Few men have been exposed to such a fiery ordeal of criticism as Warren Hastings. His life and his letters, whether public or private, were ransacked to supply material for the vituperation of his foes. Orator and historian vied with one another in depicting him as the basest of mankind. The exuberant invective of Burke, the measured malignity of Mill, the brilliant inaccuracy of Macaulay, have conspired together against him. Two, at least, of his critics achieved imperishable renown. Their glowing periods have penetrated to the extreme limits of our Empire. The style of the one has exercised an appreciable influence upon English prose; the eloquence of the other has served as a model for aspiring oratory in British India.

Hastings, on the other hand, has been unfortunate in his advocates. Gleig’s “Memoirs” are ill-arranged and repulsive, whilst Trotter’s “Biography” failed to catch the public ear. In a recent “Life” by Sir Alfred Lyall, the writer deals with his subject in a dignified and impartial manner, but by the form of his publication he was precluded from enlarging in any detail upon the events of that period. Captain Trotter returns to his old theme in “Rulers of India,” “Warren Hastings,” and in his treatise has availed himself of the original records now presented to the public by the labours of Mr. George Forrest. The latter’s excellent work as Editor of the “Letters, despatches, and other State papers preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India, 1772—1785,” is worthy of high commendation.

An adequate history of Warren Hastings and his times
has, however, still to be written. But two valuable monographs on detached episodes of his life have been published within the last few years. The first of these, styled "The story of Nuncomar, and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey," by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, is well known to all historical students. That eminent jurist's examination of the alleged judicial murder of Nandkumar by Impey and Hastings should for ever put to silence a slander that, during half a century, has masqueraded in Macaulay's pages under the garb of truth.

The second monograph has lately left the press under the title of "Hastings and the Rohilla War," by Sir John Strachey, and merits careful study by all who desire to form a correct judgment upon the conduct of the chief actors in that event. The author has placed under contribution a vast mass of original material. Several years of his service were spent in the province of Rohilkhand. He was brought into daily contact with a population who had preserved their ancient traditions, and many of whom were descendants of the very men who were said to have been blotted off the face of the earth. The charge brought against Hastings respecting his treatment of the Rohillas was one of grave importance, and well worthy of the research bestowed upon it. The charge involved turpitude of no ordinary degree. It was a charge that Burke, beguiled by the crafty mendacity of Francis, placed in the fore-front of the battle. His motion on the question was, it is true, rejected by a large majority of the House of Commons, but the enemies of Hastings have always alleged, and not without reason, that the division was taken on a purely party vote. James Mill, in his history, stoutly reiterated the charge; and Macaulay, in an evil hour, took his inspiration from the latter writer when he penned perhaps the most sparkling of his matchless essays.

What, then, was the nature of this allegation against Hastings, and how does it bear the light of recent criticism? It is needless to quote at length the first article of charge presented to the House of Commons. The gist of it lay in the accusation that Hastings sold the "whole nation of the Rohillas" to Shuja-ud-daula for £400,000, in order to enrich the East India Company; that the sale involved the "utter extirpation of that nation" by British troops hired for the purpose; that a series of atrocities were perpetrated during the war, and that such atrocities were countenanced by Hastings.
Now, as regards the policy of Hastings in embarking upon the Rohilla War, his own despatches supply the fullest evidence. The Mahrattas were then in the zenith of their power. Their design of establishing universal sway throughout the peninsular was openly avowed. The situation was one of extreme gravity. In the view of Indian statesmen of that day it was essential to raise a barrier against their inroads, in the shape of some friendly state upon our borders. Such a state existed in the territory held by the Nawab Vizier of Oudh, Shuja-ud-daula, our firm ally. Though Burke, Mill, and Macaulay have branded him as a coward and a villain, there seems to be good reason for holding with Sir Henry Lawrence (Essays, p. 97) that he was an able, energetic, and intelligent prince, and possessed at least the ordinary virtues of Eastern rulers. His temper is said to have been irascible; his personal courage was never justly impugned. Contiguous to the Vizier's dominions lay the country of Rohilkhand, presenting an admirable basis for his invasion by the Mahratta hordes. The splendid imagination of the orator has drawn a fanciful picture of the virtues of those Afghan Mountaineers who had swooped down upon the province of Katehur. Hamilton's "History of the Rohillas," on the other hand, depicts them, possibly, in too sombre colours. To the impartial student they present the ordinary characteristics of the soldiers of fortune, who, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, carved out for themselves by their sword territory from the fairest tracts of Hindustan. To call the Rohillas a nation was an abuse of language. The name of Rohilkhand was, indeed, substituted for that of Katehur, but the warrior tribe of Afghans who held it never numbered more than 40,000 in a population of a million Hindus. These were the neighbours who constituted a standing menace to the Oudh Vizier, and thereby to the stability of the Company's possessions in Bengal. With all the fickleness of the Pathan disposition, they were at one time coquetting with the Mahrattas, at another time imploring assistance from the Vizier against that power. After such assistance had been rendered they repudiated the treaty under which they had obtained it. They held, as it were, the gates of the Vizier's dominions, and seemed capable of opening them at any moment to the horsemen of the Peshwá.

What Hastings himself thought of the position is seen in a despatch sent to the Court of Directors at the close of the war; in a minute recorded by him for the benefit of
Clavering, Monson, and Francis, when they took their seats in Council during October, 1774; and in his appeal to the Court of Directors written on the 3rd of December in that year. This latter voluminous document is the only paper quoted by James Mill in support of his charges against Hastings—the quotation consisting of seventeen lines picked industriously here and there in order to serve his case. As Sir John Strachey says, "A more complete suppression of the facts of history could hardly be found," and he gives his readers ample opportunity of verifying his statement by setting out at considerable length the documents referred to.

The immediate cause of the war was the refusal of Hafiz Rahmat Khan to fulfil the terms of the treaty made with the Vizier under the advice of Sir Robert Barker, the Commander-in-Chief of the Company, and supported by the signature of the latter officer. That treaty—due to an invasion of Rohilkhand by the Mahrattas—provided that forty lakhs of rupees should be paid to the Vizier if he would expel the intruders. The Vizier, having performed his part of the agreement, found himself the dupe of his unscrupulous neighbours. Thereupon he sought the assistance of the Bengal Government. Although adverse to further extension of the obligations of the Company, Hastings considered it both the policy and duty of that body to support their ancient ally. He argued that justice to the Vizier for the aggravated breach of treaty by the Rohilla chiefs demanded this course; that the honour of the Company, pledged implicitly by General Barker's attestation for the accomplishment of the treaty, engaged them to see redress obtained for the perfidy of the Rohillas; that the completion of the line of defence of the Vizier's dominions, by extending his boundary to the natural barrier formed by the northern chain of hills and the Ganges, would strengthen the position of that Prince, and secure the British territory from fear of foreign invasion. Nor did he hesitate to set forth the advantage that would accrue to the Company from a financial point of view. And it was upon the financial aspect of the war that the ingenuity of Francis fastened as a means of ruining his great antagonist. This was the centre around which the battle raged. When dressed out in oratorical language, and separated from its context, the stipulation for a subsidy of forty lakhs of rupees from the Vizier for the co-operation of the Company's troops, might serve as an admirable engine for inflaming the minds of English senators. By
further alleging that British soldiers had been used as hirelings to extirpate an innocent nation, and that the Company's chief officer had been privy to a series of atrocities upon that nation, the blood of Englishmen might be stirred to fever height.

Francis did not greatly err in his calculations. He succeeded in hoodwinking some of the noblest of contemporary statesmen. Chiefly owing to his misrepresentations, and to those of James Mill, a distorted picture of those events has been handed down to posterity. It is only in these latter days that the real Warren Hastings is slowly emerging from the clouds of prejudice that surrounded him. Men are at length beginning to recognise that the matter of money payment was an incidental and subsidiary point in the great Rohilla question, and did not affect the justice and policy of the campaign; that the extirpation of the Rohillas was neither agreed to by Hastings, nor desired by the Vizier; that their alleged extirpation was a mere flight of fancy and never actually occurred; that in the words of Hastings himself such extirpation consisted "in nothing more than in removing from their offices the Rohillas who had the official management of the country, and from the country the soldiers who had opposed us in the conquest of it"; that such removal was neither a sanguinary nor a hard process, as they had only to cross the Ganges to their countrymen on the other side of it; and that the story of the atrocities committed during the war under the countenance of Hastings was a baseless perversion of the truth.

To elaborate the above points is unnecessary. A full and temperate discussion of them is contained in the pages of Sir John Strachey's volumes. To all who desire to form a correct opinion of that period, a study of those volumes is imperative.

Much remains yet to be done in the way of original research before an adequate history of British India can be written, but the work of Sir James Stephen, of Sir John Strachey, and of Mr. George Forrest will prove invaluable in assisting the labours of future historians.

Stephen N. Fox.
HOW THE MISERLY TREASURER WAS REFORMED.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, he had a Lord High Treasurer who was a millionaire. Now this man was a churlish fellow, who hated his fellow-men; he was lame and crookbacked, and had a cast in his eye. Moreover, he was an unconverted infidel, and a miser. He never gave of his store to others nor had any joy of it himself, so that his house was like a pool haunted by ogres, whereat none may drink or slake their thirst. Yet for seven generations back his ancestors had been bountiful, giving freely of their best to the needy; but when this man succeeded to the office of Lord High Treasurer, he broke through the traditions of his house. He burned the almonry to the ground, and driving away the poor with blows from his door, hoarded his wealth.

Now the Lord High Treasurer's father, who for his charity and other good works had been reborn as the archangel Sakka, chanced to be meditating on the blessings his charitableness had brought him, and was bending over from heaven to look down on earth, when he saw his son behaving with great meanness. For the Lord High Treasurer, being thirsty, but not wanting to have to share his liquor with any one, had sent a slave with a few halfpence to the tavern to buy a whole jar of spirits for him. This the miser made the slave carry on ahead to the river side, where there was a dense thicket. Here he had the jar set down, ordering the slave to wait at a distance. Then he filled his cup and fell to drinking in solitary happiness. Indignant at this sight, Sakka cried, "I will go to my son and teach him that all deeds bear their fruits; I will work my son's conversion and make him worthy of rebirth hereafter in the world of angels." So he came down to earth and once more trod the ways of men, putting on the semblance of his son, the Lord High Treasurer Illisa, with his son's lameness and humpback and squint. In this guise Sakka entered the city and made his way to the king's palace, where he bade his coming be announced to the king. Ordering him to be admitted, the king asked
the object of so unexpected a visit. "Sire," said the pretended Treasurer, "I have a whole million of money stored away in my house. Deign to have it transferred to the royal exchequer."

"But, we are richer even than your lordship, and have no need to take your riches from you."

"If your majesty declines, I will give it away as likes me best."

"Do so by all means, if you wish," said the king.

