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The Indian Magazine

AND

Review.

No. 301.

JANUARY.

1896.

THIS MAGAZINE.

As some uncertainty has been lately expressed by correspondents in India with regard to the price of the *Indian Magazine & Review*, it may be well, at the beginning of a new year, to state what are the arrangements for its sale. The Magazine, whether for England or India, is supplied by Mr. J. S. Phillips, 121 Fleet Street, E.C., at six shillings a year, or five shillings if paid in advance, including postage. But the sum charged to Branches of the National Indian Association, whether, as required by the rules, they take ten copies annually or more, is only four shillings a year for the twelve months. If as many as fifty copies are taken, there may be a further reduction. The charge made for the Magazine by the Branches to their members is optional; we only state the price to be paid to the London publishers. We shall be very glad to receive more orders for the Magazine; its publication is a heavy expense, and unless this can be better met than hitherto, we may find that it cannot be continued in its present form.

AT a Drawing Room Meeting held on Friday, November 29, at 15 Bruton St., W. (by kind permission of Lord Hobhouse), Mr. Manomohun Ghose, of Calcutta, gave an interesting address on Social Progress in Bengal during the last thirty years; the Rt. Hon. Lord Hobhouse in the Chair. We regret that, owing to a delay regarding the report of the proceedings, we are obliged to postpone until next month an account of the meeting.

T R A V E L .

[The following Lecture was delivered by Shrimant Sampatrao Gaikwad, in connexion with the Young Men's Association of Baroda, on October 30. H.H. the Maharaja Saheb and Colonel Martelli, Agent to the Governor-General, were present, as also the Prince of Sawantwadi and most of the principal officers of the State.]

“TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education ; in the elder, a part of experience.”

These words of Francis Bacon (reckoned by Europe to be among the very wisest of her sons) I read to you to-day with great diffidence. They show to me how travel ought to be thought of, on what grounds it is to be commended to all men, and for what reasons a man should undertake it. Thus I am filled with a sense of the great importance of the subject I am to handle ; I am made anxious not to fail in duty towards it and towards you, my hearers ; and diffidence of my own power to discharge aright the task I have undertaken is the natural result. Two reflections, however, encourage me. The first is, that I am speaking to a kindly audience, one which will be inclined to pardon the blemishes which they will detect, and rather to approve my attempt to overcome the difficulties I encounter, than to blame me for undertaking to lay my thoughts before them. The second reflection is this—To increase education, to add to experience, is so manifestly profitable to every man, that travel, which offers these great advantages, cannot be to any man an uninteresting subject of thought and discourse.

There is a saying in England that “Example is better than precept.” Men will pay more attention to deeds than to words, and I have thought that some instances of the results of travel might both entertain us more, and have greater influence on our minds, than the mere setting forth of general views on the subject could at all command. The vast number of people continually moving from place to place ; the thousands who are constantly leaving, and returning to, their own country ; the very considerable number of men, who have travelled in very distant, and even barbarous countries—these must impress the mind of every Asiatic who visits Europe. It is so wholly contrary to the habits of our life here. But it is almost as astonishing to consider how this readiness to travel has distinguished Europeans for many centuries. Well nigh fourteen centuries ago the Emperor

Justinian was reigning at Constantinople. His name is familiar to some of us because we have had to study Roman Law in his "Institutes." For our present purpose he is to be remembered because of the story of two Persian monks. These two men had journeyed to Nankin, then the capital of China. There they remained for several years; and, among their other occupations, gave considerable attention to the management of silkworms and the making of silk. Finally they decided to make their way to Constantinople, and present the Emperor Justinian with the means of introducing a new art among his people, and enabling them to supply themselves with the comfort and elegance of silken robes. They put silkworms' eggs in a piece of hollow cane, and, after long time and toil, reached the imperial city. There the eggs were hatched by artificial heat, a sufficient number of butterflies were saved to propagate the race, mulberry trees were planted to provide them with food, and soon a new trade was thoroughly established. European scholars have much lamented that these Persians did not also bring the knowledge of printing from China to Europe. A thousand years later it was discovered there. Both the bringing of the silkworms and the not bringing of the art of printing illustrate the value of travel. Had there been no travellers, Constantinople might have waited long for silk; had there been more, and had the means of communication been better, printing might also have been taught by Asia to Europe.

Another illustration of much the same nature occurs in English history of the last century. In 1730, Lord Townshend is said to have added a third to the soil of England, and he enabled Englishmen to have fresh meat upon their tables throughout the winter. How was this managed? He had travelled and observed. Retiring from the office of Foreign Secretary, he gave himself up to the study of agriculture. When travelling in the north of Europe he had noticed the cultivation of a plant called the turnip. By careful and long continued effort he made this plant take a new home in England. Used in proper order it gave the land the needful change of crop, which made it unnecessary to let a part of it lie fallow every third year. Thus he added a third to the soil of England. Further, it provided the necessary food for the cattle in the winter. Sheep and oxen could be kept alive, even fattened in the winter months, and Englishmen got their fresh meat every month in the year. We may think so beneficial a change would be gladly welcomed, and that English farmers quickly took to sowing turnip seed. In was not so. Forty years later turnips were scarcely sown in the fields of the northern counties though they were cultivated in the gardens. But it is impossible to take a meal in England without being reminded of the vast benefits of travel. The very names of many of the drinkables and eatables are foreign. Tea, coffee, rice, sago, cocoa, chocolate, pepper, potatoes, and a multitude of other foods bear names which are English only in form and testify to their foreign origin. With their luxuries it

is even more the case, as you must know that even most of the fruit, which is consumed in enormous quantities in London, comes from abroad. Pines from the West Indies and apples from the United States lie in the same window with mangoes from India and fruit from Australia. The English folk are clad with cotton, which will not grow in England; their overcoats, so necessary in that stormy land, are made waterproof by India rubber from tropic lands; the English sovereign is of foreign gold. I do not wonder that the English hold travellers in high regard, and that they praise the men who, having wealth and leisure, explore strange lands, and endeavour to penetrate every corner of the sea. Why, their very existence seems now to depend on the results of travel. They eat meat produced on the pastures of New Zealand and on the plains of America. Their bread is largely made of corn grown in all the four quarters of the globe. They have given birth to a race many times too numerous to find habitation in Great Britain. Travel has found for them a dwelling place. Do not think I am speaking too largely in using such an expression. The discoverers and explorers of new lands are among the foremost and most adventurous of travellers. I feel that I am only bringing you to consider how the whole earth is but the rich store-house of mankind, the particular rooms and cellars of which are in the immediate possession of this or that race, but the whole contents of the vast treasury are open to those who have knowledge of, and entrance into, those particular rooms. He who remains in ignorance of other lands than his own, who confines himself to what is close around him, deprives himself of a great part of his birthright. Only by communication with others can he learn the existence of, and obtain the enjoyment of, many good, pleasant and profitable things. Travel opens to him the riches of the earth, and if a man finds his own individual gains are small, what of that? He has gained knowledge which will enrich his kinsmen, his nation. Columbus died in poverty; Captain Cook was killed by the savage inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. Each suffered, but poverty and death visit men who have stayed their whole lives at home, have never gained a glorious memory for themselves, never felt the satisfaction of a great work wrought with pain but yet successfully for others, never known that they have opened to their countrymen new treasure chambers of the world. Of them no one writes as it has been written of Capt. Cook—"self-taught and rising from the lowest ranks by his merits alone, temperate and hardy, clear-sighted and intrepid, he was ever foremost in the path of danger or of duty." Those who know her history know that it has been by such men as Cook that England now draws to herself so great a portion of the goods of the world. One cannot look at a map of the world without noticing how so many seas, bays, gulfs, islands, capes, and headlands bear European names. On inquiry you often find that the man who gave his name also gave his life; but the knowledge won was an everlasting possession for his country, and indeed for all men who would profit by it.

Leaving discoverers, and turning again to more ordinary travellers—Europe as it existed in 1815 and Europe as it now is, are in great contrast. I do not allude to the changes wrought by great political movements and by war, but to those which have taken place in the social and material life of European nations. In 1830 Hungary was in an exceedingly backward state. Her agriculture, her industrial life as a whole, belongs to a state of society which had existed for centuries with little change. Her peasantry were rude and ignorant, oppressed by heavy burdens; her nobles lacked any real education. Suddenly a great change occurred. The ideas and the recent inventions of Western Europe became known to the Hungarians. The more intelligent among them saw how much misery might be avoided, how greatly the material prosperity of their countrymen might be advanced by introducing new methods of agriculture, by availing themselves of the engineering skill of the West. The leader among those who undertook this good was Count Szechenyi, a nobleman of the highest rank, sanguine, of unsparring generosity, a true lover of his country and his people. He set himself, and with considerable results, to induce men of his own class, the great and powerful of the land, to understand what were the duties of those who had wealth, power and influence. He taught them that they should not shrink from being the leaders in a movement for developing the industries of their country. Two great works of Count Szechenyi remain: one, the great bridge which spans the Danube, and connects Buda-Pesth, the double city which forms the capital of Hungary; the other, the making of the Danube navigable along its whole course by destroying the rocks which were known as the Iron Gates at Orsova. This last was priceless benefit, not to Hungary only, but to all Europe. Now, if we ask, what caused Count Szechenyi thus to benefit his country and Europe, we get this answer. He was moved by the contrast which he found existing between Hungary and England. In Hungary there was ignorance, stagnation, torpor. The nobles were a very numerous class, proud and brave, but taking no interest in the lot of the lower orders. In England, all the nobles and gentry were men of education, possessed with a deep sense of duty owed to their country. Active not only in political life, but in agriculture, in trade, in measures for raising the lower classes to a higher standard of life. In the one land there was union and freedom; in the other were class jealousies and oppression. To him the contrast was painful, but also inspiring. Hungary was not allowed to tread the path of social and industrial reform unhindered by political strife and tumult; but the present greatness of Austria-Hungary rests very largely on the salutary changes which travel inspired Count Szechenyi to commence and foster.

I cannot refrain from yet another instance of the far-reaching effects of travel, undertaken and persisted in by a man of genius. To no man does Italy more owe her existence as a nation than to Count Cavour. Born of a noble family, he entered the Piedmontese army, found that as a soldier he was leading an inactive life, and

therefore resigned his commission and undertook the management of one of the estates of his family. For twelve years he was diligent in this task, devoting himself to scientific agriculture on a large scale. Repeatedly he visited France and England for the purpose of studying their institutions and their social life. Thus he schooled himself till he was called to be the chief Minister of Piedmont. The same learning which he had gained by travel and utilised in the management of an estate, he employed as the first adviser of his king. Under his guidance Piedmont became a busy land, full of a new and vigorous life. Her agriculture was vastly improved, railways were greatly multiplied, her commerce grew with a rapid and yet healthy growth. Thus was fashioned the one Italian State which was in after years to be the salvation of the whole Italian race. The journeys to France and England bore their perfect fruit when Italy became one and undivided from sea to sea, from farthest north to utmost south. But it is not given to all men to do the work of Szechenyi, still less that of Cavour. Suffer me to illustrate the advantages of travel as exemplified in the lives of men of a wholly different class. Those of whom I shall speak are men of great and lasting fame. It must be so because they are the men whose lives are known to us, but they are, as I have said, men of a very different class. Chaucer is held by the English to be a poet of the highest order, the father of their literature. He was long in France and in Italy, and his works bear the fullest evidence of the result of his travels. Milton held that a man was not fully educated who had not travelled. Addison had won the greatest distinctions at Oxford, but he must travel before his education could be thought complete. Indeed time would fail me, and your patience, great as it is, would be overtaxed, if I barely named the Englishmen of letters whose works bear upon their pages the fruit of observation made during travel. There are two common expressions in Europe which testify to the value of travel as an educator. One is, the Renaissance—the regeneration. It marks the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century in Europe. Art and learning then rose to a new life. The occasion was the arrival of learned men from Greece in Italy, and the consequent impulse given to learning there. What followed was this. The most intelligent from England, France and Germany flocked to Italy, to benefit by intercourse with the learned Italians. From one cause or another, learned foreigners came to England. They were welcomed there; were appointed as Professors at Oxford and at Cambridge. Thus travel brought the choicest intellects of the day into close communion and fellowship. Deep and broad were laid the foundations on which rest all the learning, wealth and power of modern Europe. The other phrase to which I alluded is this: "The Republic of Letters." It speaks of a state or great community, whose citizens or members are the educated: not the educated of one nation, but of all nations. The fruits of intellectual toil, of poetic genius, of high literary skill, are for the profit of all mankind. And this has been ever the

distinguishing mark of learning. The mathematician working at Cambridge, at Paris, in Germany, in America, in India, is solving the problems for all. His nice calculations aid the engineer who builds, who constructs machinery, who lays railroads, who fashions the great ocean steamers. And what is true of the mathematician is true of others. But this would not be, if all were to remain in the land of their birth. I do not forget the art of printing. But remember how that was known for centuries in China, and became of value to mankind only when it was discovered by Europeans, who spread the knowledge of that art from land to land. A printed book can never be the same as the living voice; to have read is not the same thing as to have conversed with a man; but if there be no travellers there will be no intercourse, no knowledge of what is being done, of what is known in other lands. China and Japan have not come to the same end, for they walked by different roads.

