At a meeting of the National Indian Association held on February 18th (by the kind permission of Lord and Lady Hobhouse) at 15 Bruton Street, W., an interesting lecture, of which the following is an abstract, was given by Lord Thring, K.C.B., on the History of an Act of Parliament.

Lord Hobhouse presided, and he opened the proceedings with a few introductory remarks, referring to the career of Lord Thring, and his great services for 25 years as a Parliamentary Draftsman.

Lord Thring opened his address by the enquiry, "What is an Act of Parliament?" Holding in his hand the Local Government Bill, he explained how that particular Bill came into existence. What did it say of itself? He then pointed out that from every word of the enacting part of every Act of Parliament we can gather lessons of constitutional history. For instance, every Bill is said to be enacted, not by Parliament, but by "the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty." This takes us back to the time of the Norman kings, when Acts were, in fact, mere ordinances of the Sovereign. Further, the words, "with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled," show how power progressively came to be exercised by the representatives of the people.

The process by which that particular Act had been framed was then described in detail. It was started by Mr. Ritchie, one of the Cabinet Ministers—the Cabinet being the acting Executive of the kingdom. After discussion in the Cabinet, the matter of the Bill was probably quite
briefly indicated on two or three pages of letter paper, and the draftsman would next undertake to put it into proper form. He would have to examine perhaps 30 statutes, and to consult folio volumes of extracts relating to the subject of the Bill. To draft such a Bill was no easy task. Let anyone try to draw up the rules for a Cricket Club, or for a Friendly Society, and he would in some degree realise the difficulties to be encountered. The first thing in the case of drafting an Act is to know the Law; the second, to arrange the Law; and the third, to express the Law. In regard to expression, the great matter is to avoid ambiguity. During the drafting, the Minister especially connected with the Bill has to be continually consulted. Lord Thring remarked that some of his happiest hours had been spent in this, to him, pleasant toil of drafting. He dwelt on the occasions when he had had to work with Mr. Gladstone, whom he had always found most willing to listen to suggestions from others. Mr. Gladstone's power of turning from one subject to another was noticed as very remarkable. His train of thought after interruptions could be resumed with the greatest ease.

The Bill, when drafted, has to be brought before the House of Commons. The first reading is usually agreed to without much debate. The second reading is understood to imply an approval of the Bill. At this stage great speeches are made, and if the second reading is carried, the Bill, as a general rule, gets through. Still it has to go through several stages. In Committee amendments are made, and, not infrequently, considerable change takes place in the Bill. We draughtsmen, said Lord Thring, are a patient and suffering race, and we have to sit by and hear the various changes without complaining. From the Commons the Bill perhaps comes out with some of its clauses in a confused condition, as some of the amendments accepted have often been brought forward by Members who have not taken time to study the question. The Bill next goes to the House of Lords, and there amendments are introduced to correct mistakes made in the Commons. After the Bill has been finally passed in both Houses, the assent of Her Majesty is needed. This is given, if Her Majesty is not present in person, before the Lord Chancellor and two peers in scarlet robes, who act as a commission. The Clerk reads out the title of the Bill, and the royal assent is given in these words: "La Reine le veult." The alternative words would be, "La Reine s'avisera" [or, "will think about it."]. But for a long time
the assent has not been withheld, Queen Anne having been the last who "thought about it." Private Bills, or Bills with which private rights are concerned, are dealt with in the same manner as Public Bills, except that, if opposed, the case made out by the Bill is tried—in the House of Lords, by a Committee of five, in the Commons, by a Committee of seven.

Lord Thring next referred to the Statute book. The first Statute is Magna Charta, which was passed in 1215. The persons concerned were the Barons of England, who assembled to meet King John in the pleasant meadows of Runnymede. The Barons came from London, prepared with this, the greatest Bill that has ever been passed in the world. It was drawn by Stephen Langton and others, and, besides redressing many grievances, it contained one clause which is a gospel of freedom for every British subject—for those of every country that claims affinity with England; "No man shall be taken or imprisoned or deprived of his freehold or liberties, or be outlawed or exiled, except by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will deny or delay to no man, justice or right."

Among the old statutes were certain notable ones to which Lord Thring called attention. One, in 23 Edward III., had reference to the first strike on record—among the masons of Windsor Castle. The population had been reduced by the plague, and, in consequence, wages had become excessive. So this Bill was passed to settle the wages at the previous rate, and to make combinations for raising wages illegal. In Henry VIII.'s reign, an Act was passed condemning the cook of the Bishop of Rochester, for poisoning the pottage, to be boiled to death. Instances were quoted of Sumptuary Laws. By 28 Edward IV., it was decreed that none under the rank of a lord were to wear foreign woollen cloth or fur, and other rules restricted the dress, not only of citizens, but of their wives also, very minutely.

In the latter part of his address, Lord Thring touched on codification, which is now going on in a satisfactory manner.

In conclusion, Lord Thring said: "Let Englishmen not despair of their law, but look forward to no distant time, when English law will surpass continental codes as much in form as it now surpasses them in precision, and in every excellence which can commend law to a free people and a constitutional government. It may be said
of English law, taking a slight liberty with the words
Lord Tennyson,—

"It is a law of settled Government,
A law of old and just renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

Mr. Justice JARDINE moved a vote of thanks to Lord Thring for his valuable address, which was seconded by MOULVI RAFIUDDIN AHMAD, who also expressed the thanks of his countrymen to the Lady Hobhouse for her kindness in arranging the meeting.

The CHAIRMAN then made a few remarks. Lord Thring, he said, had, by his lecture, done a great deal to stimulate thought upon some important constitutional questions. As to the blunders made under the present system, instances might have been multiplied. Bills are discussed by Parliament in such a very stormy way as to cause extreme misery to the draftsman. Amendments are often foisted in without adequate knowledge of the subject. Lord Hobhouse gave an amusing instance of the effect of a hasty alteration of a Bill, in which, after it had been provided that half a certain penalty should go to the informer and half to the Crown, the pecuniary penalty was changed into a whipping, to half of which therefore the Crown was entitled! But though things are often done in a blundering way when many have the doing, and more perfectly by a single individual, yet the choice lies between two imperfect kinds of arrangements—and the former plan has been deliberately chosen in order to enable the people to assist in the making of laws. Referring to India, Lord Hobhouse observed that though it is a country of absolute Government, yet there are great safeguards against arbitrary action. One great safeguard is that there exists a Judiciary independent of the Executive, and, to some extent, independent of the Indian Legislature. It is often their duty to pass judgment on the acts of Executive Officers, and it is sometimes, though seldom, their duty to try the validity of laws passed by the Indian Legislature. One set of men thus sit in judgment on another set—and are not committed to find the proceedings of the second set legal. It is true that Indian Judges do not hold their offices during good behaviour as English Judges do. But nobody ever dreams of getting rid of an Indian Judge because he decides against the views of the Government. Practically the Judiciary are independent, and are not afraid to speak their minds.
Another great safeguard is that laws are passed by a Legislative body, which is bound to do its business in public. There is all the difference in the world between public and private deliberation. A man who has to give his reasons openly in a public Assembly, though a small and picked one, thinks out the matter beforehand much more than one who can do everything in his study. In England we are apt to suffer from too much discussion. In India the difficulty is to get a sufficient amount of independent and various opinions. The Government of India know the value of it very well, and they endeavour to get a great deal more of it than the Law requires. Lord Hobhouse then sketched the system under which—by repeated references to Local Officers, who, in their turn, would consult any available source of public opinion; by publication of statements known as "objects and reasons;" by circulation of these along with the Bills to which they referred, and, sometimes with the speeches of their introducers; by leaving long intervals of time between the introduction of Bills and their subsequent stages; and by inviting criticism in the mean-time—the Government of India endeavoured to make up for the lack of adequate discussion from the subjects' point of view. But he expressed an opinion that it still remained the great weakness of Governments such as that of India, that they do not know enough about what their subjects are thinking.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman having been proposed by Mr. T. H. Thornton, C.S.I., the meeting ended.
SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

JAINA AND MUHAMMADAN ARCHITECTURE IN GUZERAT.

Early in this century the general belief in Europe regarding India was, that it was a country peopled by one race who professed one common religion, full of gross errors and dreadful superstitions.

This ignorance has, however, long since given place to the knowledge that there are as many nationalities in India as there are in Europe, that their religious sects outnumber those of any other country, and that new faiths are springing up still among them. The object of this paper is to deal, not with the religion brought across the Indus by the followers of the Prophet of Arabia, or with the effect produced by Muhammadans on existing faiths, but to note the changes brought about in the architecture of Guzerat, and more particularly Ahmedabad, after their conquest of the Province.

It has been said that in Spain, Egypt, and Persia, Muhammadan art assumed a local form which varied only with the age, but in India it was not so. There the locality affected the art—therefore to master the details of art as practised in Agra and Delhi, would not mean that the art student knew all there was to learn of the Moslem style. This differed essentially in Jânpur, Gaur, Vijayapur (commonly written Bijapur), each style having a character and individuality, so to say, peculiarly its own.

Amongst all, however, the most beautiful and most instructive is that to be found at the present time in Guzerat. As a people, the inhabitants of this Province have always held a prominent position among the nations of India for commerce and enterprise.

The dominant religion seems to have been Jaina—the worship of certain deified mortals. Whether this religion took its origin in Guzerat is not known, but as far as our

* Properly Gujara-râṣṭra—the country of the Gujara tribe; being the peninsula of Kach and Kathiawar, consisting of rich alluvial plains, industriously cultivated.
knowledge extends, that Province was always the head­quarters of the Jains. Of Indian forms of religion it is perhaps the purest, being free from the superstitions that so generally pervade the worship of Vishnu and Siva, and unencumbered by the monstrous priestly asceticism of the Buddhists. With Vedantic Brahmanism as brought into India by the Aryans, one would not, of course, compare it, but amongst indigenous growths it certainly holds no secondary position for pureness of doctrine and an exalted tone of morality, and it found expression in beautiful works of art, which the fiery Moslem, though burning with zeal in the cause of the Prophet, hesitated to stamp out or totally destroy. “The astylar temples of the Hindus,” says Fergusson, “were useless to the Moslems, except as quarries, but the light columnar style furnished not only materials, which could easily be adapted for their own use, but supplied hints of which the Mahomedans were not slow to avail themselves.” He says also “It was their singular good fortune to find themselves among a people, their equals in conception, superior to them in execution, and with their tastes refined by centuries of civilisation. While moulding them they were moulded by them, and though they insisted on their distinctive minaret and pointed arch, they could not help borrowing the pillared hall, the delicate traceries, and rich decorations of their conquered foes.” It is, however, just this—this amalgamation and exchange of ideas, this blending of the excessively ornate imagination of the Hindus with simple Moslem severity, that lends the charm to Guzerat architecture, and gives it a value, not to be surpassed, in the eyes of the student of Indian art.

To better understand the changes effected by Mu­hammedans in their newly-acquired territory, it may be well to notice some peculiarities in Jaina architecture.

Their architectural plans, and the order in which they placed their pillars, were singular, but they adhered to it, even when working under the yoke of their new masters.

The great idea was the octagonal dome resting on horizontal architraves, supported by twelve pillars.

When this form was first introduced it is difficult to say, since nothing erected before the tenth century has yet been found; but this much is certain: that the earliest specimens are as perfect in all their details as any constructed later, and seem to prove that they were by no means the first employed.