"Very good, sire; I will," said the pretended Illisa, and with due obeisance departed from the royal presence to the Treasurer's house. All the servants thought it was their real master; and he gave orders to the porter that if any other person looking like himself should appear and claim to be the master of the house, the porter should cudgel such a one and throw him out. Then he seated himself in state in an inner chamber of the house, and, sending for the Lord High Treasurer's wife, announced his intention to be bountiful and to lavish his wealth in charity. Thought wife, children, and servants with one accord: "This is indeed a novel mood for him to be in. It must be the spirits he has been drinking which have made him so good-natured and generous to-day." So he sent for the crier and bade him proclaim through the city that every one who wanted gold and silver or jewels was to come up to Illisa's house. Accordingly a large crowd speedily besieged the gate, all carrying baskets and sacks. Then said Sakka, "Fling open the doors of my treasure-chambers, and let each one here take what he will and go his way; it is my free gift to you."* Without a moment's delay the crowd seized on the treasure, and piled up heaps of riches and filled sacks and vessels with the rich booty; and away they went, laden with their spoils. Now among them was a certain countryman who, thoughtfully yoking Illisa's oxen to Illisa's cart, loaded it with valuables. As the fellow travelled along the high road on his way from the city, he drew near the very thicket where the real Lord Treasurer was lying perdu, and sung his praises in these words: "Heaven grant you may live to be a hundred, my good Lord Illisa! What you've done for me will keep me without doing another stroke of work all my life long. Whose were these oxen?—yours. Whose was this cart?—yours. Whose the valuables in the cart?—yours too. Never was

* It appears that Sakka did not take advice from the Local Branch of the Charity Organisation Society.—Ed. I.M. & R.
father or mother so generous as you have been." These words filled the Lord High Treasurer with fear and trembling. "Why, the fellow is mentioning my name," said he to himself. "Can the king have been distributing my wealth to the people?" At the bare thought he bounded from the bush, and, recognizing his own oxen and cart, seized the oxen by the cord, crying, "Stop, fellow; these oxen and cart belong to me." Down leaped the man from the cart, angrily exclaiming, "You rascal! Illisa, the Lord High Treasurer, is giving away his wealth. Who, pray, are you?" And he sprang at the Treasurer and struck him on the back like a falling thunderbolt, and went off with the cart. Illisa picked himself up, trembling in every limb, wiped off the mud, and hurrying after his cart, seized hold of the rein again. Again the countryman got down, and seizing Illisa by the hair, beat him about the head for some time; then taking him by the throat, he flung him heavily upon his face on the road, and drove off. Sobered by this rough usage, and filled with the direst forebodings, Illisa hurried off home. There, seeing folk making off with his darling treasures, he fell to laying hands on here a man and there a man, shrieking, "Hi! what's this? Is the king despoiling me?" And every man he laid hands on knocked him down. Bruised and smarting, he sought to take refuge in his own house, when the porters stopped him with, "Holloa, you rascal! Where might you be going?" And first thrashing him soundly with bamboos, they took their master by the throat and threw him out of doors. "There is none but the king left to see me righted," groaned Illisa, and betook himself to the palace. "Why, oh why, sire," he cried, "have you plundered me like this?"

"Nay, it was not I, my Lord Treasurer," said the king. "Did you not yourself come and declare your intention of giving your wealth away, if I would not accept it? And did you then not send the crier round and carry out your threat?"

"Oh sire, indeed it was not I that came to you on such an errand. Your Majesty knows how near and close I am, and how I never in my life gave away, if I could help it, so much as a drop of oil or a blade of grass. May it please your Majesty to send for him who has given my substance away, and to question him on the matter."

Then the king sent for Sakka. And so exactly alike were the two that neither the king nor his court could tell
which was the real Lord High Treasurer. Said the miser Illisa, "Who, and what, sire, is this person? I am your Majesty's Treasurer."

"Well, really I can't say which is the real Illisa," said the king. "Is there anybody who can distinguish them for certain?"

"Yes, sire, my wife."

So the wife was sent for and asked which of the two was her husband. And she said Sakka was her husband and went to his side. Then in turn Illisa's children and servants were brought in and asked the same question; and all with one accord declared Sakka was the real Lord High Treasurer. Here it flashed across Illisa's mind that he had a wart on his head, the existence of which was known only to himself and to his barber. So as a last resource, he asked that his barber might be sent for. Accordingly, the barber was sent for and asked if he had any private means of knowing the real from the false Illisa. "I could tell, sire," said he, "if I might examine their heads."

"Then look at both their heads," said the king.

On the instant Sakka caused a wart to rise on his head, so that, after examining the two, the barber reported that, as both alike had got warts on their heads, he couldn't for the life of him say which was the real man. Hearing his last hope thus fail him, the Lord High Treasurer fell into a tremble; and such was his anguish at the now inevitable loss of his beloved riches, that down he fell in a swoon. Thereupon Sakka put forth his supernatural powers, and, rising in the air, addressed the king thence in these words: "Not Illisa am I, O king, but the great Sakka." Then those around dashed water on the temples of the prostrate Illisa, who, recovering, rose to his feet and bowed to the ground before Sakka the Archangel. Then said Sakka, "Illisa, mine was the wealth, not thine. I am thy father; and in my lifetime I was bountiful toward the poor and rejoiced in doing good; wherefore, I am advanced to this high estate and am Sakka, the Archangel. But thou, walking not in my footsteps, art a niggard and a miser: thou has burned my almonry to the ground, driven the poor from the gate, and hoarded the riches thou didst inherit from me. Thou hast no enjoyment thereof thyself, nor has any other human being; but thy store is become like a pool haunted by ogres whereat no man may slake his thirst. Albeit, if thou wilt rebuild mine almonry and show bounty to the poor, it shall be accounted to thee for righteousness. But, if thou wilt not rebuild mine almonry
and show bounty, then will I strip thee of even that which remains to thee, and cleave thy head with the thunderbolt of Indra, and thou shalt die."

At this threat, Illīsa, fearing for his life, cried out, "Henceforth I vow to excel in good works, and chiefly in charity to the poor." And Sakka accepted his promise, and after establishing his son in the Commandments and preaching the Truth to him from mid-air, departed to his own abode. And Illīsa proved diligent in almsgiving and other good works, and so assured his rebirth hereafter in heaven. —Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, January, 1892.
SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRESERVATION OF INDIAN ART.

With the kind permission of the Author, we are enabled to re-publish, for the benefit of our readers, Sir George Birdwood’s Review of the “History of Art in Persia,”* which recently appeared in the Graphic:—

“This volume is disappointing in treating of Persian Art under the Achaemenian period only, and in the intimation it conveys that it concludes the noble series of volumes—ten in all—prepared by the distinguished authors as introductory to their crowning volumes on the art of Greece. The announcement is a deep disappointment for the students of the arts of India. The latter have as yet only been treated of, either in a comprehensive and sympathetic manner by mere amateurs like myself, or in detail by experts, having, indeed, a more or less practical acquaintance with them, but altogether ignorant of their general conditions and historical relations, a knowledge of which is essential to their adequate appreciation. All of us, therefore, who are earnestly interested in the indigenous arts of India have for years been eagerly looking forward to their being dealt with in the present connexion and continuity by writers of such wide technical training and professional experience, and such exhaustive learning and sound scholarship as MM. Perrot and Chipiez; and that they have failed us in this expectation is nothing short of a grievous personal loss for us all.

“The reason for the omission of a volume on India from the series is obvious enough. As with gold, so in respect of the arts, India drained the world of antiquity without making anything like a commensurate return. Yet through the immemorial export of its gorgeous deep-toned dyes, India subtly modified Oriental art from the very beginnings of history in Egypt and Anterior Asia, and this influence becomes palpable when the Hindus were led at last to

largely export dyed silk and cotton stuffs of their own manufacture into Persia during the Parthian and Sassanian periods of the history of the latter country.

"On the other hand, the restriction of the exposition of Persian Art to the Achæmenian period, extending from B.C. 559 to B.C. 331, when the empire founded by Cyrus was destroyed by Alexander the Great, seems most arbitrary. The autonomy of Persia was interrupted by the Macedonian conquest for but eighty years. It was recovered by the Parthians in B.C. 250, and carried on by them to A.D. 226; and sustained after them, in still greater vigour, by the Sassanian dynasty from A.D. 226 to 651; and there was thus a continuous growth of ancient Persian nationality and civilisation from the rise of Cyrus to the overthrow of Yezdejird III., the last of the Sassanians, by Kaleb, the general of the Kalif Abu-Bekr, A.D. 651. It should never be overlooked that throughout Persia and India modern history begins only with the conquests of the Mohammedans; while in Persia there was so vigorous a development under the Sassanians of the ancient religion and arts of the country that for a time it was a question whether they would not overshadow, if not supplant, the Christian faith and arts that were contemporaneously modernising Greece and Rome. From the third to the seventh centuries the Zoroastrian and Christian types of civilisation powerfully reacted on each other in Anterior Asia; and the schismatic Eastern Churches, and the Byzantine Art of the sixth to the twelfth centuries, might well be regarded as immediate results of the predominating influence of Persia on Europe during the Sassanian period. Then, on the Nestorian Greeks being driven in the sixth and seventh centuries from Constantinople, they fled into Syria, Persia, and Egypt; and from Persia, where they were most hospitably received, they spread into Arabia and Central Asia and India, and to the confines of China; and, limiting themselves, in conformity with the religious scruples of their Mohammedan employers, which were in part shared by themselves also, to the production of floral and geometrical ornamentation, they everywhere, on the foundations of Sassanian, Coptic, and Byzantine art, created Saracenic art as the ultimate expression of Oriental Art in India, Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, and North Africa.

"For the rest—the logical arrangement, and encyclopædic, yet perfectly clear treatment of their subject by the authors—there can only be words of the highest and most grateful praise; which must be extended to the
enterprising publishers also, for the sumptuous manner in which they have produced the present, as the whole of the ten volumes of the monumental work on the arts of antiquity undertaken by MM. Perrot and Chipiez. The scanty remains of Achaemenian art at Behistun or Besitun (Mons Bagistanus), at Shuster (Susa or Shusan), and at Murghab (Pasargadæ), and Chil-minar, Istakr, Takht-i-Jamshid, and Naksh-i-Rustum (all marking the site of Persepolis) are described with the minutest elaboration of technical detail, and the utmost wealth of chartographic, diagrammatic, and pictorial illustration; providing invaluable working drawings alike for house-decorators and architects, of which it is to be hoped that the Parsis of Bombay will at least make fruitful use; and it is to them that I would, in a special manner, commend this splendid record of the earliest artistic glories of their race."

The learned Professor Ludwig Hans Fischer, in his *Annalen des K. K. Naturhistorischen Hof Museums*, gives an interesting account of his journey through India to procure a collection of Indian ornaments for the Hof Museum at Vienna.

It is profusely illustrated with very clever and attractive pictures of the different castes of Indian women, each wearing their distinctive ornaments.

He points out that the history of the different races which have inhabited India could be compiled from a study of the architecture and of the varied ornaments worn by their descendants. In certain districts he found traces of the Macedonian conquest, in others of the Mahommedan invasion, and so on through the ages. Each invader left his mark.

He noticed that the Tamil women frequently wear heavy earrings, which cause the ear to hang down. He says their admiration for this fashion is to be attributed to the fact that Buddha is always represented with hanging ears.

He was much struck by the excessive fondness of the dwellers in Hindustan for decorating themselves in every possible place with jewels. He says nowhere in the world do ornaments develop such diverse shapes and are turned to so many different uses as there, and that not only are Indian ornaments an art in themselves, but the way in which they are worn is one also. The very simple costume worn, especially in the south, leaves a large surface of the body to be decked, and they do this with great delight.
Ears, nose, neck, the upper part of the arm, as well as the wrists, fingers, feet, ankles, toes, are very often laden with ornaments. He remembered that their lips are never ornamented, as he had observed to be the custom in Africa, America, and elsewhere. Silver is the metal most generally used, but tin, zinc, and lead are not despised. Some provinces seem to have a preference for certain stones and colours. Thus at Madras he found green stone preferred for their earrings—turquoise, characteristic of the Himalayan range. Glass is very much used in South India, pearls and corals also, ivory being chiefly used for arm-rings. Shells and mother-of-pearl are seldom employed, and only in certain districts.

