my appreciation of the honour they have done me? With very kind regards to yourself,—Yours faithfully,

JAMES LINTON.

His Highness the Mahârâo Umaid Singh of Kotah, K.C.S.I., in notifying his intention of becoming a life member of the Society, and in acknowledging receipt of the Class I. Certificate awarded by S.E.P.I.A. in recognition of
all that was done in Kotah for the furtherance of the arts and crafts of the State, informs us that the "Wyllie Fair" inaugurated in April last will be opened on January 31st 1895 for one week, and will in future be called the "Wyllie Industrial Exhibition."

Since last month, the following life members and ordinary members have been enrolled: Life member—H.H. the Mahārāo Umaid Singh of Kotah, K.C.S.I. Ordinary members—Lieutenant-General Sir Martin Dillon, K.C.B., Mr. Harold Hartley, Mrs. Harold Hartley, Mr. Paul Crémieu Javal, Mr. Imre Kiralfy, Mrs. Innes, Mr. Arthur Diosy, Mr. Paul Bevan.

Donations of five guineas each from Mr. Harold Hartley and Mr. Imre Kiralfy have been received.
INDIAN WOMEN AS WIVES AND WIDOWS.

We have not in India a female population composed entirely of widows. It seems to me that people who write of Indian miseries forget this; also that they confuse Hindu wives and Hindu widows. These two "states or conditions" of life must be kept, as they are, quite distinct.

So far as one can speak generally of any subject so wide as Indian marriages, they do not seem unhappy in the main. The system, in fact, at present suits "the atmosphere." We must remember that the days of the Swayamvara belong to a very different India. And that we start now with a large amount of passive endurance on the part of the women, and of a fearfulness to offend established opinion; while, on the part of both men and women, there is a desire to be orthodox above all things. To people so circumstanced, the idea of unhappiness is alone connected with something eccentric, something not done by their forefathers. Their forefathers have for generations married as they marry by order of a priest or a parent—why should not they? This, I believe, is the sum of every woman's meditations on the matter. They have said it to me in varying and varied phraseologies, "We accept our husbands as we accept all our relations. We never dream of resenting a father or mother, a sister or brother; it is just so with our husbands. We grow up to find ourselves possessing and possessed by a husband. Why should we not serve him as every good Hindu woman serves her Dhani (master)?"

And whether it is because she is naturally loving and adaptable, or whether habit and the absence of desires "on her own account" has anything to do with it, the Hindu wife is generally happy. Her children satisfy her, and the round of her domestic duties is excitement enough. She has never viewed life as made for her use, or as holding for her unknown possibilities. The sum of days in the present or future has always been to her a map of Fate—whether you represent Fate with a big F, or as meaning her parents and those to whom she is in tutelage. And her part in this pre-arranged transition is always that of
the one who serves, and consequently has no voice, not of her who is ministered to.

So, contrary to the expectations and assertions of the advocates of the "independent" marriage, what we may call the communal or protective marriage is at least as happy as anything on a system can be. You secure, you see, that quiet affection which, whatever sentimentalis may say, is a very good working quality; and there is often more, for one has seen it—there is the peculiar product of countries like India—that devoted passion which seems born of the sun and the warmth of Eastern skies. If half the tale of the lives of Indian women were told, I believe few nations would be found to have sounded such depths of affection or reached such heights of self-sacrifice.

Where the system does work badly, however, is during widowhood. But this, we must remember, is the reign of the mother-in-law,* not of the husband, and that narrows the misery to the cases in which the mother-in-law still lives. She certainly makes her presence emphatic if she is there. But then, poor thing, she too has some excuse. She starts with the assumption that some sin of the woman's has moved the gods to extinguish life in the man, and all her cruelties are a natural consequence.

Here again, of course, I speak generally. As the Hindu wife is universally happy, so the Hindu widow is universally more or less unhappy. Though I am bound to admit that, if not a child, her unhappiness is to her most often a source of melancholy pleasure. I doubt whether she would like a change. It is her form of asceticism. Women all the world over have enjoyed a martyr's pose, and added to this is that all-satisfying and quieting "It has been ordered: it is my fate."

Whether those who know better should allow such contentment is a matter which we are not discussing here. It seems to me one should educate her, and then help to solve and resolve the discontents which will naturally arise; but it seems very unwise to create discontents, when she is unfit to cope with them or to understand them, and when she is pledged to a vigorous system with no means of avoiding it.

I have an ancient relative who likes a pretty good quantity of cream in her coffee. "My dear," she said to a young friend who was helping himself to the beverage after

* Surely the mother-in-law's influence is powerful, and often tyrannical, in regard to the wife also.—Ed. I.M. & R.
dinner, the other day, "You have hardly any cream"—and with the privilege of the old she remedied the defect. "Thank you," murmured her victim, with more politeness than enthusiasm, "for making my coffee to your liking." What people seem to want to do with India is very much after the manner of the old lady. We want to make other people's coffee to our own liking; but unlike the harmless illustration, we hurt them very much in the process—and what is more, they will not have it. How much good has the legislation of two years back done the country? And friends of India still cry out, I see, against the law. The worst of them is they are so very well-meaning. The law, they say, restores minors to their natural guardians when they have withdrawn themselves or been enticed from their protection. And is not this in the interest of the minors themselves? Would English parents like it, I wonder, if their children might run away from home or school with impunity—be the provocation what it may, a whipping, or bed without supper, or attendance at a Church of England when they would rather go to the free-thinking hall across the way, or disapproval of their parents' politics, or anything else—even short commons and poor clothing and no ornaments, the lot of the Hindu widow.

We have not yet come to this in India. Our children, thank Heaven, are not yet "independent" or "advanced," or even (in the pet phraseology of a certain school) "frantic," They are still children. "There are," says the writer in the *Times* to whom I have alluded, after alleging his complaint against the law, "exceptions, and the law provides no remedy for them." But how can it? Unless, indeed, we have a series of special decrees for every case as it arises. The uses and limitations of the law cannot surely want exposition in the 19th Century.

The fact is, until the people themselves desire a change, very little or nothing can be done for them. We can, however, help them to the desire. Only, do not wail about their condition (they hate it), or abuse their customs (it makes them want to retain them). Show them happier homes, if you can: they will then desire imitation. Raise their stand-point: the rest will follow. This can be done, of course, only very gradually by means of education wisely given.

Then, again, can we not help the Hindu woman to the rights which are already hers, and have been hers since the time of Manu, without clamouring for too many new ones? If her property under existing law were secured to her,
perhaps she could live apart from the noxious mother-in-law, and be taught to make something of her life. And it also seems to me that some effort should be made to secure to the Hindu married woman such wages as she may earn by her own labour. These are hers, now, only when she earns as a widow. If they were included in her stridhan as a married woman, she might, in the absence of a settlement, have something on which to fall back in widowhood. It has, I know, been said that the modern girl will not marry until she can support her husband in the luxuries to which he has been accustomed. It seems rather hard, however, that this change of relation should be true of backward India without the "emancipation" it involves, and which perhaps is its compensation.

I have invariably found in Guzerat (and I am told it is true of other parts of India) that as soon as a woman gets well paid employment her husband retires, and enjoys for the rest of his days the dolce far niente of spending her money.

I do not say she is not happy when this is so: she is happy in her usual quiet way to have some one depending on her, even though the strain is often very great. I have known women teach for seven or eight hours, after cooking a morning meal and doing all their domestic work, and then go home in the evening to more cooking and more domesticities with the cheerfulllest of tempers.

Nor could I, probe as I might, extract a murmur—except in very bad cases where in addition there was illness and a large family. Yet even here complaints were retracted instantly with copious excuse for the idle "lord." Reform in this matter would not offend prejudice or custom: and would certainly solve some of the ills of widowhood.

The sum of it all is: Indian wives are not as a rule unhappy. Indian widows are, though not so alarmingly so, as is painted by those who start with a bias towards their misery—and often not consciously so. Unhappiness becomes to them after a time a dull sort of habit of life, with which they seem content enough. We can, indeed, make both wives and widows very unhappy by breeding in them a "divine discontent"—yet would this be right or advisable? I leave it to better heads to answer. Meanwhile there seems nothing for it but—(1) education through many generations, wisely and gradually given.

(2.) Secure to women the very considerable rights which are theirs already under their own laws and ancient custom.
(3.) And also one more right—a new one—born of circumstances not in contemplation when Manu's Code was compiled: the right to reckon as separate property the earnings of a married woman.

Here, if they wish it, is matter for the chanters of Indian dirges. Only to such one wants to say: "Thank you for your tears; but we are not so very badly off after all. Please weep no more, but if you will, help. Teach us to bear the inevitable with cheerfulness, and to summon our energies to right such ills as are within our powers."

Cornelia Sorabji.

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SOIREE OF THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

On Thursday, November 22, a Soirée of the National Indian Association was held at the Imperial Institute, which was attended by numerous guests of various nationalities, several of whom appeared in Eastern dress. There was an excellent musical programme. The Ladies' Harp, Mandoline, and Guitar Band (pupils of Mrs. Perkins's classes, held under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian) performed at intervals during the evening, and were listened to with much interest. Effective solos were given by Mr. Eadie and Mr. Paul Mahlendorff. In striking contrast to the Western music, Mr. A. P. Sen gave a beautiful and reposeful Indian song, and some lines from Kalidasa were recited, with the chant peculiar to Sanskrit, by Mr. T. J. Desai. Several Indian ladies were present, and the party was the occasion of much pleasant intercourse.

Addiscombe College was a very remarkable institution. It arose out of changing circumstances which were duly appreciated by the far-seeing Court of Directors of the old East India Company, and it enjoyed a prosperous existence. It was created in 1809 and closed in 1861, and thus did its work for fifty-two years, during which time it trained 3,600 Cadets, of whom 500 were posted to the Engineers, 1,100 joined the Artillery, and about 2,000 proceeded to India in the Infantry. It is doubtful whether any other institution can be named which can boast so grand a succession of military leaders, statesmen, and administrators as those who distinguished themselves among the pupils of Addiscombe during a single half-century. Well may Sir Charles Wood have said at the last examination held in the College, "It has preserved its character as a college affording the best military education which this country, or any other country, ever possessed."

