SIR M. MONIER-WILLIAMS ON THE RELIGION OF THE HINDUS.

A very interesting lecture was delivered some weeks ago by Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., Boden Professor of Sanskrit, Oxford, at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. The subject was "British India under Victoria." Sir Barrington Simeon, Bart., J.P., took the chair. We shall give almost in full the second part of the lecture, which explained the results of the learned Professor's researches into the nature and development of the religion of the Hindus. The earlier part, in which the benefits of British rule were eloquently described, we shall be obliged only to summarise.

Sir Monier began by remarking that a traveller, bent on making himself acquainted with British India under the present reign, could not do better than to journey through Italy to Brindisi, as the position of Italy in relation to the rest of Europe is very like that of India in regard to Asia. He next referred to the fact that India really consists of a collection of countries, as evidenced by the striking diversities which exist within its limits in respect to climate, ethnical and national characteristics, moral and intellectual peculiarities, varieties of religion and philosophy, political conditions, and by its twenty distinct languages, with two hundred or more dialects. It is "a land of surprises, a land of contrasts and contradictions, of paradoxes and incongruities, of inconsistencies and anomalies;" where even the observant traveller who goes to India, with "open eyes, open ears, an open mind and an eager desire to learn, finds himself wandering in a labyrinth of perplexity." The lecturer then dwelt at length on the beneficent effects of British rule. He pictured the state of India at the time of the decline of the Moghal Empire, when rival viceroys and freebooting tribes contended for dominion, when swarms of foreign invaders carried misery and devastation through the
country, and when despotism and lawlessness led to horrors—
traditions of which still linger among the peasants; and after
describing briefly the struggle between the English and the
French in Southern India, and the successes of Clive there and
in Bengal, he pointed to the changes which had taken place
in the last 130 years. “Watch the difference,” he said “between
the régime of the late effete Emperor of Delhi, and the new
régime under the Empress Victoria; order for chaos; good
Government for anarchy; justice for oppression; tranquillity for
violence; a faithful native police for plunderers and murderers; a
well-organised native army for unruly bands of soldiers; fixed
homesteads for scattered and uncertain settlements; well drained
lands for fever-laden swamps; cultivated fields for wild jungle;
peace, security, and plenty for war, massacre and devastation.”
Efforts are being made to develop latent resources, and to increase
industrial prosperity. Railways, canals, and other engineering
works, tramways in the towns, gas, post-offices, telegraphs, new
industries, a free press, &c., promote friendly inter-connexion and
public convenience. Education is advancing slowly though surely.
In ten years the number of scholars has increased from 2 per cent.
to 3 per cent. Even the education of women, he said, is making
progress, and several Indian ladies have received University degrees.
Hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, excellent jails are numerous,
and sanitation is improving. Thus he illustrated the present state
of India in a graphic manner by comparison with the even recent
past. Sir Monier concluded this part of his lecture by referring
to the instrumentality by which these mighty changes have been
effected—namely, British courage, energy, and administrative ability.

The Lecturer then continued as follows:—

And this leads me to the second part of my subject; for, I am
sorry to say, there is a reverse side to the outline which I have
drawn. There are some dark spots, and not a few blemishes
which mar its symmetry, and these ought not to be concealed
from your view. You will admit indeed, that, if what I
have already stated be correct, much has been done by us for
India. Yet for all that, it must in sorrow be confessed that much
has been left undone, and the recent terrible outbreak ought to
warn us of the evil elements smouldering beneath the surface.
... Even in the central plains of India our civilisation has
barely reached the fringe of the population, the merest fraction of
which is able to read and write. Nay, it is sad to see the vast gulf
which separates the educated natives—who speak English and
know English literature as well as ourselves—from the unlettered
millions sunk in ignorance and superstition—the impassable chasm, too, which divides the millionaire merchants of Calcutta and Bombay from the toiling villagers, who subsist patiently and contentedly on a few rupees a month. Still more lamentable is the intellectual rift dividing the educated husband from his uneducated wife, which will never be bridged over so long as child-marriages continue to be enforced by a stern, unwritten, social law; so long as wives may be mothers at eleven or twelve, and the women of India believe themselves to be degraded by learning to read and write. It is true that we have abolished Sati (Suttee), and that we have, by the Act of 1856, legalised the re-marriage of Indian widows. Yet child-widows are as numerous as ever, and some of them lead lives to which burning alive might almost be thought preferable. Then only last month a law was passed which is intended to remedy one great evil arising from child-marriages. Yet many think that this will remain a dead letter until a complete reform of the whole constitution of family life proceeds, not from without, but from within. Certain it is that we have hitherto failed to supply India with its greatest need—educated wives, wise mothers, and well-ordered homes—notwithstanding the occasional successes which cheer our devoted missionaries in their efforts to let the light of heaven into darkest India—I mean her closed up Zenáras. (Hear, hear.) I must, from want of time, pass over the evils resulting from defective domestic drainage and sanitation, from the traffic in liquor and manufacture of opium, merely observing that the Hindus were liquor-drinkers long before our advent, and that the opium question has lately been sufficiently dealt with in Parliament.

But I should be justly accused of leaving a serious gap in my outline of British India under Victoria if I omitted to notice the religions which at present prevail there, and the influence for good which we have brought to bear on them. Practically, India has only two chief religions—Hinduism and Muhammadanism—for Buddhism, the third and only other great non-Christian system in the world—though it originated in India—has long since deserted its birth-place for Burmah, Siam, Ceylon, Tibet, China and Japan. With regard to Muhammadanism, it is noteworthy that India contains about fifty-five millions of Muhammad's followers—more than any other country of the world, not excepting the Turkish Empire. As to Hinduism, it is a solemn thought that at least 200 millions of our fellow-subjects are adherents of that religion. And yet it is a remarkable characteristic of Hinduism that it neither requires nor attempts to make converts. Nor is it by
any means at present diminishing in numbers. Nor is it at present being driven off the field, as might be expected, by being brought into contact with two such proselyting religions as Christianity and Muhammadanism. On the contrary, it is at present rapidly increasing; for a man becomes a Hindu by merely being born a Hindu. So that every day adds to the adherents of Hinduism, through the simple process of the daily increase of births over deaths, which in India is enormous. And far more remarkable than this: Another characteristic of Hinduism is that it is all-receptive, all-comprehensive. It claims to be the one religion of humanity, of human nature, of the entire world. It cares not to oppose the progress of Christianity, nor of any other religion. For it has no difficulty in including all other religions within its all-embracing arms and ever-widening fold. And, in real fact, Hinduism has something to offer which is suited to all minds. Its very strength lies in its infinite adaptability to the infinite diversity of human characters and human tendencies. It has its highly spiritual and abstract side suited to the philosophical Brähman—its practical and concrete side suited to the man of affairs and the man of the world—its aesthetic and ceremonial side suited to the man of poetic feeling and imagination—its quiescent and contemplative side suited to the man of peace and lover of seclusion. Nay it holds out the right hand of brotherhood to fetish-worshippers, nature-worshippers, demon-worshippers, animal-worshippers, and tree-worshippers. It does not scruple to permit the most grotesque forms of idolatry, and the most degrading varieties of superstition. And hence arises another remarkable characteristic of Hinduism, that in no other system of the world is the chasm more vast which separates the religion of the higher, cultured, and thoughtful classes—usually distinguished by the name Brähmanism, in contradistinction to the more general name of Hinduism*—from that of the lower, uncultured, and unthinking masses.

What, then, you ask, is the secret of this all-comprehensiveness and many-sidedness? My reply is that Hinduism is founded on a very subtle system of pantheistic philosophy excogitated long ago by the Brähmans. A system which the human intellect most naturally thinks out for itself; a system which is, in some respects, almost identical with that thought out by Spinoza and the profoundest thinkers of modern Europe. Indeed,

* This will be found more fully explained in my work called "Brähmanism and Hinduism," a new and enlarged edition of which is about to be published by Mr. Murray, of Albermarle Street.
if you will pardon the anachronism, the Hindus were Spinozaites more than 2,000 years before the existence of Spinoza; and Darwinians many centuries before Darwin; and Evolutionists many centuries before the doctrine of Evolution had been accepted by the Huxleys of our time, and before any word like Evolution existed in any language of the world. The Hindus, in short, have for centuries believed that their one god Brähmā (neuter) their one impersonal spiritual essence or energy—identified with everything, and constituting everything—is for ever evolving itself out of its own inner substance. Like a vast tree with countless branches for ever expanding itself out of an eternal seed, and then for ever drawing back or being re-absorbed into itself, and disappearing again and again into formlessness and impersonality. And the first evolution they believe to be God, the personal Creator, called Brähmā (masculine); the second, God, the Preserver, called Vishnu, (also masc.); the third, God, the Destroyer and Recreator—called Siva (also masc.). These three are sometimes represented by three noble heads rising out of one body, to denote that their functions are interchangeable. Brähmā, the personal Creator, has four faces looking in every direction, to show his watchful care over his creatures; Vishnu, the personal Preserver, has four arms to show his power to save from whatever direction evil may come; while Siva, the personal Destroyer, has three eyes, to denote destroying time—past, present, and future. This idea of one impersonal Essence—the sole, really existing Being—expanding itself into three principal divine personalities, is true Brähmanism. Then, as the idea developed, each of the three male divinities become associated with a consort or wife regarded as half the god’s essence. Just as in Indian books a man’s wife is defined to be half a man’s self, so a god’s wife is held to be half the god. This is explained by educated Hindus to be a simple allegory, intended to denote that every god ought to have maternal as well as paternal attributes. Sometimes one of the three personifications is thought greater, sometimes another. It is related in one of their sacred books (the Bhāgavata-Purāṇa), how a sage, wishing to settle the question as to which of the three was the greatest, went into the presence of Brähmā, and omitted to make a reverential bow. The god was very angry, and was

* To understand the religious system of the Hindus, it is most important to bear in mind the distinction between the neuter Brähmā—which is the name for the one impersonal Spirit of the universe—and the masculine Brähmā, which is the name for the personal Creator or rather the personal subordinate Evolver, himself evolved out of the impersonal Spirit.
about to punish the sage, but the god's wife pacified her divine lord and master. Then he went into the presence of Siva, the Destroyer, and again purposely omitted to make a bow. The divine destroyer's anger blazed forth, and he took up a weapon to slay the sage, but again the god's wife interposed and pacified her enraged husband. Then, lastly, the sage went before Vishnu, the Preserver, who happened to be sleeping peacefully with his head on his wife's lap. "Now," thought the sage, "I will put this mighty preserving god to a severe trial." So he went up quietly and gave him a terrible kick on his breast—so terrible, indeed that a mark remained for ever indelibly impressed on the god's body. But Vishnu, the preserver of the world, instead of showing anger, apologised for not having noticed the sage's entrance. Nay, he took the sage's foot on his own knee and began to rub it gently, fearing that the force of the blow might have injured—not his own breast—but the limb of the striker. This was the supreme test. "This," exclaimed the sage, "is the most powerful god, for he conquers by the greatest of all powers—love, gentleness, and generosity." (Applause.) This story points to the fact that Vishnu, the preserver, is the most popular god of India. Observe, too, that the process of divine developments is supposed to go on indefinitely and continuously. There are, therefore, any number of gods and goddesses,* though the ishta-devatā, or "favourite deity," is generally either Vishnu or Siva, or some deity connected with these two personalities. Nay, according to the Hindu pantheistic theory, all great, useful, and good men are manifestations of God—that is, of the one Spirit—and every man's spirit, released from his body, by death, must pass into higher or lower material forms, according to his deeds, until it is re-absorbed into God or the one self-existent Spirit of the universe.