He much admired the woman's dress, and says there is as much art displayed in the artistic draping of it as among the Greeks, and that it was easily seen if the wearer was gifted with good taste from the mode in which she wore it. In the Deccan he found the colours changed with what he calls the sun-burnt landscape, and the usual red, green, and yellow gave place to stuffs of Indigo hue. He was much struck with the way in which the natives generally paint themselves. At Madras the learned Professor was not pleased with the girls he saw, who had painted their faces a deep yellow saffron colour, which, he adds, did not enhance their charms. His account is likely to interest those who are as yet unacquainted with the manners, customs, and art of India more than those who are adepts. There is nothing particularly new in it, and it conveys the impressions of one who has not made a special study of, or been a long resident in, the country; however, the illustrations alone, and their accurate representation of Indian women and their ornaments, make it attractive.

The Imperial Natural History Museum, and Imperial Art Museum of Vienna, were opened last year. They form a part of an extensive scheme for the completion of Vienna, which the present Emperor planned many years since, when he handed over for the benefit of the city the whole magnificent crown property comprised in the fortifications, and the broad glacis which, although without the walls of old Vienna, yet were surrounded by compact suburbs which had in themselves become a town. The conditions of this gift were simple, being that a competent committee should plan the utilisation of the space, and, secondly, that after suitable building sites had been chosen
for the University, Museum, Opera House, and other public buildings, the rest should be sold to the highest bidders, subject to their placing on the ground buildings in a palatial style, and thus the celebrated Ring-strasse was secured. The enormous amounts—some millions—realised by the sale of these plots was then spent on public buildings; thus Vienna, without taxation in any way, has become for the magnificence of its buildings a first-rate city, and entirely owing to the broad mind and noble generosity of the Emperor and members of the Royal Family, who helped so much to perfect this scheme. To crown this work his Imperial Majesty a few years back empowered the directors of the museums to select from his various palaces their art treasures, his personal property, giving them full power to take everything they considered necessary. These museums, which were built on a scale of magnificence excelling anything in Europe, were thus filled with treasures which cost the State nothing, and which could not be obtained by any other museum.

The following letter has been forwarded to a few Editors of the leading newspapers in India:

Dear Sir,—Allow us again to draw your attention, and that of your readers, to the above-named Society, and to the objects it is established to promote, chiefly those of preserving the local handicrafts in every province of the Queen's Indian Empire; of encouraging the traditional decorative arts of India; and of discouraging modernised imitations of them. These true and conservative artistic principles have been sufficiently set out in the circulars of the S.E.P.I.A., and more particularly in the Report of the Proceedings at its first Annual Meeting, a copy of which was duly forwarded to you, and has, we trust, been carefully preserved by you for frequent reference.

2. You will observe that the Society does not concern itself with what is properly described as Fine Art—that is, sculpture and painting, &c.—pursuits that are sufficiently encouraged by European residents in the Presidency towns and at Simla. Nor do we attempt to deal with the primary industrial and material arts which, we trust, are being earnestly promoted by your own efforts and through the technical and industrial schools that have now been established in various parts of the Indian Empire.

3. Following the guidance afforded in our circulars, and in the Report above referred to, we rely on you to forward
to us any articles or letters published in your journal bearing on the subject of the ancient ornamental arts of your province, or of India generally. In this way our own committee will be kept informed of what is being done in furtherance of the objects we have in view. We shall be glad at any time to give replies to any specific questions that may be addressed to us on these subjects, which replies can be published in your journal.

4. We would also request that you will use your influence to add to the number of the members of the S.E.P.I.A. This will greatly facilitate the labours of the Committee in extending the reputation of the handicraftsmen of India, and preserving the historical characteristics of their work, the artistic excellence of which has hitherto been one of the chief glories of their country.

Waiting to hear from you and your readers on these deeply interesting subjects, we have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

Sara M. Carmichael,
C. Purdon Clarke,
N. Martin Wood,

Hon. Secretaries,
S.E.P.I.A.

16 Grenville Place, South Kensington, London, S.W.

The following names have been added to the S.E.P.I.A.'s list of members since last month: Mrs. Kirwood; Sir William Markby, K.C.I.E.; Lady Markby; Colonel Fane Sewell; J. Walhouse, Esq.; Miss Walhouse; Miss Ray Lankester, Miss Dymes, Honorary Members. Mr. Henry Primrose, C.S.I., has joined the Executive Committee.
THE MECCA PILGRIMAGE.

IT was a custom among the Arabs, from time out of mind, to perform pilgrimages to Mecca from all parts of the Arabian territory. But afterwards, when Arabia gave birth to Islam, and when this young Mohammadan power began to expand itself into a glorious manhood, and the Amir-ul-mominin began to wield his sceptre over more than three or four different kingdoms, the Arabian philosophers and statesmen found it necessary, on grounds of policy as well as of morality, to keep up the custom of yore, even in the Mohammedan world.

Firstly, they maintained that pilgrimage of this kind would tend to concentrate people of different countries in a common centre for a common purpose, and thereby bring about a kind of brotherhood among the Moslems, which means, in other words, a consolidation of the Mohammadan power.

Secondly, that such an influx of people every year would demand a vast amount of labour, and thereby give an impetus to the industry of the inhabitants; as also to flood the barren and unproductive country with the resources of other lands, and thereby make it rich.

Thirdly, that this long journey, and coming in contact with the people of so many different countries, would be fruitful in experience, and consequently raise the intellectual status of the nation.

Fourthly, which is the most important of all, they maintained, from a religious point of view, that the assembling of all the Faithfuls on the plain of Arafat, in the same state and in the same uniform, from the mightiest of monarchs to the humblest and lowest of peasants, and each uttering the same thing—namely, "O God, we are Thy humble slaves," would teach, side by side, the two great doctrines of humility and equality, and thus give a high moral tone to the career of each individual person.

That the system of pilgrimage is based on strict commercial science, goes without saying. Its results are exactly the same as those of the Paris Exhibition of 1889, or the coming "World's Fair" of Chicago—grand superstructures of human enlightenment. But, however, in the
present state of affairs, one great difference between a pilgrim to one of these exhibitions and a pilgrim to Mecca, is that the former enjoys all the comforts and facilities of journey that modern science can afford; while the means and advantages of the journey for the latter are precisely the same as they were in the primeval ages of their forefathers. But I think the selfish motives of the private ship companies who take the contract of conveying pilgrims, are greatly to account for this.

As a rule, their ships are small,* with uncomfortable little cabins, with bad ventilation, and bad sanitary arrangements, and always carrying an over-load of passengers; while the ease and comforts that are afforded by the Atlantic liners are, perhaps, unexampled. They are, truly speaking, floating palaces. But, perhaps, the difference between the two lies in this point. The Atlantic liners do not take any passengers but those who can pay a good sum; while the pilgrim ships take passengers at any cost, often men with very little with them.

The Koran says, "Pilgrimage is only binding on those who can afford to make it." Hence pilgrimages for those poor fellows who are tempted away by the cheap trips, are entirely against the doctrine of the Koran.

The living too, however, and the mode of life in Europe and America are vastly different to the experience at Mecca. Here are to be found the masterpieces of art and ingenuity to enhance comfort and ease—houses well furnished, conveyances cheap and ready every moment, shops open always with the resources and products of almost every part of the world, and dispensaries and medical halls teeming and plentiful. In short, the tourist finds himself quite at home, no matter to whatever part of the civilised world he happens to go. Neither is the safety of his person hazarded, nor the security of his property endangered. But, alas! how different it is with Arabia, which is supposed to be the grand reservoir from which flow the streams of wholesale benefaction and good to millions of human beings!

The case of these thousands of pilgrims standing in the plain of Arafat, stopping at Muzdalfa, and staying at Mina, without an hotel, a bangalow, or even a shed to

* We understand that since Messrs. Cook & Sons have been authorised by the Government of India to superintend the pilgrim vessels to Jeddah, a great improvement has taken place in regard to the Indian pilgrims.
The Mecca Pilgrimage.

But, besides the inconveniences of this kind, there are other great evils rife in Arabia, such as the extreme scarcity of water, which causes one to remain with a heap of dust on his face, with dress shabby and uncleaned, and pillow covers and bed sheets dirty and black. Not far from the pilgrims lies the blood of thousands of sacrificed animals decomposing under the rays of the sun, thereby emitting poison and infecting the whole atmosphere. Well may cholera result from a conglomeration of such infectives, and sweep away every year thousands of these beings far, far away from their relations and homes.

But this must be attributed to the supineness of the Mohammadans themselves, who care so little to improve their own conditions; still, the blame does not lie on the common masses. It is the governing authorities that are responsible to God for these abuses. The prophet himself says, "One who rules the people is responsible for their concerns." It is therefore high time now for the Sultan and the Sheriff of Mecca to introduce reform in this direction at once, and to do away with this evil for ever. It is also the duty of the Mohammadans of every shade and clime to give them whatever assistance they can. The Sultan should establish a board of doctors at once, to find out the best means to suppress epidemics and to guide the pilgrims, who should implicitly obey them in everything as far as sanitation is concerned. He should build a slaughter-house in Mecca for the sacrifices, and a tramway line from Jeddah to Mecca, which might afterwards be changed into a railway line, to facilitate the journey of the pilgrims, as well as to serve the purpose of conveying the refuse of the sacrifices to be cast away in the sea. This will be a boon to the pilgrims, a great source of industry to the inhabitants, and a good means of revenue to His Imperial Majesty. The expense of the State in casting away the refuse flesh into the sea could be easily repaid if an Imperial tax be levied on the sacrifices. If His Imperial Majesty can effect and bring into force these measures, he will do credit to his already glorious name, will leave his name in reverence to posterity, and will provide a boon to humanity at large.

M. Barkatullah Moulvi.

In the Paper on Indian Sanitation and the International Congress of Hygiene, read on March 11th, by Surgeon-General
Sir William Moore, K.C.I.E., in the Indian Section of the Society of Arts, he remarked: "If sanitary measures were carried out at Mecca in the comprehensive manner they are conducted at large Indian pilgrimages, cholera would be exceptional at Mecca as it is now at Hindoo shrines; and we should not have to lament that more than one-third of the pilgrims proceeding from Bombay on the Haj to Mecca never return."

DALHOUSIE.

Twas his self-poised the perilous steep to climb,
Whence others caught his clear-voiced clarion call,
From vantage-ground of thought ethereal,
And felt the flush of that diviner time,
When England's star, resplendent and sublime,
Flamed in the East, e'er yet the death-cloud's pall
Hung lowering o'er the land, and darkened all,
The Age of Hope—Dalhousie in his prime!

Shaping an Empire's fate, he toiled amain,
So short the life, so great the work to do!
With strenuous will, and keen incisive brain,
Till crowned achievement smote him thro' and thro':
Self-struck he fell—on whom had spent in vain
Their baffled strength the stormiest blasts that blew,

C. A. KELLY.
Recollections of a Happy Life; being the Autobiography of Marianne North. Edited by her sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. In 2 volumes. 17s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

Few lovers of nature and art who visit Kew Gardens will have neglected to spend an hour in the beautiful gallery designed by Mr. Fergusson, the walls of which are lined with hundreds of oil paintings of trees, fruits, and flowers, and tropical scenery, the outcome of fifteen years of travel through, in many cases, almost unknown regions, generously given to the nation by Miss North—the subject of this charming autobiography. Mrs. Symonds says, in her preface, "My sister was no botanist in the ordinary sense of the term: her feeling for plants in their beautiful living personality was more like that which we all have for human friends. She could never bear to see flowers uselessly gathered and their harmless lives destroyed." And, in another place, "I think she was intolerant of 'Rules' in all things (except, perhaps, in music), exceedingly and scornfully sceptical as to the rules in art: for instance, the limitations and laws of composition in painting. She painted, as a clever child would, everything she thought beautiful in nature, and had scarcely ever any artistic teaching." And yet both botanists and artists may dwell with wonder and delight on the beautiful productions of her brush.

Miss North's attractive personality appears in every page of her recollections, and it is no wonder, as she says, that "Friends seemed always accumulating around me, and making life very enjoyable." Whether at home, or abroad, the same cheerful fate seems to have followed her.