It was swept away in consequence of the strange resolve to abolish the local army of India, and to hold the country by means of ever-changing contingents from the Queen's troops, aided by Panjabis, Nepalese, Bhils, and Dravidians.

An account of the College where the strong men of India were educated, and of the Professors, Officers, and Assistants who contributed to give that education cannot be otherwise than interesting in itself; and it has found an admirable narrator in Col. Vibart. The gallant Colonel has evidently taken up the task with good will, and has filled his pages with many bright reflections, pleasant memories and amusing anecdotes, as well as the more serious matter which describes the work and administration of the institution. The reasons assigned for the good health of the cadets are worth recording:

As a rule, the health of the cadets was excellent, and it was rare that there was any serious illness at the College. The singularly
good health the cadets enjoyed was due in a great measure to our wholesome food, and to the regular hours we were obliged to keep—as also to the athletic sports in which we constantly indulged. Another reason was that the time for leisure at our disposal was limited; and if cadets desired to go any great distance for amusement (for example, to the King's Arms in Croydon for billiards), it was necessary to get there and back as rapidly as possible, so as to give as much time as they could to the game itself.

The food was generally good and substantial, though plain: for breakfast, tea and bread and butter; for dinner, leg of mutton five times a week, boiled beef once, and roast beef on Sundays; then there was a very substantial pudding, called "duff" (by no means popular); this washed down by good, but mild, beer.

During the week we had twenty-seven studies, and as each lasted two hours, we worked for some fifty-four hours. On four days for nearly ten hours, on one for eight hours, and on Saturday for only six hours.

The Cadets were compelled to arise at 6 o'clock in the morning, and were supposed to be in bed by 10 at night; short periods of rest relieved the "studies," with military punctuality. By these wise arrangements the day was filled with varied occupation and rest, neither of which was long enough to tire or leave time for serious mischief. The happy medium seems to have been hit which gave sufficient relaxation to be agreeable, but which, by being judiciously broken up into moderate proportions, acted as a police measure without appearing to be such. The result was that a generally healthy tone of mind and body was attained. There seems to have been no lack of mischievous pranks, however, and occasional irregularities; but very little that in any way approached serious offence. The mischief was for the most part of a frolicsome and innocent kind, arising from the exuberance of youthful spirit natural to the age of the cadets, and singularly free from the taint of wicked intent. One of these pranks was dropping a handful of cut-off lucifer-match heads close to one of the Professors, which of course exploded when the old gentleman stepped on them. The victim being somewhat nervous diverted his tormentors by his alarm. Dr. Anderson is described as of a kindly and good-natured temper, easily imposed upon. "One of the tricks was to make a cadet pretend to faint, whereupon the whole class rushed to assist in carrying him downstairs into the open air, not re-assembling until nearly the close of the study-hour." Mr. Bowles was frequently sported with in a playful way, in consequence of some personal peculiarities which attracted the attention of
the cadets; one of these was a defect of pronunciation, which won for him the nickname "Chaw."

The following trick was played on "Chaw." The Professor's desk had a narrow space left for the legs, and there were drawers on either side, so that when a man was seated and the chair brought close up, he could not move out in a hurry; the desk, of course, had a gentle slope as usual. Before the Professor's entry one day, an ingenious cadet placed one of Shakespeare's dictionaries on the desk, and having filled one of the tin painting-mugs with water, put a piece of paper on it, deftly turned it over, and withdrawing the paper left the mug and its contents on the book. "Chaw" sat himself down, ranged himself, and seeing a mug in his way lifted it off; the result was, of course, the flow of the water over the dictionary and so on to his legs. This was tried several times with success; but at last he came to appreciate the trick (it took him some time to grasp a subject), when he used to call out: "Mr. Censor, remove the canteen!" A few days after, a real genius placed an empty tin mug upside down in exactly the same position as before. The grand old Orientalist was not going to be taken in again—shying at the harmless utensil like a fresh landed "Waler" at a bullock cart—he sent for the orderly officer and showed him the offending mug. The Censor was again ordered to remove the mug. The order was obeyed; result, of course, nil, to the great amusement of the orderly officer, and again dear old Bowles had to climb down.

About 1845 the cadets complained of the meat supply, and for a time absolutely refused to eat their dinners. The Lieutenant-Governor of the College was then Colonel Sir Ephraim Stannus, a man of decidedly choleric temperament, who was little inclined to tolerate outward manifestations of disapprobation.

This culminated in such scenes both in the study rooms and dining hall that the old Lieutenant-Governor, who was known to have the choicest vocabulary of blessings in the whole service at disposal, came down to lecture the cadets at dinner one day, when, as it so happened, a son of the Chairman of the Court of Directors was acting as Senior Corporal. Stannus stormed for a good twenty minutes in something stronger than Scripture language, till the clock pointing to the fateful twenty past one, the Senior Corporal jumped up and calling all to "attention," roared out almost into the old Colonel's ear the usual form of Grace: "For what we have received, thank God! Quick march!" all that we had received, no meat having been touched, being the Lieutenant-Governor's ornate lecture.

Such a man was ill-adapted to the position he occupied, and the only regrettable incidents connected with Addiscombe belong to his régime. A good story is told of
Lieut. Cook, Professor of Fortification, and Douglas's book on Military Bridging.

One afternoon in the early spring of 1845, when the cadets had just come out of "study," the dormitory of the "Greens" (freshmen) was suddenly invaded by a rush of "Old Cadets." The weather was cold and they took possession of the warm end, while they ordered twenty of the "Greens" to stand up and read as loud and as fast as possible from an equal number of volumes of "Douglas on Military Bridges," each to commence some twenty pages in advance of his neighbour, so that the whole book might be read through in fifteen or twenty minutes. Off they started, like maniacs, being only too anxious to rid themselves of their visitors. The babel may be conceived of twenty readers working hard to a chorus of some forty "Old Cadets" roaring with laughter. The job done, the "Greens" were left in peace. It subsequently transpired that Lieut. Cook, having prescribed the reading of the work to the "Old Cadet" term, with a promise to give two marks to each cadet who could declare that he had read it through, was approached by an astute youth who represented that it would be a great convenience if he would accept a declaration that each cadet claiming the marks had heard the book read. The innocent Professor fell into the trap, and hence the joke above related. No doubt each of the cadets claimed the marks with a clear conscience.

Little jests were, of course, played with the drill-sergeants; and Sergeant Honeygold, alias "Jack," was an excellent subject for sport.

It was difficult to take "Jack" seriously, and at drill the cadets used to chaff him. One of the mild jokes was to tell him that his word of command "As you were!" was not intelligible, in fact, was not English. When fairly goaded with this, "Jack" used to roar furiously, "When I says 'As you were,' I means 'As you was;' and if you don't understand good grammar, go and larn it!" This he considered conclusive, but it was, of course, received with laughter. He would then swear that he would at once report the squad to the orderly officer. The more, however, his oaths increased in intensity, the less they were acted up to, as he was really a kindly old fellow; but once stung to the point beyond endurance, he used to button his coat savagely across his manly chest and ejaculate "I'll bet you tuppence I'll report you!" and then the cadets knew it was all up; then "Jack" was really on the war path, and in spite of all endeavours would dash off the drill ground heading straight for the officers' quarters; there was no stopping him then.

The volume abounds in interesting matter told with excellent spirit, and is instructive, too, in showing one method of conducting successfully the college life of young men. There are plenty of good portraits of the officers
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and professors, as well as the sergeants and humbler folk connected with the place, not omitting the amiable "Mother" Rose. About a hundred biographical sketches of famous Addiscombe men, and plans of the buildings and grounds of the College, complete this excellent book.

F. PINCOTT.

IN FURTHEST IND.: The Narrative of Mr. Edward Carlyon, of the Hon. East India Company's Service. Edited, with a few Explanatory Notes, by Sydney C. Grier. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

GREAT interest naturally attaches to the experiences and adventures of the young men who were employed as "Writers" in the early days of the Hon. East India Company. Mr. Carlyon, the son of Sir Harry Carlyon, was nominated to this position, through the influence of friends, in the year 1664, and sent out by the sailing vessel Boscobel to Surat, one of the earliest factories of the Company, and the "Narrative" professes to be "Wrote by his own hand in the year of Grace 1697." The first chapter gives a pleasant picture of his parentage and early life; and is followed by the account of his voyage, of the quarrels usual among "young bloods," of his arrival at Surat, and his introduction to Mr. Martin, one of the Company's senior factors, the man of many proverbs, who proved his firm friend through life. The life of the Company's servants is pleasantly described, and although the pay of a beginner was absurdly low, yet the facilities for trading by the Company's servants were so great that in four years Mr. Carlyon was able to put by sufficient to pay the bond of £500 required from factors on promotion, and "something also to adventure once more in trading." At the end of five years, Mr. Carlyon having acquired "a fair knowledge of the East Indian tongues, and being well spoken of as a zealous and careful servant of the Committee," was despatched to the city of Goa, in the Portuguese Indies, there to study the Portuguese tongue, with the promise of "a genteel present from the Company when you have given proof of your diligence." At the same time he was instructed to be watchful of the interests of the Company, and to send secret information concerning the designs of the Portugals for damaging the Company's trade in the Eastern seas. Receiving warnings from his friend Mr. Martin "not to infringe the punctilio of the Portugals,"
and to be mighty circumspect regarding the religion of Goa, which he described as "the most shameless ill-governed town that ever called itself Christian," this young man, twenty-two years of age, with his servant, Loll Duss (Lal Das), "a most excellent good fellow," (as, indeed, he proved himself in after life), started on his journey, with Mr. Martin's parting advice, "Speake faire, and thinke what you will."