Travel has been the habit of Europeans for centuries; it is their habit now. At London, at Paris, at Rome, at Vienna, at all the capitals, at all the centres of thought, commerce and life, you meet men of every nation. It is of importance to note that these men of many lands are not simply merchants or state officers. It is not love of gain, nor necessary business, which has brought them together. Many of them are, in their own phrase, simply travellers—men of rank and position, men of wealth, men of moderate means, who are taking holiday, and who utilise the holiday for the purpose of seeing strange lands. Among them will be young men destined to different pursuits; some who look to serve their country in Parliament or in the Civil Service, or in the State; some who are studying art; some who are learning a language, or enquiring into foreign methods of trade and business. These varied classes of men, their various aims, represent much more truly, I imagine, what is usually meant by travel than would the vast assemblage of Asiatics, which gathers yearly at the great fair of Nijni-Novgorod in Russia. There trade—commercial profit—draws men together. That has induced them to undertake great fatigues, and even danger in traversing vast distances. But in Western Europe many travel because they are of opinion that travel is a *part of education for the young; a part of experience for the old.* No more eminent example of an entire belief in the truth of this doctrine can be given than that of the Royal Family of England. As the thing necessary to the perfecting of their education, the sons of the Prince of Wales visited many parts of the wide-spread British Empire. The story of their travels, as told by the eldest of them, the late Duke of Clarence, is contained in a book called “The Cruise of her Majesty’s Ship ‘Bacchante.’” To gain knowledge by travel, the heir to the throne of England went westward across the ocean to Canada, eastward and southward over other seas and oceans to India and Australia. The Prince of Wales has himself visited India. At Paris he is as well known as he is in London; at Berlin and Vienna, at St. Petersburg and Moscow, in Italy and in

Denmark, he has mixed freely with the natives. It would be wonderful if the rulers of our Native States in India, if our leading men did not perceive the value of travel, and if they did not strive to win for themselves and the lands which they control and administer, the benefits to be derived from their journeys to foreign states.

The love of travel does not exist in the same degree in all men ; but I venture to think we have to consider not only what we desire for ourselves, but also what is profitable for others. It is not hard to imagine that many Hungarians and Piedmontese, of equal wealth and standing with Szechenyi and Cavour, found it pleasant to stay with their wives and children, pleasant to hunt over their own estates, pleasant to receive the respect and obedience of their neighbours and dependents, but unpleasant to learn another tongue, and encounter the fatigues of travel and the inconveniences of spending a part of their lives in a strange, unaccustomed manner. But the leaders were right who thought of their duty, and the reward of duty has been fully theirs. Perhaps, long before this, some of you may have had the thought which is expressed in the saying that "There are two sides to every shield." If so, you might have been tempted to think that I was presenting to you only the silver side. Every man praises his own craft, and each will tell you that the welfare of the land, of mankind itself, depends on the right exercise and prosperity of his own trade. The farmer and the mason, the soldier and the lawyer, will each in turn tell us that we must have food, houses, protection from our foes, laws duly administered ; each will think that his own service is somewhat more needful than that of the other. Gentlemen, I wish them prosperity, and I desire to profit by the services of *all*. If I am to do so, I must be satisfied that a farmer must be a good cultivator of the soil, the mason must build a house not to be overthrown by the rain and the winds of the monsoon, the soldier must be brave and obedient, the lawyer learned, sagacious, and honest. If I find individuals fail to meet the requirements of their profession or occupation, I will still endeavour to follow the usual practice of mankind, and remember that I have need of such services and act accordingly. I will employ another individual mason to build me another house.

You will gather what my line of argument is likely to be, when I speak of the other side of the shield of travel. Travel, it may be urged, makes men restless, and discontented with their own house and lot in life. That is possible ; it is not necessary. It will depend very much on what kind of home awaits a man who has been travelling. If love and kindness welcome him, home will be the one spot on earth where the grass grows greenest, the water is most pure, the sunlight brightest and most life-giving. Perhaps no nation is given to travel so much as is the English ; the Scotch may, however, outstrip them in that matter. There are none to whom home is more dear. But there must be here, as elsewhere, much giving as well as much taking. The folk at home may have longed for the return of the wanderer, always keeping in memory the man

who went away. He comes back, but they do not recognise in him the same man. They are terribly disappointed. Nor does he find them precisely what he has been thinking of in his travels. The change is due to travel; the change is felt to be an evil, the conclusion is quickly drawn—travel is an evil. It would have been well to remember that the man travelled in order that he might be improved. But that implies change, and that should have kept the home people from expecting him to return precisely the same as he left them. The traveller, too, should have remembered this, and considered that strange fashions and ways were not agreeable to himself when he first left home, and therefore he ought not unnecessarily to bring back strange habits to his home—habits which must be unpleasant to those who have long loved him, and to whom he owes that tender anxiety not needlessly to offend which characterises love, and even all true courtesy. One thing can be done which will greatly help to knit the wanderer to his home, and make him dread to become a stranger and an alien among his own people. Let letters pass frequently between them—letters frank and full on both sides—those from home telling of all the home life, so that he may share it, though absent; those from abroad telling of what he has seen and of what has interested him. So will he create a new interest which he alone can satisfy, and change will come almost unnoticed, as it ought to do. On his return, let him not by dress and gesture proclaim himself a travelled man. That should be better discovered by his remarks showing a wider experience, a deeper knowledge of men and things. This is the due and expected fruit of travel. Among men of sense it will be gladly acknowledged and win him praise. Mere restlessness is a great evil. It is to be pitied as a disease.

Discontent, which leads to no good end, is also an evil. But the desire for knowledge is good; in some minds, not the majority, it exists so strongly that the man finds rest only in the pursuit of knowledge. If he is a bookworm he will be ever in his study; if a man of activity, he will frequently desire to see what other folk are doing. Such restlessness is profitable, for it leads to increased knowledge. It is the same with discontent. It depends on what the cause of discontent is, and what is the result, whether we are to blame or approve it. If a man sees an evil thing or a wrong, he ought not to be satisfied that all is right. He should endeavour to find a remedy. He should do what in him lies to abolish the evil and redress the wrong. It may be that a traveller sees other lands enjoying a great advantage in which his countrymen have no share. Ought he to be satisfied that his own people should go in ignorance of such things, at all events, without partaking in that blessing? Railways are found to be an advantage in Europe—are Asiatics to be content with horses and camels, or the old gharry? China answers: Yes; keep to the old; be not discontented. Japan adopts the railway. War and famine come upon the land: the Japanese troops are conveyed swiftly and easily to the desired points. How could China stand before the quick, unerring move-

ment of Japan? Famine smites the south of India. From the north-west goes the grain, which shall now arrive in time to save the lives of millions. So it is with medicines and manifold other things. Ought we, through supineness, to miss the good things which Divine Power has bestowed upon us, and be content with the poverty into which our own fault has plunged us, or in which it keeps us? It is a noble discontent, which springs from sympathy with need and suffering, which leads men to discover and apply proper remedies. If such discontent is the fruit of travel, it is to be lauded rather than disliked. One point there is I would willingly pass over, because it is a sad and painful thing to speak of; but I think it ought to be faced. "We sent our son to be enriched by travel, to come back better and wiser than he went. But he has come back utterly debased." What is to be said? We must be moved by a great sorrow for the parents who have been so cruelly wronged, for the friends who have been so foully betrayed. They have tried to do so well by the young man, and he has done so ill by them. It is hard to hold the balance and not at once condemn the lands in which he has travelled, and all the inhabitants thereof. Moreover, he who has travelled as a traveller ought to be led to think that, as every land seems to have some special good gift of its own, so every land has its own evil, has, alas! its own special vice. Yet we must try to hold the balance true, though it be hard to hold it. It is in the disposition of each man, it is to the education and circumstances of his childhood we must often go to account for the virtues or the vices that mark his after-life. If the fault lay in the man's disposition, if he was weak, an easy prey to temptation, if he was a lover of that which is evil and a despiser of that which is good, can we truly say his life would have been virtuous had he not travelled? Are the cruel, the slothful, the sensual, always, or for the most part, travellers? We must try to teach our children to love virtue, to despise vice, while their minds are still easily impressible. We must by our lives show them what are our opinions of all vicious things. Beyond that, if we are considering the propriety of sending them abroad, we must carefully consider their character. The weak ought not to be thrust into the midst of danger; one who has shown a vicious inclination at home will not curb it abroad. It is to run a thorn into our sides to send such a one to a distant land. But for those of whom it is not clear what they will be? Well, we must put before them, as strongly as we can, what the perils are which we dread, what the advantages we hope they will gain. And the higher the standard we adopt the better it will be for them and for us. To go to England for self-advancement does not give a man any great motive for denying himself what he considers to be a pleasure. But to go there that he may become wiser and better, more serviceable to his countrymen, a credit and honour to his family—that seems to me a great object, one likely to keep a man from evil ways, because those ways will hinder him from obtaining his own object. I think that it would help us all, if we were to think of the honour and fame of

our own land. To have the foreigners among whom we dwell think of us as well-behaved, temperate, truthful and honest, would be an undoubted gain. So living we should not grieve the hearts of our homefolk. Of course a great deal must depend on those, who have been some time from India and who are looked up to by the fresh arrivals for advice and guidance. If they take them to reputable places, and as far as they can, introduce them to right-minded people, a great part of the danger will be avoided. If they persuade them to an opposite course, then brother will have betrayed brother to his ruin. India is such a large country that it may seem an idle thing to speak of the influence of Indians on Indians; as though the man from Bombay had anything to do with the man from Madras or Calcutta. But if we take those who are in London, they are there one distinct body. The opinion of that body can, and does, influence every member of it. Gladly should I hear that those from Baroda held a high standard, and were distinguished above the rest for their freedom from all debasing things. Gladly would every such worthy son of this State be welcomed back by us all. Let me close this part of my paper by the advice which Francis Bacon gives to the traveller for his conduct—"Let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in *i.e.*, plant among them) some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country." Yes; we sent them to gather flowers wherewith to beautify their home, and they bring us a fair garland. Learning, reward of their study; Experience, gained by intercourse with many minds; Self-control, learned in many a trial; Capacity for business and service of the State, because they have united these three flowers with their own native talent.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Harold Littledale, Vice-Principal of the Baroda College, proposed a vote of thanks to Shrimant Sampatrao for his interesting paper, and made some observations on the advantages of travelling, especially for Indians.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD INDIAN'S
NOTE-BOOK.

BY REV. G. U. POPE, D.D.

THE 'MOTHER' OF KĀRAIKĀL.

Some of the legends in the Tamil Periya Purāṇam relate to the period between the first and second great revival of Çaivism, and a few are anterior to both. It seems pretty certain that, while the Jains and Buddhists were active and apparently triumphant everywhere, there were a great multitude of the faithful Çaivites who, like the Covenanters in Scotland, were rendered more zealous by the persecutions to which they were exposed. Among these was the 'Mother' of Kāraikāl, who was a poetess, many of whose verses are still preserved. The legend gives a most interesting picture of some phases of South Indian life a thousand years ago. The 'Mother' was the wife of a rich merchant of Kāraikāl,* whose name was Paramadattan (*'Endowed with heavenly gifts'*). Her own name was Punithavathiyār (*'The pure'*). She was very devout, and especially careful to entertain the Çaiva devotees who came to her door. One day her husband received from some persons who had come to him on business a present of two mangoes, of a very superior kind, which he sent home to his wife. Soon afterwards, a holy devotee arrived at the house as a mendicant guest; but she had nothing ready to offer him except some boiled rice. This she set before him, and having no other condiment to present, gave him one of the aforesaid mangoes. At noon her husband returned, and after his meal ate the remaining mango, which pleased him so much that he said to his wife, 'There were two; bring me the other.' She went away in dismay; but remembering that the god to whose

* *Kāraikāl* is a small town held by the French. Near it is the famous Alankādu (Vatāranam), a forest of Banyan trees, where the shrine of the 'Mother' stands.

servant—because he was His servant—she had given the fruit, never deserts those who serve Him, she offered a mental prayer, and straightway found a mango in her hand, which she carried to her husband. Being a divine gift, it was of incomparable sweetness, and he said to her, 'Where did you obtain this?' She hesitated at first to reveal the wonder that had been wrought on her behalf, but reflected that she ought to have no concealments from her husband, and so told him everything. He gave no credence to her words, but roughly replied, 'If that is so, get me another like it.' She went away, and said in her heart to the god, 'If thou givest me not one more fruit, my word will be disbelieved!' Forthwith she found another fruit still more lovely in her hand. When she carried this to her husband he took it in astonishment; but behold! it forthwith vanished from his hand. Utterly confounded by these wonderful things, he came to the conclusion that his wife was a supernatural being, and resolved to separate at once from her. He revealed the matter, however, to no one, but quietly equipped a ship in which he embarked a great part of his wealth, and then on a lucky day, worshipping the god of the sea, with sailors and a skilful captain, he set sail for another country, where he made merchandise, accumulated a fortune, and after some time, re-embarking, came back to India to another city in the Pāṇḍian land, where he married a merchant's daughter, and lived in great luxury. A daughter was born to him, to whom he gave the name of the wife with whom he had feared to remain, but for whom he retained exceeding reverence.