Miss North's happy life began at Hastings in 1830. Her father was descended from Roger, the youngest son of Dudley, fourth Lord North, of Kirtling. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Sir John Majoribanks, Bart., of Lees.

"My first recollections (she writes) relate to my father. He was from first to last the one idol and friend of my life, and apart from
him I had little pleasure and no secrets. He used to carry me on his shoulders over the hills and far away, down on the beach to see the fishing-boats land, and the heaps of glittering slippery fish counted and sold by Dutch auction; and I well remember the old fishermen, covered with silver scales, calling out, 'Make way for Master North and his little gal!' giving me kind pats with great salt hands, as I passed perched high on my father's shoulder through the crowd."

Her early years were spent between Hastings and the family seat in Norfolk; and the narrative is full of pleasant stories of the life there. The following is the first indication of the taste which was to develop so remarkably:—

"Amongst others, Mrs. Hussey's two large volumes on British fungi were my great delight one summer, and started me collecting and painting all varieties I could find at Rougham, and for about a year they were my chief hobby. One, I remember, had a most horrible smell; it came up first like a large turkey's egg, and in that state was inoffensive, and I was very anxious to see the change. I put it under a tumbler in my bedroom window one night, and the next morning was awakened by a great crash. Behold the tumbler was broken into bits, and the fungus standing up about five inches high with a honey-combed cap, having hatched itself free of its retaining shell, and smelling most vilely."

In 1847 the family went to Germany, and here, Miss North says, "Music was my mania."

"In music (writes her sister) her real genius lay. While her beautiful thrilling contralto voice, so absolutely true, lasted, she patiently submitted through long years to the drudgery of steady musical training under her mistress and great friend, Madame Sainton Dolby. But that beautiful voice deserted her just when its cultivation had reached the highest point; and then painting, less cared for hitherto, was taken up to fill the void. She could never be idle."

In 1855, Miss North's mother died. "She did not suffer, but enjoyed nothing, and her life was a dreary one." Then Miss North lived and travelled with the father whom she loved so dearly until 1869, when, at Munich; "after three days of exhaustion and sleep, he ceased to live, and left me indeed alone." Mrs. Symonds writes:—

"The one strong and passionate feeling of her life had been her love for her father. When he was taken away she threw her whole heart into painting, and this gradually led her into those long toilsome journeys. They, no doubt, shortened her days; but length of days had never been expected or desired by her, and I think she was glad, when her self-appointed task was done, to follow him whom she had so faithfully loved."
Two years passed, and then "the dream of going to some tropical country to paint its peculiar vegetation on the spot in natural abundant luxuriance" had its fulfilment. In July 1871, Miss North joined a friend in a trip to America, which afforded material for graphic sketches of Western life and manners. Thence to Jamaica, where her collection of studies of tropical plants began. Home again for two months, and then to Brazil, where she spent twelve months, revelling in the natural beauties of the land, and in the glorious trees and flowers which it was her pleasure to depict. Of the fatigue of the long journeys on mule-back, through forests and swamps, ascending lofty mountains, she makes light; the discovery of a new and beautiful specimen of a plant, tree, or insect affording her ample compensation. Often she put up with the roughest and most scanty accommodation, ever with a keen eye for the humour of her surroundings. "Every bit of the way (she writes) was interesting and beautiful; I never found the dreary monotony Rio friends had talked about. . . . Once I saw a spider as big as a small sparrow with velvety paws; and everywhere were marvellous wells and nests. How could such a land be dull?" Even the black beetle that bites, the stinging caterpillar, and the endless varieties of spiders had a charm for her, while the gorgeous butterflies were a constant source of interest.

After an unusually cold winter in England, very trying after the two she had spent in the tropics, Miss North determined to "follow the sun to Teneriffe," and started on New Year's Day, 1875, returned to England in May, and, in August, sailed for California, across the States, thence to Japan, where she felt "quite Brobdingnagian" compared with "the pretty tiny girls who served us, and made merry over our gigantic and clumsy ways." One of her visits is thus described:

"The great temples of Nishihongwangi belonged to a set of reformed Buddhists. One of them, who called himself the "Canon of the Cathedral," had been two years in England, and spoke our language remarkably well. He was really a most charming person, and gave me much interesting talk about his religion while I sketched. He called it the Protestantism of Japan, and it seemed as pure and simple as a religion could be. He said he believed in an invisible and powerful God, the Giver of good, but in nothing else—not even the sun or the moon, they were both made by that same God. His priests (including himself) married, and drank wine. He had been to hear all sects preach in England, and thought the Unitarian most like his own. There were no sort of idols in his temple."
Miss North was in the doctor's hands for ten days with rheumatic fever, and then left for Hong Kong and Singapore, and thence to Borneo and Java. At Sarawak she was entertained by the Rajah—“a shy, quiet man, with much determination of character. He was entirely respected by all sorts of people, and his word (when it did come) was law, always just and well chosen.” The little town was full of life and civilisation.

Then by steamer to Batavia. There was on board a most entertaining monkey belonging to the captain. She says:—

“There was one Englishman only on board. He remarked that he thought it was very hard that the little beast should have the luxury of re-enjoying his dinner whenever he chose to take it out of that great cheek pouch, thus having one pleasure more than human beings. He also contradicted me flatly when I talked of the Amherstia nobilis as a sacred plant of the Hindus. I said Sir W. Hooker told me it was so; and he said Sir William had been a great botanist, but was not a Hindu scholar. I had made a mistake, and I began to look on the little man with respect, and found he was Dr. Burnell, the famous Indian scholar and judge of Tanjore, making a pilgrimage to Boor-Bado during his short spring holiday; so we became friends, and continued so till he died. I like a real contradiction when it has a reason behind it, and there were plenty of reasons in Dr. Burnell.”

We would fain quote from Miss North's fascinating pages further details of her adventures in this beautiful island, but the following paragraph must suffice:—

“The order of everything in Java is marvellous; and, in spite of the strong rule of the Dutch, the natives have a happy, independent look one does not see in India. Java is one magnificent garden of luxuriance, surpassing Brazil, Jamaica, and Sarawak all combined, with the grandest volcanoes rising out of it. These are covered with the richest forests, and have a peculiar Alpine vegetation on their summits. One can ride up to the very tops, and traverse the island on good roads by an excellent system of posting arranged by Government. There are good rest-houses at the end of every journey, where you are taken in and fed at a fixed tariff of prices. Moreover, travellers are entirely safe in Java, which is no small blessing.”

A happy month in Ceylon followed, where Miss North was welcomed by many friends; and 24th Jan. 1877, she was once more on her way home. Six months among her friends in England—the last few weeks of which were employed in making a catalogue of her 500 “ studie,” which were framed and glazed and lent for exhibition to the Kensington Museum—and on the 10th September, Miss
North again left England for the East. From Ceylon she sailed to Tuticorin and thence to Madura, with its old temple, its hall of 1,000 pillars, and the temple jewels, "which, if sold, might have helped to stop the famine in South India." Thence to Tanjore, where her friend, Dr. Burnell, was able to show her the beauties of the noble temple; to Seringham—"the largest temple I ever saw;" to Kunur, charmed with the beauty of the flowers on the hillside; then, to avoid rheumatism, descending the plains and so crossing, by rail, bullock cart, and boat, by backwater to Cochin ("full of Christians and beggars"), and thence by British India steamer to Bombay, where she was hospitably entertained at Government House.

"The Governor (Sir Richard Temple) had only just returned from a two months' famine tour, and was to start off in two or three days for another, but told me to make my head-quarters always at his house, and to go and come as it suited me while I stayed in India. He seemed never at rest. Whatever he did, he did with all his might, putting his whole energy into it for the time being; but he could no more stretch out time enough for all than I could (and time has been my constant enemy all my life). He had untiring strength, and demanded more from those about him than people with less power of hard work could bear with impunity."

From Bombay, the caves of Elephanta, Nasik, Aurungabad, Daulatabad, Roza, and Ellora, were visited. "It was a curious change to come among Moslem things and ways again." Then by rail to Agra. After visiting the Taj—the garden of which was "a dream of beauty"—Secundra, and Futtehpur Sikri, all the buildings "too perfect to be picturesque"—"a melancholy scene of desolation, without any growing things to humanise the dry stones," "I began to hate all architecture, however beautiful, and to long for green growing things again." She was ill with fever, and started for Naini Tal. "In less than a fortnight, I was a new creature, and able to walk over the hills, which were just then showing their spring foliage;" thence to Rurki, Hurdwar and Dehra, Masuri, Amritsir, Lahore and Simla, where she found pleasant society, and abundant opportunities for the exercise of the art she loved. A month at Kumaon, the guest of Sir Henry and Lady Ramsay, and then on to Calcutta—where the famous Botanic Gardens were the main attraction. Two or three days after, the indefatigable traveller was in Darjeeling, then back through Calcutta to Benares, Mathura, Brindaban, and Delhi.
Chap. xi. is devoted to Rajputana. The magnificent palaces, the state elephants, the superb studs of horses, all impressed Miss North more than the Rajput Rajahs themselves, and their surroundings. Of the servants, coolies, &c., she did not retain a favourable impression. She says:

"One of the drawbacks to Indian travel to me were the ayahs. In all Anglo-Indian houses they plagued me, they were so thoroughly useless and without tact. I was perpetually pushing them out of the room. They threw away the clean water and left me without any; they hid all my things; rubbed up against my wet paintings; if I gave them anything to brush, they did not do it. I never felt safe from their intrusion, and all their picturesque flowing drapery required one hand to hold up, only leaving one to do anything with. Though often told I ought to have an ayah to take about with me, I never saw any good that would have come from the move. Much the contrary."

Baroda and Ahmedabad were visited, and then back to Bombay, and on the 24th February 1879, en route for home. Much of this year was spent in the arrangements for the gallery at Kew. And one day Miss North was asked to meet Charles Darwin.

"He was (she writes), in my eyes, the greatest man living, the most truthful, as well as the most unselfish and modest, always trying to give others rather than himself the credit of his own great thoughts and work. He seemed to have the power of bringing out other people's best points by mere contact with his own superiority. I was much flattered at his wishing to see me, and when he said he thought I ought not to attempt any representation of the vegetation of the world until I had seen and painted the Australian, which was so unlike that of any other country, I determined to take it as a royal command and go at once."

And on the 18th April 1880, she was once more at sea, in company with Rajah and Mrs. Brooke, bound for Sarawak, Borneo, and Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and home, through California, in June 1882.

The next trip was to South Africa, returning in June 1883, and leaving again in September for the Seychelles, the home of so much that is rare and curious in the vegetable world. Insufficient food and overwork in such a climate, followed by ten days on the quarantine island, before she could leave for home, broke down her health. "But the old spirit was still there; and till she had finished the last bit of the task she had set herself, and painted on the spot the strange forest-growth of Western South America, she would not allow herself to rest."
In November 1884, Miss North started on her last journey, landing at Valparaiso, after twenty-eight hours' quarantine. Leaving Chili, she spent a month with friends at Jamaica, to recruit her exhausted strength, arriving in England in 1885. After re-arranging the gallery at Kew, re-numbering all the paintings, so as to keep the geographical distribution of the plants clear—a year's work—she settled down in a charming old-fashioned grey stone house at Alderley, in Gloucestershire, with fields, orchards, and a garden, neglected hitherto, in which she determined to make for herself a paradise. "The recollections of my happy life (she writes) will also be a help to my old age. No life is so charming as a country one in England, and no flowers are sweeter or more lovely than the primroses, cowslips, blue-bells, and violets, which grow in abundance all round me here." Here her record ends. Her sister writes a brief but charming description of her life in this paradise, to which she had devoted such loving care. It lasted only five years, much of which had been shadowed by painful illness, the result of long exposure to all sorts of bad climatic influences. She died on the 30th August 1890, and was buried in the quiet green churchyard at Alderley.