Some have thought that it was brought into India by the Romans, because of the existence of a tomb at Mylassa,
in Kaira (Guzerat), built during the Roman occupation of the country, probably about the fourth century. This tomb is covered with an octagonal dome, resting on twelve pillars, and roofed, exactly as Indian domes are, with horizontal layers of stone. Whether the invention belongs to India or not is a question wholly unanswerable, since derivative forms and connecting links are all wanting.

As regards porches, Forbes says: “The Jaina architect always elaborated from the one idea. First, two pillars were added on each face, then four on each, and two again in front of these, and so till each corner contained fourteen, making fifty-six in all—the limit to which Jaina porches extend when used as single features.” The results obtained by this arrangement were, first, the singularly varied outline in plan, producing the happiest effects of light and shade that changed with the sun’s rays, and secondly, the proportioning of the length of the greater aisles to their relative width. This, where the aisles were of the same height, was an important advantage, sufficing, as it did, to give the necessary variety, while to subordinate the parts the one to the other, and avoiding the appearance of being too wide or too narrow.

**Domes.**—Whether the Jains allowed their domes to be seen externally is uncertain. The roof of the temple near Ajanta—a building which might have afforded valuable information—is now ruined, but it seems to have been covered by a richly ornamented pyramid of steps.

Another characteristic of the Jains was their mode of building cells. These were constructed on the same plan as their porches, which resulted in the entrance always being on the angle and never on the longer side, a peculiarity not found in any other style of architecture.

As ten centuries earlier the Christians in Italy had to face the difficulty of adopting a pagan style of architecture to the requirements of their own religion, so the Moslem had to solve the problem of converting architectural expressions of idolatrous Hinduism to suit his more simple style of ecclesiastical structure. The open court, where any worshipper might go and be reminded that “mercy was before him,” was very different to the dark idol cell where no one was admitted. Instead of the “ever-present God,” portrayed in stone, the Moslem addressed his devotion and directed his adoration to the invisible and omnipresent deity. In many ways, therefore, the disparity was greater in the East than it had ever been in the West, because the idolatry of the Hindu was more complete than that of the
Roman, and the allegiance of the Moslems to the spirit of the second commandment more absolute than that of the Christian. The change, once begun, was, however, effected rapidly enough, for in about thirty years prominent Jaina features had almost entirely disappeared. At first it was only externally that Muhammadans strove to make any noticeable difference, and to accentuate the severity of their own style. Internally, Hindu domes were allowed to stand, and with no small success. Until the old material of Hindu temples was used up—for, as has been said before, the Muhammadans used them as quarries—the effect produced by fitting the one style to the uses of the other was anything but agreeable to the artistic eye; still, within so short a space of time as eleven years after the transition had commenced, we find the more glaring incongruities had vanished, and the interior and exterior brought into almost complete harmony. The mode of introducing light into the central compartment of the mosque is pleasingly peculiar, and does not seem to exist out of Ahmedabad.

The usual type of an Ahmedabad mosque is a building of three squares, each crowned by a dome, resting on twelve pillars, but the central dome is raised above the two by the introduction of two pillars in front, twice the height of the others, and by a double range of dwarf pillars on the other three sides, resting on the roofs of the side squares. This arrangement secured the entrance of a soft subdued light into the interior, but it could not have been invented for Ahmedabad alone, for in the latitude of that city this mode afforded no protection before noon from the sun's rays. In Syria, where the mosques face due south, it would have been perfect for both light and heat; but in Gujerat the case was altered, for Mecca lying due west the mosques must necessarily face that way, and be therefore exposed, if anything, east and west.

The temple of Vimala Sāh, on Mount Aboo, built in 1032, is one of the most perfect specimens of Jaina architecture existing in India. It is built wholly of white marble, though no quarries of that material are to be found within three hundred miles of the spot, and to transport and convey it up the hill must have added greatly to the expense of the undertaking. That this temple escaped the hand of the spoiler is due chiefly to its inaccessible situation on the summit of the mountain, which rises from the desert like an island from the ocean, presenting on all sides precipitous steeps, and approached only by ravines cut into its sides.
In Ahmedabad itself the buildings that belong to the
transition period are notably:

1. The Jumá (Friday, the Muhammadan Sabbath)
Mosque, the largest and finest in the city, the greater size
being obtained by multiplying the forms in use. Five
domes are substituted for three, and instead of only one
in depth, there are three, thus bringing the number up to
fifteen each with its twelve pillars. At the same time that
Ahmed Shah was erecting this mosque, the temple at Sádri
was being built by Khambo Rāna, but in the Hindu temple
with its twenty domes and 240 pillars, the arrangement is
not so happy as in the mosque. What the Sádri temple
gains in picturesqueness, it loses in unity, and the effect is
bewildering. The northern porch of the Jumá mosque
being essentially Hindu in style, has led it to be put down
as part of a temple in situ, but this is not proved, because
on examining the details the style is identical with that of—

2. Rāni Sípri's mosque (1431), the next in the series, but
more beautiful by far than the mosque. It is the gem
of Ahmedabad, and is considered one of the most exquisite
buildings in the world. Except in a side doorway no arch
is employed anywhere. The minarets are not really such,
for they have no internal stairs, and no galleries, from which
the officiating priest might call the hours of prayer. They
are purely ornamental, and the finest of their kind.

3. To the same age belongs the Queen's mosque in
Mirzapur; but while the details are as beautiful, the design
is not so harmonious, for it was an attempt, crude and
experimental, to combine the arcuate Muhammadan style
with the trabeate of the Hindu. The arch-hating Hindus did
not know, and never learnt how to adorn an arch, and when
they used an arch they only did so under foreign compulsion.
We have, therefore, in the Mirzapur mosque, the unpleasing
contrast of highly-decorated minarets, and plain unorna-
mented arches. Its greatest beauty, perhaps, is the tracery
used to fill up the niches in the minarets. In every Jain
or Hindu temple, on the face of each storey is a niche,
holding the statue or group of the deities to whom the
temple was dedicated.

This to the Muhammadan was, of course, inadmissible;
but the niche was there, and the fertile brain of the Hindu
architect led him to fill it in with tracery for mere
ornament or pierce it as a window for use.

It will not be out of place to remark here, that these
traceries, drawn with free hand different in detail as in
character, are as lovely as can be found anywhere. Two
examples of this kind, in a desecrated mosque in the Bhadra fort (Ahmedabad), are unrivalled in India. "There is something," Forbes says, "wonderfully beautiful in the mode in which construction is, in these examples, combined with mere ornamentation. It is probably more like a work of nature than any other architectural detail that has yet been designed, even by the best architects of Greece, or of the Middle Ages." The tombs of Qutb-ul-Alam, where arches supplied the place of beams, that of Usmanpur where arches were strictly prohibited, the mosque of Muhaifiz Khan (1465), and the series of buildings in the mixed style, from 1465 to 1511, might be commented on, did space permit.

In conclusion, we will only notice the buildings round the great tank at Sarkhej, in the neighbourhood of Ahmedabad. They are interesting, because they belong to the best period of the style, 1445—1451. Elegance and purity of detail meet the eye on all sides. With only the slightest suspicion of Saracenic influence, this mosque is as essentially Jaina in style as the temple of Vimala Sáh on Mount Aboo, or that built by Khambo Rána at Sádri. While its domes are equal in number to those of the Jumá mosque, its pillars are fewer, more widely spaced, and most artistically arranged.

The tomb of the Saint is enclosed by a wall of trellis-work, so delicately executed and varied in design that the art student would not substitute for it the most beautiful stained glass of the finest cathedral in Europe.

There is in it all something so suitable to the surroundings that one feels it would not be easy to match it in all the world.

The Jains, more than any other sect, seem to have held the belief that building a temple was a meritorious act, "a prayer in stone," a propitiating of the gods, and likely to secure benefits, here and hereafter, and so they grouped their temples, built "cities of temples" on mountain tops, in secluded valleys, and in dark glens. A wealthy Jain—and nine out of ten of them amassed wealth—when feeling his days were nearly numbered, set himself to erect a temple as a means sure and effectual of salvation.

Not so with Muhammadans; their mosques were built chiefly by royal command, and were, more or less, public edifices. Every respectable Muhammadan was bound to have a resting place when he shook off "this mortal coil," and the Princes, carrying out their love of tombs, made it their practice to build them in their lifetime. Moved by
deeply religious motives and high-souled aspirations, their loving contemplation of death and its symbols showed itself everywhere.

No dark deep chamber, as in the heart of some Egyptian pyramid, foreshadowed death for the Tartar, for his sepulchre, standing always in the midst of lovely gardens, was so built that while he lived it was a festal hall, a place of recreation for his own enjoyment and that of his friends.

But the battle between Moslem and Hindu is long since over, and the moral of the oppressor seems pointed, when one looks at things as they now are and recalls the past—

"The tall minaret of the Moslem threatens ruin, and the failing mosque strews the earth; while images of Hindu deities emerge from their dark hiding places to be installed in newly-erected temples, and the descendants of the once conquering Pathans and Moguls inlay the marble floor of the Hindu shrine, or, for a pitiful hire, wave the torch and beat the drum in those idolatrous processions, which move gaily along to re-establish in state the mute gods, which their forefathers fancied they had destroyed."

PHEROZE THOMAS.

New Members for S.E.P.I.A. since February: Mrs. Bliss and Rai Mahendra Nath Mogi, of Jhansi. Rai Mulraj S. Bhagnavani, Mrs. Bliss, and Mrs. Nisbet have joined the Executive Committee.
On the western side of the Radcliffe, close at hand is a College, on whose gate is a large brazen nose, and the College itself is called Brazenose. Further west is a street called the Corn Market, which unites the High Street with Broad Street, and which is occupied by large shops and hotels. From it a narrow passage leads to the buildings which belong to the Oxford Union Society. A Debating Society is to be found in almost every College, but the Union gathers to it the whole debating strength of the University. The young aspirants for future political life take deep interest in the debates held there every Thursday evening during term. Visitors sit in the gallery, which runs round the debating room. At the end of a debate a division takes place, as in the Houses of Parliament, and the result of the vote is read out by the President, as in Parliament by the Speaker of the House of Commons, or by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. This Society has a very good library, writing and reading rooms, and also rooms for billiards and chess—a game which claims to have come from India, or at least from the East. The management of the Society is carried on by its members, the vast majority of whom are undergraduates. Both Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were, when they were undergraduates, Presidents of this Society. There is a similar Society at Cambridge, and each allows the members of the other to enjoy all its privileges when they are on a visit to the sister University. At some considerable distance from all the other Colleges is Worcester, which is the last on that side.

I must say a few words about the Radcliffe, on which the visitor was made to stand and view Oxford on all sides. This building is used as a Reading-room to the Bodleian, which is very close to the Radcliffe. In it are books of reference and all recent publications, and by filling up a slip any work can be had from the Bodleian. That Library has its origin in the gift of a collection of books bestowed on Gloucester Hall in the fifteenth century by Humphrey,
Duke of Gloucester, brother of King Henry V. Sir Thomas Bodley much enlarged the buildings and the library, which has taken its modern name from him. It is the second largest Library in England, coming next to that of the British Museum. Of such national importance has the existence of good libraries appeared to successive generations of Englishmen, that a law was long ago made that a copy of every printed book should be furnished by its author to this Library, and the same privilege is shared by the British Museum Library and two others. One of the principal officials informed the writer, some years back, that nearly 6,000 volumes were received annually, free of cost, at the Bodleian. The books are arranged in such order that any work can be obtained at once without any difficulty.