After awhile his return and prosperity became known to his friends in Kāraikāl, who resolved to compel him to receive again his first wife, their kinswoman, whom he had deserted. They accordingly proceeded to his new residence, carrying with them in a litter his wife, the 'mother of Kāraikāl.' When he heard that she had arrived and was halting in a grove outside the town, he was seized with a great dread, and proceeded with his second wife and daughter to where the 'mother' was encamped surrounded by her kindred. He at once prostrated himself with profoundest reverence before her, saying, 'Your slave is happy here and prosperous through your benediction. To my daughter I have given your sacred name, and I constantly adore you as my tutelary goddess.' Poor Punithavathiyār, utterly confounded by this salutation and worship, took refuge among her kinsfolk, who all cried out, 'Why is the madman worshipping his own wife?' To this Paramadattan

replied, 'I myself beheld her work a miracle, and I know that she is no daughter of the human race, but a supernatural being, and so I have separated myself from her, and I worship her as my tutelary divinity, and have dedicated this my daughter to her, and therefore have I worshipped her and call upon you to do the same.' But Punithavathiyār pondered the matter and prayed within herself to Çiva the Supreme, saying: 'Lord, this is my husband's persuasion! Take from me then the beauty that I have hitherto cherished for his sake alone. Remove from me this burthen of the flesh, and give to me the form and features of one of the demon hosts who evermore attend on Thee, and praise Thee.' That very instant, by the grace of the God, her flesh dried up, and she became a demoness, one of Çiva's hosts, whom the earthly world and the heavenly world hold in reverence. Then the gods poured down a rain of flowers, heavenly minstrelsy resounded, and her relatives, fearing, paid her adoration and departed. So she had now become a demoness, and her abode was the wild jungle of Ālankādu; but through the inspiration of the God she sang several sacred poems, which are preserved. Afterwards there came upon her an irresistible desire to behold the Sacred Hill of Kailāçam, and with inconceivable speed she fled northwards till she arrived at the foot of the Mountain, and reflecting that it was not right with her feet to tread the heavenly ascent, she threw herself down and measured the distance with her head. The Goddess Umā, Çiva's bride, beheld her thus ascending, and said to her spouse, 'Who is this that in this strange fashion draws near, a gaunt fleshless skeleton, sustained only by the energy of love?' To which Çivan replied, 'She that cometh is the Mother devoted to my praises, and this mighty demon-form she has obtained by her prayers.' When she drew near he addressed her with words of love, calling her by the name of 'Mother,' which she for ever bears. As soon as she heard the word she fell at his feet worshipping, and ejaculating 'Father!' Çivan then said to her, 'What boon dost thou ask of me?' She worshipped and replied, 'Lord, to me your slave give love, which is undying and infinite blessedness. I would be born on earth no more; but if I must be so born, grant me at least that I may never, in any form at any time, forget Thee, my God and when thou dost perform thy sacred mystic dance, beneath thy feet in rapture may I stand and sing thy praise.' To which the God replied, 'In Ālankādu thou shalt see my dance, and with rapture thou shalt sing.'

Then the sacred 'mother of Kāraikāl' returned, measuring the distance still on her head to holy Ālankādu, where she beheld the God's sacred dance, and sang her renowned lyrics in his praise.

This legend illustrates a remarkable feature in the Çaiva worship of the south, where devotees are not infrequently adored as having become demons. Doubtless, this is connected with Pre-Āryan usages, and the Poems attributed to the 'Mother of Kāraikāl' present the most vivid picture of demon worship with which I am acquainted. It is not difficult to imagine the source of this tradition. We have the picture of a devout and enthusiastic worshipper of Çivan, who sacrifices everything to the performance of her supposed duties to the God. She is misunderstood by her inappreciative husband, who forsakes her, and finally, with scorn, repudiates her. She has built herself a chapel in the jungle, where she spends her days and nights in prayers and austerities, and on her death is worshipped. The legends would soon accumulate, and the Poems represent in dramatic form the artistic view of all the circumstances.

The antiquity of the tradition appears from the fact that Mānika-Vāçagar refers to her (if the passage is not spurious) in lyric vii., verse 15 :—

'Once on a *time*,* 'Our Mighty Lord!' full oft, cried she.
 His glory any *time* to laud she ceased not.
 With gladsome mind, tho' any *time* tears ceased not to flow.
 Once on a *time*, this woman came to earth, nor bowed
 Before the lords of heaven, by the Great King with frenzy filled!
 Who so can make us His as this Mysterious One?'

* The word 'time' is *Kāl*, so there is a play on the word Kāraikāl.

It may be that the poet in another passage alludes to her beautiful prayer :—

'He gave me grace, tho' I all else forget, ne'er to forget
 His foot, Whose mighty dance we sing!'

xi., verse 8.

REVIEWS.

THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK. By Rudyard Kipling.
 With Illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E.
 London : Macmillan & Co., 1895. 6s.

IN this second set of Jungle tales, Rudyard Kipling introduces us vividly to the Law of the Jungle—that unwritten code which, in the darkness “wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth” governs, he tells us, their ways and doings. Given sufficient powers of intellect in them to think out how to manage their relations to each other, the Jungle Law presents itself as a simple solution of the fact that these wild creatures—many of them deadly enemies—preserve a certain degree of harmony within their common home. And, as animals do in some lines approach the nature of men, it requires no great stretch of fancy to believe that they *can* frame laws. As Jules Verne, when describing physical impossibilities, leads us to feel them to be quite possible, so Rudyard Kipling, elevating imperceptibly, behind the scenes as it were, the platform of beast-wit, makes us realise Jungle rules to be quite natural, and, indeed, inevitable. He traces the habits and characteristics of the animal community as truly as if he were a member of it, so we read on under a delightful illusion, immersed in the phases of Jungle life. Not only are there general laws for all beasts and birds inhabiting the forest, but each tribe has, we are told, its own special regulations. The large circle includes within itself many smaller circles. How good is the poem detailing the Law of the Wolves!—

Now this is the Law of the Jungle, as old and as true as
 the sky,
 And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, and the Wolf that
 shall break it shall die.
 As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk, the Law runneth forward
 and back,
 For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the
 Wolf is the Pack!

The first tale gives a clear instance of Jungle Law. In the time of a great drought, when the blossoms were heat-killed before they were born, and the Jungle turned yellow,

brown, and at last black, a Water Truce was declared, so that all the Jungle people might go to drink freely, without fear of attack from their fellows. Hathi, the elephant, perceiving in his wisdom that the stream was getting lower and lower, had lifted up his trunk and proclaimed the Truce, which beasts and birds repeated far and wide, and in spite of much temptation, Bagheera the panther, Akela the wolf, Baloo the bear, and even the old Lamé Tiger controlled their impulses, allowing the deer and the minor creatures to refresh themselves in peace within easy reach of the claws and teeth of their natural foes.

The central figure of the tales is Mowgli, the "man-cub," or "hairless one," whose early history we learnt in the First Jungle Book. Mowgli, now growing towards manhood, had been initiated into Jungle Law, and had begun to fight on his own account, enjoying his return from his cramped life amongst men. Gradually all the animals recognise him as the Master of the Jungle. He still, however, is in their company, and on one occasion he hears the "magnificent Morning Song, given with every turn and flourish and grace-note that a deep-mouthed wolf of the pack knew." Here is a part of it:—

One moment past our bodies cast
 No shadow on the plains ;
 Now clear and black they stride our track,
 And we run home again.
 In morning hush, each rock and bush
 Shows hard and high and raw ;
 Then give the call : *Good rest to all*
That keep the Jungle Law !

* * * * *

Ho! Get to lair! The sun's afflare
 Behind the breathing grass ;
 And creaking through the young bamboo
 The warning whispers pass.
 By day made strange, the woods we range
 With blinking eyes we scan ;
 While down the skies the wild duck cries :
The Day—the Day to Man !

The dew is dried that drenched our hide,
 Or washed about our way ;
 And where we drank, the puddled bank
 Is crisping into clay.
 The traitor dark gives up each mark
 Of stretched or hooded claw :
 Then hear the call ; *Good rest to all*
That keep the Jungle Law !

But Mowgli grows above and beyond Jungle life, and he returns to the abode of man with the consent even of his best friend Baloo, the bear. Baloo, and Kaa the snake, and Bagheera the panther, break into a farewell song as Mowgli departs, wishing him every kind of good, and ending with the blessing of the Jungle.

Wood and water, wind and tree,
Jungle favours go with thee!

One of the stories relates to the wily, clumsy, twenty-four feet Muggger, the crocodile, who talks with the adjutant crane and the jackal about his methods of stealing human prey. "Ah, noble sport! But what cleverness and great judgment it requires!" said the jackal. "Not cleverness, child," replied the crocodile, "but thought. A little thought in life is like salt upon rice, as the boatmen say; and I have thought deeply always." Muggger tells how, not being a fish-eater, he watches the people in the houses and among their cattle. "I must know what they do, and what they are about to do, and adding the tail to the trunk, as the saying is, I make up the whole elephant." "Oho! the Muggger knows." "If a boy is born, we know that he must some day come to the Ghaut to play. Or is a maiden to be married, she will come to the Ghaut to bathe before the wedding: the old Muggger knows." But the Muggger was found at last by some boatmen and shot.

The Jungle Book is beautifully illustrated by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and the great snake Kaa appears in gold in the deep blue cover. It is an attractive gift-book, in which wisdom is mingled with descriptions that make the jungle engrave itself on our mind, and with the fun of old fables.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN EUROPEANS AND NATIVES. By S. Sathianadan, M.A., LL.B. From the *Madras Review*.

GREEK AND INDIAN SYSTEMS OF PHILOSOPHY: A Comparison and a Contrast. Lectures delivered to the Presidency College Literary Society. By S. Sathianadhan, M.A., LL.B., Acting Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Presidency College, Fellow of the Madras University. Madras, 1895.

THE subject of the first of these pamphlets is that constantly recurring one — which never gets solved —

the possibility and likelihood of more friendly relations between English and Indians in India. Mr. Saththianadhan avoids the exaggerated and acrimonious tone which often marks discussions on this question. He has himself formed many friendships with English people, at Cambridge and elsewhere, and he has had agreeable relations with Brahmins, Muhammadans, Parsees, and Native Christians. Thus he writes in a moderate spirit, with practical knowledge of the essentials in social intercourse between those of different races. Although not an Englishman, his appreciation of England is genuine and strong, while he has inborn sympathy with the feelings and characteristics of his own countrymen. No doubt he occupies an exceptional position, but all the more are his observations well worth recording, and well worth considering.

On the one side, Mr. Saththianadhan sees a hindrance to intimate intercourse in the Englishman's great reserve and sense of national superiority. He quotes Emerson, who said, "In short, every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable." And again, a German missionary remarked, "What strikes us Germans in India most is, the utter exclusiveness of the English. They try their best to have as little to do with the natives as possible. They even shun us, though we are so near of kin to them." In individuals of little culture and narrow experience of the world, this natural tendency to think that all that is not British must be inferior and objectionable, certainly tends to a distortion of judgment, and to a depreciation of other people's opinions and ways. We can well believe that such a temper is often met with where English people settle. It shows itself by a want of intelligent interest in the history, the religion, the literature, the symbolic customs of Hindus and Muhammadans, and by a disinclination to recognise or to meet half-way social habits that are new and foreign ; thus it acts as a bar to common sympathies.

On the other hand, M. Saththianadhan shows the difficulties as to intercourse which spring from the state of Indian society. The variety of its elements, the rigidity of caste, the absence of free intercourse between Muhammadans, Hindus, and Christians, which ought to precede sociability with those of Western races. "Before we begin to find fault," he says, "with Europeans for this aloofness, we should show that there is more of cordiality and union between the different Indian races, who, though locally intermingled, are morally separated." Let not one

caste despise another. Let there be an end of all religious intolerance and bigotry."