Jas. B. Knight.


Some of the books written about India by persons who have lived in or visited that country are really instructive; but too many of them betray prejudice and want of sympathy with the subjects with which they deal. Lately, however, a friend of mine called my attention to the above-mentioned book, and when I procured it I was not disappointed. I read it through with great interest and admiration. The author informs us that she had gone to India last summer on a visit of two months, and it is very remarkable that in so short a time she should have acquired such a wide knowledge of Indian matters. Most Anglo-Indians fail to attain her standard in twenty or thirty years. The gentle and sympathetic tone in which she writes cannot fail to be appreciated by Indians and
friends of India. Though she was there in the hottest season it was fortunate that she escaped the contagious malady of the Anglo-Indians—hot temper. She does not seem to have come much in contact with Indians, yet she speaks for them, apparently, from a sense of justice, and from incidents which she must have observed, and such as those which Indians complain of.

I wish I could quote from this book largely, but the few passages I select deserve to be widely known, for they embody much that accounts for the strained feelings which exist in India between Europeans and Indians. Mrs Bremner says: "By the vast majority of Englishmen (in India) the language (of India) is but imperfectly known." It is a pity that this is true; Greek, German, etc., cannot be so useful as the Indian languages to a civilian or any other Anglo-Indian. That is one of the greatest defects in the Englishman in India, on account of which he cannot be in touch with the people. Many learn but a few words, which are probably rude, impolite, uncivil, and ungentlemanly terms. The want of knowing the language is lamentable in deciding cases in Courts. I know one Anglo-Indian Magistrate who did not know Hindustani, and therefore the evidence of the witnesses was translated to him by the Counsel of the opposite party.

In speaking of the Press, Mrs. Bremner says: "If anything could estrange the native heart more rapidly and thoroughly than military arrogance, surely it is the Anglo-Indian Press." At another place she says: "... Anglo-Indian editors, whose folly goes far to make natives forget the benefits of English rule, and see its only hateful side." A very accurate and pitiable assertion indeed! Anglo-Indians not only patronise these newspapers, but rejoice over their most unfortunate articles. These very papers, instead of doing good, are really harmful, and are one of the means of widening the gulf between English and Indians.

Mrs. Bremner also says: "It is an open secret that the gulf between us and India is widening, and men who know the country ... freely admit it." It is very unfortunate that no one cares to investigate it. Anglo-Indians neglect this matter; who, then, should care? It is the people in England who should look into this state of things, and do something to remedy it. People in this country think of joining France and England together by tunnel; but they are quite forgetful that the channel between Indians and English is widening.
Mrs. Bremner says: "I have heard it observed by acute and well-informed persons that love between the sexes can hardly be said to exist in India." I am glad that this is not her own observation. She has been simply misinformed. She should be told that Anglo-Indians know nothing of our home lives. They form such opinions only from prejudice.

She says, further: "The mother-in-law has a poor reputation in India. . . . Corporal punishment is considered a suitable method of dealing with the sins of omission and commission that may be laid to the charge of a child-wife. . . . Suicide is somewhat common among the women, specially among the widows." I am sorry that Mrs. Bremner has been misinformed on these points also. It is grievous that such a charge is often brought against Indian mothers-in-law in this country. They are, as a rule, far better than English mothers-in-law. On the whole, wives and mothers-in-law live most happily with each other; while in this country, I believe, it would be almost impossible for them to live together amicably. It is an absurdity to say that wives are subject to corporal punishment or that suicide is common among women in India. I am not aware that such out-bursts are more prevalent in India than in this or any other country. As regards widows, it is possible that a case might have come under her notice; but it must have been quite exceptional, because Indians cherish a great respect for widows. Regarding the position of women, she says their influence is paramount. Certainly this is true. From this very fact she can judge the position of widows—mothers or grandmothers—who preside at the head of the family.

Mrs. Bremner speaks of objections to English people entering a temple. There might be other causes, but in many cases this objection is chiefly to their wearing boots. The Indians consider it an insult thus to enter a temple, just as Christians would consider it an insult for anyone to go into church with a hat on.

Again, she says: "If you want to know India and the Indians, then never enter an Anglo-Indian bungalow, but put up with the discomforts of Indian hotels . . . for the Anglo-Indian knows nothing of them (the people), and will throttle all your attempts to solve them." This is only too true, and it is an important point for anyone to remember who wishes to know India and the Indians.

Mrs. Bremner's remarks about the poverty of India are

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also right, but I need not say more on that subject here. The reader can refer to Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji's "Poverty of India," where much confirmatory matter will be found.

London. M. P. SRIVASTAVA.

MADHOJI (SINDHIA): A Reply.—An elaborate criticism of Mr. Keene's contribution to the "Rulers of India" series appeared in the Indian Magazine & Review (Constable) for March.

In what the writer says of the map he is right. This does not illustrate the story: it is used in all the series.

As to the alleged errors, for whose correction the writer cites Tod's Rajasthan, it is to be observed that this work is distinctly exempted from Mr. Keene's list of authorities. It is a book of romantic interest, and one that contains much priceless information. But the gallant Colonel was evidently of a credulous disposition, and actuated by a sort of reflected patriotism, which, in a Rajput, might have been perhaps thought Chauvinism.

In regard to these questions, as in such matters as the view taken of the character of Sindhia himself and of others, notably Ismail Beg Khan, one can only say that they are matters of opinion. For the opinion that Sindhia was not hostile to the British Mr. Keene has given his reasons (v. p. 176, f)*. As to Ismail Beg, his character seems shown by his conduct: and it may be added that, in his Fall of the Mughal Empire, Mr. Keene has shown that he was further supported by native tradition, including information derived from Ismail's own descendants.

The review is, however, extremely interesting, and contains much matter for useful consideration: for example, the notion that Col. du Drenec, for a season, joined General de Boigne at Koil—apparently taken from the same work†—may turn out to be mere conjecture, or it may prove to be well-founded. The officer named did not, of course, finally enter Sindhia's service till after de Boigne had retired.

* See also the opinion of Grant Duff, cited at p. 203.
† F. of M. Emp. (3rd edition), p. 214
NEW BOOKS RELATING TO INDIA.

HASTINGS AND THE ROHILLA WAR. By Sir John Strachey, G.C.S.I. 10s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)


THE SYRIAN CHURCH IN INDIA. By George Milne Rae, M.A. With six full-page illustrations. 10s. 6d. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

LORD CONNEMARA'S TOURS IN INDIA IN 1886-89. By Mr. J. W. Rees, M.C.S. With maps. 15s. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

PALMS AND PEARLS; or, Scenes in Ceylon. By A. Walters. 12s. 6d. (Bentley.)

A COMPREHENSIVE GRAMMAR OF THE SINHALESE LANGUAGE, for the use of English readers. By A. M. Gunasekara. 12s. 6d. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE; being the autobiography of Marianne North. Edited by her sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. With three portraits. 2 vols. 17s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

ON THE HEIGHTS OF HIMALAY: a Theosophical Novel. By A. Van Der Maillen. (Gay & Bird.)

MARIAM. By Horace Victor. (Describes a pilgrimage from India to Mecca.)

The Fortnightly Review has an article by Sir Richard Temple on the Population of India.

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW: a Diary. By the Hon. Lady Inglis. 10s. 6d. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

THE RAUZAT-US-Safa; or, Garden of Purity. Vol. II. Part I. Translated by E. Rehatsek. (Royal Asiatic Society.)

SOCIAL REFORM BY AUTHORITY IN INDIA. By Frederic Pincott, M.R.A.S. (T. Fisher Unwin.) The writer of this pamphlet joins Indians generally in approving the principle of the Indian Age of Consent Act; but strongly disapproves of the age limit enacted, and of other points connected with the Act. The subject is one which has been deemed unsuited for open discussion in the pages of this Magazine, but we notice the pamphlet as the work of one whose knowledge of, and love for, India and her people is well known, and whose opinions, given in all honesty, are entitled to respect and consideration.
A BRAHMIN ON THE JHANSI MASSACRE.

The deed I dreaded, then, has come to pass,
And they are dead, all dead, all foully slain
By these demoniac countrymen of mine!
What had the women, what the children done,
That on them, too, such vengeance should be wreaked?
O thou Divaspati, O God of light!
Can'st thou benignly shed thy rays divine
On such a land as this, life-giving rays
Bestow on mortals of such devilish kind?
Nature around is ever fair and bright.
The dark umbrageous trees, the tender grass,
The flowers many-hued that deck the groves,
The waters rippling with eternal smile,
The stars above in their unmeasured depths,
The fair moon moving in its placid path—
All, all are eloquent of peace and rest,
And each, in mute obedience to the will
Of the Great Lord of all Who gave them birth
Excels the other in abounding praise.
Yet man, established at Creation's head,
In place pre-eminent above the rest,
Endowed with reason for a better way,
Not with mere instinct to direct his path,
Must sink below the level of the brute,
That in its fiercest moods will not destroy
The tender offspring of its special race—
O fair-faced women, with your prattling babes,
Your homes that brightened as with ray of sun,
Well did the demons make their work complete,
Nor left you here alone on earth to mourn
Your husbands dead, your homes made desolate!
And well for you, ye men, that in your death
Ye were not severed from all best ye loved,
But trod together with them those dark ways
That lead, I doubt not, to the Christians' heav'n.
We who in Indra's Paradise believe
We gain eternal rest, and are absorbed
In Deity itself, need not begrudge
Their final rest to those of other creeds,
Nor think the Great Creator has no room,
No heavenly mansions to provide a place
For all his creatures, of whatever race.
O Brahma, Vishnu, Seeva, triune God,
Thou lookest down upon the deeds of men,
And markest which are evil, which are good,
And Thou wilt visit for this hideous crime.
O wretched country, may this fearful sin
Be not now laid too heavily on Thee,
But may they bear it who have done the ill.
Alas! too truly have the stars foretold
These deeds of blood, which now must run their course
Until the days appointed are fulfilled,
And Kåïi, bloody goddess, shall have drunk
The cup of vengeance to the lowest dregs.
The stars spoke truly. Now must caste with caste,
And creed with creed, still strive, until at last
Britain's just rule shall be restored again,
And universal tolerance bear reign.
Welcome to all will be the happy day,
When each shall worship in his ancient way.

A. Rogers.
A TRIP TO THE NORTHERN SHAN HILLS.

We were a party of twelve, ten Shans, a Tamil boy (cook, butler, and henchman all in one), and myself, and a merry party we were. An invitation had come from the Native Prince, or Tsawbwa, of the Province of Thibaw in the northern hills of Shanland, to visit him at his capital, and take up a number of his young subjects who were being educated at the Royal School, in the Shway-myo Daw, or Golden city of Mandalay. These included a son, a nephew, and a cousin of the chief, the rest being sons of Court Ministers and officials of Thibaw. They had been away from home about a year and a-half, and so were glad at the idea of once again seeing home and friends.

No guard was considered necessary or was obtainable, as we were travelling on purely private business, though we had to pass through disturbed and Dacoited country before we could reach our destination, which we reckoned to be about eight days' journey from our starting point.

Two of the young nobles and I were mounted on Shan ponies—sturdy little animals, sent down for us by the Tsawbwa—the rest of our company on foot. This, however, was no great hardship, as the Shans are great walkers, and think nothing of "footing it" for many days at a stretch. We supplied ourselves with provisions, tinned meat, biscuits, and a quantity of Tamin or rice, not wishing to be at the mercy of villagers, hospitable as they are, and not caring to carry with us much in the way of coin: and the further fact of our journey being through much disturbed country, was an additional reason for leaving our rupees behind.

