

The Indian Magazine

AND

Review.

No. 281.

MAY.

1894.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE IN KASHMIR.

[*The concluding part of a Paper read by Mrs. Logan at a Meeting of the National Indian Association, at the Imperial Institute, on March 7th; Lesley C. Probyn, Esq., in the Chair.*]

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF KASHMIR.

III.

WE determined that our next visit should be to the city; accordingly we stepped again into the boat and dropped down towards the town. The first thing that attracts attention is an odd-looking bridge: this is built on huge square piles, so close together that two large boats can only just pass each other between them; these piles are made of enormous trunks of trees, not even squared, but left quite rough; they give you the idea that once upon a time the children of a giant came down to play in the river, found a quantity of timber brought down by the current, and began roughly to pile the logs one above the other, then taking a few longer ones they joined the piles together at the top and ran away again, and so it has remained to this day. Unfortunately for this theory, there are seven of these bridges at regular intervals down the river. In our green ignorance we decided to land at the first bridge and walk down to the second through the streets; one cannot walk *by* the river, because the bank is edged with houses three and four storeys high. These are built entirely of

wood, and with the exception of a few modern ones, built mostly by State officials, they are all in the last stages of decay; most of them are decorated with abundance of carving, some of it elaborate in workmanship and beautiful in design, but one and all are indescribably filthy, from the black rotting thatch to the foul basement, where one would not keep an English pig; dirt is the prevailing feature—the thing one cannot for an instant forget; picturesque no doubt much of it is: the carved balconies hanging over the water, the extraordinary irregularity and confusion of the buildings, the way each house leans against its neighbour (and some appear to be in the very act of falling); all these features help to make charming pictures seen from the river, and the amateur photographer is only puzzled where to begin. But once leave the boat and venture into the streets and all beauty is forgotten. I have seen Benares; I have smelt Naples; there are slums in London and Paris that would turn the strongest stomach; but I give the first prize to Srinagar for dirt, smells, and all that is foul and loathsome. If the kind Jhelum were not at hand to act as sewer, scavenger and dustman, the streets would surely be impassable, and these, be it understood, are not back streets or slums, but the only streets there are. The entire city is composed of narrow crooked lanes, where one can touch the opposite sides with both hands at once, and the sky is a blue strip overhead; the middle of the pathway is paved with lumps of stone so rough that one can never take one's eyes off the ground; on each side is an inexpressible gutter. The shops are of the poorest and most squalid, the contents of any one of them might be bought, I should say, for ten rupees. The trade in pashmina, puttoo, embroidered stuffs, metal work of all kinds, and papier maché ware, seems to be all in the hands of a dozen or so rich merchants, and their customers are the English visitors. The mass of people are the poorest of the poor. Why do they not all die at once, I asked myself, as I picked my way with ever-increasing disgust amongst the horrible heaps, and tried to avoid treading on the mangy dogs lying everywhere. Their best doctor must be the intense cold of the winter; their active life in the open air during summer takes the place of a nurse, and the plentiful cheap food is better than any medicine. Yet, when cholera or small-pox *does* appear it holds high revel in Srinagar, and the living can scarcely bury the dead. But enough of this sickening subject; let us hurry on and get back to the boat.

There are some strange-looking temples to be seen.

The dome, with which we are all familiar in India, is here abandoned for a much more perpendicular style of roof—this is on account of the snow which would break in any roof that allowed it to lodge; some of them, too, are surmounted with a sort of square wooden umbrella, and this is also a protection against the snow. These temples are covered with squares of tin that instantly suggest kerosine tins, but I do not know whether they really began life in that capacity; if they did, there is something absurdly incongruous in such a combination. They look very smart and shiny while the tin is new, but it very soon becomes horridly dingy and rusty, and then the temple looks dismal indeed. If one is a slave to the gentle art of photography, one braves the midday sun, which is really very fierce, and then the river and its banks present an amusing and charming sight. Each one of the many landing steps is fringed with scores of little fat naked bronze boys and girls; the river is their palace of pleasure, and they splash and swim and dive quite as well as the innumerable ducks and geese who earn their living also on the generous Jhelum. To swim *across* is a feat not to be accomplished by anyone under perhaps nine years of age, and the smaller urchins look on with grave admiration and envy while the heroes perform this tremendous journey. Modesty is a plant that blossoms rather late in Kashmir, and when it does, the flowers are so insignificant that they might easily be overlooked. Lads of fourteen and girls of ten and eleven are very loth to give up this delightful pastime, and dresses of even the most microscopic size are unthought of: the traditions of the Garden of Eden remain in full force amongst these primitive folk. If a boat chances to pass containing a sahib the bigger girls will duck under the brown water for an instant, and the boys will pay the same compliment to a memsahib; but by their shrill laughter the moment one has passed it is evident that they consider this a burlesque on propriety and a sarcastic comment on English absurdities. Eagerly did we look for the famous Kashmiri beauties amongst the women who line the banks, doing every sort of household work: where *are* the beauties? At any rate they are not visible to the naked eye. Now and again a passing boat discloses a glimpse of a striking face, large brilliant black eyes, thick level eyebrows, strong straight nose, crimson lips, pale brown complexion with damask cheeks, these form a sufficiently pleasing picture, but alas! for the matted hair, the one filthy, shapeless woollen garment! The fact is the women

are not rich enough to be beautiful. Beauty and extreme poverty never go together. All day these women work the weary paddles under a merciless sun; when the boat is moored there is no rest for them, for the rice has to be beaten, and that in the clumsiest conceivable fashion, wasting as much as possible of rice, strength, and time. Constantly I see women painfully rowing up stream and nursing the baby at the same time. At night they sleep crammed in tiny rooms, protecting themselves with foul air against the piercing cold. A woman must have ease, leisure, cleanliness and clothes before she can begin to be beautiful, and the poor Kashmiri lacks every one of these. At twenty-five she is old, at forty she looks a hundred.

The lot of the women of the working classes in Kashmir is indeed a hard one. I have seen girls of ten and eleven pounding at the rice to free it from the husk when their slender arms seemed hardly able to lift the clumsy pestle, nearly as big as themselves. The mortar is the trunk of a tree hollowed out, the pestle in size and shape is not unlike those rammers with which stones are pounded into place in our streets. Very rare is it to see a woman doing nothing—either she is rowing, or pounding this everlasting rice, or cooking, or making, mending or washing clothes, or scrubbing the brass cooking utensils, or carrying on her back huge baskets of fruit or vegetables. And whatever she may be doing, she has *always* a baby either across her hips, slung on her back, or rolling on the ground beside her.

And yet how good-natured they were—so ready with a smile for the clumsiest joke, so anxious to help one if they possibly could, so delighted to be photographed, and so grateful for the small coins given them after that operation.

I speak only of the poorer classes because I saw no other; in no country are women kept in stricter seclusion: they are altogether invisible, and in conversation are never by any chance alluded to—it would indeed be a grave breach of etiquette to inquire of a native gentleman after his wife's health. I visited in Srinagar a very intelligent and charming Bengali lady, the wife of the State doctor. She told me that in Calcutta she never thought of secluding herself behind the purdah, and when she first came to Kashmir she did not do so, but she found that her conduct was so gravely misconstrued, and that her husband was so much laughed at and ridiculed on her account, that she was obliged to give in and seclude herself like the rest. I

asked her to return my visit, but she would not even do that, though she often sent her little girl to play with mine, and her husband constantly came to our house.

When I look back on those Kashmir ladies and think of their even, uneventful lives, in which the birth of a son is the greatest joy they can know, and the absence of that young person the deepest sorrow, the change from the father's to the husband's home the only variety ever dreamt of; then, when I look round on the busy active ladies I meet in London, with their clubs, their committees, lectures, discussions, politics, and philanthropy; when I meet everywhere lady doctors, lady nurses, lady lecturers, lady everything that can be thought of; when I see them eager to add to their ever-increasing duties and responsibilities; when I observe that the population is by no means at a standstill, and that households need the same care and time as before, I wonder when my countrywomen will think they *have* enough to do; and I am glad to think that, when all our wishes have been granted, all our rights conceded, and all the business of England handed over to us, there will still be a haven to which we may fly, and take refuge from the intolerable turmoil we shall have created with the peaceful and contented ladies of Kashmir. If they are too quiescent, we surely are too busy: could not some medium be hit off?

We went up to Kashmir in August, and later in October the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, came up to pay the Maharaja a visit, to see the country, and to get, if possible, some sport. Great was the excitement that prevailed when this news became known, and most tremendous were the preparations that were made. In spite of the fact that the Government treasuries were almost empty, it was ready to spend lakhs upon making the reception worthy and fitting. But it happened that the finances of the country were just then held in an uncommonly firm hand, and therefore, though his Excellency's reception *was* a fitting and worthy one, no *great* extravagance or magnificence was allowed. I must give you a short description of the procession of boats in which they arrived at Srinagar. Our greatest concern was about the weather, for everything depended on that.

A week beforehand our forebodings were of the gloomiest; the rain came down in hopeless sheets, everything that calls itself a road turned into an ankle-deep swamp, our tents came down on us in the dead of night, our beds stood in two inches of water, our boats

leaked, and all our clothes were ruined. We were desolate indeed, and a bitter cry went up to Jupiter Pluvius: he heard and had mercy. The rain ceased, though heavy clouds kept us in a doubtful mood, the roads dried up, the river dried down, and when on the morning of the day on which the Viceregal party were to arrive we anxiously looked out, behold!

“Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,
The glorious sun uprist.”

Overhead was a pale turquoise transparent dome; all round, the splendid peaks wore new robes of freshly fallen snow, with long soft trains floating down to the valleys, and looked as if they must be the gates of pearl that guard the entrance to a better world. Delicate silver edges glittered like celestial swords, and were thrown into sharp relief by tender blue shadows. When we looked nearer home the change was no less lovely and striking. During our week of mist and misery the trees had taken advantage of their seclusion to change their clothes. Every poplar is now a tall pillar of gold, the chenars are towers of ruby and beryl, each separate leaf looks like the blush on a gipsy’s cheek. The pear trees are in pure crimson and the mulberries in misty yellows.

At eleven in the morning all the officials hustled off down to a point below the city to await the arrival of their Excellencies. I understand that their ardour had time to cool, as they found themselves with a clear hour and a-half to wait. By three in the afternoon every man, woman, and child had taken boats and was away to the city to see the procession come up. We waited a while and amused ourselves by looking at the Ladakh musicians, who were in attendance with strange instruments. Presently it was passed up from mouth to mouth that they were in sight, and all eyes were fixed on the bend of the river that hid them. Then came the glitter of a silver umbrella, the gleam of a scarlet dome, and the first of the huge barges appeared. It was a truly gorgeous mass of colour, rowed by forty stalwart but panting oarsmen clad in red and purple, with the admiral in black silver, and an orthodox cocked hat. The scarlet dome was embroidered and fringed with gold, and the effect of the whole was dazzling in the extreme, and made a picture that I hope will never fade from the eyes of memory. Lord and Lady Lansdowne and the Maharaja were in this boat. About twenty boats followed, with the rowers all in different costumes, all gorgeous as to

colour, and some quite striking. A man dressed in a sailor's jacket and trousers of light blue velvet, with a crimson collar and silver edges is an impressive object not easily overlooked: there were several of those. While this mighty procession swept by, the Ladakh band delivered themselves of the most harrowing harmonies, and as soon as the last boat had passed we all tore up the river after them, our boatmen racing each other and straining every muscle in wild excitement to get to the landing stage and see them disembark, and this also we accomplished satisfactorily, and then went home contented.

The Ladakh musicians deserve a word to themselves. A few days later I had a good opportunity of seeing them at a picnic given to the Viceregal party at the Nishat Bagh. These curious people, it seems, are *monks*, though anything less monastic to our eyes than their garb and appearance it would be hard to find. After lunch was over and everyone was seated in a shamianah, the musicians arranged themselves in a semicircle on the ground; they had drums fastened on pedestals about two feet high, which they struck with sticks shaped like a mark of interrogation, cymbals, too, of a very powerful sort, and trumpets two yards long, which they rested on the ground and blew into till they seemed ready to burst. All kinds of other things they had too, but I am unlearned and cannot say what they were for. When the musicians were exhausted the dancers came on, two at a time; they wore the most hideous conceivable masks representing heads of animals or demons; they were dressed in costly silks in outlandish styles, in dark red and yellow colours, and they wore aprons with more hideous faces worked on them. Some had large round-peaked hats, edged with black astrakan and surmounted with peacocks' feathers. They carried swords, and doubtless it was originally a war dance, begun in the dim far-away days, when every man was a warrior or a slave. They kept time and step very well and kicked up vigorously, but the whole performance was quite mechanical and seemed to have neither beginning, middle, nor end.