There are two special points raised by English writers—by Sir M. Monier Williams in one of his books on India, Mr. C. T. Buckland, and others—as preventing mutual social feeling. One is that Hindus will not dine with those of other races; the other, that they keep their women in seclusion. May not Mr. Sathianadhan be right—that too much is made of these differences of custom? Granted that they come in the way of a large proportion of otherwise possible intercourse, that, in fact, they *are* hindrances; still, they are not necessarily such serious barriers as is often represented. With regard to the first, there can be as interesting exchange of thought in intervals between meals as at meal-times. In England we can become pleasantly intimate by meeting for games and at garden parties, or in connexion with some common aim, and yet never meet once at dinner. Besides, numbers of Indians do not object to eating fruit in others' houses. If we realise that the objection depends on an enjoined prohibition rather than on anything personal, although it will, as just said, lessen intercourse, it need not offend; our respect, indeed, will be increased for the objector. Again, as to the seclusion of women. This seems to me a more serious difficulty than the non-dining, for it affects introduction to home life. The remedy cannot be that Indian ladies ought to be hurriedly brought out of the Zenana. We have no right to interfere with a custom which we have found established in the country, and it would not solve the puzzle if, in their present unaccustomedness to the company even of their own men-folk, they were urged or obliged to adopt English social ways. Great changes must take place before it would be possible or desirable to give up seclusion. Indian ladies must first have received a wider education, and must have become used to see something of the outer world. This development has begun, and so, in even ten years hence, much will have been effected towards preparing them for a less limited sphere. English ladies can greatly assist, and have assisted, towards lessening the actual dread with which some Indian ladies contemplate venturing outside by receiving them with kindness and cordiality. Reciprocity in this respect may naturally be demanded by Englishmen, but surely not too rigorously, for till Indian men see English homes, they will not have a different standard for their own. But the custom need not hinder intercourse among men, and there are already numbers of cases where the seclusion has been broken

through for their wives by men who have been educated. If all such opportunities are taken advantage of, they will not be found to be few. Education for women is spreading in India almost, as has been remarked, "by leaps and bounds," though only in some communities.

Do we not on both sides expect too much? Different nationalities vary as to old associations, early habits and discipline, methods of instruction, ways of business, aims, and every item of surroundings. Too much cosmopolitanism destroys the attractiveness of national grouping, and induces an uninteresting level of character. We like nations to be different, and, whether we like it or not, they will be. Within the boundaries of each there will be nearer ties than can be formed beyond, for similarity of experience is the most fruitful soil for friendship. This having been acknowledged, we may look for a friendly feeling between all civilised beings whom circumstances have thrown together. Such a feeling will lead the Englishman in India, while keeping his social standard, to seize occasions of possible hospitality, and to take pleasure in entering into the ideas, the habits of thought, the desires and feelings of his Indian friends. The Indian, on the other hand, will gradually learn to sink his minor customs, and to meet the Englishman as far as he can; preserving, at the same time, a dignified simplicity of character, which is the surest passport to an Englishman's esteem. If we could only take advantage of what opportunities of intercourse present themselves, not anticipating that the barriers will speedily, perhaps, even that they will ever altogether fall, the matter would gradually settle itself without so much argument. But meanwhile, Mr. Sathianadhan's pamphlet is a useful, because an impartial contribution to the discussion.

The second of the above pamphlets is a reprint of a very thoughtful lecture, delivered by Mr. S. Sathianadhan at a College meeting presided over by the Hon. Dr. D. Duncan, Director of Public Instruction, Madras. With his usual fairness of mind the writer indicates the characteristics and the tendencies of the Indian and the Greek philosophical systems. He shows their points of resemblance, founded on the universality of the problems which, ever since human intellect began to exert itself, have been puzzled over, and yet left unsettled from age to age; and, on the other hand, their points of dissimilarity,

depending on the special idiosyncracies of race and country. In the course of his argument he gives a concise account of the six schools of ancient Hindu philosophy. Altogether, the lecturer presents a remarkably clear view, considering its limits, of the development, both in Greece, and in India, of metaphysics, psychology, and kindred subjects of investigation.

Mr. Saththianadhan shows how the Hindu mind is specially attracted by theories of Being, and by logical distinctions in connexion with such theories. Pure contemplation was therefore the aim of the ancient Rishi. To him it afforded a means of emancipation from the sorrows, pleasures and turmoils of the illusory life through which time whirls us along. He looked with contempt on the outer world, and all that belongs to it, and though many points of ontological philosophy were under constant discussion, thinkers of all schools joined in the general idea that human existence was an undesirable necessity, to be modified as much as possible by passive withdrawal and endurance, and by serene elevation of soul.

To the Greeks such a quiet, meditative ideal was uncongenial. Although, as philosophers not less acute than the Hindus, they were keenly sensitive to the puzzles that the universe presents, they had besides such a rich enjoyment of life, and such strong social tendencies and such artistic sympathies, that they could not consent to turn away from a world which, though logically it might be founded on illusion, was truly real and truly beautiful to their impetuous feelings. Hence the Greeks lived among their fellows instead of as recluses, and mainly applied their intellects to questions relating to life, imagination and action.

The results of the variations between Hindu and Greek thought are pointed out by Mr. Saththianadhan. The Hindus have proved unprogressive, but free from any bent towards materialism. The Greeks, volatile as they were, led the way to scientific study, and to ethical development. It is interesting to realise how, in later centuries, Eastern and Western thought have in many new directions met, and exerted unexpected trains of influence; and other attractive questions arise out of the able sketch given by the lecturer. We hope that Mr. Saththianadhan will find time to continue his studies in comparative philosophy, and thus help his countrymen to combine intelligently the higher side of their metaphysics with the practical features of their more recent studies.

NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

AN ARTIST IN THE HIMALAYAS. By A. D. McCormick. With 100 original Illustrations. 16s. (Unwin.)

PICTURESQUE CEYLON, Vol. III. NOWARA, ELIYA, AND ADAM'S PEAK. By Henry W. Cave, M.A. 28s. nett. (S. Lowe & Co.)

WITH H.M.'s 9TH LANCERS DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY: Letters of Brevet-Major O. H. S. C. Anson. Edited by his son. 7s. 6d. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

DURDISTAN IN 1895. By G. H. Leitner. 4s. nett. (Oriental University Institute.)

DIVERS DITTIES: chiefly written in India. By Alec. McMillan, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)

A HISTORY OF THE DECCAN. By J. D. B. Gribble. 21s. Luzac.

THE following Resolutions were lately passed at a meeting of the Anjuman-i-Islam, London:—

(1) "That the Anjuman-i-Islam, London, representing the Moslem World, offers its heartfelt thanks to the Hon. Mr. Justice Syed Ameer Ali, C.I.E., for his able defence of Islam in the *Nineteenth Century* against the malignant and groundless allegations of Canon MacColl, the writer in the *Quarterly* and *Fortnightly Reviews*; and hereby places on record its unqualified appreciation of the many services which the learned Syed has rendered to the Mussalmans of India whose esteem, regard, and confidence he has always enjoyed."

(2) "That the Anjuman-i-Islam, London, regrets the forthcoming departure of Mr. A. A. Hussanally, B.L., I.C.S., F.R.H.S., to India, and trusts that on his safe arrival there he will prove as beneficial and serviceable to the Anjuman as he has been in this country. It further tends its heartfelt thanks to Mr. Hussanally for the zeal and activity he has displayed in its progress. And that this house sympathises with him in his recent bereavement in losing his father."

“ANAR-I-BADSHAHZADI KI KAHNĒ.”

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS OF THE POMEGRANATES.

Translated from the Hindustani by T. H. Turner.

A CERTAIN king had four sons, three of whom were happily married, and had brought home their wives to their father's house. The youngest brother had not yet married, and his sisters-in-law, the wives of his brothers, made fun of him and teased him. He answered them, “When I marry, my wife will be handsomer and better than you. I would not marry a wife such as you are!” Then the sisters-in-law got angry, and said, “Wait; we will see what sort of a wife you bring home. You are a fine fellow to get a handsome wife!”

One day, when Prince Hurrishchandro, the youngest son, had grown somewhat older, he went to his father, and said he wanted to marry. “Very well,” said the King; “what Princess would you like me to ask for? There is the daughter of, &c.” And the King mentioned the names of some neighbouring rajahs who had marriageable daughters. The young Prince replied, “I want none of these Princesses; the only wife I will have is the Princess of the Pomegranates.” The King, hearing this, was astounded, and said, “This is impossible! You, a son of Adam, to aspire to the hand of the Queen of the Fairies!” The young Prince, however, maintained his resolution, and said, “Father, give me attendants and equipage, and let me go and seek the Princess of the Pomegranates, for her only will I receive as a wife.”

His sisters-in-law laughed at him when they heard his determination, and would have dissuaded him from going on such a fruitless journey; but he heeded them not. The old King, seeing his son fixed of purpose, at last permitted him to set out on his journey, and bestowed on him a splendid equipage, and bade him choose his own followers and companions; and, when all was ready,

added his blessing—and Prince Hurrishchundro set out on his search.

He travelled for some days through forests and strange countries, till, after a long and weary march, he arrived at the close of the day at a village, on the outskirts of which he sought a place to encamp. One place only seemed to offer itself for this purpose—a garden of fruit trees, with a tank of water. And here he was about to pitch his tents, when the people of the village warned him not to do so, "for," said they, "it is the resting place of a spirit, who, in the form of a faqir, visits the place weekly, and who would assuredly cause harm to any one whom he found there." The Prince, however, said, "I will not injure the garden; on the contrary, I will keep it in order whilst I remain here." So he ordered his camp to be pitched, and every day he had the place swept clean and put in order.

When the old faqir appeared, he was highly pleased with the appearance of his garden, and said, "Who has done this? Let him come to me, and I will give him whatsoever he asks of me." Prince Hurrishchundro, who had been in great fear, hearing these words, approached, made obeisance, and said, "Oh, venerable father! if your slave has found favour in your sight, please grant that I may obtain the Princess of the Pomegranates as my wife." Then the old faqir said, "This is a very difficult thing you have asked of me. Nevertheless, as I have promised whatever you desire, I will give you my advice how to proceed in your search, and if you carefully follow my instructions you will succeed. When you arrive on the borders of fairyland, leave your army and followers, and proceed alone—taking with you a kid, and two earthen pots, one filled with milk and the other with honey. Proceed cautiously till you come near the dwelling of the Queen of the Fairies. Here, in the path by which you must approach, you will see a large tiger placed there to guard the path against all mortals. Throw to it the kid, and whilst it is devouring it, slip past and proceed. Afterwards you will come upon a tremendous serpent, coiled up in the road; place the pot of milk on the ground, carefully, for it to drink, and whilst it is so engaged, run past. At the entrance to the garden you will find a terrible bear. Give the pot of honey to it, and quickly enter into the garden. More I cannot promise; but when you return, after having carefully observed all I have told you, come to me, lest evil happen to you." Having finished his instructions, the old faqir disappeared.

Prince Hurrischundro was greatly elated at his good fortune, and having broken up his camp he proceeded on his way. When he reached the borders of fairyland, he dismissed his attendants, desiring them to be ready at a certain place for his return; or, if he should not return within one year, to go home to his father's palace with the news of what had occurred. Then taking a kid, some milk, and some honey, he set forward on the path for the abode of the Queen of the Fairies. He had not gone far when, in a narrow part, where there was no other means of passing than by the narrow path, he found a large tiger, which, on his approach, lashed its tail about and gave a tremendous roar. He went near and threw towards it the kid, and, whilst it was busy devouring, the Prince slipped past. After going some distance farther he encountered the serpent; he placed the pot of milk on the ground, and the snake at once put its head into the pot and began to drink. Whilst he was so engaged the Prince ran on. At last he reached the entrance of the garden, where was the huge bear, placed there by the Princess of the Pomegranates to guard it from any intrusion. He set the honey down before the bear, and then, watching his opportunity, whilst the bear was eating the honey, he slipped past, and found himself inside a large and beautiful garden, with deer and birds, quite tame, gliding or flitting from thicket to thicket.

The fairies soon discovered the presence of a mortal amongst them, and some of them ran to their Queen, the Princess of the Pomegranates, to inform her of the fact, and ask her assistance. The Princess was very wrath, and summoning her attendants, she sallied forth to slay the adventurous mortal. On seeing Hurrischundro, she was pleased by the beauty of his form and appearance, and said to her attendants, "This, surely, is a prince of the mortals!" Then, addressing him, she inquired what had brought him to fairy land, where no mortal was suffered to live. Then the Prince, who also had been admiring her beauty, and had been thereby stimulated to fulfil his determination, replied, "Oh! Princess of Pomegranates, your beauty alone has brought me to this place, and now that I have seen that of which before I had only heard, death itself at your hands will be preferable to disappointment." Then the Princess had pity on him, and bade her attendants provide him with food and raiment, and gave him lodging near her own dwelling. The Princess, after one or two more interviews, became enamoured of her adventurous lover, and bade her attendants inform the Prince of

her consent to marry him. Then Hurrischundro was very glad. And the attendants made ready the nuptial chamber.