However, we were all ready at daybreak; our pedestrian fellow-travellers went on before, as we had to make a short halt at a Shan "Win," or Compound, some three miles away, in order to procure a few Shan coolies, who knew the roads well. We overtook them, and then started fairly on our way, passing through the outskirts of the old royal city of Amarapoora, which is now a desolate and deserted ruin. Before we reached the "High Road," however, we experienced a little difficulty. The rains had commenced rather early, and the fields were somewhat swampy, and
the tracks rather complicated, so that my pony having got fast in a quagmire almost unseated his rider; the more the good steed kicked and plunged for liberty the deeper he sank, but our faithful Tamil henchman, Ramisawmy, wading up to his master, managed to extricate us with some difficulty out of our awkward position. About 9 a.m. we halted under a most acceptable Burmese zayat or rest-house. Here I cannot help remarking what a boon these buildings are to the weary traveller. During the recent campaign in Burmah these rest-houses gave rest and shelter on many a weary hot march to thousands of our troops. They are found everywhere throughout the country, and are, as a rule, plentifully supplied with cool water by the villagers and passers-by. This is accounted for by the fact that the building of a zayat is one of the most common forms of obtaining "merit" or Kuttho, the accumulation of which is the great object and ambition of the devout Buddhist, the religion of "Buddha," the "enlightened one," the Light of Asia, if you like, being the national religion of the Burmese. Here, then, in regular picnic style, we enjoy a hearty breakfast, and a lounge under the kind and welcome roof of the zayat.

The sun was now beginning to put forth his strength but it was too early in our march to begin to mind this. The ponies were watered, and off we started again. We horsemen had the advantage, and so rode on in advance, passing several villages and unimportant hamlets on the way. Each village now, for the safety of itself, and as a protection against these disturbers of the peace, the Dacoits, has a police guard, with its bamboo stockade and guard house. A Burmese village has not, usually, a very pretty or picturesque appearance, with its flimsy, wretched looking bamboo huts, never more than one storey high, generally built on stilts as a protection against the heavy rains and floods, to be ascended by a flight of four or five steps made of bamboo rods. The mounting is most difficult for anyone in shoes, but it does not present this difficulty to "Johnnie Burman," who very rarely encumbers himself with boots or slippers, and even if he does possess these articles, they are generally left at the foot of the steps outside rather than in the entrance or on the verandah. As a rule, the finest building in the place is the Monastery, and the best site and position that can be found is set apart for it, and even in quiet country villages really handsome monastic buildings
are to be found. These are the "Village Schools" and "Parish Churches" of Burmah, and are greatly reverenced and cared for by all classes.

Our next halt was at the village of Pintha, a rather isolated village off the main road, having the reputation of being unhealthy. Here there was a guard of about fifty Sepoys under a Native Officer. Several Dacoit raids had lately been made, and it seemed to be a good locality for affording a shelter and hiding place for the Burman Dick Turpin. We secured a hearty meal at this station, taking the liberty of entering the house of an English itinerant Magistrate, who on the occasion of our visit, unfortunately for us, was visiting another station. I visited one or two sick Sepoys in company with the native Apothecary and dresser, and shewed a little sympathy. We riders, however, were anxious to push on and make May-myo—May being the surname of an English Military Officer, and Myo the Burmese equivalent for city or town, the old name being "Pyinulwin."

Our followers thought they had done enough, and so determined to pass the night at Pintha, promising to come on to May-myo early the next morning. At May-myo, there was quite an English colony, and so we soon were amongst friends. We saw our steeds well fed and groomed, and though tired, after a bath and rest, we were soon discussing the merits of a delicious supper. My two Shan companions were not accustomed to this kind of travelling, and were consequently glad to retire early to repose.

Sad memories came over the writer as he approached this station, for it was here that one near and dear to him succumbed to the terrible jungle fever, which has carried off so many of our brave and devoted countrymen. It was after a hard Dacoit hunt, through a malarious district, that the young officer referred to gave up his life for Queen and country.

After an early breakfast the next morning, our followers having arrived, we set forth again on our march, passing on the way a large caravan of bullocks bearing "Let-pet," or dried and pickled tea to the Mandalay markets—a great trade being carried on in this article of Shan produce. We passed through more villages, and were considerably "stared at," the villagers not being quite sure whether the "fair English stranger" in a black cassock buttoned down to the knees, but with regulation riding boots, was a man or woman. Strange, indeed, that he or she should thus be travelling so far away without any military guard or escort,
and with only a few Shan boys as companions. They were not bashful, and when on enquiry they discovered that the queer-looking stranger was no less a person than the Engale Hpoon-daw-gyi (i.e., The English Priest), from the Shway-myo Daw, they stared no longer, but cast their eyes down to the ground in reverential awe.

We now generally made our stopping places in villages en route, distributing literature of various kinds, the little printed books causing quite an excitement; we were most kindly received by all. The Shan lads were beginning to dance and frisk about, feeling that they were getting near their own country. The roads were, however, becoming more difficult, and we had to practise a little up and down hill exercise. As soon as we crossed the border-line between Burmah and Shanland, the boys were almost beside themselves with joy, and a few of them rushed off to search out old friends and arm themselves with daks—i.e., long Burmese swords—which they had been forbidden to carry in Burmese or English territory. One of the boys who had on starting possessed himself of an English Volunteer's cast off uniform, with an unloaded bulldog revolver fastened round his waist, and an old sun topee for a helmet, frightened the villagers at one place so much that nothing he could say or do would convince them that he was not a "Kalah," or foreign devil, nor would they show themselves until an old man coming down the road assured them that the "Kalah" was no "Kalah" after all, but one of their own kith and kin. We now passed through thickly-wooded and jungly country, wild and unfrequented, all kinds of creatures, birds and animals, howling, screeching, creeping, and flying about us; snakes of various kinds and sizes by the dozen, leaving their trail across our path. At one time we had to pass through the midst of a burning jungle; sometimes this effect is produced by the extreme heat of the sun; but more frequently from the jungle having been set on fire to clear the way for travellers. Rotten bridges we came to, but we preferred to take to the water, trusting to our clever little ponies.

At last we reached the town of Gnokalê, where resides the younger brother of our friend the Tsawbwa of Thibaw. It is a comparatively new place—the palace not being yet completed—no news had reached the Tsawbwa, or Chief of Gnokalê, so our entry was very quiet. We were glad to find here a young English engineer, engaged in surveying the roads and preparing for bridging the great Gotaik Pass which is not far from this place. We pitied these poor
fellows much, in their lonely life miles away from friends and European society; food, and stores, and news difficult to obtain; in such circumstances the visit of a fellow-countryman is naturally a great event and much appreciated.

The country about here is really very beautiful; the trees are immense and simply covered with orchids of all kinds, sufficient to make our English orchid-growers frantic with delight. Travelling was now indeed trying, up and down the hills and across streams, and yet we were told that this was nothing compared with what was in store for us. We hoped the following day to make the Gotaik Pass. The pass is now crossed by a natural bridge formed by earth and stones fallen from the cliffs on either side. This we heard was a great obstacle to the Shan and Chinese traders; but when it is removed and a good bridge and road made, there will probably be a great increase in traffic. We found at Gnokalè one of our old school boys, the chief son of the Thibaw Tsawbwa, who received us gladly, and who had arranged to go up with us to his father's capital, and presented his petition to this effect. The Chief of Gnokalè was very kind and amiable, and pressed us to stay. He has just removed to this place, because it is far more healthy than Thoonsay, the old town, and because it is also on the direct road to Thibaw. Of course, he keeps a number of men and boys about the place, who have nothing to do but to sit, and smoke, and sleep and play chess and cards all the day long. The country about here is "wild and jungly," and we were told that cheetahs and leopards abound; also, that further into the jungle there are wild elephants. Leopards are frequently seen, and have been known to carry off human beings.

We arranged to leave Gnokalè early on the second morning, and was accompanied by about 50 followers, armed with spears, and dahs, and muskets. The Tsawbwa of Thibaw had given orders that we were to be received and entertained right royally. We tried to get out of this escort, but the chief begged for them to be allowed to follow for a short distance, according to Thibaw's request. Reaching the pass about mid-day, we had to dismount, and our ponies were led down the cliff, while we had to crawl and creep most carefully down the mountain path in single file. At the base of this side is the little village of Kandat, consisting of two or three little huts, where we had some refreshments, and meanwhile sent out an advance guard to see if the roads was clear. At times, one is kept for
hours in some nook or crevice of the cliff, in order to allow a cavalcade of 200 or 400 bullocks to pass. On the bridge which stretches across an immense chasm we halted just for a few moments—we could hear the rushing water below, but the depth is almost too awful to contemplate. We then begin our ascent, which is steep and difficult. At length the summit was reached, and we were once again on a fairly good road, though still on an incline, so we could but advance slowly. In two more days we ought to be at Thibaw city, but after passing this awful chasm and barrier it became an effort to look forward. Forgetting the things that were behind and pressing onwards, we found comfort in saying our offices. We passed a strange looking company of half-Burmans and half-Shans, armed; they were very quiet, though a somewhat suspicious looking set of rogues. After another night's rest at the house of a Headman, who knew us, for we were now in Thibaw's domains, we went on briskly, having however to ford a rather troublesome river. It is the streams and rivers which make travelling so very difficult, and almost impossible during the rainy season, for the water comes rushing down the hill sides, carrying everything before it. We had sent on a messenger in advance from Gnokalë to warn the Tsawbwa of Thibaw of our approach, and so, towards evening, we were met by a party sent to welcome us, bringing a letter and also a couple of elephants, and a guard of armed Shans to escort us to the royal city. It was rather too late to proceed, and the elephants had had six hours already, so we made fast for the night.

The elephants were chained to the trees, and could not, therefore, move far away from us. They found their own food by breaking down a few branches with their trunks, their tinkling bells sounding at every movement they made. At daybreak we were ready, hoping to reach Thibaw by mid-day. We made friends with an amiable old Hpoongyi, who was quite rejoiced to meet a brother Priest; dress or creed makes no difference to him. We enquired the distance to Thibaw, and were told at various places that we were close to it; "ta dine lou(t)"—i.e., about a mile. It is a curious fact that Burmans, and Shans also, as we found to our cost, have a very hazy idea of numbers and distance. They go, as a rule, from hand to mouth, and from "day to day," so what does it matter?

The writer, with one companion and a guide, rode on in advance; at length we came in sight of the city. Our arrival had been noticed, and gongs and bells were set
going, and thus we were cheerily announced. The Tsawbwa gave us a hearty welcome; he had prepared beautifully cool quarters at the west side of the palace for us, and had done all he knew to make us comfortable. A table was spread in the Audience Hall for refreshments on a raised dais, while below were scores of attendants, &c., all, however, at their ease, the business of the court being over for the day. The Tsawbwa and two of his chief wives joined us, who were privileged to sit on chairs, others reclining on carpets at our feet. He introduced four of his chief wives, and said there were others in the palace if their acquaintance was desired. These four were enough for the present, and all went on merrily.

The banquet over, I now proposed to take a bath, and it was somewhat amusing to find a whole crowd of palace hangers-on assisting in the preparation, and finally seating themselves in a circle around the large earthenware vessel in which the ablutions were to be performed. This had been placed on the open verandah of my apartments, with the clear blue sky above; but the on-lookers were greatly amused when they were politely informed that I or they must adjourn. I was grateful to find that the Tsawbwa had been so solicitous for my comfort, and had arranged the apartments with such care; but it did not add to my comfort when a couple of days later I made the discovery that I was sleeping over the powder magazine. Dinner was much enjoyed, and full justice was done to it. One of the Shan lads caught a wild fowl, which our cook did to a nicety, the boy being rewarded by a bright silver rupee. Strange in this place, was it not, to find a tin of "Huntley & Palmer's biscuits," brought, no doubt, from the Mandalay Bazaar! I slept that night as I had not done since leaving Mandalay. The next morning I discovered that there was an American Medical Missionary passing through Thibaw, so I made his acquaintance, and invited him to dine at the Palace. He came, and we were delighted to have a chat in our own lingo, which we had not been able to do for over a week. I also heard that there was an Englishman with a number of elephants, and further discovered that he was an old Mandalay acquaintance. I can scarcely describe the pleasure it was to meet friends like these so far away from home.