Oxford University is composed of about three-and-twenty Colleges, each of which has its own government, rules and regulations for the admission of students. The fees and dues demanded by the separate Colleges are not the same. Besides these fees, there are certain fees to be paid to the University at Matriculation, taking in a Degree, and whenever a student presents himself for examination. All the students are under the control of the Vice-Chancellor, who is nominated by the Chancellor from among the heads of Colleges in rotation. The University returns two members to Parliament to watch over its interests and protect its privileges. There is no University examination for Matriculation at Oxford, as at London and Bombay. Each College examines the gentlemen who wish to join it, and the standard differs greatly. But there is a certain ceremony which every member has to undergo in order to become a member of the University. On an appointed day the candidate for Matriculation, accompanied by some high official of his College, goes before the Vice-Chancellor in academical costume; this consists of a gown, made of black alpaca without sleeves, and very short, and of a cap, the lower part of which fits closely to the head like a skull cap, and is surmounted by a square board, the whole cap being covered with black cloth, and decorated by a black tassel which hangs loosely over the side. The student who is to be matriculated signs his name in a book kept for that purpose, and then the Vice-Chancellor mutters something in Latin, and presents him with a copy of the statutes of the University. This only takes a few minutes, and when it is over, he has become a member of the University.

For the first term the undergraduate is styled a freshman.
It is very amusing for the senior men to see freshmen walking in their academical costume, and carrying a stick or gloves in their hands—a thing which is prohibited by usage. Men must not smoke in their academical costume. Oxford and Cambridge are the only Universities in England which exercise jurisdiction, partially, over citizens, and absolutely over their own members. Members of the University are not allowed to live in hotels or non-licensed lodging houses. Undergraduates are expected morning and evening to wear their academical dress, in order that they may be known as members of the University. The discipline of the University is maintained by the Proctors, who have to watch over the conduct of the students when in the streets, or in public buildings. These Proctors are high officials, and are attended by subordinates, known to the undergraduates by the term of "Bull Dogs." Bull dogs are strong and courageous dogs, that can hardly be made to let go their hold of the animal they have fastened on. The source of the title given to the Proctor's officers is thus clear. It is their business to lay hold on and detain the undergraduate who may be walking without his cap and gown at an hour in which they are required to be worn, or who is guilty of violating some other rule of discipline. The Proctor then comes up and enquires his name and College, and requests to see him in the morning. Thus the unlucky man has contrived to be "Proctorised," and may look forward to being fined, or otherwise punished, according to the gravity of his offence.

Commemoration is a festival held in June, at the end of the summer term, in memory of the Founders and Benefactors of the University. On that day the University confers Honorary Degrees on men distinguished in literature, science or politics, or by some notable deed, such as makes soldiers or travellers famous. These Honorary Degrees are conferred in the Sheldonian Theatre, which contains many hundreds of people, and there assemble all the dignitaries, dressed in full academical costume. Gowns and hoods of scarlet and rose, of blue and white, make the rows of seats occupied by them bright as the seats at a Durbar; but all the ornament of jewellery, and the rich gorgeousness of our dress, are absent. The Vice-Chancellor stands up to receive the gentlemen presented to him by the Public Orator for Degrees; he takes each by the hand, and confers on him the Degree which has been granted to him, generally that of D.C.L. A strange contrast is given to the formal and dignified reception of the celebrated men
who are to receive Degrees, by the noisy jokes and exclama-
tions of surprise, favour, and dislike, which the
undergraduates are (by custom) allowed to make. An un-
popular Proctor is hissed, a favourite official cheered, the
Vice-Chancellor recommended to sit down, and to use
English instead of Latin in his address; even the visitors
themselves are subject to the ordeal of being the objects of
the applause or ridicule of the students.

The boat races are rowed in eight-oared boats, and the
men undergo a course of severe preparatory training for
some weeks beforehand, in which they have to keep to a
certain diet. All members of a College are expected to be
interested in the position which their boat holds on the
river. Great excitement prevails among the under-
graduates during the week of the races, and every friend
and acquaintance you come across in the road talks about
nothing else. Every College has its own barge, or floating
house, on the river, and this is used as a lounging place by
the boating men, and during the races its flat top is covered
by spectators, many of whom are the lady friends of the
members of the College to whom it belongs. The barges
are furnished with tables, chairs, cushioned seats, and
dressing rooms, and each has a tall flag-staff, from which
flies the College flag every day of the races. The boats
are arranged in a long line, one behind the other, in the
exact position each boat occupied at the end of the last
races. The object of each crew is to overtake the one
immediately in its front and "bump" it. Each boat is
placed a boat's length in front of the next. All the
twenty-two boats having taken up their stations, all
the rowers at once ply their oars with their utmost strength
and skill. Of course, it is of the greatest importance that
each crew should get off at the instant the gun is fired,
but none before; so a trusted member of each College
stands on the river bank, watch in hand, and carefully
warns his boat as the minutes pass, even calling out the
seconds of the last minute. The crews take off their
jackets and comforters, grasp the oars, and "get forward,"
with the oar blades ready to strike the water, and when
"bang!" goes the gun, 176 oars at the same moment
smite the waves. The men on the banks at once begin to
to cheer, and run alongside of their College boat, shouting
out cries of encouragement to its crew. When a crew is
expected to make a "bump," its partizans even carry bells,
horns, and "clappers," which they ring, blow, and rattle if
their boat draws near its adversary. What the noise of the
ordinary shouting is may be judged when men use such means to make themselves heard above it. The "Torpids" are rowed in the same manner as the "Eights," but early in the Spring, when the River banks are often covered by floods. Then the men on the banks turn up their trousers, and press, sometimes knee-deep, through the water, cheering their friends as loudly as in the summer vacation.

SAMPATRAO K. GAIKWAD.

(To be continued.)

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CHARADE.

By SIR JOHN SHAW LEFEVRE.

WHERE is the Land where Justice reigns supreme? Where Love is true, and all are what they seem? Where Virtue fills the heart and Peace the soul, Where is that favoured Land? It is my Whole.

Divide it, and each separate portion trace, You’ll find my first means Time, my second Space. Minute they are, and yet ’tis these alone, Which mortal man can dare to call his own.

[Answers invited to the Editor, I. M. & R. The solution will be given next month.]
REVIEW.


The valuable work which Sir W. W. Hunter has now laid before the public, presents the third revision of the condensation of the mass of material, the collection of which began in 1869, and was published in 128 volumes under the name of The Statistical Survey of India. This huge mass of matter, aggregating 60,000 pages, was subsequently condensed into fourteen volumes, as The Imperial Gazetteer of India. What we have before us is the further condensation of this last into a single volume, giving the gist of the greater works, but omitting the details. It is, however, more than a condensation; for abundant use has been made of the discoveries and deductions of scholars during the last thirty years, and all statistical details have been corrected and brought up to date, and, in fact, the principal facts of the last Census in 1891, are herein made public in anticipation of the official report of the Census Commissioner.

It is not too much to say that almost everything which an ordinary Englishman might desire to know about India is found in this excellent book. The configuration and geological structure of the country; its inhabitants, their number and racial distinctions; a connected account of the Aryans of ancient India, their religion and literature; the rise of Buddhism and its history; the Greek invasion, and their subsequent relations of Grecians with the country; the Scythic inroads during the first six centuries of the Christian era; the revival of Hinduism, and the subsequent Muhammadan invasions; the rise of the Mughal Empire, and the organisation of Hindu resistance, calling into existence the great Maratha confederation, until both were swept away by the foundation of British power in the peninsula. The history of the British supremacy in India is traced with a faithful hand, and is properly dealt with in connexion with the commercial, administrative, financial,
and imperial ideas which gave it existence and vitality. The pages devoted to this subject afford much food for meditation. There is much of which England ought to be proud, and much which ought to be taken to heart as examples and warnings. The chapter on British administration lays bare the sources of English weakness in India. This is done with a gentle hand, but no thoughtful person can read this sympathetic narrative without anticipating the so-called Mutiny of 1857. It is worthy of remark that although Sir W. W. Hunter preserves the name of Mutiny, every cause to which he ascribes it shows that it was really what the Proclamation of 1858 calls it, a "rebellion." It was a rising of the princes and soldiery against a long course of high-handed maladministration.

A chapter is devoted to the languages of India, both ancient and modern. It may occasion some surprise, that, among the languages of Northern India, the world-renowned Hindustani or Urdu does not put in an appearance. The seven languages covering Northern India are given, quite correctly, as Sindhi, Panjabi, Gujarati, Hindi, Marathi, Bangali, and Uriya. The official Hindustani is, in fact, an artificial and recent creation; and is a necessarily abortive attempt to mould the Hindi language into a lingua franca for official purposes. The chapters on agriculture, the means of communication, commerce, trade, art, and manufacture will be read with deep interest. These chapters, combined with those on mines and minerals, the geology, zoology, and botany of the country, direct the attention of future administrators to the real sources of wealth in India. Money and jewels represent the accumulations of preceding generations, and may be swept up and removed in a few years; but the sources of creative wealth, from whence alone a succession of good things can flow, are to be found in the hitherto unutilised material resources of the country. Certain peculiarities of British administration have, quite unintentionally, hindered, rather than assisted, the development of the material wealth of India. The activity of our notions of progress must seem to the native mind like shiftiness of character; and as change follows change with dizzy rapidity, the ordinary Indian can only stand aside in dismay, thankful if he personally escapes from the wheels of the new Jagannâth. It is not a subject of congratulation, but a sight of sadness, to find the whole trade of India practically in the hands of European agents. In the interests of the revenue itself exceptional advantages should be offered to, and even
thrust upon, Indians, to invite them to embark in commercial enterprises; for it is only by trade, manufacture, and commerce, that the taxes can be assured in the future, because the population has already outgrown the capabilities of agriculture.

There is in some quarters a want of cordiality in welcoming the efforts which Indians are now making to reestablish some of their former manufacturing industries, and to develop the resources of their country. These efforts have even met with discouragement, because it has been feared that an increase of Indian manufacture would end in a diminution of English exportation. Sober reflection will convince anyone that such a result need not be anticipated; for as Indian trade develops, larger demands for English machinery will be made, and the profit resulting to Indians by every fresh increase of their trade will give them the means of purchasing English manufactures of a superior character much more freely than they are now able to do. Poverty-struck people can never be good customers; and Indians, like other folk, will purchase comforts and luxuries in proportion to their means. These remarks are suggested by an article in the British Trade Journal for January, describing the state of the engineering trade during the last year. It is pointed out that English exports of machinery fell off by nearly a million pounds during the year. This falling off was general among nearly all the customers of England for this kind of work; but the article goes on to state that "Pumps, windmills, small crushing mills, winnowers, and similar apparatus, are finding a good sale in India, where the area under wheat is increasing, and where methods of grain-cleaning are urgently needed. The exportation of wheat also tends to encourage the demand for flour-milling plant, it being found more advantageous to export closely-packed flour than loose grain, while the coarse material remains in India for feeding purposes. Those sections of the engineering trade which can turn their attention to supplying plant for the development of new industries abroad have, as a rule, been well employed." The article also particularly mentions machinery for the treatment of fibre, cotton-spinning, wool-working, and leather preparing, as having been actively stimulated by Indian demands; and recommends the makers of the new oil-engines to look to this field of enterprise, as "such engines enable the small landholders of India" to do their work at a cheaper rate. Here we have the encouraging statement that the
only branch of engineering work which prospered last year owed its success solely to the development now taking place in India's resources.