According to Manu, first come the Brāhmans, who are generally priests or learned men. These constitute the leading caste. They are called Brāhmans, because they are supposed (though not always priests) to be more full of Brāhma, or the divine essence, than any other class. Secondly come the soldiers, who fight the battles of their country. Thirdly come the agriculturists and traders, who increase its wealth. Brāhmans, soldiers, and agriculturists or

* There is no authority in any of the ancient sacred books of the Hindus (so far as I have searched them) for fixing the number of gods at thirty-three millions; such a limitation would be against the true theory of Brāhmansm. As a matter of fact, there are not more than six or seven gods generally worshipped in India, and these are Vishnu (Krishna being only a form of Vishnu) Siva, with their wives, and Ganesa, Subrahmanya, and Hanumān.
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traders, are all supposed to have higher divine natures. Then under these come the servant class; each of the four classes having its position and work unalterably fixed by God. Then come the mixed castes—mostly constituted like European guilds—each with its own unalterably fixed religious usages and industrial occupations, which the lapse of centuries has not changed. This may give some idea of the close connexion of the Indian caste system with the Hindu religion, and of the iron sway which it exercises over the people, and of its consequent influence for evil, though in some cases for good also. Perhaps you may think that the idea of men and women being, as it were, portions of the divine essence, may have a good effect in ennobling life. But unhappily the pantheistic philosophy of India leads to many monstrous paradoxes, and one of these is that the divine essence may become, through the force of an awful law, devilish or demoniacal. Yes, it is indeed a fact that the Hindus hold that, as there are any number of good incarnations, so there are any number of evil. It is believed, in other words, that two antagonistic principles are for ever opposing and counteracting each other in the universe around us, and that the vast pantheon is counterbalanced by an equally vast pandemonium. There are, in short, demons without number, and of all kinds, just as there are gods without number of all kinds; demons peopling the atmosphere around us; demons both good and bad, male and female, the good for ever engaged in unceasing conflict with the bad, the bad for ever impeding every good work, for ever causing accidents, diseases, plague, pestilence and ruin. Then again there is another noteworthy paradox involved in a Hindu's pantheistic creed. For although human beings are believed to be portions of the one God, yet that god nevertheless delights in acting as a hard task-master towards all these portions of himself, imposing on them intolerable burdens. Hence, a pious Hindu, who considers himself to be part of the one God, will still feel himself impelled by some law of necessity to propitiate that god by the severest self-imposed religious tasks. For instance, he will sometimes repeat his morning prayer one thousand times, often one hundred and eight times. While uttering the words of this prayer he places his hand reverentially on those parts of his body which are supposed to be the habitations of the three chief manifestations of the one God. All this is believed to add greatly to the efficacy of his prayers—but you will admit that it converts them into rather a hard task. I ought to mention, too, that the idea of God as an augry avenger is an essential element in later Hinduism. The god of destruction delights in destruction for
its own sake. He is sometimes represented in the act of dancing on his own victim. But his wife, the goddess Kālēe, is the most bloodthirsty of the two. She delights in drinking men’s blood, and is often represented with a necklace of bloody heads, and with a bloody head in her hand. Blood of some kind she will have, but she may be propitiated by the blood of animals. Thousands of goats and buffaloes are therefore daily offered upon her altars throughout India. Then one hell is not enough to satisfy the destroying god’s delight in taking vengeance. There are twenty-one hells with every variety of torment. How, then, can the intelligent and well-educated Hindu—trained by us to think accurately, and instructed by us in the facts, phenomena, and laws of European science— acquiesce in these extravagances? “There is but one God”—an educated native would probably say, in explanation of the apparent incongruity—“There is but one God by whatever form He is worshipped in Asia or in Europe. He (the one God) is in His essence impersonal and formless, though He delights in manifesting Himself in infinite developments, in infinite evolutions and personalities; and though He chooses to ignore Himself in the distinct individualities created by Himself. Hence the separate existence of you and of me, and of the world around us, is a mere illusion. When through self-discipline and death the illusion is made to vanish, we are again absorbed into the one God. Idols are not intended to be worshipped; they are merely used as helps to devotion. They enable ignorant people to form some idea of God’s countless manifestations. They are a necessary assistance to the masses of our illiterate population, whose mental condition is that of children, and who cannot read those written descriptions of God, which exist in the Scriptures of all nations, and equally give God human attributes—figure, face, hands, and feet.” Such would probably be an intelligent Hindu’s apology for the idolatry around him. And by this peculiar method of mental engineering are the intricate windings of the Hindu pantheistic system made straight, and the vast chasm between the creeds of the educated and uneducated classes is bridged over. And thus it is that the most highly educated natives acquiesce apathetically in all the strange and monstrous forms of their country’s idolatry, and are quite content to remain Hindus in name and in religion, to the end of their lives.

Nor indeed need this excite our surprise. For in India, religious, social, and national life are intimately interwoven, and we must not forget that when an Indian breaks with all the most sacred traditions of his race, he parts with all that makes this present
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life most valuable—family ties, social position, pecuniary prospects and even nationality itself. Yes, in India the ordinary creed of the people—their usages and superstitions—are so intertwined with the texture of their daily life, that to strike at the root of their faith is to subvert the very foundations of the social fabric. Let a man demonstrate to his fellow-countrymen the evil of practices transmitted through a line of ancestors for perhaps 3,000 years; let him set his face against time-honoured usages, which have been current in his family for countless generations; let him stand up boldly as a denouncer of error, an enemy of superstition, a reformer of abuses, and what are the consequences? He is instantly confronted with a host of crushing antagonisms sufficient to appal a man of the most Herculean courage. National pride, ignorance, bigotry, priestcraft become his implacable foes. Humiliation, insult, threat, invective are heaped upon his head. Father, mother, wife, children, relatives and friends hold him fast in their embraces and try to force him back upon the old paths. And yet, for all this, I am happy to say that here and there enlightened men, taught by us, are rising up boldly, and either by their words or by their writings publicly declaring that they have broken with the worst superstitions of Hinduism.
Perhaps there is no country in Europe, or indeed, I may almost say, in the whole world that possesses so much interest to the modern traveller as the kingdom of Greece, and yet, strange to say, it is seldom visited. We daily read in the newspaper advertisements of excursions to the Rhine, Switzerland and Italy, and further afoot to Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and yet further still to Egypt, India and Japan; but to Greece, never. To the hard-worked man of business a month or so of fresh air and sea breezes in the North Sea, then coasting amidst the Islands and Fiords of Norway, and so up to Hammerfest, to interview the midnight sun, cannot fail to be a great refreshment. He leaves his ledgers and his merchandise behind him, enjoys himself in the present, and does not trouble himself much about the history or antiquities of the countries he is visiting. Nature's handiwork absorbing all his interest. Egypt and India are by no means so efficacious for the mere health-seeker, but they possess novelties and attractions of their own, and though the visitor to the East may suffer from many drawbacks, comparatively unknown in Northern latitudes—such as a baking sun, a soddên atmosphere, impalpable, penetrating dust, insects, flies, and other irritating forms of animal life—yet he is compensated at every turn by the monuments presented to his wondering gaze of a civilisation many hundred years anterior to his own.

Greece may be said to stand on the borderland between the East and West, and has many characteristics common to both. The summer temperature is extremely high, but from the maritime position of the country the sea breezes prevail and tend greatly to modify the excessive heat. By far the larger proportion of the whole area of Greece lies waste. Such portions as are cultivated, especially on the slopes of the mountains, owing to the variation of temperature, yield products which are common both to the East and the West. In one zone of vegetation can be seen wheat and barley; in another Indian corn, mulberry, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, and almonds; in a third tobacco and cotton; and Mount Hymettus, close to Athens, vindicates its ancient fame for aromatic plants, bees and honey. Following the traditions of the East many of the manners and customs of antiquity remain at the present day, domestic habits have undergone but little change amongst the peasantry, agricultural implements are of the same
primitive construction throughout the country; in short, its material condition is only faintly impressed with the improvements in art, science, and agriculture which of late have made such wonderful strides in other parts of the world. As for roads, bridges, hotels, and all communications by sea and land, and luxuries of travel generally, Greece is immeasurably behind every other country in Europe and many countries in the East.

The lamentable proofs of lack of energy and enterprise and of bad government, this apathy in developing the resources of the country, notwithstanding the advantages of its varied climate and of its extensive seaboard, struck me very forcibly on a recent visit I paid to Athens and its neighbourhood. I landed at the Peiræus, which, as is well known, is the port of the city. It is a small and cramped harbour, with a very narrow entrance—so narrow that at a distance of half a-mile it can scarcely be distinguished from the background of the land beyond. The vessel churned up the mud as she crept in slowly to take up her berth at the anchorage. I thought to myself, were this Ramsgate or Dover we should soon have the dredgers at work to improve the access to our capital city. Of all the dock-yards, arsenals, temples, theatres and arcades which in ancient times were conspicuous in and around the Peiræus, nothing now remains but some traces of foundations and broken pieces of sculptured marble; and there is now but little to attract the eye on landing beyond the mixed nationalities, the marine store shops, the drinking taverns, and the careless, untidy aspect of an ordinary modern seaport. A one-horse tram conveys the traveller from the quay to the railway station—yes! there is actually a railway from the Peiræus to Athens, a distance of from five to six miles; and, still more wonderful, the journey is performed in a little over the half-hour! There is a good deal of the promiscuous in the manner of conducting business at this railway, for, according to my experience, the fares vary with the circumstances of the day. If there should happen to arrive a big passenger ship with a rush of passengers bent on going on at once to Athens, the ordinary ticket clerk is superseded, and a hard-headed, grizzly fellow takes his place behind the pigeon-hole, who of his own free will increases the tariff, on the principle of "making hay while the sun shines," supremely deaf to all remonstrances. Moreover, he has an immense advantage over the new-comer in the botheration caused by the difference between paper and metal currency. An arithmetical calculation cannot well be figured up at the pigeon-hole with a queue of travellers pressing on behind you, all eager for their tickets. The debased paper currency is on a piece with
the impoverished condition generally of the country. Five francs of paper are equal to only four of silver, so there is a franc or more against the innocent, ignorant traveller in every transaction, let the price be what it may. Take another instance: the hotel bill for dinner is twenty francs; you approach the smiling landlord with four notes of five francs each: “If you please,” says the landlord, “if you please, five francs more; pardon, you must pay twenty-five francs for dis leetel bill of twenty francs.” Then to make matters worse, a ten-franc note is torn in half, and one half circulates as five francs, whilst the other, dirty and ragged, wanders into space and circulates on its own hook as representing the other five, the two halves never reuniting under any circumstances.