The Tsawbwa wanted us to settle down at Thibaw, and was quite sorry when I informed him that we intended to return to Mandalay in a week's time. He could speak
Burmesse fluently as well as Shan, and we had many long and interesting chats about England, and the hopes of his people and country now that things are so peaceful under British rule. He had had rather a rough time of it under King Thibaw, and had once to seek refuge in British territory. Now, however, there is chance of progress and prosperity. He is a wise and enterprising man, and will do anything he can to benefit his State. He is not the least afraid of introducing any change to bring this about, and has from the first been a firm friend and ally of the British. He would like to come to England, and expressed to me that he was extremely desirous of paying his devotion to the English Throne, and expressing his loyalty and affection in person to the Queen Empress. He will probably, however, leave the journey to his two chief sons, whom he desires to send to England for education.*

During our visit we accompanied the Tsawbwa to a State Reception at Borgho, a place about ten miles from Thibaw. It was a grand sight. The Tsawbwa and his chief wives on elephants or ponies, accompanied by nearly the whole of the populace of Thibaw all in gay and festive dress; people from all the villages for miles round coming to pay their respects to their chief. It was really a religious festival, but the chief honour seemed to be shown to our friend, the Tsawbwa, and not to Shin Gaudama. Another interesting event was the arrival of a neighbouring chief—the old Tsawbwa of Thaynee. His arrival was announced by the beating of gongs and ringing of bells, and I fancied I heard something like the blast of a trumpet. I was not quite sure. He came with a large retinue, and a number of elephants, golden umbrellas, &c. He is an interesting old man, and kindly invited me to pay him a visit, which I was obliged to decline, promising him, however, to do so on a future occasion if it should present itself. He also, with his retinue, accompanied us to the Borgho demonstration.

The city of Thibaw is not much of a place; though it is nicely situated on the banks of a river. The present palace, or "Nandaw," is rather a tumble-down building; but a new one is now in course of erection. Several short and pleasant excursions were made into the district, and much enjoyed. I was much amused at the Shan method of trapping wild fowl, which is done by decoying—an old cock, used to the game, being fixed by having a peg and cord attached to

* They have already come to England, and are progressing favourably under careful supervision.
one leg, the peg being inserted in the ground. The Shans are very partial to cock fighting, in fact, it might almost be called their national game. In many respects the Shans differ from their Burmese neighbours. While the Burman is inclined to be lazy and indolent, and easy going, the Shan appears to be energetic and hard working. They seem to do more cultivating and fruit-growing than their neighbours, being not only able to grow enough for their own wants, but also sending large quantities of rice, fruit, and *letpet* to the Mandalay and Lower Burmah markets. Shanland is, of course, rich in teak forests, and I am inclined to believe that precious metals and precious stones will be discovered on research. Visiting one day the workshop of the palace jeweller, I saw a long bar of gold wrapped in spring form, and on enquiry whether it was Shan gold, and whether gold was plentiful in the country, was politely referred to the Tsawbwa. Again, seeing and taking up a small box of rubies, on asking if rubies were found in Thibaw State, I was again slyly informed, "the Tsawbwa knows, ask him."

With the peaceful prospects, however, now in store, there is no reason why the Shans should not recover themselves from being the poverty-stricken race they now appear to be; to be, at any rate, what the present native ruler of Thibaw, now under British authority and protection, wishes them to be—happy, free, and prosperous.

At length the day of my return arrived. Good-byes were said with much regret. I set off, minus Shan boys, who were to spend a short holiday with their people: myself, my Tamil servant, and coolies carrying baggage and food, formed the party. The return journey was by the same route, but was more quickly done. I was recognised, and so met with due respect and kindliness. At one place we stayed, Pin Paw, the people were assembling at the Hpoongyi Kyoung, or Monastery, for worship, and were much amused at my entrance. They were all Shans, and so it was difficult to make them understand. I, however, sought the old Hpoongyi with whom I had made friends on the first journey, and, as he could speak a little Burmese, I managed to get on fairly well.

In one of the rooms of the Monastery I found a poor fellow in a dreadful state of small pox, quite blinded with the disease, and, as the only medicines I had with me were Quinine, Chlorodyne, and Eno's Fruit Salts; I gave him a dose of the latter, leaving some half-dozen doses with the Hpoongyi, and giving directions as to the administration.

At Wetwin village I found a Mandalay acquaintance—
a young police officer on inspection duty. Thence to May-myo, again being most hospitably received by the English residents, it being quite a pleasure and a treat to be so kindly entertained by the two lady residents, Mrs. Iremonger, the wife of Captain Iremonger, Officer in Command of the Station, and Mrs. Hertz, the wife of the Police Superintendent of the May-myo district.

Early in the morning I started for Mandalay, which journey was accomplished in time to sit down to dinner in the Royal city, right glad and thankful to have reached home in perfect health and spirits, but, above all, thankful for preservation during my somewhat dangerous and eventful expedition.

George H. Colbeck.
A meeting was held some weeks ago at Allahabad, in the Mayo Hall, on the occasion of the fourteenth anniversary of the Allahabad Literary Institute, Mr. Justice Knox in the chair. Mr. Kanta Prasad proposed the adoption of the Report, which showed that the Institute, which is now affiliated to the Muir Central College, had increased in number of members, and was steadily progressing. Mr. Dwarka Nath having seconded the resolution, an address on education was delivered by Mr. Uma Sankar Misra, M.A., Barrister-at-law (Inner Temple), whose transference to Wurdha, in the Central Provinces (mis-printed Winda), we noticed last month. After referring to the two-fold objects of a literary institute—namely, for recreation and instruction, he urged that education, by which he understood the development of the mental and moral faculties, was best secured by the exercise of observation and comparison. The process is continued by reading, and through the personal influence of the teacher. In regard to subjects, he gave a prominent place to science and mathematics, the study of which leads to discoveries and inventions, thus promoting the comfort and convenience of life. He spoke of civilisation as the result of education, and he ended by describing the growth of constitutional government in Great Britain, and the freedom as to thought, speech, and action consequently prevailing there.

Mr. Justice Knox complimented Mr. Misra on the excellent address that he had delivered to the students, and in his own speech he drew attention to the very important point that "true education is a process which should never come to an end as long as a man is in full possession of his mental faculties." The instruction imparted at a school or college, though most important, was, he said, a very small factor in the education of a human being. The whole of life should be looked on as a continual advance and as a preparation for a higher existence. He never heard the phrase "our educated young men" without feeling that
those who use it have not grasped the first principles of education. Mr. Knox dwelt also on another point—the importance of each individual's having a well-considered and definite conception of the objects for which he had been called into being. The time was fast approaching when, no doubt, the people of India would for themselves take up the subject of national education. He trusted that they would do so, not as mere schoolmasters, but in a far wider and more liberal spirit; and that they would seek to provide, not instruction only, but real education—one test of which is a man's power of adapting what he has learned to the circumstances and the activities of life. He congratulated the members of the Institute on its satisfactory progress.

EDUCATION IN MADRAS.

An interesting paper on female education, with special reference to the Christian community, was read by Miss Rajahgopaul, of the Free Church Mission, at a general meeting of the Madras Native Christian Association last December. It was the first occasion on which a lady had taken part in the proceedings. The late Rev. W. T. Satthinadhan took the chair, in the absence of Mr. N. Subrahmanyam, the President. Miss Rajahgopaul gave a sketch of the growth of education for girls in the Madras Presidency. The first girls' schools were founded by the Danish Missionaries about a century ago, but the instruction given was very meagre, and the pupils were of no caste. In 1837 Missionaries from Scotland took up the work. The three pioneers were remarkable men: John Anderson, Robert Johnston, and John Braidwood. They consulted with teachers and with men of standing in public offices, putting forward the advantages of education for women. After a while Mrs. Braidwood was able to collect a few girls in her own house, and next a large number were gathered into a school. Mrs. Anderson and her sister arrived at Madras soon after, and they devoted themselves to this school, which was the beginning of the Free Church Boarding School. Miss Rajahgopaul then told how other Missions followed in establishing girls' schools. "From the Report," she continued, "of the Director of Public Instruc-
tion for 1889-90, I find we have 752 schools with 35,609 girls in the Presidency. Of these girls 8,918 are Native Christians, 2,236 Mahommedans, 19,896 Hindus, and 1,590 Pariahs and others." The course of instruction in the Mission Schools has made great advance. In South India there are the excellent Sarah Tucker and Nazareth Schools; "from the latter several young women have passed the Entrance Examination, and English has been introduced as the principal medium of instruction in the Sarah Tucker Training Institution, and soon a number of girls from that school also will appear for the University Examinations." Miss Rajahgopaul said that the old question, "Is Education necessary for our girls?" is still heard, but many Hindu reformers, educated leaders of society, "aye, even some old grandmothers and mothers-in-law have come to the conclusion that it is as necessary for their girls as for their boys."

A good many openings for work are available for girls in Madras. The majority, of course, marry, but a good many become teachers for a time. Medicine can be, and is, taken up as a profession. The Post and Telegraph departments are open to women. At present, however, there is only one Post Mistress. Scholarships are offered to girls who will continue their education, and the Art and Music Schools might be entered. In conclusion, Miss Rajahgopaul suggested that children should have more "opportunities of expanding their minds by observing the beauties of Nature or Art." There should be for girls libraries and reading-rooms, and facilities for social enjoyment. She spoke in favour of study in England for those who were able to obtain such advantages, and she urged that higher education did not, according to her experience, unfit girls for home duties, an objection which is sometimes raised against it.

A Cookery Competition.

An examination in the science and art of domestic cookery; in connexion with the Parsee Girls' Schools Association, was lately held at the Albless Baug, Bombay. In these schools about 1,000 girls receive education. Their
President is the well-known Mr. Framjee Nusserwanjee Patel, who, though 90 years old, continues to take great interest in the promotion of education. One of these schools is carried on in the handsome building in the Fort, which Mr. Sorabjee S. Bengallee, C.I.E. built for the Association in the name of his aged mother, Bai Bhirajee. Mr. S. S. Bengallee was present on this occasion, as also were several other members of the Committee, and 600 Parsee ladies attended in response to the invitations sent out. The girls who competed, 110 in number, varied in age from 12 to 16. Two afternoons were devoted to the examination. Each girl was supplied with a stove, cooking utensils, and materials of food. The dishes that the competitors were asked to prepare were such as are daily required in the families of the middle classes, including cabobs, rice and aloe curry, potato wafers, omelettes, &c., also soups and conjee for invalids. Ladies were appointed as examiners, among whom was Lady Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. Thirteen prizes were awarded for different dishes, and some also for cleanliness, and for dexterity in folding table napkins, &c. At the close of the examination, the girls partook of their own and each other's performances in the large dining hall.