A curious circumstance is revealed by Sir W. W. Hunter's tables—viz., that the exports from India to the United Kingdom and the Island of Mauritius are much less in value than the articles imported into India from those places, the difference being about 200,000,000 rupees against India; whereas the exports from India to all countries foreign to England are in all cases greatly in excess of the value of the imports into India, the difference being 510,000,000 rupees in favour of India. It may be inferred that the difference in both cases is adjusted in treasure; in that case the money paid to England and its colony must be deducted from the cash obtained from other countries. This, however, still leaves a balance of 310,000,000 rupees received in cash by India instead of goods. Now the total amount of gold and silver known to be absorbed by India in a year amounts to only 200,000,000 rupees; and, therefore, there is a large balance of 110,000,000 rupees' worth of goods unaccounted for. In speaking of treasure absorbed by India, it must not be forgotten that nearly the whole of the trade is in the hands of Europeans, and, therefore, the profit and loss on the account has more to do with Europe than with India.

The Appendices to Sir W. W. Hunter's book are of much interest, as they give summaries of the last census; and the Index at the end will often be consulted. It is an extremely valuable book, containing matter of interest on every page; and as it contains 850 pages, it is evident that there is plenty to reward attentive study.

Frederic Pincott.
NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.


ORIENTAL RELIGIONS AND CHRISTIANITY. By F. F. Ellinwood, D.D. 5s. (Nisbet.)

GLIMPSES OF EASTERN CITIES, PAST AND PRESENT. By Rev. A. Russell, M.A. 2s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

THE INDIA OFFICE LIST FOR 1893. (Harrison & Sons.)

VOLUNTEERING IN INDIA: An Authentic Narrative of the Military Services of the Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry during the Indian Mutiny and Sepoy War. By J. P. Nash. 3s. 6d. (Philip.)
The national games and athletic sports of India fall into three distinct heads:

1. Those known as games, pursued in the open air or otherwise, which combine sport with exercise.

2. Those which are undergone purely for the purpose of physical development, and are therefore gymnastics pure and proper.

3. Those pastimes which, while giving a relief to the mind and the body when tired from overwork, tend to sharpen the intellect and the observing powers.

I shall begin with childhood and its innocent sports. These may be interesting, and at the same time useful, as furnishing materials to compare with the childish sports of the West. Naturally, the games of this stage fall only under the first head, as anything like gymnastics or games of intellect are entirely out of place here.

Children may often be seen constructing a house of small slender broom-sticks and soaked peas, or with the young raw nuts of the cocoanut. They tie a string to the front stick and drag it, the others shouting and pretending to blow horns and trumpets, by applying their hands to their mouths. Or they make miniature houses out of bricks, taking their models from their own dwellings and temples. Sometimes it affords them great amusement to put forty or fifty bricks upright within touching distance, and give a vigorous push to the first stone, which sends the others down with a pattering noise. They arrange these in many curious curves and intricate figures, and the stones as they go falling in all sorts of snake-like movements make the children clap their hands with joy. They go further, and imitate the daily life at home, playing it to the very life. One child is appointed to be the master of a house, and another the mistress. Two or three others represent their
children. The father pretends to go out on business, and
the children to the village school. The mother, mean­
while, pretends to cook meals for them, and puts into four
or five broken pieces of cocoanut some cake that their
parents might have given them. Some time after, the
master of the house comes in with all the signs of fatigue
and weariness, and calls for water to bathe, and the materials
of worship to be prepared. The pretended mistress bustles
about with a well-assumed air of haste and anxiety, and
says that everything is ready. He then goes through a
mock-bath, and then sits on the ground with legs crossed
and eyes closed, to all appearance, immersed in deep con­
templation. Just then, the children who have been to
school come back, shouting at the top of their lungs,
"Mother, mother, give us food, give us cakes." She
restrains their ardour, and having made them wash their
feet and change their clothes, orders them to take their
places by the side of their father. She then places before
them on single leaves bits of the cake, which they eat with
mock solemnity, the mistress pretending to change the
dishes very often. They all wash hands, and the game is
over. It is something like the Barmecide dinner of the
Arabian Nights, but infinitely more funny.

Sometimes, they go to places where there is moist
sand, and throwing it over their feet (placed on the ground),
beat it with their hands into firm little mounds. They
then draw their feet out with great caution, taking care
not to disturb the sand. Two small beautiful caves are
formed which they deepen still further. Or, they fill shells
of the cocoanut with fine moist sand, pressing it hard with
their hands so as to be on a level with the brim of the
shell. They then turn it upside down and softly draw away
the, shell leaving behind a beautiful round sand cake.
These they take on platters and pretend to sell in all
seriousness. They may also be seen hollowing out the
semi-spherical parts of a lime-fruit cut in two, and, tying
fine threads to the various places in its edges, make a
miniature balance, and pretend to weigh out goods and
drugs in mock bazaars. They also hollow out the rinds of
a larger and harder fruit, and fashion them into globe­
lights, wick, oil and strings, everything complete. They
also get a slender bamboo shoot cut, and a bamboo piston
fitted to it; they shoot from these popguns small berries,
producing a sharp noise, and causing a slight pain when
striking the body. Or they prepare some hollow stalks,
and putting one end to their mouths, blow up a small berry
or a pebble placed at the other end in such a way that it might fall upon the reed after every upward journey. They sometimes break the stems of the lotos flowers and suck water through them. Or they break the stem into minute parts, hanging from one another by the slender filaments, the whole looking like a string of beads, the flowers in the centre forming beautiful pendants. One boy takes up another on his back and goes about crying "Salt, salt, who will buy salt of me," like the petty vendors of the out-of-the-way villages.

During moonlight nights they assemble in the streets, and one is chosen to catch those that are in the shade, the others trying to dodge him as well as they can, by getting into the light the moment he comes near them. He who is caught has to pursue others in his turn. They vary this game by asking one chosen out to touch those who sit and who escape him by getting up. Blind man's buff is a favourite game among the young ones. One of them sits holding his hands tight over the eyes of another, the rest concealing themselves in the various parts of the house. Then he goes in search of them, and he who is caught is again blindfolded, and so on. Or his eyes are blindfolded, and he goes about groping about for the others who are to dodge him within a limited space. He who is caught succeeds to the office. Another game that is popular with the boys consists in four boys standing in a square while the fifth walks between the two lines fast or slowly. The four meanwhile change places diagonally so fast that as he passes along he may not have an opportunity to slip in. This they do every time he passes by, dodging him beautifully. Or the fifth has a handkerchief firmly twisted round, and runs round the square pretending to throw the kerchief behind each. Those standing should not look behind until the runner goes past the next man. He behind whom the kerchief is thrown is to take it and follow the giver. If he manages to hit him before he gets into the vacant place, he has the right to relinquish the pursuit and go back. If not, he runs round and round until he manages to slip in the kerchief unperceived, taking care to do it so quietly that the victim may not find it out until he had gained a fair start. Then again, there is the game of leap frog, which is very well known to all readers, eastern and western, and so needs no description here. The Hindu boys carry the game to a very great length; for, after some time, the boy does not stoop at all, but stands upright and the others have to leap over him.
Sometimes the boy that leaps over the other stoops in his turn and the first leaps over him, and so on alternately. The modern gymnastic apparatus, the horse, is only an improvement at best upon this.

The game "hopping" is played thus: a large circle is marked on the ground and one is chosen to pursue the others hopping on one leg. He is allowed to change the leg if tired. He who is touched has to hop after the others. This game gives exercise for the muscles of the leg and the thigh, and develops them admirably. Another similar game, called very quaintly "the pig" in Tamil, is played in much the same way as the preceding one, but the pursuer walks on all fours and has to touch the others with his feet. One is soon tired out in this, but it has this additional advantage over the previous one, that it develops the muscles of the waist in a way that no other game does.

The following game is played even by adults, chiefly among the lower classes. Two lines are drawn parallel to one another at a distance of two feet. A boy stands in each line. One of them tries to pass by the other beyond the opposite line without being touched, the other trying his best to stop him and confronting him always. Thus they go on dodging one another for hours.

I shall close this series of games (those that require no instruments or apparatus) by describing one more that is a great favourite with boys, and which even adults do not think it beneath them to play on a certain day in the year. Many of these games are played by sets or parties, and the mode in which the members are chosen is very curious, and worth describing. Two boys of equal strength and skill are chosen captains and sit together. The others pair off and go out of ear shot. There they choose each one thing and come before the captains. We shall suppose that one has chosen the lotus, and the other the jessamine: the captains are asked what flower they would have, and the boy accordingly goes to his set. When a sufficient number have been taken in, the game is begun. This, with slight variations, holds good for all games.

The one that I mean to draw attention to is played thus: A plot of rather sandy ground is marked off, and any member who, during the play, goes out of this is disqualified. The two sets take their places at the opposite extremities of the lists, as it were, and begin the game. The captain of one set sends one of his men against the enemy. He runs among them trying to touch any of the opponents with his hands, repeating during the whole time
some word or other without once taking breath. The 
enemy try to dodge him, and to escape being touched; or 
they clasp their arms round his body, and hold him thus 
till he loses breath and gives in. Those whom he succeeds 
in touching without being caught, or before being caught, 
are incapable of taking further part in the game. If he is 
catched, or loses breath before extricating himself, he is 
disqualified. Or, again, those who, while dodging him, go 
beyond the line are also disqualified. Sometimes the in­
vader manages to touch many of the enemy, and comes off 
uncaught; or, when they stoop down and catch at his legs, 
he springs right over their heads; or, when caught, he frees 
himself by a vigorous effort or desperate kick. When he 
has come back or been defeated, the captain of the other 
set sends one of his men; and so on alternately until one 
set is completely beaten out, and no one remains to play 
the game for it. This is rather rough play, and often the 
players come home with their shins fractured or sprained, 
or minus some dental appendages.

On the day of the Makara Sankrante, about the month 
of January, when the sun changes his course, all the adults 
of a village meet in an open ground and play this game. I 
have seen persons of 45 or 50 years at it, as jolly and 
animated as any lad of 15 or 16.

I now come to those games that are played with some 
apparatus. The most primitive is the one called Kittipullu. 
It is the father of the bat and ball. A hard piece of stick 
a yard long, and more like a ruler than anything else, takes 
the place of the bat, and another bit two inches long serves 
as the ball. The boys play by turns. A small elliptical 
hole half an inch deep is made in the ground, and the small 
piece, which is called pul, is placed athwart with the bat 
behind it. The player then sends the pul away by a hard 
kick at the bat, and lays the bat across the hole. During 
the play, if the pul is caught by the other players, the 
player is defeated. Then the other players throw the pul 
so as to hit the bat. If they succeed, the player is “hit 
out.” If he escapes this, he then sends the pul as far as he 
can with the bat, in the same way as we do the ball. The 
players throw it back, so that it may fall near the hole 
within the bat’s length. The player watches carefully, and 
strikes the pul back as it is thrown at him. In this case, 
and also when the pul does not fall near the hole, the player 
measures the distance from the hole to where the pul lies 
with the bat. A hundred such lengths constitute one game. 
The first winner then strikes the pul vigorously three times,
each time beginning from where it fell. The others then take it back to the hole, repeating aloud some word so as not to take breath in the middle. They also relieve one another during this by posting themselves where the previous runner is likely to lose breath.

The next in order is the game of the bat and ball, of which there are many varieties. These are played one against the rest or in sets. The following is the one very commonly played: Two stones are placed at the distance of the bat's length, and the players try to bowl out the player by knocking off the bat that is placed across the stones. If the ball is caught the player loses his game.