Of course it was difficult for a young man, an Englishman and a Protestant, to conform, even outwardly, to Roman Catholic usages, and even to avoid entering into occasional argument with a priest when challenged to do so. As a result he fell into the hands of the Holy Inquisition, and this terrible episode in his life is most ably and graphically described, not without an occasional touch of humour, as when he is confronted with Father Theodosius, an English-speaking priest, who turned out to be an Irishman, whose real name was Thigue O'Leary, who had in former years owed his life to Sir Harry Carlyon, Edward's father, in the English Civil Wars. Thus they converse:

"But pray, sir," says I, "tell me how long I must stay in this place?"
"Until ye die or convert," says he, mighty drily.
"Alack, then, I am undone!" I cried; "but how will they use me?"
"That also depends on yourself," says he.
"Unhappy wretch that I am!" I said, "what will become of me?"
"Sure, I don't know," says Father Theodorus; "but for your own sake I trust ye will convert. But that ye will determine for yourself. My business is but to talk to ye. As I said, 'tis sorry I am to see your father's son in this place, but I'm glad to have an Englishman for to talk with. I can't let ye out, indeed, but I can talk to ye, and maybe convert ye, and even if I can't do that I might do worse than try. Sure ye have yet some things to be thankful for."

But the officers then came for to search him, and "gave me back only my handkercher, which was but a coarse one, and not laced." . . . "My comb even they also took away from me, saying I should have no need on't, which indeed was true, since they brought a barber at once to cut off my hair. Now this was very thick and long, so that I was extreme loath to lose it, nor has it ever grown since as it should do." . . . "And thus, cropped like a puritan or a madman, they led me to my cell."

And here he remained for three long years, with intervals of examination before the Inquisitors followed
by torture and fever, during which Carlyon stood manfully by the faith of his fathers. And then came the threatened *Auto-da-fé*, from which our hero was mercifully rescued by a band of Englishmen—the captain and sailors of his old ship—the *Boscobel*, and all through the good hint privately given by the worthy Irish priest.

Of the manner of escape, of his wreck on the Madras coast, a spirited account is given. He is landed at "the new France in the Indies," and is kindly received and civilly entreated by "my Lord Marquess of Tourvel, his most Christian Majesty's Viceroy in the Indies," in the "city of St. Thomas, in the county of Golconda." Of his adventures there, his worship of Mademoiselle Heliodora (the Viceroy's daughter), of his "escape from a fool's paradise," and his return to Surat, Mr. Carlyon writes at length, and if it is not history it reads very like it.

Enquiring touching the adventure of the Frenchmen that had brought them to St. Thomas, and kept them defending it, he is informed that their ships were first sent forth in 1666. "The first intention was to colonise the isle called Madagascar, where we have had settlements during many years, but finding this inexpedient, they that had the ruling of the business judged it well to proceed to the true Indies, and factories were set up at Surat and Masulipatam." And here the Viceroy proposed to lay the foundations of a great empire. The "great empire" is at present centred in the small town and district of Pondicherry, and the colonisation of Madagascar by France is still in the clouds.

Regaining the position and pay he had lost during his long absence, Carlyon was appointed to a post at Ahmedabad, and after three years was despatched on a mission to Agra, to the court of the great Mogul. He there meets the Viscount de Galampré "in a mean disguise"—in fact, a prisoner in the hands of the Mogula—and the betrothed husband of Mademoiselle de Tourvel. This gentleman he assists to escape, and after undergoing sundry perils, returns to Surat, whence, after seven years' further service, he bids farewell to his fellow servants and sails for England, with a "genteel competence" assured to him.

The remainder of the book is appropriately occupied with home life, and the love affairs incidental thereto; and is itself an interesting bit of romance.

It is not until the reader reaches the appendix on the last page that he fully realises the fictitious element, both in the characters and the incidents of the story. "My effort," writes the editor, "has been rather to present a
picture than to construct a history, selecting from the mass of available material such data as might contribute to the result in view." And no one can read the book without being struck with the brilliant realism of the descriptions, and no less with the skill with which the somewhat antiquated phraseology is preserved.

If the book is not history it undoubtedly gives a sound "general idea of the fortunes and misfortunes likely to fall to the lot of an Englishman in the East during the earlier stages of what it is correct to call the expansion of England." And herein Mr. Sydney Grier has rendered good service to the reading public.

J. B. K.

THE ELEMENTS OF METAPHYSICS. By Dr. Paul Deussen. Translated by C. M. Duff. With an Appendix on the Philosophy of the Vedānta. (Macmillan & Co.)

The aim of this little work is to present, in a concise and systematic form, the philosophy inaugurated by Kant, and wrought out to completion by Schopenhauer. It is, in fact, a handbook to the study of these philosophers, written by one who is past master in the art of presenting a somewhat dry and intricate subject in an interesting and attractive form. But apart from this, the book has a further aim, and one which must greatly enhance its value in the eyes of Indian readers. While setting forth the philosophy of the two great Western idealists, it dwells at every turn on the parallelism existing between it and the philosophy associated with the name of 'Sankara. Passage after passage is culled from the sacred literature of India to illustrate the intimate connexion—nay, the identity of the two systems of thought.

Nor is it only the teaching of the Vedānta which the author seeks to reconcile with that of Schopenhauer. The doctrines of Plato and those of Christianity are shown, in passages of fascinating interest, to be originally and essentially identical with those of the great German philosopher. In his system we have, according to Professor Deussen, the scientific basis of Indian—nay, of all philosophy or religion; for with him these terms are synonymous. Philosophy, as he tries to show, is, in its deepest sense, only another name for religion.

Professor Deussen writes with the enthusiasm of an ardent disciple. For him truth has no longer to be sought;
it has been found once and for all time by his immortal master. The faith as it is in Schopenhauer is, according to him, the faith for which humanity throughout the ages has been seeking, and of which, in moments of rarer insight, it has sometimes caught a glimpse. The strength of this conviction lends a power and a persuasiveness to his work which a more lukewarm faith would scarcely succeed in doing. And, again, it creates a ready sympathy with those who in this weary quest have come near the goal though failing actually to reach it.

Of such are the Indians. To them more than to others there belongs a keen spiritual vision, a power of penetrating the veil which shrouds the mystery of life and being to the common eye. This attribute makes them, in Professor Deussen’s eyes, not unworthy compreers of one whom, in the light of an ardent faith, he regards as the greatest among men.

To all interested in philosophy, under whatever aspect, this book will be of value, and, as its translation into English has been made chiefly with a view to its reaching Indian readers, it is to be hoped that many such may be found to take an interest in it.

An Indian gentleman, a student of Hindu philosophy, writes: “I have formed a very high opinion of the scholarship of the author of The Elements of Metaphysics, because of his way of treating “The Esoteric Vedânta,” with the skill of Sankara. He seems to have fathomed the mysteries of Indian philosophy. I earnestly wish that Indian philosophers would follow his example and study the philosophy of Plato, Kant, and Schopenhauer. Miss Duff really deserves credit for translating such a philosophical work in a very simple and graceful language.”

THE RULING RACES OF PREHISTORIC TIMES IN INDIA, SOUTH-WESTERN ASIA, AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

By J. F. Hewitt, late Commissioner of Chota Nagpore.


MR. HEWITT, late Commissioner of Nagpore, has been pursuing the very interesting study of the ancient myths preserved among the nations of which we form a part, with the object of ascertaining how far they connected the different members of the group together, and the light
which the myths might throw on the probable historical development of the whole race. The conclusion to which his researches have led him is that a Dravidian form of life, types of which are preserved in Southern India, preceded that which ultimately became that with which we are familiar in the historical period; in other words, the remote ancestors of the Aryan, Semitic, and Hamitic peoples, were of a Dravidian type. It seems that the village system still subsisting in Southern India underlies all the forms of life with which we are familiar; and evidences of that fact, and of its various developments and modifications, are to be found in the myths preserved among the different members of the cluster of nations included in the investigation. The author conceives that the epoch began with the primæval village, that is, with the first clustering together of humanity. Ideas were then earthly, the earth being the producing mother; and hence arose the matriarchal system of Southern India, and the worship of the mother-earth. The nomadic division of society, who depended on the chase, necessarily arose in more northern climes where the earth was less generous; and among hunters, the hero or male became the dominant factor, and the northern father-god arose. The engrafting of this latter on the former idea represented the second stage of society, as revealed by the myths uniting the patriarchal with the matriarchal cultus. The first stage of society worshipped the earth as the beneficent producer of all that was needful; the other section of society looked to the father of the family for support by the chase; and the union of the two ideas as the father-god combined with the mother-earth, produced the dominant idea of the second stage of society. The next advance was the discovery of the use of metals and the rough artizans of the early Bronze Age, who quite naturally regarded fire, the irresistible solvent of their metallic ores, as the source of life and power. These people became the worshippers of the fire-drill, or piece of wood by the friction of which mysterious fire was generated. The fire-drill, being the producer of mighty fire, was the prime cause of all, and was worshipped accordingly. The historical relics of this faith are the Magi of Persia, and the Magadhs of India. Shepherd races followed in development, who acknowledged the divinity of fire, particularly as manifested in the lightning flash, which penetrated and made fertile the rain-cloud, but who looked to the rain-cloud as the parent, the mother, and source of all life on earth. The up-growth of this idea
caused a further modification by the introduction of a rain god as the primary beneficent entity. The correlation of the myths preserved among the various nations concerned seems to indicate, in the author's opinion, that the primary idea was earth-worship or a mother-god; the second was that of a father-god; the third was a fire-god; and the fourth was a rain-god, giving a succession of earth, air, fire, and water, blending together, and forming the cultus which meets us at the dawn of history. The whole cluster of ideas seems not inaptly symbolised by the Nāga, or Serpent, a form of worship which followed close in time; for the snake has its home in the earth, it moves like the air without feet or wings, its dart upon the prey is like the lightning flash, and it swims as easily in water as it glides on land. There is a popular tradition in Southern India that the temple at Vellur was built by a shepherd named Bimardi, in honour of a serpent. This tradition indicates that serpent worship arose among a pastoral people, as Mr. Hewitt supposes was the case.