The reigning family of Kashmir consists now of three brothers—the Maharaja Pertab Singh, Raja Amar Singh, and Raja Ram Singh. I have here photographs of them all, which I shall be pleased to show to anyone who cares to see them after I have finished. They were given to us by the Princes themselves, and bear their own signatures. Amar Singh was the one I saw most of, and also the one I

liked best. The first time I went with my husband to visit him I wondered what on earth I should talk about, and certainly for the first ten minutes our conversation was of the most stilted and barren description. But by good luck I took up a photograph from a table and made some comment upon it. It then appeared that he had himself taken it, and after that there was no difficulty, we plunged forthwith into a discussion on the respective merits of various developers, the best sort of plate, and the latest improvements in sensitised paper. I sighed as he described to me his own costly and "up to date" apparatus, his many cameras, and the glories of his newest lantern. I had taken my little girl with me, and while we talked she disappeared; presently we heard shouts of laughter outside and went to the window to look—there was my five year old daughter sitting on a huge elephant, which was being walked round the courtyard of the palace by the delighted mahout, she having gravely ordered him to do so. Before we left, the Maharaja gave her a few lovely toys, and when she wrote to thank him, he answered the letter himself; this letter is still one of her greatest treasures. I only mention all this to show how kind-hearted and good-natured even the highest in the land are. I think good temper and unfailing animal spirits are the chief features of Kashmir character; no matter to whom you speak, a coolie slaving in the rice-field, a wealthy official or the reigning princes, everyone answers with a smile. Are you in any small difficulties? they are ready at once with suggestions and offers of help. Their suggestions certainly are usually hardly worth listening to, but their intentions are unmistakeably good.

I have said nothing of the many arts and crafts practised in Kashmir. The people are born artisans, and to describe their many ways of working in metals, woods, wool, silk, and cotton would require a good sized volume. Also so many of these productions are now exported to every part of the globe, that I think all here present must have seen many specimens; but I may touch on one or two. Of the Kashmir shawls, every one has heard, I believe, that three are sent yearly to the Queen as a sort of tribute. These used to be one of the principal articles of export, but fashion has now decreed that we shall no longer wear shawls, and consequently the trade in them has greatly diminished. I went to see them made. These delicate and costly articles are made in rough wooden sheds on looms of the clumsiest and most antiquated description, and the

weavers are mostly boys of ten to fifteen. Each worker has a scrap of dirty paper fastened on to his loom—on this are his directions, something in this style, three red threads, two yellow, four purple, and so on. Of course everything is done by hand, and I could not find a single appliance of the simplest kind for saving labour. It is said that on the finest kind of shawls the labour of a day is practically invisible. Three years is not thought too much to give to the making of a good shawl. They are to be had of every price from Rs. 10 to Rs. 16,000. I only saw one at the latter price, and that was kept in one of the State treasuries. It was covered entirely with a map of Kashmir woven into the material. I did not admire it, and should be very sorry to wear it. But I saw many that were very lovely, and the Kashmiri taste in embroidery and colours is generally exquisite. Their carpets are also famous, but this industry seems to have fallen principally into the hands of a European firm, who are doubtless making a very good thing of it. Everyone has seen their metal work; they mostly use silver and copper, but they seem to have forgotten how to *design*: their patterns are mostly centuries old and never vary—except when they try to imitate European models, the results of that are rarely satisfactory. Their wood work is charming. They are particularly clever in making beautiful ceilings. For these they use many intricate patterns, and a great variety of differently coloured woods. The result is excellent, and nothing could look more effective in our English houses, if we could have them sent here.

I need hardly tell you of the abundance of fruit in Kashmir. We were there in the autumn, and apples and pears could be picked up almost anywhere. They were, however, not usually worth picking up. But wherever the trees had received the commonest cultivation, they repaid the attention a hundred fold. In the garden of the Residency I have stood literally ankle-deep in peaches—good peaches, fit to eat. For the first ten days we felt as if we could never have enough, but alas! satiety sets in so terribly soon where the supply of *anything* is wholly unlimited. Still, as long as we were there it was a daily pleasure to me to make a huge pile of fruit for the table: I used to put in one big dish apples, pears, white and purple grapes, many kinds of plums, peaches, and apricots. Mixed with the great cool chinnar leaves it looked as lovely and tempting as heart could desire.

Very fair wine is also made. When we were there, two Italians were in charge of the State vineyards. We visited

these and found many acres bearing excellent grapes, but they do not understand how to *thin* the bunches; they allow all the grapes to remain, and the bunches are so thick that the sun cannot penetrate them, consequently, when they are gathered many are still unripe, and this gives a sharp flavour to the wine, which most people would dislike. But it has one great merit, it really is *pure wine*, and undoctored in any way.

Earthquakes are extremely common in Kashmir, there were three slight shocks while we were there. No damage was done, but the sensation one experiences during a movement of the earth is quite unique; though I have felt a good many, it comes fresh every time, and I do not think I could ever get accustomed to earthquakes. Two or three years previous to our visit there had been a very severe one, a great part of Srinagar, including the Maharaja's palace, had been thrown down. An eyewitness told me that the apathy of the people was extraordinary, they buried their dead, propped up tottering walls, and went about their business as usual.

My time is coming to an end, and I must not detain you much longer, though I could still tell something of the strange old temples to be found — Buddhist temples apparently, but so old that no legend even is told of their builders: of the queer old fort that overlooks the city and which is guarded and kept in order with much ceremony, though certainly against Artillery it could not be held for an hour: of the gaol where men are undergoing life-long imprisonment for the awful and scarcely mentionable crime of killing a cow: of many curious and interesting manners and customs, I cannot now speak.

The time had come for us to leave; it was November, and bitterly cold weather, and we were glad to get away. The Maharaja lent us a gorgeous house-boat, and we dropped down the river through the native town for the last time. The mighty chinnars and poplars are now nothing but shivering skeletons, each day the veil of snow falls lower on the mountains. Impudent little bulbuls, desperate with hunger, fly into our boat and take food off our table; all day our patient boatmen row, till at night we come to the entrance of the great Wular Lake. Here we pull up for the night, for no boatman will brave the Wular after dark on account of the terrible sudden storms that sweep down from the mountains, and in which no boat can live. I have never felt anything like the cold of that night. Our boat, though beautifully painted and decorated,

was very far from air-tight, and the wind blew in on every side. All night I lay shivering under a pile of blankets, and listened to the chatter of the boatmen, talking perhaps to keep themselves warm. With the earliest tinge of grey in the east we started, and I was thankful to hear the splash of the paddles again. We reached Baramoula about two o'clock, found our tongas waiting, and covered twenty-five miles of the road before sunset. The journey back was much as the journey there, except that it was too cold instead of being too hot, and the road had been improved on account of the Viceroyn's visit. In due course we reach Rawal Pindi, and our Kashmir experiences came to an end—and so must this Lecture.



FATHER DAMIEN.



O'ER such pure Fame no power hath Death or Time:
 This lonely grave, that outcasts' tears bedew,
 Beyond the surf-fringe, and the billowy blue,
 Defies all painter's art, all minstrel's rhyme:
 Lo, thou hast touched Life's topmost peak sublime,
 Led by Love's star, O truest of the true!
 For nobler work than this no man may do,
 And loftier height than this may no man climb..

Henceforth his name is writ in virgin gold,
 On hearts that beat responsive to the tide
 Of sympathy supreme, that ne'er grows old,
 And souls by healing sorrow sanctified:
 High hopes, and heavenward yearnings manifold,
 Illume the purple isle where Damien died.

C. A. KELLY.



SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND
PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

(Continued from page 186.)

It is stated in Circular No. $\frac{35}{44}$ of July 20th last, that the Government of India are satisfied by the evidence before them, that the degradation of some branches of Indian art has not been further effectually prevented. They desire to enquire "whether any further measures can be suggested, which may tend to maintain or restore a higher standard in the art-wares and manufactures of the country." I am afraid we must all agree in the truth of this view. The causes of this degradation are not difficult to ascertain. The main one is, in my opinion, the fact that Indian art-ware has become commercial. It is bought and sold by the ton and the gross. There is now therefore little scope for the exercise of the inventive power of the artist, who has merely to carry out the dealer's ideas in as short a time as possible. The time element is fatal to the Indian craftsmen, whose greatest works were always produced when he was not hurried. Some of the dealers have no knowledge of art at all, and this is the more serious, as in this country, it is the dealer and not, as in Europe, the manufacturer, with his larger *clientèle*, and perhaps artistic aid, who directs the workman.

In former days, moreover, the tourist sought specimens of art-ware in the homes of the workmen or in the bazaars, so that he might have proofs and perpetual memorials of his travels. Now he is content to make his purchases at the port of departure, and to accept the merchant's word for their genuineness and value. Such men lose all the charms attending the acquisition of works of art, but it is the spirit of the age, and we shall find it hard to contend against it.

Now Indian art has become commercial the great European collectors no longer care for it; such is the opinion of my friend Mr. Purdon Clarke, communicated to me only a few days ago, an opinion confirmed by my own experience at the Art Medal Work Exhibition of the Imperial Institute last year. Many beautiful things were shown there, but the bad name attending modern Indian productions seemed to deter the public from attending in large numbers, and as yet I cannot say that the results of that exhibition, much as it was appreciated by connoisseurs, have greatly developed trade, or a desire to acquire really good examples of our art-ware. It is for us, gentlemen, to ascertain whether it is possible

to meet these difficulties, to try to teach both purchasers and producers to differentiate the good from the bad, and if we cannot directly guide the dealers at all events to see that our Art Schools and our museums only supply and purchase the best examples, and do all they can to discourage the sale of indifferent ones. If exhibitions are kept in the hands of the officers who manage the institutions I have referred to, and of real lovers of art, if collections for European Museums and Societies are made only by them, if care is taken that the illustrations in our books and journals are of the best character only (unless, indeed, they are included as examples to be avoided, or for the sake of instruction), we may be able to ensure a higher standard, and thus indirectly force the less educated middlemen to keep and sell only good work.

I have the utmost confidence in our Art Schools and teachers, but they cannot be everywhere. I would endeavour to encourage, therefore, local enthusiasm, wherever it may be found, and to make use of it especially for the encouragement of individual and local talent. Surgeon-General Murray in Agra, Mr. Growse in Mathura and Bulandshahar (whose death is so much to be deplored), Mr. Muloch in Shahjehanpur, Mr. Coldstream in Hoshiarpur, and many others revived old arts and made great industries of them, and to such men as these we must look more than to the ordinary dealers for the prevention of degradation. Much may be done on the spot by rejecting bad and careless work, such, for example, as a piece of exquisite carving done on a board full of knots, or a badly-fitting hinge, or scamped work of any kind. In fact, I would give municipalities authority, acting on the advice of such persons as I have described, to reject all bad work, or to compel the workman to send it to a School of Art for approval if he objected to the decision. Very much good may be done if all local officials and friends of Art will take a special interest in talented workmen, and will urge them to confine their efforts to producing only real work of art, for which our Museums and Schools of Art, acting as agents, should ensure for them good prices. If it became known to collectors that really superior examples of art might be obtained through the agency of such institutions, I believe a small but most important market might be created for them. A collector told me in England last year that he had friends who were always on the look-out in India for him for good specimens of art work. There would, in all probability, be many such men in Europe and America, as well as dealers, who would be glad to give similar commission to experienced officials. They would indeed do better work if they were to pay money in advance, thus enabling the official on the spot to keep the good artist out of the money-lending local middleman. I pass on to the consideration of the encouragement of good art by special exhibitions, prizes, and scholarships.

The Exhibitions which have been held in India have undoubtedly done much to awaken public interest and to stimulate the arts of the country, but I do not think it is desirable to hold them on a large scale too frequently, as the awards which are given

them lose their value. Intervals of less than ten years are too short to admit of comparison and to judge of progress. Certificates and prizes should be sparingly distributed, and the latter should be of real intrinsic value. I am of opinion that scholarships should be given more freely to deserving youths, especially to the sons of artists, for I have great belief in hereditary aptitude for acquiring a craft, and these lads should be sent to technical schools of the best kind, where the most talented should be trained as teachers. I will now refer to the association and committees which have been formed in England for the encouragement of Indian Art. I think that we should welcome all efforts to develop the Industrial Arts, provided that there is no attempt to interfere with our action in this country, as I hold strongly the view that those alone who are on the spot can deal with the varying local conditions under which the Arts are carried out in this vast Empire. In my opinion it is quite impossible for any Society in England to prevent the degradation or materially to assist in the development of Indian art, which can only be influenced for good by the intelligent, sympathetic, and persistent efforts of responsible officials, and enthusiastic laymen in the country itself.