On the above-named day the adults of a village might be seen playing this game. In my own village there was a man who played it until he was far advanced in years. The last time I saw him at it he was over 65, and even then he could send the ball further than any of us young fellows. Another variety of this game is the one called "rounders." Four stones are placed in a circle, and the players being divided into two sets, the game begins by sending the ball off, the player, meanwhile, running round the circle and stopping at any one of the stones if he fears that the ball will be thrown back before he reaches the next one. If he is caught out, or if the ball be thrown within the circle before he reaches a stone, he is out, and the next one plays.

This is the Hindu version of the now famous "cricket":—

The game, called Pullia Pundu, is thus played: A brick is placed upright on the ground, and the player, standing at a pretty convenient distance, tries to knock it down with the ball. He has three chances. The others range themselves in two lines on each side of him as far as the brick. If the ball rebounds and is caught, he is out. If he succeeds in knocking down the brick, the others disperse, and place themselves at a safe distance. The player then strikes at anyone within reach. If he succeeds, he has another turn. Sometimes one bolder than the rest refuses to run away, and stands on the brick. The player cannot strike at him then, but patiently waits till his opponent leaves, and then has a shy at him. He is not allowed to take the ball in his hand until the other has left the brick. This gives the enemy a fair opportunity of running to a safe distance or dodging the ball. The game is usually played in the prakarams or the spacious outer courtyards of temples, and specially on the festival day of Vinayak Chaturthi, which comes once a year. Another
variety of this game is *Anai Pundu*. Here the boys are divided into parties, and when one of the players has knocked down the brick, a boy of his party stoops down like an elephant and a boy of the other rides upon him. The player tries to strike the rider with the ball; if he fails, the rider remains upon the elephant till he is struck by the next player.

Another favourite game with the ball is *Pai Pundu*. This is a very rough game, and one in which young boys have very few chances of coming out unhurt. The players all assemble, and one of them throws the ball high up in the air. When it comes down there is a scramble for it, often very rough, in which elbows and fists are used pretty freely. When one has got the ball, the others place themselves at a safe distance. The player then strikes at the nearest person. Then again there is a scramble for the ball, and so on. The game is very interesting, and is better seen than described. The game known as the “fives” in England, of striking the ball on the wall the greatest number of times without allowing it to fall on the ground, is not unknown here.

The game of marbles has always been a favourite one with the boys in every part of the country. Instead of sending the marble with the thumb and the forefinger as English boys do, we place the thumb on the ground, and applying the marble to the forefinger or the middle finger, draw it back like a bow with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. The marble is then sent with great force and precision. The most commonly observed game of marbles is played thus. Three short holes at equal distances are made in the ground, and the players play by turns. A throws his marble into hole 1, and goes to hole 2. If he succeeds, he goes to hole 3, and so back again, until he comes to hole 1 for the ninth throw. He then waits for B’s marble to hit at. But this is very rare and difficult, and besides is not considered very noble, the pleasure and beauty of the game consisting in hitting the marbles of the others as many times as possible. If A fails in throwing his marble into hole 2, or, as it is technically called, “filling the hole,” B plays; but no one has a right to hit another’s marble until he has filled hole No. 2. If anyone hits another’s marble he plays again. Thus they go on until someone has “filled the ninth hole;” after that, he becomes the winner, or, as it is called, the rajah, if he hits any of the marbles. So the others try to prevent anyone from filling the ninth hole as long as they can.
Further, the rule of the game is, that no one should "fill the ninth hole" until he has driven the other marbles beyond the second hole, or to an equal distance on any other side. This the others would not allow, and send their marbles just at the edge of the second hole and as far away from the first hole as possible. If, in spite of all this, any one succeeds in driving the rest away and filling the ninth hole, the others then place their marbles at a safe distance. The game being over, then comes the forfeit. The fist is to be doubled and placed at the edge of the first, second, or the third hole as the conditions may be, and is to be offered as a target for the marble of the winner for a fixed number of times. The first rajah (or winner) has the right of this homage from all, and the next from those that came after him, and so on. I have seen instances of surprising skill and precision in these games, and there are "marble celebrities" in every place. The sense of competition and rivalry is very keen. The game sometimes takes a very long time to finish and it tires one tremendously. I played it last year, and throughout the next day could scarcely walk with ease; so I had to play that day also to take off the pain.

Now I come to another class of games that partake of the nature both of out-door exercise and athletics proper.

The practice of turning summersaults in the air is greatly cultivated, and I have seen boys throwing front and back summersaults and coming within a circle of one foot in diameter in which they were standing before.

Swimming is more common and more assiduously cultivated here than in Europe; the rivers and tanks in India, unlike those of Europe, are accessible in all seasons, and the rigour of the climate itself demands frequent ablutions. The most common form of swimming is that in which the arms and the legs are contracted and expanded rhythmically under water. The more advanced form of swimming is hand over hand. Floating on the back is also very common. A curious variety is that of standing upright and swimming with the legs alone, the hands being raised over the head, the body, including the chest and upwards, remaining above water. This is tested sometimes by the person wearing marks of the holy ashes on his breast and swimming without their getting wet.

Diving is also much practised, the difference in our mode being that we do not go head downwards but upright, pushing the water up with the palms. I have known
persons who cross rivers by diving at one bank and getting up on the other.

Jumping into the water from great heights is a favourite game with the people of the southern parts, especially Tanjore. The beauty of the thing is that, they jump in such a way as to raise the largest volume of water as high as possible. Also they can direct the column of water in any direction they like, so as to drench the passers by or the spectators. In fact the boys of the Tanjore District are masters in this, Mother Cauvery offering an excellent training institution for the candidates.

I have attempted, feebly though to describe some of the outdoor games obtaining in our parts of the country. This is by no means exhaustive. But these will, I hope, induce many in the other parts of India to take up the subject and deal with it as it deserves. In fact, there is no truer index to the character and social status of a nation than the games and amusements prevailing among its people.

C. R. Srinivasayengar, B.A.

SOCIETY OF ARTS (INDIAN SECTION).—Lord Brassey will preside at a meeting of the Indian Section of the Society of Arts, on Thursday afternoon, April 6th, at half past four o'clock, when the Agent-General for Tasmania (Sir Edward Braddon) lectures on "Australasia as a Field for Anglo-Indian Colonization"—a subject that is attracting attention in India and Australasia. Several authorities, including the Agent-General for New Zealand, will take part in the discussion, and the lecture is to be illustrated by a number of lantern slides.
EDUCATION IN THE BARODA STATE.

The Native State of Baroda, ruled by his Highness Maharaja Syajirao, the most enlightened prince in all India, has been brought to its present level of education in the course of the short period of two decades only, and the success achieved is really a matter on which to congratulate his Highness, as well as his subjects, who have availed themselves of the advantages so generously provided for them. By this time, it is patent to all who have watched the progress of the Baroda State that this State occupies the foremost place in respect to education among the Native States in India, and that it bids fair to surpass the education in British India in the near future if it has not done so by this time. His Highness has been rightly impressed with the equal importance of primary and higher education. It is now a well-recognised fact that the English education, imparted through colleges and schools established throughout the extent of Baroda State, is of as high a quality as that in any other part of the Bombay Presidency; while as far as vernacular education is concerned, the Baroda State stands unrivalled. If testimony on this point were needed, it is abundantly supplied by the Report, submitted last month to His Highness by the Director of Vernacular Instruction, on the progress of education during the past year. This Report clearly shows even to minds prejudiced against the Native States, that an enlightened Native ruler, sympathising with the wishes and wants of his subjects, can be as great a benefactor to them as any other government, Asiatic or European. Some Anglo-Indians are in the habit of pointing scornfully to the Native States, and contrasting the "miserable results of a native administration" with those of a foreign government. His Highness has most creditably removed such reproach from his administration.

The foundation of education was laid in Baroda in 1871. The following table shows with what rapid strides the Vernacular education has advanced:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>No. of Schools and Institutions</th>
<th>No. of Pupils</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>No. of Schools and Institutions</th>
<th>No. of Pupils</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1875</td>
<td>... 70 ...</td>
<td>6,000</td>
<td>1890</td>
<td>... 448 ...</td>
<td>46,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>... 180 ...</td>
<td>17,000</td>
<td>1891</td>
<td>... 515 ...</td>
<td>54,030</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>... 261 ...</td>
<td>27,000</td>
<td>1892</td>
<td>... 1,086 ...</td>
<td>71,796</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The table clearly indicates the tendency of the people to give generously the benefits of education to their sons and daughters. The instruction imparted in the different schools and institutions may be classified as under:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description of School</th>
<th>No. of Schools and Institutions</th>
<th>No. of Pupils</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kalabhavan (Technical School)</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>358</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Training School</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female Training School</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agricultural Class</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cookery School</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gujarati Boys' Schools</td>
<td>939</td>
<td>57,425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gujarati Girls' Schools</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>5,092</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marathi Boys' Schools</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>3,205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marathi Girls' Schools</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music Schools and Classes with a Tanjore Dancing Class</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanskrit Schools</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>529</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urdu Schools</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>3,939</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antyaja (low caste) Schools</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>1,033</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antyaja Schools for Girls</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>1,086</strong></td>
<td><strong>71,796</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On looking at the character of the schools, one cannot help being agreeably surprised at the multiplicity of the interests which they are intended to promote—interests which are more varied than those in schools under the British Raj.

The following statements show at a glance the present state of education in the Baroda State, as compared with the Bombay Presidency as a whole, and with some of the advanced native states:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bombay Presidency</th>
<th>Percentage of Pupils to the total population</th>
<th>Percentage of Boys to the male population of school-going age</th>
<th>Percentage of Girls to the female population of school-going age</th>
<th>Percentage of Boys &amp; Girls to the total of school-going age</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bombay Presidency</td>
<td>2.2</td>
<td>26.6</td>
<td>3.5</td>
<td>15.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeypore</td>
<td>1.0</td>
<td>11.1</td>
<td>0.5</td>
<td>6.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cutch</td>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>14.3</td>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>8.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mysore</td>
<td>2.0</td>
<td>23.6</td>
<td>2.9</td>
<td>13.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathyawar</td>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>23.6</td>
<td>2.9</td>
<td>14.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travancore</td>
<td>2.4</td>
<td>26.3</td>
<td>6.0</td>
<td>17.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baroda</td>
<td>3.3</td>
<td>38.3</td>
<td>4.2</td>
<td>22.0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With the view of imparting higher useful knowledge
through the medium, I am glad to say, of the vernaculars an extra standard has been successfully added to the existing curriculum of studies in most of the higher grade schools. It is gratifying to notice that, at the special desire of His Highness, Sanskrit is taught in many of the large schools as a classical language. The Sanskrit library now contains over 1,600 volumes, and very energetic efforts are being made for enriching the vernacular literature by translating English and Sanskrit books into the vernaculars.

The Kalabhavan (Technical Institute) was opened in 1891, and is now supplied with a suitable laboratory and workshops. Knowledge of several arts and industries, theoretical and practical, is imparted throughout in the vernaculars in this most important Institution. The number of students in this Institution is 435, and unfortunately no more can be admitted at present for want of accommodation. It is to be desired that all possible encouragement should be given to the Kalabhavan, not by the State alone, but also by private persons taking interest in His Highness' State, who may facilitate and give help by writing and translating useful books for practical instruction. The course of study in this Institute includes among other things, drawing, dyeing, carving, carpentry, and mechanical engineering. Altogether it is making very satisfactory progress, for which considerable credit is due to Professor T. K. Gajjar, M.A., B.Sc., a zealous, energetic, and learned native gentleman, in whose charge the Institution has been placed.