In the course of his work the author gives much interesting information about the ancient village system of India, and the customs of the aboriginal races. The early history of India, and the peculiarities of Soma worship are explained at some length. The latter is specially remarkable as the adoration paid to the mysterious juice which produced intoxication. The Vedic religion presents the only instance in which alcohol was positively worshipped; and in that creed it obtained the highest place of honour, every extravagant phrase of adoration was used in speaking of it, no sacrifice was complete without offerings of the marvellous juice, and a whole section of the Veda is filled with hymns in its praise. The various astronomical myths which the author introduces are interesting, particularly those relating to the remarkable constellation Orion, in expounding which it would have been well if Mr. Hewitt could have utilised the recent scholarly work of Mr. Tilak, of Poona. The weak point in Mr. Hewitt's book is the philological matter with which it is strewn. Too many of his alliances of ideas rest upon etymologies which no philologist could admit for a moment. There is a good Index to facilitate reference, and Maps showing the ancient tribal divisions of Persia and India.

FREDERIC PINCOTT.
Ways and Works in India: Being an account of the Public Works in that country, from the earliest times up to the present day. By G. W. MacGeorge, M.I.C.E., late Officiating Consulting Engineer for the Government of India for Railways. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. (Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1894.)

Not long ago a jest was current that when the English left India, the only monument of their rule left would be the Grand Trunk Road, and a pyramid of empty beer-bottles. A perusal of Mr. MacGeorge's new book will show that, whatever may have been the case at the beginning of the century, there are now a satisfactory number of great public works sufficient to distinguish the administration, and remain as enduring monuments of the activity of the British in India. The volume gives a rapid, but clear and non-technical description of the roads, canals, railways, water supply, electric telegraphs, and sea and harbour works, which have been called into existence during the last fifty years, and which have certainly transformed the face of the land and the life of the people. Side by side with the growth of the works has been the growth of debt, and question may arise as to whether this rate of construction has not been too rapid for the income and needs of the people. The extraordinary development has, however, provided a magnificent field for the English capitalist, contractor, manufacturer, and trader, who have been able to construct these grand public works to their great advantage. The Indians, by whose money and credit these great enterprises have been accomplished, have now to derive the profit from them which they were intended to confer. It is anticipated that some time must elapse before this takes place; and in the interim accumulated liabilities have forced on a lull in the operations. As Mr. MacGeorge delicately puts it, "It is scarcely to be anticipated that the future will bring about any notable augmentation of such enterprise, so far as concerns the employment of European capital." The Indian capitalist may now take up the work; as our author says, "the time has now arrived when it has become only too plainly one of the first necessities of India that she should retain for her own use, not merely the indirect benefits, but also the direct profits of all capital expended." And he thinks that Indians will be inclined to invest their cash in useful public works, when they feel confidence in the Government, "as their own power and share in shaping the destinies of the country
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increases.” These innocent confessions on the part of the late Consulting Engineer are interesting, and indicate the not improbable course of future events.

The operations of the Trigonometrical Survey come first (for upon them rest all operations requiring accuracy in distance), and the somewhat intricate subject is rendered sufficiently simple for ordinary comprehension. The roads naturally follow, and the principle of their construction is explained, but their extent in mileage cannot be given, and as no record is kept of roads and bridges for ordinary traffic their very history cannot be related. There can be no doubt, however, that the million and a-half sterling spent annually on these works is of great benefit to the country. The canals cut under English administration are more fully set forth; and while treating of irrigation canals the author does justice to the vast ancient works constructed by old Indian rulers. It is not generally known that the Indian peninsula is covered with fine engineering works constructed by former rulers, many of which still irrigate large tracts of land, others only await moderate repairs in order to yield the full benefit for which they were designed; while others survive as ruins of the great engineering skill of their constructors. In the Indus valley many of these early inundation canals are still in operation. “In size they vary from 10 to 300 feet in width, from 3 to 10 feet in depth, and are of all lengths up to 60 or 70 miles.” In the Madras Presidency an enormous number of ancient irrigation works are to be found, often of prodigious capacity, and displaying a high degree of engineering skill; a most interesting example being that of the Kaveri Delta, near Tanjore, built 1,600 years ago, and consisting of a solid mass of stone 1,080 feet long and 40 feet broad. The irrigation tanks of Madras are also remarkable, there being 43,000 of them, all of native origin, with 30,000 miles of embankment, and 300,000 separate masonry works. Many of these tanks are vast reservoirs with a superficial area of 40, 60, and even 80 square miles in some cases. Works of this character, some of fabulous antiquity, are found in Bombay, the Punjab, and other parts, and their sites have been so judiciously chosen by the native engineers that very little expense has been incurred in their construction.

In comparison with such Titanic enterprises, it is rather tame to read that the irrigation canals constructed by the British would reach three-quarters round the world, and that the navigable canals are as long as the breadth of Europe, and the distributing channels would reach quite
round the world. The marvel in this case is the short time in which so much work has been done. There is, however, one very great difference in the method of construction. Native public works are really public, and are as free to all as natural hills and streams and valleys; whereas those constructed by the English are commercial speculations, for the benefits of which payment has to be made. And this is by no means an inconsiderable payment, as our author tells us that, in the vicinity of the canals, the land-tax has been raised from twice to fifteen times what it formerly was.

Railway construction being the strong point of Mr. MacGeorge, the information he gives on the subject is very full. The topic has been too often before the public to require much remark here, especially after the article of Sir Auckland Colvin, which appeared in the Nineteenth Century for October. There can be no doubt that immense facilities of transport have been conferred on India by the new railway system; but, as Mr. MacGeorge frankly admits, cheapness of transit is more important to India than rapidity, for time is no object at present. The railways having been constructed and managed for administrative purposes, it is hardly fair to complain of them as commercial failures; but it is not easy to follow Mr. MacGeorge's anticipation that Indian railways, which have always been and still remain a heavy burden on the revenue, form "one of the brightest prospects in the financial outlook of the country." The guarantee is from 4½ to 5 per cent. for 99 years, only half of which term can have expired in any case; and the whole of the capital expended has to be repaid. Under these conditions it must be an enthusiastic financier indeed who can look forward brightly to any circumstances whatever which may or may not take place at the end of another half century. The details supplied as to the construction of the permanent way of railways are not so generally interesting as the history of the lines themselves. The descriptive matter and numerous illustrations of triumphant bridge-work will be regarded with just satisfaction. They are certainly monuments of constructive skill, and reflect great credit on all concerned in their execution.

It is remarkable that in all the chapters on the water supply of towns there are only two passing allusions to the religious difficulty, although that was one of the greatest obstacles to be overcome, and even so late as two years ago provoked at Benares the most serious riot which
has yet occurred in India. There is necessarily less to be said about the construction of electric lines, which involve no engineering work; but the short history of the invention will be found interesting, and the fact that India laid the first long line of telegraph in the world. The experiments of other countries were reduced to practice by the erection of a line of telegraph 21 miles long from Calcutta. As regards sea works, there being no Indian carrying trade, but little need has existed for harbour accommodation. The ports of Bombay, Calcutta, and Karachi were suitable for the trade of English companies and the Government of the country; and as Indians built no ships and carried on no sea-borne trade themselves, there was nothing to stimulate an increase of harbour accommodation; but a good deal of money has been spent in improving the harbours which do exist.

The volume exhibits with much clearness and in a really comprehensive way the great engineering works which have been carried on in India during the last forty years. The author claims for them greater benefits than will generally be allowed. When he speaks of the “notable advance in the material prosperity, wealth, and culture of the peoples of India,” and the “remarkable development of the standard of individual wealth and comfort among all classes of the Indian people,” as the direct results of these great public works, we should like to see the results themselves before we ascribe them to any cause whatever. The average income of the people of India is officially given as Rs. 27, or less than 31s. a year each; and Sir Auckland Colvin has just told us that “India is a poor country all said and done.” Income must show a tendency to rise and not to sink, and must mount above Rs. 27 per year before there is any “wealth and comfort” to boast of. Mr. MacGeorge’s book is valuable for the information it gives on the construction, extent, and cost of the great public works of India which have been so often spoken of, but about which little has been known. The volume is well illustrated and has several excellent maps, executed with the admirable clearness which has made the firm of Constable & Co. famous.

FREDERIC PINCOTT.
NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

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LEAVES FROM AN OLD INDIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.


THE ČAIVA-GURU.*

Much has been written about India, and of late a bewildering succession of interesting publications connected with almost every phase of Eastern, and especially of Anglo-Indian life, has been issued and read with avidity. Prose and poetry have vied with one another in the attempt to make Indian life interesting and picturesque to English readers. Novels, histories, poems, books of travel, political dissertations, philosophical disquisitions, archaeological researches, missionary journals, and the like, have been published, and are being published in unbroken series.

And certainly no one who has the least acquaintance with the subject will deny that India is worthy of a thousandfold the attention she has received, and amply repays anyone who throws himself heartily and sympathetically into the study of any part of her literature, religious systems, antiquities, or history. Multitudes of things that are recorded of India—Hindu, Buddhist, Muhammadan, European, ancient and modern—are so wonderful that they would be utterly incredible if they were not indisputably true.