The city of Athens has one, and only one, main thoroughfare, the Rue d’Hermes, leading up from the railway station by a gradual ascent to the great square in which are the Royal Palace, many of the public buildings, and all the best hotels. It is, in fact, the only part of the modern town of a presentable appearance. Even the main thoroughfare up to it is a badly paved, irregular, uncared for, dilapidated approach; and oh, the dust! such clouds of white, impalpable stuff. Not a drop of water is expended on the roads—water is far too precious for such supposed waste, and consequently the whole atmosphere is obscured, and one’s garments loaded with this driving, penetrating covering. Much progress has, no doubt, been made in recent years in erecting public edifices suited to the capital of a country, nearly all concentrated in the square; but right and left of the Rue d’Hermes—the narrow, irregular, unwholesome streets and bazaars, many (as might be expected under Turkish rule) of a semi-oriental character, remain pretty much as they were before the independence of the country.

One day on arriving at the Athens terminus of the railway, I found a crowd of decorated officers and smart civilians assembled outside the station. I was told that the Queen of Greece was expected in a quarter of an hour to proceed to the Peiræus, and there to embark for Odessa on her way to St. Petersburg. I had already seen her Majesty’s yacht in the harbour, and a Russian Ironclad in close proximity, which was to form the escort to the Royal Yacht on her voyage. Seeing this smart assembly at the station, I walked up to one of the decorated officers and politely asked him in French if the Queen were really expected. He replied, yes; and then desired to know if I would like a place on the platform inside to see her Majesty. So he escorted me back to the platform, and placed me in an excellent position in the line.
formed by the other officers and state officials to receive the Queen. Shortly her Majesty appeared, followed by the King. She passed along the line close to me, kissing all the ladies as she passed, then the King followed, shaking hands right and left. He is a tall well-made man, and was dressed in a plain buttoned-up uniform and dark cloak with light blue collar, and a flat German military cap. She is a soft, sweet-looking woman, and perfectly unaffected; her age I guessed at about 40; her figure was good, and her walk light and graceful. The suite consisted of a bevy of officers in all uniforms and of all ages and sizes—some rather ridiculous in figure, and all bedizened with orders; those of the older officers having been probably earned during the war of Independence. I duly appreciated the courtesy thus extended to me, the more so as I am persuaded that in my own country no such consideration would be shown to a mere stranger, however respectable in appearance.

But far short of our standard of civilisation as the present condition of Greece is, it is Paradise compared to what it must have been even within the memory of some of the elders of the present generation. Lord Houghton (then Richard Monckton Milnes), in one of his letters recently published, writes in the year 1832 as follows: “The political state of the Morea is at this moment the most terrible. I have the hills of its coast in clear view from the window where I am now writing; but I suppose you might as well put a pistol to your head as attempt to walk five miles into the country. The whole is in the hands of certain predatory chieftains, who have armed the population for their own purposes, and now these peasant armies, after having done nothing since Capo d’Istria’s death but rob and murder one another, are driven by actual starvation to every possible mode of pillage and outrage. There is literally no Government whatever. So the wonder rather is that things are not in a still more despere state than they are. The roads in every direction are insecure, and travelling very difficult.” This was the unavoidable spectacle which the country presented at that time, when it was emerging from its struggle with the Turks, and the old and new forces were confronting each other for the last time.

Why, then, seek to travel in a country with so many drawbacks to comfort and locomotion? The question need not be put, as the answer is obvious. Taking Athens alone as a sample of the wonderful monuments of a by-gone age scattered throughout the country, it is only necessary for the traveller to gaze on the remains grouped on the top of that most striking eminence, the Acropolis,
to lose himself in the present, to banish all temporary vexation and discomforts, and to carry himself back to the time long antecedent to the Christian era, when the power of Athens was established and consolidated, and literature and the fine arts cultivated, under Themistocles, Aristides; and Pericles.

Of all the ancient structures which crown the magnificent rock of the Acropolis, the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, the tutelary Goddess of Athens, stands out against the sky as the grandest and most interesting—a Doric temple built of the hard white marble of Pentelicus. The visitor to our British Museum can see the frieze and some other portions of this edifice which were removed thence by Lord Elgin, and are usually known by the name of the "Elgin Marbles." Next in interest comes the Erectheium, a beautiful Ionic temple, situate on the western brow of the rock, portions of which have been imitated by the architect of our St. Pancras Church in the Marylebone Road, the spire of which is surmounted by an ornament which is again an imitation of the choragic monument of Lysicrates, at Athens. Near the Erectheium stand the Propyleum, a magnificent work, also of Pentelic marble, and the elegant and comparatively well-preserved little temple usually known as the Temple of Victory without wings. Vast debris of fallen columns, sculptured cornices, and shattered marbles of all sizes and shapes, all parts of departed magnificence, I noticed to my great grief, collected and grouped on the flat table surface of this grand rock. The colour of the whole, as I saw it, was rich in the extreme—a warm burnt sienna colour, contrasting and yet harmonising wonderfully with the deep blue sky above, as seen through the open roofs and such of the beautifully proportioned columns as remain.

In proof of the wonderful skill of the Athenians of that period, I may instance that the columns of the Parthenon, though apparently seen in an absolutely straight line from the bottom to the capital, have, in fact, a slight bulging out towards the centre of the line, so slight as to be imperceptible to the naked eye. This was discovered by our own architects on careful examination, and has been termed by them "entasis." Yet this bulging out was known by the ancients to be necessary to counteract the illusion that an absolutely straight line, if adopted, would appear to the eye to be concave.

The Podium, or platform, on which these columns stand, has a similar slight convexity to counteract the effect a straight horizontal line would otherwise have of concavity. This piece of information has recently been given to me by an architect friend, who has himself verified the facts on the spot.
Below the rock, at its base, stand the nearly perfect Temple of Theseus, also built of Pentelic marble; the sixteen columns, 60 feet high and 6 feet in diameter, all that remain of the 128 columns which once adorned the magnificent Temple of Jupiter Olympius; the Pnyx and the Areopagus. This last possesses a special interest to us Christians as associated with St. Paul, who from that eminence, in the sight of all the glories of the heathen Acropolis, expounded and defended his new doctrines, for the benefit, and it is hoped for the instruction, of the inquisitive Athenians.

What these vast and beautiful structures, battered about and mutilated as they have been successively by the opposing forces of the Romans, the Venetians, and the Turks, must have been when they were in a complete form, embellished by Pericles and Phidias, and peopled by the cultured Athenians, passes all our comprehension, but with such monuments, and with such associations, it is certainly ground for surprise that Greece is not more frequently included in the programme of the modern traveller. Every year, however, a certain small class of scientific enquirers have, by their investigations and explorations, been correcting and improving the topography of ancient Athens; and, as I write, I have before me the Report of the Annual Meeting, held in London on the 3rd of July, in support of the British School of Athens, which Report refers encouragingly to the success of the explorations conducted on the spot by the members of that School, proving that the spade is revolutionising our classical curriculum, as much as our engineers are revolutionising the science of war. Hitherto, as has been observed by a recent writer, the student of Greek archaeology has derived his ideas from books or book-taught men; now he will see before him the handiwork of Phidias and Iktinos, he will hear the voice of Pericles in the Pnyx, and wander with Plato in the "groves of Academe"; around him will be the mountains and the sea which inspired the genius of antiquity with a thousand fancies and were peopled by it with a thousand forms. It is to be hoped that the field will thus every year be opened out and made more and more attractive to the general, as it certainly will to the classic, traveller.

C. R. WILLIAMS.
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE IN CAMP.

(Continued from page 336.)

The death of the late ruler of the State we have now entered occurred before his son was of age, and the administration was for a while entrusted to an officer appointed by Government. During this time, certain of the more flagrant abuses formerly obtaining were checked, and many improvements made; but no sweeping measures of reform were introduced, such as are sometimes hurried on perhaps with more zeal than discretion, on the principle, apparently, that all that is old must necessarily be bad, and that ancient institutions and usages must suddenly give place to a progressive system of civilisation, the details of which are not understood by the people, and too often cause dissatisfaction if not irritation.

Many old customs still survive here which have long since been discontinued in the "regulation provinces" across the border, but they will gradually disappear—good and bad together—and the reform will be all the more lasting because not too rapidly forced. I remember once hearing it said, with regard to a certain old custom undoubtedly oppressive in its nature, that the people would prefer this to the taxation and the policemen by which and by whom it would necessarily be succeeded.

The Government of native states is ordinarily more elastic, and the civil and criminal codes administered with less stringency than in our own Provinces, so that along the border certain practical difficulties must occasionally arise. Fugitives from justice seek safety over the frontier. Cultivators behindhand with their revenue instalment take up their beds and household gods, and drive their bullocks over to find fresh land and (temporarily) new homes. On the morning we left, a man was waiting at the gate of the bungalow with a story, true probably in the main, but mixed up as usual with a mass of exaggeration. Not over bright by nature, rendered still more stupid by excessive indulgence in opium, and improvident like all his fellows, he had exhausted his credit with the family usurer in the British district where he lived, and for the marriage of his daughter had secretly borrowed a sum of money from a banker in the State. His original creditor
would drain him of every available rupee, but on the principle of sparing the goose that lays the golden eggs, would not proceed to extremities against house and land. The new creditor, however, had no such scruples, and has taken out an execution against his debtor's property and bullocks (which in our territory would have been safe against attachment). Hence the tears, which as there is no injustice apparent, I am unable to dry. The Collector will, if necessary, seek the agent's assistance, for this State and several neighbouring ones are under the charge of an experienced political officer. His duties do not involve any direct control over, or interference with, the independence of the ruler. He is rather the agent between the respective States and the British Government, the representative of the latter, to whom the Chiefs can always turn for advice and assistance, and by whom all petty difficulties are settled, in conjunction with the authorities of the adjoining district.

And now we get on our horses, and with a small party of horsemen from the Chief's body-guard as an escort, we make a start. The morning is crisp, cool and pleasant, although this is Guzerat, of which my old friend already quoted from, writes:—

"In Guzerat, however, it must be allowed, the spirit sinks and the skin withers, the hair turns grey, and the mind collapses under the scorching blasts and inexorable flying insects of that unhallowed region! And yet even Guzerat has its defenders; and old men who have gone there very young (and thus, it is to be presumed, outlived their recollection of the rest of the world) speak kindly and even affectionately of it. It is very touching to hear them, and reminds us of those unhappy outcasts mentioned in some of the darker pages of history, who by incarceration in noisome dungeons had at length acquired an affection for their prison home!"

But the cold weather in this province is delightful, its only fault being that it is too short.

We cross the river under the walls of a large and formerly important fort, passing a temple, the front gate of which opens on a flight of steps down to the water. Through the gate we can see two or three porches, and a square tower containing the idol. To revert for a moment to old customs, it was near this place that one of the last cases of Suttee (Sáti) in this part of the country took place. Some fifty-six years ago the Chief died, leaving three rani's "upon whom the desire of accompanying their lord came." The British Agent, who happened to be in
the neighbourhood, did all in his power to stop this, and placed guards at each gate of the town. But during the night an opening was made in the walls, a funeral pile erected outside, and the three ladies were burned with the body of the Chief.