In another way, his Highness has set an excellent example in which the British Government will do well to imitate—in providing education for the "low-caste" Hindus. By establishing special schools for the sons and daughters of Dheds, Mahars, and Mangs (15 schools already by this time), His Highness, in face of all the denunciations of the Brahmins, tries to raise these lower classes in the social scale. Let us hope that the British Government will follow the example of His Highness, and establish such special schools, instead of complaining of the reluctance of the children of "higher classes," to attend the schools in company with Dheds, Mahars, and Mangs. Besides, no less than 5,000 children of the aboriginal classes, Kolis, Bhils, &c., take advantage of the education imparted to them gratis. His Highness has been graciously pleased to order that there shall be a schoolmaster in almost every village, who will be recognised as a member
of the village service, which is being organised in Baroda State.

Seven institutions have been started to teach music on scientific principles to the boys and girls, and the appreciation of such institutions has been testified by the large increase in the number of children (404 at present) attending them. It does not require mentioning that this branch of education has been absolutely neglected in British India.

Turning to the subject of female education, we find that the number of schools has been increased to 49, with 5,631 girls. In many of the girls’ schools, embroidery, practical cookery, hygiene, Sanskrit, drawing, and music have been long since introduced; besides, a commencement has already been made for imparting physical education to girls.

The system of zenana classes, with the object of enabling grown up girls to continue their studies, is being gradually extended. Already there are seven classes, attended by 237 girls. Scholarships are freely awarded to those who continue their studies in the upper classes in a Government school after the age of ten. The liberal grant-in-aid rules have succeeded in encouraging several ladies to open private girls’ schools in small villages.

A committee, consisting of well-known learned gentlemen, has been appointed to further develop and improve the system of education, and their efforts are calculated to give an additional stimulus to the cause of education in the Baroda territory.

GUSTADJI C. MEDIVALLA.
ALI THE DETECTIVE.
AN EASTERN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen;
Of all them black faced crew,
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti Gunga Din."

R. K. (Barrack-room Ballads).

I met an Indian gentleman in Liverpool. His name was Syed Abdul Ghaffoor—a medical student. Circumstances forced us to come in contact with each other a great deal, and so in course of time we became great friends.

If I were to enter into a description of my friend's fidelity, generosity, and loving devotion, I am afraid it would take so long that my story would be read with little care. Therefore I simply say that he was the very model of a true friend.

During my acquaintance with him, he from time to time told me a great deal about India, which roused my curiosity very much to see it, and thus it was that I was induced to visit our Indian Empire. The principal thing that Ghaffoor had told me was, that I should make my fortune with tea plantation and indigo trade. Indeed, not long after my arrival there I found how correct Ghaffoor's statements were.

The time rolled on. At last Ghaffoor obtained his medical degree and was ready to go home. Seeing this I could not resist the temptation, and so I obtained permission of my parents, who were well off, to go out with my friend.

The day for our departure at length arrived. We embarked from Liverpool—he to his native land, once more to mix among his brethren, and I to a foreign country.

The account of our journey would, I think, be immaterial to the story; I therefore simply mention that we had a pleasant voyage on the whole.
On reaching Calcutta we stopped there for a week and saw the sights, which, to my western eyes, looked charming. We then started for Burdwan, a small town well known in Bengal. We went there because Ghaffoor's home was there. I stayed with my friend for some time, and much enjoyed the pleasant evenings we spent together. At the same time I was on the look-out for a piece of land in the neighbouring villages, in order to cultivate indigo—tea being out of the question at present. I was told that Burdwan was not a place for tea plantation, and that was why I gave up the idea for the time being.

Rol was the name of the place where I built a "niel koti" (i.e., indigo factory), because my land was in that neighbourhood. I was getting on well in my business, but the only difficulty was that Burdwan was far away from Rol for a daily journey, and I therefore began to think of leaving Ghaffoor.

In the meantime his marriage took place, and I thought to myself that it was a good opportunity for me to go away.

I told my manager of my intention, and he said that he knew of a house near by. It belonged to a Hindu Zamindar, but as there had been several deaths in the house through (as they believed) ghosts, they had left it.

"That's the sort of house I want," I exclaimed. "Will you live with me if I manage to get it, or are you also afraid of ghosts?"

"No, sir," said my manager, who I knew was a bachelor, "I am a Musulman, and Musulmans do not believe in ghosts: I believe in genii, though." So it was settled that we two would live together with a Hindu servant and a Musulman cook.

To make a long story short, I obtained permission of the owner, though he objected strongly in the beginning.

"Who will be responsible, my friend?" said Rakhal Baboo, the owner. "Do you wish to be killed there?" To this my answer was such that the result was in my favour.

He yielded at last, and so I settled that my time was to begin from the next Thursday, being the 1st of October. I ordered my manager to furnish the house as plainly as could be in the meantime.

My next step was to convey this news to Ghaffoor. I was almost sure that, however great his love for me might be, he would be only too pleased to be free from me, at least till the outburst of love had cooled. I knew the impetus with which they would begin would be mighty,
and the velocity would carry away Ghaffoor's good nature a long distance and for a long time.

One evening, as Ghaffoor and myself were talking, shortly after the marriage was over, I broke the news to him.

"Do you really mean it?" asked Ghaffoor, in astonishment.

"Yes."

"Well, Fletcher, you might have told me before you had arranged everything."

"I thought you would be too much absorbed in your new life."

"Not a bit of it," said Ghaffoor.

Then I began to argue with him, and explain things as best I could.

"Very well," said Ghaffoor, when I had explained everything well; "but we have yet nearly a week to spend together, have we not?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied.

So the whole week we talked incessantly, sometimes vows of never to forget each other's services, but always to remain firm friends, and sometimes discussing our future prospects.

At last the day of my departure arrived. Ghaffoor, who seemed to be sorry to part, said, "Take my double barrelled gun and a few dozen of cartridges in case you need them."

"Oh, bosh!" I said, thinking Ghaffoor was considering the ghosts, of which I had talked to him before; "I shall not require guns to protect me from ghosts."

"What do you take me for, John? do you think I believe in such things? You must remember that I am a Musulman," said Ghaffoor, gravely. "What I mean is this—should thieves or dacoits attack you at night—"

And then he stopped short, as though meditating; but in a few minutes he absently remarked, "To be guarded well will do you no harm, but it may be of use to you."

"Certainly. Right you are!" I said, thinking Ghaffoor was getting offended. "I am sorry not to have looked at the subject from that point of view. I see my folly now; pray excuse me."

"There is nothing to be excused," said Ghaffoor, cheerfully, "I am pleased to see that you have taken my advice; you don't know anything about India yet; two months are not sufficient to know the ways of a country."

Thereupon it was decided that I was to take his gun
and one hundred cartridges. The moment of my departure at last came. I said good-bye to Ghaffoor, and then off I walked, there being no other conveyance but *palankeens* and bullock-carts, and I did not like either of them—one being too gentle and the other too rough. In due time I reached my destination, where I was greeted by two Indians who were sent by my manager. They showed me the rooms, and I once again felt almost settled down.

"Where is the manager?" I asked, in my broken Urdu.

"He cannot come to-night, sir, but from to-morrow night he will be here," said the servant, who had a long beard and a short moustache.

"What is your name?" I asked the servant who addressed me the last.

"Keramat Ullah," he replied.

"And yours?" I asked, turning to the other man who had a big moustache but no beard, and which I afterwards learnt was the common indication, among the poor class of people, of a Hindu as distinguished from a Musulman.

"Ram Lal, sir," he answered.

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**CHAPTER II.**

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt in our philosophy."—Shakspeare.

It was about five o'clock. The evening was approaching, and so I went in to write my letters. It was quite impossible to stand in the garden, because the dew was falling heavily, and it is very unhealthy to be out there. It was about seven o'clock when I called the servants to settle about their work. I first addressed Ram Lal, who wished to sleep downstairs on the plea of his being an Hindu.

I arranged their work, and then ordered Keramat to make my bed, and afterwards to go to bed himself.

Both of them vanished at once—Ram Lal to his room, and Keramat to do my bidding. I sat there alone, melancholy for a few minutes at leaving the society of my friend, whose company was so agreeable. Then I began to write my letters. The lamp stood on the table; I put the gun beside me and also the cartridges, and so, thinking myself well guarded, I became absorbed in my occupation. Hardly
had I entered upon the subject matter with a lady friend of mine (who, I may as well tell you, was my sweetheart), when I heard a dull thud downstairs. I, however, did not mind it a bit, but went on writing. About an hour passed away without anything of importance happening. Then suddenly all the doors banged open. I felt a sort of thrilling sensation, but as I did not wish to show the white feather at the very outset before my servants, I kept my courage up. I looked at my watch, it was about nine o'clock, and so, thinking that if anything happened we could shout, and the neighbours would come to our help, I resumed my work.

But although I tried to soothe myself, the very fact of the door being forced open harrowed me with fear. I knew the doors had been all shut, and the room was situated in such a position that the wind could not possibly get through to display such force. I however kept my reasoning to myself, and calling Keramat, who had been doing something or other in one of the interior rooms, ordered him to bolt the doors carefully again. He quickly obeyed me and then vanished, but I could not go on writing the love letter any more. The old proverb is "When poverty enters the door, love flies out through the window;" but I think I can equally say, "When fear haunts the brain, one forgets his love affairs." I, however, thought that a book would be more appropriate at that particular moment. Thus I got hold of the first book that came to my hand. It was Hamlet. I am so very fond of Shakspeare that I generally keep by me a few of his plays in Wright and Waldis' version, printed in the Clarendon press. I went on reading for goodness knows how long, but I know I reached the place at last where Hamlet says to Horatio, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt in our philosophy." It must have taken a considerable time, for I remember, what with fear and excitement, it was difficult to proceed. That sentence, I must confess, had a terrible effect upon me, for it greatly increased my terror. I called Keramat, thinking that his company might be of some use, and so it was. He presented himself shortly, and I began to question him about the rural life of Bengal. We managed to keep it up very well. I was talking in my broken, though intelligible, Urdu, and he picking out the most familiar expressions used in commonplace daily conversation in that language. I think we talked for about half an hour, when we heard some mumbling noise coming from downstairs. I heeded it not, for it was entirely unintelligible to me; but Keramat
stopped short and cried out, "Khudawand! khudawand! Murder!"

"Murder!" I exclaimed, in great surprise and bewilderment.

"Yes. Do you not hear the moan downstairs?"

"I do."

"Well, then, it is Ram Lal who is crying for help. He speaks Bengali and you do not understand it."

Then the truth dawned upon me as though by a sudden inspiration. I understood it well. The devil—if it was the devil indeed—was getting rid of poor Ram Lal, as even, I thought, he would do with us.

"Hush!" I said, hearing the sound of a blow.

Then I listened with intense pain as my temples throbbed. We could hear the poor fellow struggle for life, and the faint voice died away gradually.

"Let us go to his help," I said, jumping up from my seat with the gun in my hand.

"It is of no use going now," said Keramat, thoughtfully, "for the man to whose help you are going, my lord, is dead. I think the best thing would be for us to guard ourselves in our perilous situation."

His words had their effect, for I perceived that what he said was very sensible indeed. I therefore stood with a stout heart, and muttered a short prayer, which gave me new vigour.

The room in which we stood was a large one, what the people in India call a "hall"—the biggest central room. So we stood for a moment—I in the front, and Keramat behind me. I kept my position for a short time, and then turned to speak to my servant, but he was gone. My sudden fear may better be imagined than described. It filled me with horror to think that if Keramat could be taken away with such dexterity, and, for all that I knew murdered, how was I to escape? But I must say the gun was a great relief to me.