It is the strangest possible expression which connects our Empire of the West with those vast Eastern realms in the now familiar appellation 'British India'; for scarcely

* 'Čaiva' is the adjective formed from Čiva—belonging to Čiva. This last word is commonly written Siva, or Shiva, or Sheeva, and means 'blessed.' It is the name given by a great majority of Tamil people to the Supreme. Č expresses the sound more nearly as it proceeds from Tamil lips; for Tamil knows neither sibilants nor aspirates. When in transliteration a dot is put under a consonant, it means that the consonant is to be pronounced hard. The vowels are nearly as in Roman-Italian: 'bocca Romana.'
any sphere of human life could be imagined more unlike the British Islands than those Eastern regions where such numbers of Britain's sons and daughters go to spend their lives, and to find ample scope for all their energies.

What a countless multitude of Britain's dear and honoured ones have made India their home; what hosts have found a grave there! Among those have been

'Some whose lives have come to nothing;  
Some with deeds as well undone;'

but very many of them may be reckoned among Britain's noblest and most cherished sons and daughters.

Yet it must be said that most Englishmen who live and work in India for their best years, as a rule, know very little more than the merest surface of Indian society. The civilian passes from his carefully guarded bungalow to his 'kachari' amid the profound 'salam's' of the people, who are perfectly aware that—occidental mystery though he must ever appear in their sight—he is their real friend and efficient protector; but they regard him almost as a being of another world, and he sees them as symbols of some hard, honest work to be done in the day. In his office, or in his court, or in his tent, he can have comparatively slight intercourse with any but the official class; and can see others, chiefly, if not only, through their eyes.

Our soldiers again are brought most into contact with the least reputable classes that ceaseless swarm in and around military cantonments. Then the 'globe-trotter' does India in three months, and is satisfied, like the man blind from his birth, who, having felt the ear of an elephant, pronounced it as his decided, fixed, and well-grounded opinion that the animal resembled nothing so much as a huge winnowing fan.

It might be supposed that missionaries at least would know the people well, and so in a measure very many of them do; but there are difficulties in their way which seem to be quite insuperable in many cases. For they are the antagonists (often unnecessarily so) of the religious teachers and leaders of the people, and are often viewed with distrust by the sincerest and worthiest classes of Hindus, who are rigidly exclusive and absolutely 'Vere-de-Vereish.' Missionary methods and dialectics (it must be frankly conceded) have not been uniformly conciliatory and sound. The missionaries are often surrounded by people more or less

* Cutcherry—'hall, office, place of business.'
Europeanised in feeling and habits, and are apt to judge of all India by the little settlement in the midst of which they reign supreme. If they are devoted to education (the most hopeful of all missionary methods, to which the most cultivated of the missionaries often devote themselves), they are surrounded by bright-eyed, eager, aspiring hosts of ‘young India’—very pleasant surroundings, indeed—and are looked up to with intensest respect and admiration; but they do not generally know very much more than this of real unsophisticated Hindu society and genuine native thought. When it is considered that a foreigner cannot hope to know anything really about the people unless he is familiar with their vernacular, so as to talk freely with all classes of the community, and unless he is acquainted with their literature, especially their poetry, it will appear less strange that the vast majority of English people scarcely know anything at all even yet of large communities of their Indian fellow subjects. You must talk in the language—the mother speech—of the people, think in it, and feel in it, before you can know them. If blame is to be attached to anyone for the existence of a very broad and deep chasm—acknowledged and deplored by all—between Europeans and Hindus, must it not be about equally distributed? Caste; the general mode of life among their females; shyness on both sides; a nervous dread of being treated discourteously, which every Hindu feels; a neglect on the part of many Englishmen of little observances and modes of speech, which to them appear trivial, but are most important in native eyes; and (I suppose) some national hauteur (or imbecility?) that makes a few of our people (even yet!) speak contemptuously of all dark-skinned races as ‘niggers’: all these things combine to keep Englishmen and Hindus sadly apart; and thence it is that we say, that a great deal of charming, romantic, worthy Hindu life has yet to be explored by those who would know India as it really is.

Our English ideas of India are naturally very much mixed up with thoughts of old Muhammadan dynasties and their glories. Delhi and Agra, the great Moguls, the Tājmahāl, Nūr-jahān, and all the pomp of Muhammadan Courts rise up before the mind in wondrous confusion when India is named. A man must be strangely constituted or inexcusably ignorant whom these things stir not. The world, ancient and modern, can show no more imposing and majestic line of kings than that of Baber’s descendants. Akbar’s life is a wonder and a glory to men. Yet these
are, as regards India, entirely alien elements. The Muhammadans are even greater strangers—more absolutely aliens—in India than any Europeans whatsoever. They are at feud with the natives of the soil where we are at peace; Islam is less cognate to a Hindu mind than Christianity; their languages are of a totally different family, while ours belong to the same Aryan stock as the divine Sanskrit itself. Muhammadanism has been not inconsiderably affected by its contact with Hinduism; but Hinduism has been scarcely affected at all, at least in the south, by Islam. To know the Hindus, their thoughts, habits, feelings, capabilities, we must go into quiet country districts, where foreigners have scarcely ever been, where there are no words or ideas of Muhammadan origin, and very few, indeed, of English origin; where the pyramidal towers of old temples, dedicated to the worship of Vishnu or Śiva, are seen amidst groves of palm trees on the banks of quiet rivers (only turbulent in the monsoon time), and by sacred lakes (tanks) covered with lotus-flowers. There the European may even yet find himself in a new world; where it will seem to him that the progress of time has been stayed for thirty centuries, and that he is still in the company of the Sages that sang the hymns of the old Vedas.

Of course, the illusion (for it is one) will be often and rudely broken; but it is well for English people who go to India purposing to spend their lives there, to know that there are beautiful and interesting glimpses yet to be had of the old world of Eastern romance; and peeps, too, into pleasant nooks of humanity, very worthy of loving sympathy.

What influence our English ladies might exert (not without some little benefit accruing to themselves) if they could and would resolve to mix freely and lovingly with native ladies (as Lady Dufferin has done—if I may venture to say so), it is impossible to say! Of course, one does not mean to say that great English ladies do not meet occasionally, in a kind of semi-official way, a select few native ladies; but of free and sisterly intercourse I should think there is little, and it is hard to see how on our present system there can be much more. Many wives of Missionaries, and other ladies belonging to Zenāna Missions, so-called, have been privileged to penetrate into some few of the hidden corners of Hindu social life, and wherever this has been done the result has been exceedingly beneficial.
But it seems necessary to urge upon our countrymen and countrywomen, that for their own sakes, and for the sake of those amongst whom they are destined to spend the best years of their lives, they should try, whatever the effort may cost, to know thoroughly and lovingly their Hindu neighbours. In working for this end they will often have to deny themselves; to put up with little inconveniences, to suffer from heat, mosquitoes, &c., and to be sometimes for a little while misunderstood; but the thing can be done, and certainly ought to be done.

Meanwhile, looking back over a long life in India, where I came into contact with all sorts and conditions of men from Viceroy to coolies, I cannot refrain from saying that, in regard to Britain's unique and lofty mission in India, it is a matter for wondering admiration and thankfulness to me that such a work is being done, such benefits conferred, such an admirable system worked, by a band of men whom surely none in any age or country have surpassed in all the qualities that fit men to rule and govern their fellow-men. Right nobly they have borne and are bearing the heavy burthen and consuming heat of the Indian day.

And this is thoroughly understood and felt by Hindus, though young India airs its patriotism (so-called) occasionally. All Hindus, with whom I have ever conversed are perfectly aware that there has always been some foreign paramount power controlling the destinies of their land, and that the British Raj is incomparably the best, justest, and most benevolent to which the country has ever been subject.

But I have forgotten the subject of my paper, and have strayed into what will be regarded, I am afraid, as uninteresting platitudes.

There is lying on my desk a photograph of a Çaiva Guru, with whom I came into contact in South India, and whose memory is associated with some of the most interesting reminiscences of my Indian life. If I am to tell the story it is necessary first to explain the precise character, office, and position of a native 'Guru' in South India. What is he? The title answers as nearly as possible to the Hebrew name of 'Rabbi.' A Guru is a Hindu Rabbi.* Sometimes Europeans call him a 'Priest,' and even a 'High Priest'; but it will astonish some

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* Guru in Sanskrit means 'weighty, venerable.' They are also called Pandârams, from a Sanskrit word signifying 'a religious mendicant'; a begging friar.
readers to be told that in the great religious systems of South India, there is no offering of any sacrifice whatever, though gifts are presented; and, moreover, that the Hindu Guru, as such, performs no ministerial function of any kind in any temple, all such things as temple services belonging to an inferior order of ministrants, corresponding in many ways to the Levites of the Old Testament. The Guru goes as a devotee—a most honoured worshipper—to the temple with his disciples, even as our Blessed Lord did in the days of His flesh; but he has no especial function to perform there, and is a simple worshipper. His office is that of the head of a religious order. He is a kind of Abbot. His disciples and adherents are often scattered over a wide extent of country, and he makes progresses from time to time to confirm the faith of his adherents; to perform the act of initiation; and, among the Čaivas, to distribute the sacred ‘sacramental ashes,’ with which they besmear themselves. There is in most cases a monastery or ‘Math,’ in which the Guru resides, and some of these are very richly endowed. Large presents are also given to the Guru while on visitation, so that in some cases Gurus of especial reputation for wisdom and sanctity are very wealthy, and move about the country in great state, with elephants and litters of ivory inlaid with gold and gems; though in many respects their habits remain exceedingly simple and even ascetic. A Guru is generally elected, and owes his elevation sometimes to his learning, but not unfrequently to some superstitious idea that has had to do with his selection.