After some days passed in the enjoyment of fairy land, Hurrischundro wished to return to his father's house. The Queen of the Fairies would have him remain, but he said, “No, I have mother, father, sisters, and brothers, all waiting for my return : therefore come, let us go to them.” Then the Queen said, “My subjects will not let me go. I am willing to accompany you, but if they discover my departure they will bewitch you. So listen, I will tell you what you must do : make a huge pomegranate of earthenware, and put me inside of it. Then take your leave of this place, and if anyone asks you, tell them this is a pomegranate the Queen has given me to take away. But you must be very careful not to open the pomegranate till you are inside your house, or evil will come of it.” Prince Hurrischundro was glad that his Princess consented to accompany him home, and promised carefully to comply with her instructions ; and taking the earthen pomegranate, he placed the Queen of the Fairies inside, carefully closing it up again. Having done this, he quickly departed from fairyland, taking with him the pomegranate.

On his return journey, his impatience would not permit him to visit the old faqir, to whose advice he owed it that he had been successful in his search. But after joining his army, without encountering any dangers or disasters, he proceeded by the shortest route towards his country.

He frequently cast wistful glances at the pomegranate which he was bearing home, till one day, being encamped, and not many days march from his home, he could no longer restrain his impatience, and retiring into a secluded place, he broke the crust of the huge pomegranate, when his beautiful wife emerged all right. Together they wandered about, till, feeling tired, they sat down under a tree, and in a short time Hurrischundro fell asleep with his head resting in the lap of the Princess. Presently she, feeling thirsty, looked around in search of water, and seeing a young girl, she beckoned to her, and asked if there was any place near at hand where she could go to drink and bathe. This girl belonged to the sweeper caste, called Mehtur and Mehturani, and had been listening to the talk of the Prince's camp. She replied to the Princess, “Yes, there is a nice tank close by, come, and I will show you where it is.” Then the Princess placed her husband's head softly on a pillow, and followed the Mehturani to the tank to bathe

and drink. By the way the Mehturani inquired, and the Princess informed her, of all particulars of her present position, not omitting the incident of the pomegranate, and its being broken too early. On their arrival at the brink of the tank, the Princess took off her jewels and shawl and laid them on the bank, and both of them went into the water to bathe. But while the princess unsuspectingly performed her ablutions, the Mehturani, watching her opportunity, pushed the Princess into a deep part, where she sank, and immediately turned into a beautiful flower.

Then the Mehturani, putting on the jewels and shawl of the Queen of the Fairies, returned towards the Prince ; and finding him still asleep, she seated herself, and gently raised his head on to her lap, just as the Queen of the Fairies had been sitting when the Prince went to sleep. Now the Queen of the Fairies had been a most beautiful woman, of the loveliest form and feature. The Mehturani on the contrary, was one-eyed, and of harsh and awkward form. When the Prince awoke, and looked up at his fancied bride, he was astonished, and asked, "Who are you?" The Mehturani, dissembling, replied, "Alas! oh Prince, do you not know me? I am the Queen of the Faeries whom you have laboured so hard to obtain ; and if I am altered it is your own doing, because you broke the pomegranate and released me from it, against my warning, before you were arrived in your father's palace. For this reason have the fairies been enabled to bewitch me." The Prince, knowing that he had done so, and that he had not returned to the old faquir as he was told to, submitted to the embraces of his new wife as he best could, and in a few days they reached his father's palace.

When his sisters-in-law saw whom he had brought home as a wife they refused to believe that she was the Queen of the Fairies. They made fun of him, saying, "Is this the beautiful bride whom you were going to bring home to us as a sister? We said you were not able to get a wife for yourself, and our words have come true." His father was also much disappointed when he saw his new daughter-in-law.

After some days the women began to question the Mehturani, saying, "How is it that you, who were Queen of the Fairies, receive no communication from them?" The Mehturani replied, "It is not our custom to send or receive news from fairyland." Nevertheless if the Mehturani could have understood them she might have

communicated with the fairies ; but she was unable. Hurrischundro, the more he saw of his new wife, found less to like her for ; she was ill-tempered and fond of quarrelling, and using bad language to her companions. So he grew dispirited, and went listlessly about the house, refusing to join the sports of his brothers.

One day, the three elder brothers went out hunting, accompanied by their vizier. Hurrischundro would not go with them, and remained at home. After riding a long time in search of game the brothers stopped to rest, and feeling thirsty, sent the vizier in search of water. The vizier went off to a neighbouring tank, taking with him a vessel to bring the water in. As he stooped down to fill the vessel he saw a most beautiful flower. Wishing to pluck it he stretched out his hand, but the flower immediately sank below the surface till he withdrew his hand, when it again appeared at the surface. Seeing this, the vizier was astonished, and again stretched out his hand. The flower again sunk beneath the water till he had withdrawn, when it re-appeared at the surface. This it repeated as often as the vizier tried to seize it. So, having filled his vessel, he returned to the princes, and said, " Oh ! sons of a king, be not angry with me, and I will say what I have in my mind." And they said, " Speak on, why should we be angry ? If your words are good, then we shall be pleased."

Then the vizier narrated all he had witnessed at the tank. The princes laughed, and said, " You must have been deceived ;" but he said, " Come yourselves and behold." And they accompanied the vizier to the edge of the tank, and each in turn tried to seize the flower, but it eluded their grasp as it had done that of the vizier. Then they also were astonished, and debated amongst themselves, " What sort of a flower is this ? Come, we have yet one brother at home, let us bring him, and see whether the flower will allow him to grasp it." So they returned to the palace, and related all that had occurred to themselves and to the vizier. Shortly after, Hurrischundro accompanied his brothers to the tank, and no sooner had he stretched out his hand to seize the flower than it came towards him, and allowed him to pluck it. He took it up carefully, and they returned to the palace.

When the Mehturani heard of the wonderful flower, and that Hurrischundro had plucked and brought it home, she was troubled in mind, and considered how she might destroy it. She feigned to be seized with a severe pain in the head, threw herself down on the bed, and tossed her arms wildly

about. When her husband came and saw her in this condition, he had pity on her, and asked her what he should do. Then she said, "I have a dreadful pain in my head, and nothing will cure me but that flower you plucked and brought home, which you must grind up into a paste, and I will apply it to my forehead."

Hurrischundro was sorry to destroy his flower; still, as his wife persisted in her request, and would take no other medicine or consolation at his hands, he consented, and desired one of his supposed wife's maids to bring the flower, and do with it what her mistress should tell her. So the Mehturani pounded the flower into a paste and applied it as a poultice to her forehead, after which, pretending to be much better, she got up, removed the poultice, and bade her maid throw it away. The maid took it and threw it from the window into the garden beneath. The next morning, behold, where the fragments of the flower had been thrown, a beautiful garden containing various sorts of fruit-trees had sprung up. And everyone seeing it was astonished and pleased with its beautiful appearance. The Prince commanded great care to be taken of it, but the Mehturani was wrath and alarmed at its appearance, for she alone knew the cause. She considered how she might effectually destroy it; and after a few days, again pretended to be seized with a pain more severe than the former one.

When Hurrischundro came and asked her what he should do for her, she said, "I am very ill, and unless you do as I say I shall die." The Prince promised her he would do as she required. Then she said, "Have that garden cut down and rooted up, and send the wood here that I may burn it and apply the ashes to my body; then the pain will leave me, otherwise I shall die." The Prince was very loath to spoil his beautiful garden, nevertheless for his word's sake he consented, and gave the order for it to be cut down and the roots torn up. When this had been done, the Mehturani carefully collected every particle of wood or leaves, and making a large fire, consumed the whole. The ashes she gathered up and applied to her body as a poultice, then feigning to recover, she removed them, and bade one of her trusty servants take them and throw them into the river, which flowed at some distance from the city. The servant took the ashes and threw them into the river, but some fell on the bank, and the next day a fine pomegranate tree had grown up where the ashes fell.

The tree grew and bare fruit, and all the people of that country plucked and ate it.

There was a poor old woman lived with her one son, a lad of ten years, on the bank of that river, near where the pomegranate tree had sprung up. She, hearing that the tree had borne fruit, said to her son one day, "Go, my son, all the people are plucking and eating the pomegranates; see if there is not one left, that we also may taste of the fruit." The boy went to the bank of the river where the tree grew, but he could not find a single fruit on it. At last, after much searching, he saw something lying at the bottom of the river, near the edge, which, on taking up, he found to be a fine pomegranate. At this he was much pleased, and took it with him home. He found his mother had gone out to buy a morsel for their evening meal. So, placing the fruit in a corner, he also went out to collect a few sticks, and make a fire. Whilst they were both absent (at sunset) the rind of the pomegranate burst, and the Princess of the Pomegranates, arrayed in the clothes of the poor peasant girl, stood in its place. On the return of the old woman, she was greatly alarmed at seeing a beautiful young woman in her hut. But the Princess reassured her, and said, "I am a poor peasant like yourself, and only want a night's lodging." Then, having obtained permission, she busied herself about the household arrangements, whilst the old woman cooked some rice for all three.

Next morning, the princess in disguise said to the old woman, "Oh, mother, listen. Lend me one rupee, and in a day or two I will return it to you increased a hundredfold." Then the old woman replied, "Where do you think I get rupees? I have hardly a morsel to eat, and you ask me to lend rupees." Afterwards, however, at the prospect of gain, the old woman produced a rupee from her hidden store, swearing that it was the last she had. Then the Princess told her what to purchase with it in the neighbouring bazaar: needles and some wool, for constructing tapestry. With the material she set to work and made a handkerchief, which, when she had finished, she gave to the boy to take into the bazaar for sale. "Take it," she said, "to the principal merchant of the city, and whatever price he gives, take it, and bring it home to your mother. If he asks where you got the handkerchief, say that your sister made it, and gave it to you for sale." So the boy took the handkerchief carefully wrapped in a cloth, and going into the bazaar, presented it to the chief merchant of that city. The latter, taking the handkerchief in his hand, recognised

it as being of the finest manufacture, and he said to the boy, "Who gave you this handkerchief?" Then the boy said, "My sister at home made the handkerchief, and sent me with it into the bazaar for sale." "How much do you want for it?" asked the merchant. "Whatever your honour pleases to give for it," replied the boy. Then the merchant returned the handkerchief to the boy, and said, "See, I am not able to buy this handkerchief. Its workmanship is of the rarest quality. Come with me to the palace of the King, he doubtless will give you a fitting price for it." So the boy took the handkerchief, and followed the merchant to the palace.

When they reached the door, the merchant desired the keeper to inform the King of their business, requesting an interview. And the durwan, going inside, shortly after returned with permission for them to enter. They found the King seated on his throne, and Hurrischundro, with the ministers and courtiers, seated on the ground round about. Then the merchant represented: "Your slave discovered this boy with a valuable handkerchief, suitable only for kings, for sale in the bazaar, and I straightway brought both him and the handkerchief to your majesty's presence." The King inquired of the boy where he obtained the handkerchief, and the boy told him exactly as he had told the merchant. The King was greatly pleased with the handkerchief, and gave the boy a hundred gold mohurs for it, saying, "Make more like this and bring them, and I will buy all you bring."

So the lad, having thanked the merchant, after having retired from the presence of the King, went away home. His mother was glad to see her rupee multiplied so speedily, and she presented offerings to her household god, who had blessed her with such a useful daughter. But the Princess in disguise asked the lad whom he had seen at court, and whether he had spoken to the King's youngest son, Hurrischundro. Then she set to work on a handkerchief more beautiful than the former one, of the most delicate colours and finest workmanship; and when she had completed it, she sent it by the boy direct to the palace. When Hurrischundro saw the skilful workmanship, and heard from the boy an account of his pretty sister, he determined to make her his wife. He told his father his determination, and asked him to send to the mother for permission, when he himself would go and fetch her away. And his father consenting, he sent a messenger with the boy, with a message from his father, the

King, asking the old woman for her daughter's hand. She was sorry to lose such a useful daughter, but went to the Princess in disguise, and asked what she would do, for the King had sent for her hand for his son. The Princess consented, but told the old woman to ask for herself a piece of land to support her and her son ; and for herself, that the Prince should not be permitted to see her face till after she had arrived within the palace. With these terms the messenger returned to the palace. The King agreed, and bestowed on the old woman an estate sufficient to support her and her son in comfort.

On the appointed day, Prince Hurrishandro set out, accompanied by attendants, with horses and elephants, for his bride's dwelling. She, however, feigning youth and shyness, would not permit him to see her face, and deferred the return journey till the dusk of the evening. On her arrival in the palace, she retired at once to the zenana, where her new female relatives at once surrounded her, and welcomed her with embraces and questions. When they saw her beautiful face and form, they were greatly pleased with her, and admitted that now Hurrishandro had brought home a wife worthy of a prince. The King, too, saw his new daughter-in-law, and was highly pleased.