Then suddenly I heard a noise behind me, and it startled me. I turned sharply, as it were, to defy the ghost—not that it was my nature (for I must confess I am very nervous), but the critical moment had made me brave.

"I am here, my lord, I am here." The words came in a faint voice from underneath the table, and then the truth dawned on me. It was Keramat, and I thought contemptibly of him.

"Oh, my prophetic soul! you have hidden yourself at
last, you coward!" I thought to myself. "Come out, you coward!" I said in a choking voice, though it must have betrayed anger and contempt.

"My lord, I am praying," answered Keramat; "the jins are created of fire, and the Almighty has given them the power of going into any shape they please; they can see us, but we cannot see them; therefore, my lord, I am praying. You think I am a coward, and, therefore, I have left you; but, my lord, if I thought we could do anything by fighting I would fight till death. Besides, I am here, my lord; it will not take me a minute to come out."

My companion's speech gave me an idea of his sincerity in his belief and faith at least. He no doubt acted according to his conscience, and, ignorant as he was, it was clear that he was not a coward by any means. I, however, sat down at last to contemplate my fate. In my anxiety I passed my hand across my face, for I felt so worried and unstrung; that I thought my nerves would give way. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a cracking noise, which was followed by a trotting sound, near the door. It captured my attention at once. I looked. My gun fell from my hand. I was amazed by a terrible sight. I fear I shall not be believed, but in faith this is what I saw: A being, big as a giant, black as black could be, and wearing only a piece of long cloth round his waist. The dim light of the lamp was not enough to show his face clearly, but all I could see was the huge form moving to and fro. I felt powerless to act, when my eyes fell on Keramat, who had crept out of his hiding place, and was aiming at the black form with the gun which I had dropped.

"That's right, my friend," I shouted in ecstasy; "fire away; quick! quick!" and I saw Keramat pull the trigger, but it had no effect whatever.

"The gun," I said, and made as though I wanted it. It was difficult for me to speak Urdu intelligibly in that moment of terror, but however I managed to make myself understood. He handed the gun to me quickly, and I thought within myself, "You can't escape this time, though Keramat may have missed you." I aimed at the breast of the man pacing to and fro, and fired; but he walked as though unhurt, and what was more, and most surprising, was, that he actually threw forward his huge chest. I however thought I had missed him, and so reloaded the gun and aimed at his mouth, but the result was no better. I fired and reloaded, fire and reloaded, aiming every time at different places, but it produced no effect at all. Then,
my head swam, my temples throbbed, and I, with all the madness of a fury, dashed at the black fellow to strike him with the butt end of my gun,—but he was gone. I would have pursued him, too, but for my faithful servant, who ran up to me and held me by the arm.

"Leave me," I said, but not knowing much of the native language I could not express myself well, and therefore I had to yield to his strength.

"Sahib," said Keramat, "jin ko janai deejerai" (Sir, let the genii go). So I came back with his help, for I was too excited and shaken to walk alone, and threw myself on the chair. I again looked at my watch, and found that the whole night had passed unconsciously, for it was nearly four o'clock, and I had not had the least idea of it. I then turned to count the cartridges, but there were none left.

By that time I was quite exhausted, and so I thought, come what might, I would go to bed. Once more I began to regain my lost energy and tranquillity. I woke up at about twelve, and my first impulse directed me to go down and see the unfortunate Ram Lal. I went down with Keramat, and to our horror we found no Ram Lal, but a corpse lying in a pool of blood.

My next step was to leave the house. I need not enter into details, but it is necessary for the readers to know that I left the wretched place that very day.

John Fletcher.

(To be continued.)
A VISIT TO THE TOWER OF LONDON.

To write an account of the Tower is, indeed, to write a history of England—but this is not my object.

London is a place (if not the place) of wonders and curiosities, and it is impossible to see everything of note in London—specially for a man situated like myself, who has come to this country for the purpose of study. Although Napoleon the Great has stated that the word impossible should be taken out of the dictionary, or, if I am allowed to use the Emperor's own expression, that "the word 'impossible' is only found in the dictionary of fools;" in spite of the great General's saying, I might apply this word here with safety, and I venture to say that there are very few men—even among the Londoners—who can say that they have seen all the sights and wonders around them. I may quote here what the late Right Hon. John Bright once said, in speaking to an English crowd: "A great many of you have been to London, and yet you know nothing about it. I have spent six months there every year for forty years, and yet I know nothing about it. I do not believe that there is a man in it who is fairly acquainted with all the parts and districts of that vast city." But I must not wander; I must now come to the grave and wondrous things I have seen in the Tower.

Not very long ago, one of my kind friends asked me to see the great historical place; and my answer, as a matter of course, was in the affirmative. Soon afterwards we arrived. This old fortress reminded me of the ancient forts of my own country—especially the Fort of Daulatabad, in H.H. the Nizam's Dominions.

On entering the Tower, the first thing that struck me was the Traitor's Gate, which Queen Elizabeth (then Princess) so obstinately refused to enter, though at the end she very reluctantly, accompanied by Sir H. Bedingfeld, did pass through the gate, being compelled to do so—the shower descending in torrents upon her! It was a dreadful and trying time for the poor Princess. This gate, I was told, is no longer in use. Opposite to it is the Bloody Tower, in which the two poor infant Princes, sons of
Edward IV., were most cruelly murdered. The next place I was very anxious to see was the Bell Tower, where Queen Elizabeth as Princess, the grandmother of James I., and Bishop Fisher were imprisoned; but, cruel to say, far as my curiosity goes, I had to go without, as it is not exhibited now.

While I was walking towards the White Tower, I met a curious sort of individual. On enquiry, my friend told me that he was a beef-eater. I, of course, understood by it that he never ate anything but beef only. On making this remark, I was informed of the true meaning of a beef-eater, the origin being buffetier, or, a yeoman of the guard.

When we came to the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, my thoughts went back to the dark days, specially of Henry VIII.—I will describe him in Lord Macaulay's words, "The murderer of his wives"; also to his daughter Mary; and to Elizabeth, "The murderer of her guest," Mary, the Queen of Scots, over whom Queen Elizabeth had no jurisdiction whatever—this is the great blot which will remain attached to her name as long as the world lasts.

This is the Chapel of which Lord Macaulay, the great writer, truly tells the world that "there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one following; the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts."

I am thankful to my Creator that I was not born in a reign like one of those: I am proud to have been born in the glorious reign of our noble Queen-Empress Victoria. Through her government we are protected from all sorts of dangers, as also our property and our sacred religions: this is the real blessing which we, the British subjects, enjoy under our good Queen-Empress, upon whose rule the sun never sets. It is at this spot that so many remarkable persons have been buried, whose records are so interesting to the readers of the history of England. I wish to point out a few of those that affected my feelings the most: Sir T. More, and John Fisher (the Bishop of Rochester), with the haughty Countess Salisbury, who fell victims to the bloodthirsty Henry VIII. Lord Protector Somerset—a man of blameless character, had he not signed the death-warrant of his own brother—fell by the Duke of Northumberland's foul practices. The Duke of Northumberland, in his turn, became a victim to the Bloody
Mary, although he renounced his own religion for the sake of saving his mortal life, without thinking of his soul: yet all in vain.

Now I come to the saddest affair of the whole history of the Tower of London—i.e., the execution of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, which shocked me the most. A noble lady and a real princess, in the true sense of the word, as she was, and yet poor innocent Lady Jane was destined to suffer death on the block. This is the lady whose life I used to read with great interest and sorrow, and which cost me many a tear: her whole life is most striking; one can learn from her a good deal of piety, holiness, and, above all, the firmness in religion which she maintained till the last moment; in spite of great danger, persecution, persuasion, and temptation, nothing could shake her firmness—even the temptation of living longer. Gardiner and Seckenham, who pretended to be her true friends, knew with whom they were dealing; their hardest labour and efforts were of no use, even to make the least effect on the mind of noble Lady Jane; and at last she died (so young!) on the scaffold, in her own religion, as a martyr and saint. The curse of her death never allowed Queen Mary, her murderess, to be happy; Mary's union with Philip of Spain, and her other acts, proved to be equally unhappy. She was coldly treated by her haughty husband, and she went to the tomb with a broken heart, which she rightly deserved, and few had sympathy with her.

A word or two about Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. Here we saw the horrible instruments of torture, such as the heavy leg-irons, the most frightful being the thumbscrews and the "scavenger's daughter," through which the bodies of poor wretches, such as Edward Underhill and Sir Thomas Wyatt, passed their time in agony. Not far from the above instruments are the original beheading axe and block, and the executioner's iron mask.

I believe it was in the Horse Armoury that I was surprised to see the girdle and helmet of Tippu Sahib, the famous and brave Sultan of Mysore. There were a good many other Asiatic things besides these. Indeed, it seems to me that the Tower is one of the most interesting and instructive historical places; one enjoys seeing it, and one derives some benefit from the visit—at least, I have found so.

Now I must not trespass by taking up more valuable space in the Indian Magazine.

Syed A. M. Shahi.
SEVERE SNOW-FALL NEAR QUETTA.

Although it is not unusual in the winter to register 30° of frost at Quetta, such a fearful snowstorm as occurred last February is very uncommon. Several trains were in consequence snowed up, and were extricated with great difficulty. A lady, Mrs. W., had been paying a visit, with her two children and nurse, at Sibi, on the Indian side of the Bolan Pass, and she started to return home to Quetta on Saturday, February 4. It was very cold, and the rain poured down heavily. About half way, the rain changed to snow, and a high wind carried blinding drifts along the hill-sides, so that it was impossible to see anything but a cloud of whirling white flakes all around. In a letter describing her journey, Mrs. W. writes: "About 4.30 in the afternoon the engine stuck fast in the snow. It was at rather a bad part, with a snow-drift several feet deep on either side of the line. There were icicles hanging from the carriage windows, and we were decidedly cold. They managed, with a great effort, to force the train on a few yards, but it was of no use, and, after a little, they gave up attempting it. We were almost 500 yards from Kach Station, and a very few minutes after the train stood still, the wheels of the carriage were thickly clogged with the snow, which was driving about in all directions. We had no light in the carriage, and it soon got quite dark, except for the sort of glimmer that came from the snow outside. I put the children to sleep at about seven o'clock, and wrapped them warm in our blankets. I hardly knew what to do, and was afraid to open the window and look out, for the wind was like ice. About nine o'clock, however, Mr. Edge, a Permanent Way Inspector, the only Englishman resident at Kach, made his way to us through the snow, which in many places was up to his waist. He told us his home was only 500 yards away, and we talked over the possibility of our getting so far—his wife had a spare room which she had got ready for us; but after I had looked out, I saw it was utterly out of the question to attempt it. The way would have taken us over a frozen river bed, almost every step deep
in snow. I knew that in the dark it would be impossible to take the babies so far. But Mr. Edge made us very comfortable, and did everything he possibly could for us."