English societies can help us, however, by promoting exhibitions, by recommending our wares, by purchasing them, by cordially supporting us in our difficult task, and by just and intelligent criticism.

When I was in London in 1891 and 1892, I was member of the Council and of several committees of the Imperial Institute, and had some connexion with the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art, and I came to the conclusion that both these bodies might be of great use to India, though in different ways, as both aim at holding exhibitions of Indian Art ware, and the former wish also to act as agents between the merchant and the producer, in so far as they desire to give all possible information regarding the products of India, and to keep in their galleries complete trade collections.

The Council and Governors, generally, are particularly anxious to give prominence to India, and showed this by devoting their first exhibition, when the building was informally opened in 1892, entirely to Indian Art metal work, and I have just received a letter from Sir Frederic Abel, the Director, to the effect that there will be an exhibition of porcelain pottery, and glass, in the course of the present summer, for which our support and co-operation are earnestly and especially invited.

At present, some may think that the galleries set apart for India in the Institute are not as spacious or as well placed as they ought to be; but in all probability, if the contributions of this country increase in value and interest, better accommodation will be provided for them.

When the New South Kensington Museum buildings are completed and concentrated, I am of opinion that the galleries and collections of the Indian Museum, which are at present on the

opposite side of the roadway, and adjoin the Indian section of the Imperial Institute, might, with great advantage, be made over to that body, thus securing ample room for the display of the industrial and Art wealth of this empire.

I also consider that more efficient and cordial co-operation with the Institute would be assured, if the Principals of Schools of Arts and Museums, as well as other persons in the different provinces who can influence the industries and arts of the country, and who at present are generally nominated as governors when in England, could be made corresponding members of the Institute, with authority to represent its interests when in India, and in London, when on leave.

The Society which I have mentioned, has held small exhibitions of women's work in London, in Chicago, and in Bristol, and can certainly do good by continuing such efforts, especially in the provinces. It has, moreover, endeavoured to interest the public by contributions to the Press.

I think there is an advantage also in keeping up direct communication with associations of a general rather than of a special Indian character, and would therefore suggest that the Indian Institutions, in which we are interested, might find it convenient and useful to co-operate with the Museums' Association, of which the third annual general meeting was held in 1892. The report of the fourth meeting has not yet reached me.

The subject of technical education is perhaps the most important which can occupy our attention. The English Technical Instruction Act of 1889, defines technical education to mean instruction (1), the principles of science and art applicable to industries; (2), the application of special branches of science and art to specific industries or employments; (3), any other forms of instruction (including modern languages and commercial subjects) which may be approved by the Science and Art Department, and are stated by the local authority to be required by the "circumstances of the district." A more useful definition is perhaps that of the Royal Commission, appointed to enquire into the matter in 1888—viz. :—

"Instruction in the principles and practice of domestic, commercial, agricultural, and industrial work." We are chiefly concerned with the last head in this list.

At present, the vast majority of young men in this country, who wish to rise in this world, prefer such an education as shall lead to a clerkship to becoming a pleader, or official, or to anything but a good artisan, or even a merchant or employer of labour.

One reason is, that there are so few opportunities at present of testing the results of technical instruction, or even of obtaining an education, which will fit a youth for a practical, commercial, industrial, or art career.

Moreover, the openings for such men, when fully prepared, are as yet comparatively few. I am aware that efforts have been made in most provinces to meet this difficulty by founding of Technical Institutes or Schools, and that it is proposed to institute educational

tests of a special character, but I am not sure that these tests, as at present devised, are simple enough, or that the facilities for obtaining a technical education are sufficiently elementary and widely extended to meet the wants of the community.

Of course it is of the utmost importance that provision should be made for the instruction of teachers and highly trained youths, to occupy important positions, such as Superintendents and Managers of Works; but it is still more necessary that the workmen themselves should be taught, and this can only be done by introducing elementary technical education into the village schools, and by holding examinations which shall be equivalent at the highest to that known as the Middle Class Examination, to be conducted entirely in the vernacular language of the province. The instruction of a special technical character which is required for village schools will probably be confined to drawing and the elements of design, the right method of using tools, and the general principles of art.

It is only by the constant repetitions of simple forms with pencil or with, what is better, the brush or tools that facility of execution is obtained. I have seen the son of an artist draw the head of an elephant from all possible points of view for months together, so that at last he could sketch his subject with his eyes shut. He also assisted his father in the preparation of his colour and brushes, and after a time worked on the minor details of his picture. This is the way the boy is trained in the East, and probably it was the way the artist taught his pupils in the Middle Ages in the West, and thus they could turn their hands to any branch of art, whether sculpture or painting, whether making jewellery or enamelling, whether working in metal or stone, wood or clay, in all doing what was required with equal facility and truth. The principle underlying all their work being the acquisition of a thorough mastery of hand and eye, as well as perfect knowledge of materials and processes of all kinds, by frequent and prolonged repetition, and even painful study.

A friend of mine, Pandit Kundun Lall, of Furrukabad, tells me that for some time past he has conducted a quarterly vernacular journal for the promotion of industrial art, and mainly for the advocacy of such views as I have advanced. He thinks that most good will be effected by teaching the broad principles of art in elementary classes. Youths should be taught to distinguish the beautiful from the ugly; the true from the false; the points which distinguish good work from bad; the reasons why European work is generally, commercially, and for practical purposes superior to Indian work; and also the absolute necessity that all artisans should, in the first place, attend to utility, and then think of ornament.

He would like his countrymen to learn that without truth and thoroughness in their work they cannot succeed in commercial or industrial undertakings and in the practice of the arts, but that, if these points are attended to, there is no doubt that the arts of India will afford as much satisfaction to the natives of the country, and

become as popular with them, as those of Europe now are. He says that technical education is absolutely necessary, because without machinery India cannot compete with Europe; but machines cannot be as largely used as they ought to be without men to make, work, and repair them. European labour is too expensive; it is essential, therefore, that Indians should be taught to meet the want.

The Jeypore Museum contains numerous type collections which have been formed solely to help forward technical education, but the professors and masters of the local College take no special interest in them, and do not use them because at present the study of the subject does not pay either teachers or pupils.

A short time ago I received a letter from my friend, Mr. Wardle, of Leek, the President of the Silk Association of Great Britain, whom I had consulted on the decay of chintz industry at Sanganir, near Jeypore, which has been nearly ruined by the introduction of cheap machine-made goods, which are direct "copies of the beautiful fabrics of that town." His reply is very interesting in connexion with Pandit Kundan Lall's remarks. He writes: "Piece dyeing is now chiefly done by machinery, and so is printing. If your Maharajah wishes to keep our European printed cottons, he should encourage the establishment of model print works. I feel sure cotton printing can be done as cheaply in India as in England."

It is the same with all industries, whether artistic or otherwise, but I think that, though of necessity we are bound mainly to provide for this commercial side of the question, there is much we can do to give it an artistic turn; and also that, by continuous personal effort, we can encourage a few of the best artists to keep up the traditional handicrafts, and to provide for the wants of the lovers of the beautiful and the admirers of real talent in Europe, the East, and America.

Our Schools of Art have, no doubt, been of immense service in preventing deterioration, but we have seriously to consider whether something may not be done to strengthen them, as well as to increase their influence for good and their general utility.

The School of Art ought to be the centre of the art life of a province; it should be the institution in which the teachers are trained who are to conduct the elementary art and technical instruction of the district schools. It should also be the place to which the sons of craftsmen who show a special aptitude and talent should be sent, in order to receive a higher education than is possible in their country homes.

In short it should act, in addition to its present functions, as a Normal School, which should work in harmony and co-operate with the general educational institutions of the empire.

The principal Art and Industrial Museum of the Province should be attached to its School of Art, in connexion with which there should also be technical workshops.

Of course, the work done by the pupils in these schools must

be disposed of; but it is very undesirable that the Schools of Art should make it a business to take orders from the general public, except as agents for the merchants, who should indeed, I think, have the refusal of the art-ware which is produced in the workshops. Merchants should be encouraged to look upon the officials of the Schools of Art in the light of friends, rather than as competitors and even opponents. Selections of Oriental models and drawings should also be made, and art primers prepared at the schools.

My remarks may appear somewhat crude, and in the presence of so many experts with much larger experience than mine, even uncalled for, but they are inspired by a strong desire to help the Schools, and by the fear that, unless they are strengthened and their influence widened, the industrial arts of the country will fall into the hands of irresponsible and too often ill-informed persons, who will soon ruin them altogether.

The subject is one which requires at the beginning of a second decennial period the most serious consideration of the members of this Conference, I have therefore reserved the mention of it to the conclusion of my address.

(Signed)

THOMAS HOLBEIN HENDLEY.

We are glad to say that the exhibits have all arrived from Chicago in perfect order, and the Committee are much pleased at the excellent way in which Mrs. Cope, the Lady Superintendent and Representative of the English Women's Committee Royal Commission, has managed the collection entrusted to her care.

Soon after the close of the Bristol Exhibition, a letter was received from Major-General Sir Charles D'Oyly, Bart., late of the Bengal Army, asking for a small loan of the Indian art work, which he had seen exhibited at Chesham House, for a bazaar to be held in Blandford on April 12th and 13th.

The Committee were glad to accede to the request, and a very representative collection was sent. We are pleased to learn from Sir Charles and Lady D'Oyly that our exhibits have proved a most interesting and attractive feature at their bazaar.

The Committee are also lending a few articles from the Loan Collection to Lady Kinnaird, for a bazaar to be held in June, in aid of the Zenana Medical Mission.

We hope that the schools in India will respond to our request to send us good white work and embroideries, silk and other, for the permanent show case that Mr. Lasenby Liberty has so kindly offered to place at the disposal of the Society at Chesham House.

The Committee reserve to themselves the right of deciding whether the work sent is up to the required standard of excellence.

We promised to allude in full to the Lady Commissioner's article in the *Daily Graphic* about her visit to Bhaunagar, but we fear that this month again space will not permit us to do more than merely glance at it. The Lady Commissioner comments on what we also think is a noticeable fact, and well worthy of being imitated by others of our Indian chiefs—viz., that H.H. the Maharajah sends his own daughter, the Kumāri Shri (Princess) Kasaba, an intelligent young lady of fifteen, to the Mahiraj School, where she takes her place in class with other girls, earning or losing marks with complete impartiality. Princess Kasaba already speaks English fairly well, writes a good hand, and recites poetry with feeling and intelligence.

Unlike other parts of India, it is found less easy in Bhaunagar to secure the attendance at school of children of the lower castes than it is of the upper, for with its docks, public works, and other sources of labour the people are so prosperous and well employed that they are indifferent to the education of their daughters. Still, a working-class school opened in 1868 is steadily increasing, and is giving a sound and useful education to its scholars. The pupils are drawn from the gardener, basket-weaver, artisan, and fruitseller classes.

At Agra the Lady Commissioner was shown the carpet weaving, which is the leading industry in the jails. Two beautiful squares were being packed to go to the German Emperor; but the best workers were engaged upon an enormous carpet, the largest ever made on one loom, which has been ordered by her Majesty the Queen Empress. It is to be 77 feet by 40 feet, and is estimated to contain 58,840,000 stitches. The pattern is a favourite Indian one, known as "the Poona," and has a dark red ground, upon which the device and border are executed in pretty delicate shades of vegetable dyed blues, yellows, browns, and greens. Twenty-eight men are working at the carpet, which they hope may be ready by June 1st.

New Members for April, reprinted from *Indian Magazine & Review*: Miss Hobart, Mrs. Mansfield Turner, Major-General Sir Charles D'Oyly, Bart., and Alex. Bowie, Esq., M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P.

KRISTO DAS PAL.