The Guru of whom I am writing was not, I suppose, a learned man, though he talked Sanskrit as well as Tamil with facility and even elegance. He had been chosen in early life on account of some relationship to his predecessor—and, I think, some marks on his person—and had been brought up to regard himself as absolutely divine; a real incarnation, a living temple of Čiva upon earth. As such he was unequivocally and unhesitatingly worshipped by his adherents. The theory of the Čaiva-Siddhānta system is that the devotee who has absolutely renounced the world and devoted himself to an ascetic life, becomes at one stage of his career what is called in Sanskrit a Jivan-mukta—i.e., one who, though he still lives in a human body, has yet already obtained absolute mystic union of soul with Čiva; and thus, when the time arrives for his bodily frame to fall off from him, his soul will enter no other organisation, but dwell for ever in the
immediate presence of Śiva and in ineffable union with Him. Such a man then is in the state of penultimate beatification: he is on the earth, but not of it. The whirl of the metempsychosis has ceased. The long weary journey of the transmigrations is ended, and the pilgrim soul has reached the very threshold of its home.*

Of course, one who is so regarded has enormous influence over his adherents; and, as he himself steadfastly believes all this of himself, there is in many cases great fervour, spirituality, and mystic devotion, such as is expressed in the wonderful poems of the sage Mānika Vācagar, which to the Tamil people are as dear and as influential as the Psalms are amongst Jews and Christians. Of course, it is evident that such a Guru has many temptations to sloth, sensuality, hypocrisy, and avarice. Some of them, as is quite natural, and according to the analogy of what has often happened in other lands, have stagnated, so as to become almost imbecile; and thus the contrast between the pretensions and the actual character of the Guru has given rise to a great many popular stories in which the simplicity and ignorance, or even the vices, of the Guru are ridiculed.†

Nevertheless, in many quiet nooks, in old Īśvar monasteries, generally planted in pleasant places, there are still to be found men of this class who are the repositories of an astonishing amount of quaint hereditary learning, such as it is, and cultivate studies—very neo-Platonic—that are otherwheres obsolete. This particular Guru was the head of the monastery at Tiru-varam-turrai in the Tanjore district, and the records of the place profess to carry the line of his predecessors up in unbroken succession to the great founders of the Īśvar Siddhānta philosophy, or to the beginning of the 14th century.

It was in 1880 that I first met him. He had for some time suffered from cataract in both eyes, was utterly blind, and had 'suffered many things' from native physicians. But the fame of the distinguished European head of the Government Ophthalmic Hospital in Madras had reached

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* Those who would realise a devout Hindu's feelings may compare my Kurral, chap, 34-38; and Nāladi, chap. xi.

† Dante's references to degeneracy among the disciples of S. Francis and S. Dominic; Boccaccio's, and Chaucer's stories; and many other accounts would supply the Īśvarite with material in case of a discussion.

There are Hindu 'Chatbands' and 'Shepherds.'
even to the quiet cell of the śaiva abbot. It is perfectly wonderful how natives of India, according to whose theories of caste we are utterly unclean, will trust implicitly and absolutely, with perfect childlike simplicity, to the Englishman who has gained their respect! I cannot but believe that England's hold (and a very firm one it is) upon India depends more upon such things as the conviction of our scientific, intellectual, and moral superiority, than upon even their belief in our military prowess and fortune. The medical officer in question is, as I have seen, worshipped, lights are placed beneath his photograph and flowers presented still by those on whom he has wrought what seems to them the absolute miracle of restoring sight to the blind.

So old sepoys used to light tapers before the picture of Sir Eyre Coote, within my own recollection.

India is the very home of hero-worship.*

* It has been remarked as an Indian peculiarity, though it hardly seems to belong exclusively to India, that men who have been distinguished for energy—and especially those who have obtained a bad pre-eminence as cruel and malicious—are often worshipped in the district which was the scene of their evil activities. They are supposed still to pervade the place, and to exercise a baleful influence unless they are propitiated by offerings of what they were known to love best. Superior wickedness is supposed to confer a special right to dominion after death. This is the origin of a great deal of the demon worship which prevails so extensively in the villages of India. A curious example of this has been often cited: At the storming of the Arambooly lines, in Travancore, in 1801, a certain Captain Pole, who had gained great renown for his bravery, which was mingled, it would seem, with a certain degree of ferocity, was killed. On the spot where he died a small temple—a demon temple—has been built, and annually (I think, on the anniversary of his death) an offering is presented of what he was supposed to love best. In this case it takes the form of a bottle of brandy and a bundle of cheroots! So, also, whenever in ancient times a widow sacrificed herself, it was the custom to erect a shrine and to worship her, in order to propitiate her spirit, which was supposed to have taken possession of the place. And there are examples of the deification of great chiefs and worthy characters also. Those who have read Sir John Malcolm's work on the Central Indian States, must be familiar with the honoured name of Ahalyā Bāī, the immortal Queen of Malwa, who always seems to me to be one of the most wonderful characters in the history of the world. Temples are erected in her honour, and she is habitually worshipped as a manifestation of the wife of Īśvara, or of Viṣṇu, according to the creed or caste of the worshipper. She is, at any rate, regarded as the 'Queen of Heaven.'
The Guru's life was somewhat monotonous and certainly laborious. He rose at about 3 o'clock a.m., and after certain preliminary ceremonies, walked down to the river (about four miles), where he performed his elaborate daily ablutions and other ceremonies. He then returned to the temple, where he presented flowers and gifts at the shrine of the god, and spent three or four hours in devotion, sometimes in a close unwholesome atmosphere, heavy with the smell of yesterday's garlands (which are always made of flowers with the strongest possible odour); and it was not till all his appointed duties had been most scrupulously performed that he took his scanty morning meal, consisting for the most part of cold boiled rice, butter-milk, and plantains. A second meal in the evening, of hot boiled rice with vegetable curries and fruit, completed his diet. The Guru of whom I am writing had never in his life tasted animal food of any kind, or any stimulant beverage. I should think that a man less 'of the earth, earthy'—less stirred by passion—could hardly anywhere be found. He certainly tried to live as became one who was in the world indeed, but very, very far above it; and he was quite believed by his disciples to have succeeded in the endeavour. He was shrewd withal, very considerate of the feelings of others, wonderfully courteous, and instinctively and absolutely a refined gentleman—after his sweet Oriental fashion.

Something must be said in regard to the Guru's Creed. A full exposition of this would fill a volume, and it ought to be a fascinating one. The Śaiva-siddhānta philosophy and religion have yet to be expounded; I can only say here that it emphasises especially the idea that every being endowed with a rational nature and capable of asserting personality must live for ever; and that after innumerable changes of organisation every soul is destined to return to Śiva's home, there to enjoy a blissful, conscious, eternal life of union with the Supreme. The soul cannot die, cannot ever lose its personal consciousness. It is often supposed by those who see Hindu life merely from the outside that they are all gross and benighted idolators. And it is true that in their popular systems, in their ordinary worship, and in their feasts and ceremonies there is a great deal of childish superstition, and even worse things; but this is not of the essence of the Śaiva system, and is explained (as by others in other lands) as an accommodation to the needs of the popular mind; while various mystical interpretations, more or less edifying and beautiful, are given of many of their practices and tenets.
Their theory with regard to idol worship is this: The Supreme mingle with all His creation, is immanent in everything, and may be worshipped everywhere; but there are certain symbols which are appointed as the means of approach to him. He is fully manifested in the person of the divinely appointed and prepared Guru, or teacher, who is His living and teaching Image upon earth; but for the great mass of mankind, who are incapable of receiving the instructions of the Guru, or have not attained the stage to which it is not right for the Guru to impart the secrets of the Faith, images, and especially the Lingam, are the appropriate manifestations of the deity, and He gives His grace to those who treat these images as though they were Himself. An image is made by a carpenter, a potter, or a worker in metals for a small sum of money; or a small pillar of earth or stone is erected; and over these is performed a ceremony called Avahanam—that is, 'the bringing into' the image of the very god whom it is supposed to represent. The god henceforth is for ever identified with the consecrated symbol. This image becomes of course most sacred, and is treated as if it were actually and visibly a holy, divine, ineffable presence. It is generally placed in a small shrine, and is adorned with costly jewels, according to the wealth of the individual, or of the institution to which it pertains. In the dead of the night voices are heard emanating from it; sometimes a hand is put forth to receive an offered flower; a devout worshipper is greeted with a pleasant smile; the offered gifts of fruit and food are actually consumed; rich gifts are sometimes found in the worshipper's home when he returns from worship; and always the divinity, Ciwan, the Blessed, is surely there, a present help in every time of trouble!

This is their view of it, and if an educated and enlightened Hindu is questioned about the matter, he replies: 'I worship Ciwa, the Blessed One, whom you also worship. In regard to Him, I believe all that you believe; but I also trust that He who fills and pervades all heavens and all lower worlds, and all the abysses, condescends to abide with me in this form. I worship Him as dwelling here.' Certainly our Guru would have said heartily, with George Macdonald:—

'Come to me, come to me, O my God!
Come to me everywhere;
Let the trees mean Thee, and the grassy sod,
And the water and the air!'
Mānika Vācagar, the greatest of all the Čaiva Gurus, has verses of this kind as beautiful and expressive as anything we have in English. I suppose that these explanations, and the mystic piety of their hymns are, in the south of India at least, the result of afterthought. Every species of foreign influence has been brought to bear on the South from the very earliest times. Christian teachers from Alexandria, and Nestorian missionaries very early visited the South, and made numerous converts on the Western and Eastern Coasts. In the eighth century of the Christian Era the Nestorian Christians in Malabar numbered many thousands, and the king himself was a Christian. Merchants from all the West have been continually visiting the ports of Ceylon and the Western Coast of India. Early Roman coins in great abundance have been dug up in Madura, and it is quite certain that these Western influences have penetrated very deeply into the mind of the Tamil people. Hence, in many respects they are the most enterprising and capable of the Indian peoples. I think, therefore, that when our Guru thus explained his creed, he owed something to old Vēdic traditions, but a great deal also to Western influences. Be this as it may, my Tamil friends are one and all eager to disavow idolatry and superstition,—and this is well! My friend, the Guru, while a model of most accurate, painstaking, self-denying, and conscientious adherence to the letter of his religion, was, I should judge, a man of saintly and enlightened devotion also.