An hour's ride brings us within sight of the rocky hills which conceal the capital, and we are soon met by the young Chief and his retainers; elephants, horsemen, match-lock men, kettle-drums, &c., make up quite an imposing party. Our host is seated in a fine open landau, which he begs us to share with him. But our Syces are not up, and one of our horses is a troublesome one to lead, so we decline the invitation—our refusal unfortunately leading to an unforeseen contretemps. The Chief is unusually stout for so young a man, but his sense of politeness does not permit him to drive while we ride, so his mare is brought forward, and he proceeds to mount her. This, however, is a difficult task, and we feel sorry that we have unwittingly imposed it upon him. At last he is assisted into the saddle, and once there, he is, as all Rajputs are, at home in it. His mare is beautifully caparisoned with a handsome gold saddle cloth, and silver cords on the bridle supporting amulets, or charms against the evil eye—a superstition not unknown in the West, where the people used to "Hang a golden stamp about their necks, Put on with holy prayers."

The State, whose capital we are now entering, is one of some importance. It preserved its independence under the Mahommedan rule in Guzerat, but became afterwards tributory to the Marathas. Its population is a quarter of a million, and its revenue between four and five lacs (£40,000 to £50,000) per annum. It has been, on the whole, well governed. The wise administration of the late ruler was rewarded by the grant of special distinction by Government, and similar honours have already been bestowed upon the present Chief. The latter has an intelligent and amiable face, and his air and behaviour are pleasant and dignified. During his minority he spent much of his time with an English political officer and his lady (Colonel and Mrs. B——n), who were most kind to him, and from whom his naturally pleasant manners received the polish of western good-breeding and refinement.

After a short halt at the bungalow prepared for our use, I get into the Chief's carriage and we drive to the Palace, under a salute of eleven guns from his little battery. The necessary visits of ceremony are got over as speedily as possible, for my time is very limited, and I have much to do during the afternoon. The Durbar room in the Palace is a fine and handsomely furnished one, and
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE IN CAMP.

would look to still greater advantage when lighted up at night. Many of the nobles of the State are present, including several from a distance, one of whom, lately married (for about the tenth time), has left his new bride, to whom he has omitted to dedicate even “the brief honeymoon of Hymen in high life”! Handsome as are the persons, dresses, and arms of some of these Rajput chieftains, there is none among them of better presence than our host himself, in his simple black velvet coat and diamond ornaments. In these days of peace and quiet, the lives of most of these well-born hangers-on to the native courts are singularly uneventful and aimless; they live as if their only duty were to follow the precepts of a South-Indian philosopher—

“Speak what is agreeable;
Save rather than destroy;
Go not where a snake may lie;
Do not make thyself sick;
Do not mind what women say.”

One enlightened ruler in the Western Presidency is utilising the services of his many nobles to officer the new military corps he is raising, and the experiment will be watched with great interest.

From the lofty windows of the Durbar there is an excellent view of the compact little town, the line of white through the centre indicating the course of the main thoroughfare, or bazaar, the houses and shops in which are kept neat and clean. The Palace itself stands immediately at the foot of a chain of rugged hills, the rocky scarp of one of these forming, as it were, the protecting wall of the building. So wild is the country beyond these, that the rocks are full of jackals, hyaenas, and even panthers, and several of the latter have fallen to the Chief’s rifle on the ledge above, shot from the window of the Durbar room.

And now I take my leave, and after breakfast we visit the town. It is a holiday, and numbers of people are amusing themselves by flying kites, grown-up men, as excited as the younger ones, betting small sums on their own kites, and manœuvring the strings so as to entangle them with those of a successful opponent. Notwithstanding the holiday, the children have been collected at the schools, and, as they are allowed to wear their best clothes and ornaments, they appear to regard this as no hardship. There is an excellent girls’ school, under a certificated school-mistress, and my wife has a small present to give to the girl who can show the best record of attendance. Then we see the little hospital, and the reading-room, for of all such institutions the Chief is a liberal supporter. The jail also is visited, where, among other prisoners,
are several Chinese, with an aggravating family likeness. We have not time to enquire their history, for it is now getting cool, and we have determined to climb the hill overlooking the town.

The land is so rocky that there is comparatively little vegetation below the hills. There are a few "Chumpa" and "Cotton" trees, both leafless, though in full bloom, the former ablaze with delicately-scented yellow and white blossoms, the other covered with crimson tulip-like flowers, and green pods. There are also a few mhowra trees (*Bassia latifolia*), already shedding their leaves. As soon as these fall the flowers appear, which are unlike those of any other plant with which I am acquainted. They represent *fruit* rather than *blossom*, appearing in bunches at the extremities of the small branches, each hanging on its style, which is long and tapering, and from which the thick, fleshy, cream-coloured flowers fall when mature; these have a taste indescribably nasty and mouse-like, and are gathered up and exposed to the sun, looking then like dried grapes. They form an important article of food in some districts, but their chief use is for distillation, the ordinary native liquor being made from them. At the foot of the hill there are some thorny bushes, some of them covered with rags, or with heaps of stones beneath them; these are supposed to be the residences of "Dev's" or "Bhoots" (good, or bad spirits), and each passer-by adds a rag or a stone, as either may be available, as a token of respect to the spirit. There is also a stone monument in memory of some deceased hero. These are called "paleeyo's," and often bear a rude representation of the deceased, and perhaps of his horse, or arms. If the stone bears an arm with bracelets, it is the monument of a "Sati": if a heart with a dagger through it, it is that of a person who has committed "traga" (suicide, in order to call down the Divine vengeance on his enemies).

The ascent of the hill is rather difficult, and we have to climb a sort of stair road up the side of the mountain, which is little more than a natural wall of bare rock. But the attendants are always ready with assistance, and would carry us up in chairs if we allowed it. At the top there is some brushwood jungle, and several small lakes, with old temples scattered about. The dark entrance down to one of these is called "the gate of heaven": it is more like the *deensus averni*. One of these temples is sacred to the memory of a royal pair who lived happily together in the Palace below, until one day, while seated at the window, a corpse was carried past, followed by a train of mourners—so runs the story in the "Ras Mála." The Queen asked what the sorrowful procession meant, and, on being told, said, "Let us leave the place
where men die." They climbed the hill together, and, entering a cleft in the rock, were seen no more.

Before descending the hill again our attention is directed to two old towers, to which another romantic story is attached. The ruins of each of these stand upon a sort of pinnacle or spur, with just space enough at the top for a small building to stand on. Between these there is a deep and rather broad ravine, the sides of which not even a monkey could climb. It is said that in years long gone by, a young courtier was bold enough to raise his eyes to one of the ranis of the Prince then on the throne of this State. Whether she returned his affection or not, I do not know, but the Chief is reported to have discovered the affair, and to have built these towers, sentencing the lovers to be confined for life, one in each, where (so near together and yet so far apart) each could see the other's prison, and yet live divided by this impassable gulf. Many a night, perhaps, like Wilfred in Rokeby, the young courtier may have—

"Waited the hour
Her lamp was lighted in the tower;
'Twas something yet if as she passed
Her shade was on the lattice cast."

But the story says that—

"Never more did either pass the gates
Save under pall with bearers."

The old tale affected us with its melancholy, and we returned home watching the sun set over "The Queen's Tower," and thinking of the lines of Childe Harold—

"There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown.
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so locked?—A woman's grave."

G. F. Sheppard.
REVIEW S.

RAMAVIJAYA: THE MYTHOLOGICAL HISTORY OF RAMA.

(With Illustrations). Bombay: Dubhashi & Co. 1891.

The little book to which we now invite attention is evidence that the Europeanizing tendencies of young India are being met by a counter-current of Orientalism, calm in the consciousness of unabated vigour. The volume is a translation from the Sanskrit of the life of the hero Ráma, as contained in the Uttara-Ráma Charitra, also found in the Ramopakhyána (Sections 273-291 of the Vana-parvan of the Mahábhárata), as abbreviated from the famous work of Valmiki, pre-eminently celebrated as The Ráma-yana, and as spiritualized and ennobled in the immortal poem of Tulsi Dás. The object of this book is stated in the preface to be the instruction of Indians "in the most important events in the lives of their ancient heroes and saints." The publishers state that the whole time of the rising generation is spent in acquiring the English language, English history, and English learning generally, to the exclusion of vernacular works; and in order to gain for the teaching of the latter the desirable amount of attention, it has been thought expedient to present the traditions in an English dress. This is a remarkable confession, and one which ought to make a profound impression on many minds; for it implies that the reading public of India is rapidly becoming too much Anglicized to allow the classical languages to continue convenient vehicles for instruction. But although there is evidently this subsiding faith in Sanskrit, there appears to be none whatever in the potency of Hindu matters of faith. An Englishman cannot read the collection of marvels in this little book without amazement; for the most stupendous nonsense is herein related with simple innocence and child-like devotion. Had an attempt been made to modernize the narrative, by selecting the more reasonable passages, and by working them up into an example of heroism, devotion, fortitude, temperance, and manly virtue, as could so easily have been done; and had the conspicuous virtues of the heroine been dwelt on in all their loveliness, showing her womanly gentleness, her spotless innocence, her patience, dutifulness, and unswerving chastity—then the
book might have done something to bring Hinduism into harmony with the nineteenth century, and to reclaim some of the thoughtless Anglicizers from the error of their ways. Nothing of this kind has, however, been attempted. The narrative proceeds steadily on through its ninety-four pages of fact and fiction, in which the good is smothered by the bad, and the lessons of truth are lost in a rigmarole of impossibilities. The only additions to the ancient narrative are, a goodly number of fairly executed mythological pictures, and a few notes explaining unusual terms. The curious thing is that those who could have appreciated the necessity for changing the vehicle of instruction should not have also seen the necessity for modifying the instruction itself. This can, as before suggested, have resulted only from a stolid belief in the enlightening efficacy of the narrative as it stands. This also should make a deep impression on the minds of those interested in Indian affairs; for it betrays the belief that, notwithstanding outward semblances of conformity, "the great heart of the people" is as solidly Hindu as ever it was.

And the book is dedicated, "by permission," to the Hon. Mr. Justice Telang, who has quite recently rendered himself conspicuous by supporting the Age of Consent Bill, in flat antagonism to the express injunctions of the Hindu scriptures. [? Ed.] He will be vexed to read, at p. 28, that, in this book inscribed to his name, the hero is reproved for hesitating to marry a little maiden by the appeal, "Can you get elsewhere a quite young girl like me?" and to find that the heroine and others assist at polygamy (pp. 28, 53, 69); and that Sita burns herself to prove devotion to her husband (p. 78). Indeed, this book consistently holds up suttee as a laudable institution. When the virtuous Dasaratha dies, his corpse is burnt "with all his wives," except three—two of whom are "ready to burn themselves," but are not gratified with the requisite permission, while the third is spoken of with contempt for her unwifely refusal to burn. But possibly the Hon. Mr. Telang has been so engrossed in Anglican studies that he is not familiar with the contents of the book before which his name is prefixed. However, widow re-marriage is represented as flourishing unchecked. One woman surmises that her husband is to be murdered, as a prelude to her second marriage (p. 31); another woman actually does marry the man who has killed her husband in a fight (p. 37); and Rāvana is sure that if Sītā can be persuaded of Rāma's death she will readily enough marry him (pp. 52, 55). But such examples do not seem calculated to provoke a desire for the revival of the institution.