H.E. THE VICEROY, on March 6th, in the presence of a large and influential assembly, unveiled at Calcutta a marble statue of the late Kristo Das Pal. Sir Henry Thoby Prinsep presided at the ceremony, and opened the proceedings with the following address:—

The occasion which has called us together is to do honour to the memory of a very distinguished Bengali gentleman, the Honourable Rai Kristo Das Pal Bahadur, Companion of the Indian Empire, by placing in a very prominent site in this city a statue to remind his countrymen of the invaluable services he rendered to them, and the exemplary qualities that he displayed during a distinguished career, prematurely shortened when he was in the prime of life. The unfortunate delay that has taken place in carrying out the intentions of the public meeting of January 1885, has contracted the circle of those who, by personal acquaintance with him, had the highest claim to estimate his character as a journalist and a public man—as one associated with our Government without being what is known as an official. It is under such circumstances, and in that capacity, that I have been called upon to take a prominent part in these proceedings. The interval of nearly ten years which have passed away since the premature death of Rai Kristo Das Pal, in July 1884, at the age of 45 years, requires a longer address from me than would otherwise have been necessary. I must ask your indulgence if I fail in accomplishing the task set before me, for I feel, from the high qualities shown by this very distinguished gentleman as a citizen, as a journalist, as a statesman, and above all as a true patriot, I have undertaken a duty which, in spite of my high admiration and respect for him, I cannot properly discharge.

Rai Kristo Das Pal had by birth or fortune no advantages to enter the battle of life. He was born in 1839, of a family of respectability but of no high social rank, and in somewhat indigent circumstances. He was a pupil in what is now known as the Oriental Seminary, which he left when fourteen years of age. From this early age his education was somewhat desultory, and was the result of his own indomitable thirst for knowledge and a determination to take that position amongst his countrymen which his innate force of character dictated. After a course of private study he joined the Hindu Metropolitan College, which he left in 1857. He had therefore not the benefit of a carefully designed system of education, culminating in a degree of the University, which is now so easily attainable by the present generation. It is

not for me to discuss the present system of education, but I think that I may fairly ask you to consider whether the high qualities which Rai Kristo Das Pal exhibited in after life were not essentially developed by the determination which he displayed to supplement a less regular and less elaborate education than is now available by continuous study and labour to the end of his days. He was not one of those who consider their education to be complete when they leave school and commence life.

The natural inclination of his mind was shown in his boyhood. I find that from his earliest days he sought distinction as a speaker in debating societies, and wrote on subjects attracting public attention. He soon became a regular contributor to the *Hindoo Patriot*, of which the celebrated Babu Harish Chunder Mookerjee was the editor, and eventually on that gentleman's death he succeeded to that office, retaining it for twenty-three years until his own death in 1884. At the same time he became Assistant Secretary to the British Indian Association, and in 1879 was appointed Secretary. In these ways his merits were recognised by his educated countrymen, for I believe that I am correct in stating that the British Indian Association at that time contained amongst its members all the principal gentlemen of rank, education, or fortune in Bengal, and it was a distinction that one like Kristo Das Pal, who had no claims from social position to belong to that body, should be chosen to fill so prominent a place amongst them in their deliberations, and in the expression of their opinions. The distinction, too, was enhanced by the early age at which it was attained. On the creation of a Municipality for Calcutta in 1863, Rai Kristo Das Pal was appointed one of the first of the Municipal Commissioners and a Justice of the Peace of this City. In 1872 he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council of Bengal, and in 1882 a Fellow of the Calcutta University. As a Municipal Commissioner, as a Legislative Councillor, and as a Fellow of the Calcutta University he took a very prominent part in the proceedings of those bodies. At the Imperial Assemblage held at Delhi on 1st June 1887, the title of Rai Bahadur was conferred upon, and in the following year he was invested with the dignity of a Companion of the Indian Empire.

Finally, in 1883, he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council of the Government of India as the nominee of the British Indian Association, but to the misfortune of this Government and of this country his brilliant career was too soon ended by his untimely death on 24th July 1884.

Such is the man whose memory we to-day desire to perpetuate by a monument which shall remind future generations of his countrymen of the lessons to be derived from the brilliant career of Rai Kristo Das Pal; how the greatness which, by his own sheer merit, he achieved can alone be attained; and how such talents as he displayed can be best employed for the benefit of this country and the improvement and advancement of its inhabitants.

I will ask you to consider Rai Kristo Das Pal as a statesman and politician, as a literary man and journalist, and as a citizen and patriot. The walks in life of each career may be different, but in all you will find the same prevailing spirit. As a man he was, to my own knowledge and experience, the most modest in disposition. Pretension or display was foreign, if not obnoxious, to him as one of nature's gentlemen. Still he had the courage of his own convictions, and did not hesitate to assert them on suitable occasions. There were few, if any, subjects connected with India that he had not thoroughly mastered by a careful study of details and long thought. He had the great advantage of free intercourse with many high officials, all of whom in turn fully recognised the benefits of his society. He knew the value of time, and therefore every one felt that a visit from Rai Kristo Das was not a barren complimentary visit, but that it would give rise to the discussion of some public subject in which benefit would accrue to both from the interchange of views. This was the man as I knew him, and as I believe he was generally understood.

As a statesman and politician his services were most valuable. Thoroughly independent, and outspoken in the expression of his opinions, he was temperate in his utterances, avoiding invective or vituperation. He was thoroughly loyal to the British Government, and always recognised the benefits it had conferred on this country. At the same time he was anxious to correct and improve our administration. His own individual opinions were no doubt in advance of those that he publicly expressed, but he had the good sense to know that all reform, to be salutary and lasting in its benefits, must be gradual, and that useful reform should not be revolutionary. But I will not detain you further on this subject. The proceedings of the Legislative Councils both of India and Bengal are lasting memorials of his usefulness as a statesman and politician, and successive members of Government of the highest rank have abundantly recognised this on several public occasions.

As a literary man and journalist, Rai Kristo Das Pal will always stand pre-eminent amongst his countrymen, even though he followed the celebrated Babu Harish Chunder Mookerjee. The appearance of the *Hindoo Patriot*, like that of its contemporary *Friend of India*, used week by week to be eagerly looked for because it was certain to contain one or more thoughtful and well-written articles on some public subject of the day. In neither, not even in what I may term a native paper edited by a Bengali, was it certain on which side the opinion would be expressed. Disapproval of the action of Government or of any particular official was not vituperative. Honesty of purpose was never readily doubted, and if impugned, it was on facts which, if correctly stated, might admit of this grave accusation. Information in sensational cases was not eagerly accepted and acted upon, but was carefully examined and was then accurately expressed. No one in my experience was more ready than Rai Kristo Das Pal to express regret for any misrepresentation of the conduct of any public officer. These are all high qualities in

any journalist, and especially in a journalist in this country, where misrepresentation and abuse of public officers and their motives are so prevalent and are so recklessly made. The example of Rai Kristo Das Pal, Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot*, is one therefore that calls for our strongest approbation, and we trust that the statue which is now erected will serve to induce others to follow strictly in his footsteps as a sure guide to permanent success and fame.

It remains for me to bring before you Rai Kristo Das Pal as a citizen and patriot. His services as Municipal Commissioner during the earliest days of the Municipality were of the greatest benefit to his fellow-citizens. Those amongst us who can recollect those days, cannot have forgotten his devotion to his duties. Nothing was too insignificant or too laborious for him to undertake, and whatever he did undertake he thoroughly worked out. The testimony of Chairmen, often opposed to him in the course of debates, has been publicly expressed as to the value of his labours as a Municipal Commissioner. When in agreement he was a tower of strength, and when in opposition he was always found to be a fair, but still a very dangerous opponent. His complete mastery of details, and the forcible and clear manner in which he invariably expressed himself, established him from the first as the most prominent member of the Municipality. His fellow-citizens have therefore good reason for thus expressing their gratitude for his services in that capacity.

As a patriot his labours on behalf of his countrymen at large, and particularly those in Bengal, have not been surpassed. There was no case of injustice that he would not heartily take up; in the discussion of every public measure during his public life he took the most prominent part, and in every movement of reform, whether social or political, he was an active partisan, but he exercised his strong influence in repressing much that was impracticable, or only calculated to prove embarrassing to good government. He thoroughly identified himself with the Government of Bengal administered by his intimate friend the late Sir Ashley Eden, by whom the value of his advice and knowledge of native feelings was fully appreciated. Such relations, however, with high officers of Government taken with his refusal to identify himself with those who promoted ill-considered and impracticable reforms, naturally provoked ungenerous criticism of his motives and conduct as a patriot. The time has now come when a more sober and just judgment can be formed, and at the present day, amongst all classes, there is a feeling of regret that his sound experience and earnest advocacy are lost to us in the discussion of many public matters which have arisen since his untimely death. Though of an humble caste, he was, in spite of a thorough English education, a strict Hindu. Still he was far from intolerant of the religions and prejudices of others. His prevailing principle was to respect the religious feelings of others in the same way as he demanded respect for his own. Such sympathies are rare in this country.

I hope that, as an old friend and as a great admirer of Rai

Kristo Das Pal, I may be forgiven for having detained you so long. I feel that there is much that I have left unsaid—much that I should have expressed more appropriately—which is due to the honour of this distinguished Bengali gentleman. The statue which I now ask your Excellency graciously to unveil will serve to remind us of his familiar features, but we cannot but regret that the cold marble will fail to place before us the brightness, good temper and intelligence which we can still recall.

BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL
INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

ON March 8, a meeting was specially summoned by her Excellency Lady Harris at Government House, Bombay, at which the Bombay Branch of the National Indian Association was re-organised. Lady Harris opened the proceedings, and after some discussion, in which Mr. M. Bhowuggree, C.I.E., and Mr. R. M. Sayani took part, a working Committee was appointed as follows: President, H.E. Lady Harris, C.I.; Vice-President, Mrs. E. T. Candy; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. D. R. Chichgar; Hon. Sec., Mrs. Dimmock; Members, Miss Abbott, Khan Bahadur Byramjee Dadabhoy, Mr. D. D. Ghandy, Mr. Babaji Gopal, Mrs. Walter Hughes, Mr. M. H. Hakim, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart., Mr. and Mrs. Cowasji Jehangir, Mrs. Goldwyer Lewis, and Mr. Tribhowandass Mangaldas Nathoobhoy. It was decided to invite the following gentlemen also to be members of the Committee: The Honble. Mr. Justice Candy, Surgeon-Major H. P. Dimmock, Mr. G. Cotton, and Mr. Budrudin Tyabji. We have further to report that at the annual general meeting of the Ladies' Branch held on March 27, under the presidency of H.E. Lady Harris, it was resolved that the Ladies' Branch be amalgamated with the General Branch; its funds transferred to the general funds; and that a sub-committee be formed entirely of ladies for visiting schools, hospitals &c., also that arrangements for *purdah* parties, &c., be now undertaken by the General Branch.

REVIEWS.

TWO NOBLE LIVES. By AUGUSTUS HARE. (E. Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road.)

ONE of the most popular books of this winter in London has been "The Story of Two Noble Lives," recording the histories of two sisters, who were noble in character as well as in the narrow and technical sense of the word: for their birth, connexions, and marriages brought them into relationship and into intercourse with a great number of the Peerage, with many of the most distinguished members of Society, both at home and abroad, and with Royalty itself. The book is principally composed of letters from these two ladies and from their mother (wife of Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart of Rothesay, a Diplomatist and Ambassador), and from journals. The younger sister, Marchioness of Waterford, lived for the greater part of her married life (untimely cut short by the death of her husband in the hunting field) in Ireland, devoted to efforts for benefiting the people among whom her lot was cast, and to Art, in which she displayed great and original talent and much imaginative and devout feeling. She died in 1891, and the memory of her goodness still lingers in the neighbourhoods of Ford Castle, Northumberland, and of High Cliff, Hants, where her widowed years were spent; while that of her talents has been kept alive by recent exhibitions of her remarkable drawings.

The other sister, Lady Canning, was a more prominent figure in the social world. When she married, Lord Canning was in office, and she herself was attached to the Queen's household for some years. Many still living remember her handsome features and dignified gracious bearing. The principal and most interesting portion of this book deals with that part of her life which was spent in India, where she accompanied her husband, "following like a dog," she says, but not taking any part in his decision as to accepting the post of Governor-General. From thence she wrote copious journal-letters to her friends in England, and those relating to the Mutiny, and to the part that Lord Canning took in dealing with it,

are of historic interest, as shedding some further light on this most troubled period of Indian history, which contains many tales of bravery and endurance, but perhaps none of greater heroism than that of the Governor-General, who maintained a calm and just course, undisturbed by the violence of panic fears around him in India, and by the clamours of party spirit, political and religious, in England.

“ Who doomed to go in company with Pain
 And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
 In face of these doth exercise a power,
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives—
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate—
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, bad or good, for humankind
 Is happy as a lover and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
 And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.”

A few extracts that reveal the interior of Government House both in its lighter and heavier aspects during this period may be acceptable to those who have not time or opportunity to read the book itself, which, it may be said, does not err on the side of brevity.