If these statements of mingling mysticism and idolatry are inconsistent, so I suppose is human nature more or less always and everywhere. My old friend was happily illogical.

I wonder how the Supreme and only Blessed Guru would have dealt with him!

In their monasteries, or colleges, our Čaiva friends have officers, who fulfil the duties of Bursars, and these not unfrequently visit Madras and other towns, and are exceedingly astute men of business. Thus it came to pass that the Guru's disciples heard of the wonderful way in which an English doctor at the Presidency Eye Infirmary 'had restored sight to hundreds of the blind of all castes and creeds!' And one or two of them came purposely to Madras, hovered for days about the Government Ophthalmic Hospital, and at length ventured in, and examined for themselves the whole institution. They even sought an interview with the wonder-working English sage. The result was that they went home, and spread abroad with
every possible embellishment the fame of the English 'restorer of sight,' and at length persuaded the Guru himself (who was a very sensible and thoughtful man, much shrewder and more far-seeing than his disciples thought him to be), to make trial of this strange English method of 'cutting out the eye itself in order to restore vision.' For this was the way in which the ordinary uneducated Hindu naturally viewed the matter. The result was that my friend, the skilful and practised Ophthalmic surgeon, arranged, with the concurrence of the Madras Government, to go down to the Guru's village to perform the operation, to remain there the time necessary to ascertain its success, and to see him, if all went smoothly, perfectly restored. But there was a difficulty, or rather there were very many, to be overcome. The doctor could not talk Tamil, and the Guru knew no English. Moreover, the district where the monastery was had no hotel or other place where the Englishman could stay. It is an unspeakable hindrance that it should be so, but it is simply impossible for a Hindu to entertain an Englishman, or to become his guest. This results from the absolute dissimilarity of their diet and modes of living.

In regard to the operation, ideas of caste pollution, and difficulties about the supposed deification of the Guru never seemed to interfere in the least. 'The body is an evil, necessary for this present time; and is, at the best, a mere case of instruments that require occasional cleaning!'

It was finally arranged that I should, during my college vacation, accompany my friend, and be his interpreter; and as the Čaiva system had been a favourite study, and Tamil was to me as my native tongue, and I was also tolerably familiar with the kind of Sanskrit the Čaiva teachers speak, it was every way an agreeable and instructive expedition. I have enjoyed few things in my life so much.

We went by the railway that goes south from Madras through Tanjōre, and at the station nearest to the monastery found a large company of the Guru's disciples, friends, and attendants waiting with a carriage to take us on. Garlands were placed on our heads, and with the most exquisite courtesy we were made welcome. A little pavilion, whose framework was bamboo, and the walls and roof palm leaves, with linings and hangings of the beautiful silk for which Tanjōre is famous, had been prepared for our reception; our own native servants had preceded us. Supplies of provisions from Madras, sup-
plemented by the very best that the district afforded, were abundantly provided. It was indeed a most charming and romantic retreat. A thick grove of Neem trees kept off the hot sun, the crisp sea breeze swept through the pavilion, and we rested peacefully after our journey.

The tropical regions, the lands of the sun, have their little disadvantages; yet I believe that taking the year round, life in South India may be made fully as pleasant as life in any part of the world.

The next morning came our reception by the great Guru, and the medical examination. I found him perfectly familiar with the poetical dialect of Tamil, and apparently fairly well read in Sanskrit philosophy. But what struck me most was the gentle, simple trust that he seemed to feel in God. This trust was, perhaps, a little tinged by the fatalism that pervades the East, and lacked the feeling of humility (in the Christian sense); which, indeed, the Śāiva system can hardly inspire. The day was fixed for the operation, and there were endless consultations with the Brahmans of the temple, who are all well versed in astrology, and make great gain out of it. They hold, however, a much lower place in public estimation than the philosophical devotees of Śiva who fill the monasteries.

The auspicious time, to the exact moment, and the precise spot, and other circumstances were settled according to stellar counsels; but we observed that the doctor's opinion and the necessities of the case had always been carefully ascertained and studied beforehand; so that in a wonderful way the heavenly bodies seemed to obey the programme which had been already prepared—which was helpful! So it came to pass that very early in the morning of a cloudless day, in a little garden pavilion connected with the temple, and situated on a gentle eminence overlooking the sacred stream, beyond which there was an expanse of rice-fields in all the beauty of their intense green, a curious group was assembled. Through the pillars of the little pavilion, which was perfectly oriental in its quaint simple beauty, the breeze of the morning wafted from the East brought the notes of the kuyil, the little purple bird, scarcely ever silent in the purlieus of these South Indian temples; while the soft and gentle rustling of the huge palm leaves, mingled with the plash, only now and then audible, of the water below, lulled the mind into a kind of mystic calm that I have never felt in quite the same way elsewhere.
The Guru, perfectly calm, like an image carved in yellow ivory slightly tinged with rose colour, reclined on a couch. Half a dozen of his oldest and most trusted disciples stood around—fearing, hoping, trembling,—quite overcome with awe, and wearing the aspect of men upon whom ‘the ends of the world’ were come. On a little table were arranged the oculist’s dainty instruments, themselves regarded as partakers of the wonderful Englishman’s mystic power. I sat down on the couch, and took the Guru’s right hand (my touch ought to have been pollution to him!), and he then said to me very quietly and simply in Tamil these words, not to be forgotten: ‘I am to be sent, it seems, by some mysterious medicine, down, down into some other abysmal sphere of the world, while the eyes of this poor body shall be restored; and they tell me (and I believe it firmly), that I shall come again—up, up, and be then able to see your face, which I have never seen, and the faces of my disciples, which I have well-nigh forgotten. You, too, are a Guru and love God, and are dear to Him. Your hand alone must give me the medicine, and you will promise that till I come up again you will not let go my hand.’ Accordingly, having been carefully instructed before, I applied the chloroform; and, while the awe-struck disciples seemed to become as insensible as their master, he sank at once into profound unconsciousness. His bodily system, so entirely unsophisticated, yielded in a wonderful way to the chloroform, and without the least struggle or sigh he lay as dead. There are some states of mystic absorption described in Čaiva books exactly corresponding to this in outward appearance; and the disciples had, I believe, before seen their master rapt in the same mystic slumber, as it seemed to them to be.

The operation began; the operator, who used both hands with equal facility, flashed his two instruments hither and thither, and it seemed to us as if for a few seconds all nature was hushed, while those sacred eyes were subjected to this treatment; which, even to those who are familiar with it, always seems awful and absolutely and finally destructive! It does require faith to realise that nature can and will restore the delicate structures so ruthlessly dealt with, and that science is able fully to supply what has been apparently destroyed.

To these Čaivas what absolute, childlike faith was required when they saw their adored master lie helpless under the hands of the foreign doctor, while the Guru
of alien faith subjected him to the magic influence of the potent drug!

Bye and bye I felt the pressure of his hand; he had quietly come up again without a sigh, and being told that all was over, was borne away to his chamber.

The days passed on; the Guru's eyes rapidly regained their usual strength, and the time came when the bandages were to be removed and the spectacles put on through which he was again to look out over the world. There was immense excitement, as may be supposed, among the disciples, who could hardly yet believe that their master would entirely recover his sight. For more than two years he had not seen the face of any of these his intimate associates, and had almost forgotten their features, though he knew well every tone of their voices; me he had never seen. When the lenses were adjusted, he quietly took one long searching, but kindly look into my face, and then called for the disciples. One by one they passed before him, and as they stood bending before him he recognised them, and called each one by his name. It was very touching to see the radiant joy on their countenances when thus recognised, when they were assured that their master's eyes once more really rested on them in loving recognition. I thought of One, the great Master, Who calls His own by their names, and Whose loving eye is ever upon all His servant-friends.

The dear old Guru died some years after. I trust we may meet where the films are taken away from every eye, and where we shall all know, 'even as we are known.'
PUZZLES.

I.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

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

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

II.

BURIED PROVERB.

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

III.

A BURIED SCOTTISH PROVERB.

The evening's calm and still,
I hear the gentle clink
Of the little mountain rill,
An' the sun begins to sink.
The beauty of the night
Brings a' the past to me;
The dear auld "House at Hame,"
The bonnie Hame-o'-Lea!

M. ROBERTS.
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF LAST MONTH.

I.

A man was sent to a fair with orders to spend exactly £100 in buying a hundred animals—ponies, sheep, and ducks. The price of a pony was £5, of a sheep £1, and of a duck 1s. How many of each kind did he buy to make up the £100?

Answer.—Nineteen ponies, one sheep, and eighty ducks.

II.

Add two figures to 9, and make the result less than 10.

Answer.—94.

Buried Proverb.

Hark! The loud thunder rolling,
The castle bell tolling!
The lost ones seen flying—
At her side he is crying
"On! on! till we cross
Yon deep treacherous moss."
In vain! the bog's quaking,
The solid earth's shaking;
One dark grave shall cover
The loved and the lover.

Proverb.—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Erratum.—In the solution of the Double Acrostic of last month, one of the "lights" was printed by mistake as Alanda instead of Alauda.
PRISONS IN INDIA.

THE Howard Association, the object of which is to promote the best methods for the treatment and prevention of crime, has brought out its annual Report, which includes the following reference to India:—

The Committee have continued active efforts to promote improvements in the condition of Indian, Burmese, and Ceylon prisons during the year. They have repeatedly approached the Government, through the Secretary of State for India. In these endeavours, they have again to acknowledge, with special gratitude, the valuable services rendered by their friend, Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. Both the Earl of Kimberley and his successor, the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, have manifested a gratifying willingness to give effect to the representations made to them.

In particular, the Committee have urged the importance of constructing all Indian jails, in future, with accommodation for at least the separation of the prisoners from each other by night. Some progress is being made in this direction. But hitherto the great majority of Indian prisons have been characterised by complete association both by day and night.