Mr. D. R. Chichgar, Hon. Secretary of the Association, thanked the examiners on behalf of the Committee for their trouble, and also all the ladies who had kindly attended. He then requested a Parsee lady, Bai Goolbai Heerjeebhoy Davar, to address the meeting, which consisted only of ladies and the members of the Schools' Committee. In a very able speech, given in Gujarati, this lady dwelt on the great desirability for the ladies of her community of acquiring proficiency in the art of cookery. It should be studied by the younger generation as regularly as music, painting, and literature. It was, she said, satisfactory to observe that the art of cookery, which had so long been neglected in this country, should now be raised to the dignity of a science, as was done in Europe and other civilised parts of the world. The habit of cleanliness, the discipline, and the hard and earnest application which were needed for acquiring efficiency in the art of cooking by girls, would stand them in good stead in after life, because these qualities considerably facilitated the study of collateral arts and sciences. Skill in cookery should be aimed at in every Parsee household; thus the ladies would promote the comfort of those near and dear to them.
THE BHEELS.

The Bheels are a wild tribe which inhabit the northern and the western parts of the district of Khandesh, in the Bombay Presidency. They are considered to be the aborigines of the country, and they differ from the other natives in appearance and manners. Their face is oval, and their complexion very dark, and they live almost in a state of nudity. Their hair, which is jet black, but not coarse, is worn very long. They are strong and muscular, and can bear great fatigue, and are also warlike, and very brave. They used to wander about from place to place with flocks of sheep, living on game and on the products of the forest. They were given up to plundering and murdering the villagers, and were once the terror of the surrounding districts. But since the organisation of the Bheel Corps, they have abandoned their former predatory habits, and have settled down into peaceable agriculturists. They pay a peculiar kind of adoration to their chiefs, are very hospitable, and treat their women better than formerly. Their language is a mixture of Gujerati, Marathi, and Hindustani. They are very backward in education and modern civilisation. However, many of the chiefs are now sending their sons for education in charge of the British Government. Their word is to be greatly depended upon. To lie is a great sin among them, so much so that if one were to commit a murder he would confess it in all its details to the magistrate. They worship like the other Hindus, and many superstitions are prevalent among them. They make sacrifices of goats to their gods, and believe chiefly in the transmigration and the immortality of the soul. Their hell contains mansions of different degrees of punishment, into which individuals are cast according to their guilt. When they have undergone sufficient punishment, they are sent back to this world to animate other bodies, which are allotted to them in accordance with their past conduct. This process of transmigration is repeated until they are considered to be cleared from every impurity which adheres to ordinary mortals, and then they are conveyed to the heavenly regions.

The country of the Bheels is divided among fifteen petty chiefs under the political agency of the collector of Khandesh. Two of these chiefs are known as Rajas. The country is mountainous, and is covered with dense forest. It is very hot in summer, and the rainfall is very heavy. The climate is unhealthy to the utmost degree, and malaria is the prevailing disease among the Bheels.—M. KABIRUDDIN.
THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S FUND.

The Third Annual Report has been issued of the United Kingdom Branch of the National Association for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India. This branch undertakes to bear the expense of passages and outfits, paid from India, of all ladies who may be selected for service under the Association. In the last year the Committee advanced the cost of a passage to Miss Jagannadhan, of Madras, who had successfully passed her final examination at the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, and had been appointed by the Bombay Government to the post of house surgeon to the Coma Hospital for six months. Miss Jagannadhan afterwards worked under the Lord Dufferin Committee. She will not be expected to repay the passage money. Mrs. Van Ingen, who has lately taken the L.S.A. degree in London, and had before that served under the Association for three years, has also received the outfit and passage money. Four scholarships are offered to ladies in England who agree to prepare for the practice of medicine in India—namely, three scholarships tenable at the London School of Medicine for Women for four years, one of £30, and the others of £25, and also one tenable at the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women. On June 29th, a very successful meeting was held at Oxford, presided over by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, and on June 5th a public concert was given, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Westminster, at Grosvenor House, the proceeds of which were over £350. The present income of the United Kingdom Branch is only £427, while the requirements of the fund reach at least £1,200 a year. The Committee are anxious, therefore, to make the Association more widely known. It appears that there are in all, including the United Kingdom Branch, eleven Provincial Branches under the Central Committee, attached to which are over a hundred Local District Associations or Committees. Roughly calculated, twelve lakhs of rupees have been spent on buildings specially adapted to affording medical relief to native women.
Early in February, at the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund at Calcutta, H.E. the Viceroy presiding, a portrait of Lady Dufferin (by W. Shannon) was unveiled. The Viceroy said in his address that he believed the medical movement would, for generations to come, make Lady Dufferin's name a household word in India. The picture would not only be an interesting memorial of one whose memory is deservedly cherished, but a valuable and beautiful addition to the many treasures of India. Some interesting facts about the Association were reported at the meeting. The Bengal subscription, owing greatly to the interest taken in the movement by the Lieutenant-Governor, has risen from Rs. 29,000 to Rs. 80,000. There is a steady increase in the number of women students, of whom there are now 204. The number of patients has risen to 466,000, the highest yet recorded. There are nine lady doctors with English qualifications, and thirty-one assistant surgeons, and female medical practitioners working in connexion with the fund, and 207 students at various classes in the medical colleges and schools of the different provinces. These figures are interesting and satisfactory. They show that the movement is gaining ground, and that a large amount of good is being accomplished through Lady Dufferin's Fund.
INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

His Excellency the Governor of Bombay presided, on January 28th, at the distribution of rewards to the successful students at the Victoria Jubilee Technical School. This institution was founded in April, 1889. At once a large number of students entered, and the demand for admission has kept up. The staff has been materially strengthened, but with increased funds many additions might be made which would improve the School. Lord Harris expressed much satisfaction in presenting the first set of technical certificates to the 119 students who had completed their course. He referred to the difficulties that Lord Reay had had to meet in establishing this Institute, to the timely munificent help of Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, and to the great importance of Technical Schools for India, in striking out for young men a new line of education, which leads to employment of a most useful character.

The Bombay Art Exhibition was opened on February 3rd by Mr. Justice Birdwood, who spoke of it as the best hitherto held. Many valuable works by well-known painters added to its interest. H. E. Lady Harris kindly distributed the prizes. One of these, offered by H. H. the Maharaja of Bhownuggur, was gained by Mr. B. F. Kanga, and another (for the best picture in oil-colours by a native of India) was awarded to Mr. Ravi Varma. We observe that Miss Banaji, who intends shortly to visit England for further art-study, obtained two prizes, and for another picture was "highly commended." Another Parsee lady student of the Bombay School of Art—Miss Cama—was also among the prize winners.

Mr. Justice Birdwood has been appointed a member of the Governor's Council, Bombay, on the retirement of Sir Raymond West.

H. H. the Raja of Venkatagiri, K. C. I. E., not long ago acted as an Examiner of the Madras Christian College in Telugu. He set a very testing paper on two of the most difficult works in Telugu literature for students of the M. A. class.

Mr. J. N. Tata, of Bombay, has published the details of a scheme that he has planned in the interest of education for Parsee youths, which ought to have excellent results. He desires to enable, by means of pecuniary help, a stated number of young men of his community to enter the Indian Civil Service, or any of the liberal professions, by providing for them a course of training in Europe. It is proposed that two selections should be made every year, until the total number of students receiving such help is eight, and that fresh selections should be made as vacancies arise. A written agreement is to be entered into by every such student to prosecute in India certain preparatory courses of study, and having obtained
his degree in the particular line shown, he will be enabled to proceed to England in order to study there for the Indian Civil or Medical Services, Cambridge or Oxford degrees, Civil Engineering; Forestry; some branch of manufactures, &c., &c. The monthly stipend is to be Rs. 50 during the preparatory period, and £10 during the stay of three years in England, besides passage, outfit, books and fees. It is, however, expected that students earning afterwards an income not less than Rs. 150 monthly shall bind themselves to repay, by instalments, the whole of the money advanced to them with 4 per cent. interest. Mr. Tata will thus give valuable help to many students, and we sincerely wish success to the scheme.

Mr. Sethna has been appointed Government Professor of Law (Bombay), and Mr. Gazdar, Perry Professor of Jurisprudence, in the Government Law School.

Miss A. Walke, L.M. and S., and Miss A. W. Jagannadhan have been respectively appointed Second Physician and House Surgeon of the Cama Hospital, Bombay, during the absence of Miss MacDonald, M.B., on leave.

It is stated in the Subodh Patrika that Radhabai, wife of Mr. Rangnath Mudholkar, a well-known pleader of Amraoti, desired her husband, when she was dying, to devote to female education the amount of the dower given her by her father, which had been invested for her personal benefit.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan, of Madras, who died suddenly at Tinnevelly. He had left home in order to attend the first meeting of the Tamil Central Church Council at Pulamcottah. The Times of India says: Mr. Sathianadhan was a Fellow of the University and a Bachelor of Divinity, and one of the native chaplains to the Bishop of Madras. He was a faithful pastor, a courteous gentleman, and an earnest Christian.

The Reis and Rayyet made an appeal not long ago to the Hindu community in regard to the custom of enforcing an absolute fast for Hindu widows on the eleventh day of the month. These days prove to them a severe trial, and much injury to health results in the case of the aged and weakly. The practice is based, it is said, solely on an overstrained interpretation of a Sanskrit text. The Reis and Rayyet in a spirited way, urges not only reformers, but orthodox Hindus also, to free Bengali widows from this severe and trying rule.

Mrs. Brander, on her late inspection tour in the northern part of the Madras Presidency, was present at a prize distribution at Berhampore, to the girls of the Government Hindu Girls' School, and those of the Uriya Girls' School. Mrs. Hackett Wilkins presided. Mrs. Brander read a report of the Girls' School,
and she was able to state that the education of girls was making progress, if somewhat slowly, in Berhampore. Two years ago there were only two girls' schools, with about 70 pupils, while now there are four (one of which is Mahomedan) with about 144 pupils, and about fifteen girls attend a mixed school. Two years ago, moreover, there was no Uriya Girls' School. Now one school contains about 30 caste Uriyas, and another Native Christian Uriya. Mrs. Brander said that there was as many as 1,800 girls of the school-going age in Berhampore, so that while 160 are at school, there are about 1,600 still to be brought under instruction. She urged the inhabitants of the town to take advantage of the schools, to send their daughters there in larger numbers, and to leave them there longer.

The Indian Daily News wrote as follows of Mr. and Mrs. Banerjee's Widows Home near Calcutta: "We are glad to find the Baranagar Boarding School and Hindu Widows' Home are attracting the notice of cold weather visitors from England year after year. Last season the Home was visited by the Rev. S. A. Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, of St. Jude's Vicarage, London, Mr. C. E. Schwann, M.P., and Mrs. Schwann, and Mr. W. S. Caine, and this year's visiting has commenced. Last Thursday Mrs. K. A. Morgan, wife of Mr. Morgan, M.P., and Miss Morgan, in company of Mrs. Colquhoun Grant, the energetic Secretary of the Bengal National Indian Association, and Mrs. P. L. Roy, visited the school and Home, and were greatly pleased with the arrangement of the Institution. We hope there will come more practical help to support the widows, the entire cost being only Rs. 10 per head which covers charges for boarding, education, and even clothing. A good work is being quietly done at Baranagar, which fully deserves support."—Indian Daily News, 16th November 1891.

The Moorshedabad Pratikar, lately, in a long article, urged the people of that district to sympathise in with Mr. Banerjee's work, on the occasion of his paying a visit to Berhampur. One of the leading men of that part of Bengal, Babu Boikant Nath Sen, writes thus of the Institution: "The Boarding Institution in connexion with the Baranagar Female School and Hindu Widows' Home, is novel in its nature and founded upon a catholic and sound principle; the utility and direct benefits resulting from such an isolated institution and not enjoying the privilege of any endowment, may not be fully appreciated by the public, but there can be no doubt that an expansion of the good work commenced by a single individual with limited sources at his disposal, may lead to results which, I can confidently hope, will prove in course of time highly beneficial to society."

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Departures.—M. and Mrs. B. Cowasji; Mr. Motiram S. Advani, for Kurrachee.