"There was only one other first-class passenger in the train (Dr. S., on his way to Quetta), and he came, walking along the foot-board from his carriage, and shared the dinner sent by Mrs. Edge, by the hands of their poor, shivering servants. The next day, at about 4, Mr. Edge came for us. It was a lovely sunny day, but the wind was still high. As we stumbled along, I carrying C. under my arm, Mr. Edge showed me how, in many places, he could thrust his stick into the snow well over its top, and not come near the bottom of the snow-drift. Mrs. Edge was very good to us, and we soon thawed by their big stove. They had telegraphed for two engines to come to our assistance, and they had started, but had stuck in the snow. The down mail from Quetta had also stuck at a place called Kach Kotal, about four miles from Kach." Mrs. W. then tells of the arrival, at about 4, of her husband, from Quetta. Being in great anxiety, he had secured a missionary’s help for his Sunday duty, and had started with a train which brought the Executive Engineer to see what could be done. That train had, like the mail, stuck at Kach Kotal, four miles off, so from there the Rev. Mr. W. had had to walk, often tumbling into drifts, where he was up to his waist in snow. He had brought supplies in the train, but found it impossible to carry anything with him on his perilous walk. Mr. W. could only stay a very short time with his family at Kach, for the Engineer’s train had to start again from Kach Kotal at six. He and Dr. S. tramped thither in the snow. It snowed hard as they went along, and, by the time they reached the place where the train was waiting, they were covered with a thick frozen crust. The two gentlemen returned to Quetta, while Mrs. W. and the children remained at Kach. Their train, besides being still snowed up, had gone off the rails in the effort to press it forward. "In the morning things looked quite hopeless, but all night in the workshops at Quetta the Engineers had been hard at work. They made a huge iron plough to put in front of the engine, the ordinary ‘cow-catcher’—which is always put in front of the engines on this line—having been absolutely of no use. But the plough did wonders. Mr. Harman, the Engineer, came down on the engine from Quetta, crossed to Kotal, and brought the train as far as he could; then brought us all up to Quetta in our original train, which had been got back
on to the line again with great trouble, and, to my great joy and thankfulness, we got home safely at about nine o'clock on Monday night, none of us any the worse, and the dear babies so well that I cannot be too thankful. Since we came home there has been the same intense frost, and from Saturday (the following one) until this morning (Monday) it has snowed almost without ceasing, and the garden is a wonderful sight." It appears that most of the Permanent Way Staff became blind from the glare of the snow. Since then they have been supplied with "goggles," of which 200 pairs were sent down for the coolies alone. Such experiences as those related above are not expected among the various difficulties of life in India.

*PERFECT LOVE CASTETH AWAY FEAR.*

In Mr. Alfred Milner's recently-published book "England in Egypt," a powerful illustration is given of the influence of earnest effort for the good of others in overcoming religious prejudice and fanatical conservatism. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in this deeply-interesting book is that headed "The Struggle for Water," and in this great work the Anglo-Indian Engineers bore the brunt of the burden. "It is not too much to say (writes Mr. Milner), that among the English Inspectors of Irrigation there has not been one weak or second-rate man. Differing widely—in character and gifts, they have all displayed in a high degree, sound technical knowledge, untiring industry, absolute contempt for hardship or misrepresentation, and the most perfect impartiality." It is in connexion with one of these Engineers, that the following striking incident is related:

"In the bad year 1888, when the Nile flood was an exceptionally poor one, there was a large area in the province of Girga which was threatened, like many others in Upper Egypt, with a total failure of the inundation. The canal which ordinarily flooded this particular district, was running at a level at which the water could not possibly spread over the fields, and many thousands of acres seemed doomed to absolute barrenness. A cry of despair rose from the whole neighbourhood. What was to be done? One of the English
Inspectors of Irrigation, who happened to be on the spot, promptly determined to throw a temporary dam across the canal. The idea was a bold one. The time was short. The canal was large, and, though lower than usual, it was still carrying a great body of water at a considerable velocity. Of course no preparations had been made for a work, the necessity of which had never been contemplated. But the Inspector was not to be daunted by the apparent hopelessness of the undertaking. Labour, at any rate, was forthcoming in any quantity, for the people, who saw starvation staring them in the face, needed no compulsion to join gladly in any enterprise which afforded them even the remotest chance of relief. So the Inspector hastily got together the best material within reach. He brought his bed on to the canal bank, and did not leave the scene of operations, night or day, till the work was finished. And the plan succeeded. To the surprise of all, the dam was somehow or other made strong enough to resist the current. The water was raised to the required level, and the land was effectually flooded.

"The joy and the gratitude of the people knew no bounds. It was decided to offer thanksgivings in the Mosque of the chief town of the district, and the event was considered of such general importance, that the Minister of Public Works himself made a special point of attending the ceremony. But the enthusiastic population were not content with the presence of the high native dignitary. They insisted that his English subordinate should also be there. They were not willing to give thanks for their deliverance without having amongst them the man who had wrought it. Everyone knows how deep a prejudice exists in Mohammedan countries against the presence of a Christian in a Mosque. In the great tourist-visited cities of Egypt, this feeling is wearing off, but in the country districts it is as strong as ever. In those districts it is an unheard-of thing that a Christian should be present at a religious ceremony, more than unheard-of that he should be present at the instance of the Mohammedan worshippers themselves. But in this case the universal feeling of thankfulness and admiration was too strong for the most deeply-rooted fanaticism. For the first time in the history of that neighbourhood an Englishman and a Christian was allowed, and even compelled, by the natives, to take part in a solemn function of their usually exclusive and intolerant faith."
An entertainment in aid of the Bai Avabai Bhownuggree Nurses’ Home at Bombay was given, on February 17th, at Government House, Parel. It commenced with a "musical ride" and some tent-pegging in the grounds, by the troopers of the Bodyguard of H.E. the Governor. The company then adjourned to the ball-room, where a temporary stage had been erected, and some tableaux vivants were presented. The first set, in which Lady Harris took part, consisted of scenes from "Cinderella"; the second subject was Abul Hassan and the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid—in this the performers were Parsi ladies and gentlemen; the third group was under the direction of Mrs. Birdwood, and it gave the story of "The Sleeping Beauty." The whole performance was very good, and much enjoyed by the audience.

A new building for the Girls’ School (with which the name of Lady Reay will in future be connected) in Lunawada, one of the Rewa Kanta States in the east of Gujerat, was opened, with much ceremony, on February 13th. Rao Saheb Dalatram, the Dewan, made an interesting speech on the importance of education for women, explaining the history and present condition of the school, and this was followed by a short address from H.H. the Maharaja Saheb, who declared the Lady Reay School to be open. Mr. Ommaney, the Political Agent, expressed to the Maharaja the gratification of the Government in regard to this and other public benefactions which have marked his rule.

Sir Charles Crosthwaite, Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, presided, on February 6th, at the Annual Commemoration of the La Martinière College and the La Martinière High School. The college has prepared its pupils mainly for the Engineering College at Rurki, but last year for the first time it sent up boys for the ordinary public Examinations, in which they passed with much success, thus proving that the teaching had been satisfactory. The College is supported entirely by its own endowments and by fees. The Girls’ School, on the other hand, has always been an aided institution. The instruction of the girls has been very practical, and there are so many candidates for admission that new buildings have become necessary and are in course of construction. The Lieutenant Governor spoke of the great need of such institutions at the present time, when "Europeans, by circumstances over which we have none of us
any control, are compelled to look to the schools in India for the means of educating their children."

The foundation-stone of a new Panjrapole (for treating suffering animals) was laid in February at Junagadh, Kathiawar, in the presence of about 2,000 people, both Hindus and Mussulmans. Vazir Saheb Babavdinbhai, Dewan Haridas Viharidas, and other leading officers of the State attended, and Mr. Gulam M. D. Munshi, Barrister-at-law and Chief Judge, made a speech on behalf of the Committee of the institution, of which he is Vice-President. He referred to the habitual charity of the people of India and of their great "sympathy for dumb animals." In virtue of their humane feelings every town of importance has a Panjrapole, but that at Junagadh having proved too small, it had been decided to secure a larger building, and a free grant of a plot of ground for the purpose had been made by the Durbar of the Nawab Saheb, whose absence on this occasion, owing to his making a tour in India, was much regretted. The Vazir Saheb laid the foundation stone with the ceremonies required by the Hindu religion, and he liberally promised to build, at his own expense, a suitable front to the ground on which the Panjrapole is to be erected.

The eldest son of the Maharaja of Cuch Behar has been placed at the Rajkumar College at Ajmere. He was accompanied thither by the Dewan Saheb, Rai K. D. Dutt Bahadur.

The fifth exhibition of the Bombay Art Society was lately opened by the Hon. M. Birdwood, when H.E. Lady Harris presided, and awarded the prizes to the successful contributors. The Bombay Gazette states that Miss Putlibai Wadia took a high place, her picture "Daydreams," a well painted study of a Parsi lady reclining on a couch, having been much admired, and that Miss Cama, of the Bombay School of Art, exhibited some studies of still life, which were painted "with no small skill and success."

It is an interesting fact that Tyaba Begum Bilgrami, daughter of Nawab Imad-ul Mulk Bahadur, Director of Public Instruction, Hyderabad, has passed the Matriculation Examination of the Madras University. This is the first instance, we believe, of a Muhammadan lady presenting for examination at an Indian University.

Srimati Rukhmini, a Nagar Brahmin lady of Baroda, has become a member of the Gujerat Vernacular Society—which no Indian lady had before joined.

The Report of the Dufferin Fund for 1892 has been published, and it contains various photographs of hospitals, and a group of students. There are now 11 Branches under the Central Com-
committee, and 120 local or district Associations or Committees. The number of women who have received aid during the year is 515,000. The chief feature of the report is that good progress has been made in building hospitals in Bengal, and in the N.W.P. and Oude. From the latter province over a lakh of Rupees has been received during the year in subscriptions and donations. There are 261 students in the various classes of the Medical Colleges and Schools all over India.

At a meeting of the Indian Section of the Society of Arts held on March 10th, Mr. J. A. Baines, I.C.S. (Bombay), read a valuable paper on "Caste and Occupation, at the last Census of India." Lord Reay, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., in the chair. In the discussion which followed, Shrimant Sampatram Gaikhwad read an extract (translated) from a speech delivered in Marathi by H.H. the Gaikwar of Baroda at a prize distribution. It ran thus: "Our country's prosperity is greatly hindered by the existence of castes and their sub-divisions. Men are good or bad according to the virtues and capacities they possess. I do not see why the benefits of education should not be extended to members of the lower castes. In my opinion, it is necessary for the welfare of our country that all should receive them, and that there should, in this matter, be no distinction made between man and man, and no caste differences should have influence on it."

A Society has been formed in London for encouraging the study of the Russian language in literature, with a view to promote friendly feelings between the peoples of Great Britain and of Russia. It is called the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, and its meetings are held at the Imperial Institute. The opening address was given by Dr. John Pollen, on January 3rd. We shall refer to it further next month.
PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

In the late Competitive Examination for the Indian Medical Service, Dr. Bhola Nath was among the successful candidates, and he has proceeded to Netley.

In the Society of Apothecaries' Examination, T. M. Nair, (Madras, Edinburgh, and St. Mary's), has passed in Midwifery.

In the recent Preliminary Scientific (M.B.) Examination of the University of London, Shaikh Abdur Ruzzak, Guy's Hospital, passed in Biology.

At the Drawing Room held at Buckingham Palace on March 10, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, B.A., had the honour of being presented to her Majesty, by Lady Seymour FitzGerald.

The following Indian gentlemen had the honour of being presented to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., at the Levée held on March 13 by his Royal Highness on behalf of her Majesty, at St. James's Palace: Mr. Todar Mal Bhandari, Mr. Mostafa Hosein, Pandit Mul Raj, and Syed A. M. Shah, all by the Political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State.

Arrivals.—Mrs. Kadambini Ganguli, B.A., from Calcutta; Mr. M. Srinivasa Rau, from Mysore; Mr. Buxi Ram Singh, from the Punjab; Mr. — Jehangir, from Bombay.

Departures.—Surgeon-Major C. C. Vaid, for Bombay.