How many Englishwomen can realise and sympathise with Lady Canning's first impressions of Calcutta !

March 3.—There is nothing Eastern or picturesque here. It is like the Regent's Park—large and good houses, and, as far as I have seen, not a particle of Indian architecture. Only the dark faces and white clothes tell where one is. The equipages are quaint : every creature has a carriage and a turbaned coachman and runners. Nothing surprises me more than the *green* view. A very pretty bit of garden exists just under my windows ; then as far as the eye can reach I see the course covered with short green turf and quantities of small cattle, like the ugly part of Hyde Park. It is very hot, indeed, for many hours of the day. Usually, the mornings are cloudy, and there is heavy dew. Then, from six to eight, one is glad to shut the Venetian shutters—later, the glass windows even are shut. The least exertion, such as walking up and down the colonnade, which I have done every evening with Canning at sunset, puts one into the “*nadando in sudor*” state. There is rather less bother than I expected in the way of a tail of servants following one about. I do not think I have ever described

the procession. I am not sure that I do not regret creaking footmen. These gliding people come to stand by one, and will wait an hour with their eyes fixed on one, and their hands joined as if to say their prayers if you do not see them, and one is quite startled to find them patiently waiting when one looks round.

March 7.—Canning is very busy, and I am very idle. If I am rather moped just now after our cheerful journey; it will not last, for I must have some interests in time. Now I am cramming all Indian subjects, of which I still feel deplorably ignorant. I am sure I shall like being here. It will always be full of interest, but just at first it is *flat* to be such a fish out of water, to see nothing, to hear nothing, to understand nothing.

March 19.—It is not very easy to keep up my old habit of going to church twice on a Sunday, and I have to give it up on Wednesdays and Fridays, it is such an affair. My equipage is always the carriage and four and four body-guards and runners and a jemadar by way of footman. It is a great plague, but is following precedents, and my personal independence is quite at an end. Riding is the pleasant thing to do here. The drives are very wearisome. It is provoking to feel so utterly useless, while Canning works like a horse. Mrs. Anson complains she has not even the house-bills to look at. That is "*le cadet de mes regrets*," but I should like to be good for something.

May 3.—You cannot imagine the odd feeling it is to me to be so entirely and completely idle, and I am, perhaps, more idle than I need be, but in the dim light (in my room shut with venetians) I have no wish to draw, and all the open doors make me shy about playing on a rather bad pianoforte and singing to the sentry, the jemadars, six bearers, two bheesties, three punkahwallahs, etc., and a great many more people than that within hearing.

Graphic descriptions of the rainy season at Calcutta, and the beauty of the skies, the plague of the damp, and the insects follow, also a good deal as to the charms of Barrackpore, its trees, plants, and flowers. In December, she sums up her social experience thus:—

December 18.—It is quite a mistake to suppose the society here *bad*; even flirting is very rare and of the mildest description, and I really believe hardly any woman but *me* goes out riding without her husband. It is really a very proper place; its greatest sin is its intense dulness, with some frivolity of a dull kind too. People here are not inclined to toady; on the contrary, they are rather independent and more like republicans: but still the influence and example of the Governor-General is very great, and Government House is looked up to as the authority for everything to a degree which is astonishing. People, you say, told you that I have done good and have influence. I am not in the slightest degree aware of it, and not conscious that I have done anything but lead a more selfish and idle life than I ever did before in all my days; but that

it should ever be *said* rather shows what I mean of the way this establishment is the centre of everything. We call this a large society, but it really is not so. Everyone knows who everybody is, except just the newcomers and people passing through. It is one of the curious things never to see middle-class or poor people, except very dark half-castes, and natives. A white woman on foot is almost an unknown sight; in a street quite unknown; on a cool evening a few, but very rarely, walk on the course. So no wonder we all know each other's faces and everybody knows what everybody does. Gossiping and evil-speaking is very common I am told, so, if there is bad to tell it comes out soon enough. No one is intimate enough to gossip to me, so I cannot speak from experience.

January 29.—I had my second little ball, which was very successful. Full five hundred people were asked and all came but about thirty who were away, and it was very gay and pretty, and even the serious gave themselves dispensations to come. I don't at all know why, unless that they had no sitting down supper. My private history now gives very little to tell. I have my usual dusty rides or drives, and there is almost an end of any novelty in the sights that naturally come before me.

Then comes the first rumble of the storm.

February 11.—The General at Barrackpore made a good little speech to the Sepoys of the regiment, who are supposed to be rather disappointed on account of the new Minié cartridges, of which they complain, on the ground that the grease used in making them up is beef suet, and that they cannot touch. There have been mysterious fires at all the places where detachments of this regiment have been quartered.

On April 8, she writes of the disbanding of the 19th Regiment as rather an anxious business, and could add—

April 22nd.—All our Sepoy troubles are over. People here were very cowardly over the whole business, but now one regiment is disbanded, and the other has returned to a better frame of mind. C. was very firm, and kept to all his arrangements, though many alarmists tried over and over to make him change them.

May 12.—I returned this evening from Barrackpore, having gone there for two days, a little grumbling at C. for not giving himself even the semblance of a holiday, but I found things not so quiet as when I had gone away. A telegram had come telling of a violent outbreak of the 3rd Cavalry at Meerut. It told of burning houses and fighting, and that the men had escaped towards Delhi, and that they had released their comrades.

May 13.—In the morning, a merchant brought a quantity of native ornaments for us to choose from to be sent to the Treasury as presents. C. came up to breakfast and quickly made a choice, and sent the man away, and soon put all such frivolities out of my head by showing me a terrible telegraph from Mr. Colvin, Lieut.-

Governor at Agra, and, later, came a far worse telegraph, saying the King of Delhi had sent over to Agra to say the regiments had sided with the insurgents, and that the town was in their hands. The report that all Europeans were murdered was confirmed.

May 15.—I went to-day to see if C. would come to early church with me in the Fort, and found him resting, after having been up nearly all night. About 1.30 a.m. there had arrived from Barrackpore General Hearsey's son, with a letter to the Military Secretary, Colonel Birch, to say he had positive information that the brigade was to rise next morning. It was to be at four, and they would probably march on Calcutta. After all that had occurred elsewhere, he felt bound to take all precautions and give notice, and he had sent off a steamer to fetch the Highlanders from Chinsurah, and sent his son to give us warning. Colonel Birch had the Fort roused, and ordered down the body-guard to the house. The General's note was brought to C., who made all the staff get up, and sent off one of them to prevent the body-guard from coming here, ordering it off instead to Barrackpore, where it might do good, and would cause no panic. The 37th was also sent there, and then—nothing happened. I found the congregation looking placid and undisturbed, but the two colonels were called away in the sermon, and, when I arrived at home again, as I expected, they were shut up in conference with C.

May 25.—Queen's Birthday. The morning guns from the fort and steamer woke me, and I listened for the salute at real daylight, and hurried to a south window to try and see what happened at the *feu de joie*. The Queen's 53rd was drawn up like a red wall on the rampart facing this way, and the native regiment in its white-summer clothing continued the line. The dotted line of flashes went duly from end to end long before I could hear the sound; but I knew then all had gone rightly—it would have been a disagreeable occasion for punishing. And so passed this much-dreaded Birthday. The ball was a very fair one, considering all the absurd stories circulated to frighten away guests. The respectable and serious made a point of coming, and a number of natives, very few Armenians or half-castes. They are thoroughly frightened. We were asked if the European guard of honour should wait below after presenting arms as we came into the room, but this was not to be thought of, and everything was done exactly as usual. Of all occasions, such a ball was the most absurd on which to expect an attack, with all the officers armed and the enemy obliged to come up two pair of stairs in search of us. I believe about 650 people came.

On July 4, after many of the worst scenes of the Mutiny, she could write to Lady Sydney:—

You ask me a very home question—if it was worth while to come here and go through all, &c. What would you say now? I think both before and after this crisis my answer would be the same. I never wished the Governor-Generalship to be offered to

Canning, and I think he did very happily at home, and I hated leaving all my own people and friends. But I did not at all object to leaving my monotonous London life, and I took great delight in all the novelty of impressions on coming to a new country, and, as far as I have been able to lay hands on information of things going on, I have been most exceedingly interested. Of late it has been painful, and anxious, and terrible; but I do not know anything I should dislike more than to be told C—— would not have two or three more years here, so that he might see India again prosperous and on the way to good order.

July 26.—C—— has objected to a publicly-proclaimed Day of Humiliation all over the country, and has requested the Bishop to write a prayer for all services to be read for a long time to come. For, indeed, it is a continuing state of humiliation we are in, and though one such day in England would be right, it would, for obvious reasons, be objectionable and even dangerous here. The Bishop's Prayer is a very good one. He preached on Hab. i. 12, but I could not agree in his list of sins we had to repent of. Except private sins and not showing a good example, I do not know what there is in which Government is not conscientiously and honestly trying to do good, and that good bores the natives very much; they certainly liked the old style of neglect far better. The great outcry here, especially in newspapers, is that brown faces are preferred to white, and that they are petted and indulged, and Government will not listen to anything said against them.

August 2.—We had a dinner of a few refugees in the evening. Almost every one in all their dreadful histories has to tell of a kind Rajah or faithful servant, and now and then even of a Sepoy. There is a spirit of revenge abroad which is dreadful. I always say, "Let us be severe and punish, but not unjustly; and above all, let us be as unlike these monsters as possible and not copy them." But the things people say they would like to do would be quite as bad as the acts of the Nana.

September 24.—I do not know how unpopular C. may be. The burthen of all abuse in newspapers is always the case—leniency to natives! and that means an accusation for which they consider that recall in irons would be a faint punishment.

After Delhi had fallen and Lucknow had been relieved.

November 9.—There is a petition for C.'s recall. Do not be alarmed at it. All that man can do C. did, and if it had to be done again I do not think there would be the least difference, except in one or two trifles which they have not cried out about.

November 12.—We had a very large dinner again, many officers. I try to have some from every regiment that passes through, for I shall never cease regretting that we missed seeing General Neill, and who knows but one of these Colonels may prove as remarkable as he was. We are wondering whether there has been a proper rejoicing in England over the fall of Delhi. We could not make a demonstration here, because it was not politic to make it such

a triumph. In many places salutes were fired, but not authorised from hence.

November 24.—Numbers of troops arrive now. The natives wonder where they come from, and have got an impression that the sea is “spawning” them, and they cease to think the same are landed and re-embarked again, as they said at first. I only hope a charge of Highlanders frightened them as much as it did my horse and my horse—me. You will be amused to think how intensely military we have become.

December 4.—Read papers from England, and had my patience sorely tried. I wish people would use their own wits to understand these directions to civil officers, and not take the foolish Calcutta newspaper interpretation of them. They do not in the slightest degree restrain the military power, but make civilians hand over all Sepoys *not* taken with arms in their hands—*i.e.*, all Sepoys pretending to be harmless and innocent, to be dealt with by *military* authorities, or imprisoned till the opportunity occurs of sending them to be examined. Civilians delight in military duties above their own, and *this* rather keeps them to their own work, except in cases not doubtful. Then burning villages should not be such a common punishment. It ought only to be done where heinous offences were committed, not merely where a little “loot” was found. See Sir Charles Napier on that subject, and the fondness of civilians for that practice. Strict stern justice, we all agree, is a necessity; but I cannot see the wisdom or righteousness of injustice, and these rules were only to prevent very various punishments and cases of injustice. I do not think the objects of “Canning’s clemency” will much delight in it—it is not at all in the style of mercy and very like the hardest and strictest justice. People here would like every Sepoy to be hanged at least, whether for his deeds or his thoughts. If one mildly observes that the men at Barrackpore, who have never been out of our sight, did not share in the massacres 500 or 600 miles off, people say, “Oh! but in their hearts they approved, and would like to do the same by us.” That is the sort of speech one often hears.

December of that year brought the welcome addition to the Government House party of Colonel Stuart (a cousin of Lord Canning’s) and his wife, and they wrote home particulars of their arrival. How—

Bowing red men with joined hands awaited us at the door, and then we were ushered up to the drawing-room, and there in clear muslin was a *thin*, slight, pale lady Sahib, with eyes gleaming with welcome. She did, indeed, receive us with heartfelt cordiality and affection. Lord Canning came upstairs to our top-of-the-house apartments to see me, and after he went down Char. stayed and talked and talked and kept saying, “You *must* be so tired; but *don’t* send me away. I have not talked like this for ages; even letters seem nothing now.”