When Hurrishandro heard his wife's praises on all sides, he became more eager ; but as yet his wife had not allowed him to see her face. At last, he would bear suspense no longer, and, choosing a favourable opportunity, he besought his wife to allow him to see the features that had so enchanted his relations. Then, suddenly pulling the veil from before her face, he was enraptured at discovering the long-lost features of the Princess of the Pomegranates. She explained all that had happened to her, and how all her misfortunes had occurred through his disobedience of the commands of the faquir, and her own directions in breaking the earthen pomegranate before reaching his father's palace. Hurrishandro was very glad to have safely got his real wife at last, and many hours flew by in the pleasures of newly meeting.

When the King heard the story of what had occurred—how the Mehturani, in addition to pushing the Queen of the Fairies into the well, had twice repeated her cruel design by crushing the flower and burning the wood (though her efforts had been unsuccessful)—he was very wrath, and ordered a well to be dug, into which she was thrown, and the well filled up.

THE TAMIL PRESS.

[We receive in the Oxford *Indian Institute* by almost every mail something new which has issued from the Tamil Press.

While, as is quite natural, young Tamilians are rightly eager in studying the English language and literature, there is a goodly band of vernacular scholars whose accurate and profound learning, combined with considerable critical faculties, would do honour to any country.

Some of the interesting Tamil works sent to us I propose briefly, from time to time, to notice in the pages of this magazine, if indeed any readers care for Tamil!

Among these South-Indian scholars are Rao Bahadur Kistnama Chāriyar, Rao Bahadur C. W. Tāmōthiram Pillai, Pandit Ve-Sāmināthaiyar (of Combaconam), Professor P. Sundaram Pillai, and many others.

There are two Tamil magazines we thus receive: the *Mahārāni* (Queen), edited by Kistnama Chāriyar, and the *Vivēka Chintāmani*, edited by the indefatigable C. V. Svāminātha Aiyar, of Triplicane.

From the latter my friend Mr. Symonds has extracted the curious bit of Folk-lore he has translated.

Indian Institute, Oxford.

G. U. POPE.]

Dec. 4, 1895.

‘ O FAT, FAT CALF ! ’

India is an interesting country, and there is no more interesting part of it than the Tamil region, which includes a portion of South Travancore, the entire Zillahs, Provinces, Districts or Collectorates of Tinnevely, Madura, Trichinopoly, Coimbatore, South Arcot, Chingleput, and large portions of Salem and North Arcot, while Tamil communities are to be found in most of the British Cantonnments in the Dekkan, North Ceylon, also a Tamil Colony. It may be safely affirmed that nothing but ignorance can make any country uninteresting. The Tamil language is the vernacular speech of upwards of fifteen millions of people inhabiting the great plain of the Carnatic, and Tamil literature contains many works which will amply

repay the careful student. It is especially rich in poetry, proverbs, and fiction—or, perhaps, it would be better to say, legends and stories—of all kinds. Amongst the last class of literary compositions there is an abundant *répertoire* of what a monthly Tamil magazine, called *The Vivēka Chintāmani*, styles, ‘Little Stories for Little People,’ or ‘Gleanings for an Indian Kindergartner.’ One of these curious historiettes, entitled, ‘O fat, fat Calf,’ I now propose to put before the readers of *The Indian Magazine* in English dress, merely premising that, as human nature is pretty much the same all the world over, they need not feel great surprise at the ancient Eastern anticipation of a method of juvenile instruction which has only of late years been systematised in Europe. Good ‘gardeners’ flourished long before the time of Herr Fröbel! For the right understanding of the Indian *modus operandi*, it is only necessary to mention that the children learn the stories by reciting and singing them, after a teacher, with appropriate rhythmical movements of the limbs in concert. The stories abound in iterations and reiterations of sound and sense, much after the manner of many well-established English nursery rhymes, lyrics, and tales. They are acted so that the *fly’s* audience increases from one to fourteen—so with the fly itself and the Brāhman woman, sixteen child-actors come to the front. It is an effective little piece.

This, then, is the tale:—

In a certain village a fly entered a Brahman’s house, and said, ‘Oh! mistress, give me alms.’ She replied, ‘What’s your name? just tell me your name, and then I will give you alms.’ The fly replied, ‘I’ve never heard my name.’ ‘Then you will get no alms from me: find out your name, and ask again;’ and with threats and flourish of her broom, she drove it from the door. And so we come to the story called ‘O fat, fat Calf,’ in which the unlucky and anonymous fly, barely escaping being crushed by the blows the housewife aimed at it, in great distress and anxiety flew away from her house to find someone who could reveal to it the mystery of its name!

The first creature that it saw was a sleek young calf grazing on a common, which it thus addressed:—

‘O fat, fat calf;
Tell me my name!’

To that the calf replied, ‘Don’t know: ask my mother;’

and pointed out the cow, which was grazing hard by. So the fly addressed itself to the cow :—

‘ O fat, fat calf ;
O mother of the calf ;
Tell me my name ! ’

Said the cow, ‘ Don’t know : ask the herdsman who grazes me.’ Forthwith the fly, making its way to the herdsman, resumed its tale with—

‘ O fat, fat calf ;
O mother of the calf ;
O herdsman of the mother of the calf ;
Tell me my name ! ’

To which the herdsman said, ‘ Don’t know : ask the staff I carry in my hand.’ At once the fly said :—

‘ O fat, fat calf ;
O mother of the calf ;
O herdsman of the mother of the calf ;
O staff in hand of herdsman of the mother of the calf ;
Tell me my name ! ’

To which the staff replied, ‘ Don’t know : the herdsman cut me from that tree ; go, ask the tree.’ Straightway the fly :—

‘ O fat, fat calf ;
O mother of the calf ;
O herdsman of the mother of the calf ;
O staff in hand of herdsman of the mother of the calf ;
O tree that bore the staff in hand of herdsman of the
mother of the calf ;
Tell me my name ! ’

To which the tree, ‘ Don’t know : ask the heron that perches on my top.’ Off went the fly to the heron with :—

‘ O fat, fat calf ; &c., &c.
* * * * *
O heron perching on the tree ;
Tell me my name ! ’

To this the heron, ‘ Don’t know : see there beneath the tree the tank on which I’m wont to swim ; ask it.’ Off went the fly to the tank :—

‘ O fat, fat calf ; &c., &c.
* * * * *
O tank beneath the tree where heron’s wont to swim ;
Tell me my name ! ’

To this the tank, 'Don't know: ask the bank that holds me in.' Again the fly:—

'O fat, fat calf; &c., &c.

* * * *

O bank, thou guardian of the tank;
Tell me my name!

To which the bank, 'Don't know: see, there the potter sits who moulds the pots; ask him.' Again the fly:—

'O fat, fat calf; &c., &c.

* * * *

O potter, sitting on the bank that guards the tank;
Tell me my name!

To which the potter, 'Don't know: I mould the pots; ask which you will of them.' At once the fly went where stood the pots, and bending low:—

'O fat, fat calf; &c., &c.

* * * *

O Pot formed by potter's hand;
Tell me my name!

To which the pot, 'Don't know: from clay the potter's hand kneaded and shaped my form: go, ask the clay.' Thither the fly repaired:—

'O fat, fat calf; &c., &c.

* * * *

O clay, the potter kneading moulds the pot;
Tell me my name!

To which the clay, 'Don't know: from out the pit the potter dug, kneaded and gave this moulded form; go ask the pit.' Forthwith the fly drew near the pit from which the earth was dug, and cried:—

'O fat, fat calf; &c., &c.

* * * *

O pit, from which the potter dug the clay;
Tell me my name!

To this the pit replied, 'Don't know: go ask the grass that on my margin spreads.' Forthwith the fly approached the grass that grew thereon, and said:—

'O fat, fat calf; &c., &c.

* * * *

O grass that springs around the pit;
Tell me my name!

To this the grass, 'Don't know: go ask the horse that eats the grass.' When thus it spoke, a horse was grazing

amid the grass. Thought the fly, 'How many more people am I to ask? My troubles will never cease.' And therefore it drew near with folded hands and bated breath, and with profound respect began :—

'O fat, fat calf; &c., &c.
* * * *

O horse that eats the grass;
Tell me my name !'

The horse,* hearing this, stood awhile as if deliberating, and seeing the trouble suffered by the fly, as though the All Merciful had regarded it with eye of pity, the ever kindly animal forthwith, in answer to the fly's question, uttered a whinnying sound like *hī, hī, hī*. [The Tamil name for *fly* has precisely this sound.] The fly, understanding this to be its long sought name, offered joyous thanks to the kindly horse, returned to the Brahman's house, gave its new found name to the mistress, and received the alms it had sought for. The children rapturously applaud.

Oxford, December 1895.

W. A. SYMONDS.

MARQUESS OF HASTINGS.

GLITTERS—with stormful splendour—Hastings' Star :
Mid rocky heights, where towering eagles wheel,
And treacherous mists the wary foe conceal,
Checked—but resistless—rolls his tide of war :
And vain the death-flash of the scimitar,
Where, from the serried ranks of British steel,
The fierce Maráthá horsemen backward reel,
As baffled waves from wind-lashed harbour-bar.

Nor only 'gainst wild hordes tumultuous strong,
For Peace, and righteous Rule, the sword he drew :
Dark Ignorance, and heart-corroding Wrong,
Felt his invasive sense, and prescience true :
'Twas his the soul-fired torch to bear along,
What Wellesley's brain designed, 'twas his to do.

C. A. KELLY.

* From ancient times the horse has been considered peculiarly propitious to all living beings.

SKETCH OF A TRAVANCORE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

WHATEVER may be the difficulties that Government and the many Missionary Agencies have to contend with, from time to time, in propagating female education in most parts of India, none such exist in the little Malabar kingdom of Travancore, situated in the south-west corner of the peninsula. Here female education is of ancient origin, cherished as a precious relic of a civilisation that has descended undiminished to the present times—hence women of culture are more numerous here than in any other part of India. Every Travancorean is most zealous in furthering the education of his sisters and nieces; no Travancore girl is ever allowed to grow up to womanhood without a fair knowledge of reading and writing Malayalam, her mother tongue; and in well-to-do households even Sanscrit is commonly studied by these girls, for understanding some religious books; vocal and instrumental music on the veena—the ancient harp—is also much in vogue among them. To this education of their own, they are now rapidly adding the study of English, needlework and drawing. Here, then, where female education has existed without a break down to the present day, every village has its self-supporting pyall school, where boys and girls are taught simple lessons, first from movable sand squares, neatly raised on the mud floors, the finger being used as a pencil for writing and learning the letters of the alphabet; and the more forward, from manuscript palmyra leaf books, written with an iron style, daubed over with saffron, prepared by the teacher. In a country permeated with educational ideas, the establishment of girls' schools there, from the primary to the higher standards, on Western lines generally, is an easy matter. The former are found in the well-to-do towns, and the latter in every large centre of population—all receiving Government assistance, either by grants-in-aid, as given to the various praiseworthy missionary agencies, or provided and wholly equipped by the State, with good building accommodation, a competent staff of teachers, school apparatus, play grounds, &c., &c.

Of such schools, some of the most flourishing are in Trevandrum, the capital—notably, the “Fort Female Normal School,” entirely worked by Travancoreans,

trained men and women teachers. Another is the "Karamany Girls' School," of which the town may well be proud; for thoroughness in learning up to the standards taught, and the good order and discipline maintained in all classes, as also for the substantially built house in which the scholars assemble. But perhaps the first in importance is his Highness the "Maharajah's High School for Girls," to which Miss S. B. Williams, M.A., has recently been appointed Lady Principal; and we propose to give a brief sketch of the origin, rise, and development of this interesting institution. It was of humble beginnings, started as a small primary day school for the children, girls and boys, of Government employees, mostly Eurasian, under the management of a Government paid woman teacher, aided by the active support of the benevolent and sympathetic Mrs. Maltby, wife of the then Resident, as visitor. Under her fostering care the school progressed so well that she advised the appointing of a competent English lady to carry on the work. This step Government sanctioned, and Miss Abel arrived from England in 1876, and opened the "Cantonment Girls' School," as it was then called, in the same bungalow as that in which Mrs. Veyra had always taught the children. House accommodation was scarce in those days; and Miss Abel, for want of a private dwelling, took up her abode in the small school house—a hardship (which does not exist now), in the hot moist climate of Travancore. Miss Abel was a good pioneer; losing no time in fitting up the schoolroom with the best available apparatus, and even a piano for vocal and instrumental music. On this there followed an accession of pupils of the better class; her improved method of teaching was greatly appreciated; so that when she resigned, on her marriage, about eighteen months afterwards; Miss M. L. Manning was appointed her successor as Lady Superintendent. She was most popular throughout the community, for her earnest and painstaking labours for nine years, when she retired; and was succeeded in 1878 in the "Sirkar Girls' High School" (as it was now called) by Miss A. C. Donnelly.