Sir J. W. Tyler’s Report of Prisons in N.W. India for 1894, states that in the jails of the North-West there are now 3,475 cells; whilst in Madras Presidency there are also 1,265 cells. The sanitary conditions of the prisons are being improved. This, too, is an object which the Howard Association has laboured to promote. The chief organs of the Indian Press have latterly co-operated, in a praiseworthy manner, in advocating prison and penal reform in India. And although a greater willingness to move forward is to be desired in reference to some of the chief officials, yet others amongst them are exemplary in their endeavours for progress. At Calcutta the Governor-General has recently appointed a Committee to investigate and report on the local prison discipline. Both in connexion with the Presidency Jail there (where much useful industry has long been carried on by the inmates), and also in the North-Western Provinces, benevolent efforts are being made for the aid of discharged prisoners.
A high official in India writes to the Howard Association: "Many thanks for the energetic and effective action which you have taken. Your efforts were not without result; for the Government of India circulated your letter and expressed its approval of separation, as the principle of all future prison buildings, and has lately proposed the construction of cubicles in existing jails, where separate cells cannot now be built. This will certainly be a good thing. Cubicles may not stop demoralising conversation; but they will prevent gambling and other evils which spring up in association wards. For a moderate sum I hope to see cubicles provided in most of our jails."

The same authority remarks on the excessive mortality in some Indian prisons. "After excluding cholera, all other mortality, above a maximum of 30 per 1,000, is preventible, and no excuse for it should not be listened to."

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The second Annual Report of the Kala Bhavan (Temple of Art) at Baroda, of which Mr. T. K. Gajjar, M.A., is Principal, shows that this useful institution is developing soundly and yet rapidly. It includes Schools of Art, Architecture, Mechanical and Chemical Technology, Agriculture, and Pedagogy, the latter being a Training School for Teachers. Several Industrial Schools have been opened, also workshops, and text-books in the vernacular are in preparation.
RAJA PARTAB BAHADAR SINGH, of Pertabgarh, has contributed Rs. 5,000 towards the expenses of the Training School for Girls which is to be opened shortly at Lucknow. The Rani has made a donation of Rs. 200 to the same School for a scholarship to be called after Mrs. Thomson, the daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W.P.

A new Dispensary for women has been lately opened at Bhurtpore by H.H. the Maji Sahiba. The ceremony took place in the presence of H.H. the Maharaja and the Sardars of the State. A purse, containing Rs. 100 was presented by Her Highness to the lady doctor in charge, and Mr. R. K. Tandan, M.B.C.M. (Edin.), Medical Officer to the State, received a case of surgical instruments.

The Government of Mysore has made important regulations regarding the age of marriage for Hindus in that State. It is now forbidden to marry girls below the age of eight, and men over fifty are not to be allowed to marry girls under fourteen. The original Bill has been in a degree modified, on account of the objections made to the first scheme; but even in its present form the Act will do good, and by degrees, it may reasonably be hoped, public opinion will become favourable to further regulation of marriage customs. The British Resident at Mysore lately made the following reference to the question as follows: "It is a simple measure for the prevention of too early marriages which has been fully considered and approved by religious teachers and all men of enlightenment in the State and outside, but which perhaps might not have 'seen the light,' but for his Highness' resolution not to allow the prejudices and bigotry of a very insignificant minority to stand in the way of an important reform. That such a measure has originated in a Hindu State like Mysore is a fact to be noted, for the effects may yet be far-reaching.'"

A correspondent at Baroda describes a movement in the Baroda State in reference to the evils connected with child-marriages. A learned Shastri has been commissioned by the Dewan of H.H. the Gaikwar to travel from town to town in order to give addresses on this subject. The first meeting was held at Pattan, in the Kadi division. Hundreds of people assembled in the large hall of the Nagarwada Association, by which Association the arrangements had been made. Dr. Peterson, Professor of Oriental Languages in the
Bombay University, happened to be in the town, and was invited to preside. The headmaster of the High School, and many of the neighbouring Desais and Mozumdars, were among the audience. The lecturer, who was very eloquent, spoke for an hour, and was listened to with much attention. He dwelt on the very pernicious effects of child marriages, urging the importance, on moral, social, and political grounds, of abandoning such a hurtful custom. It may well be expected that addresses in towns and villages delivered in the vernacular by a learned man well acquainted with the Shastras, may have a decided influence in weakening the hold of this wide-spread custom.

We have lately received a few details as to the Wedderburn Hindu Girls School at Karachi, which was founded by the late Shet Naomal in 1872, at a time when the education of women was looked upon as strange and an absurd proceeding. On the visit of Miss Carpenter to Karachi, however, the School was established on a firmer basis, for at an entertainment to native children at Mr. Wedderburn's house, Miss Carpenter urged upon the leading men of the town the great importance of allowing their daughters to attend school, and of providing suitable school buildings, with the result that funds were collected (and doubled by Government) for the purchase of a site, and a good school house was erected. The school now has 83 girls on the roll, most of whom, however, are in the elementary classes. An encouraging fact in connexion with the School is that a normal class has been opened for the training of students as teachers, or for giving instruction to young women who desire to carry their studies farther after leaving the school. Several untrained teachers take advantage of the class, and secure certificates. Since the Wedderburn Girls' School was opened, the Karachi Municipality have established two schools for Muhammadan girls, and one for Gujerati girls at Manara. The schools are supervised by a European lady who was trained at the Convent Normal School.

We regret to record the death, at Karachi, of Mr. H. P. Jacob, at the age of 50, Educational Inspector in Sind. Mr. Jacob entered the service as Head Master of the Poona High School, and he was afterwards Inspector in the N.E. Division of the Bombay Presidency. He was a member of the Education Commission of 1882 and 1883. During the seven years that he had served in Sind, he gave great attention to the improvement and advance of education, and he has been described as "a father to all the educational institutions" in that Province. Mr. Jacob will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, European and Indian.

In the Departure List this month our readers will notice the name of Bai Rukhmabai, who returns to Bombay as a qualified medical practitioner. The civil suit in which she was concerned a
few years ago, when she had refused to marry the young man to whom, as a mere child, she had been betrothed, had considerable effect in drawing attention to the evils connected with child marriages. The case ended in a compromise, and soon after its conclusion in 1889, Rakhmabai accepted the invitation of Mrs. Müller, Mrs. McLaren, and a few other friends to visit England for medical training. She first learnt English more thoroughly—a difficult task to one who had not been accustomed to hard study; but her perseverance and determination proved remarkable. After some time Rukhmabai passed the Arts Examination of the Society of Apothecaries, which includes some Latin, and she joined the London School of Medicine for Women, residing meanwhile at College Hall, where she made many friends through her geniality and simplicity of character. On completing the course of medical study, she passed her examination for the Triple Qualification of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and a few weeks ago she took the M.D. of Brussels. Rukhmabai has a strong desire to promote education among her countrywomen, and in this aim, as well as in her medical career, we heartily wish her success.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Council of Legal Education have awarded pass Certificates to the following Indian Students: Lincoln's Inn—Mir Aun-Ali; Haridas Bose; K. A. Ghaswalla; M. A. Kabir; J. R. Kaderbhoj; Umapada Roy; Radhika Prasad Sen. Middle Temple—Gholam Mohiuddin Ahmed; D. N. Bahadurji; Jotish Kanjan Das; Jivanlal Varajrai Desai; K. P. Desai; Nalini Bhusan Gupta; Maung Kin; P. C. Manuk; C. H. Setalvad. Inner Temple—Jogesh Chandra Chaudhuri. Gray's Inn—Duni Chand; J. N. Kaul; Hemanta Kumar Mullick; H. J. C. Pereira; Jehanghir Pestonji.

The following have passed a satisfactory Examination in Roman Law: Lincoln’s Inn—M. Raiz-ul-Hassan; R. K. K. Khan; Anant Ram; P. H. J. Rustomjee. Middle Temple—Lakshmi S. Das; Kashmiri Mull; Pundit Bholo Nath; M. B. Oung; Rai Phaw; G. D. Seal. Inner Temple—Mohamed Siddique.

The following were called to the Bar on November 19th: Lincoln's Inn—Mir Aun Ali, University of Oxford; Haridas Bose, B.A., Oxford; Mohamed Abdul Kabir. Inner Temple—Khaji Taqui Jan. Middle Temple—Mohammed Majid Ullah; Nolini Mohun Chaterje, Calcutta and Edinburgh Universities; Shway
Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, and
Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow: Kaval Vittalram
has passed the First Examination. Pilgaokar Purshottam
Ramchundra, Canjuraden Krishna Kurup, Edalji Jamshedji
Treasuryvala have passed the Final Examination, and have been
admitted L.R.C.P.E., L.R.C.S.E., and L.F.P.S.G.

Bai Rukhmabai, Mr. E. J. Treasuryvala, and Mr. G. G. Vatve,
have passed the M.D. Examination of the Brussels University.

Arrivals: Mr. M. E. Boyce and Mrs. Boyce, from Bombay;
Thakore B. R. N. Ratnoo, from Jeypore; Sheikh Mohamed
Akbar, from Mooltan; Mr. Ali Akbar Hussanally; Mr.
Rungiah Naidu and Nawab Zulkadr Beg, from Hyderabad;
Mr. Hardevram Nanabhai Haridas; Mr. Lal Behari Rai and Mr.
Harish Chandra Dutt, from the Central Provinces; Mr. B. M.
Chatterjee, from Demerara; Mr. H. A. Bhojwani and Mr.
Ramrakiamal.

Departures: H.H. the Maharaja of Kuch Behar; Mr. Narayan
Row; Mr. Ananda Mohan Bose, President of the Sadharan
Brahmo Somaj, Calcutta; Mr. and Mrs. Abbas Tyabji; Mr.
Devendra Nath Chatterjee; Bai Rukhmabai, M.D.; Mr. B. J. Dalal,
I.C.S.; Mr. and Mrs. B. Borrah, for Assam.