And—

There is now an European picquet every night at Government House ; but it was long—and, in fact, not until the panic was over—before Lord Canning would allow this precaution for his safety to be taken. It cannot be denied that, with the fine object of showing confidence, he exposed himself to real danger, though Charlotte, fully as gallant as her husband, will not allow that he did.

Lord Canning had to endure much criticism and want of sympathy in England, both on the score of too great and too little leniency towards the Indians. This culminated in a so-called “Secret Dispatch,” published in England ere it could reach the Governor-General in India, and censuring in harsh and insulting terms Lord Canning’s proclamation. His wife writes :—

Bangalore, June 28, 1858.—I have only just heard from C. since all the excitement on the publication of the Secret Dispatch became known to him. He seems never to have doubted or hesitated for an instant as to the course he should take, and I am delighted to find it is exactly what I hoped it would be. You will find that he writes home defending his proclamation, and that he remains here, carrying out the same policy he has held hitherto, and leaves it to the Government to recall him and send someone else if they are not pleased.

Simla is thus described :—

May 5, 1860.—This place is very like a watering place, but we keep to our quiet end of it and private walks. I do not very much like the place, for I get so bored at the sameness of the roads, always with what we call here a Khud (a sort of earthy rocky precipice of hill-side, hundreds of feet down), and a wall of the same above.

Calcutta, July 26.—I am very glad to be home again. We have no idea who is to be our successor. Everything is quiet now, but it is hard work, especially with the new finance, and if there comes a scarcity with the drought, matters will complicate sadly. The Council has again dwindled to very few workers, but C. is in hopes that changes in its constitution will soon be made, which will give enormous relief of work, and make it more like an English Cabinet.

August 21, 1860.—I fear our hopes of being home in the spring have dwindled to nothing. It is a terrible disappointment, but there is much doing and to be done, and it is quite evident that they mean C. to stay on, at any rate over next season. I am leading the usual monotonous life, and it is hot again now between rains. I repair drawings, read, write, and drive. Soon I must make the round of the schools. You will have heard from others that it is only too probable that we stay on for a good part of next year; in

fact, till it is cool and pleasant enough for a successor to come out. I cannot tell you what a disappointment it was to give up counting the months; now they would have dwindled to six.

May 17, 1861.—Our Drawing Room is to be on the Queen's birthday, and I believe full dress will be understood to mean feathers and lappets over and above usual finery. It is getting very hot, and a great many people are ill. It is very curious to see how badly people stand it who arrive here after fifty. Fifty counts as young in England and very old here, where there are not three people older than myself.

July 31.—I hope soon to coax C—— to Barrackpore again. I shall be quite low at parting with that really nice place, and have greatly enjoyed there the command of a really tropical garden, where one orders all sorts of hothouse flowers in groves and hedges, and thickets. I have literally a double hedge of poinsettia, which will be in a month or two a scarlet walk, and one of dark blue ipomea. The new comers will, I think, find the garden worth seeing. I can think of nothing but the joy of getting home."

On the 26th of August, Lady Canning gave a very large party at Government House in honour of Sir Hugh Rose, who had been that day invested with the "Star of India," the new order created by Lord Canning's suggestion for services rendered to the Indian Empire, and for which Lady Canning had suggested the motto, "Heaven's Light our Guide." It was the last time she ever appeared in public. A journey to the hills at Darjeeling, which place she thoroughly enjoyed, and whence she brought quantities of plants with a view to their adornment of an English home, ended in an attack of fever, which, in her last letter, she mentions as having completely knocked her up; but she adds, anticipating Lord Canning's return from holding a Durbar at Allahabad, "I expect Carlo to-morrow morning, and that is the best restorative." He did return in time for a few words and a few more loving looks, but she presently sank into insensibility, and died on Nov. 18, 1861, in her 45th year. She lies buried in the beautiful grounds of Barrackpore, which she had liked so well and ornamented so much; and Lord Canning survived her but seven months, returning to England in March 1862, and being buried in Westminster Abbey on June 21st of the same year.

MARY HOBHOUSE.

INDIA'S PRINCES : Short Sketches of the Native Rulers of India. By M. GRIFFITH. London : W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd., 1894.

THE frequent visits which Indian Princes have recently paid to this country have awakened considerable interest in them, and in the countries and peoples which they represent. In order to gratify that laudable curiosity, a very handsome volume has just been published by Allen & Co., which offers an account of twenty-two of the more important subsidiary kingdoms of India, and has furthermore embellished that account with reproductions of photographs of the rulers themselves, and of many persons, places, and objects alluded to in the course of the narrative. The places described and illustrated are Kashmir, Patiala, Kapurthalla, Udaipur, Jeypore, Jodhpur, Alwar, Bhartpur, Indore, Gwalior, Bhopal, Baroda, Kachh, Kolhapur, Junahgarh, Bhawnagar, Dhrangadra, Morvi, Gondal, Haidarabad, Mysore, and Travancore. It will be seen that all the great independent States of India are passed in review. The narrative is interesting and judicious, all controversial matters being wisely left unnoticed. A short account of the origin of each State is given, some notices of its history and enlargements or contractions, the source and succession of its rulers, and a particular account of the reigning Prince, and his relations to the Predominant Power. The countries are taken geographically passing from north to south, an arrangement which has the advantage of placing first on the list the virtuous and noble-hearted Maharajah of Kashmir. The author has satisfaction in recording the general prosperity of the Native States, and the advantages which the reigning Princes have derived from their English training. The readiness with which the peasantry of the border-lands transfer themselves from British to Native territory affords some confirmation of this opinion ; but when the author tells us that in the "model state" of Travancore "the condition of the people is being gradually ameliorated," and that some protection is being afforded to "the weak against the strong and unscrupulous," our confidence somewhat abates. It is pleasant to hear that the Nizam, while enjoying a week's hunt, "became acquainted with some of his subjects with whom he at times entered into conversation, and showed a much appreciated and kindly interest in their welfare." This is encouraging, and disposes us to anticipate the assurance that, "so far,

the affairs of Hyderabad are in a satisfactory and progressive condition. The Nizam continues to fulfil the expectations of the British Government, and to reign over his many subjects with justice and wisdom, and he is greatly beloved by all."

It would have been well had the author got some friend to check the technical details, and then we should not have found "Kashuf" for "Kashap," and "Butshikan" for "Bakhshi Khan," and "Rhanbir" for "Ranbir," and we should not have been told that Arjun was the second Sikh Guru when he was the fifth; or that the Sikhs call "their sacred books *Granthi*," the names of which are *Adi Granth* and *Daswen Padshāhī*. It is not remarkable that the present ruler of Alwar is the first of that State to receive the Star of India when we remember that the Order was instituted in 1861, and he ascended the throne in 1874. It is amazing to find that the Vazir of Junahgarh gave "150,000 crores" for the erection of a school when it is remembered that that sum represents £150,000,000 sterling. What is probably meant is "rupees," not "crores"; but even a lākh and a-half of rupees would be a large sum for a school. Such mistakes as these disfigure an otherwise good book. There can be no doubt that much interesting matter is given by the writer, and the portraits and illustrations, of which there are more than one hundred and twenty, will be greatly esteemed by those who possess the volume.

F. PINCOTT.

SATHI ; OR, THE COMPANION.—We have received the first nine issues of "Sathi," an illustrated monthly Magazine published in Calcutta. It is written entirely in Bengali, and is mainly intended for the amusement and instruction of the Bengali boys and girls. The Magazine contains biographies of eminent men, and discourses on scientific subjects, written in a style to be easily understood by young folks, as well as many amusing instructive stories, pervaded by a very high moral tone : its language is good and clear. We feel sure that it highly merits the encouragement which it has received from the Director of Public Instruction in Bengal. We wish the paper every success, and trust the parents and guardians of Bengali children will give it the support that it so richly deserves.

N. C. D.

NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

MEMORIALS OF OLD HAILEYBURY COLLEGE. By F. C. Danvers, Sir M. Monier-Williams, Sir S. C. Bayley, Percy Wigram, the late Brand Sapté, and other contributors. Numerous Illustrations and Plans. 4to. 21s. net. (A. Constable & Co.)

THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES: Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. 3 Vols., 31s. 6d. (George Allen.)

LIFE OF SIR HOPE GRANT, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Lieut.-Col. Henry Knollys, R.A. Portrait and Illustrations, Maps and Plans. 8vo. 21s. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

SIR THOMAS MUNRO, AND THE BRITISH SETTLEMENT OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY. By the late John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D. (*Rulers of India.*) 2s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)

INDIA'S PRINCES: Short Sketches of the Native Rulers of India. By Mrs. M. Griffith. With 22 Portraits and other Illustrations. 4to. 21s. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

THE MUHAMMADANS, 1001-1761 A.D. With 3 Maps. (*Epochs of Indian History.*) 2s. 6d. (Longmans & Co.)

AN ORIENTAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY — Founded on Materials collected by the late T. W. Beale. By H. G. Keene, C.I.E. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Royal 8vo. 28s. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

THE LIFE OF SIR HARRY PARKES, K.C.B. By Stanley Lane-Pool and F. V. Dickins. With Map. 25s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE IMAGE OF WAR; or, Service in the Chin Hills. By Surgeon-Capt. A. G. E. Newland. Numerous Photographic Illustrations. 31s. 6d. (W. Thacker & Co.)

THE CITY OF SUNSHINE. By Alexander Allardyce. New and Revised Edition. 6s. (W. Blackwood & Son.)

CLEAR ROUND! Seeds of Story from other Countries (including India). By E. A. Gordon. With Maps and Illustrations. 7s. 6d. (S. Low & Co.)

THE QUEEN'S DESIRE: a Romance of the Indian Mutiny. 2s. (F. V. White & Co.)

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH. By E. Mitchell. (An Indian Story.) 6s. (Hutchinson.)

THE FLOWERING PLANTS OF WESTERN INDIA. By A. K. Nairne. 7s. 6d. net. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

THE SYNTAX AND IDIOMS OF HINDUSTANI: A Manual of the Language. By M. Kempson. Second Edition, enlarged. 6s. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MUHAMMADAN LAW. By Sir R. K. Wilson, Bart. 7s. 6d. (W. Thacker & Co.)

ON THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF BHARATAVARSA. By Gustav Oppert, Ph.D. (A. Constable & Co.)

CLIMBING AND EXPLORATION IN THE KARAKORUM HIMALAYAS. By W. M. Conway. 31s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

MARRIAGE IN SIKKIM.

WHERE the caste system is in full force, there is a class of men called match-makers, whose profession is to negotiate for marriage between any two parties of the same caste, and of similar rank. But Sikkim is a Buddhistic country, and consequently it is conspicuous for the absence of any such system as that, if for nothing else. As in other countries, no marriage is effected here when the persons to be united happen to be persons of unequal rank. The match-makers are called *Bar-mi*. It is their duty to go to the maiden's place with the present of wine, the candidate for her hand accompanying them. On their way thereto if they come across anything ominous, say, an empty vessel, they will retrace their steps. An empty vessel is regarded in no better light by the orthodox Hindus in Bengal, but these would set out a few minutes after, be their object what it might. This present of wine is called *Nang-chang*. The accepting of it by the bride's party goes far to ensure the

proposed marriage, which is generally celebrated a year after. In Sikkim none else than the maternal uncle (*Ashang*) of the bride has a hand in the matter. It is he alone of all others who may at his own pleasure reject or accept the proposal, as the case may be. They therefore try their best and utmost to ingratiate him by giving him as sumptuous an entertainment as the means of the bridegroom's party command and place at their disposal. Having got his consent, they fix with her parents the price of the bride, which is generally four ponies, a pony being worth there Rs. 50 only, and a present of three different articles. It should be noted here that among the upper ten, the middle classes, and the poor ones, her price is variously estimated—*i.e.*, 18 ponies, 12 ponies, and one pony respectively. The nobility have, besides, to come forward with presents of a gold *mohar*, eight ounces of silver, a silk robe, a matchlock, a robe of thick Thibetan serge, a wrapper, a milch cow with a calf, and a silk scarf of superior quality; the middle-class people give five different articles of their own choosing; while their poor brethren give a pig or a sheep, killed. At the house of the parents of the bride the marriage is celebrated on an auspicious day fixed by them. They are paid Rs. 5 by each of the contracting parties. In the pre-marriage and post-betrothal days the position of the bridegroom is not a whit better than that of a suppliant beggar.