The tale of the abduction of Sītā, and Rāma's conquest of
Ceylon in the course of her rescue, are too well known to need detailed mention. The filial obedience which induced Rāma to abandon a throne and retire to a forest, for his father’s sake; the dutiful affection which impelled Sītā to accompany her husband into exile, form in themselves grand themes for the very poetry of romance. The persevering energy and heroic courage which accomplished Sītā’s deliverance might well be used to ennoble the hearts of a people; and purity of purpose is splendidly illustrated by the refusal of Rāma to receive back his wife after he had released her, until his conscience was satisfied as to her conduct during captivity. Here we find years of unremitting effort undertaken, and prodigies of valour executed, not for the mere sake of recovering a wife, but because honour and duty impelled the man to accomplish a purpose. When the vulgarian would have clutched at the reward of his toils, the pure-minded man is represented as putting it from him until he has proved that he may accept that also, with honour. The example is a good one, and its very goodness prompts the regret that it has not been better utilised, more especially as we have before us the noble work of Tulsi Dās, to show how grandly the theme can be treated. But we must be thankful for small mercies, and find satisfaction in the hope that the story of Rāma’s strength of purpose may awaken in Indian bosoms the desire for great things, and urge them to press on in needful work, being assured, as he was, that the means for final accomplishment will develop as the work proceeds.

F. P.

SAGUNA: A STORY OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE.


The above story is written in English by an Indian lady who has sometimes contributed to this Magazine. Although, as a tale, it lacks artistic form and development, it is well worth reading, on account of the evidently autobiographical experiences recorded, the incidents of which impressed themselves vividly upon a mind singularly sensitive and acute, and upon a character marked by strong affection, earnestness and independence. The writer is of Brāhman origin, an advantage which she values, but both her parents seem early to have become Christians. She has thus had the opportunity of acquaintance through family circumstances with various phases of the social life of her country.

The book may be said to contain a threefold narrative, only
that the individuality of the heroine, or perhaps it should be said, of the author, holds all the parts together. We see pictured the childhood of Saguna's mother, passed among the graceful surroundings, but under the somewhat hard conditions of an orphaned Hindu girl's existence. We can observe the exacting brother's wife, the merry young companions, not unlike girls anywhere and everywhere, and the unsympathetic yet not unkindly mother-in-law. Then comes the crisis, when the young husband conscientiously determines to change his religion, and to become a Christian preacher, with the usual struggles and sufferings entailed on both sides. He manages to take his wife away, without immediately explaining to her the state of the case, and she is at first indignant, but after a while falls in acquiescingly with his new beliefs and aims.

The second point of interest lies in a sketch of Saguna's beloved brother, Bhasker, the support and guide of the younger ones of the family after their father's death—a young man of intellectual ambition and deep enthusiasm, whose hopes of success and usefulness in life are shattered by a fatal illness, borne, however, with complete self-surrender and resignation.

The latter part of the story is exclusively occupied with Saguna's own life and vicissitudes. Eagerly desirous to improve herself and to prepare for a definite career, she left her happy, quiet home to live with two English ladies, who enabled her to have instruction in the art of teaching; and later, she entered an American institution, in which a higher education was given than in most similar schools for girls. But Saguna had already advanced beyond the other pupils, and, to her great satisfaction, she was allowed to take up the study of medicine, under a lady doctor who lived at the institution. The three years thus spent away from home proved pleasant to look back upon, but we come upon naively-related instances of the small trials which a shy, sensitive Indian girl may meet with in schools managed on Western methods. One can well imagine that certain angular, abrupt, rapid, practical habits and manners, though combined with real kindness of heart and excellent sense, might be rather overpowering and uncongenial to Saguna, and the story supplies suggestive hints in this direction. It also represents some unpleasant points in the life of a Native Christian village, and the tendency to vulgar ambitions and forward ways sometimes noticeable in families which have lost Oriental refinement without acquiring that of the West. The attractive description of life among the mountains, and the intense delight shown by the writer in the grand and the quiet features of
tropical nature, help to form the interest of this book. Finally Saguna, after continuing her studies with marked success at a Medical College, meets, at her sister's home, a clever student who had returned from England, and who contrasted very favourably with some other students who had also crossed the seas. The happy result is related in a few concluding pages.

The volume is appropriately dedicated to Mrs. H. B. Grigg, "in grateful acknowledgment of the encouragement given to the author in writing this story, and in appreciation of her active sympathy with everything connected with the welfare of India's women." E. A. M.

The sixty-third number of the Kavya-Mālā has reached us, and the steady production of this valuable work is an encouraging sign of the deep interest still taken in Sanskrit scholarship in India. Each monthly number contains 100 pages, hence it will be seen that 6,300 pages have now been issued. The whole consists of careful editions of the most famous poems in Sanskrit and Prakrit, together with the best extant comments on each, and various explanatory notes. The present number gives portions of the Sudarśanasatakam, the Jīvānanda-nāmanam, the Daśāvatāracharitam, the Śrutikusumānjali, the Chandraprabhā- charitam, the Setubandham, &c. The poems are edited with much care, and constitute a perfect library of Sanskrit poetic literature.

The Bālā-Anyāya Nidarsana is a Hindu book which Pandit Lilāpati has just published at Agra. It sets forth the disadvantages under which Indian women are now said to labour; and recommends raising the marriageable age, increase of female education, widow re-marriage, &c. The author thinks that these ameliorations will make Indian women better and more virtuous than they are at present; and will prevent the degeneracy of the race, &c. One of the interlocutors in the book pertinentely asks, "How is it that this degeneracy of race is not now apparent, considering that child-marriage has prevailed for ages almost universally in India?" He is informed that it is true the Panjabis, the Rajputs, the Marathas, the North-Westerns, the men of Oudh, the Dravidians, &c., are remarkable for their manly physique, yet they are internally decrepit, weak, and ill-formed—or ought to be. It is, however, expecting too much of education to suppose that it will produce virtuous intentions. Such is not the experience of Europe; and, indeed, it is not logical to connect morality with
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reading and writing. But the author of this Hindu treatise is no more sanguine in this respect than many English people. The Board School tax was made sweet to some minds by the fallacious statement that it would lessen the police rate; but experience has shown that instruction and roguery advance pari passu. And much the same is witnessed in the case of other forms of immorality, as is well known. But certitude has not yet been arrived at as to the major premiss. Are the women of India so morally bad as to require extraordinary measures of reclamation? There seems something like a consensus of opinion that they are generally distinguished by an exact propriety of behaviour and a tender modesty, which renders them exemplars of womanly virtue. This may be an exaggeration; but it seems desirable to be sure of the principal facts, before hastening on changes. But as "any stick is good enough to beat a dog," if changes are deemed desirable, any arguments are good enough to justify them.

Pandit Kundan Lâl, of Fatehgarh, has started a new Hindu quarterly, called Kârî wa Chitrâkâr, or "Poet and Artist." It gives specimens of modern Indian verse, and lessons and illustrations of an artistic character. It is practically useful, for it does something to revive the dying arts of India, and to give employment to the people. The verse will make the prose palatable to many of the sons of India, who are unfortunately too much fascinated by rhythmical sentences. Sam Slick, the Clock-maker, tells us that he disposed of the greater number of his clocks by means of "soft solder" and "human nature." He trusted to soft solder to get his clocks into houses, and to human nature that, when there, they would never come out again. Just in this way, Pandit Kundan Lâl may trust to poetry for gaining an audience for his practically useful prose. In the present number he gives some clever verses by a girl of fourteen, and an illustration of the correct proportions of the human figure, besides some remarks on photography, and various specimens of verse. There can be no doubt that Kundan Lâl's magazine will do much good, and it ought to meet with encouraging support.

F. P.
The foundation stone of the Indian Institute, Oxford, was laid by the Prince of Wales on May 2nd 1883, and the Institute was opened on October 14th 1884, by the Vice-Chancellor (Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol), with a well-stocked Indian Museum and Oriental Library, a full staff of teachers, and an endowment of £300 a year granted by the University. The Institute has since then done excellent work according to the full extent of its possibilities. But the building situated in Broad Street, close to the Bodleian, could not be completed till the termination of the leases of the two adjoining houses, belonging to Merton College. These leases are now soon to fall in, and a sum of £8,000 is wanted for the extension of the Institute. It is hoped that some of the Indian princes and many of our City Companies and others, who contributed so liberally towards the first half of the building, will generously help to complete it. Already the Maharaja of Travancore has sent £100; the Maharanee Surnomoyee, Rs. 1,000; the Mercers Company, 100 guineas; and Sir William Markby, of Oxford, £50. Subscriptions are sent to Sir Monier Williams, Keeper and Curator, Indian Institute, Oxford.
The extent of idol-worship in India is incalculable. There is "no limit to the ever-increasing number of deified existences. . . . No village is too small, no locality too little frequented to be without its own peculiar religious symbols. At the tops of hills, in groves, on every place, and almost under every rock and stately tree are to be seen, if not finished temples, at least rough idols or simple blocks of stone or wood consecrated to local deities by patches of red paint, and bearing witness to the belief of the inhabitants in the presence of presiding gods and goddesses. . . . Everything great and useful—everything strange, monstrous, and unusual, whether good or evil, is held to be permeated by the presence of divinity. It is not merely all the mighty phenomena and forces of the universe—all the most striking phenomena of almighty energy—that excite the awe and attract the reverence of the ordinary Hindu. There is not an object in earth or heaven which he is not prepared to worship—rocks, stocks and stones, trees, pools and rivers, his own implements of trade, the animals he finds most useful, the noxious animals he fears, men remarkable for any extraordinary qualities—for great valour, sanctity, or even vice—good and evil demons, ghosts and goblins, the spirits of departed ancestors, an infinite number of semi-human semi-divine existencies—inhabitants of the seven upper and the seven lower worlds—each and all of these come in for a share of divine honour, or a tribute of more or less adoration." Foremost amongst the objects of the Hindu's worship are the great rivers—emblems of fertility—which not only fertilise the land but cleanse the body and purify the soul. Pre-eminently sacred is the Ganges—the largest of all. Be the sin ever so heinous, a bath in it, however (physically) impure, ensures absolution. To swear by the Ganges is intended to be one of the most binding of oaths. The unincin-
erated bones of the dead are conveyed long distances to be launched into the sacred stream; and it receives into its bosom, when he is no longer required for purposes of prayer and invocation, the central figure—the god of the festival. Who are those dusty way-worn travellers—from end to end of their journey they may cover many hundred miles—carrying banghy fashion, with pennants flying, earthen vessels carefully protected by wickerwork? They are Brahmans, conveying the holy water, it may be to some distant temple or shrine, for sacred use. To go from the watershed of the river at Gungotri in the Himalayas, down one bank, to its mouth at Gunga-Sagur, and, there turning round, to come up the other to the point of starting—a journey which cannot be accomplished under six years—is a most praiseworthy pilgrimage. Similar journeys are made up and down the other rivers, all such pilgrimages—the longer and more numerous the greater the credit—being undertaken for the accumulation of religious merit, or for the atonement of sin. On the banks of the sacred rivers, temples, presided over by Brahmans, have naturally been erected—in close proximity often—on the bathing ghats, so that the ritual and the bath may be enjoyed together.