The material of the school, which numbered between thirty-five and forty pupils, though at a primary stage, was good; and working on these foundations, revising the whole curriculum, introducing a set of the best modern text books, the pupils were so diligent, that six of the most promising were sent up the following year for the Middle School Examinations; with the result of five passing most creditably—the first success achieved in

this line by Trevandrum educated girls. The institution was now raised to a Middle Standard, whence it very steadily commenced to change its character, passing into a first-rate *native* girls' school, drawn from all castes and classes of the community—as a Government school is always meant to be—all sharing in the benefits and advantages of the school with a spirit of good fellowship, regardless of wealth and position, very creditable to all. Pupils were now prepared for the Higher and Matriculation Standards, and advanced scholars for teachers' examinations as well—in all with marked success. A fair number of the advanced scholars made good use of their education, obtaining remunerative employment in the educational and medical services in different parts of the Madras Presidency, or having joined the school teaching staff, helping to train the younger generation. The institution ranked as a high school, and the members increased to over one hundred. Nor were the infant classes overlooked in the midst of all this new learning; to them lessons on the kindergarten system from Fröbel's Gifts, and animal object lessons were given, with gymnastic exercises and musical drill. Drawing was introduced into the school curriculum, from the infant classes to the most advanced, and soon appeared to be the most popular subject among them all; the course of instruction including drawing from the flat, objects from still life, and painting in oils and water colours from natural subjects. This love of drawing is peculiar to Travancore girls, doubtless owing to the picturesque surroundings of their physical world, in which, a wealth of flowers, fruit, and foliage vie with each other in the most exquisite colours on the hill sides, contrasting harmoniously with the green valleys of *paddy* (rice) fields, and the gorgeous sun, shining in one blaze of reddish yellow light overhead—or all softened into mellowed tints just after the burst of the *monsoons*. Truly, Travancore is a lovely land—one entire garden that Dame Nature has lavishly endowed. Little wonder that her children are so artistic, and love to pourtray its beauties so well!

But to return. The Sirkar Girls' School was thus in a most flourishing condition, when a sad calamity befell the old School House, which had been occupied by the institution for thirty years. On the evening of the 3rd April 1892, it was burnt down to the ground—possibly by accident, none the less a most disastrous one, as the greater part of the school furniture, apparatus, and library were entirely destroyed. That anything at all was saved was owing to the disinterested kindness of sympathising friends, who

hurried to the conflagration from all quarters, forcing their way into the burning building at great personal risk, and dragging out whatever it was possible to lay their hands upon and save. Teachers stayed on the spot and helped the superintendent till one o'clock in the morning, to pack and cart away to her dwelling whatever had been saved from the burnt wreck. It was quite touching to see the tears shed by the scholars next morning as they gazed at the remains of the charred and burnt building, where they had led such a busy happy life, which was now put an end to for ever in that spot. And they all had to begin school life elsewhere in temporary homes—first for a few days in the Boys' Preparatory School, then in the College Laboratory, and next in the Sirkar Book Depot.

Misfortune, however, only made the school more popular than ever from the circumstance that the numbers on the rolls at this time rose to 150, and a second building adjoining the premises had to be rented to accommodate this influx of scholars. Government issued orders to the Public Works Department for a new school house to be erected as expeditiously as possible on a large plot of ground in a spacious garden, opposite the east side of the College. The handsome building, well planned by that able architect A. H. Jacob, Esq., Engineer-in-Chief, was completed in the present year, a few months after the retirement of Miss A. C. Donnelly; and was opened in May last by the present Lady Principal, Miss S. B. Williams, M.A., when the designation of the institution was altered, and henceforth it is to be known as "His Highness the Maharajah's High School for Girls." And thus we close this sketch of an institution which has undergone many vicissitudes, but which has great vitality in its component parts, not doubting that under its new head—one of such varied educational attainments—a great future is before it, as its past record deserves.

A WELL-WISHER.

[To the above account of this interesting school, we may add that at the recent prize distribution, presided over by H.H. the Maharajah, a portrait of Miss Donnelly, who has now returned to England, was unveiled. Her successor, Miss Williams, M.A., referred to the persevering work done by Miss Donnelly for the welfare and progress of girls at Travandrum, remarking that her influence was felt, not only in the school, but in every house to which she had access, and that it extended widely in Travancore. A library has also been founded as a lasting memorial of the respect in which she was held, and of the affection of her pupils and friends in the Travancore State.]

COATS OF ARMS IN NATIVE STATES.

IN an article in the *Indian Magazine & Review* of November, under the heading, "On Curious Signatures used by some Indian chiefs," there is mention of the Coat of Arms of the Oodeypore State, but it has not been fully described, so I hope the following account of it may prove interesting.

In the centre of the Coat of Arms lies the Sun, from whom the Maharanas of Oodeypore are said to be descended, while above the sun is the representation of the god *Shiva* (the family deity of the Maharanas), and it is said that Bapa Rawal, the founder of the present kingdom of Meywar, got the kingdom through the favour of this god, the temple of whom is situated in the hills, fifteen miles from Oodeypore. The Maharana of Oodeypore frequently visits the temple, and he himself worships the god. At the top of it is a sword, the emblem of Rajputs, and it also shows that it was with the help of the sword that the Maharanas of Oodeypore fought many battles against the Musalmans, and kept the country under them. The supporters are Rajput and Bhil on both sides, the former dressed in plate armour, and the latter has his bow and arrow. The country was formerly occupied by the Bhils, who at one time recognised the Maharana as their ruler, and supported him; hence a prominent place has been assigned to a Bhil.

At the bottom is the motto of the Meywar State, which runs as under :—

Jo dridh rakhe dharma ko tihin rakhe Kartar,
i.e., He who steadfast keeps the faith, him the Creator keeps.

The motto well becomes the family of Oodeypore, because for the sake of religion the Maharanas fought hard-fought battles against the Musalmans, and never gave their daughters to them in marriage, which is the boast (and true boast) of the brave Maharanas of Oodeypore.

F. L. MEHTA.

THE MADRAS ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN TEACHERS.

THE annual meeting of this useful Association was held at Madras on November 9. It was presided over by H.E. Lady Wenlock, who, as patroness, has shown a kind interest in the aims in view. Mr. John Adam, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated the Association on its having reached the sixth year of its existence, and from its success he ventured to prognosticate success also for a proposed larger union of teachers now under consideration at Madras. He considered that the second object of the Association, that of promoting sociability, was even more important than the object of stimulating an interest in the art of teaching, and encouraging its study. Mrs. Duncan, President, seconded the adoption of the report. The Rev. Mr. MacPhail referred to the importance of increasing the supply of good teachers, in regard to which this Association rendered help. He urged that teachers should not "continue in the old ruts," nor sacrifice practice to theory, and that associations of teachers were of use in keeping a high standard before the minds of their members. Mr. N. Subrahmanyam expressed his full concurrence in Mr. MacPhail's remarks, and after some music and a recitation the meeting closed.

The report which was read on this occasion, gives a list of the year's meetings, which included three garden parties, one of them being given by Lady Wenlock at Guindy Park, and some interesting lectures, as follows: The Sun and his Kingdom, by Mr. Phipps; Three weeks in the Himalayas, by Miss Arnold; and Kindergarten Teaching in Madras Schools, by Mrs. Brander, also a specimen lesson in analysing sentences. Three lectures in Tamil on Kindergarten teaching given by the arrangement of the Hindu Social Reform Association, had been open to members of the Teachers' Association. Mrs. Brander had received at her house in July about 50 Goshia Muhamadan teachers and students, when a lecture in Hindustani was delivered by Sheriffa Bee, of the Government Hobart School, on The Life of the Queen-Empress, illustrated with

lantern slides by Mrs. Brander. This lecture seems to have been much appreciated. Prizes of Rs. 20 and Rs. 10 have been offered by Mrs. Brander and Miss Ive in respect to the best syllabus of object lessons; and another prize by Mrs. Brander for the best use of the library, the candidate having to state which books and magazines she had read, and what benefits she had gained from them. The library contains over 350 books, and several periodicals are taken.

Unions such as this at Madras have a valuable influence, intellectually and socially, upon teachers, and it is to be hoped that similar associations will by degrees be formed in many centres of Schools and Colleges in India.

 PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The liquid voice thro' mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony.

1. More than bicentenarian.
2. Yields blocks as fine as Parian.
3. *Non est disputandum.*
4. Thro' forest lured by Phantom. ¹
5. Make choice, but not at random.

 ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF LAST MONTH
I.—*The Leader.*

Through narrow untrod paths, his way
 He finds with impulse swift and sure.

II.—*The Followers.*

These in the conquered region stay
So that the conquest may endure.

1. Many I drew to California,
Many soft hands thro' me grew hornier.
2. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*
So, if he's vices, I condone 'em ;
If virtues, urge you to bemoan 'em.
3. They say that truth has many a facet,
But I have more, accept *quod placet.*
4. Ruined ? gulled ? tired ? achieved completely ?
Or have you clenched the wager neatly ?
5. A Roman sun and a Roman if,
And I betwixt, due scale to give.
6. For slavishness the men should scold her,
But for obedience they've extolled her.

Solution.—Needle ; Thread.

| | | |
|---|-------|----|
| N | ugge | T |
| E | pitap | H |
| E | rro | R |
| D | on | E |
| L | — | A* |
| E | ni | D |

* Note in musical scale, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

AMONGST New Year's Honours, the Prime Minister of the Nizam has been appointed K.C.I.E. ; the Thakore Saheb of Palitana, K.C.S.I., M. Rash Behary Ghose, M.A., and M. Waman Abaji Modak, B.A., have been made C.I.E. We are glad to observe that Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., has been promoted to be G.C.I.E.

EXAMINATIONS FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

[As the new edition of the "Handbook of Information," revised so as to bring it up to date, is not yet ready, we publish meantime this year's Regulations for the Indian Civil Service.]

An open Competitive Examination for admission to the Civil Service of India will be held in London, under the subjoined regulations, commencing on the 3rd August 1896.

The number of persons to be selected at this Examination will be announced hereafter.

No person will be admitted to compete from whom the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, has not received on or before the 1st June, 1896, an application on the prescribed form, accompanied by a list of the subjects in which the candidate desires to be examined.

The Order for Admission to the Examination will be posted on the 21st July 1896 to the address given on the Form of Application. It will contain instructions as to the time and place at which candidates will be required to attend, and as to the manner in which the fee (£6) is to be paid.

Civil Service Commission October, 1895.

REGULATIONS.

The following regulations, made by the Secretary of State for India in Council, are liable to alteration from year to year.

1. An Examination for admission to the Civil Service of India, open to all qualified persons, will be held in London in August of each year. The date of the Examination and the number of appointments to be made for each province will be announced beforehand by the Civil Service Commissioners.

2. No person will be deemed qualified who shall not satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners:—

(i.) That he is a natural-born subject of her Majesty.

(ii.) That his age will be above twenty-one years and under twenty-three years on the first day of the year in which the examination is to be held.

[N.B.—In the case of natives of India it will be necessary for a candidate to obtain a certificate of age and nationality signed, should he be a resident in British India, by the

Secretary to Government of the Province, or the Commissioner of the Division within which his family resides, or should he reside in a Native State, by the highest political officer accredited to the State in which his family resides.]

(iii.) That he has no disease, constitutional affection, or bodily infirmity unfitting him, or likely to unfit him, for the Civil Service of India.

(iv.) That he is of good moral character.

3. Should the evidence upon the above points be *primâ facie* satisfactory to the Civil Service Commissioners, the candidate, on payment of the prescribed fee, will be admitted to the Examination. The Commissioners may, however, in their discretion, at any time prior to the grant of the Certificate of Qualification hereinafter referred to, institute such further inquiries as they may deem necessary; and if the result of such inquiries, in the case of any candidate, should be unsatisfactory to them in any of the above respects, he will be ineligible for admission to the Civil Service of India, and if already selected, will be removed from the position of probationer.