When, after the wish of the maternal uncle of the bridegroom, the marriage ceremony is performed at a place intermediate between the houses of the two parties, as is not seldom the case, each of them contributes to the entertainments; but the greater share is borne by the bridegroom's party. Among other things a bull slaughtered for the purpose should be supplied by them. When the ceremony takes place at the house of the bride's parents, it is they who bear all the expenses necessary for an entertainment. And it takes place at or before the noon of the appointed day, when the officiating priest (*Khalenpa*)—one who has children, and is a man of easy means—thus delivers himself:—

“The three holies (Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha), the united body of the sainted Lamas, the spirit of the ten questions, the guardian gods and defenders of Buddhism, the four great spirit kings, the snowy mountain Himalaya, the divine keepers of the sacred places and sites, the tutelary deities and guardian angels, and such other gods and spirits, whom the parents of the bridegroom and the

bride propitiate, ye celestial beings! henceforth protect this married couple named! From this day, she will be his, and he will be hers. They will be eventually responsible to each other for their respective conduct. He will not allow her to be ravished, or seduced by another man, nor will she allow him to fall under the influence of another woman. He will not in any way deprive her of her personal property, nor will he allow other more or less powerful than himself to rob her of her personal effects. They are united this day in our presence, and ye gods and saints bear witness to their wedding." No sooner do they assent to this than he throws a fine white silk scarf on their heads. This being done, the other relations make suitable presents. This is called the first stage of marriage in Sikkim; but the consummation does not take place at least till a year after among the high classes, two years after among the middle classes, and among the low class people, marriage is optionally consummated within a shorter period, on the presentation of certain articles to the parents of the bride. On the day when the marriage is celebrated, the *Barni* are paid Rs. 5 only by each of the contracting parties and dismissed.

I have omitted other details, considering them as useless and uninteresting to those for whom this short paper has been written.

NAKUR CHANDRA BISVAS.

Kidderpore, Calcutta.

KINCHINJUNGA : *
A SONG OF SUNRISE ON THE HIMALAYAS.

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—

JOB xxxiii. 22.

KINCHINJUNGA,*
With thy bright battlements
Pointing heavenward
In the sun's glow;
The lofty, splendid,
Glittering gables
Of the treasure houses
Of the Lord of the Snow.

When the moon comes, gliding,
With silent footfall,
Across the heaven,
Thou dost reveal
Thy form, in the ghostly,
Shimmering, glimmering,
Blue, unearthly
Pallor of steel.

And jewels of opal,
Of tender changeful
Hues, the gnomes bear from
Thy vaults, and lay
Them out before her,
In loving homage,
Hoping to pleasure her
By the display.

* Kin-chin-jun-ga, signifies in Thibetan, "Group of snow treasuries." This is the name of the great snow mountain nearest Darjeeling—twice the height of Mount Blanc. Everest slightly exceeds it in height, but the latter is a single cone, while Kinchin-junga has several peaks, and is the most imposing mountain in the world.

When, to eastward,
Breaks the dawn, with
Cold and fitful,
Faint, grey light,
Straight the gnomes bury
The tender opals,
And the steel blue change they
To ashy white.

Then, as coy Ushas,*
With rosy fingers,
Draws the curtains
That screen her bed,
And steps forth, smiling,
The gnomes, to greet her,
Spread emeralds, sapphires
And rubies red.

Sparkling, gleaming,
Changing ere mortal
Eye can fix them,
Can mark the change ;
In the clear young morn they
Glance and vanish,
In transformations
Rare and strange.†

* Ushas : Homer's Rosy-fingered Eeôs—the dawn.

† I have attempted to describe the sunrise as I saw it. At about 4 a.m., with a full moon shining, the snows looked steel blue and wonderfully near. At length a faint streak appeared in the east, the steel blue turned to white, then, as the rosy dawn began to flush the east, a play of colours ensued, such as no man may describe ; then, as the rising sun topped the range of hills between Sikkhim and the Chumbi valley, his level rays, catching each snowy peak and jag, caused it to glow like a lamp, so that the contour lines of the hills seemed drawn in lines of fire. Then, as the sun went higher, all this died out, and the mountains stood again pure white. Dr. (Sir J. D.) Hooker wrote (*Himalaya Journals*, April 1894, Vol. 1, p. 123), "He" (the spectator) "is struck with the precision and sharpness of their" (the snowy mountains) "outlines, and still more with the wonderful play of colours on their snowy flanks, from the glowing lines, reflected in orange, gold, and ruby, from clouds illumined by the sinking or rising sun, to the ghastly pallor that succeeds twilight, when the red seems to give place to its complementary colour green. Such dissolving views elude all attempts at description ; they are far too ærial to be chained to the memory."

Then as out of the
 East, the fiery
 Team of the sun god
 Sudden upsprings,
 The guome-band treasures of
 Burnished gold, all
 Flaming and fiery,
 Hastes and brings.

Gilding each jagged,
 Glittering gable
 Of the treasure castle
 And pointed spire ;
 Till the mountain's contours
 Are limned, in long drawn,
 Glowing, glorious
 Lines of fire.

And the golden Lion,*
 Out to the right there,
 Wakes, as he feels the
 Keen rays run
 O'er mane and shoulder,
 And his fierce eyes glitter,
 As he feels the touch of
 The risen sun.

Then, as higher the sun leaps,
 The gold is hidden,
 And frosted silver
 Piled up, pure white,—
 Whiter and brighter
 And gleaming clearer
 Than what greeted the grey dawn,—
 For his delight.

These are the treasures
 Stored, in the lofty
 Turretted halls of
 The Lord of the Snow,
 Which to the moon and
 Dawn and sun his
 Vassals the gnomes toil
 Ever to show.

* Nara Singa, The Lion, is to the (spectator's) right of Kinchinjunga.

But men may only
 Still from far off,
 In awestruck wonder,
 The treasures behold ;
 May not draw near, for
 The mountain spirits
 Guard them with spells of
 Mortal cold.

But the sight so splendid
 Lifteth the heart up
 Of the beholder,
 Quickeneth his breath,
 With faint prevision
 Of glories, beyond the
 Portals, guarded
 By icy death.

M. R. WELD.

OLD LONDON.

ON April 11th, a meeting of the National Indian Association was held in the Indian Conference Room of the Imperial Institute, at which a Paper was read by Arthur E. Quekett, Esq., M.A., Oxon., on "London ; what a Visitor may learn of its History in a walk through its Streets." The Rt. Hon. Lord Hobhouse presided, and there was a large attendance. Much valuable and graphic information was given by the Lecturer in regard to the history of London from the early British and Roman times to those of the Saxons and the Normans, and further through the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts (including reminiscences of Shakspeare and Milton) up to the Great Fire of 1666, from which modern London may be said to date. The Chairman, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Lecturer, supplied some very interesting instances of the historical associations with which London abounds, in describing a walk of ten minutes in any direction from his own residence.

PUZZLES.

 AN ENIGMA.

I'd havc you to know, I'm the greatest Man
 In all the Queen's dominions,
 And let my foes say all they can,
 There can't be two opinions.

I'm the oldest too—and one might expect
 That greatness and age would command respect,
 Yet I'm daily kick'd, and trampled, and spit on
 In a way that might crush the boldest Briton :
 And all for no fault that I can tell,
 And just by the people who wish me well.

My manners, perhaps, may seem rather strange,
 But I can't, at my age, be expected to change.
 To all who know me it's perfectly clear,
 That I'm worth many hundreds of thousands a year ;
 Yet all the while it is equally known
 That I have not a sixpence to call my own.
 I have houses too, many well-built and warm ;
 Yet in summer and winter, in frost and in storm,
 By day and by night, hot or cold, wet or dry,
 There is never a roof between me and the sky.

My person might probably make you stare,
 For my arms are legs, and my feet are square ;
 So I never attempt to walk or to ride,
 But keep myself quietly by the sea-side.
 There you may find me—and say, if you can,
 That you ever before saw so great a Man.

C. R.

 RIDDLE.

My *first* denotes a company ;
 My *second* shuns a company ;
 My *third* calls a company ;
 My *whole* puzzles a company.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

AMERICAN PUZZLE.

I.

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

II.

The *lustre* of the moon's bright horns
 A *Sutler's ulster* grey adorns ;
 Leaves *rustle*, whisper, sing :
 " If to thy side the great thou *lurest*,
Rulest the strong, their aid securest,
 To thee such union the surest
Result of fight will bring." H.

ACROSTIC I.

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

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

1. I'm white, and brown, and soft, you see! 1.
 2. On many a shelf my name appears, 2.
 3. Respect me when I'm truly great, 3.
 4. The very moment for your deed, 4.
- But when he's old, of Him take heed. M.

Solution—MORN ; LARK.

1. M ea L
2. O per A
3. R ule R
4. N ic K

II.

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

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

AIRK.

Solution—PUNJAB ; LAHORE.

- | | | | |
|----|---|-------|---|
| 1. | P | ea | L |
| 2. | U | topi | A |
| 3. | N | ineve | H |
| 4. | J | ack | O |
| 5. | A | rche | R |
| 6. | B | oudag | E |

THE Acrostic in the February number calls to mind some verses by an eminent man of letters, touched and added to by another hand in order to make an individual portrait. They may be new and interesting to some of the readers of the *Indian Magazine & Review*.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

He found his work, but far behind
 Lay something that he could not find ;
 Deep springs of passion that can make
 A life sublime for other's sake,
 And lend to work the living glow
 That saints and bards and heroes know.
 Though not to him the light was given
 That clothes the earth with hues of heaven,
 Neither were his in later years
 Chill disenchantments, doubts and fears ;
 He missed the enthusiast's lofty cheer
 But never knew the cynic's sneer—

Trust in the people, while he knew
 Their faults, still strong and stronger grew.
 With certain step he kept the track
 And looked not far, but ne'er looked back—
 Duty still lived. He sought not far
 The "might be" in the things that are ;
 His eye caught no celestial strain,
 He dreamed of no millennium reign,
 Brave, true, unhoping, calm, austere,
 He laboured in a narrow sphere.
 Finding in work, his spirit's Need,
 A sure, if not a sanguine, creed.

Erratum.—In last month's solution of the Acrostic "Success and Failure," for Cabul read Cabal.

OBITUARY.

WE record with regret the death, on March 20th, at Hyères, of General Sir RICHARD MEADE, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., at the age of 73. He entered the Bengal Army in 1838, and in 1858 served with the force under Sir Hugh Rose in the Mutiny. The *Bombay Gazette* writes: "The energy with which he acted at Gwalior will be long remembered, and he was successful in bringing about the occupation of the palace of Scindia without bloodshed." At the close of the Mutiny he served in the pursuit of Tantia Topi, whom he succeeded in capturing. Soon afterwards he was appointed Agent to the Governor-General at Gwalior ; then for nine years he was Agent to the Governor-General for Central India at Indore. Later he was appointed in turn Chief Commissioner of Mysore and Coorg, Political Agent and Special Commissioner at Baroda, and Resident at Hyderabad. After holding these important posts during many years, Sir Richard Meade left India in 1881. He continued to take much interest in Indian matters, and occasionally presided at the lectures and discussions of the East India and the National Indian Associations. Last year, on account of ill-health, he resigned his place on the Committee of the latter Association.

On April 3rd the death occurred, at Highbury, after a long illness, of MISS SOPHIA DOBSON COLLET, whose name is well known in connexion with the Brahma Somaj at Calcutta. For several years she chronicled the progress of that movement in her publication called the Brahma Year-book, and though she had never been in India, she had a wonderfully vivid acquaintance with the chief Brahma leaders, in whose proceedings she felt a keen interest. In 1870 she edited some Lectures given by Keshub Chunder Sen in England, and the next year an account of his Visit to this country. Miss Collet wrote also an excellent article on Rammohun Roy in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The *Athenæum* remarks: "The complicated physical troubles of which she was a most patient and cheerful victim throughout life, prevented any literary production at all proportionate to her culture and intellectual powers, but an interesting volume might be made of her contributions to various periodicals, and her papers in the *Spectator* and other journals." Amongst other friends of Miss Collet, many in India will greatly mourn her death.

INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

Her Excellency Lady Elgin has consented to be Patroness of the Bengal Branch of the National Indian Association.

At the marriage of the daughter of H.H. the Maharaja of Kashmir, His Highness, after consulting with the heads of the chief Rajput families, took occasion to relax a harsh custom which has hitherto prevailed. By this custom a girl is not allowed, after she has married, ever to visit her relatives again. At the large meeting of Rajputs one of the members of the Council read the Maharaja's speech, and all present agreed to adopt his proposal for relaxing the formerly stringent rule.