Holy Cities, of which seven, according to some, are regarded as the chief (the number, according to others, being limited to three—to wit, Benares, Allahabad, and Gya), have in course of years grown up and become famous—the first of this trio for self-mortification and beatitude, the second for religious shaving, and the last for Sradh ceremonies.

As Jerusalem is to Jews and Mecca to Muhammedans, so is Benares (Kasi) to Hindus. To make a pilgrimage to Benares once at least in a life-time is highly meritorious; but to die there—on any spot within a circuit of ten miles—is to be assured, be the individual (European or Asiatic) ever so sinful, of immediate forgiveness, and “the attainment of celestial bliss.”

Benares abounds in temples, of which there are at least two thousand, besides shrines, idols, symbols, sacred wells, springs, and pools almost innumerable. The mosque of Aurungzebe (with

(a) Hindus ordinarily burn their dead; but the remains of men noted for sanctity, or ascetics, who after death are canonized and deified, are buried, their tombs being called Samadhis. Such men were sometimes, at their own request, buried alive! Lepers also are buried, as are, or ought to be, infants under two years of age.

(b) Pilgrimages (tirath-jattra, from tirath, a holy spot, and jatr a journey) are a most popular form of devotional manifestation. (Mah ayar). Those are the most meritorious which are performed by measuring one’s length—length by length—the whole way.
its two minarets)—evidence of former Muhammedan conquest—standing 300 feet above the general level, towers over all. To sit, in the air, on the topmost balcony of one of these slender and exquisitely graceful minarets—they are only eight and a-quarter feet in diameter at the base, tapering to seven and a-half at the summit—with the city and river at one's feet, the pigeons and parrots whirling between, is an experience, says Mr. W. S. Caine in his "Picturesque India," never to be forgotten.

Besides sacred rivers, various holy pools and lakes throughout India invite the pilgrim or serve as rendezvous for religious devotees, mendicants and merchants, kidnappers of children, thieves, and mela-goers of every description. Amongst the most famous of these places are the lake at Munsorawur, the source of the Sutluj; 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, in the Himalayas—and to attain which is frequently a point of ambition with European travellers in the hills; the remote and sequestered little lake at Poshkur in Rajputana, an oasis in a sandy desert; and the "pool of immortality" at Amritsur.

"The multiplication of places of pilgrimage (since the ascendancy of Brahminism) has proceeded very rapidly." Any natural phenomena, as volcanic craters, fissures in the soil, hot springs as at Monghyr (where one could boil an egg, though it would be sacrilege to make the experiment), caverns, rocks of peculiar shape, have been pressed into the service of the priest. A spring at Kàttiawâr, alleged to consist of the perspiration from Krishna's body, is considered sacred on that account; as is Puri in Orissa, the home of Jagan-nath, from the idea that his bones are there. There is scarcely any limit to the consecrated grounds now in India. Preachers in the past have been sent all over the country to recite Mahatmyas (eulogies) of innumerable rival localities, and to this

(c) The sanctity of sacred rivers, great at their origin and termination, and at the point of descent from the hills on to the plains as at Hurdwar, is intensified at their confluence. Thus, the union of the muddy yellow waters of the Ganges at Pryan (Allahabad), with those of the clearer Jumna and the Saraswati supposed to flow underneath—the three forming a "trinîrî, or trinity of rivers—is one of the most hallowed spots in all India." The term pryan simply means "a confluence."

(d) One of the prettiest sights in India is that of the Hindu women praying to the rising sun in this comparatively unfrequented lake. A temple stands (as usual) close to the Ghât, intended solely for female use; and when the coming orb illumines the Eastern horizon, women, clothed in various coloured sarees (red predominating), may be seen descending, with pots on their heads, to take their morning bath, to fill the vessels with water for home use, and to perform their matutinal orisons—quite regardless of the crocodiles at the other side of the lake, which, being considered sacred, are too well fed to molest them.
day the priests of Benares, Gya, Allahabad, and other sacred places send agents to every town and large railway station to persuade pilgrims to visit their own shrines."

Amongst sacred animals, the cow—"the chief source of nourishment of every Hindu, and typifying the all-yielding earth"—is the most sacred. The letting loose of a bull, properly stamped with Siva's symbol (brishotsarg, previously referred to), that it may be tended and reverenced by pious persons, is a highly meritorious act; though, especially at Benares and Gya, from the liberty accorded to these animals of poking their noses in everywhere, leading to the eating of valuable food on sale, and the destruction of breakable property—for, like the proverbial camel, their intrusions are rarely limited to the nose—such bulls often become an intolerable nuisance. It is noteworthy that, sacred as the cow now is, no greater insult can be offered to Hindus than the slaughter of these animals in the immediate neighbourhood of their temples, as is too frequently done by hostile Muhammedans. Beef, according to Babu Rajendra Lall Mittra, one of the most learned of educated Hindus, recently deceased, was an ordinary article of food in ancient India. Considering the sanctity of the cow, which is, nevertheless, largely used as a beast of burden—there are no cart-horses in India—one would naturally expect that this fact would insure for it universal kind treatment at the hands of its masters. But, in too many instances, it is not so. Under no circumstances, indeed, will a Hindu kill a cow (though in some cases it would be a mercy to do so), but, when old and worn out, he will rather let the poor thing die a lingering death, exposed, it may be, to the broiling sun—its body emaciated and covered with festering sores—a prey to harassing flies, and crows that dig into its flesh in search of food. This is not due to inherent cruelty, for a kinder-hearted people do not exist, but to the obligations imposed by an unnatural and debasing religion.

The vituperations and cudgelings bestowed upon refractory oxen or bullocks when yoked to the plough or employed as draught cattle are the result of an infirmity only too common in mankind at large—viz., to "short-temper." Twisting the poor creature's tail, is, however, a practice that cannot be defended.

(ec) A typical cow of plenty—the Kama-dhenu,—images of which are sold in the bazaars, is an object of Hindu reverence. It is somewhat remarkable that, of the two typical articles of food—eggs and milk, which contain in due proportion all the ingredients necessary to nutrition—Hindus should readily recognise the value of the one, whilst, owing to the alleged impurity of the fowl, they absolutely reject the other. Even to touch an egg is pollution. Only Muhammedans and low caste Hindus cultivate poultry.
Monkeys being sanctified in the estimation of Hindus, and almost semi-human in their appearance and ways, their slaughter should be strictly avoided. The cry of a dying monkey, coupled sometimes with an upbraiding look to its destroyer, are amongst the saddest sights and sounds in nature; and should such destruction be wanton, and in the neighbourhood of one of the temples about which these animals are especially encouraged to congregate, the consequences to the pseudo-sportsman may be fatal. A (then) recently-married young officer spending his honeymoon at Raj-ghur—a romantic spot about four miles from Nusseerabad,—pointed his gun at one of the innumerable monkeys which, for many generations, had occupied the grove. A Fakir, attached to the temple, warned him that the god of the grove would resent the animal's death. Heedless of consequences the young man fired the fatal shot, and within twenty-four hours was writhing in the agonies of so-called cholera: the truth doubtless being that the cook had been bribed to poison him with arsenic.

Serpents, too, as emblems of eternity, are regarded as divine—a fact which adds to the difficulty of exterminating them: for, though the natives have no objection to be relieved of their dangerous presence by others, they will not, except the lowest castes or Muhammedans, take any active part in doing so for themselves. Nay, they will even place milk, the choicest of all nourishment, at the entrance to the reptile's hole!

In the vegetable kingdom various plants, trees, and shrubs are held sacred by Hindus—among them the *tulsi* (ocymum basilicum, or basil, a kind of sage) being one of the most prominent. No household is considered complete without a plant of *tulsi*, which is tended with the greatest care;—its marriage with Krishna being celebrated at the full moon in Kartik (January).

The *Pipal* (ficus religiosa, or religious fig), the small fruit of which is a great favourite with flying foxes, who, assembling soon after sunset, spend the night in its branches, is believed to be occupied by Brahma, and is therefore sacred. It is to be regretted that the leaves of trees bearing a religious character should be collected for fodder for cattle, the branches being used for firewood. Such spoliation is sacrilege in the eyes of Hindus. Says the Hindu couplet—

*Pipal hale, pal tinase, bhagvan-bhes satave,*  
*Kaya garhi meu daya na byape, jara mul se jave.*

(c) *Tulsi* was the name of a nymph beloved by Krishna, who metamorphosed her into this plant.
To plant a *tulsi* and a *pipal* is considered a religious and highly meritorious act.

The *Banyan* (*Ficus Indica*), well-known for its habit of throwing down branches to the earth, which there take root—the whole often covering a wide area, and constituting a canopy capable of giving shelter to a full regiment of infantry—is also a sacred tree.

The *Asoka* (*Jonesia Asoka*), a sacred shrub dedicated to Siva, is remarkable for its pale yellow or bright orange flowers, garlands of which are worn by girls at festivals or on other religious occasions. Various other members of the vegetable kingdom—grasses even—are revered by Hindus. Thus, the *Durba* grass is sacred to Gunesh, whilst the *Kusa* is invested with peculiar sanctity; the *Asoka* plant (*Calotropis gigantea*), known also as *Mudar*, is dedicated to Surya, or the Sun; and *Sami*, a kind of acacia, is a goddess in her own right. The fruit of the custard apple (*Sarifa*), is called *Sitaphul* (the fruit of Sita) ; and the *"Vibha* (*Bel*) with its triple leaf, is sacred to Siva, with his triple functions of destroyer, reproducer, and contemplative ascetic."

In the mineral kingdom, the *salag-ram* ("an ovoid black quartzose stone worn by the action of water, and bearing the impression of one or more ammonites), is worshipped by the followers of Vishnu, who is supposed to be represented in this stone, into which the god was turned by a curse of Binda, wife of a powerful demon." It is sometimes impregnated with gold. Siva is typified in white agates, and Gunesh in red stones. "Certain coraline formations . . . are revered as significant of particular attributes of the deity." And a Puran—the Padma-purana—is devoted to celebrating the divine glory of the stones.

For a people so truly devotional, so ready to sacrifice all that is dear to them—even life itself—in the hope of ultimate absorption into an essence, (through an *infinity* it may be of intermediate stages in which all personality and identity is lost and where there is no prospect of seeing again the loved-ones of earth,) a religion, preached and practised as it is by Brahman priests to-day, must, if the truth were known, be eminently unsatisfying to the heart. It insists upon

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(f) During the festival held in the light fortnight of *Chait* (April-May) in honour of Vishnu, part of the ceremonial consists in drinking water with the buds of *Asoka* in it.—Fallon.

(g) Fallon's Hindustani-English Dictionary.
the performance of austerities, and of certain acts, chief amongst which is promoting the welfare of Brahmans. Of enumerated sins, the principal are those which injuriously affect priests. Where, in Brahmanism, are the preachers who point to living models—not recluses—of unselfish benevolence (extended to all alike) and well-doing in an uncongenial world? The benefits of religion are only for the few. None but the strictest Hindus are allowed to enter or take part in the service of the temple. Is the sinner, humbled to the dust when lamenting his sins before a god of purity and love, constrained to go forth and inculcate and practise the doctrine not to "owe men anything, but to love one another"? Is he not more than ever disposed to shrink from contact with those whom he considers lower in the scale than himself? May it not, then, be permitted to those, who love the Hindus for their innate goodness, to regret the absence of a creed which, stirring their hearts to the profoundest depths of healthy emotions, shall give them free scope for the free and unrestrained exercise of those genuine virtues (in some of which they already excel) which elevate and beautify the moral character of mankind? Of human excellence, so far as it goes, there are many noble examples, among both Hindus and Muhammedans, to be found in India; but the barrier to its complete perfection, I venture to think, is caste.