4. The Open Competitive Examination will take place only in the following branches of knowledge :—

| | Marks. |
|---|--------|
| English Composition | 500 |
| Sanskrit Language and Literature | 500 |
| Arabic Language and Literature | 500 |
| Greek Language and Literature | 750 |
| Latin Language and Literature | 750 |
| English Language and Literature (including special period named by the Commissioners) | 500 |
| French Language and Literature | 500 |
| German Language and Literature | 500 |
| Mathematics (pure and applied) | 900 |
| Advanced Mathematical subjects (pure and applied) .. | 900 |
| National Science— <i>i.e.</i> , any number not exceeding <i>three</i> of the following subjects :— | |
| Elementary Chemistry and Elementary Physics | 600 |
| (N.B.—This subject may not be taken up by those who offer either Higher Chemistry or Higher Physics.) | |
| Higher Chemistry | 600 |
| Higher Physics | 600 |
| Geology | 600 |
| Botany | 600 |
| Zoology | 600 |
| Animal Physiology | 600 |
| Greek History (Ancient, including Constitution) .. | 400 |
| Roman History (Ancient, including Constitution) .. | 400 |

| | Marks. |
|--|--------|
| English History | 500 |
| General Modern History (period to be selected by candidates from list in the syllabus issued by the Commissioners, one period at least to include Indian History) | 500 |
| Logic and Mental Philosophy (Ancient and Modern) .. | 400 |
| Moral Philosophy (Ancient and Modern) | 400 |
| Political Economy and Economic History.. .. . | 500 |
| Political Science (including Analytical Jurisprudence, the Early History of Institutions, and Theory of Legislation) | 500 |
| Roman Law | 500 |
| English Law. Under the head of "English Law" shall be included the following subjects—viz. :—(1) Law of Contract; (2) Law of Evidence; (3) Law of the Constitution; (4) Criminal Law; (5) Law of Real Property; and of these five subjects candidates shall be at liberty to offer any four but not more than four | 500 |

Candidates are at liberty to name any or all of these branches of knowledge*. No subjects are obligatory.

5. The merit of the persons examined will be estimated by marks; and the number set opposite to each branch in the preceding regulation denotes the greatest number of marks that can be obtained in respect of it.

6. The marks assigned to candidates in each branch will be subject to such deduction as the Civil Service Commissioners may deem necessary in order to secure that "a candidate be allowed no credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere smatterer."

7. The examination will be conducted on paper and *vivâ voce*, as may be deemed necessary.

8. The marks obtained by each candidate in respect of each of the subjects in which he shall have been examined, will be added up, and the names of the several candidates who shall have obtained, after the deduction above-mentioned, a greater aggregate number of marks than any of the remaining candidates, will be set forth in order of merit, and such candidates shall be deemed to be selected candidates for the Civil Service of India, provided they appear to be in other respects duly qualified. Should any of the selected candidates become disqualified, the Secretary of State for India will determine whether the vacancy thus created shall be filled up or not. In the former case, the candidate next in order of merit, and in other respects duly qualified, shall be deemed to be a selected candidate.

* A syllabus, defining in general terms the character of the examination in the various subjects, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission.

A candidate entitled to be deemed a selected candidate, but declining to accept the nomination as such, which may be offered to him, will be disqualified for any subsequent competition.

9. Selected candidates before proceeding to India will be on probation for one year, at the end of which time they will be examined, with a view of testing their progress in the following subjects (*):—

| <i>Compulsory</i> — | Marks. |
|--|--------|
| 1. Indian Penal Code and Criminal Procedure Code .. | 500 |
| 2. The principal Vernacular Language of the Province to which the Candidate is assigned | 400 |
| 3. The Indian Evidence Act and the Indian Contract Act | 500 |
| <i>Optional.</i> [Not more than two of the following subjects, of which one must be either the Code of Civil Procedure or Hindu and Muhammadan Law.] | |
| 1. The Code of Civil Procedure | 400 |
| 2. Hindu and Muhammadan Law | 450 |
| †3. Sanskrit | 400 |
| †4. Arabic | 400 |
| 5. Persian | 400 |
| 6. History of British India | 350 |

In this Examination, as in the open competition, the merit of the Candidates examined will be estimated by marks (which will be subject to deductions in the same way as the marks assigned at the open competition), and the number set opposite to each subject denotes the greatest number of marks that can be obtained in respect of it. The Examination will be conducted on paper and *viva voce*, as may be deemed necessary. This Examination will be held at the close of the year of probation, and will be called the "*Final Examination.*"

10. The selected candidates will also be tested during their probation as to their proficiency in Riding.

* * * * *

11. The selected candidates, who, at the Final Examination, shall be found to have a competent knowledge of the subjects specified in Regulation 9, and who shall have satisfied the Civil Service Commissioners of eligibility in respect of nationality, age, health, character, and ability to ride, shall be certified by the

* Instructions, showing the extent of the Examination, will be issued to the successful candidates as soon as possible after the result of the Open Competition is declared.

† These subjects may not be offered by any Candidate who has offered them at the open competition.

said Commissioners to be entitled to be appointed to the Civil Service of India, provided they shall comply with the regulations in force, at the time, for that Service.

12. Persons desirous to be admitted as candidates, must apply on forms, which may be obtained from "The Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.," at any time after the 1st December, in the year previous to that in which the examination is to be held. The forms must be returned so as to be received at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners on or before the 31st May (or, if that date should fall upon a Sunday or public holiday, then, on or before the first day thereafter on which their office is open), in the year in which the Examination is to be held.

October 1895.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

WE are requested to state that the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art is unable to send an article this month, owing to the extra work connected with the winding up of the Empire of India Exhibition.

LETTER FROM MANGALORE.

MISS CARR, Government Inspectress of the Western and Southern Circles, Madras, gives the following interesting sketch, writing from Mangalore, in the South Canara District :—

I have been for three weeks on this lovely West Coast, and it will be the 20th before I can return to Coimbatore. I am now being delayed for a few days on account of the irregularity of the steamers, and it is most provoking. Landing and embarking are very troublesome here on account of the harbour bar. The steamers lie a long distance out, and the trip has to be done in a life-boat. The scenery is lovely, especially from this spot. I am staying with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Holme, the judge and his wife, and their house is on a hill of very considerable height. Below lies the town, embedded among trees, having most luxuriant foliage, and surrounded by rivers or back-waters. To the west is the sea, and to the east, rising higher and higher in the distance, are the Covey Hills—a branch of the Western Ghats.

There are some good girls' schools in Mangalore, but very few in the rest of the South Canara District. The Roman Catholic St. Ann's Girls' School here has a strength of 250, and teaches up to the matriculation standard, and it has a training branch attached. There are also two other good schools under the same management, each with a strength of about 100. Then there are two other nice schools under the Basel German Mission. One of the most interesting schools here is the Canara Girls' School, opened and maintained by a committee of Hindu gentlemen. It has only been opened about a year and a half, and there are about sixty pupils, all high caste Brahmins. Four years ago, a Brahman widow at Kasserode, in this district, brought her daughter (a child widow of ten years of age), to me, and asked for her to be made a teacher. I got her a scholarship, and she first studied in the Mission School at Kasserode, and then went to the Government Training School at Calicut. She succeeded in getting a primary teacher's certificate, and is now employed as a teacher in the Canara Girls' School. She is still continuing to study, and hopes to go up next year for the Lower Secondary Examination. If she passes I shall try and find means for giving her higher education. She is only fourteen now, and at twenty might be the means of doing a power of good in this district.

THE LATE MRS. COLQUHOUN GRANT.

HAVING known the late Mrs. Colquhoun Grant very intimately during my residence in Calcutta, many years before the establishment of the National Indian Association, the duties of the honorary secretaryship of the Bengal Branch of which she has so ably discharged for the past decade, I cannot refrain from recording my testimony to the usefulness of her *former* life, prior to becoming connected with the Association. As superintendent of Kidderpore House—a home founded, in days gone by, for the benefit of the female orphan children of officers in the army (illegitimate or otherwise) who had no other—Mrs. Grant threw herself with characteristic energy and zeal into the duties of the institution. One of the principal objects with managing committees, past and present, has always been, if possible, to settle the girls comfortably in life. To attain this end, parties were given from time to time; but, formerly, the social status of possible bridegrooms was not of a high order. Mrs. Grant, who had recently lost a much loved husband—a greatly esteemed Cavalry field officer—and who needed a sphere of active work, at once set herself to remedy this state of things. The girls—many of them naturally refined and with agreeable manners—whose education had been of the slenderest, now had opportunities of mental improvement afforded them, and of mixing with really good society. A staff of able lecturers was secured, instructive and interesting lectures were given, alternating with concerts where varied and excellent music was provided—all tending to improve the moral tone of the institution and the development of local talent. An evening at Kidderpore House came to be favourably “talked about.”

Happily the days are gone by when Europeans made disreputable connexions with the females of the country. The freer intercourse with Europe, and the greater influx of eligible young ladies from home—creating quite an *embarras de richesse* in this direction—have led to a cessation of these practices. The home is now com-

paratively but little fed, and must, in due course, cease to exist. Its day is over, but in its time and its own way has been of great benefit to the Eurasian and Anglo-Indian community of India. With its existence, and especially with its development for good, the name of Mrs. Colquhoun Grant will always be favourably associated.

Wandsworth,
December 19, 1895.

CHAS. R. FRANCIS,
Surgeon-General (retired).

A BANQUET was given, at the Holborn Restaurant, to Mr. Moolraj Bhagwanani, on his return to India. He is the son of the Minister of the State of Khairpur, and was sent to England by the late Amir to qualify himself for the highest post in the State. A distinguished company assembled to do him honour on the eve of his departure from London, Judge Bagshawe presiding.

We record with regret the death, after a severe illness, of Lady Lethbridge, wife of Sir Roper Lethbridge, K.C.I.E.

INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Times of India* states that H. E. the Governor of Bombay, lately visited nine primary schools at Bombay, in order to inspect for himself their condition. These schools are under the control of the Joint Schools Committee, the Chairman of which had some time before spoken to the Governor about the unsatisfactory buildings in which instruction is carried on. His Excellency, who used to be a member of the London School Board, made very careful observations as to the dimensions of the school-rooms, the arrangements for light and air, and the sanitation, &c. In regard to all these points many of the schools are defective. Some of the classes are held in lofts and attics, to be reached by steep ladders; while many roofs are imperfect; and windows are often unprotected from the heavy rains. In one Boys' School 50 infants were taught in a room 13 feet by 11. The Churney Road Gujarati Girls' School, the pupils of which are chiefly Parsees, was much approved as to management and appearance. It was started by the late Mr. S. Sorabjee Bengalee, and has since been made over to Government. The Amerchand Girls' School was noted for the Kindergarten teaching lately introduced, and the Girgaum Second Grade A. V. Marathi School, with 273 pupils, was found to have the advantage of a ground floor site, and a compound for play-ground. In the schools inspected the number of boys was 1,929 Hindus, 54 Parsees, 118 Muhammadans, 3 Beni-Israels, while the four girls' schools contained 155 Hindus and 80 Parsees. H.E. Lord Sandhurst, in taking leave of the Committee, promised to do what he could for furthering the cause of primary education in Bombay. The housing of many of the schools has been long felt to be very unsatisfactory, and we sincerely hope that a change will be effected in this respect, so that the value of instruction may not be minimised by loss of health and vigour in the learner.

The widow of Razi Raza Hossein Khan Bahadur, of Patna, has offered the sum of Rs. 10,000 to create an endowment for promoting Muhammadan education in Behar.

Mrs. D. N. Ganguli, B.A., L.R.C.P., and S. Edin., has made a professional visit to Nepal, to attend the Rani of the Commander-in-Chief of the Nepal Army, whom she has treated with success.

The *Tribune* states that there was a large and influential Hindu gathering at the late prize-giving at the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic

College and Schools, Babu. R. P. Ray, M.A., B.L., took the chair, and the report, which was very satisfactory, was read by Lala-Hans Raj. The College students had obtained very high marks in Sanskrit in the Higher University Tests.

The Madras University has accepted the offer of an annual gold medal, to be awarded to the best lady candidate in the Matriculation Examination, and to be entitled the Krupabai Sathianadhan Memorial Medal.

Mrs. Hammick gave lately a very successful party at Madras, at which many Hindu, as well as European, ladies were present. A magic-lantern exhibition formed part of the entertainment.

We learn from the *Advocate of India* that Mr. S. Sathianadhan, M.A., of Madras, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, and that the honour has been conferred in connexion partly with his History of Education in the Madras Presidency.

We regret to have to record the death, at Lahore, of Rai Babadur Balmokand, A.M., I.C.E., &c., Executive Engineer, First Grade, aged 42. His younger brother died shortly after, leaving the widowed mother in great grief. Mr. Balmokand visited England a few years ago, being sent here by Government for professional study. He was very popular, and a leader in his community.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

A PAPER by Prof. J. C. Bose, Presidency College, Calcutta, was read at the Royal Society, London, Dec. 12, on "The Determination of the Index of Refraction of Sulphur for the Electric Ray."

Departures.—Mr. M. Ghose, with wife and daughters; Mr. Abdullah Ibn Yusuf Ali, I.C.S.; Mr. Moolraj Sujansing Bhagvanani, B.A.

Arrivals.—Mrs. and Miss Palit, Mr. L. Palit, B.S.S.; Surgeon-Captain Sinha and daughter; Mr. Shadi Lal, M.A., Government of India Scholars, from the Punjab.

Death.—In London, on Dec. 15, Brigade-Surgeon-Lieut.-Colonel Rajendra Chandra Chandra, late Professor Medical College, Calcutta.