A movement was started in 1890 among the prominent citizens of Bombay, and many of the personal friends of Sir George Birdwood, K.C.I.E., to commemorate in some form the connexion of that gentleman with the city. A subscription list was opened for raising a suitable memorial, and as a result it was resolved that Mr. M. M. Bhownagree, C.I.E., should be empowered to arrange with Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., for the execution of a bust, and the designing of a medal. A bronze bust has now been finished, which is much admired, and is said to be an excellent likeness. The dies for a medal are also in preparation, and the intention of the subscribers is that the medal shall be awarded annually by the University, on conditions to be settled hereafter.

On March 25th, H.E. Lord Harris performed the ceremony of unveiling Sir George Birdwood's bust in the Library of the Bombay University, where a large company had assembled to do honour to the occasion. Sir Dinshaw Maneckji Petit, Bart., having spoken on behalf of the Memorial Fund, requested the Governor, as Chancellor, to accept the bust for the University. Lord Harris then made an interesting speech, rehearsing the many points of connexion between Sir George Birdwood and Bombay; his sympathy with the people, which he still continues to show in England; his active interest in numerous Societies at Bombay for developing science, arts, and archæology; his successful efforts in the establishing of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Victoria Gardens; his distinguished literary researches; his services to the University as a Fellow and as Registrar, &c. The bust was unveiled amid loud cheers.

It is proposed to raise a Fund in the Punjab in memory of the late Mr. Arthur Brandreth. The idea originated entirely with the

Punjabis themselves, among whom he lived and worked for many years. More than 25 years ago, Mr. Brandreth was Deputy-Commissioner at Gujranwala, and he was afterwards Commissioner at Mooltan, Lahore, and Jullundhur. The proposed memorial seems a fitting tribute to a main characteristic of his life in India—his genuine interest in and affection for the people of the country, which they were not slow to appreciate and reciprocate. The form of the memorial has not yet, we believe, been decided upon. It will probably include a gold medal to be awarded, on leaving, to the students of the Chiefs' College at Lahore, who have passed through their course satisfactorily.

Dr. Reinhold Rost, C.I.E., late Librarian of the India Office, has been honoured by the King of Sweden with the Insignia of the Order of the North Star, in recognition of his services in promoting Oriental studies while at the Library.

The Rev. H. B. Pandian has issued an appeal for subscriptions towards the cost of a printing press, which, with all appliances, will cost about £250. The press will enable him to carry further his advocacy of the claims of the poor village people in Southern India. Contributions will be received by Mrs. Secress, 54 The Grove, Ealing.

The annual prize giving of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution took place on March 19, in the Framji Cowasji Hall, Bombay, Dr. Thomas Blaney in the chair. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. F. D. Petit. The Chairman made an appeal for the endowment fund, and one gentleman present, in response to the appeal, promised Rs. 2,000. Miss Aimai Nusserwanji Wadia had passed the Matriculation examination, and to her was awarded the Avabai Bhownaggee Medal. Her success, when many others of the pupils had this year failed, was remarked on by Dr. Blaney, as also the fact that the Examiners were able to report improvement in Mathematics. The Chairman paid a tribute to the far-sighted generosity which led the late Mr. Manockjee Cursetjee, in spite of much opposition, to found the Institution.

Lord Harris presided lately at the prize distribution of the Sir Munguldas Nathoobhoy Gujerati Hindu Girls' School, which was established forty-two years ago by the late Sir Munguldas. The number of pupils had increased in the last year from ninety to ninety-nine. The school is said to be popular among high caste Gujerati Hindus, and the girls are allowed to continue under tuition longer than at most schools. Several songs were performed by the pupils, after which Lady Harris gave away the prizes. The Governor, in his speech, referred to the value of the endowment made by Mungaldas Nathoobhoy, and to the success of this indigenous attempt to promote education for girls, which he believed would help to spread a desire for the same kind of education throughout the country.

Lady Harris distributed the prizes, on March 7th, to the pupils of Mrs. Nikambé's English School for Hindu Girls, Mr. Justice Ranade, C.I.E., presiding. In this school, it is remarkable that several married ladies attend in order to continue their studies. The attendance has increased, showing seventy as the number on the rolls. The Chairman referred to the great progress that had taken place in the direction of girls' education at Bombay during the last thirty years, numerous schools being endowed by private friends and managed by private committees of native gentlemen. He considered that the success of Mrs. Nikambé's school, which was a private undertaking, was an additional proof of the growing desire to remove the educational disadvantages of women that are at the root of many social difficulties.

Amongst the recent awards at the Madras University the Balfour Memorial Gold Medal, founded in memory of the late Surgeon-General Edward Balfour, was granted to Miss Julie Hartnell, a student of the Madras Medical College, for having obtained 75 per cent. of the marks allotted to midwifery. The same student gained the Queen-Empress Gold Medal, she having passed in the First Class at the last Second L.M.S. Degree Examination.

Mrs. Benson, wife of the Judge of South Malabar, presided on March 8th at the prize distribution of the Moyan Training School for Mistresses, which has lately been re-established at Calicut. The head mistress, Miss Tocher, was trained at the Madras Presidency School. There are fifty pupils in the school. Mrs. Benson gave some good advice to the girls, who, she said, "come to school not only to be taught to work, and read, and write, but to help them to be good, to give them stronger characters, to enable them to think good thoughts, and do good deeds. Though they are little girls now, yet a great deal depends upon them, and the school-girls of India generally. If their parents and husbands find them more helpful at home than girls who have *not* been educated, more reasonable and self-controlled, less given to scolding and gossip, happier with a two rupee book than with a five rupee jewel, no doubt the cause of female education will be very greatly advanced by themselves; the movement will then grow from within. The end of education is *character*. Let them show in their homes that coming to school has made them more truthful, helpful, and gentle." Mrs. Benson referred to the apathy that at present exists, quoting Mr. Chentsal Rao, who said at Madras: "Primarily, I hold educated men responsible for the ignorance of women." She urged that what is needful is a hearty interest in education for girls on the part of fathers and husbands, which would re-act on the happiness and culture of the home and of all its members.

At the recent Convocation of the Allahabad University, Miss

Chakravarti, B.A., a Bengali young lady, received her diploma as Master of Arts.

At a meeting of the Triplicane Literary Society, held at Madras on March 16, Rai Bahadur V. Krishnama Chariar gave an interesting lecture on "A New Departure in Education," in which he strongly urged the development of the natural faculties of children by training their powers of observation, by exercising them in manual skill, by moral culture, and avoidance of cramming. The Hon. A. T. Arundel was in the chair, and he gave a valuable address in an entertaining style; a vote of thanks to him was, at the close of the meeting, proposed by Dewan Bahadur Rangunatha Row.

We record with regret the death, at Bombay, in his 43rd year, of Mr. V. K. Dhairyavan, B.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, who belonged to the Prabhu community. Mr. Dhairyavan obtained in 1876 the "Arnold Scholarship" from the Bombay University for his proficiency in Hindu Law. In 1877, the Sir Munguldas Nathoobhoy Travelling Scholarship was awarded to him, and he came to England to study for the Bar. In 1882, ten years after his return to Bombay, he was elected fellow of the Bombay University. He practised at the Bombay Bar and in the Mofussil Courts. He is said to have gained the confidence of his clients, and to have been much respected and valued in his community.

Among the revised Consolidated Regulations of the Four Inns of Court, published in January last, the following Rule occurs: "44. The Council of Legal Education may at their discretion, substitute an examination in Hindu and Mahomedan Law, or in Roman Dutch Law, for an examination in English Real and Personal Property, or one of the other subjects mentioned in Rule 28, and in other respects treat Rules 28, 32, and 42 as directory only, subject to report being made from time to time to the Four Inns of Court of departure from the Rules in question." Although the Four Inns of Court have introduced the above new Rule about Mahomedan and Hindu Law (at the initiative suggestion, we understand, of Mr. M. M. Murzban, of the Middle Temple), it is said that some opposition from one or more of the High Courts of India must be overcome before the Council of Legal Education avails itself of the authority vested in it in the manner directed in Rule 44.

The Eighth International Congress of Hygiene and Demography will be held at Buda Pest in the first week of August. A Tropical Section has been organised, under the presidency of Surgeon-Major Theodore Duka, M.D. The National Indian Association have been invited to send a delegate to the Congress, and it is hoped that Surgeon-Major S. Hassan, M.B., 3rd Bengal Infantry, will be able

to attend the Congress as their representative. Dr. Isambard Owen and Mr. Samuel Digby are Hon. Secretaries in London for the Tropical Section.

(*Communicated.*) On Friday, April 6, a large number of Moslims assembled at the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford, to celebrate their Feast called Eid-ul-Fitr, under the auspices of the Anjuman-i-Islam, London. The *Nimaz* (Prayer) was performed at noon, and the *Khutba* was read by the Imam of the Turkish Embassy, who was one of the guests of the Anjuman, as was also the Secretary of the Persian Legation. After the *Nimaz* a banquet took place, at which the toast of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress and of the Royal Family was loyally honoured. To this followed the toasts of Their Imperial Majesties the Sultan, as the Caliph of the Moslims, and the Shah of Persia, which were responded to with enthusiasm. (We understand that non-alcoholic beverages are used on these occasions.)

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

At the Easter Pass Examination of the Council of Legal Education on March 13—16, the following received Certificates. *Middle Temple*: Mohamed Wahiuddin Ahmad, Barzore Jamshedji Dalal, Syed Humayon Mirza. *Inner Temple*: Sahibzada Sultan-Ahmad. *Gray's Inn*: Nanak Chand.

In Roman Law the following passed. *Middle Temple*: Jyotis Ranjan Das, Bhimbhai Dajibhai Desai, Jivanlal Varajrai Desai, Mohamed Tshag Khan. *Inner Temple*: Dhanjisha Dorabji, Monohar Singh Gour, Mohammad Qumrul Huda. *Gray's Inn*: Jehanghir Pestonji, Sant Ram. *Lincoln's Inn*: Kaikhoshroo Adurjee Ghaswalla, Umapada Roy, Dhan Raj Shah, Chhaganlal Haridas Vora.

The following calls to the Bar were made on Wednesday, April 18th: *Lincoln's Inn*—Nehal Chand, M.A., Calcutta; Syud Mir Muhtashim Husain. *Inner Temple*—Framroz Muncherji Dadina; Syed Hashim Bilgrami, Cambridge; Patinarazapad Kelunni Nambyar, Cambridge; Hafiz Muniruddin Ahmed, Oxford; Sahibzada Sultan-Ahmad, Cambridge; Sahibzada Aftab, Cambridge. *Middle Temple*—Syed Zainulabidin Bilgrami, Christ Church, Oxford; Syed Nasimul Huck; Pokhraj Lall; Murzban

Muncherji Murzban, Bombay University; Tulsibhai Jeshangbhai Desai, Christ's College, Cambridge; Syed Humayon Mirza. *Gray's Inn*—Pirthi Nath Razdan.

Miss Florence Dissent, from Calcutta, has passed the Final Examination for the Triple Qualification of Edinburgh and Glasgow. (L.R.C.P., Edin. ; L.R.C.S., Edin. ; and L.F.P.S., Glasgow.)

Miss Rose Govindarajulu, who holds a Scholarship from the Mysore State, has passed her Second Examination in Medicine at Edinburgh.

Miss Dhunbai Banaji, of Bombay, has studied painting for nine months at Paris, and a portrait by her has been admitted to the exhibition of the *Salon* at Paris.—(*Le portrait d'une vieille Tante.*)

At the Levée held on April 13th, at St. James's Palace, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on behalf of Her Majesty, the following presentations were made (by the Political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State): Syed Mahboob Hassan, Gholam Mohi Uddin Ahmad, Prabh Dial, Parma Nand, Kaikhushroo Adurjee Ghaswalla, Mufti Fida Mohammad Khan, Bomonji Ratanji Bomonji, and Kashmiri Mull.

Arrivals: Mr. Krishnaji Vishnu Kukde, Mr. Rahimkhan Karim Khan, Mr. Jaffer Rahimtoola Kadherbhoy, Mr. B. De, of the Bengal Civil Service, with wife and six children, Mr. Najendra Chunder Mitter, Mr. S. C. Roy; Mr. Ratanjee Dinshaw Dalal, L.M. & S. (Bombay).

Departures: Mr. Syed Hashim Bilgrami, for Hyderabad; Mr. N. C. Das, M.B. (Edin.), and Mr. Chittya R. Das, for Calcutta.

We acknowledge with thanks "Horti-arbori-culture: A description of all kinds of plants grown in Indian Gardens, &c." By Pyare Lal, Zemindar of Barotha. Meerut, 1893. Re. 1. Also "Papers on Indian Prisons," issued by the Howard Association.