C. R. Francis.
"OH, TELL ME, WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY?"

The above-named poem is translated from Ālok o Chāya (Light and Shadow), a volume of poems in the Bengali vernacular, issued anonymously last year, but now known to be the work of Miss Kamini Sen, M.A., a young lady graduate of the Calcutta University. The volume has met with a very hearty reception from the writer's countrymen for its exceptional beauty and for the promise indicated for the future.

It is thought that English readers may be glad to make acquaintance with poems introduced by the renowned poet, Babu Hema Chandra Banerji, in the following words, "I have been enchanted with the depth of thought, the simplicity of language, the purity of taste and the power to touch the heart, everywhere displayed in these poems."

An extended notice of this fascinating little volume might not be found interesting in the absence of illustrative extracts, but the author having kindly granted permission, other poems will appear occasionally in the pages of this Magazine.

M. S. KNIGHT.

Oh, tell me what would People say?

Vainly to act, my mind I frame,
Ever a prey to fear, to shame,
Doubt palsies every purpose clear,
Lest friend should smile or foe should sneer.

Ever within the screen I stay,
In silence hide myself away,
Before the screen if I should stray,
Oh, tell me what would people say?

As bubbles to the surface tend
What thoughts within my heart ascend!
Like bubbles, so they melt and sink;
If uttered, what would people think?

While my heart weeps, with jealous care
I close the fount of tears, nor dare
To let the purest teardrop flow,
Lest folk should point and whisper low.
"OH, TELL ME, WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY?"

One little word in loving strain
Might soothe the sufferer's bitter pain,
Yet, feigning carelessness, I stray,
In fear of what the world may say.

When to attain some noble end,
Heart joins with heart and friend with friend,
From the glad group I stand aside;
Were I to join, the world might chide.

The God-given soul that in me lies,
Even while living ever dies,
Fear draineth all my powers away—
Dread what my fellow man may say.
OBITUARY.

DR. RAJENDRA LALA MlTRA, C.I.E.

(From the "Athenæum").

By the death of Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra, which took place at Calcutta last week, India has lost one of her few native scholars who, both by sound principles of research and by command over the English language, could rank with the Orientalists of Europe. His career is also specially interesting, because he did not belong to the Brahman caste (with whom a knowledge of Sanskrit is hereditary), nor did he ever enjoy the advantages either of a University education or of a professorship. Like the English pioneers of Orientalism—Jones and Colebrooke and Prinsep—he may be called an amateur, in the best sense of that world.

Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra was born at Surah, a suburb of Calcutta, in February, 1824, so that he had completed his sixty-seventh year. The clan of the Kayasth caste to which he belonged trace their descent through twenty-four generations to an ancestor who came from Upper India in the reign of Adisur, King of Bengal, in the tenth century, a.d. With other Kayasth clans—such as the Ghoses, the Dutts, the Sens, and the Palits—they have always held a high position in Bengali society, and in recent years have furnished a large proportion of civil servants, judges, and barristers. At the time of his birth, his family had lost the great wealth which they had acquired in the previous century in the service of the Nawabs of Murshidabad, and even (it is said) in that of the Mughal Emperor; but they were noted for their devotion to Sanskrit and Persian literature, and for the possession of a fine library. The boy was thus brought up in a cultivated household, being educated only at native schools. For some time he attended the Medical College, and afterwards studied law; and we have heard that Mr. Charles A. Cameron, the legal Member of Council who succeeded Macaulay, directed his private studies. Legends are told about the reasons which made him abandon both medicine and law. He does not seem to have tried to enter Government service. At last, in 1846, the future bent of his studies was fixed by his being appointed to the librarianship of the Asiatic Society, which had just previously been vacated...
by the learned Hungarian, Csoma de Körös. With the Asiatic Society he remained closely connected until his death, for some time as philological secretary, as vice-president for twenty years, and finally as president in 1885, being the only native of India who has ever attained that distinction. It was, therefore, natural that when, in 1884, the mother of all Orientalist Societies celebrated its centenary, Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra should have been chosen to write its history. Apart from the works he published, there are few other facts in his life worth recording. In 1856 he was appointed Director of Government Wards in Calcutta, which office he held for more than twenty years. Latterly, he was elected on more than one occasion a member of the Calcutta municipality, and he was ever ready to take a part in public proceedings on the Liberal side. On the occasion of the Queen's being proclaimed Empress of India, he received the title of Rai Bahadur; and when the order of the Indian Empire was founded in 1878, he was appointed one of the first Commanders, along with the present Sir William Hunter. The University of Calcutta made him one of its fellows, and conferred upon him the rarer distinction of an honorary degree. He was also an honorary member of our own Royal Asiatic Society, and of a long series of learned bodies on the continent. We believe that he never attended any of the meetings of the International Congress of Orientalists.

Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra's contributions to the Journal and Proceedings of the Bengal Asiatic Society cover five columns in the catalogue, being equalled in number only by those of Mr. Brian Houghton Hodgson, who left India before he began to write, and has survived him. Apart from these, he published catalogues of the curiosities in the Society's museum (1849), of the books and maps in the library (1856), of the Sanskrit MSS. dealing with grammar (1877), and of the Buddhist MSS. from Nepal (1882). He was, moreover, an indefatigable contributor to the texts published by the Society under the title of "Bibliotheca Indica." Out of 467 fasciculi in the Sanskrit series his name is prefixed to 83. Among these may be specially mentioned: the Aitareya Brahmana of the Rig Veda, with an abstract of the contents in English; the Pratisakhya of the Black Yajur Veda, with its commentary; the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali, with English translation and notes; the Agni and Vayu Puranas; and the Kamandakiya Nitisara, an encyclopaedic work which purports to contain the political maxims of the minister of Chandra Gupta.

But the books by which Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra is best known in this country are three. First, The Antiquities of Orissa (two
volumes, large quarto, 1875 and 1880), illustrated with lithographed plates and photographs, containing the results of an archaeological mission on behalf of the Government at the suggestion of the Society of Arts. Here the author traces back both the form of the image of Jagannath, and also the car festival, to a Buddhistic origin. Second, a similarly illustrated work on Bodh Gaya, the hermitage of Sakya Muni (1878). And third, Indo-Aryans (two volumes, 1881), in which he has collected a number of previously published papers dealing with the ancient and medieval history of India. Among the questions here discussed are human sacrifice, the eating of beef, and the use of intoxicating liquors in Vedic times; and—a subject which the author had made specially his own—the chronology of the early Pala and Sen dynasties of Bengal.

Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra had not produced much of late years, owing to weak health; but his name will always be remembered as one of the most industrious and single-minded of those Indian students who have been trained to appreciate the accuracy of Western methods of investigation.

J. S. C.
We reported in the April number of this Magazine that the Second Prince of Travancore had taken his B.A. degree in the University of Madras. Mr. R. Harvey, to whom we were indebted for an article on the subject, has lately received a letter from Trivandrum, from which he allows us to quote the following passage: "His Highness bears his honours very meekly, and gave a modest and unassuming speech the other day in reply to an address of congratulation presented to him by the graduates of Trivandrum. Mr. Ferguson, an officer in the Nair Brigade, who had formerly been guardian of his Highness, presided at the ceremony, which was very interesting. The graduates in their many-coloured University robes, presented quite a picturesque scene."

The address ran thus:

To His Highness MARTANDA UARMA, B.A., Second Prince of Travancore, &c., &c., &c.

May it please your Highness,

We, the graduates resident in Trivandrum, beg leave to convey to your Highness our cordial congratulations on your Highness' success in the recent B.A. degree examination of the University of Madras. It is highly gratifying to us to find that the ancient and time-honoured Royal House of Travancore, which has always been distinguished for its eminent scholars, has sent forth its representative to the field of University competition to retain its prestige conformably to the requirements of the age. We feel proud that our Alma Mater can claim among her alumni a Prince, who, young as he is, leads the van among Indian princes to break through the old and mischievous notion that a University career has to be pursued only by those who have to fight their way in the world. The many years of arduous work and severe mental discipline that your Highness has so cheerfully gone through, and the vast store of precious knowledge that your Highness has accumulated in order to qualify yourself for the degree your Highness has earned, must indubitably have fitted your Highness to discharge with correspondingly increased efficiency the responsible duties of your exalted station, add fresh lustre to the fame of this illustrious Royal House, and afford the greatest pleasure to your Highness' august uncle, our
gracious Sovereign, whose kind encouragement has, we feel confident, not a little contributed to the success your Highness has achieved.

Once more offering your Highness our cordial and respectful congratulations, and wishing your Highness a future career of ever-increasing usefulness and honor,

We beg to subscribe ourselves, may it please your Highness, your Highness’ most obedient servants,

Trivandrum, 20th Medam 1066 (1st May 1891).

Mr. Harvey has lately received a letter from the Second Prince, in which he says that he read the article about his success in the Indian Magazine, and he thanks Mr. Harvey for the terms in which he had there spoken of him. It is interesting to learn that his Highness hopes to continue his studies, and to present himself for the M.A. degree examination. To this end the Maharaja has kindly retained the services of the Prince’s tutor in history. The new course of study is extensive, and we sincerely wish that the Prince may obtain the high honour that he aims to secure. In any case, as Mr. Harvey observes, “without thinking of success or failure at all, it is certain that his Highness could not better employ the leisure at his command than by using it to go carefully and thoroughly through the course of study required to take the degree of M.A. in History.”
THE PUDUKOTA STATE.

We received some time ago the Report (1889—1890) on the Administration of the State of Pudukota, Southern India, which is under the able management of the Dewan Regent.

The rains having been much delayed, the rice harvest and the dry crops were poor, so that the people had to endure much hardship from want of water and of pasturage. The Revenue receipts exceed those of 1887-1888, but the disbursements, especially in Public Works, having been larger than the receipts, the excess had to be met out of the surplus of previous years. The surplus, however, was less intrenched upon than in the year before. Among special building works, the new College deserves mention. All the class rooms in the west verandah on the upper floor are now terraced. It remains to build the parapets, and to terrace the halls and the entrance. The Pudukota State is noted for the excellence of its granite and granite workers. It supplies the surrounding country, and "most of the temples of Tanjore owe their excellence to this source." Other public buildings had also been carried forward during the year. The Report enters into detail as to the effect of the reconstitution of the judicial administration, by which all the Courts were united under one roof, and the work had been more equally divided between the Judges. The disposal of the smallest suits by the highest Judges is in itself a source of confidence to the public, and the change appears to have worked well. With regard to crime, the detection in cases of robbery, burglary, and theft had somewhat improved. No case of murder was reported during the year. The accounts of education were promising. H.H. the Raja's College had a small decrease of students, but a better average attendance, and the examination results were satisfactory. The number of pupils at the Sirkar Girls' School had improved, being 147, as against 129 last year. The senior girls are taught hygiene, Indian history, geography, reading, writing, arithmetic, needlework, and singing. Some of these girls are learning to play on the veena and the violin, and they are also taught floor decoration (for festivals). They recite Slokas well in Telegu and Sanskrit. H.H. the Raja presided at the annual examination of the Girls' School. The Dewan Regent was present, with all the important officers of the State, and also the Political Agent, Mr. Fawcett. Mrs. Fawcett
distributed the prizes. Elementary education is progressing. The number of boys in attendance had increased from 2,500 to 3,500, and of girls from 240 to 340. The teachers are said to be improving in method and management, and a beginning has been made in arrangements for regular normal classes. Altogether, the State authorities appear to be encouraging education with care and liberality. The young Raja's conduct and studies are well reported of by his English tutor, Mr. Crossley. He also makes progress in Sanskrit. He is fond of shooting, and superintends his stables with personal interest. The Report concludes with an account of the Raja's visit to Trichinopoly with the Dewan Regent to meet H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, and also of a journey, which he much enjoyed, to Madras, Bangalore, and Mysore. He was kindly received by the Governor of Madras, and at Bangalore and Mysore was the guest of the Maharaja, who showed him much attention and "brotherly affection," and enabled him to see the educational institutions of the State. At Madras, H.H. had the advantage of making the acquaintance of H.H. the Maharaja of Travancore. The Report is signed as usual by the Dewan Regent, A. Sashiah Sastri.
THE CONGRESS OF HYGIENE.

The seventh International Congress of Hygiene and Demography was held in London, under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, August 10—17. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who had accepted the post of President, delivered the opening address on Monday, August 10. The number of members exceeded that at any previous Congress, and delegates were present from almost every important country in the world. In regard to India there were over 70 representatives, including 8 Surgeon-Generals and Surgeon-Majors, M.M. Bhownuggree, Esq., C.I.E., representing H.H. the Maharaja of Bhownuggur; Dr. Prosunna Kumar Ray, Mr. B. M. Malabari, and many others interested in sanitary reforms. The work of the Congress was arranged in two divisions, Hygiene and Demography, the former including nine sections, as follows: I. Preventive Medicine; II. Bacteriology; III. Relation of the Diseases of Animals to those of Man; IV. Hygiene of Infancy and Childhood; V. Chemistry and Physic in relation to Hygiene; VI. Architecture in relation to Hygiene; VII. Engineering in relation to Hygiene; VIII. Naval and Military Hygiene; IX. State Hygiene. The opening meeting was held at St. James's Hall, and the sections met in the rooms of the Royal and other learned Societies at Burlington House; at the University of London, and at the Royal School of Mines. Among the papers specially connected with India, were those of Surgeon-General Sir W. J. Moore, K.C.I.E.; Surgeon-Major T. H. Hendley, C.I.E.; Surgeon-Major K. R. Kirtikar; Dr. Vishram Ramji Ghole; Dr. K. V. Dhuramdhari; Dr. Burjorjee Byramjee; Dr. Solomon Fernando (Ceylon); and Mr. J. N. Unvala. These were read at a special Indian meeting, presided over by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. The members of the Congress had every facility accorded them for visiting the public buildings, institutions, and sanitary works of London, and many public and private entertainments evinced the hospitable feelings of the English supporters of the Congress towards its foreign members, and contributed to the interest of the occasion. We expect to be able to print next month, a paper read at the Congress by Dr. C. R. Francis, late Principal of the Medical College, Calcutta, who represented the National Indian Association. It may be hoped that this important gathering of scientific experts will not only have helped to solve some difficult problems connected with national health, but also to stimulate practical efforts.
in the carrying out of well-known hygienic laws. In no country more than in India is it essential to try systematically to enlighten the public on sanitary matters, so that customs may be gradually moulded into accordance with the ascertained facts of science, and yet in no country does such labour demand so much patience, tact, and persistent endeavour.

Her Majesty showed her interest in the objects of the Congress by inviting some of the foreign, Colonial and Indian delegates to an interview at Osborne, with which they were highly gratified.
Mr. Justice Muthusamy Iyer, Senior Puisne Judge of the Madras High Court, has been appointed Acting Chief Justice during the absence of Sir Arthur Collins.

H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore has confirmed Mr. Thumboo Chetty as Chief Justice of Mysore.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal invited, lately, a party of students in the M.A. Classes of the various Colleges at Calcutta as his guests in a river excursion. The students were introduced by the Professors of the Colleges to Sir Charles and Lady Elliott, who conversed freely with them. The trip was much enjoyed, and the Lieutenant-Governor was heartily cheered as he drove from the ghat.

Mrs. Brander, Senior Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Madras, returned after her year's furlough early in July, and resumed charge on the 15th. During Mrs. Brander's absence in England and America, Miss Govindarajulu acted as Inspectress. The Madras Mail writes: Miss Govindarajulu was educated in the Free Church Boarding School under Mrs. Anderson, and the native Christian community have to be congratulated upon her being the first native lady who has held the high position of Inspectress of Schools.* The satisfactory manner in which she discharged her duties when acting for Mrs. Brander has resulted in her being appointed to act as Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Southern Circle, in the room of Miss Carr, who proceeds on three months' privilege leave, and it is expected that if, as is rumoured, the Presidency is to have another Inspectress, and be divided into three circles, Miss Govindarajulu will secure the new appointment.

The following incident in connexion with the drought in Madras shows the very strong hold which caste feeling has in North Arcot.

* Mrs. Wheeler, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. K. M. Banerjee, has for some years inspected Girls' Schools in Bengal.—Ed.
The Collector, in reporting as to the relief kitchens established on account of the local scarcity, writes thus of the difficulties that he met with in inducing girls of the Kalahasti Zemindari to partake of food at the kitchens: “I had up the local heads of their caste Panchayat, as also their male relations and the Zemindari Tahsildar, who is of the same caste. The latter and the Panchayetdars admitted somewhat reluctantly that, although their caste prejudices did not allow of the girls going to the kitchen, they would not put the girls actually out of the caste for going. This being so, I pressed them to bring the girls that evening to the kitchen, and accordingly, with some difficulty, I brought the whole party, Panchayetdars and Tahsildar included, to the kitchen. I had clean leaves provided for the girls and asked them to eat. This they refused to do, with bitter tears. The Deputy Tahsildar, who was also present, reasoned with them in vain. So, too, in a half-hearted way did the Panchayetdars. As the act was not held to be one which would outcaste the girls, I suggested to the male relatives to feed them. With great difficulty the girls were made to sit down, and their male relatives dipped their (the girls’) hands in the food and tried to convey the hands to their mouths. A grain or two of rice was forced in. All this time the children were weeping bitterly, and the scene was very painful.” The Commissioner had urged that every effort should be made to overcome the objections of the people.

Mr. Harkislien Lal, B.A. (Cantab.), Barrister-at-Law, has given, on his return to Lahore, a course of lessons in Elementary Mechanics at the Brahmo’ Mandir, in connexion with the Punjab Science Institute.

A volume entitled Some Problems in Social Reform in Hindu Society, has been brought out by Lala Baij Nath, Sub-Judge, Aliyarh, N.W.P. It contains papers on the Position of Women, Early Marriages, Hindu Widows, Sea-voyages, Marriage Extravagance, Shradhas, Pilgrimages, and the general characteristics of Hindu Society. The price is Re. 1. post free. To be obtained from the Author, or from Manager, Voice of India, 24 Hornby Road, Fort Bombay.

We are glad to learn from Miss Carr, Inspectress of Schools, Southern and Western Circles, Madras, that the Home Education Classes of the N.I. Association, are making progress at Coimbatore
and at Salem. At the latter place Mrs. Stokes has been elected President of the Branch Society, Mrs. Lorne Campbell having returned to Coimbatore.

At a meeting lately held at Salem, it was decided to employ a second teacher, and there is some probability that another teacher will be shortly required for Coimbatore.

The prize distribution of the Calcutta Medical College took place on June 29th, Sir Comer Petheram, the Chief Justice, presiding. Two ladies were among the chief prize-winners—Miss J. C. Müller, who gained the Gold Medal in Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery, the Viceroy's Medal for General Proficiency, and Dr. Cobb's Prize; and Miss B. B. Bose, who received Lady Rivers Thompson's Prize, and Henry Fawcett's Prize. The Chairman gave some excellent advice to the Students, and he urged upon those who were about to go out into the world not to look so much to results or to pecuniary gain as to the honour of the profession and the spotless discharge of their duties.

We are very glad to find that Mr. M. Shah Din, Barrister-at-Law, has written several articles in the Tribune on Home Classes for Purdah Ladies in the Punjab, three of which we have seen. In the first he dwells on the supreme importance, among the questions of the day, of social reform. In the second he urges the need of taking a higher view than generally prevails in India of woman's position and capabilities, and challenges his countrymen to come forward to help his practical plans. In the third article, he explains what his suggestions are—1. To provide at least elementary education for Purdah women who are not allowed to attend school, and to carry further the studies of those that have left school early. 2. To encourage students and graduates to give systematic instruction at home to their wives and sisters. 3. To prepare Purdah women to understand ideas connected with Western culture, so as to lessen the intellectual chasm which now too often separates husband and wife. 4. To adapt education carefully to home duties, as well as to mental improvement. 5. To discourage mere learning by rote, and to adopt such a system of home teaching as shall render reading an interesting occupation and enlarge the views of the pupils, and thus hinder their daily life from being absorbed in trivial disputes and frivolous talk. He desires that the observing powers should be cultivated, and that the faculties should
be exercised on common facts of natural history, &c., as well as on the ordinary school subjects. Object lessons, needle-work, book-keeping, and domestic economy are to be taken up in turn with elementary history, geography, &c. 6. Mr. M. Shah Din desires that religious and moral instruction should not be neglected. We shall be glad to see his concluding articles, and especially to learn what practical steps result from these very useful proposals.

We regret to have to record the death of Pundit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar, the well-known Bengal social reformer, who, many years ago, practically promoted the re-marriage of widows.
PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. D. N. Turkhud and Mr. G. R. Naidu have passed the Second Professional Examination of the University of Edinburgh for the M.B., C.M., degree, and Mr. M. Ayatullah has passed in Materia Medica and Anatomy.

Mr. F. X. D'Souza, Government of India scholar, has been awarded a scholarship of £70 by his College (St. John's, Cambridge).

Mr. M. R. Kharegat has passed the Entrance Examination for the Royal Engineers' College, Coopers Hill.

We learn from Calcutta that Albion Banerjee, B.A., the youngest son of Mr. Sasipada Banerjee, has been offered a scholarship of Rs. 40 per mensem from the Presidency College, for preparing for the M.A. degree examination; but it appears that he is coming to England to study, instead of availing himself of the scholarship.

Departures.—Mr. Ram Gopal, for the Punjab.

Erratum.—In August number, for Moral Sciences Tripos, Part I., Second Class, H. S. Gour; read Third Class.

[Extra copies of the April number of the Indian Magazine and Review, which could not be supplied when asked for, can now be obtained from Mr. Phillips, Printing & Advertising Company Limited, 121 Fleet Street, E.C.]
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